

Radio **AND TELEVISION** **MIRROR**

10¢

A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

DECEMBER



**JUDY
GARLAND**

HILLTOP HOUSE
In Exciting Story Form

WHAT MICKEY ROONEY MEANS TO JUDY GARLAND

COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC OF A NEW TUNE BY LARRY CLINTON

WHERE WAS I WRONG?

The True Story of a Famous Star
Who Gambled Two Lives on Divorce

TO BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME! FOR GIFTS TO THOSE YOU LOVE! FOR SMART PARTY PRIZES!

SAMSON DeLuxe CARD TABLES

LOOK HOW STURDY THIS TABLE IS... NO WOBBLE, NO SHIMMY!

WHAT A STUNNING NEW TABLE... I MUST GET ONE!

IT'S A SAMSON... AND A REAL BARGAIN AT \$2.98... YOU'D BETTER HURRY!

THESE SAMSON CHAIRS ARE SO COMFORTABLE

No. 745. Ivory Samsonhyde, Rescoed border in bas relief. Looks like hand tooled leather.



No. 796. Rich inlaid wood effect combining American crotch walnut and burr walnut with oriental lacewood effect.

No. 779. Faithful wood grain effect reproduction of costly original done in rare Hawaiian woods.

No. 710. Inlaid wood grain effect of Will Rogers Memorial near Pikes Peak, Colorado. Beautifully colored.

No. 790. New York World's Fair design richly colored wood grain effect.

No. 798. Burr wood grain effect with water lily motif decoration.

No. 795. Cedar and dark walnut effect for checkers and chess as well as card playing.

No. 765. Satin finish walnut effect border, with two-toned ivory embossed simulated Russian walrus grain center.

No. 763. Same as No. 767 with rich maroon center.

No. 762. Same as No. 767 with smart brown center.

No. Smooth wood effect border deeply embossed simulated Russian walrus grain center.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE

1940 JUBILEE VALUES

only \$2.98

Slightly Higher at Distant Points

No. 775. (right) Painting of Pueblo Indian Girl by famous artist reproduced on white top.

Your Choice! —OF EITHER NO EXTRA CO

With Each Table—Fireside Screen or 2 Double Duty Coaster Ash Trays! \$1



Brand new! Solid wood stand which immediately transforms your table into a beautiful Fireside Screen Table slips in and without effort.

New double duty coaster ash trays keep table top clear. Room for 4 beverage glasses, cigars, cigarettes and ashes. Slip on and off easily.



LOOK them over again—America's most beautiful card tables! Never before such rich, luxurious tops—never before such outstanding value! They're Samson De Luxe—strong, sturdy, washable, stain-proof! Get several for card playing, for the porch, kitchen, lawn, children's play room. Ideal for serving tea. Marvelous gifts. Insist on SAMSON DE LUXE at your dealer's.

LAY AWAY PLAN FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS Select your new 1940 Samson De Luxe Tables NOW for Christmas gifts. Perfect for mothers, sisters, friends, neighbors, relatives, sweethearts! Most stores have special lay-away plans.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

If your dealer isn't supplied, send \$2.98 for postage and packing, specifying model number, and we'll ship table and fireside screen or 2 coaster ash trays anywhere in U. S. A. (ordering chairs specify color.)

Luxuriously Comfortable! Strikingly Beautiful! **SAMSON FOLDING CHAIRS**

\$2.98

Slightly Higher at Distant Points

The comfort of an easy chair—compact and light weight! Smooth tubular steel frame! Covered padded seat! Form fitting back! Easy, silent folding! Every home needs several—scores of uses. Ivory, Brown, Maroon, Green to match Samson Tables.



Samson Tables and Chairs Strong enough to hold over 300 pounds.

SHWAYDER BROS., INC. • DEPT. W-242 • DETROIT, MICHIGAN • DENVER, COLORADO

SAMSON CARD TABLES & CHAIRS



Romantic gown of changeable taffeta with deep square neckline and new puff bustle.

Her evening frock said "Stop and Look" but her lovely smile added "Stay"

Your smile is precious, priceless—it's YOU! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage



Don't ignore the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

ANY MAN with an eye for beauty will always admire the girl in a glamorous gown. But how soon he turns away if her smile is dull and dreary!

For a girl can be dressed in the latest fashion and *still* win pity instead of praise—if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush"—if she lets her smile grow dingy.

