

WHY CAN'T I MARRY? HOW A RADIO ACTRESS SOLVED LONELY WOMEN'S GREATEST PROBLEM

APRIL

Radio MIRROR

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



New Radio Queen
CAROLE LOMBARD.....with **CLARK GABLE**
See Page 18

Exclusive Hardy Family Broadcast **WHAT JUDGE HARDY TAUGHT ANDY ABOUT HAPPINESS**
WHY ARE BENNY GOODMAN, TOMMY DORSEY, ARTIE SHAW BATTLING?

Presenting
A REALLY NEW LIPSTICK

*packed with new thrills
 ... new glamour ... new
 "everything" that you
 need for conquest tonight*



ATTRACTS ROMANCE

SOFTENS LIPS

FULL SIZE

NEW SHADES

SPARKLING

CLEVER SWIVEL CASE

NEW SMOOTHNESSES

REAL INDELIBILITY



**Amazing New "Perma-Color" Principle
 Keeps Lips Thrilling Many Hours Longer!**

News in lipstick! Important, thrilling news! The glamorous SAVAGE you have known so well now becomes the New SAVAGE ThrillLIPSTICK... a big, full-sized lipstick in a dashing swivel case!

And what thrills it holds for YOU! Its sensational new "perma-color" principle gives color that's not just surface coating, but radiant redness that actually seems to become a savagely clinging part of your lips... almost as much a part of YOU as your lips themselves. It really stays on. SAVAGE ThrillLIPSTICK! Thrilling too, because it's so much smoother to apply than you ever dreamed lipstick could be.

But most important of all is the thrill of discovering that these jungle-ish shades with their lustrous, shimmering highlights are the true essence of romantic adventure in its maddest whirl. The very first night you wear one of them you'll find out how much more alluring Savage reds really are.

The New SAVAGE ThrillLIPSTICK, now at all toilet counters, is genuine dollar quality and full dollar size... worth millions in glamour... yet only 25¢. This price certainly suggests that you indulge the luxury of several shades!

TANGERINE . . . FLAME . . . NATURAL . . . BLUSH . . . JUNGLE

The New **SAVAGE** Thrill L I P S T I C K

ROUGH COPY

“Imagine...at 22 finding that warning tinge of ‘pink’ on my tooth brush!”

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling with **IPANA and MASSAGE**



WELL—why not? What made you believe you might be immune? That warning tinge of “pink” can happen to anyone. Subway guard or debutante, factory hand or millionaire, schoolgirl or athlete—“pink tooth brush” is no respecter of persons.

True, it's usually only a warning of lazy, tender, ailing gums—but a warning no sensible woman should ignore. Try it, and you're likely to find yourself headed for trouble—serious trouble for that sparkling smile.

Be smart. See your dentist and see him today. Let him put you on the right track—let him explain the helpful benefits of Ipana and massage.

Never Ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”

Remember—“pink tooth brush” is only a warning. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, he will tell you yours is a case of lazy, tender gums—gums deprived of work by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest more exercise for your gums—and, often “the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the gum tissues—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at any drug-gist's today. Adopt Ipana and massage as one sensible way to firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more radiant smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your drug-gist for the new D. D. Tooth Brush.

MILLIONS used by women everywhere... this Modern Method of Feminine Hygiene



*Zonitors Are Greaseless
Easy to Use... Dainty
Snow-White • Antiseptic*

PERHAPS you too have hoped that someone would someday develop a suppository like this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger and harmful drugs). So dainty, snow-white, antiseptic... and GREASELESS!

Well, here it is! Zonitors kill germs at contact and remain in long, effective antiseptic action. Absolutely safe to use, too — because they contain no harmful, irritating drugs.

Zonitors are made with a *unique* GREASELESS base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless — and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

Full instructions in package. \$1 for box of 12 individual glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact! And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3426, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

Each individual glass vial.



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FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
A Zonite Product



Radio MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
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BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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COVER—Carole Lombard by Robert Reid
(Courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

WHAT WILL RADIO DO NEXT?

Two years ago if you had mentioned baseball, football, or any other sport to my mother and my sister, a vacant, good-natured nod of the head would have been the only evidence they had heard you speak. You could have exclaimed about the prowess of Joe DiMaggio, Frank Demaree, Sammy Baugh, or any other sports luminaries and there would have been no answers, only a puzzled stare.

Today, with radio bringing so many sports events right into the kitchen, baseball games, the World Series, football games, tennis matches, etc., Mom and Sis are first-class sports fans. Ask them anything you like about the rules, players, records, and they have the right answer ready every time. This year they chose their own All-America eleven and, I hate to say this, their team makes the one Dad and I picked look sort of moulting.

What won't radio do to our women-folk next?

THOMAS NATHAN PAPPAS,
Memphis, Tennessee

SECOND PRIZE

SPIRITUAL UPLIFT

I am just a young girl in my early teens but I do want to say the radio's a wonderful thing. I was injured by an auto and was a cripple for nearly two years, was blind for many months. Richard Maxwell, the Gospel Singer on CBS, was an inspiration to me during my long illness. His sweet original poems gave me the idea of writing poetry. I took it up just as a hobby to pass the weary hours away. It turned out to be more than a hobby as I've had two poems published and several have been read over the radio.

Radio has helped, cheered and inspired many shut-ins and afflicted people, and so I say "three cheers for radio and spiritual programs of which we have so few."

MYRA JEAN MCGINNIS,
Memphis, Tenn.

THIRD PRIZE

HAVE YOU TROUBLE WITH YOUR CAR-RADIO?

I thought that some people might wonder why they can't get a very clear reception over their auto radios.

I had some trouble with mine until I had the speaker changed from under the dash board to the top of the car. I placed it in the middle of the front piece just over the windshield. This can be done and without marring the beauty of the woodwork by going to some garage and having it fixed for a very reasonable cost. They will find it is well worth the time and cost to have it changed.

MARSHALL MCWAORTER,
Altoona, Florida

FOURTH PRIZE

MODESTLY, WE TAKE A BOW!

Every month I spend ten or more hours reading RADIO MIRROR—only (Please turn page)

GO TO SLEEP, MARY THAT PHONE WON'T RING TONIGHT



No dates for the girl with underarm odor

Wise girls make sure of charm—with MUM

NO ONE called her yesterday—surely some one will tonight! And yet in her heart Mary fears that 'phone won't ring... tonight, or tomorrow either.

For Mary can't help noticing that the men she knows neglect her lately. She never thinks, of course, that she has grown careless—guilty of *underarm odor*. She forgets that *in spite of her bath*, underarms always need Mum!

A bath can only care for *past perspiration*—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps underarms sweet, your popularity safe. More women use Mum than any

other deodorant—it's so easy to use, so safe, so utterly dependable.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal to tell you it's harmless to clothing. And even after underarm shaving, notice how Mum actually soothes the skin.

MUM IS QUICK! In thirty seconds you're through. Yet this fragrant cream protects *all day*.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Give underarms *daily* care and be truly lovely, attractive.

BE SURE OF YOUR CHARM—USE MUM!



... BUT NO BATH CAN KEEP UNDERARMS FRESH ALL EVENING. I'LL LEND YOU MY MUM



TO HERSELF: THIS IS THE FIRST TIME BILL'S ASKED ME HOME— I'M GLAD I BORROWED JANE'S MUM



On Sanitary Napkins
Avoid danger of embarrassment! Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because Mum is gentle, safe!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

\$25,000.00

25 GRAND PRIZES OF \$1,000 EACH

Decide Now to Win One of Them!

ALREADY TRUE STORY has paid \$571,000 in prizes for true stories written by its readers. The bulk of this huge sum has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication. And now comes another glorious opportunity. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been set aside to be paid for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Friday, March 31, 1939.

One thousand dollars each for twenty-five true stories, simply and convincingly told—what a chance for you to cash in richly on a memory! For all true stories are simply memories of past happenings either in the lives of those who set them down or the lives of persons whom they know. Surely in your own life or the life of an acquaintance there is a happening which, if set down in words, would put you in line for one of the twenty-five \$1,000 grand prizes. It would be a pity indeed not to write it. In your own best interests start today.

In writing your story, tell it simply and clearly just as it happened, being sure to include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give a reader a complete understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that actually happened. Above all, do not refrain from writing it for fear you lack the necessary skill. Trained literary ability is not necessary. Yours does not need to be the best story submitted, nor the tenth best, nor the twentieth. If it should be the twenty-fifth best still it would be worth \$1,000 to you. Certainly you can hope to be among the best twenty-five.

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

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of \$1,000. You may be among them, but only if you write and send in your story.

If you have not already received a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective, by all means mail the coupon today and one will be sent to you promptly. Also do not fail to read the rules carefully and follow them out in particular, thus making sure that your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

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

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 1,000 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll. DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HAND-WRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. RECORD TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned. You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends Friday, March 31, 1939. Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 38C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

COUPON

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 38C
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

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

Name

Street

Town.....State.....
(Print plain. Give name of state in full.)

(Continued from preceding page)

one cent an hour for my favorite entertainment.

First, I find information about radio programs, stars, etc.

Second, inspiration, which will be found in a few articles of every issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Third, I enjoy the quizzes every month and who doesn't. A person is always flattered to find how much knowledge he has.

Fourth, drama is brought to me in the form of adaptations of unforgettable radio plays and the serial stories.

Mrs. L. E. EAGLETON,
San Francisco, Calif.

FIFTH PRIZE

OH, TO BE YOUNG AGAIN!

On Mondays and Thursdays at 5 p.m. the Columbia Broadcasting Company carries a program called "Let's Pretend." This is a children's hour presentation, a real children's hour with dramatized fairy tales and folk lore instead of the usual blood and thunder melodramas that take up the time in so many children's hours. The parts are all taken by children, and these young folks get into the spirit of the play with the skill of old troupers.

I am past sixty, yet find it a pleasure to tune in twice a week and dream of the time, fifty years ago, when a book of fairy tales read by lamplight brought me romance and adventure that was perhaps impossible, yet made pleasant daydreams that live in memory happily ever after.

OTTO E. SCHMIDT,
Amelia, Ohio

SIXTH PRIZE

HAIL RADIO'S FORGOTTEN MAN!

Praise has been given the radio singer, the musician, the actor, and the comedian, but who gives praise to one of the most important artists of radio—namely the sound effects man?

He it is, who can very nearly ruin a good play, or make it outstanding. Why—what would the Lone Ranger do without the sound of horses' hooves to represent his horse, Silver? He would very likely lose half his child audience! And what would the poor man do who wants to convey to

(Continued on page 66)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — P R I Z E S — —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$5.00

Five Prizes of \$1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than February 24, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

"I WAS A LEMON

IN THE

*Garden
of Love . . .*"

"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic* . . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."



*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH

Do Both Jobs!
AID YOUR GUMS
WHILE YOU CLEAN
YOUR TEETH



FOR BRILLIANT TEETH
— A SPARKLING SMILE
Start Now to
Massage Gums
with Forhan's

YOU, too, can have lovely bright teeth and a sparkling smile . . . If you guard your gums as well as your teeth.

To do this, use Forhan's. It does *both jobs*:—cleans teeth . . . aids gums. So massage gums with Forhan's every time you brush your teeth. Forhan's and massage stimulate gums—help make them firm, sound and healthy . . . And, as dentists know—*healthier gums mean brighter teeth!*

Cooperate with Your Dentist

What your dentist can do for soft, tender, bleeding gums is worth many times his fee. But even his expert care can fail—if you neglect your job at home. To help your dentist keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth bright—brush teeth and massage gums twice every day with Forhan's Toothpaste.

TRIAL OFFER—For generous trial tube, send 10¢ to Dept. 434. Forhan's, New Brunswick, N. J.



DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH
AIDS GUMS

FACING



Larry Clinton, of the Tommy Riggs show on NBC, is one of the big-name bandleaders you'll see at the New York World's Fair.

IS THE split between Mildred Bailey and her xylophone-playing husband, Red Norvo, a permanent thing? . . . Don't be surprised if Dave Rubinoff makes a remarkable comeback before summer . . . Ben Bernie is playing his first hotel dance date since 1929. Now installed in New York's Hotel Pennsylvania, Bernie last played in a hotel room at the Roosevelt B. L.—Before Lombardo. However the Old Maestro is playing a limited engagement and Tommy Dorsey's crew succeeds his band in March.

Larry Clinton is turning down lucrative offers from New York hotels because he has a big deal set once the World's Fair opens . . . Anita Boyer has recuperated from her operation and is once again singing husband-and-wife duets with bandleader Dick Barrie . . . Hal Kemp and Martha Stephenson, cafe-society deb, defied superstition to wed on Friday the thirteenth . . . Bill McCune gets a Mutual network wire when he plays from the Hotel Bossert Marine Roof in Brooklyn, beginning April 3.

"A Pocketful of Dreams" was ranked the most popular tune of 1938 while "A-Tisket, A-Tasket," was heard most often in 1938 on your ether waves . . . Jan Savitt replaces Art Shaw in Gotham's Hotel Lincoln . . . Benny Goodman is in the midst of a record-breaking cross-country tour . . . A novel way of plugging song hits has been devised by Sammy Kaye in the Hotel Commodore, New York. Everyone in the room on Wednesday nights gets a number. A draw is made from a top hat. If the number picked out belongs to a music publisher, Kaye "plugs" that publisher's newest tune three times during the next week. If the number picked belongs to any regular non-professional diner, the latter picks the name of a publisher out of another hat. That lucky pub-

lisher gets his tune "plugged" but must pay for the diner's evening of entertainment. Incidentally Kaye remains at the Commodore until April 30.

Bea Wain, who sings with Larry Clinton, has frequently been cited for her excellent diction. When she sings a number, you can be sure of hearing the words distinctly. It's more than a coincidence then, that she is married to announcer Andre Baruch. Ever since Baruch has known Bea, he has impressed upon her the importance of good diction . . . After a long illness, Mrs. Mark Warnow passed away in Florida, where she'd gone to recover her health.

WHERE DO BANDS COME FROM?

The question is asked daily of the musical men now on top. Twelve months ago Larry Clinton was just a good arranger. Three years ago Tommy Dorsey's name meant little in radio circles. And four years ago Benny Goodman was known to the music trade as a swell clarinet player.

Three factors make or break new bands. They are the college students, radio, and records.

From these three sources one can soon learn who the next sweet or swing sensation will be. At RCA-Victor word comes that 1939 will be a banner year for Artie Shaw and Glenn Miller. Shaw is already established with a network commercial and best-selling disks. The college kids have adopted him.

More is to be heard from Miller, the trombonist-arranger now heard over NBC from the Paradise Restaurant in New York. Coming from New England as an ace arranger for big bands, Glenn soon groomed his band for bigger things after meeting with plaudits at several eastern seats of learning. He wrote a tune titled

THE MUSIC By KEN ALDEN



"Sold American," took it to his publisher and sent it to England. To date it has sold 300,000 copies across the Atlantic.

Glenn has wisely equipped his orchestra with a fine vocalist—Ray Eberle, brother of Jimmy Dorsey's vocalist.

WHILE OTHER KIDS WERE PLAYING TAG

Of the new crop of rhythm singers currently available on the kilocycles, kindest words are said for Joan Edwards on the Paul Whiteman stanzas. Like so many other successful chirpers, Joan says she owes her newfound fame to the fact that she was a sickly child.

The family doctor forbade her to skip rope, roller skate or indulge in any active games. In order to have something to do to amuse herself, Joan took up the piano. She didn't have to be coaxed to practise. She played on the keyboards for several hours a day and soon became conversant with Mozart, Debussy, and Chopin.

Presently she developed a taste for modern music and asked her teacher to give her piano lessons by Stravinsky, Gershwin and Grofe. From there it was just a step to "Stormy Weather," the first popular song Joan ever sang. She did it at a party on her sixteenth birthday, and, almost without realizing it, found she had worked out an arrangement of her own in which she had used as a base, the works of the masters.

Today Joan is grateful for all the practising she did while other kids were playing tag.

Her health today? Fine, thank you.

TURNING THE TABLES

We all know that Benny Goodman, kingpin of swing, is sincerely devoted to the classics. How in the wee hours, long after his regular danceband sessions, commercial broadcasts and jam jaunts are forgotten, the Chicago clarinetist hibernates to his inner sanctum to listen to recordings of Brahms, Beethoven and Bach, is all past history.

Just recently Goodman played several concerts in Town Hall and seemed

Joan Edwards: she's famous now because she was a sickly child.

eager to drop his swing clarinet for one expressing the music of the ages.

This hidden passion of Goodman brings to light another musician who likes to turn the tables. He is Dr. Charles M. Courboin, the great organist. Recently decorated by the Belgian government with the Order of Leopold, a very high award, did not prevent the kindly artist from expanding his talents.

(Please turn to page 8)

Honey
BEAUTY ADVISOR

says
"CHAPPED HANDS
SPOIL THE LOOKS
OF THE NEW
COSTUME
JEWELRY"

LOOK, HONEY—DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A CUTE BRACELET? SO OLD-FASHIONED—IT'S NEW

THE RHINESTONE HEARTS ARE PERFECT WITH YOUR NEW HOOPSKIRT TAFFETA, MARY... GET THE NECKLACE TOO!

C'MON HOME WITH ME, HONEY—I'LL PUT ON A FASHION SHOW ALL FOR YOU—NEW DRESS, NEW JEWELRY—EVERYTHING

NOW, HONEY, HOW DO I LOOK? DON'T TELL ME—'LIKE A HOUSEWIFE!'

ANYBODY WOULD THINK YOU'D STEPPED OUT OF A FASHION MAGAZINE! ONLY ONE THING'S WRONG—

Copyright, 1939, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

YOUR HANDS—SO RED AND CHAPPED THEY MAKE YOUR NEW BRACELET LOOK CHEAP. HERE, USE HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. HINDS WORKS FAST...

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM IS EXTRA-CREAMY—EXTRA-SOFTENING. WHEN IT DOES WIND-CHAPPED HANDS SO MUCH GOOD, JUST THINK HOW HELPFUL IT IS FOR ORDINARY HOUSEWORK CHAPPING!

YES...
**CHAPPED HANDS
FEEL SMOOTHER!**

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream coaxes back the softness that cold and steam heat take away. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, \$1 sizes.

EXTRA BONUS BOTTLE Nearly 20% more lotion in Hinds Bonus Bottle! A gift—when you buy Hinds medium size. Money back on medium size, where you bought it, if Hinds doesn't make your chapped hands feel smoother. Hinds Two-Bottle Bargain at all toilet goods counters.





TEST
Thynmold
for 10 days
... at our
expense!

GIRDLE OR
BRASSIERE
may be worn
separately

Appear
SLIMMER
... at once!

WOULD you like to **SLENDERIZE** your **SILHOUETTE** ... and wear dresses **smaller**? That is just what the Thynmold **Perforated Rubber Girdle** will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful **THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere** to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES Smoothed Out INSTANTLY!

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat ... the thickness of waist ... the width of hips. Now slip into your **THYNMOLD** and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Quickly
CORRECT
YOUR
FIGURE
FAULTS

BEFORE... A Bulging Profile
seen in Your Ordinary Girdle



AFTER... Size Smaller...
No Bulges... in Thynmold!



Test **THYNMOLD** for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your **THYNMOLD**. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted ... if **THYNMOLD** does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous **PERFOLASTIC RUBBER**

■ **THYNMOLD** is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

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Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 184, 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....
Address.....
.....



That for superstition! Hal Kemp married Martha Stephenson Friday the 13th, and stood under a ladder too!

(Continued from preceding page)
At a recent dinner party he amazed a gathering by leaping to the piano to play some modern swing compositions.

Goodman, the concert clarinetist. Courboin, the jivin' jitterbug!

* * *

The **RADIO MIRROR-Facing the Music** dance band poll has developed this season into a close contest between Benny Goodman, 1938's winner, and Eddy Duchin. This swing to Duchin is probably due to Eddy's current commercial series.

Not far behind Goodman and Duchin are Horace Heidt, Guy Lombardo, Sammy Kaye, Kay Kyser, and Tommy Dorsey.

A word to the jives is sufficient. If you haven't voted, don't say I didn't warn you. The poll ends in June.

THE FAMOUS FEUD CONTINUES
The feud between Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser continues.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

I want to know more about He is my recommendation for "The Band of the Month."

NAME

ADDRESS

(Each month Ken Alden will write a feature piece on "the band of the month" telling all you want to know about the favorite maestros. Your vote will help determine his selection.)

To celebrate the 1939 World's Fair, Mutual network engineers devised an elaborate microphone for dance band pickups, that resembled the trylon and perisphere, symbols of Grover Whalen's Flushing fiesta.

Pictures were ordered to be taken showing the maestros posing before the streamlined gadget. Bandsmen invited were Guy Lombardo, Joe Venuti, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Eddy Duchin, Kay Kyser and Sammy Kaye!

The scene of operation was the Mutual Playhouse, where Kay Kyser's broadcasts originate.

Those in the know, waited eagerly, like excited ringside fans for the meeting between the K's. Would they come to blows? Would some snappy dialog develop that witnesses could retell to their swing chillun? It had all the melodrama of a Gang Busters program.

Kyser was the first one to arrive: Finding that he was too early, he went to the stage of the playhouse and worked over some arrangements. Meantime, Sammy marched in. Pacifists decided to act. They rushed through the picture taking of Sammy in record-breaking time. A cordon of press agents surrounded Sammy and marched him briskly to the exit. But Kyser never turned around during the picture taking of his "rival."

But as soon as the swing and sway sultan left, Kyser carefully dropped what he was doing to joyfully greet the other bandsmen.

The Battle of the Century was called off. These two young gentlemen of singing song titles tactfully avoided the big scene.

Those optimistic souls who counted on this rendezvous as another Munich, will have to bide their time.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet
Prelude to a Kiss; Day After Day
(Victor 26106B), Richard Himber—A

haunting treatment of Duke Ellington's lovely song that will not be easily forgotten. Welcome warbling by Stuart Allen.

Sing for Your Supper; This Can't Be Love (Brunswick 8257), Horace Heidt—Careful presentation of these two smoothies from "The Boys from Syracuse." Brigadiers Cotton and Goodman vocalize effectively.

You're Gonna See a Lot of Me; Umbrella Man (Victor 2617B), Sammy Kaye—Graceful melodies manipulated by the swing and sway Stokowski.

My Heart Belongs to Daddy; Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love (Brunswick 8252), Mary Martin and Eddy Duchin—The platter of the month. Mary Martin, current toast of Broadway, warbles two sly Cole Porter ditties filled with words of wisdom. Eddy Duchin's accompaniment is thrown in for good measure.

Some Like It Swing

Yacht Club Swing; Muskat Ramble (Bluebird B10035A), Fats Waller—Fifty-second Street flavor complete, except for Waller's customary wail. Eddie DeLange's band gets tricky on the reverse side.

Hold Tight; Jungle Drums (Vocalion M925), Sidney Bechet—One of those torrid tomes with little rhyme or reason, but particularly endearing to swingsters.

Sweet Sue; Tin Roof Blues (Victor 26105A), Tommy Dorsey—That ageless girl friend of Victor Young gets inoculated with a Dorsey arrangement, which proves there's life in the old gal yet. Reminiscent of Tommy's unforgettable "Marie." A very low bow to the trumpet section on both sides of the disk.

Presenting a high priestess, a high priest, and an ardent disciple of Swing. Below, the high priestess, Martha Tilton who is Benny Goodman's vocalist.



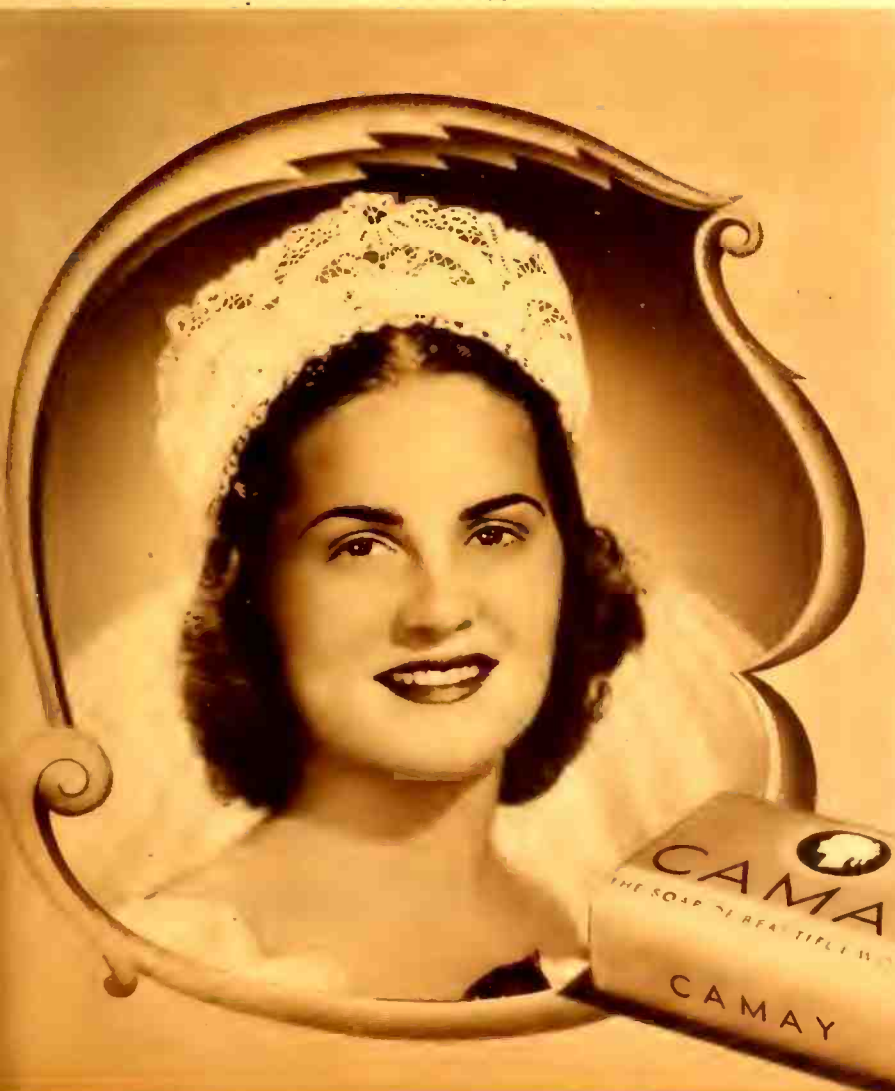
Above, High Priest Gene Krupa gives a few lessons in drumming to Disciple Jackie Cooper. Jackie leads his own band, and they say it's plenty hot.

Jeepers Creepers; Devil with the Devil (Victor 26108A), Larry Clinton—Subtle swing decorated with two original arrangements. The latter tune is much like "Shadrach." Ford Leary sings enthusiastically.

Thanks for Everything; Between a Kiss and a Sigh (Bluebird B10055B), Art Shaw—The current white-haired

boy of the jitterbugs gives ample proof of his abilities on this platter. Not too loud, a previous Shaw shortcoming.

Promenade; Hare and Hounds (Brunswick M912), Phil Lang—Two excellent novelties by this promising conductor-composer and comrade-in-arms of Morton Gould. Put this lad down in your future book.



"To look your Loveliest you must have Lovely Skin!"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Any girl looks her loveliest when her skin is fresh and appealing. Camay's the beauty care I recommend because its gentle cleansing has helped my skin to look so radiantly fresh."

(Signed) PATRICIA RYAN

January 3, 1939 (Mrs. Joseph J. Ryan, Jr.)

THERE'S a special charm in a lovely complexion—a charm you ought to have! And Mrs. Ryan, like so many happy brides, says, "Use Camay!"

You'll soon see why! So many girls who use it say they've never found another soap with quite the same rich, fragrant lather. Camay cleanses thoroughly, and yet it's wonderfully mild!

Thousands of girls rely on Camay for complexion and bath. It's so refreshing to the skin—helps bring out all-over loveliness—yet costs so little! Get three cakes today!

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

For
LOVE'S
SAKE

avoid

LIPSTICK
PARCHING

Lips that invite love must be soft lips . . . sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty Sub-Deb Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades, 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.



COTY



SUB-DEB
LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

What's New from

By DAN SENESEY

SOME day you'll look back on the radio season of 1938-1939 and remember it as the one which brought something new in variety programs—The Circle, Sunday nights on NBC, starring Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Groucho and Chico Marx, Lawrence Tibbett, and Robert Emmett Dolan's orchestra.

The sponsors themselves couldn't tell after the first broadcast whether the show would be a success or not—it was too different, too much off the beaten path, and maybe a little too sophisticated. But anyway, it was different!

Going backstage at The Circle, here are some things about it you didn't know:

The members of The Circle actually sit in one—or at any rate, in a semi-circle. They're ranged about a semi-circular table with a swinging boom microphone in the middle—movable so it can come to the speakers instead of making them go to it. Lawrence Tibbett, when he sings, is the only person who ever stands up to broadcast on this show.

Carole Lombard is the first person who ever succeeded in breaking down the famous Colman reserve. When she breezed in for the first rehearsal she greeted him with a "Hello, Ronnie!" much to the consternation of everyone else, who had never gotten past calling him Ronald at their most intimate. But Ronnie seemed to like the nickname, and it's stuck—so much so that they use it on the broadcast.

There's a studio audience present,

but it is forbidden to applaud. On one broadcast three people got so carried away by one of Tibbett's songs that they started to clap. Ronnie had his gavel ready, and was about to use it to restore order when the offending spectators stopped, covered with embarrassment.

Benita Hume, who is Mrs. Ronald Colman, and Phyllis Brooks, who may some day be Mrs. Cary Grant, are interested spectators at each rehearsal and broadcast.

Cary Grant, after signing dozens of autograph cards as he arrived at the studio for his first broadcast, went inside and began heckling the other members of the cast for their autographs. This was a strange if not serious breach of Hollywood etiquette, and there were raised eyebrows until Cary broke down and admitted that he has a kid brother in Bristol, England, who collects autographs and employs Cary as his Hollywood representative.

Lawrence Tibbett is a foot-tapper when he sings—even when he uncorks an aria from grand opera.

John Fraser, announcer for The Circle, will never worry about the unlucky significance of the number 13 again. He was born in 1913, he was the thirteenth announcer auditioned for the program, and its first rehearsal was on Friday the thirteenth.

On one broadcast the standing microphone for Tibbett's use had something wrong with it. It wobbled. Time was short, so instead of hunting up a new microphone the studio en-



Stars of NBC's Kellogg Radio Show look pretty for the camera—starting left, Groucho Marx, Cary Grant, Lawrence Tibbett, Carole Lombard, Chico Marx and Ronald Colman.

Coast to Coast

gineers found some filled sandbags which are kept around for use in case of flood, and banked them around the base of the microphone. Groucho Marx strolled in a few minutes later, saw the arrangement, and sneered: "Bunch of alarmists!"

Funny the way things happen in radio. Morton Downey wouldn't be back on the air now, singing Monday nights with Eddy Duchin's orchestra, if the sponsor of the Pall Mall program hadn't dropped in at the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel on New Year's Eve. The sponsor didn't particularly want a soloist on the program, which was starring Duchin and his orchestra, but when he sat down in the Persian Room and heard Downey sing a solo, with the Duchin band as accompaniment, he made up his mind that anything so good had to be on his show. A couple of weeks later, Downey signed a contract with that sponsor.

There's a silly game going the rounds of the studios. Try it out on your best friend and see how long it takes him to poke you in the jaw. Ask him to repeat "Betty Boop, Betty Boop, Betty Boop," over and over, as

fast as he can. When he gets well under way, yell "Hi-Yo, Silver!" You won't know why until you hear him saying "Betty Boop."

Those aren't well-dressed hoboes who ride up and down in the elevators at the CBS studios in New York. They're just members of the Campbell Playhouse cast who are growing beards for a Mercury Theater stage play. One day they held a beard-matching contest, and Boss Orson Welles won. He's one of those guys who can raise a thick, husky patch of spinach over the week-end.

Tommy Dorsey has been sending his friends a radio set that impresses you as being a bit of black magic until you get used to it. It's a little portable box, weighing twelve pounds, which operates perfectly without an aerial and doesn't have to be plugged into an electric circuit. Just turn it on and it plays. It costs only \$33.50 retail, its battery is good for two to three hundred hours, and refill batteries cost \$3. Tubes are exactly the same as those in an ordinary set. If you want to attract attention you can walk along the street, carrying one of these midget radios and sounding



Patricia and April Styles on KHJ's Help Thy Neighbor.

like a one-man band. Nearly every member of the Dorsey band has one. They take them along on road tours, when everybody travels together in a big bus, and it doesn't take much imagination to think of how that bus sounds as it goes down the road.

Radio has its "sneak previews" now, just like the movies. Sponsors, anxious to know how a proposed show will get over with the listeners, have a record made and then broadcast it over a wired radio service which supplies music to New York bars and restaurants, leaving out the commer-

(Continued on page 66)

Petal Smooth Skin

**ALWAYS MAKES
THE GRADE**

**NOW
CHOOSE THIS FAMOUS POWDER BASE
FOR THE EXTRA
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IT BRINGS!***

NOW when you smooth your skin for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream, you're giving it extra skin care.

Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to provide extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

NO WORRY ABOUT CHAPPING
— I ALWAYS USE POND'S
VANISHING CREAM. IT SMOOTHS
AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES
IN ONE APPLICATION — NOW
THE "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN POND'S
IS ANOTHER REASON WHY
IT GETS MY VOTE!

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

* 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.
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AS BROADCAST ON NBC

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON



WHY
Pearl Buck
WON THE
NOBEL PRIZE

■ Drawn by a master
—a revealing word
portrait of our first
lady of letters who
won world acclaim
in seven short years

Reprinted from one of Miss Thompson's talks on the Hour of Charm program, with Phil Spitalny and his all girl orchestra, heard every Monday night on NBC-Red, sponsored by the General Electric Company.

IT IS just fifteen years since an article appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, signed by a totally unknown name. It was called "In China, Too," and the author was Pearl Buck. The editors informed the interested public that the writer was a teacher in Nanking, China.

Next year the Forum published a little story—a little piece called "Beauty in China." And, thereafter, until 1931, the name of Pearl Buck occasionally appeared in the magazine, Asia, in church publications, such as the Christian Herald and the Christian Century, but never once in a popular magazine of large circulation. So one can say that, by and large, until 1931, very few people ever heard of Pearl Buck.

Then all of a sudden, everybody who reads heard of Pearl Buck. For she wrote a novel called "The Good Earth," which was a best seller in the United States for nearly two years, making a record that had not been held by any book since "Quo Vadis," which was published in my childhood. And that book of hers went around the world. It was read in twenty languages, including the language of the country about which it was written: China.

That was only seven years ago. Seven years ago, Pearl Buck was an unknown writer. Today she is the winner of the most coveted literary prize on earth: The famous Nobel Prize. It's a very substantial reward. Its winner receives a large gold medal, a handsomely embossed testimonial, and a check. This year the check is for thirty-nine thousand dollars, and Mrs. Buck received her prize, at a great and impressive festivity, from the hands of the King of Sweden.

In the midst of war, revolution, international tensions, national, racial, and class hatreds, the Nobel Prizes seem like a curious anachronism. They were founded by a great Swedish chemist and industrialist, Alfred Nobel, who believed in science, (Continued on page 85)

BY PEARL BUCK

■ If you want a husband, you should be able to hunt him—openly! A famous novelist pleads for a new method of courtship

A condensation of a broadcast in which Mrs. Buck was interviewed by Jane Todd, heard over CBS, under the auspices of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc.


DO MOST mothers prepare their daughters primarily for marriage? And how do they deal with the fact that there seems to be less need for men to marry than ever before? Men are no longer lost without a woman to make a home, to cook and to sew for them. The pioneer need for a woman in the home is gone. Someone has said that the biological need still remains, but isn't it a psychological rather than a biological necessity? There are still plenty of men who do not marry.

The whole marriage situation in this country, it seems to me, is one that should be or could be improved. Parents bring up their daughters to marry, and yet do nothing about preparing them for marriage or helping them achieve a successful marriage. In Japan or China, when two young people are attracted to each other, either one may go to the parents and disclose their heart's wish. The parents then arrange a meeting with the other's parents through some mutual friend, and the matter is discussed. If it is agreeable to all concerned, the marriage is arranged; if not, there is no embarrassment on either side.

But here in America it seems to me that the girl especially has a hard time of it. Tradition still forbids any open recognition of the fact that she wants to marry, much less to marry a certain young man. By devious ways of flirtation she has to do alone what her parents might help her to do in a recognized dignified fashion.

Why don't we get rid of the taboo that women cannot seek men in marriage—not face to face, of course, since men are notoriously timid—but often young people want to marry and have no one with whom to discuss the matter. Why don't parents recognize this, and help their children to marriage?

I recently talked with two pretty, highly intelligent, educated girls. Both in- (Continued on page 91)



WHY SHOULDN'T
WOMEN
 SEEK MEN
 IN MARRIAGE?



Maestros on

YOU may have heard a lot about these Battles Of Swing. That's when a couple of first class bands gather on the opposite side of anything from an armory to a tent and try to blow each other out into the street.

There's something about this business of beating out swing music that arouses the competitive spirit in a musician, whether player or leader, or both. That's what makes swing so alive, gusty and strictly American.

For you there might be nothing on earth like the clear, wild-sharp drive of Benny Goodman's clarinet. Then again, you may be on the other side of the fence and go body and soul out of this world when Tommy Dorsey gets low, sweet, hot and mean all in one breath on that trombone.

I've seen swing fans get pretty het up over the respective merit of bands and individual players. But, believe me, it's mild compared to the feuding that goes on between bands, and more particularly, band leaders.

Two of the scrappiest band leaders in the business are Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser. These two lads have been at it for years. Ever since Kay Kyser accused Sammy Kaye of stealing his way of introducing a song. Both of them sing the title of the song, before going into the number. Or if not the title, then the first line of the song.

Nobody knows who really got the idea first, but that doesn't matter much. Then too, the bands sound almost alike. Anyone not acquainted with styles of music might never tell Kaye's music from Kyser's in a hundred years.

The fuse was really touched off a few months ago, when a New York paper printed a picture of Sammy Kaye with Kay Kyser's name under it. Both of the boys blamed the other, when as a matter of fact, it was just a newspaperman's idea of a prank; the result being that if you are smart you never mention Kyser's name around Kaye, or vice versa.

Who accused Sammy Kaye of borrowing his song introduction?

■ **Extra! Extra! Band Leaders Declare War! Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey fire opening shots. Casualties reported heavy; all danceland shaken by reports of other battles**

By Van Evers

Below, what makes Bob Crosby sometimes don warpaint?

And, why did Kay Kyser burn up when Sammy Kaye's picture appeared in a paper?



the Warpath

But the really big battle in swingdom is going on between two of the very best band leaders in the business. I mean Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey. (And I hope I don't get slugged for putting Benny's name before Tommy's.)

OH, YOU'RE SURPRISED! You've seen pictures of them together smiling, and both of them have said such nice things about each other at times. Brother, you're not in the business. You ought to know what has been going on underneath the surface—down where they dish it out gut-bucket style. Not that Tommy and Benny are the only band leaders who figure in the feud—not by a short string bass. There's a lot of bands mixed up in the fight.