Don't let this happen to *you!* Don't risk your looks—the winning appeal of a lovely smile—by neglecting the proper care of your teeth and gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a danger signal. Heed it promptly!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. It may mean nothing serious. The chances are he'll tell you that modern, soft-cooked foods are depriving your gums of

vigorous chewing—denying them enough healthful exercise. He'll probably suggest "more work for lazy gums" and, as so many dentists do, he'll often add, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to keep teeth clean and sparkling but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the lazy tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—a smile that wins admiration!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN,
ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor



"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW *Winx*

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

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

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

Money-Back Guarantee!

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



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

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



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

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(From an M-G-M photo)

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE ATTENTION, FUTURE MOTHERS!

In my position of medical office-nurse, I notice a growing number of queries and fears voiced to me by future mothers. It is only natural for humanity to fear the unknown, and fear is easily instilled in the mind that does not yet know how safe childbirth can be with today's medical science. Such fear, I believe, can be instilled by the constant repeating of fiction stories in radio serials, concerning women who die in childbirth.

I have heard as many as two such portrayals in one day on different programs. The ratio of such perils is very small compared with the triumphs, and to women contemplating childbirth, such roles might impress them erroneously.—Mrs. Roy W. Taylor, Portland, Oregon.

SECOND PRIZE LET'S MAKE IT A GAME!

As an English teacher in a rural school, I've found the radio a marvelous help in teaching English. Since the rural child's vocabulary is often woefully limited, I had my students get two words each day from some radio program. At the close of school each student had added over three hundred new, usable words to his vocabulary.

Radio is playing an increasingly important part in education.—Jess F. Blair, Brownfield, Texas.

THIRD PRIZE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

"Arch Oboler's Plays!—On the wings of the night we bring you a story, whispered in the night." Thus opens a dramatic program that to my mind is incomparable with any other. A program that always contains that very necessary element of surprise.

The actors do their jobs superbly well, particularly Raymond Johnson. My only criticism is that the music on several programs has been too loud.—Sidney Lanier, Jacksonville, Fla.

(Continued on page 76)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN
— PRIZES —

First Prize \$10.00
Second Prize \$ 5.00
Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

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

No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—



EVERYONE knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she *keep* one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a *small* thing . . . yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so *surely* guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. More business girls—more

women *everywhere*—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

SAVE TIME! Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

SAVE CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum *after* dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

SAVE POPULARITY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor *impossible* all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business . . . in love . . . guard your charm!

MUM IS FIRST CHOICE IN HOLLYWOOD



TO HERSELF:
IT'S HOURS SINCE I'VE
HAD MY BATH, BUT
THANKS TO MUM,
I KNOW I'M SWEET.



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

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

*This is the way
to my Party,
to my Snooks*

Baby Snooks staged a hilarious party to celebrate the starting of her Good News of 1940 show. Left, she broadcast the invitations. Right, a nice trick to play on "Daddy" Hanley Stafford, and below, up to new pranks with orchestra-leader Meredith Willson.

Photos by Fink



Hollywood Radio Whispers

SHIRLEY TEMPLE will be the most popular radio star of 1941. That's the year when Shirley will quit motion pictures, according to a statement made to me by her mother. I expect that the moppet's parents will not turn down any radio offers after Shirley quits films: for a radio program, once a week, will not interfere with her schooling or natural growth. So, mark it down in your calendar: 1941, Radio Stars: Shirley Temple!

Jimmy Cagney's sis, Jeanne Cagney, may become radio's newest dramatic star! Paramount signed Jeanne some months ago, and on the strength of her performances, she is being touted as the best dramatic find of the year. Radio agencies are already bidding for her services to headline a well known dramatic show!

CUPID NOTES: Hanley Stafford, the "Daddy" of the Fanny Brice-Baby Snooks skits, is altar bound this month with Vyola Vonn, chanteuse!

Walter Huston may be one of the world's finest dramatic actors, but he can't hold a candle to Robert Young

By GEORGE FISHER

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

when it comes to emceeing the Good News show.

While returning on the Queen Mary, right after the war scare, Bob Hope and the other passengers gathered in the ship's salon to hear the King's War Speech: after which everyone sang "God Save The King." Hope listened to the song for a moment and then muttered "and the Queen Mary!"