I've got to start some place, so I may as well begin at the Earle Theater in Philadelphia. Everything seems to happen at the Earle. The alligators and hep-cats are wilder there, the music is more torrid, and the feuds between orchestra leaders seem to reach their height at this venerable cradle of swing.

It was at the Earle that Benny Goodman turned on the jitterbugs dancing and gyrating in the aisles and shouted, "Keep quiet" at the top of his lungs. Gene Krupa was taking off on a drum solo at the time and Benny's show of emotion upset him more than a little. After the show, it took a lot of persuasion to keep Benny and Gene from having it out with each other. Probably that's one of the big reasons why Krupa has a band of his own, and the hide beater loses no love for his former boss.

Maybe you were at the Earle the night Tommy Dorsey paid Goodman a visit. Had I been the manager of the theater, I would have thought twice before asking Tommy to make a "good will" appearance on the stage with Goodman. But

Artie Shaw's title, "King of the Clarinet," is making no end of trouble.



What happened when Benny Goodman played in Philadelphia?

Dorsey happened to be in town, and it seemed like a good idea at the time.

I wasn't in the audience that night, but I've heard the story told again and again by musicians and fans. Seems everything went smooth enough for awhile, Tommy and Benny gave out with the usual gab—which doesn't mean anything. You know, the "I love you, you love me, and aren't our bands great," stuff. Then Tommy strolled to the wings, bowed, waved his hand, fingers spread at the audience. When his fingers got directly in front of his nose he turned toward Benny and held them there a second too (Continued on page 69)

Why did Tommy Dorsey cut short his profitable mid-west tour?



Why Can't I Marry?

DENNIS had been unusually silent that Sunday afternoon in early spring, as we drove along a quiet Long Island road. Now he turned to me with sudden decision.

"We've been in love eight years, Nedda," he said. "And we aren't any closer to getting married now than we were when we graduated from high school. Don't you think it's about time we made up our minds what we're going to do?"

The moment I had been dreading had come. All winter I'd known that Dennis was changing. He no longer spoke eagerly of the time when we would be married. He no longer spoke of marriage at all—in fact, he seemed to take pains to keep our conversations away from the subject. But I knew, all the time, that he'd been waiting—waiting for the time when he would demand a decision. That time had come.

"I want to get married, just as much as you do," I pleaded.

"Sometimes I wonder if you really do." His tone was grim.

"Dennis! How can you say that?" I couldn't keep my lips from trembling at the injustice of his remark. Once, when I was an ambitious youngster just out of high school, it might have been true. But not now.

"Well, then," he said tensely, "let's get married. Now. Tomorrow. Next week."

"You know I can't, Dennis! I can't desert my family—"

He stopped the car with a grinding of brakes at the side of the road, and swung around to face me. "I'm getting a little sick of hearing about your family, Nedda."

"But, Dennis—"

All the bitterness and frustration that had been piling up in his thoughts all winter came rushing out. There was no stopping him now.

"Don't you ever stop thinking of them? I wish you'd think of me once in a while—and of yourself. Don't we have any rights at all? Stop kidding yourself, Nedda. Why can't you marry me? There's been some reason you couldn't for eight years."

"But we both agreed, when we got out of high school, that we couldn't get married for a long time."

"Sure—because I had to get a job and save up some money, and you wanted to be an actress. Well, I've got the job, and I've saved the money, and you're doing darn well on the radio. You're doing so well your family thinks it's all easy money."

This, I had to admit, was true. Nobody that isn't in the business ever does realize how hard a radio actress or actor works. I had secondary parts in three daytime serial programs, and I picked up another job now and then on an evening broadcast. I wasn't on the air, ever, more than a hour a day, all told, but getting ready for that hour kept me going from eight in the morning until sometimes ten at night—always looking at my watch, taking cabs from one broadcast to



another, often eating a candy bar instead of lunch.

"That's just the reason I don't want to marry you—not yet," I told Dennis, as I had told him so often before. "I—I just don't dare. A fine bride I'd be, coming home every night completely exhausted! Why, we couldn't even have a honeymoon!"

"Then drop a couple of the programs you're doing."

I made a despairing gesture. "I can't do that. I need every cent I can make—at least until Bud gets a job, or Vivian graduates from college."

"And there we are again," he said. "You have to support your father, your brother, and your sister. It

■ This anguished question, asked by thousands of heart-hungry girls, may find its answer in this true story of a radio actress who was kept from the arms of the man she loved



Macfadden Studios

■ I looked at his set jaw, wanting to speak—but it would have been like speaking to a sheet of steel.

always comes back to that.”

Yes, it always came back to that.

I could see the muscles of Dennis' square jaw working; then he burst out:

“That brother of yours—he's a good, smart kid, Nedda, but he's going to tie himself to your apron strings for the rest of his life, if you'll let him.”

“No, he isn't, Dennis. Bud's just as unhappy over not getting a job as he can be. You don't realize how hard it is for young fellows, just out of college, to find work these days.”

“Jobs were hard to get when I got one, too,” he said.

“I didn't have any college education, either. Besides, Bud's been out of college a whole year now—and he had a job, once, but he quit it.”

“I don't blame him!” I said hotly. “Shipping clerk in a wholesale house—what kind of work is that for a college graduate?”

“You don't go around picking and choosing jobs, these days. You take what you can get, and then either work yourself up or save enough money at it so you can quit and look for another one, without depending on other people to support you. And that's something Bud'll never do unless something jolts him loose from you. . . . And Vivian! She's got her head so full of helping the underprivileged classes after she gets out of college that she's forgotten entirely it's necessary to make a living. She might try helping her underprivileged sister for a change!”

I sat there aghast. That quiet, patient Dennis should suddenly unleash such a storm of anger was almost unbelievable. Then my own temper began to rise.

“And what's your criticism of Dad?” I asked coldly. “I suppose that heart attack that nearly killed him three years ago was just a nice piece of acting?”

“Your father—” He grew a little bit quieter. “Well, I don't suppose he knows it, but he's grown so used to having you take care of him he doesn't even think about getting well again, so he can take care of himself.”

“That isn't true, Dennis Wayne!” I cried. “Dad worked and slaved to put me through dramatic school, and now he's old and sick, and he's certainly earned some consideration.”

“Look here, Nedda. I've kept quiet all winter, waiting for you to make the first move. You know how I felt, and thought maybe if I didn't fuss at you, you'd figure things out for yourself. But you haven't. It comes down to this. Either you love me enough to marry me, or you don't. Either you love me, or you love your family.”

“Dennis, you're being so unreasonable,” I said, tears stinging my eyes. “It isn't as simple as that. I do love you—much more than you seem to realize—but—oh, there's more than love, where the family is concerned. There's loyalty, and years of being together—and they need me so much—”

“Yes, and there's sentimentality, too,” he said. “That's the trouble with you, Nedda. You're letting your heart run away with your head.”

“Oh, I'm not!” I cried, feeling hopelessly confused and unhappy. This attack of Dennis' was so sudden, and so totally unlike him, that I couldn't think of ways to answer it.

“I don't suppose there's any sense in arguing about it any more,” he said, his face drawn and tired. “We're in a deadlock, and somebody has to break it. Will you marry me—soon?”

“I—I can't,” I sobbed.

“All right,” he said, turning (Continued on page 54)

Why Can't I Marry?

DENNIS had been unusually silent that Sunday afternoon in early spring, as we drove along a quiet Long Island road. Now he turned to me with a sudden decision.

"We've been in love eight years, Nedda," he said. "And we aren't any closer to getting married now than we were when we graduated from high school. Don't you think it's about time we made up our minds what we're going to do?"

The moment I had been dreading had come. All winter I'd known that Dennis was changing. He no longer spoke eagerly of the time when we would be married. He no longer spoke of marriage at all—in fact, he seemed to take pains to keep our conversations away from the subject. But I knew, all the time, that he'd been waiting—waiting for the time when he would demand a decision. That time had come.

"I want to get married, just as much as you do," I pleaded.

"Sometimes I wonder if you really do." His tone was grim.

"Dennis! How can you say that?" I couldn't keep my lips from trembling at the injustice of his remark. Once, when I was an ambitious youngster just out of high school, it might have been true. But not now.

"Well, then," he said tensely, "let's get married. Now. Tomorrow. Next week."

"You know I can't, Dennis! I can't desert my family—"

He stopped the car with a grinding of brakes at the side of the road, and swung around to face me. "I'm getting a little sick of hearing about your family, Nedda."

"But, Dennis—"

All the bitterness and frustration that had been piling up in his thoughts all winter came rushing out. There was no stopping him now.

"Don't you ever stop thinking of them? I wish you'd think of me once in a while—and of yourself. Don't we have any rights at all? Stop kidding yourself, Nedda. Why can't you marry me? There's been some reason you couldn't for eight years."

"But we both agreed, when we got out of high school, that we couldn't get married for a long time."
 "Sure—because I had to get a job and save up some money, and you wanted to be an actress. Well, I've got the job, and I've saved the money, and you're doing darn well on the radio. You're doing so well your family thinks it's all easy money."

This, I had to admit, was true. Nobody that isn't in the business ever does realize how hard a radio actress or actor works. I had secondary parts in three daytime serial programs, and I picked up another job now and then on an evening broadcast. I wasn't on the air, ever, more than an hour a day, all told, but getting ready for that hour kept me going from eight in the morning until sometimes ten at night—always looking at my watch, taking cabs from one broadcast to



Marjolein Sinden

■ This anguished question, asked by thousands of heart-hungry girls, may find its answer in this true story of a radio actress who was kept from the arms of the man she loved

"I didn't have any college education, either. Besides, Bud's been out of college a whole year now—and he had a job, once, but he quit it."

"I don't blame him!" I said hotly. "Shipping clerk in a wholesale house—what kind of work is that for a college graduate?"

"You don't go around picking and choosing jobs, these days. You take what you can get, and then either work yourself up or save enough money at it so you can quit and look for another one, without depending on other people to support you. And that's something Bud'll never do unless something jolts him loose from you. . . . And Vivian! She's got her head so full of helping the underprivileged classes after she gets out of college that she's forgotten entirely it's necessary to make a living. She might try helping her underprivileged sister for a change!"

I sat there aghast. That quiet, patient Dennis suddenly unleashed such a storm of anger was almost unbelievable. Then my own temper began to rise.

"And what's your criticism of Dad?" I asked coldly. "I suppose that heart attack that nearly killed him three years ago was just a nice piece of acting?"

"Your father—" He grew a little bit quieter. "Well, I don't suppose he knows it, but he's grown so used to having you take care of him he doesn't even think about getting well again, so he can take care of himself."

"That isn't true, Dennis Wayne!" I cried. "Dad worked and slaved to put me through dramatic school, and now he's old and sick, and he's certainly earned some consideration."

"Look here, Nedda. I've kept quiet all winter, waiting for you to make the first move. You know how I felt, and thought maybe if I didn't fuss at you, you'd figure things out for yourself. But you haven't. It comes down to this. Either you love me enough to marry me, or you don't. Either you love me, or you love your family."

"Dennis, you're being so unreasonable," I said, tears stinging my eyes. "It isn't as simple as that. I do love you—much more than you seem to realize—but, oh, there's more than love, where the family is concerned. There's loyalty, and years of being together—and they need me so much—"

"Yes, and there's sentimentality, too," he said. "That's the trouble with you, Nedda. You're letting your heart run away with your head."

"Oh, I'm not!" I cried, feeling hopelessly confused and unhappy. This attack of Dennis's was so sudden, and so totally unlike him, that I couldn't think of ways to answer it.

"If I don't suppose there's any sense in arguing about it any more," he said, his face drawn and tired. "We're in a deadlock, and somebody has to break it. Will you marry me—soon?"

"I—I can't," I sobbed.

"All right," he said, turning (Continued on page 54)

another, often eating a candy bar instead of lunch.

"That's just the reason I don't want to marry you—not yet," I told Dennis, as I had told him so often before. "I—I just don't dare. A fine bride I'd be, coming home every night completely exhausted! Why, we couldn't even have a honeymoon!"

"Then drop a couple of the programs you're doing," I made a despairing gesture. "I can't do that. I need every cent I can make—at least until Bud gets a job, or Vivian graduates from college."

"And there we are again," he said. "You have to support your father, your brother, and your sister. It

always comes back to that."

Yes, it always came back to that. I could see the muscles of Dennis' square jaw working, then he burst out:

"That brother of yours—he's a good, smart kid, Nedda, but he's going to tie the himself to your apron strings for the rest of his life, if you'll let him."

"No, he isn't, Dennis. Bud's just as unhappy over not getting a job as he can be. You don't realize how hard it is for young fellows, just out of college, to find work these days."

"Jobs were hard to get when I got one, too," he said.

Lombard

UNLIMITED

She's harum-scarum, she dances in the park at three A. M., she dotes on practical jokes, she hates pink, and she's so impulsive she almost lives behind the eight-ball. Meet Carole, screw-ball comedian, dramatic actress, and radio's new star

BY MARIAN RHEA



WAS in the audience the Sunday night the new Kellogg show opened at NBC. I watched Carole Lombard at the microphone—beautifully gowned, poised, sure of herself . . . And I remembered the first time I ever saw her. Twelve years ago, this was, in the casting office at the old Mack Sennett studio. She was wearing a black satin dress and ultra-modern black hat, a little too sophisticated but obviously her youthful conception of what a candidate for the movies should be seen in.

She had just been given a job at Sennett's and she was walking on air.

"So you made the grade," another girl said to her, wistfully. "Me—they told me there was nothing doing."

Carole (only she wasn't Carole then; she was Jane Peters) reassured her. "Oh, well, you're sure to get a break some time." And then

she added, casually, "Come on. I'll buy your lunch to celebrate *my* break."

No, it wasn't so much—to buy a lunch. Only the other girl's eyes filled with tears and the rest of us there realized then what Carole had seen right away—that there hadn't been too many lunches recently, for the girl who followed her out the door.

And that incident, so long ago, seems to sum Carole Lombard up, completely. It explains so many things. For instance, it tells you why Carole is the only top-flight, non-singing movie star who has ever been chosen to take a permanent place on a big radio variety show. The glamour girls of Hollywood aren't often considered—believe it or not—captivating enough to be successful week-in-week-out attractions on the air. But Carole was. And the Kellogg people's choice wasn't mistaken, either, as

■ Hollywood's talked about Carole's romance with Clark Gable, above, ever since it began—but she has gone on minding her own business, refusing to talk back. You only have to see her look at him, though, to know how she feels about him.

you can tell when you listen to those Lombard gurgles coming into your living room. Her personality fairly reaches out and pats you on the back.

It doesn't require any clairvoyance to know why, either. You like her, on the air and on the screen, because she's so darn *human!*

She's generous, too. "Too gener-



Paramount Photo

ous," Fieldsie (Madalynne Fields, her best friend) says. But beautifully generous, too.

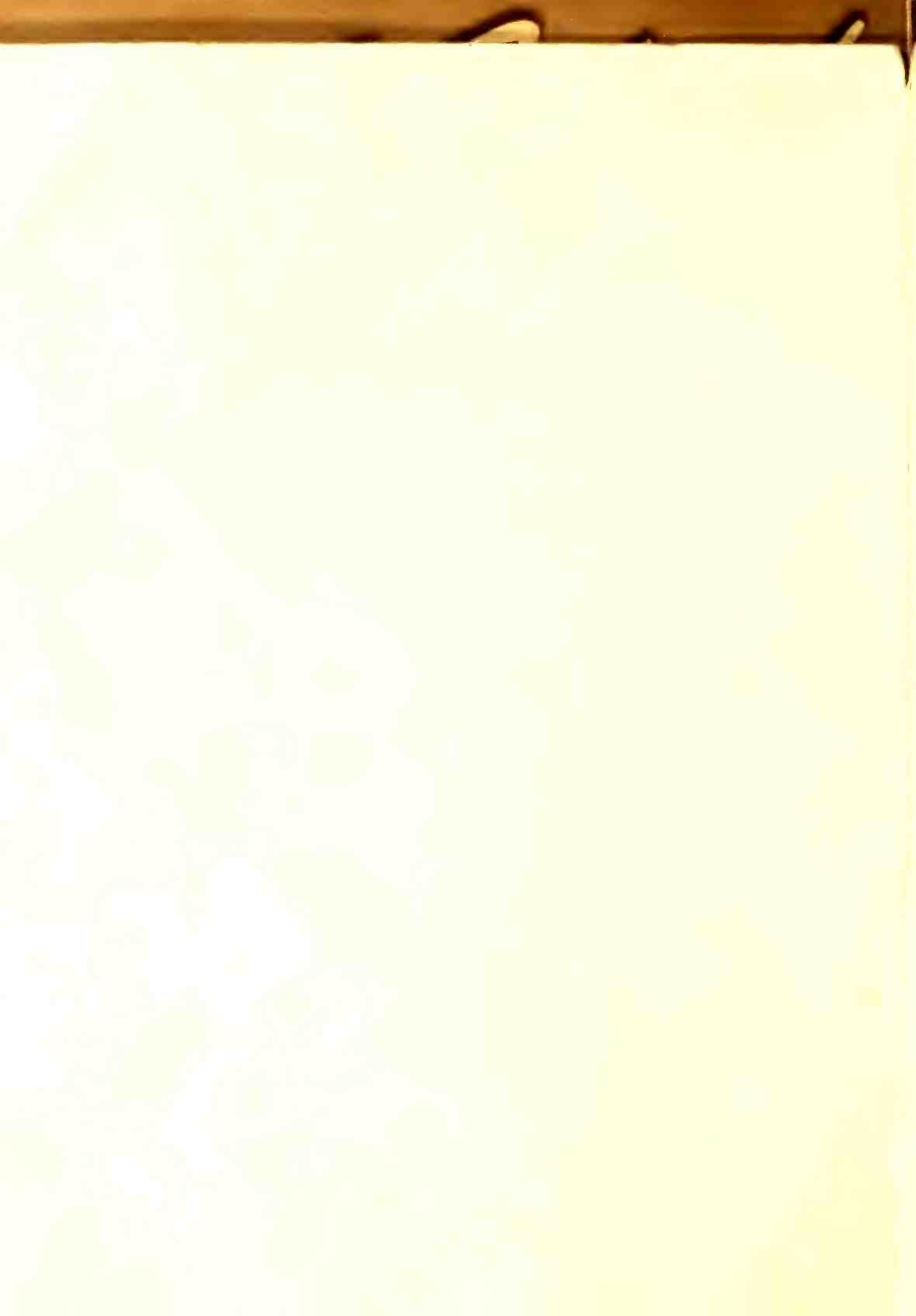
There are, for instance, the three girls whom Carole is now sending through the University of Southern California and the others whose college education she has financed previously. We haven't heard so much about them because Carole

frowns on any public announcement of her philanthropies, but the thing has got around. Two of these girls can wear Carole's clothes and fall heir to most of her wardrobe, regularly. It was a Beverly Hills shop keeper who told me of the time that Carole, out shopping, was undecided between two frocks.

"This one is the most becoming,"

"Fieldsie" suggested.

"Yes, but this will look the best on ——" Carole said, naming one of her proteges . . . And that was the one she bought. She gave \$25,000 away last Christmas, too—and I haven't added an extra cipher accidentally . . . Not to friends like Clark Gable or "Fieldsie." Their gifts came (Continued on page 63)



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The Hardy Family go on the air with a specially written sketch; in circle, Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone go over their script.

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR



Salute to

ONLY in America would such a broadcast have been possible! On the one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of the Bill of Rights—the first ten amendments to the Constitution—thirty famous Hollywood stars gathered in an NBC studio to broadcast a message to America: "Don't forget that your freedom is the most precious thing you have!" Besides the



Paul Muni read the Bill of Rights, Judy Garland sang, and Jackie Cooper was in the play directed by Frank Capra, "Ship Forever Sailing"; at right, Capra with Wayne Morris and Pat O'Brien, also members of his cast.



At rehearsal, Lionel Barrymore acts out his lines, while Jimmy Cagney, Edward G. Robinson and Donald Crisp wait for cues.



Liberty

all-star cast of screen celebrities, such distinguished men as Dr. Robert A. Millikan and Archbishop J. J. Cantwell spoke briefly, explaining the purpose of the program. Jeanette MacDonald sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and Frank Capra directed a dramatic sketch. And the folks in Hollywood proved, once for all, that they can be patriotic as well as glamorous!



Photos by Hyman Fink



In circle: amateur photographer Paul Muni picks up a few tips from professional Hyman Fink; above, Robert Taylor, who was master of ceremonies, introduces Jeanette MacDonald; left, Robinson, Cagney and Crisp.

MGM's Hardy Family: Lewis Stone as the Judge, Mickey Rooney as Andy, Cecilia Parker as Marian, Fay Holden as Mrs. Hardy.



Andy Hardy

STANDS ON HIS RIGHTS

Here's a promise—you'll feel like cheering when you've read this warmly human episode in the lives of beloved Judge Hardy's family

IT WAS one of radio's most inspired broadcasts when thirty of Hollywood's most famous citizens called upon America to remember Liberty and Democracy. Commemorating the one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of the Bill of Rights—the first ten amendments to our national Constitution—the stars you saw on the two preceding pages

offered their services for a program on NBC dedicated to the preservation of those rights for all America.

RADIO MIRROR brings you a part of this program—beginning as Paul Muni speaks about the Bill of Rights, and continuing with the delightful playlet in which Judge Hardy shows Andy how the Bill guarantees real happiness to everyone.

First, listen to Paul Muni:

We all know country after country where the mere mention of rights arouses only loud contemptuous laughter from those in power. Without the Bill of Rights to guarantee our civil liberties we too would find ourselves hopeless and oppressed. We would no longer be Americans. The Bill of Rights makes it possible

for us to be the great democracy we are. For a hundred and forty-seven years it has been the very foundation of our independence. It is short, only ten paragraphs, but it is the most glorious, the most exciting, and the most hopeful document in all the world today. With you millions of Americans, I hope and pray that we shall never lose sight of, and never be unmindful of, the privileges granted to us by the Bill of Rights.

(Now Mr. Muni's voice fades away, and we find ourselves in the living room of Judge Hardy's home, where Andy Hardy and his father have just been listening to this broadcast. Andy speaks.)

ANDY: Gee, Pop! That Paul Muni guy is terrific, ain't he?

JUDGE: (Mechanically) Isn't! Not ain't, Andrew!

ANDY: (Hastily) Isn't he? (Seriously) Pop, can I talk to you "man to man"?

JUDGE: That's a privilege I never deny you, son—

MARIAN'S VOICE: Father! Father!

JUDGE: Yes, Marian.

MARIAN: (Coming in and seeing Andy) I didn't know you were here, Andrew!

ANDY: (Hotly) Here I am, and here I stay! 'Cause I got first call on Pop for some private business.

MARIAN: (Indignantly) Your private business can wait. Father, I've just been listening on the radio—and I don't quite understand about—

ANDY: You don't understand about the Bill of Rights, my dear sister! So sit down, for that's my private business with Pop, 'cause for once in my life I'm as ignorant as you are.

JUDGE: Very well, children. The Bill of Rights is. . . .

MRS. HARDY: (Entering the room) James! James,—I never was any good at history—and Mrs. Draper next door, asked me to explain about this—this—

ANDY: (Interrupting) The Bill of Rights! Sit down, Mom, you're just in time—the big show's about to begin in the main tent.

MARIAN: Dad. What I want to know is why it's so important!

ANDY: (In a pained voice) Are you gonna be dumb all your life, Marian? The things Paul Muni just told about were put in when they first wrote the Constitution of the United States. Ain't that so, Pop—I mean—*isn't* that so?

JUDGE: (Drily) I'm afraid not.

MARIAN: (Instantly) You see, smarty!

JUDGE: Andrew, you'll find a great many people suffering under the same misapprehension as yourself. The Bill of Rights was not written in the Constitution . . . not until two years later was it deemed in-

complete in its guarantee of rights to our citizens, so Congress submitted some *amendments* to the Constitution—a Bill of Rights as it was then, and ever since has been, popularly called.

MRS. HARDY: (Plaintively) What's in it?

JUDGE: Well, for instance, the provision that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law.

ANDY: (Promptly) Does the "life" part of it mean we aren't back in the middle ages when a feudal baron could say "Off with his head" 'cause he didn't like a guy?

JUDGE: Quite right. Or throw him into a dungeon without just cause or without due process of the courts.

MRS. HARDY: (Proudly) Nobody ever can do anything like that in your court, can they, James?

JUDGE: Not in my court—or any court in this land! Now consider the "property" aspect. Andrew, how'd you like it if somebody came and took your automobile away from you?

ANDY: (In a panic) Pop! I paid for that car!

JUDGE: (Chuckling) I didn't mean the second-hand dealer. But the Bill of Rights guarantees that nobody's ever going to take your car solely because he's decided that people named *Hardy* or *McGuinness* or *Slovatkin* aren't allowed to own a motor car.

ANDY: Pop! You don't think anything like that's gonna happen around here, do you?

JUDGE: I know it isn't going to happen here, Andrew. That's why we're celebrating our adoption of

the Bill of Rights—because we have those rights, whether or not other nations have them.

ANDY: Pop, you sound just like Abraham Lincoln!

JUDGE: (Simply) The Bill of Rights is the greatest guarantee of Mr. Lincoln's promise, "That Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth!" You see. Emily, Marian, Andrew—we don't belong to the United States Government. The Government belongs to us. It's like our child. We love it. At times we may scold it a little, we may want to advise it for its future guidance. But no father ever reasoned with his child without the heart-wrenching and agonized fear that some day he might lose him—which God grant never happens to our children or our government!

(A doorbell rings)

MRS. HARDY: Now, I wonder who that is.

MARIAN: I'll go, mother—

ANDY: (Fervently) Look, Mom and Pop! If you ever want to do anything for your Government and your son, please beat it out of here quick, because that's Polly Benedict!

JUDGE: All right, son.

ANDY: Through the kitchen! Please! Quick! . . . Why, hello, Polly!

POLLY: (Suspiciously) Here I am. And you sounded so funny when I asked you on the phone that I don't think you know any more about the Bill of Rights than I do!

ANDY: (Importantly) Polly, it's a cinch! For instance, the part that says "A citizen has a right not to have his house entered into"!

(Continued on page 51)

"I don't believe there's anything in the Bill of Rights about kissing," says Polly (Ann Rutherford) to the enterprising Andy.



THE CASE OF THE *Hollywood Scandal*

Illustrations by Mario Cooper

He listens in on people's souls to solve the most exciting murder that ever shocked the City of Glamour! Begin this thrilling new mystery story by the creator of Perry Mason

THERE were five of us crowded into the small interviewing room at the employment agency. As the last to arrive, my chair was in the least advantageous position.

I looked the other applicants over, and they looked me over.

I figured that if it was a job where the secretary was expected to go cut with the boss, the blonde seated directly opposite the door had the inside track. On ability, the tall girl was going to give me competition; the red-head was nervous; the bony-featured one probably had plenty of ability, but she wouldn't be much of an office ornament, and she'd been trudging the dreary rounds of employment agencies until it had got her down. This was just one more tryout. She was already figuring where she'd go after it was over.

My wrist watch showed exactly ten o'clock. Miss Benson, who ran the agency, opened the door and said, simply, "Mr. Foley."

He was a tall man in the thirties,

not too heavy, with a smile that I liked. He was holding the cards we'd filled out in his left hand, a pair of dark glasses in his right.

"There are five of you," he said crisply. "I have studied your cards. I'll try to make the interview as brief as possible. Miss Blair, please."

The blonde said, "I'm Miss Blair," and her voice was a cooing intimacy.

Mr. Foley put the dark glasses over his eyes. From where I was sitting I could see behind the lenses. I saw a peculiar tightening of the muscles across the forehead, and suddenly it occurred to me the man's eyes were closed.

He said, "I dictate very rapidly. Do you think you can take it?"

"Oh yes," she said, "I never have any trouble with dictation. I'm quite certain you'd be satisfied, Mr. Foley."

"Miss Ransome," Mr. Foley said.

That got the dejected girl who was sitting across from me. Miss Crane was the red-head and Miss



by
*Erle Stanley
Gardner*

Author of
"The Case of the Velvet Claws"
"The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

Sharpe looked like the one who had what it takes. He asked each of them a quick question, listened to their answers, then said, "Miss Bell," and when I answered him, turned his head quickly as though he'd overlooked me sitting there in the corner, but didn't open his eyes.

"Do you," he asked, "think you can fill the position of secretary to a lawyer, Miss Bell?"



■ I screamed at the thing which fell out, a human bundle, wound all around with strips of cloth.

"I think so," I told him.

"Can you go to work right away?"

"Yes."

He took off his glasses. "Very well, you start at once."

It was just like that, no typing test, no talk about references.

The other girls filed out, and Foley turned to me and took off his dark glasses. "My secretary," he said, "was injured in an automobile

accident. I need another one right away."

I saw that his eyes were a light, clear blue. The pupils seemed very small and very black, mere pin-points of obsidian.

And then my curiosity got the better of my judgment. I blurted, "Do you always pick your secretaries with your eyes shut?"

His pin-point pupils held my eyes.

"You noticed my eyes were shut?"

"Yes."

"Observant," he said. "Yes, I always judge people by their voices."

"How in the world can you judge people entirely by their voices?" I asked. "What can you possibly tell of a secretary's qualifications by listening to her talk?"

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rally, they had all listed their qualifications as being adequate. It only remained for me to check their ability to judge their own qualifications."

"And you feel you did that from our voices?"

"Yes," he said, holding up his hand and checking us off on his fingers. "Blair, a cooing, seductive voice; her sex is her chief asset; no dice. Ransome, dispirited, has quit fighting after only a month of unemployment. That's too short a time. She's too easily discouraged. Crane, afraid to face a competitive test, yet forced to offer herself; Sharpe, confident, well-trained, a little too sure of herself; accustomed to being just a bit superior to her boss. She'd do fine for a man who needed his correspondence revised."

"And Bell?" I asked, smiling.

"Bell," he said, with the suggestion of a twinkle softening those blue eyes, "is a little too inclined to be a spectator of life, but calmly competent, and sure of her competency." Abruptly the personal, friendly note left his voice. He said, incisively, "I've left my office without a secretary. Are you ready?"

I matched his manner, said, "Yes, Mr. Foley," and started for the door.

Mr. Foley used dictating machines. There were three records in the rack under the transcriber when I reached the office, and by the time

he went out to lunch, there were three more.

It's difficult working on a strange typewriter, so I ate rather a sketchy lunch and returned to the office. About five minutes past one the door opened, and a broad-shouldered man with arrogant eyes pushed his way toward the private office. He jerked his head toward me in a half nod and said, in a take-it-for-granted manner, "Foley in?"

That's one of the nightmares of a new job. You never can tell whether the person with the make-myself-right-at-home attitude is a prize client or a salesman.

I kept my voice friendly. "Mr. Foley is at lunch."

"Oh yeah," the man said, and jerked open the door to the private office.

I pushed back my chair and followed him in. "Mr. Foley," I said, "is not in."

"How soon's he coming back?"

"I couldn't tell you. I'll take any message you wish to leave."

I didn't like the way he looked at me then, and thought perhaps I'd better explain, on the off-chance he might really be someone important. "I just started to work this morning, and I'm not fully familiar with Mr. Foley's habits or his clientele. He simply said he was going to lunch."

"It's ten minutes past one now; he ought to be back."

"If you wish to wait," I said acidly, "there are chairs in the waiting room. This is Mr. Foley's private office."

The man casually pulled back the lapel of his coat, showing me a badge. "How long have you known Mr. Foley?"

"Since ten o'clock this morning."

"What do you know about Mildred Parker?"

"Nothing."

"You know who she is, don't you?"

I shook my head.

"She's the secretary who was working here."

"Mr. Foley said she had been injured in an automobile accident," I told him.

He perched himself on the edge of Mr. Foley's desk. "I'm investigating. What enemies did Mildred Parker have?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you anything about Miss Parker. I didn't know her name until you mentioned it."

He lit a cigarette. "It's funny. Somebody went out of his way to sock her with a car. It was a hit-and-run job. According to witnesses, the guy who did it followed her for a couple of blocks. He cracked her just as she crossed an intersection, broke her leg . . . phony license plates."

(Continued on page 71)



■ For an agonized split second I saw the twin headlights of the car swooping down on me.



■ Eddy's career means more to him now than ever—listen to him Mondays on NBC.

Eddy Duchin AND SON

"He's changed," they say — and here, told for the first time, is the touching story of one man's dreams for his motherless child

YOU could write the sob story to end all sob stories about Eddy Duchin. But Eddy would have your life for it, and be justified. For although you would have facts to substantiate every statement you made you wouldn't be telling the truth. Facts, after all, mean only what they are permitted to mean. And for that statement I need no better proof than Eddy Duchin's story.

Everywhere you go these days

they're talking about Eddy. Along Park Avenue, on Broadway, along Chicago's lake shore, and in Hollywood. "What's happened to him?" they asked, bewildered. "If you didn't know Eddy you'd say he was leading some sort of secret life, and that it was his important life. He's the same good scout, but he's different."

It's curious the way people sense how things are, without knowing anything. Eddy, as they say, is the

same good scout. He also is different. How could it be otherwise after his experiences during these past two years? And he is leading what you might call a secret life. It has been his refuge. For it has helped him to look forward again.

Until about two years ago, when Eddy was in his late twenties, he knew what he wanted and he got it. Some of the things he wanted were a grand piano, a career as a pianist and not (Continued on page 59)

B y A D E L E W H I T E L Y F L E T C H E R



George Murphy, the show's permanent master of ceremonies, with Joan Crawford and Charles Martin.



A broken arm couldn't keep Reginald Gardiner (above, with Judy Garland) away from the show.

Jack Benny arrives late, but stops as he enters the studio to say hello to Basil Rathbone.



Benny, Murphy, Joan, and Gardiner do their bit at the mike.



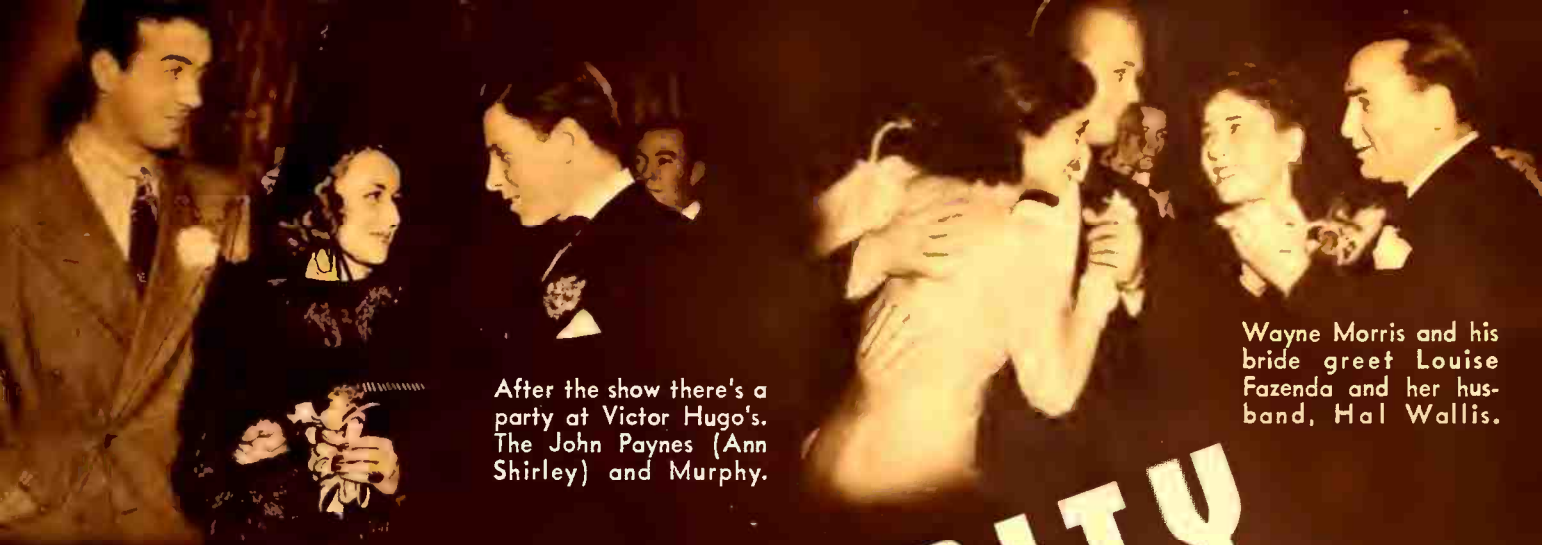
BROADCAST

Leading men aplenty are on tap: Edward Arnold, John Mack Brown, Billy Bakewell, and Good News' Bob Young.

Lending moral support to the cause are Mary Brian, Rosalind Russell, Conrad Nagel and Glenda Farrell.



RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR



After the show there's a party at Victor Hugo's. The John Paynes (Ann Shirley) and Murphy.

Wayne Morris and his bride greet Louise Fazenda and her husband, Hal Wallis.

FOR CHARITY



Enjoying the party a lot is Norma Shearer, who dances first with Robert Montgomery...



... And then with Bob Richie. Norma is in charge of lining up casts for each show.

HERE'S one broadcast that will never lack glamorous personalities! And what's more, they work for nothing. It's the Screen Actors Guild show, heard on CBS every Sunday night. The sponsor pays the Guild \$10,000 for each broadcast, the stars (different ones each week) work for nothing, and the money goes into the Guild's special fund for helping actors and actresses who are down on their luck.

Photos by Hyman Fink




The Guild's president, Ralph Morgan, Joan Bennett (note dark hair), and Mary Pickford.

Ralph and Myrna Loy. All the stars at the party will be on future shows.







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RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

This



Left, Tyrone's mother, Patia Power; right, his father, the late Tyrone Power II, the famous dramatic actor.

is the Life!

Beginning the personal history of Tyrone Power, who worked his way up from nothing to practically everything—and enjoyed every step of the way

By HOWARD SHARPE

A CABLE came from Rio de Janeiro to the bosses of Twentieth Century-Fox the other day. It said, in effect, *All right—all right. I won't marry Annabella now. Your investment is safe.*

It said another thing, by implication. *Leave me alone—*

But they can't leave the personage who sent that cable alone. He's news. He's the most romantic man in pictures today. He is Tyrone Power III, son of the famous Tyrone Power II and of Patia Reaume Power, and he will be twenty-five years old next May 5, and he has Glamour. He drives sleek open roadsters by day and lounges behind a liveried chauffeur in his long black limousine by night. His favored ladies are Hollywood's—even the world's—greatest beauties. He takes clipper ships to South America. He attends premieres and the biggest lights over the marquee spell his name. He could build a paper house, full-sized, from a month's fan mail.

His name has many synonyms: Success, fame, wealth.

He has and is these things, and he has made them for himself. Now, when he remembers what he used to be, what went before, he can know that and find favor with himself . . .

What has happened to Tyrone Power during his twenty-four years of hectic life is in essence what every mother hopes will happen to her son: that he might meet his grave problems with courage, that he might turn out to be handsome and famous and rich, that he might adjust within himself a clear-cut, brilliant personality.

What young Mr. Power has become has origin in three things. The first is the intelligent way in which Patia Power brought him through childhood and adolescence, molding his viewpoints and his attitudes but letting his ideas alone.

The second is his personal char-

acter: confidence in himself, almost ruthless determination to succeed, and the knack of combining the fashionable with the intrinsically artistic in all his activities.

The third is the age he was born into, an era made to order for Tyrone Power. Call it what you like—Jazz Age, Post-War Madness, Reconstructive Period—it nevertheless offered him scope and range for his vitality, for his peculiar abilities.

There has been a brilliance about his life, even when he was a child. Patia discovered it early when, in New York shortly after he was born, a famous doctor told her the facts about her son. "He is a type," the physician said, thoughtfully. "If he lives he will go through life like a dynamo, thinking too hard and too fast for other people. Such individuals are dangerous—but they're exciting."

"What do you mean," asked Patia, "if he lives?"

"He's not strong. He's not in the work-horse category. You must always remember that, teach him to conserve his physical strength and keep a check on his nervous energy. Otherwise he'll shake himself to pieces."

So that, toward the primary end of saving the baby's life (she needn't worry just yet about the nervous energy business) Patia packed her clothes in a trunk, Tyrone in a blanket, took his small sister by the hand, and entrained for California, where the healthiest and most beautiful children in the world were being raised.

Thus the child's spindly body had the chance to soak in sun, so plentiful on Coronado's beach; and after a little time you could count fewer ribs and you could even discover, on close scrutiny, two hard little lumps on his arms which would one day be respectable biceps.

This accomplished, Patia moved to San Gabriel, took a house, and



Two pictures from Tyrone Power's album: top, ten is the age to play Indian; above, going on four, with his sister Ann.

got a job in the Mission Play. Ty's boyhood, to all outward appearances, was the purely normal growing-up period of the majority of California children: he went to kindergarten and to grammar school; he played football with the kids of his neighborhood; he soaped the windows of Alhambra storekeepers on Halloween; he ate fantastic amounts of fresh vegetables and drank gallons of fresh milk . . .

But the New York brain specialist had not based his prophecy on an idle assumption. Tyrone learned things too fast, particularly backstage at the Mission Playhouse. Patia, a devotee of the modern

method in rearing offspring, let him figure out the answers to his own problems, and he accomplished this with rather amazing precocity.

There was the problem of his playmates, who scorned him because he was skinny. He obtained the only football in the neighborhood and refused to let anyone else play with it unless he could be Captain. He was made Captain.

His sister was an obedient, phlegmatic, but not a particularly resourceful child. She asked him too many questions. Something had to be done to teach her a man was too busy for that sort of thing, all the time. So he arose at night and cut

off all her long curls with a manicure scissors.

These were typical incidents.

Then Patia moved, with her children, to Cincinnati because she had been offered a chair as instructress in drama at the Schuster-Martin school there. She put Tyrone in an Academy, where Discipline in the person of Sisters entered his life. He didn't object so much to the discipline but he didn't like the way it was administered; so Patia transferred him to a Parochial school, taught by Brothers. This was better. He knew how to cope with men. He could stand up to men.

The hodge podge of his early and middle teens must be familiar, since it was so typically American, in its period.

This was the latter part of the 20's and it was the era in which youth discovered many new things. Painting cartoon characters with India ink on yellow slickers. Wide-bottomed pants, hip waistlines, jalopies with slogans. Speed.

Tyrone discovered these things, of course. He took them for what they were worth, for what they could add to his experience, which was plenty.

He bought a high, hoarse-voiced car for \$35, banged around in it a bit, discovered that the oil he poured into it came out immediately afterward as hot water, found the engine block was cracked, and straightway sold the thing for \$50.

HE had numerous girls, all with bright mouths and the casual Right Attitude about things. He danced (two tickets, 5c) at the pavilion in Ault Park, and he ushered in a theater and jerked soda in a drug store and studied when necessary, particularly at term-end, and generally evolved from boy to youth, from youth to man, with the minimum of agony. It is not a surprising record, except that in his case he had the sense to know what was happening to him.

He knew so well, indeed, that on the night of his graduation he could come to Patia with his mind made up, say firmly: "I'm not going on to college."

She waited for his explanation calmly.

"I'm seventeen, and I want to get started as an actor," he told her concisely. "You understand. I've enthusiasm now, I care . . . I might not, later. And if I'm going to get anything I want it soon—now—so I can enjoy it."

"What will you do?"

He shrugged. "Dad's offered to have me for the summer at the place in (Continued on page 92)

At Coronada Beach, where his mother took him when he was a baby, Ty learned to walk and talk—and incidentally to ride a kiddy car when he was three.



"Guilty!" Headlines screamed across the nation and a wife whose love for her husband had been everything faced her greatest decision while the eyes of the world were on her



Paramount Photo

HOW

GRACIE TOOK IT

B Y B A R B A R A H A Y E S

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM'S enormous Studio A, with its theater and elevated stage, hummed with the settling sound of many people seating themselves: there was an anticipatory buzzing; louder tonight than usual, with a certain tense undertone running through it.

The Burns and Allen programs were always well attended. But tonight the crowd fought for entrance and, once in, adjusted its spectacles and figuratively cupped its collective ear as does one who sits in on drama, on climax. The same eager light is in the eyes of those who morbidly gather about a newly wrecked automobile.

Because only two days before, the newspapers of the nation had carried screaming banners branding

George Burns a self-confessed smuggler. And the audience wanted to find out, first, how George would take it—if he would look or sound or be any different from before; and further, they wanted to know how Gracie would take it, this first trouble in twelve long years of working and living with George as his wife.

Well, they found out, those people. They watched Gracie Allen walk out from the wings and face them with the same chipper smile and the same laughing eyes as ever. Only the far-sighted and the shrewdly observant saw that tonight, additionally, the smile held a determined quality and that the wide eyes sparkled with a new, unrecognizable light.

With Georgie at her side, mugging

and stooging as he has always done, she read the lines he had written and which she had rehearsed under his direction. She read them with the same ineffable timing and finesse that have, through the years, been the wonder of show business. It was a miracle of control considering the condition of her nerves.

From the moment the program director's hand went down in the signal that they were on the air, George Burn's wife sent out the tentacles of her personality and drew in her audience to herself—and to Georgie; held through every second their absolute attention, so that their laughter was willing laughter. Until, at the last gag, that audience which has always before reached, chuckling, for hats and coats, stood (Continued on page 82)



A television camera snaps a skating couple at Radio City; right, raising the collapsible antenna on the traveling television truck.

TELEVISION TAKES THE ROAD

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

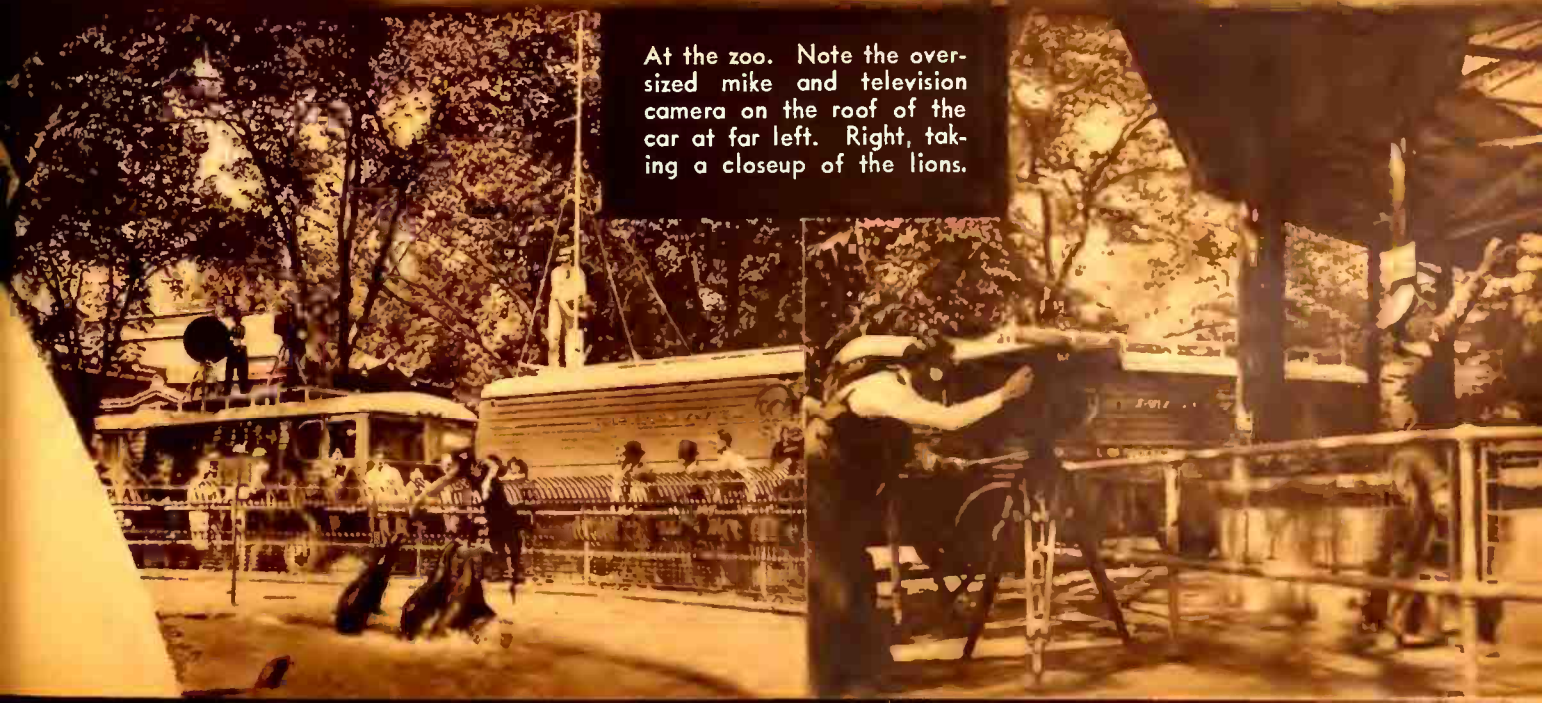


Most exciting of all television possibilities is the outdoor broadcast. Even now NBC is learning how to bring you such colorful news events as football games, parades, fires and floods.



Above, this year's automobile show gave a preview in Rockefeller Plaza for television. This is the scene as the camera put it on the air.

Below, sometimes the traveling television studio hops out to the airport and takes a quick look at celebrities as they arrive and depart.



At the zoo. Note the oversized mike and television camera on the roof of the car at far left. Right, taking a closeup of the lions.

CRIME

MADE EASY

Condensed from Kate Smith's
noonday talks on CBS every
Tuesday, Thursday and Satur-
day, sponsored by Diamond Salt.

LOOK at your daily newspaper—
any daily newspaper. Painted
there in black headlines is a
vivid and terrible picture.

**PAROLED YOUTH QUIZZED
IN POLICEMAN'S SLAYING
GIRL ADMITS POISONING
TWO BROTHERS WHO DIED
FATHER HELPS 16-YEAR-OLD
SLAYER OF MOTHER
YOUTH BURNS PARENTS'
HOME FOR SPITE
FATE OF YOUTH WHO KILLED
FATHER UP TO JUDGE
GIRL BANDIT CONFESSES
TO 200 HOLDUPS**

These headlines are from a single
edition of a New York newspaper.
Eloquently, they prove the truth of
the staggering figures I broadcast on
one of the talks I give every Tues-
day, Thursday and Saturday noon
on the Columbia network—that
there are 800,000 juvenile criminals
in America.

Who are these boys and girls?
Where do they come from? What
makes them criminals? Who is to
blame? What can we do about it?

At the moment, juvenile crime is
the most serious problem that faces
the parents and police of the coun-
try. To remedy the condition we
must not minimize its seriousness.
We must bring it out into the open
and reveal it for what it is—a giant
octopus spreading its tentacles across
the land, reaching into every city
and town, respecting no class of
society, menacing the youth of the
country.

And that is why I decided to help
remedy this condition by devoting
a large part of my noonday broad-
casts to discussing its various phases
—and most of all, to finding an

answer to that all-important ques-
tion: *What are we going to do
about it?*

First, though, let me say a word
to the mothers. Please, please, I beg
of you, don't minimize the serious-
ness of juvenile crime because your
children are not involved at the
moment. There are many boys and
girls from excellent homes who have
had fine training in these homes—
and yet they became involved in
crime. I have case histories from
police records that will astound you,
and prove that in these chaotic times
no parent can afford to take the
attitude that his or her child cannot

be affected or tempted by crime.

Nor, when I speak of juvenile
crime, do I mean petty offenses. I
mean felonies—serious crimes, such
as robbery, grand larceny, even
murder. More than half the felonies
in one State alone, statistics show,
have been committed by youngsters
from sixteen to twenty-two years
of age.

Let anyone who doubts what I
say attend an arraignment day in
any court in the Metropolitan dis-
trict of New York, where felony
cases are tried by jury. That is the
day on which those who have been
indicted are required to plead either



A typical scene in a juvenile court. One of these boys might be your own son—and you might have prevented it.

BY

KATE SMITH

■ 800,000 strong, our army of juvenile criminals grows daily, flooding the courts and jails. Who is to blame? The answer will shock you

happy to talk. "The first time I ever stole anything," he said, "was when I was five. I stole a penny when my mother sent me to the grocery store. She didn't miss it and the next time I took a nickel. It was so easy that I began taking dimes."

"But didn't your mother miss this money?" asked the Judge. Johnny shook his head. "No, your Honor," he said, "she never counted the change or checked up on what things cost at the store."

"Do you mean, Johnny, that she never suspected you?" I asked.

The boy laughed. "Suspect me? Say, I was the only kid in my family—my mother and father were crazy about me. They thought I was God's gift to the world. Soon I started taking money out of Mom's dime bank, and I used to go through my Dad's pockets, too. He thought Mom did that, but it was me, all the time. Then I started to steal on the outside, and got away with it for a while. But one day I was caught. My father and mother just couldn't believe the person who accused me—they thought I was just about perfect. That made things easy for me. They didn't believe I could do any wrong, and I knew they'd stand by me if I got in trouble."

Johnny smiled at the thought of how easy it had been at the start, and he went on, "You know, Judge, that's when I really got started doing big jobs. I went right on stealing. As I grew older I took everything I wanted—and I sure wanted plenty. Of course, I got in a few jams, but the folks stood by me. Dad knew the right people. He got me off. That made me bolder. I decided that the sky was the limit. I moved along fast. . . ."

Johnny paused. My heart missed a beat as I heard those words, "I moved along fast." From a penny thief at the age of five—just a baby—to a (Continued on page 87)

guilty or not guilty. The parade of youngsters who pour down from the detention pen on this day is appalling.

Many are dirty, ragged, and already marked with prison pallor and saturated with prison smell. Few have money to hire a lawyer, or any relatives who will help them out.

WELL, who is to blame for these youthful criminals? I want to tell you the story of Johnny Elber—we'll call him that, though it is not his real name—a seventeen-year-old boy whose pathetic tale not only

answers that question, but proves that children from good families are no safer from temptation than those from the slums.

I was visiting court not long ago, and was shocked when a thin, pale boy who looked about thirteen was found guilty of stealing \$100,000 worth of bonds and was sentenced to a long prison term. I wondered about this boy. I wondered how he'd started on his criminal career. I was sure he hadn't begun with a hundred-thousand-dollar theft. So I spoke to the Judge about him, and he called Johnny in to talk with us.

Johnny seemed eager, almost

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I spoke to the Judge about him, and
he called Johnny in to talk with us.
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Parrot Fever



Is a mere green-and-yellow parrot going to mow Ned Sparks down after everybody on the Wednesday-night Texaco program has tried and failed? On broadcast after broadcast the vinegar-voiced Sparks emerged triumphant, while the other members of the cast retired defeated, their ears burning and their eyes dripping salty tears of mortification from the barrage of venomous verbal vituperation he tossed at them.

What to do? Somebody had to put Sparks in his place.

Then those hapless performers who were still smarting under the slings and arrows of the doughty Sparks got together and hatched an idea, whose name is Horatio. He may be only a parrot, but he's Ned Sparks' first worthy adversary when it comes to swapping insults. He has a tongue so sharp it can make spaghetti out of an elephant's hide. His raucous voice makes a buzz-saw cutting through a knot hole sound like Lily Pons singing "Listen to the Mocking Bird." He—

But let Radio Mirror give you the

highlights of the Great Sparks-Horatio Battle, complete in a brand new kind of Radio Broadcast. First, we start with a scene in the Texaco Star Theater in those care-free days before Horatio appeared, when Sparks was riding high and rough-shod over the delicate feelings of his co-stars.

Our characters are: Jimmy Wallington announcing, Ned Sparks denouncing. Jimmy, recent and proud parent of James Cooper Wallington Jr., shows up at the broadcast with pictures of Junior. He preens himself as Sparks, cigar in mouth, scowls. John Barrymore is doing his best to be Jimmy's ally, but his brushes with Sparks are going to leave him badly battered.

JIMMY: Say, John, I want to show you something cute. I just pasted these pictures of my baby in the family album.

JOHN: Why Jimmy, he's got your eyes, your hair, and your mouth.

JIMMY: Like father, like son. But most amazing of all, the doctor tells me he's got the intelligence of a ten-year-old.

SPARKS: Like father, like son.

JOHN: It's in again—the face that's holding back television.

JIMMY: (*Scornfully*) Why, he's so low he could play cards with a worm.

SPARKS: All right, Wallington, you shuffle. . . . By the way, how is your baby?

JIMMY: (*The proud papa again.*) Oh, he's fine. We have lots of fun together. The little rascal is *always* kidding. You know, every time I walk into the room he pulls the blanket over his head.

SPARKS: He's not kidding.

JIMMY: Sparks—the only man in the world who can give a blood transfusion to a grapefruit.

SPARKS: Quiet, squirt. Say, does Junior know you're a radio announcer?

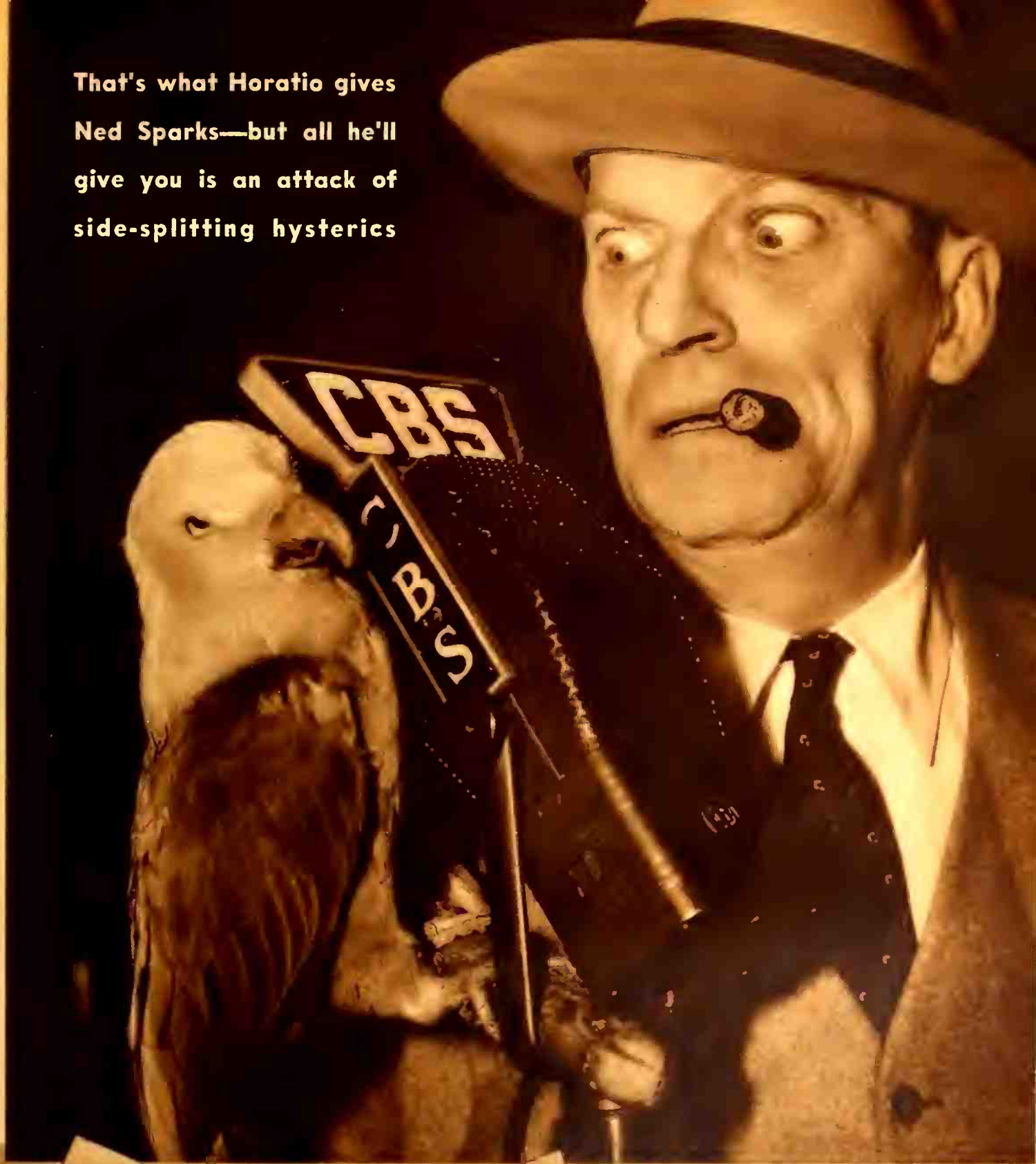
JIMMY: (*Sarcastically.*) No, it's a little tough to tell him that when he can't understand English.

SPARKS: It'll be tougher when he can.

JOHN: Say, where's that other album of (*Continued on page 77*)



That's what Horatio gives
Ned Sparks—but all he'll
give you is an attack of
side-splitting hysterics



■ Has Ned Sparks at last met his match? Is a mere stand-in for a feather duster going to get him down? Presenting Horatio, the parrot, the only individual alive who can think of a way to insult Sparks. At left, Ned registers five varieties of consternation.

HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER



Above, a master and his protegee are proud of each other—Rudy Vallee and Frances Langford have just made a new album of recordings.

HOLLYWOOD continues to wonder about the strange actions of Martha Raye and her new husband Dave Rose. On one or two occasions Martha and Dave have gone into night spots together, only to leave separately. Just a few days ago, Martha and Dave entered Hollywood's 17 Club, and the same thing happened. After an argument, Martha's husband stormed out of the club and left immediately for Palm Springs. Two days later Martha went after him. And now I understand they've kissed and made up . . . at least, until their next nightclub visit!

A certain star I know admits he's in love with five different glamour girls . . . and he hopes to marry one before the end of the summer. This actor confides he doesn't know which one to marry, so he'll decide by drawing names from a hat. That's how happy Hollywood marriages are born!

Edgar Bergen has found a good use for Charlie McCarthy's cast-off clothes. Bergen sells them . . . to midgets!

Latest bulletin from the Hollywood Front is that Cecil B. deMille is



Listen to Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night on Mutual. Left, Virginia Bruce and Robert Young on Good News of 1939 show.

like that of crunching wood, but when the lights went on again . . . they were relieved to find that one of the alligators was chewing on . . . a piece of fence post and NOT Charlie McCarthy!

Truman Bradley, the radio announcer who recently signed a long-term contract with MGM, plays opposite Joan Crawford in "Ice Follies." Bradley and Miss Crawford may not be romancing, but I think Charles Martin had better be on his toes.

dickering to present a radio version of "Gone With The Wind" on his regular Monday drama hour. And, by the way, they do some funny things in Hollywood occasionally. David O. Selznick spent thousands of dollars testing various candidates for the role of Rhett Butler . . . but Clark Gable, who was the first one signed for the picture didn't make one test!

The other afternoon, while W. C. Fields and Edgar Bergen were working with half a dozen alligators for scenes in their newest picture, "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man," the studio went dark for a few minutes when the power plant failed. In the dark, Bergen and all the cast and crew were alarmed to hear a sound

Hollywood studios may not want Rudy Vallee for pictures, but Rudy is serious about making pictures . . . at least he carries a candid camera around with him everywhere he goes!

BIRTH BULLETINS!

Hollywood is whispering that Anne Shirley and John Payne will soon be shopping for baby clothes!

The Herb Polesies . . . he's Bing Crosby's picture producer and best friend—are anticipating a stork visit!

Gracie Allen is assured of a place in posterity with the announcement that the students of U. C. L. A. have added her name to their collegiate
(Continued on page 81)



Betty Lou joins me in wishing you best of success with your fine experiments to achieve a cure for tuberculosis.

TOMMY RIGGS



Congratulations and all good wishes for success. You are doing a great work for humanity in fighting this dreadful disease. I wish you all the best.

DICK POWELL



Congratulations to a great leader in the fight for better health and happiness. My sincere good wishes for the successful outcome to your thrilling experiments in the cure of tuberculosis.

PAUL WHITEMAN

THE PUBLISHER OF RADIO MIRROR MAKES A *Thrilling* ANNOUNCEMENT

NESTLED in the beautiful rolling hills of New York State, near the town of Liberty, is the Loomis Sanatorium where a great adventure in life is soon to take place. Beginning in May I am arranging for a demonstration there of a cure in tuberculosis truly sensational in character. And furthermore, in order that the really deserving may share in the benefits of this project, I am going to take one case each from the various states east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River who will be treated without charge.

The cure of tuberculosis depends first and foremost upon building additional vital power—more health and strength.

Now, the principal means of curing this disease are quantities of fresh air, proper amount of rest, sunlight, foods that will improve digestion and proper environment.

All this, and more, is available at the Loomis Sanatorium where the great battle for a healthy, joyous normal life is being waged.

Tuberculosis is usually accompanied with a depressed state of mind and with the idea that it is difficult if not impossible to obtain recovery. In the right atmosphere, with the correct treatment, this belief is done away with and the cure begun.

Some of the elements involved are the rest cure, which I believe is advisable in complete form only for limited periods; health building procedure which will bring new strength to all parts of the body, especially the spine, and diet, one of the most important factors in the cure.

It is my belief, borne out by over fifty years of experience in treating tuberculosis, my own case included, that after a careful examination by a diagnostician followed by the competent supervision of experts, the patient suffering from this disease should be well toward recovery within a period of two to three months.

That is why I think the announcement about the Loomis Sanatorium is one of the most thrilling I have ever made to the readers of RADIO MIRROR. Beginning May first, we will be able to witness the first demonstrations of the value of the Loomis treatment in curing this disease.

Although the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation is already conducting a large health resort in Florida and another in New York State, I am desirous of extending still further my health-building activities.

I urge all those desiring to present their case in connection with this free treatment offer to please address Loomis Sanatorium, Bartholomew Building, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.

Bernarr Macfadden



It's men like you who make life really worth living. Every good wish for the success of your fight against tuberculosis.

BOB HOPE



Every good wish for success in your experiments to wipe out tuberculosis. It is music to the ears of every man and woman throughout the world.

BENNY GOODMAN



Never say die. You are helping to make those words mean something to millions of our fellow men. Every best wish for success in your experiments to eradicate tuberculosis.

JACK HALEY

		Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
		8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
		8:30	NBC-Red: Four Showmen
		8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News
		9:00	CBS: From the Organ Loft
		9:00	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
		9:00	NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Tom Terriss	
8:30	9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan	
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Melody Moments	
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit	
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: News
8:05	10:05	11:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: GREAT PLAYERS
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Irene Wicker
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS, MBS, NBC: Salute to Nations
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Americans All
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Fables in Verse
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: N. Y. PHILHARMONIC
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Armeo Band
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Bob Becker
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: National Vespers
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Ranger's Serenade
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: The World is Yours
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Words Without Music
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: Met. Opera Auditions
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
8:00	4:30	5:30	MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: BEN BERNIE
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Malcolin La Prade
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: SILVER THEATER
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: New Friends of Music
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Gateway to Hollywood
3:30	5:30	6:30	MBS: Show of The Week
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: A Tale of Today
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: World's Fair Program
4:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
6:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Screen Guild
6:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Seth Parker
6:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: This Is New York
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: FORD SYMPHONY
7:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
8:00	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: WALTER WINCHELL
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
8:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Robert Benchley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: THE CIRCLE
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Good Will Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Cheerio
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Dance orchestra
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Dance orchestra

Motto of the Day



By Walter Winchell

A real friend doesn't care whether you're on top or on bottom—as long as he can be by your side.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 26

THE Magic Key of RCA program, on NBC-Blue from 2:00 to 3:00 this afternoon, Eastern Time, is required listening for all music-lovers, since it presents the great polish pianist, Ignace Jan Paderewski. . . . Paderewski is in the United States now, and today's broadcast is the opening gun of a tour that will take him to about twenty cities during the next ten weeks. This is his first visit to this country in six years. He's 78 years old, but you'd never know it to hear him play the piano. And today is probably the only time you'll hear him on the air. . . . All networks except NBC-Blue will

have King Leopold of Belgium saluting the New York World's Fair from 1:30 to 2:00 this afternoon. . . . The CBS People's Platform, at 7:00 tonight, comes from the huge auditorium in Cleveland. . . . Hal Kemp guest-stars on the Show of the Week, on Mutual at 6:30. . . . Irene Dunne is the star of a two-part drama on the Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00—the first part's tonight. . . . John Charles Thomas sings on the Ford Program, CBS at 9:00. . . . And Eduardo Del Pueyo, pianist, plays the Schumann concerto on the New York Philharmonic program, CBS, at 3:00.



Ignace Jan Paderewski makes the second radio appearance of his life today as Magic Key.

Highlights For Sunday, March 5



Beautiful Irene Dunne stars in the last installment of a drama on the Silver Theater.

IRENE DUNNE stars in the second part of her two-installment dramatic show tonight—CBS at 6:00, on the Silver Theater program. The beautiful Miss Dunne isn't heard as often on the air as some movie stars we could name, so tonight is a chance not to be missed. And here's hoping the script gives her a chance to sing a number or two. . . . Yugoslavia is the nation that today honors the New York World's Fair, in the Salute to Nations program on all networks except NBC-Blue at 1:30. Prince Paul, Regent of the country, is to be heard talking to America. . . . The always-

welcome Mrs. Kostelanetz—Lily Pons to you—is tonight's guest star on the Ford Program, which you hear on CBS at 9:00. Eugene Ormandy returns to conduct the Ford orchestra, too. . . . The New York Philharmonic Orchestra has a guest star for its broadcast on CBS at 3:00—Joseph Knitzer, violinist. . . . After a start which left its listeners pretty confused, The Circle, with Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Lawrence Tibbett, and two of the Marx Brothers, has settled down to be as bright and amusing a program as you'd expect it to be, with all those stars.

Highlights For Sunday, March 12

BECAUSE Robert Benchley has to make some of those side-splitting movie short-subjects for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the entire Melody and Madness program moves to Hollywood after tonight's broadcast on CBS at 10:00. Artie Shaw goes along too, which is top news for all those Shaw enthusiasts out on the West Coast. . . . Italy is the starting-point for today's Salute to Nations program, on NBC-Red, CBS, and Mutual at 1:30, Eastern Time. King Victor Emanuel is to speak, and you'll hear the famous bells in the Cathedral of St. Peter. Mussolini isn't expected to be on

the broadcast, and who cares? . . . Artur Schnabel, famous pianist, guest-stars on the New York Philharmonic concert, CBS at 3:00. He plans on playing the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto. . . . The Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00, has two guest stars this week, Shirley Ross and Lee Tracy. What'll you bet Tracy plays a newspaper reporter? . . . Richard Tauber is on the Ford Symphony program. It's lots of fun to hear Tauber sing, but it's almost as much fun to watch him talk. His monocle seems to be a part of him, and never falls out. And his broken English is something to hear.



Shirley Ross co-stars with Lee Tracy in a Silver Theater play on CBS tonight at 6.

Highlights For Sunday, March 19

UNLESS they fail to show up for the first time in history, there will be a flock of swallows arriving today at San Juan Capistrano Mission in California, all set to spend the spring and summer there. It's St. Joseph's Day, and every St. Joseph's Day as far back as anybody can remember, the swallows have come—and recently, NBC has been on hand to welcome them. . . . The first departing radio show of the season is Seth Parker's Sunday-night program. At 7:30 tonight on NBC-Blue, you'll hear him and his Jonesport friends for the

last time. . . . Bob Benchley broadcasts his first program from Hollywood at 10:00 over CBS. . . . Today's Salute to Nations program at 1:30 comes from Budapest, Hungary, and includes a speech by Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Hungary's Regent. . . . Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, is guest star on the CBS Philharmonic concert at 3:00, playing a concerto by Saint Saens. . . . Spencer Tracy is slated for a powerful job of acting on the Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00. . . . Walter Gieseking, pianist, is on the Ford Program, CBS at 9:00.

		Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
		8:15	NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade	
	8:45	NBC-Red: Radio Rubos	
	9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell	
	9:00	NBC: News	
	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	
	9:15	NBC-Red: The Family Man	
	9:30	CBS: Girl Interne	
	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children	
	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh	
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00	MBS: School of the Air
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Central City
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
1:15	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
12:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: Scattergood Barnes
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McIride
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Peabody Takes Charge
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day Is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: School of the Air
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Vallant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	MBS: Ed Fitzgerald
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Curtis Institute of Music
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Let's Pretend
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: Terry and the Pirates
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	5:45	5:45	CBS: The Mighty Show
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: News
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Howie Wing
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Bob Trout
10:00	5:45	6:45	CBS: Sophie Tucker
	6:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: County Seat
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Alias Jimmy Valentine
7:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill
7:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: EDDIE CANTOR
7:30	7:30	8:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Cavalcade of America
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Carson Robison
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: AL PEARCE
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Pick and Pat
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Those We Love
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Eddy Duchin
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: True or False
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

Motto
of the
Day



By
Sophie
Tucker

Genius is the ability to have day dreams—and make them come true.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 27

GETTING more and more important on *Eddie Cantor's* program is young *Bert Parks*, who was a staff announcer on *CBS* before he was old enough to vote. He's twenty-five now, and is not only an announcer but a featured vocalist, which is going places fast. . . . Cantor met Bert on his recent visit to New York, was impressed by his twin talents, and put him under contract right away, bringing him back to Hollywood. . . . Bert's from Atlanta, Georgia, which you probably guessed the first time you heard him on the air. . . . Funny, though, how he can lose that lazy Southern drawl

when the time comes to read the commercial announcements. . . . Sort of a clever idea *NBC-Blue* has at 10:00 this morning. It's a serial program called *The Story of the Month*, on the air every morning except Saturday and Sunday. Each serial lasts only one month. . . . Today begins the American Association of School Administrators Convention in Cleveland, and *Mutual* brings you part of the proceedings at 2:00 this afternoon, with an address by President Edmund E. Day of Cornell University. . . . At 10:30 tonight, *Mutual* has an hour-long streamlined version of the opera "Samson and Delila."



Bert Parks sings and announces an *Eddie Cantor's* show, *CBS* this evening of 7:30.

Highlights For Monday, March 6



Morton Downey sings with *Eddy Duchin's* orchestra on the *Poll Moll* program tonight.

YOU may hear the world's heavyweight boxing champion of tomorrow win his first important fight tonight—that is, if you listen in to the broadcast of the annual *Golden Gloves* tournament from 11:15 to midnight. And if you're listening to the radio at all just then, you're just about going to have to listen to the fight broadcast, because all three networks are putting it on the air and there won't be much else to hear. Tonight's broadcast is of the final rounds. . . . *Your Almanac* has been shouting for months about how good *Milt Herth's* swing trio is—and now *Walter Winchell* has discovered

them too, giving them a *New Yorcher* in a recent column. *W. W.* heard them in a nightclub, though—they're on *NBC-Red* at 8:00 in the morning and he's never up that early! . . . It's pleasant to have *Morton Downey* back on the air, singing regularly with *Eddy Duchin* on his 9:30 program on *NBC-Red* tonight. And the *Duchin* piano-playing is something that should not be missed, too. . . . Did you know that "Wabash Moon," which *Morton* sings so well, was also composed by him? . . . As everybody ought to know, *Mrs. Morton* is *Barbara Bennett*, sister of *Constance* and *Joan*.

Highlights For Monday, March 13

DID you know *Ray Perkins* was back on the air? You can hear him on *NBC-Blue* at 6:30 tonight—unless *NBC* has suddenly switched his broadcast time, as the networks do all too often with their sustaining features, which would have many more listeners if people could be always sure of hearing them at the same time. . . . *Al Pearce*, star of the variety show on *NBC-Red* at 8:00 tonight, has finally confessed where he got his "I hope nobody's to home, I hope, I hope I hope" line. Many years ago, before he even knew there was such a thing as radio, he was a salesman, going from door to

door with an item of merchandise that nobody wanted much. *Al* was painfully shy, hated to bother people, and was absolutely convinced that he couldn't sell his product. So before he rang each doorbell he'd pause and say to himself, "I hope nobody's to home, I hope I hope I hope." And because *Al's* been through the mill himself is probably the reason his *Elmer Blurt* is such an appealing, lovable character. . . . *Al* says he weighed fourteen pounds when he was born—an unusually heavy baby, so heavy that on the last mile he was carrying the stork instead of the other way around.



Esther in the *Mo Perkins* serial, on *NBC-Red* at 3:15, is blonde *Lillian White*.

Highlights For Monday, March 20

AMOS 'N' ANDY ought to have some sort of a special celebration tonight, because it marks the beginning of their twelfth year on the air. Last night was really the anniversary, but they weren't on the air then, so official notice should be taken of it tonight, and perhaps it will be—on their regular program, 7:00 on *NBC-Red*. It was on March 19, 1928, that *Amos 'n' Andy* first went on the air, over *WMAQ*, Chicago—and they've only missed one scheduled broadcast in all that time. . . . Birthday greetings are in order for *Ozzie Nelson*,

who was born on this day in 1906, in Jersey City. . . . One of the most exciting serials on the air is *Howie Wing*, on *CBS* at 6:15. It's about aviation and aviators, and keeps up a good fast pace of action every night. Primarily for kids it may be, but you'll like it just the same. . . . *The Cavalcade of America*, on *CBS* at 8:00, gives you another of its dramatized life stories of great Americans tonight—entertainment and instruction together. . . . And *Guy Lombardo*, whom an awful lot of people still prefer to *Benny Goodman*, is on *CBS* at 10:00.