Don Ameche, Charlie McCarthy's radio sparring partner, will do things up in a big way in his next picture, "Swanee." He knocks out Al Jolson and wrecks a saloon!

One of Hollywood's most popular programs is the Make Believe Ballroom conducted by Al Jarvis on the Warner radio station, KFWB. Jarvis has been spinning records in Hollywood for more than five years: and

has a noontime following that is hard to beat. Last month when he switched from KMTR to KFWB, over fifty movie and radio stars appeared with Jarvis on his program to compliment him on the change!

Buddy Rogers is convalescing from his recent attack of pneumonia.

Truman Bradley, who last year was famous for his announcing duties on The Sunday Evening Hour, has resigned from his MGM movie-making contract. Brad's last appearance on the screen was in "Northwest Passage." He's returned to radio to handle the mike for Burns and Allen!

Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks told friends at the Danny Danker cocktail party, they'd be married on Christmas Day.

Dorothea Kent, the Universal starlet, held Charlie Barnett's hand between dances at the Palomar, during his engagement there.

Mary Martin's bald-headed beau, (Continued on page 69)



AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A

COLD OR SORE THROAT— LISTERINE, QUICK!

AT THE first sign of a cold or its frequent symptom, a sore throat, start gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic.

This prompt and pleasant precaution may spare you further trouble—and hasten relief.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

As Listerine Antiseptic enters the mouth, it kills countless surface bacteria. Then it reaches way back in the throat to kill millions more of the threatening "secondary invaders" on the membrane. These are the germs, many authorities claim, which complicate the original cold . . . give rise to painful and distressing symptoms . . . and may lead to more troublesome developments.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

You have only to look at the chart test data below to see how amazingly Listerine reduced germs on the mouth and throat surfaces.

Even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests actually showed bacterial reductions ranging to 96.7%.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds and Milder Colds

Now you can understand why so many thousands of people say that Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against colds.

With such germ killing results in mind, you can realize too, why clinical work on colds during eight years of research showed these impressive results.

Those who gargled Listerine twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds than those who did not. Moreover, when Listerine users did catch cold, infections were less severe and of shorter duration than with those who did not gargle. Again, Listerine users had fewer sore throats.

Surely Listerine Antiseptic is worth using twice a day during the winter and early spring months when colds threaten every one. So we say: at the first symptom of trouble, Listerine—quick!—and often.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

"That's my method. I tilt my head well back so that the LISTERINE gargle reaches way back on throat surfaces."

Correct, Madam. It is important to kill as many as possible of the infectious germs that accompany cold conditions. They are the types, many authorities say, which are largely responsible for soreness, inflammation, and other symptoms of a cold.

"So often my throat feels better in a very little while. And I am also sure that I have taken sensible action against a cold."

An excellent precaution, Madam. Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of those troublesome "secondary invaders." Often its action gives Nature needed help in controlling bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces in the early stages of a cold.



NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS!



The two drawings at right illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine. 15 minutes after gargling Listerine, 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



Your OPPORTUNITY of 1939

\$25,000.00

TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

*Three Special
\$1,000 Bonus Prizes*

During the three months beginning September 1 and ending November 29, 1939, fifty men and women are going to be made richer to the extent of fifty big cash prizes ranging from \$250 up to \$2500 in the great true story manuscript contest now being conducted by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COUPON

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

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

Name

Street

Town State

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

PRIZE SCHEDULE

1st Prize	\$2500.00
2nd Prize	1500.00
3rd Prize—3 at \$1000 each..	3000.00
4th Prize—15 at \$500 each..	7500.00
5th Prize—30 at \$250 each..	7500.00

50 Regular Prizes.. \$22,000.00

3 Bonus Prizes of \$1000 each 3,000.00

Total \$25,000.00

CONTEST RULES

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

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

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

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

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

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

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

Do not send us stories which we have returned. As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

This contest ends Wednesday, November 29, 1939.

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

FACING



GLENN MILLER is now definitely slated for a radio commercial as predicted in these pillars not long ago. The Miller band, touted as the "hottest" team right now, is experiencing the sort of triumphs Art Shaw bathed in last year.

When CBS took over Brunswick-Vocalion records, experts knew some changes would be made. First they grabbed Benny Goodman away from Victor. Now they have issued a new disk to sell for fifty cents, featuring the king of swing, Duchin, Kyser, Ellington, James, Krupa, Heidt, Noble, Malneck, Raymond Scott, Teagarden, and Teddy Wilson. Now Victor replies with equally good news. They have signed brilliant, blind Alec Templeton.