Complete Programs from Feb. 24 to March 23

Eastern Standard Time

Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time	Eastern Standard Time	Program
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Mill Herth Trio
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Radio Rubes
	8:00	9:00	NBC: News
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:30	9:30	CBS: Girl Interne
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00	MBS: School of the Air
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Central City
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
2:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:15	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
12:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
	12:00	1:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
	12:30	1:30	CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Peabees Takes Charge
	12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day Is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: School of the Air
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Children's Concert
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Highways to Health
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Music for Fun
	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Terry and the Pirates
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
5:00	5:30	6:00	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
5:30	5:30	6:00	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	5:45	6:45	CBS: The Mighty Show
	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: News
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Howie Wing
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Bob Trout
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Angler and Hunter
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: Barry Wood
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: County Seat
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	6:15	7:15	CBS: Jimmie Fidler
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: Emily Post
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: Al Jolson
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: For Men Only
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: We, The People
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Mary and Bob
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Benny Goodman
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Dr. Christian
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Cal Tinney
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: BOB HOPE
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

Motto of the Day



By Edward G. Robinson

The more you envy others, the less reason others will have to envy you.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 28

RADIO'S paying a lot of attention this week to schools and education, and today there are two programs scheduled to come from the School Administrators convention in Cleveland. . . . At 2:00, you'll hear Alexander J. Stoddard, superintendent of schools in Denver, talking about Educational Policies, on *Mutual*. . . . And CBS is to have John A. Sexon, president of the American Association of Schools, talking about Foundations of Education. . . . In a very much lighter vein, listen to the *Breakfast Club* on *NBC-Blue* at 9:05, and to the *Club Matinee* on the same network at 4:00. On both programs

you'll very likely hear the *Escorts and Betty*, a clever novelty quartet whose girl member makes you smack your lips thinking about television. She's *Betty Olson*, who played pipe organ in church and sang with her two big brothers in a family trio before breaking into radio two years ago at the age of eighteen. She got the job with the *Escorts* after auditions in which many other candidates were heard. . . . You'll also hear the *Escorts* and *Betty* on *Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten*, Saturday afternoons. . . . Don't forget *Mary and Bob's True Story*, on *NBC-Blue* at 9:00 tonight, and *Bob Hope* on *NBC-Red* at 10:00.



Betty Olson is the girl singer with the *Escorts* an NBC's *Breakfast Club* show.

Highlights For Tuesday, March 7



Johnny Mercer is the master of ceremonies on Benny Gaadman's *Swing Schaal* tonight.

YOUR ALMANAC doesn't like to bring up unpleasant subjects, but the fact remains that you're going to have to pay your income tax in another week, so you might be smart and listen to a program on CBS from 10:45 to 11 tonight. It's a talk by *Paul P. Melvoin*, who will tell you almost all you want to know about making out your report. . . . He'll leave out the really important thing, which is how to get out of paying it altogether, of course. . . . *Johnny Mercer*, of the *Benny Goodman* program on CBS at 9:30 tonight, proves he's as good a master of ceremonies as he is a song-writer—and that's

high praise, for he wrote the lyrics of "Pardon My Southern Accent," "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby," and today's big hit, "Jeepers Creepers." You'll hear him singing lyrics of his own composition on the *Swing School*, duetting with *Benny's* vocalist, *Martha Tilton*. *Johnny* was born in Savannah, Georgia, and attended school in Virginia. Then he appeared on the stage before he started writing words and music for theatrical productions and motion pictures. . . . *Betty Goodman* is happy because he doesn't have to talk so much on the program, now that *Johnny* has joined it.

Highlights For Tuesday, March 14

IT might be your own town—the *Central City* which plays the title role in the serial on *NBC-Red* at 10:00 this morning. *Central City* is the main character in this daily drama, but there are human characters too—for instance, *Emily Olson*, played by *Elsbeth Eric*, and *Robert Shallenberger*, played by *Myron McCormick*. Both *Elsbeth* and *Myron* are popular Broadway actors, and are doing a swell job in this program. . . . For some enjoyable poetry, tune in *Ted Malone* on *NBC-Blue* at 3:45. . . . *We, the People*, is on CBS at 9:00, with its usual outstanding collection of interesting folk. But never again,

probably, will this program reach the high in listener-interest it had the night it presented *Tom Mooney*. . . . Hide all the clocks and watches in your house tonight when *Bob Hope* comes on the air at 10:00 over *NBC-Red*—and if you aren't surprised when 10:30 comes around, your Almanac will eat the paper it's printed on. Tuesday night offers two of the shortest half-hours in radio—the *Hope* show and *Information Please* at 8:30 on *NBC-Blue*. . . . Incidentally, did you ever try telling time by radio—measuring the day in quarter-hour and half-hour periods? It makes the day go a lot faster.



Elsbeth Eric plays *Emily Olson* in that saga of an American town, *Central City*.

Highlights For Tuesday, March, 21



Sarajane Wells plays *Betty* in the perennially popular *Jack Armstrong* serial show.

TWO of tonight's headliners are back in Hollywood again after a nice quiet vacation in New York. *Edward G. Robinson*, of the *Big Town* show on CBS at 8:00, and *Jean Hersholt*, of *Dr. Christian* on the same network at 10:00, didn't come to New York to go night-clubbing. . . . *Eddie* was on his annual shopping trip for new art treasures to add to his collection, and *Jean* was on a similar errand—only he was buying rare books. . . . The real names of the cast of *Jack Armstrong*, on *NBC-Red* at 5:30 tonight, aren't supposed to be made public, but your Almanac's spies have ferreted out at least one for

you. *Sarajane Wells* is the girl who plays *Betty* on this perennially popular kid show, and her picture is printed at the left. She's tall and blonde, and has only one hobby, but it's a big one—she loves anything theatrical, plays, radio, movies, even charades. . . . Don't forget to check up on your movie gossip at 7:15 tonight, with *Jimmie Fidler's* program on CBS. *Jimmie* speaks right out when he has something on his mind, and that's the reason he's worth listening to, even if he does sometimes step on people's toes. . . . There's some good orchestra music on CBS this afternoon at 3:30.

(For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)

They Always Star in CANDIDS



Airport—Geraldine Spreckels, of noted California family, at Burbank Airport. Her skin care is simply—Pond's. "Its use helps keep skin wonderfully soft and smooth."



Races—At the running of the Futurity, Mrs. Victor du Pont, III (3rd from left). She says: "I've always used Pond's. It cleanses skin so thoroughly."

SOCIETY WOMEN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN—THEY FOLLOW THE NEW SKIN CARE*



Ballet Russe Première—At the Metropolitan Opera House, Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes, grandniece of Mrs. James Roosevelt. Her skin gets extra care. "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "That way my skin gets extra 'skin-vitamin' along with its daily cleansings."



Big Liner—The Lady Mary Lygon, daughter of the late Earl Beauchamp. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. I'm glad it's in Pond's."



Palm Beach—Mrs. Wm. Rhinelandler Stewart arriving at exclusive Colony Club. "The 'skin-vitamin' is an added reason for my devotion to Pond's."



Winter Resort—H. R. H. Princess Maria de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler). "When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond's helps supply this vitamin."



New York World's Fair Terrace Club—Where Society dines and dances. Mrs. John R. Drexel, Jr., looks enchanting in white ermine. Her vote goes to Pond's. "I prefer using Pond's Cold Cream to protect my skin during the day and to help give it glamorous smoothness in the evening."



Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.

● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

*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.

		Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
			8:15
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade	
	8:45	NBC-Red: Radio Rubes	
	9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell	
	9:00	NBC: Press Radio News	
	9:05	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club	
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: The Family Man	
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Girl Interne	
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children	
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh	
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly	
	9:00	10:00 MBS: School of the Air	
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month	
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Central City	
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge	
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Jane Arden	
1:00	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House	
1:15	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill	
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother	
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah	
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White	
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin	
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum	
12:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Scattergood Baines	
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister	
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	
	11:45	NBC-Red: Getting the Most Out of Life	
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life	
	9:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride	
	9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife	
	9:15	11:15 CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James	
	9:15	11:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
	9:30	11:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	
	9:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	
	9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought	
	9:45	11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday	
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs	
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful	
	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News	
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk It Over	
	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life	
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Peabody Takes Charge	
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music	
	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day Is Ours	
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans	
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters	
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Your Health	
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob	
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: School of the Air	
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	
11:45	1:45	2:45 MBS: Ed Fitzgerald	
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker	
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Indianapolis Symphony	
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Comyear Young's Family	
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone	
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee	
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	
1:15	3:15	4:15 MBS: Time Out for Dancing	
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Girl Alone	
	5:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy	
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: March of Games	
	5:15	NBC-Blue: Terry and the Pirates	
	5:15	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine	
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: So You Want to Be	
	5:00	NBC-Blue: Dan Winlow	
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong	
	5:45	CBS: The Mighty Show	
	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix	
	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie	
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Our American Schools	
5:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Howie Wing	
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bob Trout	
	5:30	NBC-Blue: Gulden Serenaders	
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Rose Marie	
10:00	5:45	6:45 CBS: Sophie Tucker	
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: County Seat	
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces	
7:00	9:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy	
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner	
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen	
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill	
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Ask-it-Basket	
7:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger	
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: GANG BUSTERS	
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY	
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM	
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Hobby Lobby	
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey	
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER	
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT	
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Wings for the Martins	
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: 99 Men and a Girl	
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE	
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Edgar A. Guest	

Motto
of the
Day

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Andre
Kostelanetz

There's not room in one heart for both fear and faith.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 1

MAYBE you missed last week's opening program of the new *Ninety-nine Men and a Girl* show, but that's no reason you should go on missing it. Hear it on CBS at 10:00 tonight, starring Raymond Paige's orchestra and Hildergarde, the American girl singer with a French accent. . . . This is the show that was to be called *One Hundred Men and a Girl*, but the original owners of that title wanted too much money for it, so the radio people subtracted a man. . . . There's to be a round-table discussion on "Crime, Its Causes and Cure," on *Mutual* this afternoon from 3:30 to 4:00. It comes from the American Asso-

ciation of School Administrators Convention in Cleveland, and some of the speakers will be J. A. Johnston, warden of Alcatraz Prison; Austin H. MacCormack, New York Commissioner of Correction; Harold H. Burton, mayor of Cleveland, and William Grady, associate superintendent of schools of New York City. . . . Do you know a boy or girl who'd like to go to college but hasn't the money? Get him or her to listen to *Mutual* this evening from 6:30 to 7:00, when a health program is broadcast by the Georgetown University Public Health Forum. The Forum is running an essay contest with scholarships as prizes.



Hildergarde sings on the *Ninety-Nine Men and a Girl* program, heard on CBS at 10:00.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 8



Taking leading roles as Edgard A. Guest's program at 10:30 tonight is Angeline Orr.

SINCE the *Ninety-nine Men and a Girl* program took over the ten-o'clock spot on CBS, Edgard A. Guest's *It Can Be Done* has moved to 10:30, a half-hour later than you used to hear it. . . . And right now is a good time to tell you about one of the girls who takes leading roles in Edgard's dramatized success stories. She's Angeline Orr, who began her radio career as a singer over WRVA in Richmond, Virginia, while she was attending nearby Blackstone College. That was in 1930. In 1932, Angeline went to Chicago to visit her cousin, who happened to be CBS actress Bess Johnson, of *Hilltop House*; and

it wasn't long before she too was emoting for the mike. She's a stunning brunette, and when she isn't broadcasting she's working as a style and photographer's model. . . . The last program from the Georgetown University Public Health Forum is on *Mutual* this evening from 6:30 to 7:00. The subject is "Diet Fads and Facts," and the speakers are Catherine Learney, Maryland State Nutritionist, and Dr. Henry Beall Gwynn of Georgetown University. This is the program that tells you about that essay contest, with two university scholarships as the prizes. . . . Happy birthday today to Claire Trevor, of *Big Town*.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 15

IT'S income tax day, so you can be sure of hearing a few income tax jokes to make you feel better about the money you had to shell out. . . . You really shouldn't worry over income taxes—just think how much worse you'd feel if everybody else were paying them and you didn't have anything to tax. . . . Lesley Woods will be on the air twice today, playing the part of Carol Martin in *The Road of Life*, on CBS at 1:30, and taking a leading role in Edgard A. Guest's *It Can Be Done* drama on the same network at 10:30 tonight. . . . Lesley, a stunning blonde, is a graduate of the Goodman School of the

Theater in Chicago, and is one of Chicago's best-dressed women. She admits that she lives and works entirely on hunches. . . . Besides the Guest program, there are other Wednesday-night highlights. You can take your choice between the melodrama of *Gang Busters* and the everyday drama of *One Man's Family* at 8:00—between Paul Whiteman's music and Dave Elman's fascinating hobbyists on *Hobby Lobby* at 8:30—and between the glamor of Hollywood on the *Texaco Star Theater*, and the humor of *Fred Allen on Town Hall Tonight*, at 9:00. And there's *Sophie Tucker* on CBS at 6:45.



Lesley Woods is Carol Martin in *The Road of Life*, and plays in Eddie Guest's show.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 22



Harry Salter directs the orchestra between hobbyists on NBC's *Hobby Lobby* tonight.

YOU can count on hearing one of your Wednesday-night favorites for another two years—for Fred Allen got a new contract not long ago that will keep him on the air for his present sponsors for that length of time. He'll take a regular thirteen-week vacation every summer, but there won't be any more of that "Will Fred Allen Retire?" talk for a while. . . . The Benny-Allen feud will continue, too. Fred says he closes his eyes when he goes to see a Jack Benny movie, because he's ambidextrous—he can sleep through Benny on stage or screen. . . . When hobbyists aren't lobbying, on the *Hobby Lobby* pro-

gram, *NBC-Blue* tonight at 8:30, you'll hear Harry Salter's orchestra providing some lively tunes. Harry was born in Bucharest, Rumania, and came to New York when he was a small boy. For a while he studied engineering, but left school to be a violin pupil of Leopold Auer's. He's still interested in geology. . . . After he formed his own orchestra he turned into what he calls a "boom-chaser." That is, he'd take his band to any city that was having a boom—went to Florida during the real-estate excitement, to Tulsa when word came that oil had been discovered in Oklahoma.

(For Thursday's Highlights, please turn page)

Elizabeth shows how your baby can grow

Babyhood . . . thriving on Clapp's Strained Foods



Elizabeth—4 Months . . . "Here's her first really good picture," says Elizabeth Harkrader's mother. (Elizabeth lives in Westfield, N. J., where a study in infant feeding took place recently.) "I had just begun to feed her from a spoon then. She'd had Clapp's Baby Cereal about a month and was beginning Strained Vegetables. My, how she used to chirp when she'd see them coming!"



Elizabeth—10 Months . . . "She was creeping and beginning to pull herself up on chairs, at the time this was taken. She just gained like anything in those days—more than a pound a month. She was nice and solid, too, so that you could see that her Clapp's Strained Foods gave her the vitamins and minerals that a baby needs. She was getting all the Strained Foods by this time."



17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

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

- Soups**—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables.
- Vegetables**—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens.
- Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce.
- Cereal**—Baby Cereal

Runabout Age . . . protected by Clapp's Chopped Foods



Elizabeth—1½ years . . . "Our little nudist," her Daddy calls this picture. We were very lucky then, for just as she got too old for Clapp's Strained Foods, they started to make Chopped Foods. They're coarser, you know, help the child to learn to chew. But they're cut up and cooked and seasoned, exactly the way the doctors advise. It was lucky for me, too—Chopped Foods certainly save no end of work!"



Elizabeth—3½ years . . . "This is her latest picture. She goes to nursery school now and she's so self-reliant and helpful—bathes herself, and even feeds baby brother. She still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods, and the grocer has some new ones—Junior Dinners—that she just loves. Beef or lamb, cooked with vegetables and cereals, and very good. I wish everyone with little boys or girls of Elizabeth's age could know about them!"



11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

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

- Soups**—Vegetable Soup.
- Junior Dinners**—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables.
- Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens.
- Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes.

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



CLAPP'S BABY FOODS



STRAINED FOR BABIES . . . CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

		Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
		8:15	NBC-Blue: Kampus Kids
		8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:45	NBC-Red: Radio Rubes
	8:00	9:00	NBC: Press Radio News
	8:00	9:05	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: The Family Man
	8:30	9:30	CBS: Girl Interne
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00	MBS: School of the Air
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Central City
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
2:30	4:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:15	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
12:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
	12:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
	12:30	1:30	CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Peabody Takes Charge
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day Is Ours
	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Social Science
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: SCHOOL OF THE AIR
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Vaillant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Keyboard Concert
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
			:00 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Let's Pretend
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: Fairy Stories
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
	5:00	5:30	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
	5:00	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	5:45	6:00	CBS: The Mighty Show
	5:45	6:00	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	6:00	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Met. Opera Guild
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Howie Wing
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Bob Trout
	6:45	7:00	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: County Seat
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
6:15	7:15	8:00	NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
5:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Joe Penner
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: KATE SMITH HOUR
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Parade of Progress
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: RUDY VALLEE
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS OF 1939
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Walter O'Keefe
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
7:30	9:20	10:30	NBC-Blue: NBC Minstrel Show

Motto
of the
Day

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Joe
Penner

Pity the man who pities himself.

Highlights For Thursday, March 2

TED HUSING starts broadcasting the semi-finals in the Men's and Women's National Tennis Championship matches this afternoon. The network is CBS, the time is probably 5:15, when Ted will give you a summary of the afternoon's play. . . . The School Administrators Convention in Cleveland comes to an end today, with three broadcasts scheduled. Professor Lyman Bryson of Columbia University speaks over CBS on the subject of "Education Views America's Future." On Mutual, at fifteen minutes after noon, Harry Elmer Barnes speaks on "The Purposes of Education," and at 1:45 you hear the

closing ceremonies on the same network, with songs by the Detroit Schools Men's Club Chorus. . . . All this may sound pretty dry and unlistenable to you, but it shouldn't be, if you have a child in your home . . . and if you love that child and want to see that he gets a break in the world. . . . You'll hear Alice Reinheart twice today, playing Carrie Dean in *Her Honor*, Nancy James, on CBS at 12:15, and as Chichi in *Life Can Be Beautiful*, on the same network at 1:15. Alice is a petite brunette who studied piano for fourteen years, switched to journalism in college, and then became an actress.



Alice Reinheart is in two of your favorite daytime serials, both heard on CBS.

Highlights For Thursday, March 9

WHILE your Almanac has introduced you to many an actor and actress whose work on the air you didn't know, it has sort of neglected another group of unsung radio heroes and heroines. Unsung, but not unsinging, because singing is exactly what they do best. . . . Take *Elizabeth Newburger*, for instance, whom you'll hear twice tonight if you're careful to listen to the right programs. She's a member of *Ted Straeter's* choir on the *Kate Smith* program, heard at 8:00 on CBS, and also one of *Kay Thompson's Rhythm Singers* on the *Tune-Up Time* show at 10:00 on the same

network. . . . And when *Tune-Up Time* is over, Elizabeth has to rush back to *Kate Smith's* theater-studio for the West Coast rebroadcast at 11:30. When you consider that both shows require a great deal of rehearsal, you wonder how Elizabeth manages, but she does, and doesn't look the worse for all the work either. Luckily, the *Kate Smith* playhouse is right across the street from the *Tune-Up Time* theater. . . . In addition, Elizabeth spends hours every day studying concert singing, for she hopes to make her concert debut some time soon. She's been singing ever since her school days in Columbus, Ohio.



Elizabeth Newburger is on two vocal choruses—*Kate Smith's* and *Tune-Up Time's*.

Highlights For Thursday, March 16

YOUR Almanac always stays close to home on Thursday nights, because it can't bear to miss *Kate Smith* (or *Rudy Vallee*; not even your Almanac can listen to both of them), *Good News of 1939*, and the *Kraft Music Hall* with *Bing Crosby*, *Bob Burns*, *Ken Carpenter*. . . . Of course, it would be nice to listen to the *Town Meeting of the Air*, and the *Walter O'Keefe-Andre Kostelanetz* show, too, but a person is likely to get housemaid's knee from squatting down in front of the radio too much. . . . Were you listening to the *Kate Smith* show the night *Abbott and Costello* said Lou's aunt had

been married so many times that the only kick she'd get out of Niagara Falls would be to go over it in a barrel? . . . Or when Costello swallowed a half dollar, and Abbott wanted to get a doctor. Costello waved him away, saying, "Never mind, I don't need the money right now." . . . Like piano music? Listen to the *CBS Keyboard Concert* at 3:30 this afternoon. . . . And *Those Happy Gilmans*, on NBC-Red at 1:45, is a cheerful sort of program to listen to. . . . If you're planning to hear the *Metropolitan Opera* broadcast next Saturday, listen to the *Opera Guild* program at 6:00 today on NBC-Red.



Frances Dworkin will be on the *School of the Air* broadcast today of 2:30 on CBS.

Highlights For Thursday, March 23

PROMINENT in the cast of *Nila Mack's* charming *Let's Pretend* program at 5:15 on CBS this afternoon will be seventeen-year-old *Joan Tetzel*. She's the daughter of an Austrian illustrator and a Scotch-Canadian mother, and started acting when she was twelve years old and in school in Montreal. Two years of stage work followed before she began broadcasting. Now, like so many young radio actresses, she divides her time between the microphone and the footlights. . . . *Gray Gordon* leaves the Green Room of the Edison Hotel in New York after tonight, with *Blue Barron* replacing him. You

hear the Edison Hotel broadcasts over NBC. . . . *The Parade of Progress*, on NBC-Blue at 8:00, tells you the dramatized stories of some of the great inventions America has given to the world. . . . And the *NBC Minstrel Show* is heard tonight at 10:30 on NBC-Blue—it used to be on Wednesday nights. . . . Sports fans will want to hear *Bill Stern's* summary of news on NBC-Red at 6:30. Bill is NBC's pride and joy in the sports department. . . . *Mary Lee Taylor* has some new recipes and home-making hints for the housewives on her CBS program at 11:00 this morning. —10:45 in the West.



You'll hear Joan Tetzel in the cast of *Let's Pretend*, on CBS today at 5:15.

(For Friday's Highlights, please turn page)



Lanvin Evening froufrou in chartreuse net and taffeta by Lanvin. With it she recommends spicy nails in gay new Cutex ORCHID.



Lelong With Lelong's airy mauve-rose tulle, he suggests ethereal Cutex CAMEO nails.

Four Famous Paris Dressmakers
SPONSOR
the NEW CUTEX
*Orchid...Cameo
Cedarwood*

FASHION is singing the blues again—light, bright, sky and navy—but with new notes of butter yellow, duck green and poppy red. And to harmonize with them, the great Paris dressmakers—Lanvin, Lelong, Alix and Schiaparelli—sponsor three lilting new nail shades . . . Cutex ORCHID, CAMEO, CEDARWOOD!

The new Cutex ORCHID is a rich violet-rose—cheery finger-tip tonic for early spring days. The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is lighter—mauvy-rose with a bluish-lavender tint, summery and young. The new Cutex CAMEO is still lighter—a delicate mauvy-pink made to order for summer pastels.

Let your nails sing out this spring in the new Cutex ORCHID, CEDARWOOD, CAMEO, sponsored by four great Paris dressmakers! Ask to see *all* the smart new Cutex nail shades.

NORTHAM WARREN
New York, Montreal, London, Paris



Alix For her feminine ensemble in gray, Alix suggests harmonizing nails in the soft new Cutex CEDARWOOD.



Schiaparelli Schiaparelli's new silhouette in navy. For chic nails, she says wear mauve-tinted Cutex CEDARWOOD.

Nails in the new Cutex CEDARWOOD



TRY THESE OTHER CHIC NEW CUTEX SHADES

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| OLD ROSE: For blues, pinks, yellow, brown, black. | LAUREL: Smart with rose, blue, gray, mauve, pastels. | THISTLE: Perfect with gray, beige, brown, navy, green. |
| HEATHER: For violet, wine, blue, gray, green, yellow. | CLOVER: For all the new colors except orange tones. | TULIP: For green, fuchsia, yellow, blue, the new reds. |
| ROBIN RED: Goes with everything—gay with spring prints. | | |

New Cutex Salon Type Polish
WEARS! WEARS! WEARS!

A quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing polish modern science can devise stands behind the new Cutex Salon Type Polish. Based on a new principle, it is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days more perfect wear.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
	Central Standard Time	Standard Time
	8:00	NBC-Red: Mill Herth Trio
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
	9:00	NBC: Press Radio News
	8:05	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Family Man
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Girl Interne
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Smile Parade
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 MBS: School of the Air
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Central City
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
1:00	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
1:15	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
12:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Scattergood Baines
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk It Over
	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Peabees Takes Charge
	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day Is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: MUSIC APPRECIATION
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 BS: School of the Air
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 MBS: Ed Fitzgerald
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Chamber Orchestra
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
	5:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: March of Games
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Men Behind the Stars
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	5:45	CBS: The Mighty Show
4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
5:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Howie Wing
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bob Trout
	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Golden Serenaders
	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: George R. Holmes
10:00	5:45	6:45 CBS: Sophie Tucker
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: County Seat
7:00	9:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
7:45	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
9:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Jack Haley
7:30	7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
	7:00	8:00 MBS: What's My Name
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Warden Lawes
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: NBC Jamboree
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: CAMPBELL PLAYHOUSE
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: March of Time
9:00	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Death Valley Days
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Lady Esther Serenade
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

Motto
of the
Day



By
Jack
Haley

Making fun of others is never a laughing matter.

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 24

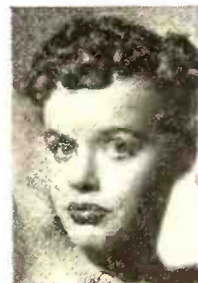
THOSE fight broadcasts from Madison Square Garden are getting to be a regular thing on Friday nights—at least, there is one every Friday during the four weeks covered by this edition of your Almanac. Sam Taub does the blow-by-blow description, and Bill Stern comments between rounds while Sam catches his breath. The time is 10:00 tonight, and the network NBC-Blue. . . . There aren't many of the old-fashioned minstrel men left, but you can hear one of them this afternoon at 4:45 over CBS. He's Al Bernard, who claims to know six hundred different variations of the old

chicken-crossing-the-road gag. . . . Al was born in New Orleans and has written more than 350 original folk tunes with his birthplace as their inspiration. His outstanding success was a recording of "St. Louis Blues," which was the first ever made of this well-known song. Since he put it on wax for the first time in 1919, more than twenty million copies of the disk have been sold. . . . New Yorkers can't hear Sophie Tucker's program on CBS at 6:45 tonight because it isn't broadcast in the Big Town—one good reason why New York is a great town to visit but you shouldn't live there if they gave you the place.



Al Bernard, on CBS at 4:45, is one of the few old-time minstrel men left today.

Highlights For Friday, March 3



Mrs. Black in Scattergood Baines is played by Eileen Polmer, once of Oregon.

RUSS MORGAN'S orchestra opens tonight at the Chez Paree restaurant in Chicago, and you'll be hearing it from now on over NBC, late at night. . . . Ted Husing brings you more news of the National Men's and Women's Tennis semi-final matches, over CBS, late in the afternoon. A homey, friendly sort of serial is CBS' Scattergood Baines, adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's famous character. Scattergood is played by Jess Pugh, who is a new one to your Almanac, but he does a good job just the same. Scattergood Baines is heard at 11:15 A.M., Eastern Time. . . . Mrs. Black in the

Scattergood serial is Eileen Palmer, who got her first job in radio because she had "an uncultured voice." Before that she'd studied medicine at the University of Oregon. She's still a young lady of varied talents—makes all her own clothes, sketches in charcoal, and loves to cook. She has a collection of 5,000 recipes, and has actually tried most of them. The only trouble is that most of the things she cooks are so fattening she can't do more than taste them, and let other people gobble them up. . . . The prize fight broadcast is on NBC-Blue again tonight, at 10:00.

Highlights For Friday, March 10

HERE'S Friday again, and as usual it's drama night on the air. You can listen to three complete plays, one after the other, without even bothering to change the tuning of your set—and sandwich some grand comedy in besides. . . . Starting at 8:00, there's the First Nighter, for half an hour. . . . Then you take the comedy, Burns and Allen, at 8:30. . . . Followed by a full hour of Orson Welles and probably a guest star, at 9:00. . . . And then a half-hour of Grand Central Station, at 10:00. . . . They're all on CBS. . . . Two full hours of dramatic entertainment, plus thirty minutes of comedy. You'd

pay \$3.30 for that in a Broadway theater. . . . The Madison Square Garden fights are on NBC-Blue at 10:00, too. . . . Screaming is one way of getting a good job on the air—that's the discovery of Anne Boley, who plays Ruth, the knife thrower, and other parts on the Mighty Show, CBS at 5:45 this afternoon. . . . Anne deserted her classes at Ohio State University two years ago, determined to seek a career on Broadway. She has yet to appear in a stage play, but her realistic screaming on one of the Columbia Workshop productions got the radio people interested enough to keep her busy on the air.



A realistic scream brought Anne Boley to success on an actress on the air.

Highlights For Friday, March 17



Ruth Warrick, of the Grand Central Station show, is a St. Joseph, Missouri, girl.

IT'S the good St. Patrick's day, and when you listen to the radio you aren't going to be allowed to forget it. All the networks are broadcasting special programs in honor of Erin's patron saint—Mutual's is to be in charge of Dave Driscoll. . . . And at 5:45 on Mutual, Dorothy Gordon is devoting her program to a selection of Irish folk songs. . . . Another anniversary is being celebrated today—the first birthday of Mutual's program, What's My Name, with Budd Hulick, Arlene Francis, and Ray Block's orchestra, at 8:00. This different kind of quiz program has carved a comfortable little place for it-

self in listeners' regard in the year it's been on the air, and if you haven't listened yet, it's about time you did. . . . Myrtle Vail, of Myrt and Marge, on CBS at 10:15, has been rebuilding her country home in Connecticut, adding a new garage and stuff. . . . Orson Welles, of tonight's Campbell Playhouse, was the lone radio personality selected by the Chicago Advertising Club in a poll to determine ten outstanding Americans. . . . Ruth Warrick, one of the cast of the Grand Central Station sketches (tonight on CBS at 10:00), is a descendant on her mother's side of Daniel Boone.

(For Saturday's Highlights, please turn page)

Andy Hardy Stands on His Rights

(Continued from page 23)

Suppose, just for instance, you and I are here in my house, and I'm tryin' to kiss you—like this—

POLLY: (With a little squeal) Andrew Hardy! You keep away from me!

ANDY: (Grimly) Miss Benedict, you are asking me to explain the Bill of Rights and I must explain in my own way!

POLLY: I don't believe there's anything in the Bill of Rights about kissing.

ANDY: (Indignantly) Polly! This is a lesson in American patriotism! What are you? A patriot, or a traitor to your country?

POLLY: Very well, but only on the cheek, Mr. Bill of Rights.

ANDY: (Unhappily) All right. Now I kiss you like this. Now, suppose you were to scream—and supposing somebody outside heard it and wanted to come in and see what was going on. He couldn't!

POLLY: (Indignantly) Do you mean to tell me that if I'm in somebody's house and somebody tries to kiss me, and I scream, nobody could come in and rescue me?

ANDY: They can't! It's the Bill of Rights. It guarantees a man is safe in his own house.

POLLY: I don't believe it.

ANDY: Then I'll have to explain it all over again. I grab you—and I kiss you—like this. . . .

(Amid little squeals from Polly, the door opens)

JUDGE: Andrew Hardy! What's going on here?

ANDY: (Blandly) Pop, most people coming in that door, and seeing what you saw would be suffering under the same misapprehension you are. Honest, Dad, I'm only explaining the Bill.

POLLY: Judge Hardy, Andy says that if he tried to kiss me, somebody couldn't come and save me.

ANDY: You tell her, Pop!

JUDGE: You're wrong, Andrew. The circumstances would indicate that a crime is being committed and the Bill of Rights does not protect criminals, only honest citizens.

ANDY: (Laughing) Aw, Pop! I knew that all the time! I was only having some fun! Polly, I didn't know really about the Bill of Rights, so I asked Dad. And honest, he was terrific, so, Pop, will you explain it again for Polly?

JUDGE: The Bill of Rights guarantees that American citizens shall always have those sacred privileges, which we sometimes take so lightly for granted, but constitute the most precious possessions of free men in these forever-blessed United States of America. . . .

(On the Judge's last four words the subdued music comes up to drown him out and carry the scene back to the broadcast studio.)

The Judge Hardy sketch was written especially for this program by the originator of MGM's Hardy Family stories—Carey Wilson.



PINK is for girls.
Blue is for boys.
But tattle-tale GRAY for a baby?
NEVER!

How do clothes GET tattle-tale gray?
The answer is simple . . .
Some soaps are plain weak-kneed—they just CAN'T wash clean!
So hie to the grocer's right away QUICK
And CHANGE to the soap that's specially built
To wash clothes white!
Fragrant—AND CLEAN!



Change to Fels-Naptha—the lively GOLDEN bar
That holds grease-dissolving NAPHTHA.
Two cleaners combined to make dirt fly!
EVERY sheet . . . EVERY towel . . .
EVERY thing in your wash will then stay
Bright and SWEET!
And baby? She . . . or maybe it's he . . .
Will always look like an ANGEL!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



		Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch.
		8:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
		8:15	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
		8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:30	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
		8:45	NBC-Blue: Jack and Loretta
		9:00	NBC: Press Radio News
		9:05	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
		9:05	NBC-Red: The Wise Man
		9:15	CBS: Montana Slim
		9:15	NBC-Red: Saturday Morning Club
		9:25	CBS: News
		9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	CBS: Hill Billy Champions
		10:00	NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
		10:00	NBC-Red: No School Today
		10:15	NBC-Blue: Amanda Snow
		10:30	CBS: Four Corners Theater
		10:30	NBC-Red: Florence Hale
		10:45	NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
		10:45	NBC-Red: KSTP Presents
		11:00	CBS: Symphony Concert
		11:00	NBC-Blue: Music Internationale
		11:00	NBC-Red: Betty Moore
		11:15	NBC-Blue: Radio City Four
		11:30	NBC-Blue: Our Barn
		11:30	NBC-Red: Eastman School of Music
		12:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
		12:00	NBC-Blue: Education Forum
		12:00	NBC-Red: Cloutier Orch.
		12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
		12:30	NBC-Red: Call to Youth
		1:00	NBC-Red: Matinee in Rhythm
		1:15	NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
		1:30	CBS: Moods for Moderns
		1:30	NBC-Blue: Kinney Orch.
		1:30	NBC-Red: Campus Notes
		1:55	NBC-Red: METROPOLITAN OPERA
		2:00	NBC-Blue: Joe Reichman Orch.
		3:00	NBC-Blue: Rakov's Orch.
		3:30	CBS: Poetic Strings
		4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
		5:00	NBC-Blue: Erskine Hawkins Orch.
		5:00	NBC-Red: Cosmopolitan Rhythm
		5:15	NBC-Red: Youth Meets Government
		5:30	NBC-Blue: Southwestern Stars
		6:00	CBS: News
		6:00	NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
		6:05	CBS: Dance Orchestra
		6:05	NBC-Blue: El Chico Revue
		6:30	CBS: Saturday Swing Session
		6:30	NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted
		6:45	NBC-Red: Religious Program
		7:00	CBS: Americans At Work
		7:00	NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
		7:00	NBC-Red: Avalon Time
		7:30	CBS: Joe E. Brown
		7:30	NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
		7:30	NBC-Red: Lives of Great Men
		8:00	CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS
		8:00	NBC-Red: TOMMY RIGGS
		8:30	CBS: Professor Quiz
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Brent House
		8:30	NBC-Red: FRED WARING
		9:00	CBS: Phil Baker
		9:00	NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
		9:00	NBC-Red: Vox Pop
		9:30	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
		9:30	NBC-Red: Hall of Fun
		10:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
		10:00	NBC-Blue: NBC-SYMPHONY
		10:30	NBC-Red: Dance Music

Motto
of the
Day



By
Henny
Youngman

You can make a killing betting on horses—but never a living,

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 25

RADIO dishes you up a bit of indoor running, jumping, pole vaulting and the like this evening, when NBC broadcasts the annual Indoor Track Championship Meet from Madison Square Garden. It's an exclusive NBC feature—you won't be hearing it on other networks. . . . To celebrate Education Week, the Americans at Work program, CBS at 7:00, deals tonight with a school teacher, and originates in Cleveland, where the School Administrator's Convention is to be held. . . . At 10:00 tonight you get your last chance this year to hear Arturo Toscanini direct the NBC Symphony Orchestra—that is,

unless he relents and does another concert or two, which isn't very likely because he's got a full schedule of plans for the next few months. . . . A very different kind of maestro from the renowned Toscanini is Eddie De Lange, who swings it on Phil Baker's program, CBS at 9:00. Eddie is a clown, and that's the only way to describe him. He's big and red-haired, and jiggles all over when he directs his band. Hates neckties, because they cramp his style. Likes working on the Baker program because everybody on it is a comedian. He used to be the latter half of the Hudson-DeLange crew.



Eddie De Lange directs the orchestra for Phil Baker's merry crew over CBS.

Highlights For Saturday, March 4



Ted Husing describes the National Men's and Women's Tennis finals this afternoon.

THE racing season comes to an end down at Hialeah Park in Florida today, with the Widener Challenge Cup race, and Mutual will be on hand to describe the event to you. The broadcast time is 4:00 to 4:30, Eastern Time. . . . Another important sports event is the finals in the National Men's and Women's Tennis Tournament, this afternoon, beginning about 2:00. The indomitable Mr. Husing will be there to describe the tennis stars and their doings for CBS listeners, in his usual excellent play-by-play report. . . . Still in the sports bracket, NBC has the Intercollegiate American Amateur Athletic Association

track meet, from Madison Square Garden. . . . By short wave from Station KGMB in Honolulu comes a program for Mutual listeners, from 9:00 to 9:30. Its name is Hawaii Calls, and it features those glamorous Waikiki tunes. Every week this show salutes a different State, and tonight the honor goes to Tennessee. . . . You won't want to miss Kate Smith's noonday talk, at 12:00 on CBS. Kate is proving that she's just as good a commentator as she is a singer. . . . And at 1:55 this afternoon the Metropolitan Opera presents another of its Saturday matinees, on NBC-Red.

Highlights For Saturday, March 11

THE last big indoor track meet of the season takes place in New York today, and both NBC and CBS will broadcast it. It's the Knights of Columbus meet, being held as usual in Madison Square Garden—the one in which the famous Columbia Mile race is run. Ted Husing will be at the microphone for CBS. . . . Hawaii Calls, on Mutual tonight at 9:00, picks North Carolina as the state it wants to salute this week. . . . There's a new serial on NBC-Blue at 8:30 tonight, called Brent House. It's on the air once a week at this time, for half an hour, and stars Hedda Hopper, whom you used to see

in the movies. . . . You'll hear plenty of good popular singing on Phil Baker's Honolulu Bound show, CBS at 9:00 tonight. Besides the Andrews Sisters, there's Elisse Cooper, who makes her radio debut in this series of programs. She comes from Columbia, South Carolina, where she won an amateur contest a couple of years ago and got an extended vaudeville engagement as a result. She was singing in Boston when Eddie DeLange heard her and signed her up for his new radio program. . . . Swing addicts would all rather miss their dinners than the Saturday Night Swing Club on CBS at 6:30.



Elisse Cooper is the vocalist on Phil Baker's show, with the Eddie DeLange band.

Highlights For Saturday, March 18



Irene Winston, of Four Corners Theater, missed her exams and became an actress.

DO you ever get tired of streamlined, super-sophisticated radio shows? If you do, you ought to listen to the Four Corners Theater, on CBS this morning at 10:30. . . . Each week a complete play is presented—and the plays are the things you'll like. They're old plays that never reached Broadway, but have been delighting the folks on farms and in small towns for the past fifty years. "Corny," they'd call them on Broadway, but they're sort of pleasant too. . . . Irene Winston, one of the Four Corner Theater's leading actresses, became an actress because she missed taking her pre-medical

examinations in college. Rather than wait another year, she decided to drop the idea of being a doctor entirely, and be an actress instead. She made her radio debut four years ago, and has been on the stage in "Tovarich," "Having Wonderful Time," and "Boy Meets Girl." . . . The Hawaii Calls program, on Mutual at 9:00, salutes the state of Alabama tonight. Your Almanac is a pushover for the swell native Hawaiian music on this program. . . . Joe E. Brown's program, on CBS at 7:30, goes along without much ballyhoo, and still manages to be consistently amusing and worth listening to.

PUTTING THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 89 for the answers.

1. Oppugn—oppune—opugne. To assail or call in question; to controvert.
2. Tungstin—tungstan—tungsten. A metallic element used widely in making electric light filaments.
3. Serapy—serrapy—serape. A blanket or shawl worn by Spanish-Americans.
4. Iremediable—iremedeable—irremediabile. Incurable; not admitting of being corrected or redressed.
5. Shagrine—shagreen—chagreen. A common kind of untanned leather made in Russia and the East.
6. Condolence—condollence—condolance. Expression of sympathy with another in sorrow.
7. Brilliantine—brilliantine—brilliantine. An oily dressing for making hair glossy.
8. Emblazon—emblason—emblazen. To deck or picture in bright colors; to set off conspicuously.
9. Porpus—porpous—porpoise. Popularly, the common dolphin.
10. Rododendrun—rhododendron—rodadendrin. A genus of showy shrubs or low trees akin to the azaleas.
11. Onerous—onorus—onorous. Burdensome; oppressive.
12. Whinnie—whinney—whinny. The ordinary cry of a horse.
13. Comaradery—camaraderie—comeraderie. Comradeship; loyalty to one's comrades.
14. Dandelions—dandy lions—dandilions. Well known plants abundant as weeds in meadows and lawns.
15. Presumptuous—presumptuous—presumptious. Taking undue liberties; arrogant.
16. Bahling—baaling—baahling. A lamb.
17. Allurgic—allergic—alurgic. Of, pertaining to, or possessing allergy.
18. Forthcoming—fourthcoming—forthcomeing. About to appear; approaching.
19. Chiever—cleever—cleaver. A butcher's instrument for cutting animals' bodies into joints or pieces.
20. Pulletts—pullets—pulletts. Young hens from the time they begin to lay until the first moult.
21. Carrafe—caraffe—carafe. A glass water bottle for the table.
22. Paregoric—paragoric—parigoric. A medicine that mitigates pain; an anodyne.
23. Barrouch—berouche—barouche. A four-wheeled carriage with a folding top over its back seat.



"I call that a shame, Mrs. Panda! Here you are, a stranger in a strange land—your baby comes down with a common ailment like prickly heat—and what has anyone done to help you? Absolutely nothing!...Well, I'll say this..."



"You've come to the right place at last. I've got a mother who can hop to the Johnson's Baby Powder can quicker than any woman you ever saw. Watch her come running when I whistle!"



"Is that powder good stuff? Say, I've been dusted with it every day since I was so long. Of course, my skin looks kind of monotonous compared to your baby's, but it's mighty comfortable. And Johnson's helps keep it that way!"



"Now—never mind the thanks, Mrs. Panda—it's a pleasure to tell people about my powder. The talc in it's so fine, and no orris-root, either. I wonder what else can make a baby so happy for so little money!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Why Can't I Marry?

(Continued from page 17)

SMART GIRL!

HOW DID YOU EVER GET THAT FINE DINNER READY SO SOON?



"I discovered a quick, easy way to serve a tasty meal!"

KEEP Franco-American Spaghetti on hand. It's a lifesaver when you want a delicious meal in a hurry. It's a grand money-saver, too, for with it you can prepare all sorts of delicious, appetizing dishes from less expensive meat cuts and left-overs. Serve it as a hot lunch for the children. They'll be as enthusiastic as Dad over its zestful, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce. A can all ready to heat and serve—more than enough for three—costs only ten cents.

SPAGHETTI WITH FRIZZLED BEEF

A tempting jiffy dinner on your "afternoon out"

Pick dried beef into small pieces. If it is very salty, freshen 10 minutes in cold water and drain well. Melt butter in hot frying pan and frizzle beef until slightly browned. Add Franco-American Spaghetti and mix. Cook over low flame until heated through.



SUCH A HELP WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY—SO DELICIOUS ANY TIME!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for FREE Recipe Book

Campbell Soup Company, Dept. 44
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

on the ignition key and stepping on the starter. "I've said all I had to say."

He swung the car around and started back to town at top speed. I looked at his set jaw, at his narrowed eyes. I wanted to speak to him, but it would have been like speaking to a sheet of steel. And then I, too, set my jaw. All right, I thought. Call it quits. Perhaps it was better for us never to see each other again than to be constantly, fruitlessly, longing to be together.

It wasn't until I was alone, in my own room at the apartment, that the tears came, in a flood.

I WOKE in the morning feeling stiff and sore, as if the conflicting loyalties that had torn my emotions had been physical, tangible things, tearing and racking my body. Even then, though, I didn't realize the full extent of what had happened to me. It didn't seem possible that Dennis had really gone out of my life. Eight years of loving each other, eight years of planning and hoping, to be brought to an end by a quarrel that lasted only an hour! It was absurd, ridiculous! Surely Dennis would call me on the telephone, or come back to see me. And then we could sit down and quietly, sensibly, think of some way out of our present situation.

Maybe I should have weakened and let Dennis do what he had often suggested—pay most of my family's expenses until Bud and Vivian could make their own living. But I knew that I was only fooling myself. Dennis couldn't really afford to do that, and our marriage would never stand up under his natural resentment. My family was my responsibility, one that I couldn't ask even my husband to share.

Wild schemes raced through my head—perhaps Bud could get a job with one of the networks; he'd like that, I was sure, and be good at it. Or, in the fall, when the new season opened, perhaps my agent, Elsa Darwell, could get me a leading part in one of the new programs, and it would pay me enough so I could drop all the other shows.

But the spring days came and went, and Dennis didn't return. He might have vanished completely from the earth.

The heat came early that spring. The days in May were as close and oppressive as those of late August. I hadn't been sleeping well, and the weather combined with my unhappiness to make me pale and listless. I looked forward to the summer with dread.

Summer was always a bad time for me, as it was for all the radio actors and actresses, unless they'd managed to save enough money to see them through in idleness until fall. But this summer promised to be worse than usual. All three of the sponsored serials upon which I depended for a steady income were going off the air for thirteen weeks. The only way for me to make up the difference in pay was to hunt for parts on the unsponsored programs the networks used to fill in time during the summer slump. These unsponsored shows would pay only about half the commercial scale, and that meant I'd have to be in twice

as many of them. And, even if I could find twice as many, I wouldn't have time. The days just weren't long enough.

For the first time in my life, I was irritable to the other people in my family. Vivian was still away at school, but Bud and Dad were there every night when I came home, and, though I tried not to criticize them, I couldn't help it. Dennis' words, against my will, were boring into my belief and confidence in my father and brother. I wouldn't desert them—but slowly my eyes were opening to their faults.

Then, when May had almost run its course and my sponsored shows were in their last week, Elsa Darwell called me up and asked me to drop around to her office. Elsa was my agent, but she was more than just that—she was my friend, too. She was one of the kindest and sweetest women I ever knew—middle-aged, with soft white hair, a humorous face, and a sharp but perfectly harmless tongue. For two years now she had mothered me, scolded me when I came into her office on a rainy day without my galoshes on, and criticized my clothes and make-up. I'd even introduced Dennis to her, and she'd given him her immediate approval. . . . But I mustn't think of that now.

She was all smiles as I came into her office. "Wonderful news, Neddie," she said. "The movies want you!"

"The movies!" I exclaimed. "But nobody in Hollywood has even seen me."

SHE waved that objection aside as unimportant. "A talent scout I know has tuned you in on the air, though, and he thinks you have one of the best voices he ever heard. He wanted to know if your looks measured up to your voice, and I told him yes. But then we hit a snag. He asked about stage experience and I had to admit you hadn't had any to speak of. This was a month or so ago, and I've been busy working things out ever since."

I sat there, listening to her in amazement. I'd never had any idea



Ben Bernie watches Dixie Dunbar light the candles on his fifteenth radio anniversary cake.

that all this was going on, unknown to me. More surprises were to come. "So, now, I've managed to place you in a summer theater, playing leads, and my friend, the talent scout, can come up and look you over." She shrugged. "Of course, maybe, you won't be any good. Maybe he'll lose interest. On the other hand, if you really work . . ."

"What summer theater is it?" I asked.

She pursed her lips. "We-e-e-ll, not a very prominent one. In fact, it's just starting this summer. But some good people are in back of it and—well, Neddie, it's a better showcase there, with you playing leads, than a bigger company would be, where you'd only play first parlor-maids. And while we're on the subject, the pay is forty a week, and it'll cost you at least twenty a week to live up there. There's only a hotel to stay at."

"Elsa, I couldn't work for that!"

"You're too good, maybe?"

"You know that isn't it. It's just that—well, you know my expenses. My whole family is dependent on me."

"I know," she said dryly. "Couldn't they manage on less? After all, look on it as an investment. If this works out, you'll be able to take care of them much better, later on."

I THOUGHT over what she said. It was true, of course. My lack of stage experience had always been a real handicap to me, even in radio, where producers were all too often impressed by the fact that an actress had been in two or three Broadway shows. And the chance of going to Hollywood! The ambition that had lain dormant while I still had Dennis stirred and awoke. My lips twisted, involuntarily. My career was about all I had left, now.

"All right, Elsa," I decided. "I'll do it."

"Good girl," she beamed. "You'll have to work like a dog up there, but it'll do you good, even if nothing comes of it right away."

I broke the news to the family that night. We were all together, for Vivian had come home for the weekend. I waited until after dinner, then—

"I'm leaving town in another two weeks," I announced. Three pairs of startled eyes fastened on me. "I'm going to join a summer theater company, and—and, I guess, we'll have to economize for a little while. I only get paid forty a week and it will cost me twenty of that to live."

I felt as if I were shooting the ground out from under them. What made it so much worse was that when they realized how much this summer job meant to my career, they tried to hide their consternation.

"I'll send you the other twenty dollars every week, of course," I hastened to assure them. "And I—we have a few savings we can use to keep up the apartment while I'm gone."

"We'll get along, Neddie," Dad said, and Bud and Vivian echoed him. "Of course! Don't you worry about us!"

But they knew, and I knew, that only the strictest kind of economy would get them through the summer. No little luxuries—no maid, no movies, no trips to the beach—nothing but watching every nickel.

I'll always remember that summer as a time of mingled happiness and

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet

MEN DO FIND YOU MORE ALLURING!

WHEN, BEFORE DATES, YOU BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

ALL THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP! FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET'S DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR... AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!



I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! CASHMERE BOUQUET'S GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!



CUT IN? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! NOT WHEN I'M DANCING WITH ANNE!

IT'S TRUE! A GIRL DOES HAVE MORE ALLURE WHEN SHE BATHES WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO GUARD AGAINST BODY ODOR!

Cashmere Bouquet

10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

I MADE
A FROSTY BACHELOR
MELT



Just my luck.

Not two words did he say till I'm poking into my purse, after dessert. "Can that be a package of Beeman's?" he asks. And the whole dinner party looked so wistful I had to pass it around.

"That makes it a *real* party!" says he, thawing out. "I've been hankering for the fresh tang of that Beeman's flavor! Peppy as your sparkling eyes, my dear—refreshing as your smile! Folks, a toast to Miss Merriwell, the pearl of dinner partners!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

pain. As Elsa had warned me, I worked "like a dog." It was all so new to me—I hadn't foreseen how rusty my stage presence had become, or how much I depended on my voice, and nothing but my voice, to translate emotions to the audience. Even memorizing my parts was difficult for me. But the surroundings were ideal, the other people in the company were delightful, and I felt that I was learning to act for a seeing audience.

Sometimes, though, I would catch a glimpse of a face across the footlights, and think for a moment it was Dennis. Then my body would feel weak and chilled, and a pang of unhappiness would strike at my heart. Now that I could no longer count on his love and sympathy, I knew what I had lost.

I sent nearly all of my salary home to Dad, and got letters in return that assured me everything was going along all right at home.

Every night, before I went on the stage, I told myself that Elsa's talent scout was in the audience. Elsa had told me beforehand that I'd never know in advance whether or not he was coming. When the season ended, I didn't know whether he'd seen me or not.

I got back to New York on a clear, bright day when the first winds of autumn had swept the city clean of its summer's haze of heat. I went directly to the apartment, let myself in and called cheerfully. No one answered. Puzzled, I closed the door and looked around. Clearly, there was no one at home—yet it was only eleven o'clock in the morning. Perhaps my wire hadn't arrived.

MY eye caught a note, folded and propped upright on the mantelpiece. "Dear Neddie. Sorry nobody could be home to meet you. Will explain tonight. Love, Vivian."

I laid the note down, conscious of a cold disappointment. They didn't even think enough of me to be home when I returned, after being away all summer! But where, at least, was Dad? Surely he could give up his daily outing in the park to greet me!

It was pleasant, though, to be home again. I unpacked, put my things away, raided the ice-box for lunch, and called Elsa Darwell on the telephone. She warmed my heart by greeting me cordially and congratulating me on the good reports she'd heard of my work during the summer. Yes, the scout had seen me, but—"Wait until something definite develops," was all she'd say.

At last a key clicked in the latch, and the door swung open. Dad came in, his arms open wide to receive me. Even in the instant before I threw myself upon him, I thought how well and healthy he looked, better than in years.

"Dad, where in the world have you been?" I asked as soon as the first greetings were over. "I've been here since eleven this morning."

He winked. "Your old Daddy's got a job," he said proudly. "Bookkeeper for one of the hardware firms I used to buy from when I had the store."

"Dad! But is it all right? Can you stand it?"

"Never felt better in my life," he asserted. "And you know what? Bud's got a job, too—in an advertising agency." He grinned. "Bud doesn't like it much—it's not much more than being an office boy—but he's going



WE don't promise you'll feel peppy enough to tame wild horses, BUT—if you're peppy and unhappy due to constipation—see how quickly and easily FEEN-A-MINT helps put the joy back into your life. You'll like this delicious chewing gum way to get relief—FEEN-A-MINT's as good-tasting as your favorite chewing gum! Imagine—you get all FEEN-A-MINT's famous benefits simply by chewing! No wonder folks say: "Why, FEEN-A-MINT seems just like magic!" Millions, young and old, have already switched to modern FEEN-A-MINT. Try it yourself—and you'll agree it *does* seem like magic! Get a package at your druggist's today.

FEEN-A-MINT
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum!

FREE Professional 5x7 ENLARGEMENT
Send Today!
of your favorite negative (film). Beautiful "Excel Finish" on Eastman Double Weight paper. Prompt service. Original safely returned. This FREE offer limited. EXTRA SURPRISE if you send today. Enclose 10 cents for mailing costs. Eagle Studios, Dept. 27, 1910 Farnam, Omaha, Neb. 18 yrs. quality work!

Remarkable SHAMPOO DISCOVERY

TINTS HAIR
Black or Brown
Tintion or Blonde
Just shampoo your hair with this remarkable new discovery TINTZ Cake Shampoo. It washes out dirt, loose dandruff and grease and safely gives hair a real smooth black, brown, titian or blonde tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt, streaked, on-color hair a minute longer. TINTZ hair tinting cake works gradual—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look! Won't hurt permanents. State shade wanted. 3 Full Cakes \$1 (1 for 50c). **SEND NO MONEY!** our positive guarantee of satisfaction in 7 days or money back. (Send remittance with order and we pay postage.) Don't wait! Write today to TINTZ CO., Dept. 837, 207 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

Watch **FREE** with every ring ordered and paid for in one year!
ONE YEAR TO PAY
ONE JEWELLED ACCURATE
Curved, "shockproof" **GOLD PLATE FRONT** watch with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold. Stainless back. Accurate. **GUARANTEE** by a famous \$1,000,000 FACTORY enclosed.
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to stay there until something better turns up. And Vivian's spending her vacation clerking in a department store."

"What in the world happened?" I gasped. "With the savings, you could have got along."

"Well, honey, I got to thinking, after you left. Of course, we could get along, but we were a little pinched, and it seemed to me maybe we hadn't been doing all we should to help you out. So I talked to the kids, and pretty soon they came around to thinking the same way I did. Then we went out and really hunted for jobs—and after a while we got them."

I FELT a lump in my throat, and buried my face against his shoulder. "Oh, Dad," I said, "I don't know why, but you make me feel ashamed."

Patting my back, he answered, "No reason why you should, Neddie. We're the ones that should feel ashamed—Bud and Vivian and me. I'll tell you one thing—we're all a lot happier right now than we've ever been before, when we were living on what you made."

Dinner that night was very gay. Vivian and I cooked it together, and the four of us sat around the table, talking and laughing, until dusk had fallen. If only, I thought, Dennis could be there! I felt an almost overpowering impulse to call him on the telephone, tell him he'd been right and I wrong. But I delayed. Pride was still strong in me—pride and the fear of being hurt. It had been four months. Perhaps Dennis had forgotten about me. Perhaps he had found someone else . . .

I rose abruptly and turned on the

lights. "Let's do the dishes," I said briskly.

The doorbell rang. Some instinct told me who it was. "I'll answer it," I cried, and ran out into the hall, pulled the door open. "Dennis!"

Then he was holding me close, kissing me, whispering incoherent words in my ear. He hadn't forgotten me! There was no one else!

I don't know who did the dishes. All I know is that the rest of the family tactfully left the living-room.

"But how did you know I was home?" I demanded. "I only got in today."

"Elsa Darwell called me. I asked her to, the minute you got back."

"Oh, Dennis—" And then I told him all I'd been wanting to say. "I'm so thankful that something happened to open my eyes. They're all so much happier than they were before—"

"I thought they would be," he said. "So did Elsa."

I stared at him. "Elsa? Do you mean— Did you and she talk things over?"

"Well, yes," he said with a grin. "You may as well know. Elsa came to my rescue. After we—split up—I darn near went crazy. So I went to her and asked her what I could do. She thought about it a while, and then said she might be able to get you into a summer theater where you wouldn't make much money. And then we'd see how the family took it."

I leaned back against the cushions of the davenport, suddenly weak. If Dennis loved me, I didn't really care about my career—and yet— And yet, it was hard to have thought that fame and fortune were in my grasp, then suddenly see them fade away.

"The talent scout Elsa said would come up to see me? Was he just a myth?"

He took both my hands in his and spoke earnestly. "Nedda, darling, don't be angry. We had to do something, don't you see? And whatever we did, it had to be something that would make you think you were helping your career—so that even if it was harder for your family this summer, it would be easier for them later on. You don't want to go to Hollywood right away, do you? Not—" he smiled pleadingly—"not until the honeymoon's over, anyway? Elsa says she's got a good new radio show lined up for you, this fall. Just one, so you won't be too busy. There's plenty of time for Hollywood, later."

MY momentary disappointment faded away. The most precious thing in life—Dennis' love—had been miraculously restored to me. I knew that giving up my half-formed hopes of sudden fame was a small enough price to pay for such a miracle. Time enough for them, as Dennis said, later—if, indeed, I still wanted them then. I dispelled the worried look on Dennis' face with a laugh and a kiss.

Now I've found the answer to the question that threatened to ruin my life—"Why can't I marry?" No longer must I be satisfied with a dream of happiness, a shadow romance. Looking back, I can see how slight, really, was the barrier that kept me from marriage. It needed only resolution to break it down.

Look into your hearts, you who have read my story. Can you be sure that the answer to my problem is not the answer to yours?



NAN HOPES SO, TOO! THAT'S WHY SHE GUARDS AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

I'VE SEEN TOO MANY WIVES LOSE ROMANCE BY LETTING THEIR SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING. I WANT TO KEEP MY COMPLEXION SMOOTH AND ALLURING! THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!

BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG. THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

WELL, IF YOU OWE YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION TO PALMOLIVE, THAT'S RECOMMENDATION ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M GOING TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF AND MAKE PALMOLIVE MY BEAUTY SOAP, TOO!

IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



A heavy date
calls for
A Light Touch
in face powder!

LUXOR

Feather-Cling

The face powder that sits
lightly... stays on smoothly!

When a man's eyes search your face let them see a clear, vivid complexion without a trace of powdered look. Get a box of Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch that stays on smoothly all day. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that flatters without showing. In five smart shades 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send coupon below.



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Seventeen, and leading a double life! She's Nan Gray, the Kathy Marshall of radio's *Those We Love*.

THE story of Nan Gray's life reads like a fairy-tale. You know, of course, that Nan plays the leading role of Kathy Marshall on *Those We Love*, heard every Monday at 8:30 P.M. over the NBC Blue network. She made her radio debut only a few weeks before casting began on this dramatic serial and the producers were so impressed with her single air performance, that they sought her out to audition with twenty-three older, more experienced girls for the part. Despite the fact that Nan was doing her Christmas shopping at the time and couldn't be reached until 10:30 at night, she arrived at the studio at 11:00, read the script once, took the audition and was unanimously selected for the part.

When Nan first visited Hollywood on a short vacation with her mother, she had no idea of a screen career in mind, nor did she like the idea when it was first suggested to her. A friend of Mrs. Gray's, so impressed with her beauty and natural charm, asked permission to take Nan to the studio for a test—a contract was the result. Since then, she has appeared in many major pictures, including the popular "Three Smart Girls," "Girls' School," "The Storm" and her latest, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." And with her radio work Nan certainly is leading a double life.

* * *

Pat Patrick, Racine, Wisc.—Eddie Duchin was born in Boston, is five feet eleven inches, has black hair and brown eyes.

H. F. Turner, Salem, Oregon—Seth Parker may be heard on Sunday evenings at 9:00 o'clock on Station KGW, Portland, Oregon.

Clara Ontell, Los Angeles, Calif.—Following is a biography on Arline Blackburn, who plays Kitty Kelly on the *Pretty Kitty Kelly* program. Born in New York City May 6, 1914, her parents encouraged her to become an

actress and Arline made her stage debut at the age of three with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead." When old enough to attend the Professional Children's School she played in their production of "Seventeen." Critics said she took the part excellently and that a future for her might safely be predicted. They were right, for soon after this triumph, Arline was engaged to play in *The Lady Next Door*. The play was first presented on Broadway and was a success. When Miss Blackburn graduated from school she turned to radio and had her first audition in 1929. Since then she has been heard on Columbia's Dramatic Guild, *Vanished Voices*, *Floyd Gibbons' Adventure Stories*, *Ma and Pa* and *Rich Man's Darling*. Arline weighs 121 pounds, is five feet five inches, has red-blond hair, green eyes and a fair complexion.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Several of our readers have asked for data on a *Horace Heidt* Fan Club. I have no record of such a club and if there is one in existence, I'd certainly appreciate hearing about it.

Because the *Barry Wood* Fan Club has grown so large, several leaders from different parts of the United States were appointed. Barbara Delaney of 2840 Sedgwick Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. is Eastern Branch Leader. She handles all members. If you're interested, get in touch with Miss Delaney for details.

We have been requested to quote the following: "WANTED: Members from every state in the Union to join the *Kidoodlers* Fan Club. You will receive an autographed photograph of the *Kidoodlers* and a club paper four times a year. Each edition will include members' letters, so write something interesting about yourself, your work, hobby, or music to Blanche Reiss, Active President at 143 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y."

Eddy Duchin and Son

(Continued from page 27)

as a pharmacist, and success. He attained these things, one after another, in their proper order. Then he met Marjorie Oelrichs, one of the charming and interesting members of New York's younger set. He fell deeply in love with her. She loved him too. She loved him enough to disregard the fact that girls like herself are expected to marry a banker's son, a junior member of a law firm, or, at least, a polo player with blue sporting blood.

A few die-hards in the dowagers' corner shook their heads when Marjorie Oelrichs and Eddy Duchin married but everyone else thought it a divine modern love story. What a pair they were! They could think of the most wonderful things to do and they turned night into day doing them because the days, after they awoke, never were long enough.

Marjorie Oelrichs Duchin wasn't any demure, sit-by-the-fire girl. She did things in a colorful and successful way. She decorated some of the loveliest homes in New York and Newport, California and Florida. And Sun Valley Lodge in Idaho.

It would have been easy, of course, for her to have postponed having a baby, for her to have kept saying, "Next year, maybe, when that new job is finished," until time and even the wish for a baby disappeared. It happened, however, that she was too wise to be modern in this fashion.

They hoped the baby would be a boy. They talked about a name. Not Edward! He must have a name that would come to stand for whatever he stood for not for what his father had been before him.

They called the baby Peter. Peter Duchin. They didn't even give him the middle name of Oelrichs to serve him as a social passport.

When Peter was only a few days old his mother died.

You knew Eddy Duchin had a bad time only because he wasn't around, except professionally, for a long while. And when you saw him again there was an intangible difference. His laugh was gentler. His words didn't spill over each other quite as fast. He was tempered. He no longer was an irrepressible kid who thought life was a dance and that he could whistle the tune. He was a man, awake to reality, and aware of his responsibility towards his infant son. He could have given the baby to the Oelrichs to bring up, of course, but he decided to keep him with him.

Eddy's old plans had to go. And his new plans centered around Peter. Almost the first thing he did was give Peter another name. He's Peter Oelrichs Duchin now, in memory.

Eddy was scheduled to play a long engagement in California and he leased a house there. He didn't want Peter brought up in hotels. He wanted him to have a garden where he could sleep and stretch and grow in the sun.

A tour of one-night stands took Eddy to a short stay in Chicago. It was arranged for the baby and his nurses to come on from New York and join him there so they could continue across the continent together. Throughout that tour this was something to look forward to.

The day before Peter and his nurses

"Confound it! If it's good enough for me...it's good enough for him!"

How a young couple learned the modern way to bring up their baby.



JANE: For mercy's sake, Sid...! Are you losing your head?

SID: Now, wait a minute. Don't fly off the handle!

JANE: My goodness!... The idea of giving that child a dose of *your own laxative!*

SID: Look here, Jane. He needs a laxative. Mine works. So what's the harm in giving him a bit?



JANE: Plenty, my dear NIT-WIT. You see. I just came from the doctor's. I told him about the trouble we were having with Bobby. And I asked him what to do.

SID: What did he say?

JANE: He said that the modern method of special child care, calls for a special laxative, too. He said an adult's laxative can be too harsh for ANY tot's immature system...even when you give it in smaller doses. He recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



JANE: He said Fletcher's Castoria is a modern laxative...made especially to suit a child's needs. It has no strong, purging drugs and won't cause cramping pains. He said it's on the safe side, yet very thorough.

SID: Man alive—look at him go for it!... And with that finicky taste of his!

JANE: The doctor was right... Fletcher's Castoria has a wonderful taste... Thank heaven, we found a SAFE laxative he'll take willingly!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

were to leave New York the doctor who was looking after him telephoned Eddy. He said Peter had a congenital lung condition and he asked permission to place him in the hospital. Briefly, air doesn't circulate equally through his upper and lower lungs because some of the cells are not properly developed. In time, Peter's doctor explained, he undoubtedly would be all right. With the proper treatment, of course. With helium, oxygen tanks, and the sun of the desert in the winter. But for the moment the hospital was the only place for him.

WHEN you've just finished picking up the pieces of your life and patching them together you pray, either consciously or unconsciously, that nothing else will happen to you for a time. A second jolt, if it comes too soon, can ruin you. And you know it. Eddy doesn't pretend he found that telephoned news easy to take.

He went on to California. He had no choice. If you get to the top, as he has, you aren't the kind to fall down on an engagement. Besides, he had practical considerations to think about. Helium, oxygen tanks, winter on the desert, nurses, doctors, hospitalization cost money.

I talked with Eddy one day this winter at his apartment at the Plaza. There had been no attempt to personalize the formal room. A large grand piano filled half of it and rose satin chairs and little tables had been pushed back to make space. You had the feeling Eddy looks upon this suite as his headquarters rather than his home.

"People want to know what I do

with myself these days," Eddy said and his grin was fine to see. "When I'm not playing downstairs, broadcasting for Pall Mall cigarettes, rehearsing, making phonograph records, or grabbing a few hours' sleep, I'm at that piano. And I'm playing things that make me do this..." He wiggled the fingers of his left hand with rapid variations.

"I'll tell you what it's all about," he said. "I'm going on the concert stage. Mind you," he explained quickly, "I don't mean I'm going next week or next month. But if I didn't start getting ready now it would be too bad. And the fingers of my left hand especially aren't as flexible as they'll have to be for Bach and Wagner, Debussy and Beethoven.

"I wouldn't want to fall down on this one. It's something we talked over before Peter came. We planned for me to study in Europe. We were going to take a house there. And by the time Peter was old enough to know where he was we would have been home again. For both his mother and I agreed there was only one place for him to grow up, and that was right here.

"But now, the way things are, I couldn't think of taking Peter over there. And I wouldn't go without him. He may be in Palm Springs at the moment while I'm here in New York but next month when I can arrange a couple of free days I'm flying out to see him, just to say, 'Hello, you know me. I'm your old man.' He has doctors I trust. And there always are some of his mother's friends and mine around.

"So I'm working and studying now and here. I definitely decided to start

this way when I got that news about Peter, realized I couldn't have him with me for some time, and knew I must have something. And I'm getting a kick out of it."

Not long ago Eddy was invited to play with a famous Philharmonic orchestra and conductor at Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and a few other key cities. It would have been simple enough for him to have perfected the one Mozart concerto he would have played. He would have filled every hall he played in, of course. And this would have helped break new records when Eddy and his orchestra appeared at the same cities later on. It was a stunt that would have brought him prestige and money. But because whatever else it would have been, it still would have been a stunt, he turned it down. He has real feeling for the concert stage. And he hopes to make an honest place for himself on it.

It also is the concert stage Eddy thinks about for Peter.

I LIKE my own game tremendously," he says. "I'm darn grateful to it and I've done well in it. But it seems to me that those in the concert world have the most exciting and completely satisfying existence of all. In a large measure they have their own world. They are public figures but unlike almost all other current public figures they belong to themselves.

"I have no wish to direct Peter's life beyond doing everything in my power to help him grow straight and strong, to help him learn to use his mind, to arouse his intellectual curiosity, and to give him any specialized

Fresh as a Benchley Quip



FOR YOUR ADDED PLEASURE
extra choice, extra long-aged tobaccos give extra rich flavor...
extra Cellophane wrapper assures extra freshness.

TRY THE 1939
DOUBLE-MELLOW

Old Gold

ALWAYS FRESH!
Doubly protected by not one but two jackets of Cellophane.
OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM.

education he desires. But when I dream it is that he will have the vocal apparatus to sing and the endurance and aptitude for concentration and study that will make it possible for him to have a place in that glamorous world which concert people populate."

The mail came. There was a letter from Palm Springs. "From Peter," Eddy said. But more properly it was from Peter's nurse. There also was the fifty feet of colored movie film which Eddy has ordered sent to him every week.

His valet knew, without being told, that the film would be run off at once; for that's the way it is. Rehearsals, telephone calls, interviews, whatever is on the board can wait until that weekly film is run off once or twice and the projector stopped now and then and the film wound back to a certain scene.

THE shades were pulled. And on the wall of Eddy's bedroom we watched a little fellow with dark hair and eyes and red cheeks, who looks healthier than most children, and who is a handsome blend of his father and mother. He pulled himself up by the side of his crib. He showed friendly interest in the big oxygen tank that stood alongside. He threw out his arms to the golden desert sunshine that streamed in the window. And again and again his interest returned to a ridiculous blue elephant that sprawled on a nearby chair.

It wasn't the way it is sometimes when proud parents show you movies of their children and, neither charmed nor impressed, you're embarrassed at the set phrases that come out of your mouth with the unmistakable ring of false coins. I had little doubt Peter Oelrichs Duchin was going to be a great deal of all right, physically, mentally, and magnetically. And I said so, to Eddy's keen delight.

"Only," he agreed, "things mustn't be made too easy for him. The best thing that ever happened to me was my father making me go to work to earn the money for my grand piano. He could have strained a point and made the payments for me. But he knew better. Same way at college. I played the piano and cleaned up the soda fountain in a drug-store to pay my way. And it wasn't my dad's store either. He never would let me work for him.

"I want Peter to be on his own, largely. His mother felt the same way about it too. I've got to remember that if I indulge him I'll really be indulging myself and that he'll have to pay plenty for it later on. Life gets in at everybody sooner or later, one way or another. And if you can't take it you're a double loser."

He broke into his conversation. "Don't pay any attention to me! I'm just lecturing out loud. I do it silently all the time. I figure not spoiling Peter can be the toughest assignment I've had to tackle yet. You know, once they let me have him with me I might go a little soft. . . ."

That really isn't probable. If Eddy hasn't lost his head or his courage by this time he's not likely to now. Unless all signs fail, then, in spite of its tragic beginning, the story of Duchin and Son should be a happy one.



I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin...and here is what happened

I WAS A LONELY GIRL... and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me—they never looked at me twice. It puzzled me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

SUE KNEW MY SECRET . . . She was a real friend and she wanted to help me win Gordon. One day she said, "Jane, darling, you're just the kind of girl Gordon would like. If only you'd *dramatize* yourself—do something to jolt him out of his indifference."

"Do what?" I cried despairingly. "I spend hours on my make-up, but nothing seems to help. I just haven't got what it takes."

"You have!" said Sue. "If you'd only give it a chance. Take your face powder, for instance. It doesn't do a *thing* for you. It doesn't bring out your warm, gay personality. If you'd only try one of the new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, you'd be a changed girl *instantly*. You need a brighter, more alluring

shade . . . and you'll get it in Lady Esther Powder."

SO I TOOK SUE'S ADVICE. That very day I wrote to Lady Esther, asking her to send me her ten new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. She sent them promptly and I tried each one on my face. Suddenly *oneshade*—one lucky, bewitching color—brought a new face to my mirror. I had never looked so gloriously fresh and radiant before!

That night when I went to Muriel Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE when he saw me. He stared as if I were a new girl in town—a beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why, Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside . . . I want to talk to you . . . alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms . . . he kissed me . . . and he whispered, "Sweetheart . . . I love you . . ."

TRY ALL TEN SHADES, FREE. You, too, can find your one lucky color. Let Lady Esther send you, free and postpaid, her ten thrilling new shades of face powder. One of these shades will bring out the fresh natural color of your skin—win you sparkling "story book" charm. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE

Please send me your 10 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream. (11)

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS By HORACE BROWN

MUSIC BY FAITH . . . 30 minutes weekly, Wednesdays 9:30 p.m., EST, from the stage of the Margaret Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, to the national network of the CBC and coast-to-coast hookup of Mutual . . . all music arranged and conducted by Percy Faith . . . 30-piece ork . . . Louise King, beautiful torch-bearer . . . Dave Davies, going up and in the singing racket . . . Rhythmettes and Rhythm men for vocal backgrounds.

PERCY FAITH . . . the "Hollywood Reporter" has ranked him fourth in line to Whiteman, Kostelanetz, and Warnow . . . at the age of 30 he is a bright new star in the musical sky . . .

Conductor, composer, arranger, Percy Faith each and every week arranges every single note of his program, then rehearses and conducts the orchestra . . . the theme song of "Music by Faith" is from Percy's own pen, called "Music Thru the Nite."

Percy made it the hard way . . . Toronto-born, he got his musical start playing atmospheric music in a "silent" playhouse in his neighborhood . . . in his dreams he still rescues fair maidens clinging from cliffs . . . at fifteen he went to work for famed Canadian maestro, Luigi Romanelli . . . he still arranges for him . . . then he took to radio, found his groove . . . now staff arranger for the CBC . . .

of medium height, he is dark . . . married and has six-year-old daughter, and baby son . . .

DAVE DAVIES . . . got his break on Faith's program of last summer, "Bands Across the Sea," which was delivered ship-shape as far away as Hawaii . . . a crooner, whom you mustn't call a crooner . . . but the ladies love 'im, and I'd like to own his contract . . . twenty-four, he has the radio world before him . . . featured vocalist with Bob Lyons' ork at Burlington, summer resort near Toronto . . . started out as a tympany player in his hometown, Durban, Manitoba . . .

LOUISE KING . . . sweet singer of blues; a native of Chicago . . . Louise is as blonde as a haystack, and looks something like Hedy Lamarr would look, if Hedy were a blonde . . .

Louise is one of the Cinderellas of radio . . . she was pounding a typewriter in Chicago . . . had a habit of humming at her work . . . across the hall was the office of a broadcasting exec thinking hard about a blues singer for Jules Alberti's band . . . he heard the humming . . . he crossed the hall . . . took one look at Louise . . . auditioned her . . . got her the job with Alberti . . .

Our blonde heroine graduated from Alberti to a smart Detroit night-club

. . . after two years accepted a six-weeks' engagement with the Embassy Club . . . Started in Canadian radio, singing between hockey periods on the Imperial Oil broadcast . . . CBC took her up.

JAMES HARVEY . . . producer of the show . . . his real name is James Carrington Harvey, Jr. . . . has prematurely gray hair, but he's only twenty-seven . . . and lay off him, girls . . . he's just had his engagement announced to Elsie Graham . . .

Jim has been a rolling stone . . . born at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, he attended snooty Ridley College . . .

Took off for Hollywood, ending up at the Pasadena Playhouse . . . worked as actor and producer for KNX and KHJ . . . in 1936 landed at WWJ, Detroit . . . finally got back to Toronto last year, and the CBC made him a producer to keep him here . . .

ELWOOD GLOVER . . . announcer of "Music By Faith" . . . another 1938 CBC acquisition . . . born 23 years ago at Moosejaw, Saskatchewan . . . joined CBC last April.

ENVOI . . . If you haven't heard "Music By Faith" yet, and think I'm romancing when I go overboard for it as one of the greatest advances in radio's musical history, just be your own severe critic at the dials next Wednesday eve.



HERE'S A CHANCE FOR MANY SKINNY FOLKS TO GAIN FIRM FLESH—

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. NEW PEP, BETTER LOOKS — with Ironized Yeast Tablets

Now thousands of thin, rundown people can say goodbye to skinny bones, tired feeling and nervous crankiness. For with these scientific, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets, great numbers who never could gain before have put on 10 to 25 solid pounds, gained new pep and strength—in just a few weeks!

The reason is simple. Scientists have discovered that many folks are skinny and jittery — can hardly eat, sleep or work—only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But you can now get these exact missing substances in these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets. So with them thousands of men and women have easily put on just the pounds they needed, gained new pep and natural attractiveness they hardly ever hoped to have.



AND SAY "GOODBYE" TO THIS

Try them without risking a cent
Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy and life, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results. Look for the letters "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!
To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 224, Atlanta, Ga.