Newest band to receive public favor belongs to young saxophonist Bob Chester. Tommy Dorsey is reported to be interested in the band. Chester is independently wealthy, being a relative of a big automobile mogul.

The switch of girl vocalists continues. Barbara Bush is Charlie Barnet's newest warbler and Gray Gordon has just hired Vicci Dova.

"Skeets" Herfurt, who left Tommy Dorsey's band for a Hollywood movie contract was the only musician to play in all three Dorsey bands: the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra, Jimmy's outfit, and Tommy's. Hughie Prince, a comedy vocalist replaces "Skeets" but will not play any instrument.

Skinney Ennis stays west with a new contract to play in the swank Victor Hugo Cafe in Hollywood.

Red Norvo's band is still functioning. Only vocalists Terry Allen and wife Mildred Bailey are absent. Terry Allen is now with Larry Clinton.

Bud Freeman's solid jive outfit, now stationed in Nick's in New York's Greenwich Village is getting a steady college trade, and has hit the business of the big hotel supper rooms. Bud is assisted by such swing veterans as drummer Dave Tough, clarinetists Pee Wee Russell, and guitar-

THE MUSIC

By
KEN ALDEN

Since Bea Wain joined Lucky Strike's Hit Parade Saturday nights, she's seeing more of her husband, Andre Baruch.

The bounce rhythms you hear on Wednesday's Town Hall Tonight, come from the tricky harmony of the Merry Macs—Ted McMichael, Helen Carroll, and brothers Joe and Judd.



ist Eddie Condon. Only worry of the fans is that the boys don't get temperamental and break up a winning combination. * * *

Andre Baruch is finally seeing a lot of his wife Bea Wain. When Bea was with Larry Clinton they seemed to be oceans apart. * * *

Don't be surprised if Canada's top orchestra leader, Percy Faith, comes to New York this winter for an attractive radio offer.

CLOSE FAMILY HARMONY

THE Merry Macs were incorporated under the laws of the State of New York in February, 1939, but their successful partnership dates many years before.

Eighteen years ago when Ted (he's treasurer) was eight, the family were working in close harmony over the dinner dishes, improvising amazing rhythms on such strange opuses as "Marseillaise," and "Britannia Rules the Waves."

Long before this highly successful

quartet ever heard of Fred Allen, Judd (he's president) was giving his all on the football field of dear old West High School in Minneapolis, and thinking about the victory dance where he and his faithful brothers would entertain.

And the word "sponsor" meaning Sal Hepatica-Ipana never was in young brother Joe's dictionary (he's secretary).

Not one of the illustrious McMichael boys could read a musical note.

(Continued on page 66)

Camay is so gentle — it's a Real Treat for My Skin!"

SAYS THIS LOVELY OHIO BRIDE

Camay's lather seems different to me... for while it's thorough, I find it's easier on my skin than the other soaps I've tried. Each beauty cleansing is a treat—and leaves my skin so gloriously fresh!

Middletown, Ohio
August 1, 1939

(Signed) HELEN ANDERSON
(Mrs. Townsend G. Anderson)

BEAUTY—ROMANCE! When a girl has *both*—doesn't it seem wise to follow her beauty advice? Charming Mrs. Anderson says, "Camay helped me keep my skin lovely—Camay can help you!"

Camay has that priceless beauty cleansing combination of *thoroughness with mildness*. It gets skin completely clean... is gentle, too. Time and again, we've tested Camay against several other famous beauty soaps on many different types of skin. Repeatedly Camay

proved definitely *milder!* Try Camay for your beauty *bath*, too! It helps keep back and shoulders lovely—is a fragrant aid to daintiness. And Camay's price is amazingly low. Get three cakes of this fine soap today—use it regularly!

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



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

What's New from Coast to Coast

By DAN SENSENEY



Radio star of the future? Shirley Temple gets chummy with the clown at the circus.

MYRT and Marge were the proud mother and sister at the opening of George Damerel's band at the Troc restaurant in New York. Young George is Myrt's son, Marge's brother. You used to hear him on the Myrt and Marge air show until he went into business on his own as a bandleader. * * *

Jot this down in your list of good things that might come true: They're talking about co-starring Jack Benny and Fred Allen in a Paramount picture next spring, after the end of Jack's and Fred's radio seasons. Also, Jack threatens to take a six-month or a whole year vacation from radio, beginning in the spring of 1940.