Gains 8 lbs., new nerves, new pep
"I became terribly rundown. I lost weight and my nerves were simply on edge. Then I bought Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt lots peppier and in 2 months I gained 8 lbs. With my new pep and new figure I've gained many new friends."
Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Gains 14 lbs., new strength and energy
"I had been losing weight and had no pep or energy. I looked so bad I was ashamed to go out and meet anybody. Then I tried Ironized Yeast. In 3 months I gained 14 lbs. My new huskiness and pep has brought me lots of new friends."
Don Russo, Phila., Pa.

TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday Evening. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

Lombard Unlimited

(Continued from page 19)

out of another fund. This money went to the people she works with—electricians, grips, property men, hairdressers, wardrobe girls and their families. Carole is crazy about Christmas. "Fieldsie" says it is because it gives her an excuse to throw her money around.

It was Carole who saw in Margaret Tallichet, a stenographer at Paramount, the potentialities of a screen actress and called a producer's attention to the fact. It was Carole who talked another producer, only recently, into giving a certain contract player he was about to drop, another chance. I know about this because the producer told me, himself.

"You're wrong about——," Carole said to him. "Yes, I know. She's been doing badly, lately. But that is because she was afraid this was going to happen. Why don't you be a good sport and give her another chance?"

Being a friend of Carole's, he did, but when the actress tried to thank Carole, the latter only said, "Skip it."

SHE has always been able to take tough breaks of her own—even the automobile accident she was in years ago and its consequences. It happened when she was fifteen. Already out of junior high school and a pupil at Los Angeles High (yes, she has lived in either Los Angeles or Hollywood since she was seven) she was regularly winning Charleston contests at the Coconut Grove and those blue eyes of hers were fixed on the movies. She had been in pictures when she was a child—at least she had worked for two days in "The Perfect Crime" with Monte Blue. She now had visions of being a great actress. Then trouble came along.

It wasn't much of an accident at that. The driver of a car in which she was riding only stopped rather short. But the movable seat became unhinged and Carole, thrown into the windshield, suffered an ugly cut from her upper lip to the middle of her cheek. They marched her into the nearest hospital, where a young doctor, not long past his internship, took a look at the cut and a look at her. "You're a pretty youngster," he remarked. "We'll try to keep you that way . . . But it's going to hurt. . . ."

Well, it did—the fourteen stitches he took in her face without even a local anaesthetic. But anaesthesia would have meant relaxed facial muscles and a bad scar so Carole gritted her teeth and "took it."

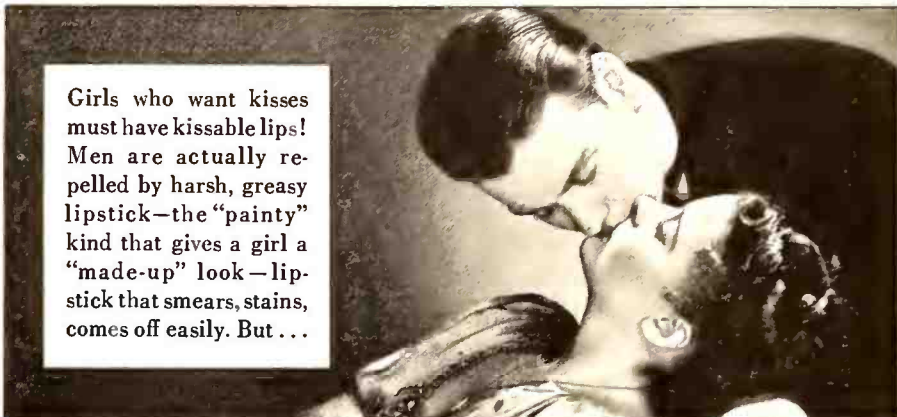
In three weeks they removed the bandage. Carole faced her mirror and beheld, despite the doctor's precautions, an angry red scar.

"I'll never be in the movies, now," she said, quietly . . . Her dreams were over now. She would have to hide herself away, where no one could see and whisper about her "misfortune." She did hide herself away for months, and scarcely saw anyone.

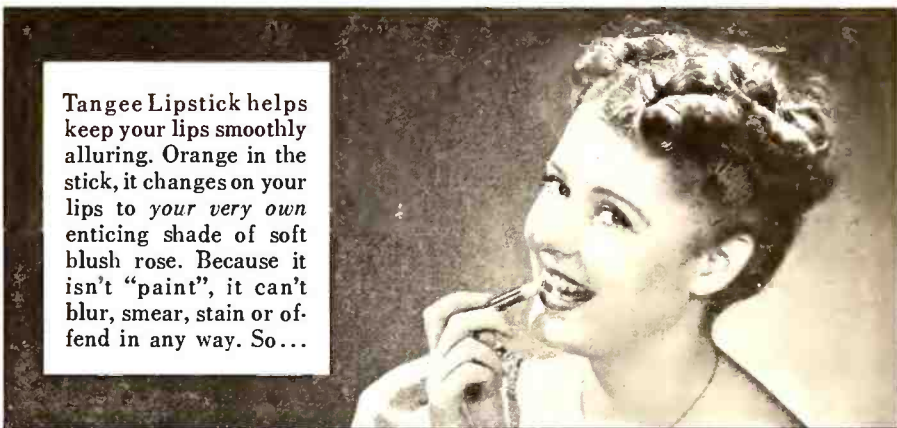
Inevitably, though, her courage came back and she listened to the advice of a friend. "If you still want to be in the movies, why don't you try Mack Sennett? He cares more about figure than face, and you do have a figure. . . ."

"I couldn't," Carole protested at first. "Who ever heard of a face like this in any kind of a movie? It isn't even comic."

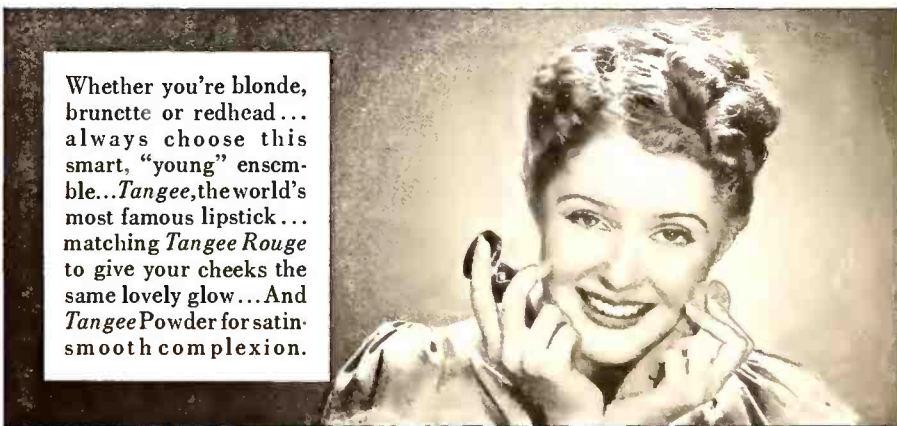
Does he long for your lips?



Girls who want kisses must have kissable lips! Men are actually repelled by harsh, greasy lipstick—the "painty" kind that gives a girl a "made-up" look—lipstick that smears, stains, comes off easily. But . . .



Tangee Lipstick helps keep your lips smoothly alluring. Orange in the stick, it changes on your lips to your very own enticing shade of soft blush rose. Because it isn't "paint", it can't blur, smear, stain or offend in any way. So . . .



Whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead . . . always choose this smart, "young" ensemble. . . . Tangee, the world's most famous lipstick . . . matching Tangee Rouge to give your cheeks the same lovely glow . . . And Tangee Powder for satin-smooth complexion.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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

BE POPULAR! Check up on your charm with Tangee Charm Test, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

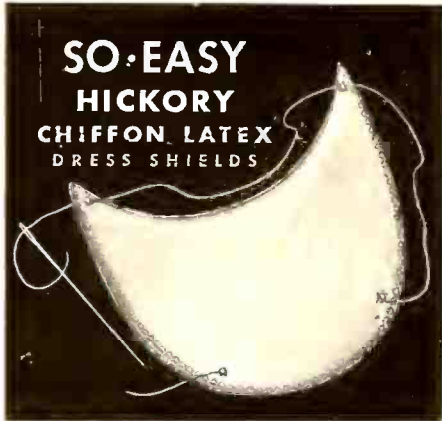
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City. . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also send Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired Flesh Peach Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Street _____

City _____ State _____ N.Y. 49



**SO-EASY
HICKORY
CHIFFON LATEX
DRESS SHIELDS**

This is perfectly simple
... and simply perfect

"SO-EASY"

Dress Shields BY HICKORY

See those handy silk eyelet guides?—they make it so simple to sew in (and to remove) the underarm protection you need to guard all your dresses from the ravaging damage of perspiration and unsightly stains. Lightweight—so easy to wear. Boilable Latex—so easy to keep dainty. 35c per pair, 3 for \$1—so easy on your purse.

Comfortable, boilable, economical. Money-back guarantee of satisfaction by the makers. You'll find "So-Easy"—and other styles of Hickory Dress Shields—at all good notions counters. Get your genuine **GUARANTEED Hickory Shields** today—refuse substitutes.



"Enjoy real comfort—when you need it most—wear a Hickory belt"

**HICKORY
Sanitary Belts**

WITH MARVELOX Grip

Don't buy bargains for the difficult doys when you need **EXTRA** comfort, **EXTRA** security, **EXTRA** peace-of-mind. Get the best!—you deserve it. Hickory Sanitary Belts cost so little more, but they give you so much more in the constant feather-light comfort and long wear of soft Mirado stretch Lastex. In perfect-fitting wide or narrow styles with Marvelox grip—no pins or bulky tabs. 25c to 50c.

Get your dependably secure, genuine Hickory Belts at all good notions counters. Refuse substitutes.

A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles



**HICKORY
SANITARY BELTS**

with
MARVELOX GRIP

But the next day she put on her hat and went down to Sennett's. "I can't be killed for trying," she thought.

She was right. She got herself a job. They put a little grease paint over the streak on her face and for two happy, healthy years she was a target for pies, was dunked, chased, tripped and so generally maltreated before the camera that she had no time to think about her personal "affliction." . . . Until, one day, she suddenly realized that the angry red scar had disappeared, leaving only the faintest of tiny, white lines.

SINCE then, she has "taken it" in other ways. She "took" the failure of her marriage with Bill Powell. They were terribly in love, those two, in the beginning. She used to call the suave, sophisticated Bill "Junior" and he adored it. They were married and planned to live happily ever after. But Hollywood was even harder on marriage in those days than it is now. The pace a star, any star, had to set and keep left time for nothing else. They grew apart. And when Carole saw this happening, she did the next best thing. She salvaged friendship and has kept it intact—so beautifully intact that when Jean Harlow died it was to his ex-wife, Carole, the best friend he had, that Bill Powell turned in his grief. . . .

Carole has "taken it" since her romance with Clark Gable. But she has continued to mind her own business; has never talked back to the gossips. You only have to see her look at Clark to know how she feels about him. But if she loses him, she'll "take" that, too, and we'll be seeing her in the movies and hearing her on the radio, a greater, stronger personality than ever.

Only, I don't think anything will happen to those two.

I've seen them often at the Kellogg rehearsals, Clark sitting in the front

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, will also be open during the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS

UPSET STOMACH

LET NOT EXCESS ACIDITY UPSET YOUR BILL OF FARE. LET ALKA-SELTZER SETTLE THINGS, ENJOY THE SPRING AIR.

HEADACHE

BE READY WHEN A HEADACHE COMES, TO FREE YOURSELF FROM PAIN. WISE PEOPLE ALKA-SELTZER-TZE AND WHISTLE IN THE RAIN.

MORNING AFTER

WHEN "MORNING AFTER" CLOUDS APPEAR, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME A WHINING. LET ALKA-SELTZER LIFT THE FOG, YOU'LL FIND THE SUN STILL SHINING.

30¢ & 50¢ PKGS. OR BY THE GLASS AT DRUG STORE SODA FOUNTAINS.

7:00 TUNE IN BATH DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC NETWORK

Be wise - Alkalize

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling pleasant-tasting solution. Drink it and it gives quick relief from Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after meals and other common ailments. It also helps overcome excess acid conditions so often associated with these troubles.

BE A CARTOONIST

AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME under personal supervision of the famous cartoonist **NORMAN MARSH** creator of "DAN DUNN" appearing every day in big papers. Success—Fame—Real Money may be Yours when you learn Marsh's easy simple methods and secrets. Send name and address for free details of MARSH'S Personal course. **ACT TODAY!**
NORMAN MARSH SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
 4554 Broadway Dept. D-700, Chicago, Ill.

She Got \$400.00 for a Half Dollar
I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowry of Texas, for one Half Dollar, J.D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar, Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.
I WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR A DIME
 1894 S. Mint; \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to
B. MAX MEHL, 356 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS
 (Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U.S.)

row of the auditorium making occasional wise-cracks; Carole on the stage with the others, wrinkling an impudent nose at him or sticking out a saucy tongue or maybe just smiling at him with that assured comradeship which bespeaks deep regard.

She never stops working, though, for an instant. She's a good trouper, Carole. She pays attention, at radio rehearsals, to what's going on. She takes direction without question.

AND Carole off the job? A good deal has been written about the simple, wholesome life she leads. A good many writers have told about her small house and small staff of servants (two) and how she would rather go hunting with Clark and friends than to a night club; and skeet shooting than to a preview, even of her own pictures. But perhaps not so much has been written about the fact that even now, at the height of her career as an actress, she spends a good deal of her spare time considering possibilities of a career apart from screen or radio.

"I'll never retire," she told me just the other day. "I'll always want to be doing something . . . Maybe advertising, maybe publicity. Maybe I'd like to manage a theater. I don't know. I just know that when pictures turn thumbs down on me as one day they must, and radio, too, I'll try something else. I'd go crazy just sitting around."

She would. Even now, busy as she is, that vitality of hers is like a dynamo driving her to action. Harum-scarum? Certainly. She lets off steam that way. It is as natural for her to get out of a cab and dance in Central

Park at three in the morning (as she actually did one time) as to wash her face. Spurred, too, by an incorrigible sense of humor, it is natural for her to play elaborate jokes on the people. They aren't cruel jokes, though. She hates cruelty. I think one of her greatest faults—and she has faults, of course—is a driving urge to mix into other people's affairs because she thinks they have been abused.

"Little champion of the down-trodden," "Fieldsie" calls her, jokingly. But it's true.

As I think back over the years I have known her, I find countless other habits of thought and action which must be fitted into the mosaic of her character before its portrait can be in any measure complete.

I mean little things and big things, like these, for instance . . . She is always gay in the mornings. Tears come into her eyes when she sees a cripple; years ago her father's leg was crushed in an elevator and he remained an invalid forever after that. She adopted "Lombard" as her stage name, not because it sounded pretty but because it belonged to a couple whom she adored. She has few women friends, perhaps because her mind works like a man's, but those she has ("Fieldsie," Alice Marble, the tennis star, and a few others) would die for her. She gave away thousands for Christmas, but the new house she is building in San Fernando valley will be moderate in cost.

She was worried over her first radio appearance—afraid people wouldn't like her—but was willing to take the advice of those she figured knew more about radio than she did. She wears no make-up in public;

sometimes her nose is a little shiny. Is crazy about tennis and swimming and is excellent at both. She hates pink. She loves white gardenias.

She has an extremely analytical mind and can read people like the proverbial book; often, and with amazing perspicacity, she pretends to tell fortunes with cards when in reality she is merely analyzing facial characteristics and personality. She loves order and cleanliness. She can drive a car as well as any man and can fly a plane. She loves to shock people with impertinent references to Hollywood Big Shots whose names are usually spoken in reverent whispers. She is over-impulsive but doesn't try to back out when her impulsiveness has plunged her into a "spot." She changed her screen personality from a screwball to the serious type she plays in Selznick International's new picture, "Made for Each Other," because a certain sense of fitness told her enough was enough. She . . .

BUT perhaps you radio fans have already formed your own conception of her, guided by the portrait that comes over the air every Sunday night. Perhaps you have figured out new and interesting things about her that I haven't touched upon at all. . . . All of which is fine. The Kellogg show isn't very old and from what I hear it will offer all kinds of bigger and better surprises as time goes on. But even before it opened, those who know its future and its intent, gave solemn assurance which I now pass on to you. . . . That the Carole Lombard you are now meeting on the air is the *real* Carole Lombard!

BUCK UP, BOSS! I'M STILL FOR YOU!

STOP MOONING AROUND, BILL-- PATCH THINGS UP WITH SUE! YOU CAN--IF--WELL--WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S... TOUGH LUCK, OLD BOY-- BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH JEFF UNTIL SUE AND I GET BACK FROM OUR HONEYMOON!

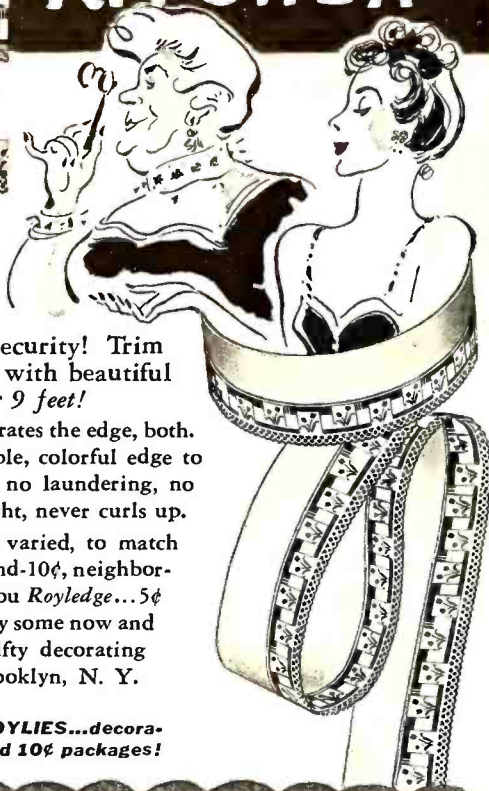
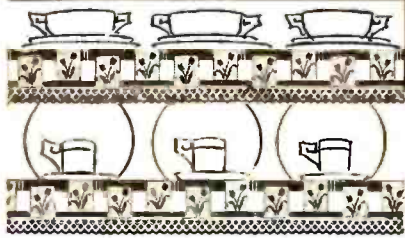
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

LARGE SIZE 20
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER THREE AS MUCH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

SOCIAL SECURITY *in the* KITCHEN



DO YOU HIDE shabby kitchen shelves behind closed doors for fear your guests will see them? For goodness sake, get social security! Trim your shelves and show them off with beautiful Royledge . . . that costs only 5¢ for 9 feet!

Royledge protects the shelf and decorates the edge, both. Lay it flat, fold over the strong, double, colorful edge to be admired for months. No tacking, no laundering, no fraying or dust-catching. Hangs straight, never curls up.

Royledge designs are brilliant and varied, to match your individual color scheme. Any 5-and-10¢, neighborhood or department store will show you Royledge... 5¢ for the 9-ft. package (10¢ sizes, too). Try some now and see how proud you are of your thrifty decorating ability! Roylece, 99 Gold Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE: When you need Doylies...buy ROYLIES...decorator-designed; radio-advertised! 5¢ and 10¢ packages!

9 FT.
5¢
"FEEL THE EDGE"
Royledge
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
S H E L V I N G

\$3,000.00 For Short Short True Romances

True Romances Magazine has set aside \$3,000 for the purchase of short short true romances submitted on or before Friday, June 30, 1939. By "short short" true romances is meant short true stories of dramatic quality—stories dealing with the problems of American life, stories of courtship and marriage sincerely told with honesty and warmth, the kind of stories that happen in the life of the average American family—nothing fantastic, nothing melodramatic, nothing cheap, but simple, beautiful stories of the dramas that occur in the lives of American men and women. Stories submitted under this offer must range from 2500 to 4500 words in length.

For such stories we are prepared to pay up to \$250 each.

Undoubtedly you have in mind one or several happenings in human lives that can be set down within the wordage limits here given. If that is the case it is doubtful if you will ever find a better chance to turn them into money. This is not a contest but a straight offer to purchase. You will not be writing in competition with anybody. Simply send in your story and if it meets with our requirements a substantial check will be mailed to you regardless of what anybody else may submit.

Do not delay. There is nothing to prevent you selling us several stories under this offer before it expires on June 30. Send them in as soon as finished. We pay for accepted stories as soon as they are passed upon and approved for purchase.

If you do not have one already, write today for a copy of our free booklet supplying "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Romances". In it you will find important information regarding the simple handling which has proved most satisfactory in writing true stories. Address your envelope and any manuscripts you may send later exactly as per the address upon the coupon we have supplied for your convenience in securing your copy of the booklet.

Do not submit under this offer any story that has already been rejected by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

TRUE ROMANCES

P. O. Box 527, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

True Romances Short Short Editor

Dept. RM 4R

P. O. Box 527, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of your booklet "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Romances"

Name

Street

Town State

(PRINT PLAINLY, GIVE NAME OF STATE IN FULL.)

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 4)

his listening audience the fact that his pants are tearing?

The sound effects man is as important to radio as butter is to bread, as the newspaper Guild is to Heywood Broun, as a soapbox is to Westbrook Pegler, as clothes are to a woman, and as publicity is to an actor!

JANE RINGLER,
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

SEVENTH PRIZE

JUST AN IDEA, SPONSOR!

"Calling all Sponsors—calling all sponsors."

Since radio wants to present interesting programs for its listeners, I suggest that some sponsor give us an amateur song program. A few stations have been broadcasting programs of this type, but I think it should be put on a coast-to-coast network.

What Major Bowes has done for the amateur entertainer, can also be done for the would-be amateur writers, and the best songs would be used on the program each week. This would give new enthusiasm to the amateur composer since a great many of them are located at a distance from any music market and, thus, they become discouraged.

Not only would this program be appreciated by the hundreds of amateurs but it would be greeted highly by listeners. In other words, like Major Bowes' program, it would lend variety for its audience.

RAY MARK,
St. Paul, Minnesota

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

cial announcements. Then sponsors' representatives drop around to the places where the wired program is heard, and watch the customers to see whether or not they're interested in the show.

* * *

Buddy Rich, Artie Shaw's drummer on the CBS Robert Benchley show, is only twenty years old but he's had seventeen years' experience in skin-beating (swingtalk for playing the drums). He was exactly three when he made his professional debut, doing a drum solo in his father's vaudeville act.

* * *

If you've ever been to a broadcast, you already know that the announcers practically tell you when to applaud by waving their arms or holding up "Applause" signs. Now John Conte, announcer for the Sunday-night Hollywood Guild show on CBS, is telling people how to applaud as well. He asks audiences to use the "Hollywood Handclap," which consists of patting the fingers of one hand against the palm of the other, instead of employing the old-fashioned palm-against-palm method. The latter style of handclap makes more noise, but it's of the "boom-boom" variety, and

isn't as pleasing to the ear when it comes over the mike, John feels, as the more staccato Hollywood style. So from now on, remember, well-mannered studio audiences *never* beat the palms together.

Incidentally, the Hollywood Guild program has introduced a new note of swank in the matter of ushers, too. Leading the customers to their seats at each broadcast are none other than Hollywood's handsomest leading men—people like Bob Montgomery, Melvyn Douglas, Basil Rathbone, or Richard Greene. And we used to think nothing could be more impressive than one of those uniformed network pages, all covered with gold braid and dignity!

Carleton Morse, author of *One Man's Family*, is spending all his spare time these days getting first-hand information on the care, feeding, and behavior of babies. Cliff's new baby is the pivot around which much of the *One Man's Family* action is centering just now, and Morse wants all the knowledge on the subject he can get.

A strange-smelling compliment was paid to Richard Crooks, star of the *Voice of Firestone* programs on NBC, by the Metropolitan Opera stagehands. At least, everyone connected with the *Met* says it was a compliment. Opening his dressing room door before a performance, Crooks thought he smelled fish, and the wider

he pushed the door open, the more the impression grew. He switched the light on, and discovered that his dressing room had been decorated to represent a sportsman's camp. Strings of fresh fish festooned the walls, the stuffed stag used in *Tannhaeuser* was on the piano, and guns, fishing rods, boots and barrels filled every corner. The job had been done by the opera's crew of stagehands. They don't often get much attention paid to them by the *Met* stars, but Crooks has always gone out of his way to be friendly to them. In appreciation they took time out to "decorate" his dressing room. The only other star they've ever complimented in this way was Caruso.

Now that Rudy Vallee and Al Pearce are back in New York, Kate Smith's the newest radio personality to plan a trip west. She expects to go to California early in March—but not to Hollywood, for a change. She'll do some special broadcasting from the San Francisco Fair.

LOS ANGELES—So many pleasant things happen as a result of Hal Styles' *Help Thy Neighbor* program, Sunday nights on KHJ and the Mutual-Don Lee network, that we can't keep up on all of them. This is the show that helps worthy applicants to find jobs, and one of its recent achievements is particularly swell. Mrs. Emelie Coon, twenty-one-year-old mother of three children, whose husband was committed to jail for the theft of one dollar (to buy food for his family), got offers of five

jobs when she appeared on *Help Thy Neighbor*. Not only that, but several people offered to take care of her children while her husband was in jail . . . Another *Help Thy Neighbor* item: Hal Styles has put his three children, April, Patricia, and Hal, Jr., on the show. The two girls sing one-minute hymns of inspiration, and Junior recites thirty-second inspirational poems.

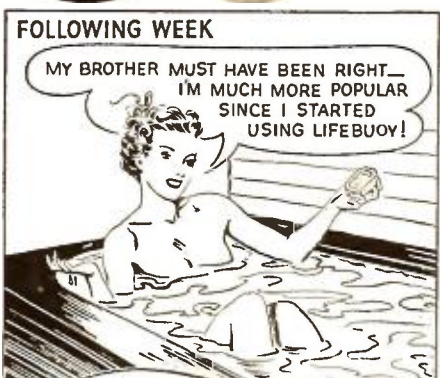
For the second time in his life, Eddie Cantor took the train out of New York, Hollywood-bound, on Friday the thirteenth. Just to give bad luck a good solid crack at him, a party of his friends showed up at the train with a whole herd of black cats, to wish him a happy trip.

It wasn't international, but on the day Irene Beasley broadcast a batch of recipes demonstrating the best way to use garlic, she finished up her program by singing "You Took My Breath Away."

HARTFORD, Conn.—Cows are proverbially early risers, so maybe that's the reason why Bessie, the only talking cow in radio, appears on Hartford's WTIC every morning—or nearly every morning—from seven to eight o'clock. Bessie's boss, and the principal star of the *Morning Watch* program, is Ben Hawthorne, great-grandson of Nathaniel, famous American novelist.

Ben and Bessie start the day right for thousands of eastern listeners

**BUNK! IF I HAD "B.O."
I'D KNOW ABOUT IT!**



Often the *Worst* offenders don't even suspect they're guilty

● Careful people refuse to take chances. They refuse to be blind to the fact that anyone—in any walk of life—may be guilty of "B. O." That is why so many people depend upon Lifebuoy to keep them fresh. Lifebuoy

in the daily bath stops "B.O." It contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap. Play safe! Use refreshing Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath—always—also for face, hands, shampoo.



"My years were only eleven months long"

"Don't tell me how you feel, Betty. I know. Before I learned how Midol helps, my life was just like yours. I lived eleven months a year, and wasted the twelfth in miserable inactivity."



"As my periodic pains came on, I looked forward to a day of suffering, and several more when I believed I had to keep off my feet to spare myself discomfort. A full month, gone!"



"Look at me now. Is it any wonder I say, try Midol? I'm living the year around again, Betty. And how grand it is, not to have to look at the calendar before I say yes to an invitation!"



MANY women have discovered that much of their functional menstrual pain—to which they have been sacrificing one to three days of "living" every month—is utterly needless. And many doctors agree. For such pain may often be relieved, and the lost days saved, through the comforting action of Midol.

Unless there is some organic disorder calling for the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol helps most women who try it. It is made for this special purpose, and made to act quickly—not only to relieve the pain, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. All drugstores have the trim, inexpensive aluminum cases.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Is there anything about menstruation which you do not understand? Midol's new booklet, "What Women Want to Know," deals clearly and completely with this vital subject. For free copy, together with a trial package of Midol, send name and address to General Drug Co., Dept. G-49, 170 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

with their informal chatter and excellent programs of recorded music. Proof of their popularity is that they've been on WTIC since 1933.

Ben is a sandy-haired, pleasant young man who was born in Westchester and graduated from Loomis Prep in 1925. He started out to be an actor, and was on the stage for five years before taking his first radio job at WOV in New York. Three years later he came to WTIC.

Bessie, his "cow," gives no milk, just jokes and ideas; and if she doesn't always show up at the mike it isn't Ben's fault. Often he goes on the air wondering what new exploit she is up to, and one morning he discovered that she was down in a flood area in a Red Cross uniform trying to help relief workers. It's all good-natured fooling, of course, and the listeners love it.

With Hawthorne blood running in his veins, Ben naturally does some writing, mostly radio plays and serials. A Texas network used one of his serials for over a year, and some of the Shadow episodes are from his typewriter.

* * *

Lanny Ross, celebrating his tenth anniversary in radio, has picked out a list of the ten best songs he has sung on the air. They're Lanny's choices, anyway—see if you agree. "Moonlight and Roses," "Just Around the Corner," "Night and Day," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "The Night is Young," "Only Make-Believe," "Why Do I Love You?" "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," "Stay as Sweet as You Are," and "Ten Pretty Girls." (Why not a song called "Ten Pretty Girls Are Like Ten Melodies"?)

* * *

Cliff Carpenter, who plays Jerry Whipple in the CBS serial, County Seat, is interesting several movie talent scouts. They like his wide variety of facial expressions, and no wonder. Cliff has a different expression for almost every line he reads as Jerry.

* * *

RAPID CITY, S. D.—Is Bernard C. Barth, of KOBH, the youngest radio announcer in the country? We're probably starting something by even asking that question, but here are the facts:

Bernie, as he's known to KOBH listeners, was born on May 9, 1919, in Houghton, South Dakota, which makes him not quite twenty years old. Has any station got a younger man telling its audiences about the programs?

Bernie stepped directly from high school into radio work at KOBH, and three months after he started he was a full-fledged announcer, handling the Teen-Time Tunes, World of Sport, and Late News Wind-up programs, as well as taking leading roles in many Sunday-night programs broadcast by the KOBH Players. He also does many spot-news broadcasts and descriptions of sports events.

Between announcing duties, Bernie attends classes at the South Dakota State School of Mines. He's the sole support of his mother, with whom he lives.

Relieves Teething Pains
WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy Dr. Hand's from your drugist today

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS
DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

Class Pins 30¢ up FREE CATALOG
Artistic pins, rings and emblems for classes and clubs. Attractive prices. Finest quality, gold plated, silver, etc. Over 300 designs.
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USE DERMOL
MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST
Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermol with amazing true photographic proof of results also FREE.
Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermol. Thousands do for scaly spot on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermol is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Waigren Drug Stores.
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Lake Laboratories, Dept. M-39, Detroit, Mich.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning
Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores.

Maestros on the Warpath

(Continued from page 15)

long. Benny did a fast burn, and the audience howled.

How did it all start? Well, Tommy and Benny have been natural rivals for years. They started in the music business at about the same time. They are both great individual players. They both go in for hot swing. You might compare them to two great ball players on opposite teams. They both know they can do something well, and both of them think they are a little better than their rival.

The first breach between Tommy and Benny started over Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy's brother. Jimmy never liked Benny, and it wouldn't take a Sherlock long to find out why. Listen to either of them play a clarinet. They are both beautiful on that licorice stick. They both have their own ideas how it should be played, and I'm not taking sides, I like them both. But Benny was never with Jimmy more than ten minutes before a quiet war would break out.

NOW in those days it was the Dorsey Brothers orchestra. Whenever Benny took a pot shot at Jimmy, Tommy didn't like it. After all, a brother is a brother and that makes him the greatest clarinet player a goin'. As far as Tommy was concerned nobody could say anything against Jimmy except Tommy Dorsey—in fact, he said so much that they later broke up.

Time went on, the lads got a lot of music under their belts, business was tough and the fighting wasn't so sharp. Then swing came in big. Tommy had his own orchestra by this time, and he was riding the crest of a big wave. It looked like Tommy was going to be the No. 1 band of the country, hands down. Benny was beating it out in the stix.

Then all of a sudden, out of nowhere shoots Tommy's old rival, Benny Goodman. Before Tommy can catch his breath Benny is wearing the mantle of King of Swing.

Tommy is right behind him, of course, so it wasn't really too bad. Then a scrap breaks out between Benny's manager and Tommy.

So the fireworks begin. Tommy wakes up one morning to find that his ace drummer, Dave Tough, has gone over to the Goodman band. Tommy



Kay Kyser, testing the "Perifone," the new microphone dedicated to New York World's Fair.

A "Neglected" Wife is almost always guilty of ONE NEGLECT*

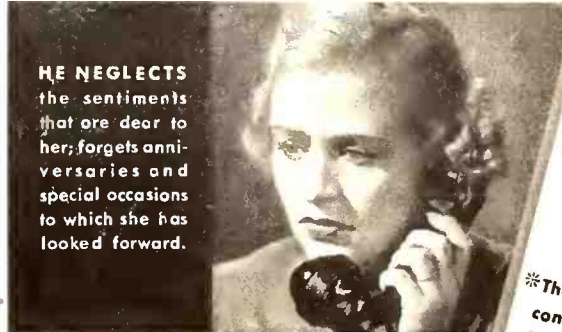


HE NEGLECTS her pride, and often embarrasses her by admiring other women, making comparisons unfavorable to her, sometimes in public.



HE NEGLECTS to kiss her good-bye, and never shows the little signs of affection which mean much to a wife.

HE NEGLECTS the companionship they used to have; shows no interest in her daily problems and plans.



HE NEGLECTS the sentiments that are dear to her; forgets anniversaries and special occasions to which she has looked forward.

BUT...
her own neglect was really the cause of his indifference

*The one neglect no husband can forgive is carelessness (or ignorance) about FEMININE HYGIENE.

Let "Lysol" Help You Avoid This ONE NEGLECT

IF THERE is any doubt in your mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Some of many reasons why it has the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and wives, are . . .

1. *Non-Caustic*. "Lysol" in proper dilution is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. *Effectiveness*. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter.
3. *Spreading*. "Lysol" solutions spread due to low surface tension; virtually search out germs.
4. *Economy*. "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about 1¢ an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene.
5. *Odor*. The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. *Stability*. "Lysol" keeps full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant



What Every Woman Should Know

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Dept. R. M.-904, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Address _____

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**"No more
'tired'
'let-down feeling' for me"**

- I feel and look better
- there is color in my cheeks
- my appetite is keen
- my weight is back to normal.

"This I am noting in my Diary and I give full credit to S.S.S. for causing me to 'feel like myself again.'"

So we suggest—

Don't try to get well in a day... this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

Therefore, if you are *pale, tired, lack a keen appetite, have lost weight and feel run-down*... a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

.. In the Spring take

S.S.S. TONIC

is just working up to a boil about this, when Dave's pal, Bud Freeman, one of the hottest tenor men in the country, also goes over to Goodman.

Is Dorsey sore! So he girds up his loins and winds up with Hymie Shertzer, the backbone of Benny's sax section. This just about breaks Benny's heart!

Then a free for all breaks out, and the two boys begin swapping players by the fistfull. It gets so you don't know who is playing for whom.

But it isn't only limited to Tommy and Benny. Other bands put in their two cents worth, and players are being sniped from every angle. Artie Shaw comes on the scene, tooting that clarinet of his like mad. He blows so fine that some of Benny's business comes his way. Benny is up in the air about Artie billing himself as the King Of The Clarinet, and Dorsey is tickled silly.

Before Artie can figure out what it is all about, Jerry Jerome, one of his best players, is suddenly sitting in the Goodman band. Tommy Dorsey's trombone player, Davie Jacobs, then shows up in Shaw's band. Tommy isn't handing out any bouquets for that one. After that it is a free for all again with men coming in and out of four bands, Goodman, Dorsey, Shaw and Bob Crosby. (Yes, you can hire 'em from as far away as Chicago.)

It might have turned in to a four way fight, but Artie and Bob are pretty easy going guys, so the fight goes back to Goodman and Dorsey again, with players shuttling back and forth between the two bands faster than you and I would exchange a hot potato.

WHILE all this is going on, Tommy suddenly finds out something, or thinks he finds out something, that makes him madder than a hopped up bull. He is offered a nice pile of dough to go on the road, so he takes it. Then in Chicago word comes to him that back in New York there is great rejoicing over his absence, that the longer he stays away the better his rivals' business will be, and that if he never comes back it will be soon enough.

Tommy swears he'll get a spot in New York if it takes a letter to the President—and he does, by temporarily putting his band under the management of another booking agency, Rockwell O'Keefe, who book him into the Hotel New Yorker, just around the corner from where Benny Goodman is playing in another big hotel!

This was the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. Tommy and Benny have avoided each other whenever possible ever since. When they used to meet it was a sly "Hello Benny—Hello Tommy, fellah." Now they meet and it is "Hello Tom—Hello Ben" and a smirk.

The feud seems to be going right on at this writing. Tommy has just re-signed Dave Tough—or you might say Tough has left Goodman to join Dorsey. And it is no secret that Tommy would like to have Bud Freeman who's now with Benny, playing for him again.

It is doubtful whether Goodman and Dorsey will ever bury the hatchet. It seems the country isn't big enough for both of them. But anyway you look at it, the boys throw a flock of good swing music at us, and if they want to fight among themselves it's alright with me—as long as they keep it as lively and interesting as they do. And as long as they stay in there swinging!

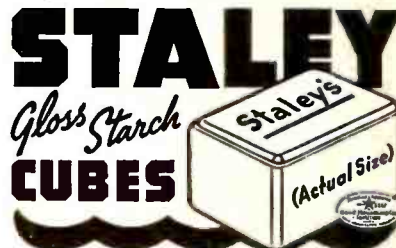
**TAKE IT EASY
ON WASH DAY**

Make quick work of starching — save ironing time — give clothes dirt-resisting finish. Use new, handy, exact-measure Starch Cubes. No guess, no waste. Just count cubes for perfect starching.



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Cost no more than old-type starch



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Pick out the od 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. Address your letter to:

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Is the title of a fascinating free booklet which many women say has shown them the simple, easy way to

SECURE and KEEP

**—A BEAUTIFUL
COMPLEXION**

This helpful booklet was written especially for women who want to know how to make the most of their appearance and personality—for women who miss the popularity, admiration and attention which are the natural reward of being lovely. The makers of STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS will gladly send you a copy free and without obligation. Its valuable information may be just what is needed to help you achieve greater skin loveliness. Write for

FREE SAMPLE STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS

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... what every woman should do. Send name and address now. Send to

F. A. STUART COMPANY
Dept. F-114 Marshall, Mich.

The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 26)

"Will you please wait in Mr. Foley's reception room?" I asked.

He didn't move. I heard the click of a latchkey, and Mr. Foley opened the exit door to stand staring at us. "What's this?" he asked sharply.

"Evidently," I said, "this gentleman is an officer. He has ignored my requests to wait in the other room."

"You're Foley?" the man asked.

Mr. Foley nodded.

OKAY, I'm getting some dope on Mildred Parker. What do you know about her?"

"Nothing."

"Who were her enemies?"

"She had none as far as I know."

"How far did you know?"

"She has been my secretary for three years," Mr. Foley said, his eyebrows coming down. "She lives in an apartment house on West Center Street with a young woman whose name I don't know. I know nothing of her private life."

"What's her address on West Center Street?"

"I don't know."

"It's funny you don't know nothing about her."

Mr. Foley said acidly, "I fail to see anything funny about it. If you're quite finished, I have some dictation."

The detective slid from the edge of the desk. He said, "I may want to talk with you again after I see her," and barged out of the office.

"I tried to keep him out of the

private office," I said, "but . . ."

"Don't mention it," he told me. "One look at the man is enough to gauge his character. Incidentally, notice his voice. The habit he has of drawing out the last word of anything he's saying, indicates the bully."

I couldn't restrain my curiosity. "How does it happen," I asked, "that you are so interested in voices?"

"I was a court reporter," he told me, "and, I flatter myself, a good one."

"But how does that enable you to judge character from voices?"

He laughed. "A court reporter has to study voices as well as shorthand. With eight or ten lawyers in an important murder trial, you don't have an opportunity to look up, every time someone speaks, to see who's talking. You have to learn voices. You go around a few minutes before the trial starts, asking them for names and office addresses. You don't give a hang what their answers are; you just want to hear and catalog their voices."

"Coming back to this morning," I said, interested. "You told me Miss Crane was afraid to take a competitive test. How did you know?"

"She was afraid of herself," he said.

"She coughed nervously before she started to speak—a half cough, half throat clearing. People who have that mannerism lack confidence in themselves."

I said, "It seems uncanny to me. It's as though you had a microphone mind. I wish there were some way I could

develop my own powers of reading character from voices."

"You can," he said.

"Hardly," I laughed. "My shorthand isn't fast enough to enable me to get a job as court reporter."

"You don't need to be a court reporter. You've overlooked the most logical way to make a start."

"What's that?" I asked.

"The radio."

He walked across to his desk, opened a drawer. There was a built-in radio set inside. "I'm ordering one of these for your office," he told me. "I have a radio in my car, a radio in my living room, a radio in my bedroom, a radio in my office."

"Just to keep in practice on judging voices?" I asked.

HE laughed, "Not that exactly, but something similar to it. Lately, I've been acting in a consulting capacity with a radio studio. I act somewhat as a talent scout, and I judge the character of the various performers who appear on the air. You'll be surprised at what you can learn if you start listening to radio, not solely for the purpose of entertainment but for the purpose of studying character through voices, learning to detect the various inflections, and stopping to figure what causes them and what they signify. If you once develop the habit of listening attentively to voices, you'll find it is invaluable to you in judging character."

THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN —

*Because it's right for You
doesn't make it right for Me!*

Every woman is a law unto herself—women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets YOUR needs best . . . each day!

So Kotex* offers All 3 types of sanitary napkins—

Regular Kotex* Sanitary Napkins—in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex*—in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, for days when less protection is needed.

Super Kotex*—in the brown box. No longer or wider than Regular, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

You'll See— **KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!**

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





JUNE STOREY,
lovely star of the
Republic picture,
"Orphans of the Street."

Men Adore SPARKLING HAIR!

Do as hosts of women do... complete every shampoo with Nestle Colorinse. Just a quick rinse to give your hair lively gloss...and dancing highlights that the camera catches.

Colorinse adds new beauty. Accentuates natural highlights in youthful hair. Gives a richer tone to faded or gray hair.

Among the twelve Colorinse shades there is one to give your hair a flattering tint...and glorious sparkle! See Nestle Color Chart at nearest toilet goods counter, today! Get 2 rinses for 10c in 10-cent stores, or 5 rinses 25c at drug and department stores.



YOU CAN WIN!

Get your share of CONTEST MILLIONS! My Students have already won ONE-THIRD OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN PRIZES for letters, slogans, names, limericks, picture titles, etc.

FREE HELP! Write for a gift copy of my newest "CONTEST BULLETIN"—chock-full of Contest News, Winning Tips and Winning Entries.

An Iowa housewife sent for one of my free Bulletins and the tips in it enabled her to win \$1,000 in a Camay Contest. You, too, can win!

Use the COUPON below or a penny postal. Write NOW!

Wilmer S. Shepherd, Jr.
1015 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me my FREE copy of your "CONTEST BULLETIN", without cost or obligation.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

I suddenly realized the possibilities. "You've made me a disciple," I said. "Good Heavens, to think I've been listening to voices all of my life and never... well, never classified them intelligently."

He nodded. "If you really study voices, you'll be surprised at what you learn. A person puts his best foot forward with everything except his voice. He neglects that. A man will go through a great deal of trouble to improve his general personal appearance. Sometimes he manages to fool people. A man's hat or his haircut may make a great deal of difference. So may the shape of a woman's eyebrows—and a good tailor certainly can accomplish wonders. People don't bother to tailor their voices, however. . . . Incidentally, you'll have an excellent opportunity to try out your powers of observation on voices within about twenty minutes," he went on. "Mr. Frank G. Padgham is on his way up here. To the eye he's a masterpiece of dignity. He's well-dressed, clean-shaven, suave, dignified, and impressive . . . but notice his voice, and then tell me what you think of it."

Mr. Padgham arrived about fifteen minutes later. I placed him at about forty-eight or nine, inclined to flesh and dignity. He carried a cane, and wore an expensive suit. His iron-gray hair had been carefully trimmed, his face was pink and smooth. From the way he looked me over, as he gave his name, I knew that he still made passes at women.

PLUGGED in on Mr. Foley's line, said, "Mr. Frank G. Padgham is here for his appointment," and heard Mr. Foley say, "Send him right in." "You may go right in, Mr. Padgham."

"I thank you." He made a gravely courteous bow. "You're Mr. Foley's new secretary?"

"Yes. I'm Miss Bell." "It's a source of gratification to me," he said, "that Mr. Foley has at last secured a secretary whose personal appearance is . . . er . . . ah . . . commensurate with Mr. Foley's position in his profession."

And he walked past me, through the door into Mr. Foley's private office, walking with the short, deliberate steps of a man who carries a little too much weight and takes no exercise.

A few minutes later Mr. Foley sounded the buzzer which called me into his office. "Miss Bell," he said, "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to work tonight. I'm going to dictate an agreement in shorthand. In typing it, you will take the greatest precautions to prevent anyone seeing any part of it. I'm going to leave the office as soon as I finish dictating. You will transcribe your notes and bring the finished agreement to an address I will give you, where you will meet Mr. Padgham and me. You will be there with the agreement promptly at eight-thirty tonight. . . . Do you have a brief case?"

"No," I said. He took out his billfold, extracted a twenty-dollar bill, and handed it to me. "Get yourself a brief case, pay for your dinner, and take a taxi to the place where you're to meet me."

I took the money. "This won't interfere with any of your plans for the evening, Miss Bell?"

As a matter of fact it was going to

What a Relief!
**"UNCORK"
YOUR CORN**
THIS EASY WAY—

No need now to risk dangerous home paring

Now it's easy to get rid of ugly painful corns for good, without the risk of dangerous home paring.

1 Here's how: fit scientific Blue-Jay pad (C) neatly over corn. It relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. Special medicated formula (D) centers on the corn, gently loosens it so it can be lifted out—easily, painlessly.

2 Simply by avoiding pressure and friction, which cause corns, you can be free from them for good! So don't suffer needlessly. Get rid of corns this easy way without risk of dangerous home paring. Get Blue-Jay corn plasters today. 25¢ for a package of 6.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

"INFANT CARE"—The Official Handbook For MOTHERS

Printed by the U. S. Government, this 138-page, well illustrated book is yours for only 10 cents. RADIO MIRROR retains no part or profit, but sends your remittance directly to the proper authorities in Washington. Address: RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

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STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D.

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other externally caused skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

QUICK ELASTIC
HOT STARCH
IN 30 SECONDS.

Ready In No Time!
try this FREE

Makes Ironing Easy

No "married look" to collars and cuffs starched this easy way. Just cream this ready mixed powder in a little cold water . . . then add hot. That's all. A wonderful invention. Your iron fairly glides. Send now for free sample packet.

THANK YOU.

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 678, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Name

Address

necessitate postponing a dinner date, but a job's a job, and I could see from Mr. Foley's manner that this was important, so I merely said, "It will be quite convenient, Mr. Foley."

He started to dictate then. Frank G. Padgham was the party of the first part; a Mr. Carter Wright was the party of the second part. Wright agreed to place his dramatic services under the management of Padgham. Padgham, in turn, guaranteed him a sum of five thousand dollars in cash, and to see that he "obtained a position carrying a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars weekly so long as Woodley Page was employed under his present studio contract or any renewal or renewals thereof pursuant to any option clauses therein contained." Moreover Carter Wright agreed to do everything in his power to further the dramatic career of the said Woodley Page.

I GATHERED from the agreement that Mr. Padgham was one of those talent promoters who discover talent, develop it, and place it in pictures; that he ran a literary agency on the side.

While Mr. Foley dictated, Padgham paced back and forth with his short paddle-footed steps, listening intently to the dictation. On occasion he'd pause in his pacing as though about to interpose some comment, then, after listening for a moment, would nod and resume his slow, steady pacing of the floor.

There were several peculiar paragraphs couched in legal phraseology which I couldn't exactly understand. As the dictation progressed, I gathered the impression that the agreement

was being used in some way as a false "front," a decoy behind which something more sinister might be lurking.

It was nearly three o'clock when Mr. Foley finished.

"When will you have that typed?" he asked.

"Approximately four o'clock," I said.

He wrote an address on a loose-leaf notebook, tore out the page. "Very well. Close up the office at five. Get dinner, and be at this address at eight-thirty on the dot. Take a taxicab. Don't let this document out of your possession. Put it in the brief case, lock the brief case, and keep it in your possession."

I nodded. "You understand the . . . er . . . ah imperative importance of being discreet?" Padgham asked.

"I'm quite certain I do," I told him, and turning to Mr. Foley asked, "What is this address, a private residence, an apartment house, or . . . ?"

"Private residence," Mr. Foley said. "You will simply walk up the stairs to the porch and ring the bell. It won't be necessary for you to give your name. You will be expected. I will meet you there. I won't be back to the office this afternoon."

THEY had been gone less than ten minutes when the detective came back. He seemed to think Mr. Foley had left simply to avoid answering questions. I showed my impatience. The detective decided he'd wait, this time in the outer office. He picked up a magazine and started to read. I propped my notebook on the stand in

front of me and began typing.

The detective moved his chair, apparently trying to get better light. I didn't pay any particular attention to him until, on glancing up, I saw his eyes weren't on the magazine, but were resting on my shorthand notebook. I'd been carefully turning the pages of the agreement down as I typed; but, of course, hadn't expected him to be snooping from my shorthand notebook.

I jerked the book out of the holder and slammed it flat on the desk.

The action registered. He said, "Well, I won't wait any longer," and strolled out

A GIRL who has to live on her salary and make that salary cover rent, food, clothes, cleaning, and an occasional beauty treatment simply isn't geared to spending money unnecessarily. Despite the fact that I was on an expense account, I saw no reason why I should squander money on a taxicab, so I took a streetcar.

It was a warm night and I sat in the open section, watching traffic stream by. Behind me, I noticed headlights which seemed to remain uniformly placed. The streetcar slowed. The automobile slowed. From behind came the raucous blast of horns impatiently demanding that the car move on ahead.

I heard a sound of bumper crashing bumper, and the automobile, struck from behind, shot ahead a few feet so that it was almost under my window. The driver immediately slammed in the gear and stepped on the throttle. As the car shot past, I had a glimpse of a blonde woman seated

Romantic Fashion Brings Back Rosy Face Powders



Pasty Face—
Under brilliant evening lights, color flattens out—make-up goes dead!

"Glare-Proof"—
Pond's Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays—add rosy flattery

Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose Shades



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next to the driver, but it wasn't until the car had whizzed across the intersection that recognition dawned on me. It was Miss Blair, the blonde applicant for the position which I had landed.

The streetcar lurched ahead. Over at the curb the automobile was parked. Miss Blair was sitting with her head turned so that all I could see was the tip of one shoulder and the rim of her hat. Somehow, her pose seemed strangely rigid.

The streetcar swayed on past. I had a three-block walk from the place where I left the car, and took it rather briskly. Two of the blocks slipped past uneventfully. I was halfway across the last intersection when an automobile running rapidly, and without warning, screamed into a turn. For an agonized split second I saw the twin headlights swooping down on me, the vague outline of the big car. I screamed, tried to jump back and escape.

It was hopeless. The car was coming directly towards me, sliding in a tire-screaming skid. Then, miraculously, I got back out of the way. My light-dazzled eyes saw only the vague shape of a car hurtling past.

Fear gripped me as I started to run. I remembered what the detective had said. Mr. Foley's secretary had been run down, deliberately. Surely this, too, had been deliberate.

MY mouth was dry with shock and apprehension as I sprinted down the sidewalk, counting house numbers. I picked my house, and cut across a well-kept lawn toward the porch, my pulse hammering in my throat.

It was a big, Spanish-type house. Save for a light in the hallway, it was dark. I dashed up the porch, rang the bell, hammered on the door, and all but screamed.

I looked back, over my shoulder. A car, without lights, was crawling along the curb. In a panic, I tried the door. It opened. I ran across the threshold and banged the door shut behind me.

There were lights down at the end of the hallway. I hardly knew what to do. The menace of the street was behind me; ahead was a strange house.

I raised my voice and called, "Hello, is anyone home?"
No answer.

I didn't want to stand there in the hallway where anyone could look through the diamond-shaped pane of glass in the door and see me. I ran down the hall to a living room.

It was a perfectly huge room. Heavy, black drapes over the windows kept any light from filtering through to the outside, and a massive table stood in the center. I was having trouble getting my breath. My heart was pounding as though it would tear my chest to pieces. And the silence of that huge house settled down on me like some ominous pall. Then I became conscious of a peculiar *thump . . . thump . . . thump*.

At first I thought it was my heart, then the sound grew louder and I knew it was coming from somewhere in the house. It was a sinister sound, frantic and desperate, like the beating of clenched hands against the lid of a coffin.
Thump . . . thump . . . thump.

I could almost feel the jar along the timbers . . . it was somewhere above me, probably a room on the second floor.

I felt goose-pimples of cold terror,

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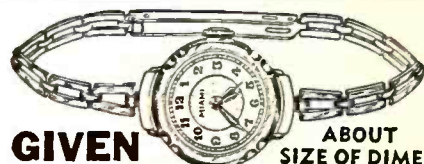
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then I shook off the feeling and decided to investigate. Slowly, I walked back down the corridor to the staircase and climbed to the second floor. For a moment, I lost the ominous sound which had guided me up the stairs. Then I heard it again, *thump . . . thump . . . thump . . . thump . . . thump . . .*

I tiptoed down an upstairs corridor in the general direction of the sound. It was coming from a bedroom. Opening the door, I stood on the threshold, listening. The noise was coming from a closet.

I **CROSSED** to the closet door, then turned the knob . . . jumped back and screamed at the thing which fell out, a human bundle, wound all around with strips of cloth that had evidently been torn from a sheet. There was a gag in the mouth, above which wide eyes stared at me, eloquent in their helplessness.

The man made gurgling noises from behind the gag. I remember saying, "Just a minute," and splitting a fingernail on the knot, conscious all the time of his eyes. No man should ever have eyes like that—not that they were at all effeminate, but they were so expressive they seemed to be mirrors, reflecting his moods. When I first saw them they were registering helplessness. Then, as I untied the gag, there was gratitude, and then a faint twinkle of humor. . . . Those eyes seemed strangely familiar; somehow I had the impression that I'd seen them before, registering love.

It's hard to tell much about a man when the entire lower half of his face is covered, and when his cheeks are pulled back out of shape by a

cloth which has been tied around the back of his head . . . and I'll say that cloth was tied.

He puffed out his cheeks and blew out a great wad of cloth which had been pushed down his mouth. It's a wonder the man hadn't suffocated. Then he managed to smile.

It wasn't much of a smile, what with his dry lips, and his swollen cheeks, but it was enough to tell me all I needed to know. No wonder I'd thought I'd seen him somewhere before. No wonder I had a vague recollection of having seen his eyes register love. My heavens, I'd certainly spent enough time watching him on the screen, and listening to him on the air. He had been my biggest heart-throb more than five years ago when he first became a sensation on the radio—long before Hollywood beckoned to him—and here he was lying on the floor trussed up like a big sausage, with me kneeling beside him.

He said in a dry, husky voice, very unlike the rich, romantic tones that came over the air on his weekly radio program, "Knife in my pants pocket."

"Which one?" I asked.

"Hip," he said.

I found the knife, and cut the cloth bonds which circled him. He sat up and grinned at me. It was an amiable, friendly grin, and then suddenly, right in the middle of the grin it stopped, as though someone had abruptly changed the record. He lowered his head and put his hands up in front of his face. "Lord, how my jaw hurts," he said.

I tried to think of something to say,

and couldn't, for the life of me. My mind was stalled. What in the world does a young woman say to her favorite picture and radio star when she's just finished getting a gag out of his mouth?

With his face in his hands, he said, "I heard you come in and heard you call, asking if anyone was home. I found I could pound my knees against the closet door by doubling up my body . . . I'll bet my knees are sore for a week."

I stood there watching him. Bruce Eaton didn't impress me as being a man who'd sit with his face in his hands bemoaning the fact that his chin was sore. I felt that peculiar sensation which comes when someone you've always admired turns out to be a heel. . . . And then the explanation suddenly occurred to me—the man didn't want me to recognize him.

He turned his face, so that it was half toward me. Apprehensive eyes stared upward and over the tips of his fingers. He laughed, and the laugh sounded peculiarly muffled behind his hands. "Good Lord," he said, "you're as white as a sheet."

"YOU'D be white, too," I told him, "if you'd been through what I have in the past hour."

He twisted his dry, cracked lips into a grin. "Maybe you think I haven't," he said drily. "How about a drink?"

"A drink," I told him, with heartfelt enthusiasm, "would be simply swell!"

"Okay," he said, "I'll get you one. You wait here." He jumped nimbly to his feet, then almost fell. He

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twisted his face and said, "All the circulation's out of my legs," and started for the door.

After he had gone, the silence of the house descended on me like a blanket. Once I thought I heard a door closing somewhere on the lower floor. Like a ninny, I sat there, waiting. It must have been fully five minutes before I realized that Bruce Eaton had no intention of coming back. That business of getting me a drink had been simply a stall.

I was sick with disappointment. Surely he'd

And then it suddenly occurred to me that probably Bruce Eaton didn't own the house at all. It was huge enough, and well enough equipped to belong to a person who was making as much money in the movies and radio as Bruce Eaton was, but if he had owned it, he wouldn't have thought he could avoid recognition simply by running out and leaving me alone in the place.

OBVIOUSLY, my best move was to go back to the living room and wait. I didn't want to be found upstairs when Mr. Foley came, and the menace of that dark street was enough to make me shiver—just thinking about it. My brief case was where I'd dropped it. I picked it up and started for the door. I was three or four steps away from the closet, when the light reflected from a metal object on the floor. I stooped and picked it up. It was a long, flat key. It certainly didn't look like a key to any door, it was either a key to a safe or lock-box of some sort, or... That was it, a safety deposit box somewhere in a bank.

Bruce Eaton must have dropped it. I remembered that I had read somewhere about him keeping a large sum of money, as well as quickly negotiable securities, in safety deposit boxes. I picked it up and dropped it into my purse.

I walked out into a corridor, and decided I'd go back downstairs. Then was when I saw the open door at the far end of the corridor. I must have overlooked it when I came up the stairs.

I stood there, conscious that a man was seated at a big desk, his back toward me. His head was slumped over on his chest at a peculiar twisted angle.

It was a funny way for a man to sleep... it was... it was...

Good Lord, the man was dead!

I stood there, my feet rooted to the floor, absolutely unable to move. I couldn't scream, I couldn't turn and run, I couldn't go forward.

I was sufficiently startled so the scene etched on my mind: the long corridor, brilliantly lighted; the open door just back of the staircase; the man still seated at his desk, his body slumped back in a tilted swivel office chair. The desk in front of him was littered with a confusion of papers. A desk light beat down on them.

I was just ready to take a step forward when, without even a warning click, every light in the place went out.

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Parrot Fever

(Continued from page 38)

yours, Jimmy?

JIMMY: You mean the one with all the pictures of my Aunt Sophie, Cousin Tyrone, Grandpa Hataway, and General Angus Wallington?

JOHN: Yes, that's the one. Where is it?

SPARKS: Charlie Ruggles just had it outside showing it to Bob Ripley.

JIMMY: (Very pleased and flattered.) Ripley—the Believe-it-or-not man? What did he say?

SPARKS: He said he couldn't believe it.

(And after this Jimmy retires from the fray, leaving Sparks to be defeated by others. In desperation, the Dead End kids are invited into the Star Theater for the evening. They're a group of tear-downers who aspire to the mantle of cynicism worn by Sparks, the Terror of Bel-Air; and if anybody can cut him off at the roots, they can. Their names are Billy Halop, Leo Gorcey and Bobby Jordan, and they're so tough they use barbed wire for dental floss. But when they meet Sparks—)

SPARKS: Hello, Gutterface.

BOBBY: Chee, me mudder wasn't kiddin', it's the boogey man.

BILLY: Wow, look at the puss on the guy.

LEO: That pan would coidle milk.

SPARKS: (Calmly) Who are these fugitives from an ant hill?

JIMMY WALLINGTON: Why, they're the famous Dead End kids.

LEO: (To Wallington) You stay out

of this, Stinkey.

SPARKS: Where did that one come from? Who turned over a wet rock?

BOBBY: Aw, scram, Pickle Puss!

JIMMY WALLINGTON: Come on, Ned, be calm, be calm. (In a whisper to Sparks.) Don't worry over these kids, Ned, they're through, they're washed up!

SPARKS: (Eyeing the brats.) They may be through, Wallington, but they certainly aren't washed up!

(It will easily be seen that the Dead End kids had nothing with which to combat Sparks except a certain gutter vocabulary. Against the serpent-toothed Sparks they quickly went down to defeat. The disgruntled cast of the Star Theater then tried publicly humiliating Sparks by making him the butler in the home of Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou, and this is how that little scheme worked out:)

(Verree is calling her husband at the studio when the scene opens.)

VERREE: Operator, get me Fidler two-two-two—and I do mean two.

OPERATOR: Twentieth Century-Fox Studios.

VERREE: Let me speak to Mr. Menjou, the greatest lover in pictures and the finest actor.

OPERATOR: Just a minute. I can get Mr. Menjou, but the other two guys are busy.

ADOLPHE: Hello.

VERREE: Oh, hello dear. I only called to tell you I have a surprise for you. I just hired a new butler. His name

is Jeeves.

ADOLPHE: That's fine. I've had such a hard day—interviews, autographs, I don't know what all—that I just can't wait to get back to the peace and quiet of home.

VERREE: Good bye, dear. (She hangs up.) Now, Mr. Menjou will be right home, so don't forget what I told you, Jeeves. Remember your manners, watch your speech, and above all, be dignified at all times.

SPARKS: Okay, Toots.

VERREE: (Gasps.) Oh, that reminds me. What about your references?

SPARKS: Forget 'em—you folks look all right to me.

VERREE: (Beginning to see what she's up against.) Jeeves, your attitude is not that of a menial.

SPARKS: Whadda ya mean, menial?

VERREE: I menial have to change your tone. (She has him there.) Now I'll go and put the roast on. Mr. Menjou will be home any minute.

SPARKS: Do you want me any more, Blondie?

VERREE: Not just now. But we're having a party tonight. We'll want you there, of course.

SPARKS: Shall I bring a date?

VERREE: No! I want you to stand at the door and call the guests' names as they arrive.

SPARKS: (Pleased) Boy, and do I know some pips.

VERREE: (Haughtily) That will be all for the present. You may go now. I hope you'll like it here.



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SPARKS: I don't like it as much as I did, but so long. (We hear a trumpet-call, and Sparks jumps.) What's that?

VERREE: The front door. Mr. Menjou hates bells. Jimmy Fidler, you know. Answer it, Jeeves. I'm going into the kitchen.

SPARKS: Who's there?
ADOLPHE: (Outside) Mr. Menjou.
SPARKS: Well, slide him under the door.

ADOLPHE: (Letting himself in) Oh, you must be Jeeves.

SPARKS: Yeah, buddy, who are you?

ADOLPHE: Adolphe Menjou.

SPARKS: Not Adolphe Menjou, the actor.
ADOLPHE: Yes.
SPARKS: (Delightedly) Not the star of radio, stage and screen?

ADOLPHE: Yes.
SPARKS: Never heard of you.

ADOLPHE: (Trying to pretend he didn't hear) Where's my wife?

SPARKS: Out in the kitchen. Shall I call her?

ADOLPHE: No, I'll sneak up and surprise her. . . . Oh, Verree dear?

VERREE: Leave two quarts of milk and a pint of cream, dear.

ADOLPHE: No! It's Adolphe, your husband.

VERREE: Oh, that old thing.
SPARKS: Say, by the way, how long does this play of ours go on?

ADOLPHE: That's all there is to the play. The material just ran out.

SPARKS: Well, the audience beat it by ten minutes.

(It looked for a while as if Sparks might wilt under the strain of being a butler, and fail to get the last word, but he rallied just before the bell and scored a technical knock-out over his opponents. Burning with rage, they play their trump card, importing Horatio the Parrot, a green-and-yellow feathered bird who aspires to play the McCarthy to Sparks' W. C. Fields, the Bernie to his Winchell. And here is what happens when Horatio arrives upon the scene:)

HORATIO: Who's that clam-digger, Jimmy?

JIMMY WALLINGTON: That's my personal nemesis, Ned Sparks.

HORATIO: Sparks? Sparks? He don't look so hot to me.

SPARKS: Quiet, you flying McCarthy, or I'll slap you into the middle of a menu.

HORATIO: Hey, Jimmy, someone left a grave open.

SPARKS: How did you sneak out?

JIMMY: How do you like Horatio the Parrot, Ned?

SPARKS: It's the first time I've ever seen a skunk with wings.

JIMMY: Better go easy on Horatio, Ned. He's very delicate. When he gets excited he lays eggs.

SPARKS: He don't do badly when he's calm.

JIMMY: Will you quit heckling Horatio?

SPARKS: Why, I'll do worse than heckle him—I'll pick every feather out of his carcass.

HORATIO: Nuts, Double-ugly!

SPARKS: One more crack out of you and you'll wind up as an added attraction on a woman's hat.

JIMMY: Will you please leave Horatio alone, Ned?

SPARKS: Tell that Bronx cheer to take a powder.

JIMMY: His name's Horatio. What do you mean Bronx cheer?

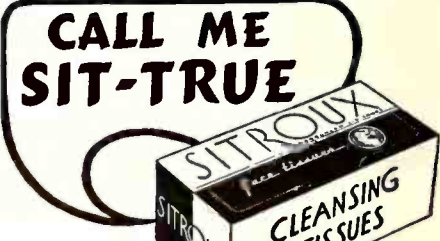
SPARKS: Well, there are birds and birds. (Horatio squawks fiendishly,



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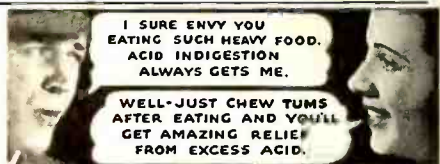


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Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

Big Sister

UP TO DATE

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following synopsis covers the action of Rinso's Big Sister Program from the end of RADIO MIRROR's serialization, which was completed last month, up to date. Continue the adventures of Big Sister, Ruth Evans Brewster, on the Columbia Broadcasting System network every morning except Saturday and Sunday. If you have enjoyed these synopses of Big Sister's thrilling radio story, won't you write to her, Care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and tell her so?

WITH John Wayne once more strong and active, Ruth Evans believed she could set her life in order. Loving John, but unable to marry him because his wife, Norma, was still living in an insane asylum, she nevertheless looked forward to having him as a friend. Then, through her interest in the Raventon Youth Center, she became friendly with the Reverend David Brewster, Raventon's crusading young minister—while he soon fell deeply in love with her.

Meanwhile, Ruth's sister Sue, and Jerry, who had become the young publisher of one of the Raventon papers, had decided to end their cat-and-dog courtship with marriage. Spurred on by the sight of their happiness, perhaps, John soon realized that he had no right to hold Ruth to a spinster's life, when David Brewster was so obviously in love with her—and when word suddenly came that Norma Wayne had recovered her sanity and was about to rejoin her husband in Raventon, John begged Ruth to forget him and marry David.

Ruth consented, seeing the hopelessness of her love for John. After all, she did love David, perhaps not in the same way she loved John, and David needed her desperately. Norma arrived in Raventon, sane once more but still neurotic and unpredictable, and plans for the wedding went forward. But on the very day of the wedding, just as Ruth and David were being pronounced man and wife, Norma tried to poison John—succeeding only, through a mistake, in taking her own life.

Now David, overcome by the ironically tragic turn of events, and believing that he was the sole obstacle for Ruth's and John's happiness, fled from Raventon, disappearing entirely. Ruth's frantic journey to find him was fruitless, and she returned to Raventon, plunging once more into the

struggle to clean up the crooked local situation caused by Asa Griffin's unscrupulous domination of Raventon politics.

It was largely through her efforts, and John's, that Roger Allen was elected Mayor of Raventon, defeating the candidate of the Griffin machine. After his election she helped him to investigate affairs at the Raventon Children's Village, a charitable institution out of which Asa Griffin had been making a large illegal profit by underfeeding the child inmates and misappropriating funds of the orphanage. The upshot of the investigation was Asa's indictment and conviction for fraud, and at last he was sent to prison, his grip on Raventon broken.

The fight over the Children's Village had brought John and Ruth together again, back upon the old footing that had been theirs before Norma's return, and now he begged her to seek an annulment of her marriage and marry him. Ruth consented, but before she could take any action a mysterious telephone call came from San Francisco, telling her that David Brewster, her husband, was there, ill and in danger. Ruth immediately took the plane for San Francisco, against John's wishes.

In San Francisco she found David, weak and seriously ill, in the house of a Chinaman named Lin Yan. Mystery surrounded Lin Yan's interest in David, but Ruth gathered from Flo Schlagel, an embittered woman who served Lin Yan and who was taking care of David, that Brewster was in possession of a secret document desired both by Lin and by an Australian named Geoffrey Trent.

Only a few days after her arrival in San Francisco, John followed, and upon seeing David, he diagnosed his disease as partial sclerosis of the spine. David was so despondent, and so convinced that Ruth would be better off without him, that he urged John to let him die, claiming that he no longer wanted to live. But John was determined to save his rival's life, and called upon all his skill to do so. He realized that only Ruth could make David want to live, and for this reason he sacrificed his own love for Ruth, urging her to give David all her affection.

It is here, with John and Ruth battling to save David's life, and at the same time unravel the mystery of why Lin Yan and Geoffrey Trent are so interested in him, that you will find the story of Big Sister now.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 40)

"slanguage." A dumb student is now referred to as a "gracie."

* * *

ON THE ROMANTIC FRONT!

Edgar Bergen's best girl friend is Kay St. Germaine, NBC warbler.

* * *

Another crack by Bob Hope. When asked if he was a member of the "Inner Circle" at Earl Carroll's Theatre-Restaurant, he replied, "No . . . I'm on the outer fringe."

* * *

HOLLYWOOD ODDITIES!

Al Smith, who revived the Brown Derby hat, has never set foot in the Hollywood Brown Derby restaurant!

Bing Crosby's brother, Larry Crosby, looks enough like Walter Winchell to be his twin!

* * *

Although Dick Powell says that he is not superstitious, he thinks that the title of his present picture is very significant. Dick is leaving the Warner studio after seven years, and his final picture there is called, appropriately enough, "Going Places!"

* * *

Comedian Jerry Colonna says that it is usually a starving man who is

fed up with Hollywood!

* * *

Here's a little bit of fatherly advice to Rosalind Russell. When Rosalind invited William Powell to dinner recently, she also included Jimmy Stewart and his girl friend in the dinner party. Whenever Miss Russell is with an eligible bachelor, there is *always* another couple along. How she ever expects to hear a proposal of marriage under these conditions is beyond me. Remember, Rosalind, the bridal chorus sounds much better when sung as a duet!

* * *

Andy Devine's stand-in is really on a post. He's engaged to be married, but before his girl will marry him, she's ordered him to lose thirty pounds. But what his girl doesn't understand is this: If Andy's stand-in loses thirty pounds, he'll lose his job as stand-in; and if he loses his job, how can he marry the girl of his dreams? But if he *doesn't* lose the thirty pounds, he'll lose his girl, anyway. Oh, well, you figure it out! I can't!

* * *

The Hollywood gossips are still hinting at a divorce in the offing for Dorothy Lamour despite the star's repeated denials. Every time the divorce gossip hits a new high, Dorothy planes out of town to be with Herbie

Kaye, her orchestra-leading husband. But lately she's been so busy, and the gossip has been so strong, that Herbie has frequently dropped his out-of-town engagements to hurry to Dorothy's side to squelch the ugly rumors!

* * *

1938 must have been an awfully tired year, judging by the songs that were popular at the end of the year. They were: "My Reverie," "Two Sleepy People," "Deep in a Dream," and "Please Come Out of My Dreams!"

* * *

When orchestra leader Ray Noble walked into Columbia Studios to see songwriter Ben Oakland, he was leading his dog, Mina. Both were stopped by the gateman and Noble was told he'd have to leave his dog outside. Whereupon the very British Mr. Noble said in his best Piccadilly manner, "I'll have you understand, sir, that this is a singing dog, and Mr. Oakland is waiting to audition her." At once the gateman replied apologetically, "Beg pardon, Mr. Noble, BOTH of you may proceed!"

* * *

Announcer Don Wilson has acquired the name "Ferdinand" both in Hollywood and in New York, and all because Don did all the talking parts for Walt Disney's "Ferdinand the Bull"! Imagine the fun Don had,



"GOOD-BYE, NANCY, I'LL CALL YOU UP SOME DAY"

NANCY THINKS:

OH DEAR, WHY DOESN'T PHIL ASK FOR ANOTHER DATE NOW?

Here's why Nancy didn't get a re-date—



THIS MORNING NANCY PUT ON **YESTERDAY'S** PERSPIRY **UNDIES**. BY NOONTIME, THEY HAD ABSORBED STILL MORE PERSPIRATION. THEN PHIL TOOK HER TO LUNCH—



NANCY DIDN'T MAKE THE CHARMING IMPRESSION SHE SHOULD HAVE. **UNDIE ODOR** IS SO NOTICEABLE TO OTHERS! PLAY SAFE—**LUX** UNDIES AFTER EVERY WEARING!

Don't risk undie odor—use Lux!

Luxing undies after each wearing removes perspiration odor *completely*—keeps undies new looking longer, too. Avoid cake-soap rubbing, soaps with harmful alkali. Buy the *big* box of Lux!

A little goes so far—
it's thrifty!



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Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons—no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.



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Now improved—better than ever!

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PSORIASIS That dreadful skin disease many suffer with for years thinking their trouble to be **ECZEMA** and treating without results. Send for this VALUABLE INFORMATION at once. Free. DR. D. R. PARSONS 1220 Union Trust Bldg. Huntington, W. Va.

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MADE to allay scalp itching—To relieve scalp irritations—To check excessive falling hair—To remove loose dandruff and to beautify the hair. Millions use

Lucky Tiger

—and come back for more; they have been doing this for over 25 years. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Back.

Free LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL

A new L.T. with OIL is now being made for excessively dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ stamps to pay packing and postage. Lucky Tiger Mfg. Co., Dept. 3A, Kansas City, Mo.

talking to himself!

Parakyarkus, who plays the dumb fall-guy in radio, isn't so dumb after all! Soon he will have two books on sale at the book stores. One, a compilation of his famous "Grikk" dictionary... English words with hilarious definitions. The other, re-write of the Mother Goose tales in his well-known Greek dialect.

It was only a few days before his marriage to Mrs. Ann Franklin that Nelson Eddy was threatening to sue anyone linking his name romantically with that of the lady.

Bob Hope says that when two Hollywood stars sit down to have a heart-to-heart talk, the *silence* is painful!

Rudy Vallee's pretty singer, Carol Gould, has been secretly testing at Republic. Chances are she'll be signed to a long-term film contract.

Frank Morgan has finally received what amounts to national recognition by the Liars' Club of Burlington, Wisconsin. Frank has been telling some pretty tall tales on the "Good News" show, and was surprised this week when he received a membership card in this famous club, signed by President O. C. Hulett, granting Frank a Life Membership and appointing him Grand Exalted Liar!

Kenny Baker—the "Jello" vocalist... also Texaco Star Theater songster... has right-about-faced and is now friends again with Bill Bacher, his producer on the Texaco show, with whom Kenny was feuding when we went to press last month.

How Gracie Took It

(Continued from page 33)

this time and yelled their acclaim, applauding until hands were sore and muscles ached.

It was one of the most magnificent performances, from the point of delivery and stage presence, she had ever given. And she did it for Georgie Burns who that day stood liable to a sentence that might be as high as a \$45,000 fine, and three years in prison, and disgrace, for complicity in a smuggling case.

There's no need to go into the background of that smuggling charge. All that can be told of it has already been told, time and time again, in the newspapers. What I want to do here is to tell you some things that only their intimate friends know about George and Gracie—some things that really should be told. I want to remind you, first, of the things that must have come to Gracie's mind as she wondered how to face a future colored by what has happened.

Perhaps, the American audience feels, reaction against George might hurt his professional career or even nullify it. You can't predict things like that. If the public is in a sour mood the smallest scandal can put a star out of pictures or off the air. On the other hand, look at Mary Astor.

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

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But Gracie's name has been kept clear of this. Her rating as an entertainer is tops, even without George. Just now, for the first time since she entered show business with him as a team, she is making a picture in which he does not appear: "The Gracie Allen Murder Case."

What would she do, then? How does she feel about the entire situation? Would she go on without George, as she could if worse came to worst?

FIRST you must remember, just a little, the twelve years on which her reasoning and her attitudes are based. You must remember 1925, and a day in that year when Gracie came backstage at a New York vaudeville house to see a friend of hers named Mary Kelly. Burns, hooper deluxe, heard Gracie's voice and thought, "I've got something here."

He offered her the chance to work with him as a team, and she accepted. "But just for a few months," she insisted. "I'm going to be married next Christmas."

George wrote her into his act as a stooge. The audience went into a panic over her. That was the beginning. Professionally, that is. George didn't fall in love with her for three months, nor did he propose before another three had gone by. She refused. "I'm engaged," she told him.

The Burns and Allen team reached Manhattan again by Christmas Eve. There was to be a stage party and Georgie agreed to be Santa Claus. He dressed, patted on his whiskers, and went to Gracie's dressing room. But Gracie's fiance had invited her

to his house, and much as she hated to ruin Georgie's party—she had love to think about.

George passed out the presents to the people on the stage, then, unsmiling, went back to his hotel room, locked himself in, and started the business of cutting the thought of Gracie out of his heart.

He was interrupted by the ringing of the phone.

It was Gracie, in tears. "Would you mind," she said unhappily, "if I married you?"

That was in 1926. They went on the air in London six years ago; in America a year later. And the world went Burns and Allen conscious from that time on.

There would be no act, no team, without George. That is no criticism of Gracie—you must remember that she was not basically interested in show business even from the first. Her main idea, implanted in her by a childhood spent as one of many children in a Catholic Irish family, was to spend her life happily as a simple wife and mother.

But George has the theater in his soul, in his blood. That's why today there is still a team in the business called Burns and Allen. And only by sheer force of his passionate will has he managed to keep his wife in the game. If he relaxed now, for even a week or two, the fight would be lost.

That fight began as long as ten years ago, when Gracie began talking uneasily of leaving the show business for something more secure—of building a house and having children and settling down. George talked her out of it. He planned a campaign to keep

Gracie interested in the theater.

As more money came in George saw that the usual hotel rooms became suites. Later he hired a maid. Gradually the aspects of home were given Gracie. He arranged vacations when he saw that work was getting on her nerves. Meanwhile he sat at his typewriter and made Gracie a star.

When Hollywood, and the big dough, happened to them George saw his way clear to climax the campaign he had waged for his wife's happiness. He bought a house, a real home. They adopted children. Gracie's time was so arranged that work became a secondary vocation to her real job as a wife and mother.

And at last, so far as essentials go, Gracie Allen was content.

Then came S. S. Van Dine's newest Philo Vance book, "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," to bring crisis in the joint careers of Burns and Allen. The two of them, in 1932, had gone to Europe for a vacation and on the boat they had met J. Huntington Wright, who uses S. S. Van Dine as his pseudonym. Wright mentioned that he had always been interested in the character Gracie portrayed on the air, and that he would like to build one of his annual mystery books around her.

GRACIE was flattered, thanked him, and forgot the conversation. But this year Wright kept his word. It was a particularly advantageous setup because Paramount holds the option on the Van Dine books and Paramount also has Burns and Allen under contract.

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Hearts will leap... *When You Wear this Intoxicating
Fragrance!*



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Though your complexion is lovely... your costume ultra chic... you need the finishing touch of Park & Tilford No. 3 Perfume to make you completely fascinating! \$1 and 25¢ sizes at drug and dept. stores. Smart tuckaway purse size 10¢ at ten-cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD *No. 3 Perfume*

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Iodent No. 2 *must* remove brownish smoke stains and polish your teeth to gleaming brytness SAFELY—or your money back. Contains no grit, no pumice. Cannot injure enamel, for Iodent Toothpaste and Powder are specially made by a Dentist and guaranteed safe and sure. Try refreshing, minty Iodent today.



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NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN

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BUY DIRECT—SAVE UP TO 30%

Yours! . . . a beautiful, new Aladdin home at up to \$800 saving by buying direct from our big mills NOW! Your choice of 98 designs, 4 to 10 rooms. Aladdin Read-i-cut Method saves 18% material waste, 30% labor—prices include all lumber Read-i-cut, siding, millwork, windows, doors, interior wood-work, flooring, roofing, hardware, nails, paints, stains, varnish and we pay freight!

NEW CATALOG! Packed with full-color illustrated home values (that comply with F. H. A. loan requirements). Summer Cottages \$300 up. Send 25¢ for this big new catalog No. 339 TODAY! Write nearest mill.

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Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Can.

It was when George read the proofs that he tossed in his bombshell. "I'd spoil it," he said.

"Oh Georgie," Gracie squealed in mimicry of her radio character, "you've simply got to stop being so conceited!"

"I mean it. All I do is clutter the story. With you alone, and the Vance character, it's perfect. I'm stepping out."

She stopped grinning. "No."

"But Gracie," he argued, still waving the proofs, "supposing something happened to me tomorrow? Suppose I went for a swim and there was an octopus with a taste for comedians? What would you do?"

She looked at him calmly. "Cancel all the contracts and stay right here to bring up the children," she told him. "Just now, though, you're alive and kicking."

"For Heaven's sake, Gracie, what difference does it make? In show business it's the story that counts. I'd ruin Van Dine's story in pictures. And I don't matter—you're the important one in this outfit."

"I'm nothing without you. I couldn't read a line. I'd fold like an old tired waffle."

"But I'll be there!" George's temper was going the wild way of his hair and tie. "I'll be right on the set!" He picked up a phone. "We'll find out what Paramount says about this."

Of course he won, in the end, as he has always won. Gracie began work while George stood by, watching, re-writing her lines, helping.

THAT is the story. Can you still wonder how Gracie Allen feels about her husband, who got himself into trouble essentially because of his love for her? Those jewels were just one more gift in a long, unbroken line of gifts marked "Gracie from Georgie." He has even given her the thing that meant more to him than anything else: his own career, his own professional fame.

And, when this first great problem came to them, there was not for one second any question in her mind or in her heart of what she would do. There was no decision to make, so far as she was concerned.

On the day George returned from New York by plane, grim-faced and hollow-eyed from the sleepless night he had spent, she was still with his staff of writers and other close friends in the house he had built for her.

Gracie wasn't in the room when George came in. There was, of course, a tenseness in the air and in the way the boys grinned at George. One by one they tried to pass off little jokes about the situation which had leaped to the front pages the day before; wanting to talk about it, to discuss George's plans.

"I suppose I'm taking the rap for being human," he said. But that was all. He was waiting.

The door from the hall opened, finally, and Gracie came in. Everyone watched her, waiting too. She couldn't have slept the night before, but she made herself look as if she had. She was as pretty as ever, as unruffled.

Smiling at the assembled group, she trotted up to George and gave him his home-coming kiss. Then she waved a song sheet in his face. "Wanna hear my song for tomorrow's broadcast, Georgie?" she asked.

And for the first time in three days, he laughed.

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SEE YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY

Why Pearl Buck Won the Nobel Prize

(Continued from page 12)

in literature, and in Peace. He thought that the progress of the world was advanced by a few gifted individuals, who devoted their lives to these three things, regardless of money, or fame, or any material reward, and he willed that the income from his vast fortune should be distributed equally every year to a chemist, a physicist, a physician, or researcher into medicine, a writer, and a worker for Peace.

HE left the choice to the learned societies of Stockholm, but stipulated that they should pay no regard whatsoever to race, or country, or politics, or previous fame. If no one individual was thought worthy to receive it, the prize could be withheld for a year, or it might be divided among several people.

This year only one science prize was awarded—the physics prize. It went to Professor Enrico Fermi, of Fascist Italy. The literature prize went to Mrs. Buck. And the Peace Prize went to the Nansen Committee of the League of Nations—a fine Swedish comment on the condition of Peace in the world, for the Nansen Committee is concerned with providing refuges for the victims of war and of political and racial persecution.

In Sweden, Mrs. Buck was honored by a Court, attending festivities given by the Swedish Academy and by the foreign embassies, and enjoying the pinnacle of a literary career. As she sat at the King's table, her whole life

must have seemed to her a fairy story.

She is forty-six years old. Until she was thirty-one, she had not written a published word. Until she was nearly forty, she was an obscure missionary's wife, a teacher in Nanking.

Today she is the third American, the first American woman, and only the fourth woman in history who ever received the Nobel Prize.

If this seems like a very short and dizzy literary career, we are making a mistake. Mrs. Buck has been writing all her life, since she was a little girl, living in a walled town on the Yangtse river, with a missionary father and mother, and a Chinese nurse. That mother, far from home, taught the little girl, found books for her, opened up her mind to curiosity about the life about her, made her alive to music, and art, and beauty, and from the very beginning, taught her to express herself in words. She came home to school as a young girl to Randolph Macon College, but confesses that she wasn't very happy there—she felt so "different." Back in China, she married another missionary, had two children, and worked and taught with him. He was a rural sociologist, and through that marriage she learned a great deal about rural China, which is the background of so much of her work.

I saw her just before she sailed. I asked her why she thought she got the prize. She answered that she really didn't know. She was extremely astonished. She had just heard about

it, through the Associated Press. "I think they could have picked several better people," she said.

And she mentioned some of her own ideas. One of them was Theodore Dreiser.

But I think I know why Mrs. Buck got the prize. She has opened up, for readers all over the world, an undiscovered country. Many years ago another great writer got the Nobel Prize, and he had done the same thing: Rudyard Kipling, who wrote of India. But Kipling saw India through the eyes of the Imperial White Race. All his books were a white man's picture of India. The British loved him, but the Indians did not.

But Mrs. Buck is adored in China. Because she has gone inside the Chinese home and the Chinese mind, and interpreted China, not as a superior outsider, but with an imagination great enough to understand a civilization fundamentally different from ours and to appreciate it nevertheless.

SHE has not written about politics, except, sometimes, as a background. But she has created people, and has used her pen to create understanding and sympathy for them.

So, we congratulate you, Mrs. Buck, on your success and on the reward you have earned, in the hope and belief that your books will be read in happier times when China is at peace again.

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Rinsing off Completely

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—Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

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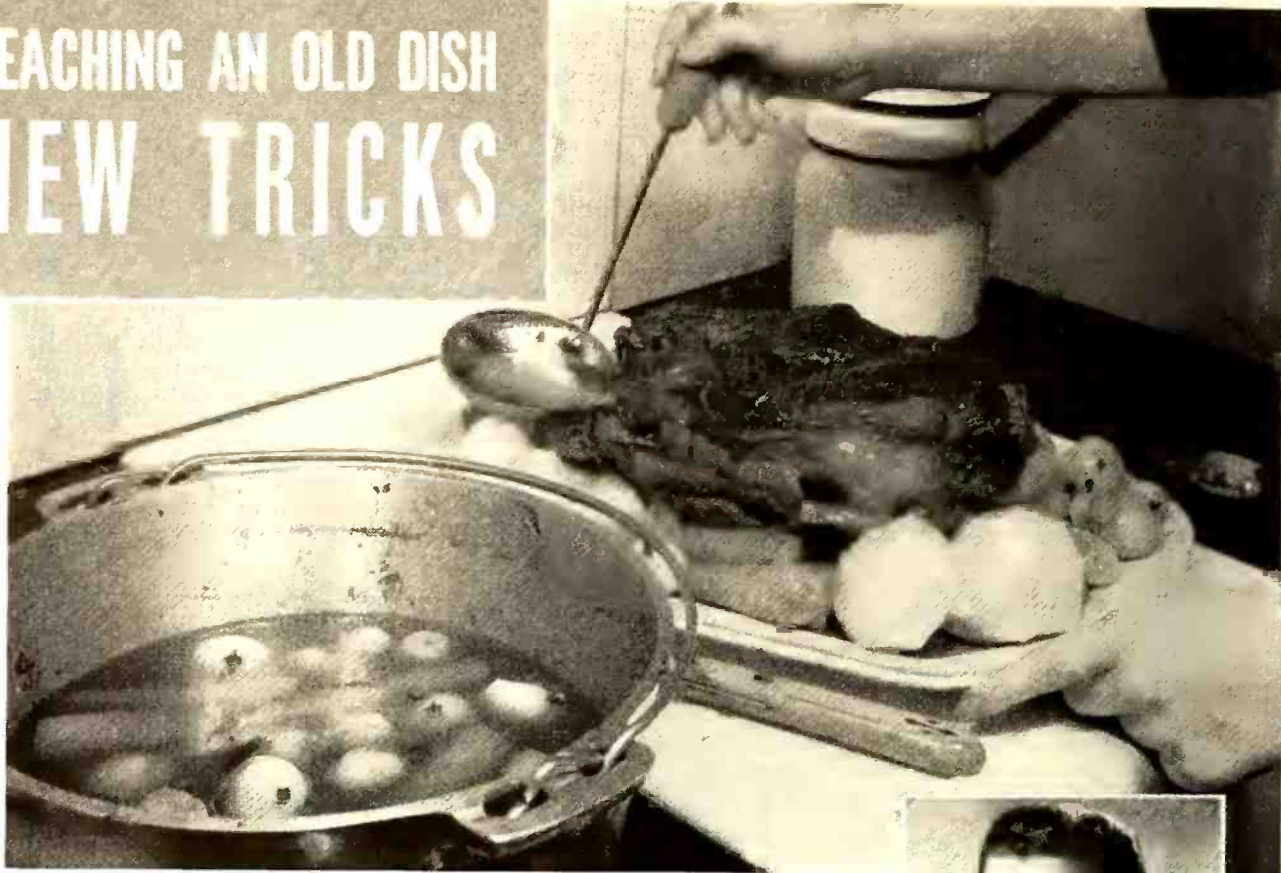


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TEACHING AN OLD DISH NEW TRICKS



It's different!—the added zest one simple ingredient gives to these new recipes

FROSTY mornings call for something special in the way of appetizing, invigorating breakfasts, and to most men the answer is pancakes or waffles with syrup. "Any kind of syrup," says Jerry Cooper, singing star of NBC's twice a week Vocal Varieties, "just so there is plenty of it. Corn syrup, maple syrup or good old fashioned black molasses."

Jerry, however, like most men, doesn't confine his liking for the tangy sweetness of syrups to breakfast alone. A connoisseur of foods, he has discovered that the unique flavor which syrup supplies gives extra zest to other dishes, too, such as the pot roast illustrated, and apple and sweet potato casserole.

POT ROAST

3 lbs. beef (round, rump or chuck)
 ½ tsp. salt ¼ tsp. pepper
 ½ cup water 2 tbs. flour
 ½ cup New Orleans type molasses

Rub meat with salt, sprinkle with pepper and brown on all sides in hot fat. Combine water and molasses and add to meat. Cover and simmer until meat is tender (two to three hours), adding boiling water if meat gets too dry. Add potatoes, carrots and small onions, with cloves stuck in them, for the last hour of cooking. When done, remove to hot platter and thicken stock with flour.

APPLE AND SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

4 medium sweet potatoes, boiled
 2 green apples
 ¾ cup maple flavored syrup
 ¼ cup melted butter
 ½ cup shredded coconut

Cut the sweet potatoes in half-inch slices lengthwise and the apples into eighths (core, but do not peel them). Arrange half the sweet potatoes in a buttered casserole. Make a second layer of the apples and use the remaining sweet potatoes for a third layer. Pour on syrup and melted butter, cover and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until apples are tender (about ten minutes). Uncover and bake for twenty minutes more, basting frequently. Sprinkle with coconut and continue baking until coconut is delicately browned.



■ Jerry Cooper recommends this 1939-style pot roast.

THE JELLY SHELF

Nowadays you don't have to wait for the seasonal fresh fruits to keep your pantry shelf well supplied with jams and jellies. By using pure fruit pectin on which you rely during the summer months, you can insure the success of your jelly making all year round. For instance, try this grapefruit jelly.

GRAPEFRUIT JELLY

3½ cups grapefruit juice
 7 cups sugar
 1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare juice, grate rind from four medium grapefruit and squeeze out juice. Add juice to grated rind and let stand ten minutes, then press juice through cloth. Measure juice and sugar into saucepan, mix. Bring to boil over hot flame and add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for half a minute. Remove from fire, skim and pour into glasses.

By

MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

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Crime Made Easy

(Continued from page 37)

\$100,000 thief at seventeen!

And Johnny went on: "I helped to steal a payroll last year—it was a big one—but the law didn't catch up with me then. I thought I was too smart for the cops. . . . But now . . . this thing . . . the bonds, I mean—" Johnny's voice choked as he finished.

Well, there's Johnny Elber's story. It delivers its own message and needs no comment from me. But I shall always remember the scene in that Judge's chambers as Johnny left to start his prison sentence. As the door closed behind him, there was a moment of deathlike silence. Then the venerable judge turned sad, weary eyes to me and said: "I've just sentenced the wrong person for that boy's crime. I should have sent his father and mother to prison, if I was going to send anyone."

Maybe you have a Johnny Elber in your own home—or in your neighborhood. If so, are you doing anything about it?

According to Judge Franklin Taylor, veteran criminal judge, the remedy for juvenile crime is one of prevention rather than punishment. "Human frailty must be recognized and accepted," he says. "Remove temptation and there will be no crime. Make crime difficult and dangerous, instead of easy and comparatively safe."

TAKE the case of a young boy on New York's East Side. We'll call him Joey. His story dramatizes in frightening fashion the meaning of Judge Taylor's advice.

Joey was a fine young fellow. His parents said he used to spend a good deal of time looking out of the window and making pencil sketches of the things he saw. But Joey had a feeling for adventure, too. One day he found an unlocked parked automobile near his home. He was tempted. He drove it off, and abandoned it miles away. He drove other unlocked cars, and soon was tempted to sell tires and accessories stolen from these cars. Soon he found he could make more money by selling the cars outright.

One day some fellows he met in a pool room asked Joey to steal a car for them and drive it for them on a hold-up job. The pay was tempting. He yielded again. In a few months he was a full-fledged bandit, entering stores and robbing unarmed and defenseless people. He was caught, convicted, and only a few weeks ago was sent to prison for a long term—a hardened criminal at eighteen!

Joey's whole career of crime started when somebody left his car unlocked when parked at the curb. Judge Taylor insists that it is people such as this, who leave temptations in the way of youth, who start boys in criminal ways.

You may say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and I say, "Yes, you are. Because none of us should escape responsibility for our part in causing another's downfall by disregarding the Holy Admonition, *Lead us not into temptation.*"

This is one point of our program, on which all of us can cooperate, to help guard against child delinquency. We can pledge ourselves to help keep temptation out of youth's way, and also by word, deed, and example, we

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can strive to help children to recognize temptation, and teach them to build up a resistance against it.

Our boys, particularly those who are just beginning their careers of crime, need friendship more than they need reformation. I want to tell you about the Children's Court in New York City, where Judge Rosalie Whitney sits each day to take up the cases of delinquent children. Each case is heard privately, in a large quiet room. There are no reporters present—no one, in fact, but a court attendant and a girl stenographer; for Judge Whitney insists that only the parents of a delinquent child have the right to witness his humiliation at being brought into Court. . . . But let me take you on my visit to that Court.

It is ten o'clock in the morning. Judge Whitney motions to the court attendant, who brings in two small negro boys, about twelve years old, each with his mother. They stand before the rail, uneasy, shifting from one foot to the other. One of the mothers is crying. A policeman and two men from a trucking company tell how these boys stole a carton containing twenty-four bottles of ink from an open truck while the drivers were absent.

"Is that ink I see on your sweater, Rodney?" the Judge interrupts. The little boy hangs his head and whispers, "Yes ma'am."

"Why did you take the box?" And the other colored lad replies: "We wanted to see what was in it."

One cries—great tears roll down his dark face and he doesn't try to wipe them away. I sit there with a lump in my throat, watching those tears drop one after another on the telltale sweater with the ink stains. The other boy smiles and seems to take the matter as a joke—until Judge Whitney begins to talk quietly of the seriousness of stealing anything, whether it's worth a penny or a fortune. As she talks, the face of the smiling boy grows serious. She speaks of how she would dislike to send the boys away.

Then she stops. The large paneled room is so quiet you could hear a pin drop. The little group waits for her decision. The fate of these small boys is in her hands. The silence lasts for maybe two minutes, although to the small group it seems like an hour. I think Judge Whitney deliberately plans these moments of tense waiting. She wants the children to realize that they have committed a grave offense—that they have disobeyed the law. And she wants them to consider the consequences—how they may be sent away from their parents if she should decide that way.

Finally, she speaks softly: "I'm going to give you boys into the custody of your mothers," she says. "I expect you to be good boys from now on, and I think you will be. But you're on probation. The probation officer will keep in touch with you, and you must understand that he is your friend. He wants to help you. He will report to me from time to time and tell me how you are getting along." They look up at her, relief written all over their little faces, and then they are led out.

Now, I've sat in many Court rooms and listened to many cases, but watching Judge Whitney work was a revelation to me. She doesn't treat children like criminals. They have disobeyed the law, they have been arrested, but she doesn't brand them as outlaws. I don't mean that she al-

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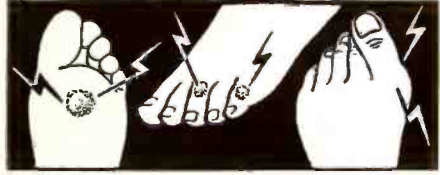
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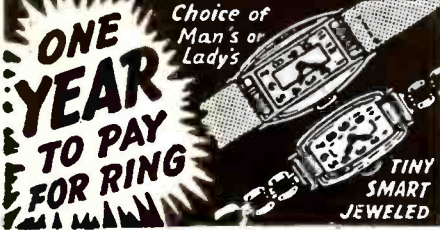
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ways lets children off easily, or that her heart sways her in weighing evidence and administering justice. But her simple helpful words, her kindly calling of a child by name—her way of waiving formalities and getting down to his level—all these gain the confidence of the youngster.

You—every one of you who is reading this page—has two responsibilities to the children of America: a community responsibility and an individual responsibility.

Whenever you find a sincere, honestly administered organization or group, no matter how small, in any community, that seeks to interest youth in the finer things of life and gives boys something active and healthy to do, there you'll find the finest kind of Crime Prevention activity.

That's your responsibility as a member of the community—to help and cooperate with agencies which give youngsters a natural and healthy outlet for their energies. But you have an individual responsibility, too, to every child you come in contact with—most of all, to your own children.

DON'T fall into that all too common error of supposing that every other child in the world, except yours, is capable of being tempted to do wrong. Yours is, too, or he wouldn't be a human being. It's your job to keep him from yielding to that temptation, to guide him in the paths that will lead him to the useful, honorable life you plan for him.

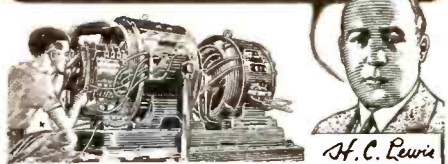
From the moment your child understands anything at all, *teach him to respect the law.* Teach him to respect the police as representing law enforcement. Teach him that the policeman in your neighborhood is not a person to be feared and hated—a monster who will pounce on him at the slightest provocation. Teach him rather that the policeman is his friend, and is working to protect him and help him. If parents would encourage a friendlier feeling between their children and the police, much juvenile crime would be eliminated. And if parents themselves would cooperate more with the police, many a boy would not now be in the reformatory.

The boys and girls of today are the citizens of tomorrow. Youth is our biggest asset. Are we going to toss it into the discard—or are we going to make it our business, as individuals and communities, to reap the benefits of decent, law-abiding characteristics which are the inherent qualities of every child in America?

Eight hundred thousand juvenile criminals in this country! More juvenile crime in America than in all of Europe! This is one record of which we cannot be proud. We cannot, must not, let our youth, who lead the world in athletics and so many other worthwhile things, lead it in crime—for crime was not their heritage.

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H. C. Lewis

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Have you ever dreamed of holding down a steady, good pay job? Have you ever dreamed of doing the work you really like in a job that holds promise of a real future in the years ahead? Well, we all know that you can't get the good things in life by just dreaming about them. Hundreds of fellows are today holding down mighty fine jobs with prospects of a bright future. They are filling these jobs because they had the foresight to equip themselves with the right kind of training. Most of these men were only average fellows a short time ago, but the proper training helped to lift them out of the low pay ranks of unskilled workers. The same opportunity is now offered to you.

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Right now I am including at no extra tuition cost, an extra 4-weeks course of training in Radio after you have completed your 12 weeks electrical training.

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Here at my school in Chicago, the world's Electrical Center, you can get 12 weeks Shop Training in **ELECTRICITY**, that can help give you your start towards a better job.

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Right now I'm including valuable instruction in Diesel, Electric Refrigeration and Air Conditioning at no extra cost. Our practical shop methods make it easier to learn—First the instructors tell you how a thing should be done—then they show you how it should be done—then you do the actual work yourself.

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Send the coupon today for all details. When I get it I'll send you my big free book containing dozens of pictures of students at work in my shops. I'll also tell you about my "Pay After Graduation" plan, how many earn while learning and how we help our students after graduation. Fill in, clip coupon, mail today for your start toward a brighter future.

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H. C. LEWIS, Pres., COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St. Dept. 49-64, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lewis: Without obligation send me your big, free catalog with facts about Coyne Training and details of your "Pay-Train-After-Graduation" Plan and your 4 weeks extra Radio Course.

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■ Benay Venuta, left, swirls her hair dramatically over the left ear, and keeps it there with a clever arrangement of bobby pins.

■ Below, Nan Wynn also relies on bobby pins for those little curls. The real trick is in knowing how to arrange them in your coiffure.



MAKING YOUR HAIR STAY PUT

INDIVIDUALITY is the keynote for today's hair styles, regardless of the current trends. It is not always possible for one to follow one style and look as becoming as we could wish. Texture of the hair, its pliability and contours of the face are factors to be taken into consideration first. Even at that, when a becoming coiffure has finally been arrived at, the biggest problem is keeping it in place! After experimenting for weeks to evolve an individual and flattering hair-do, it can be very discouraging when the coiffure won't stay put. And here's where you can make use of the simplest of all hairdressing paraphernalia, an item which will prove itself to be most indispensable—ordinary bobby pins!

There are many who are staunch advocates of combs and barettes, and these hair accessories are also ornaments. However, if you prefer to keep your curls in place with invisible assistance, here is where the bobby pin proves itself an almost invaluable aide-de-hair. Manufacturers have put on the market colored bobby pins to match your hair. And you can also get them in red, blue, yellow, green and aqua, to match your costume.

Benay Venuta, who produces and sings on her own program over the Mutual Broadcasting System, and Nan Wynn, lovely CBS song stylist, are two of our more popular radio stars who have been using bobby pins for years. They even carry a

Can't do a thing with it? Here's the way to answer that most despairing wail of all women!

By JOYCE ANDERSON

supply in their purses for emergency.

BLUE-EYED Benay is of the statuesque type and needs no additional height, and so she wears her golden hair in low, loose curls, with a bow-knot of ringlets over her right temple. At the sides, she pulls her hair straight back, and lets a fringe of curls just cover the ear-tips. No combs for Benay—they'd be too outstanding for her fair hair. She prefers three bobby pins—one to keep the top hair flat, and two for the sides.

Nan Wynn, slim and dark, with deep sensitive brown eyes and a luxuriant crop of shining brown hair, likes to vary her hair-dos, and has appeared at the studios in everything from a page-boy to the piled-up effect. Here she wears her hair in an irregular part outlined by flat ringlets, with a bang on the left forehead. The hair is pulled back and up at the sides for additional height, and five hidden bobby pins are ingeniously placed to keep the coiffure intact.

So here we have two of radio's glamour girls of contrasting personalities and opposite types of beauty. Their coiffures may originate in the swank hairdressing salons of Park Avenue, but the curls are firmly disciplined by the great leveler—the bobby pin!

IT'S COMPLEXION TIME

This is the time to take your complexion in hand and get it in tip-top shape for the new season. If your skin seems to lack that clear glow, put it down to the weather and the rich foods you have been indulging in all winter.

While seasonal changes effect the sensitive skin which is always exposed to the elements, there are many fine preparations to aid this temporary defect. If your diet has been badly balanced, it may be that a nourishing bit of yeast will do the trick. If the blemishes are localized, it is quite probable that one of the medicated soaps or soothing antiseptic salves will clear it up in a jiffy.

Just remember when using any one of these preparations, to follow the instructions rigidly and exactly as prescribed.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

Why Shouldn't Women Seek Men in Marriage?

(Continued from page 13)

tended going into business because they had to, and both said they would give anything if they could marry instead. It seems to me they should have been able to put themselves up for marriage in some good fashion and have found husbands.

Women are human beings to the extent that most of them are not going to do anything extraordinary. They are not ambitious on the whole for careers. As things are now, men still *have* to support their wives, but most women do not have to support husbands. Why have the wastage in training all women for business when what most of them really want is training for marriage and a husband?

Women ought to be trained in two definite directions—marriage and/or a career. As it is now, they are not trained in the art of companionship to men, though most of them want that, above all else. College education and intelligence are not enough; they need inwardly a kind of personal grace and outwardly a better technique.

But the women I feel really sorry for in this country are not those who have found their places in society, whether in the home or out of it, who know what they want to do—but the young women who do not know what they want, and cannot plan the future. Too many women today are uncertain and unhappy.

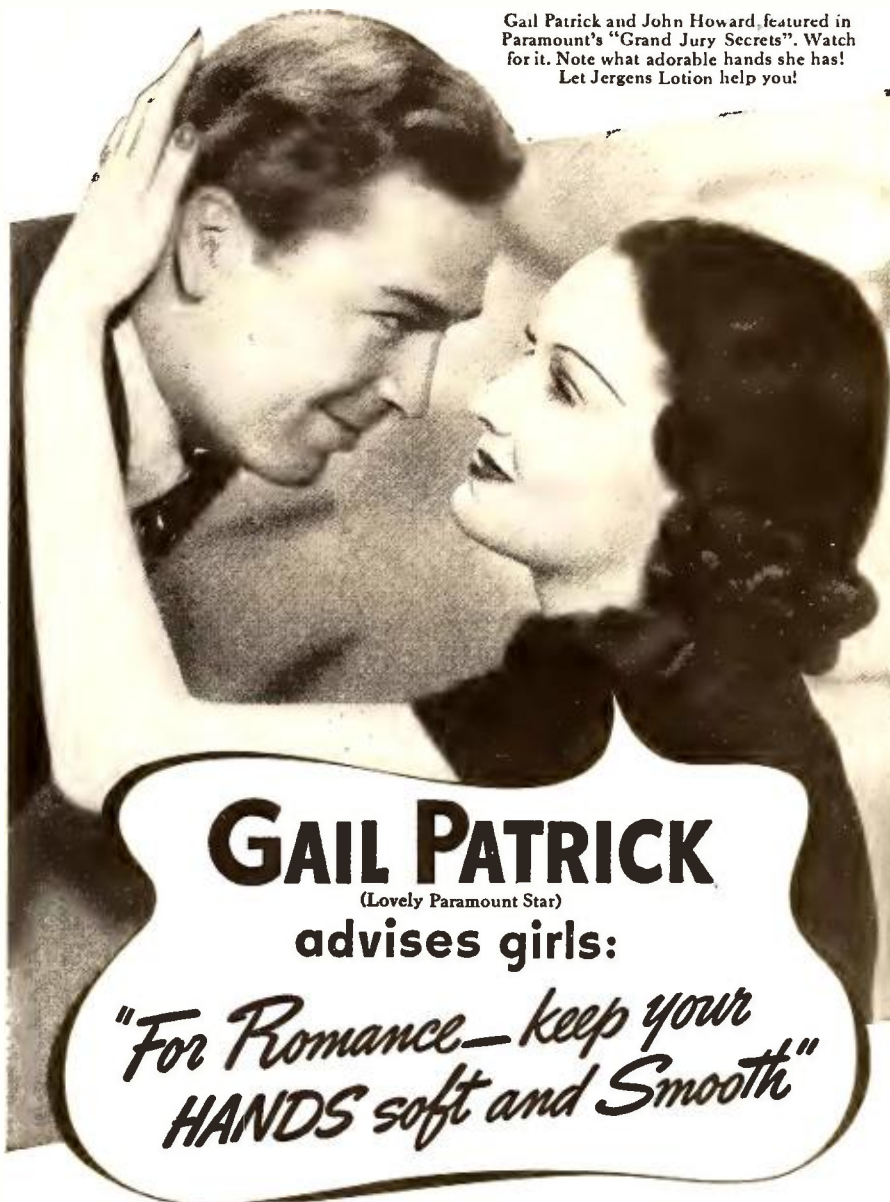
I think chance comes to every woman in one way or another. If she is determined in her purpose and is quick to take any chance she gets, we say she is lucky. But I don't believe in luck, except possibly in the large trends of prosperity and depression. Obviously, it is easier to get a job, for instance, in one time than in another. But the same individual man or woman gets ahead in time. And I believe you will find it is the individual woman who is above the average who will be responsible for the greatest achievements.

In other words, I think the greatest failure of women is in themselves as individuals, and conversely, women need, more than anything else, to develop themselves as individual human beings before the situation of women in general can improve.

Have you ever experienced a dream that came true, or a warning of disaster from within you that saved your life? Next month read about such weird happenings that really took place, in an article entitled, "Mysteries of the Mind."

—In the May RADIO MIRROR—

Gail Patrick and John Howard, featured in Paramount's "Grand Jury Secrets". Watch for it. Note what adorable hands she has! Let Jergens Lotion help you!



GAIL PATRICK

(Lovely Paramount Star)

advises girls:

*"For Romance—keep your
HANDS soft and Smooth"*

How "Winter Dryness" May Rob your HANDS of Charm

SOFT "Hollywood Hands" are so charming! Don't let winter chapping and roughen them. Your skin's moisture glands become less active then; your hands lose natural moisture, too, from exposure to wind, cold and water. Furnish extra moisture for the skin with Jergens Lotion. Helps do the beautifying work of the depleted nat-

ural moisture. How do doctors help soften rough, harsh skin? Many use 2 fine ingredients that are found in Jergens. Never sticky! Regular use prevents chapping. Trade 2 minutes a day for hands *he'll* adore? Start now to use Jergens Lotion. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00, at beauty counters.

JERGENS LOTION



NEW FACE CREAM—Jergens All-Purpose Cream—promotes smooth skin; beautifies. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

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I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free* sample of Jergens!

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Between scenes of Universal's "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man," Fields tries to get even with McCarthy while Bergen protests.

This is the Life!

(Continued from page 32)

Canada. Says he'll give me a course in Shakespeare."

Patia simply nodded. "You couldn't have a better teacher. I've given you what training I could. Now you move up."

He tried to smile. "You're so good about things," he told her . . .

He had almost a year of grace. Not quite. The summer had passed, and the winter, and the foggy spring had come to California when finally Tyrone sat opposite his father's financial advisor—one Mr. Adams—and said, "I don't know what I'm doing out here on the Coast, why I don't go East to Mother. Now that he's—dead, I mean. There was some point to it before, when Dad was going to do this 'Miracle Man' thing. I thought I might squeeze into the business on the strength of his name. But now—"

YOU were there, weren't you? When it happened?"

Tyrone frowned. "He died in my arms."

Mr. Adams put on his business face, amenities over, and opened a portfolio. "Your father didn't have much money, you know. He lived too well. The best hotels, expensive cars, enormous wardrobes."

"I guessed that. I hadn't intended to depend on what he might leave me. But I want to work. D'you suppose—might there be a chance for me here?"

"Why don't you try it?"

Tyrone grinned. "Dad had nothing on me, financially speaking."

"I might help."

The two—the sophisticated older man and the equally worldly youngster—grinned at each other, in complete understanding.

"How much," asked Mr. Adams, "can you get by on?"

Getting by, in any circumstances, is not a happy business. Tyrone learned the meaning of the phrases "skin-of-the-teeth" and "hair's-breadth" during the following years. . . . There were the rooms he lived in, especially—better left unremembered; there were the beaneries, innumerable,

of a pattern. The better to appreciate Guinea hen a l'orange at Perino's, later. There was the time, early in 1930, when his agent called him and said, "I've set you for a role in 'Tom Brown.' You can relax now."

He did. It was a mistake. By the time he had discovered that it wasn't as easy as that, that you don't receive success on a nickel phone call, months had gone by and he had blisters on his heels from tramping to agents' offices from producers' offices—and you could count Tyrone Power's ribs again, and there was nothing, not anything, to keep him here in this ghastly unfeeling town with its relentless sun and its relentless industry.

Whereupon he ate an enormous steak, spent what money he could find in his trousers pocket for a cab to the beach, and lay happily watching the surf roll up, complacently aware that Something would Happen.

It was always darkest, he reflected, before the dawn. Not to mention that stuff about the silver lining. Anyway, if ever there were such a thing as luck, now was the time . . .

Drops of cold water on his back snapped him out of it. He sat up.

"Harya, pal," said the young man who, fresh from a swim, stood above him.

EDDIE FISHER! Ty held out his hand. "Are you the angel I'm expecting, F.O.B. Heaven?"

"Not exactly. But very F.O.B. Santa Barbara. I'm directing a little theater there."

"Then I'm hired."

Eddie allowed himself one raised eyebrow. "Okay. You're hired."

Tyrone raised his hands to the sky. "Didn't I tell you?" he yelled triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you?"

"Screwball," said Eddie.

Santa Barbara—the period there, during the time when he worked for Eddie in the little theater—is of importance because it brought besides a small salary and some experience, First Love to Tyrone. Her name was Nicky.

In any case she is Nicky in his memory. "This," said Eddie that particular evening after the show was over and the crowd had gathered backstage for dancing, "is Nicky."

"Let's dance," Ty said to her, and crooked his right arm to receive her.

He might have known she would dance that well.

"Say it isn't so—" She hummed the tune lightly, with the music. Her voice was warm. He caught in it the reflection of what she was: a slim Venus in sandal hose and with a white cross on her back where shoulder straps of play-suits had defied the sun. She would do most of the right things at the right time—plunge directly into surf instead of wading in gingerly; treat sentimental topics and events with just the right shading between tenderness and restraint.

"I'll see you tomorrow," he told her, when the evening was over.

"If I see you first," said Nicky, "I'll get out my lasso."

It began that way, and lasted all summer and all winter, and it was a love with glamour—the glamour of palms along white beaches, of mid-night drives (she had a car) along the unbelievable Coastline, of dashing trips, sixty miles and back to Los Angeles for dinner and dancing at the Coconut Grove; and there were high-lights. The night she stood up and cheered at his exit in "Three Cornered Moon." The afternoon she said, "This is the end of our friendship, I suppose. What are we going to do?"

HE did the only thing possible. He packed his clothes at midnight, left a note for Eddie, and caught the first bus to Los Angeles.

It took courage of a sort he had not known he possessed. He tore a part of himself loose and threw it away, that night. His ears still heard her low voice, the tunes—forever memorable—to which they had danced. Her gay laughter followed him.

But there can be greater things than a first love. Tyrone Power had found it necessary, often, to be relentless with other people; now he must be relentless with himself. He could not offer Nicky anything, not even the diamond bracelets Woolworth sells; and the portion of his mind and energy dedicated to boundless ambition told him: Keep on, keep on. It has been six years, now. That is too long. Hurry. Hurry.

He talked to Adams and to Patia the next day, his eyes troubled, his brain cold and detached. "Don't ask me, because I don't know," he said. "Only I've got to go away. I've got to try something else. And I need some money."

Once again Adams grinned, and the smile found the suggestion of an answer on Tyrone's set mouth. "How much," asked Mr. Adams, "can you get along on?"

Under him the wheels of the day coach sang a monotony, translated in Tyrone's ears to, "What now, what now, what now, what now."

He shifted in his chair. "—little man?" he finished for the wheels. And went to sleep.

Chicago, a job in the World's Fair; New York, and a job with Katherine Cornell; Hollywood again, and stardom—greater loves—riches—Tyrone Power's fabulous life story reaches its startling climax in the *May Radio Mirror*, out March 24th.

The "Quints" March On -with **Karo**



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CECILE

On Pancakes

MARIE

YVONNE

On Waffles



Delicious on Oatmeal and other cereals... TRY IT!

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