And another maybe: "Abie's Irish Rose," that famous long-run stage play, may show up as a daily radio serial this winter, if negotiations between its author and a sponsor are successful. * * *

Guy Lombardo seems to have started something that can lead to the end of noisy and ear-shattering automobile horns. Playing with his band at

the New York Fair, Guy was struck by the horns on all the Fair's motor vehicles, which play a few bars of "The Sidewalks of New York." Why not, Guy thought, put musical horns on all cars, and let the music be the song most closely associated with whatever state the car was licensed in? He sent letters to the governors of all 48 states, and got 25 enthusiastic replies. Not only that, but two automobile manufacturers were delighted with the idea too. * * *

Hurrying to the stage door of the Paramount Theater for one of his stage shows there, Larry Clinton was stopped by a girl who wanted his autograph. Larry obliged, delighting the autograph-hunter so much that she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him on both cheeks. A few minutes later, on the stage, Larry couldn't imagine why the audience was laughing—and he never did find out until after the performance, when one of the Frazee Sisters pulled out a handkerchief and wiped two red lip imprints off his cheeks.

Joan Winters, who plays Sylvia Bertron in the serial, *Road of Life*, is out gunning for a certain seller of exotic and rare perfumes. It seems that Joan collects rare perfumes as a hobby, but one day shortly after she had purchased a particularly heady variety from a traveling scent agent, she happened to talk to her colored maid Elsie, who was all dressed up and ready to take her day off. Elsie, Joan thought, smelled vaguely familiar. "What is that scent you are wearing?" she asked; and Elsie replied, "It's called Steppin' High, and I bought it in the Five and Dime." Later, after Elsie had gone, Joan went into her room and compared her Steppin' High perfume with the luscious and extremely expensive liquid she herself had bought . . . and that is why Joan is now anxious to take vengeance on a perfume salesman.

It took many years, but David Ross, the CBS announcer, has at last revealed why he is a radio announcer and not an actor. His career as an actor was nipped in the bud, by garlic, when David was a young man. On the evening of his debut as a leading man, in a play with the then-famous Eve Davenport, David's friends gave him a dinner at an Italian restaurant. This was nice of his friends, but what wasn't so nice was their trick of having all the food heavily flavored with garlic. The dinner ended, and David went to the theater. All went well until his big love scene with Miss Davenport. David, telling of it in his *Announcer's-Diction-Award English*, says: "I can truthfully say that I stopped the show. For as I murmured fervent words of love into her ear, first Miss Davenport blanched, then she winced, then she fainted. They then rang down the curtain, and my career as an actor was at an end."

Ezra Stone, Henry Aldrich of the Aldrich Family, wishes that the bicycle-race episodes of the popular NBC serial hadn't ended—for ever since Henry has stopped having any use for his tandem bicycle, Ezra has been besieged with letters from youngsters asking him for the bike. * * *

Informal and jovial as the Ask-It-Basket broadcasts on CBS are, the real hilarity always starts after the program goes off the air. Jim McWilliams, the question-putter, sings and plays the piano and tells stories, page-boys do specialty numbers and even the members of the audience contribute to the entertainment. One night Jim was singing "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby," when an elderly woman in the audience spoke up: "You were a beautiful baby, Jim," she said calmly. Turned out that she was an old friend of the McWilliams family, who'd known Jim as an infant. * * *

They're still saying that Tony Martin and Alice Faye are going to be visited by the stork—but intimates
(Continued on page 10)

SHE THOUGHT:

"ANOTHER WOMAN"

SHE SHOULD HAVE BLAMED HER

ONE NEGLECT*



She was a Perfect Housekeeper. Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept *that* always fragrantly clean.



... a Wonderful Cook. She never neglected to have her *meals* tempting, dainty—and she always served them piping hot.



... an Ideal Mother. Her youngster was always clean, sweet, immaculately cared for. No one could say he was unkempt.



Yet he became Indifferent. Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on *his* side. She sought vainly for the reason.



She thought: "Another Woman"... the first and natural thought of every "neglected" wife. But in this instance she was wrong.

BUT...
*She was careless
(or ignorant)
about Feminine
Hygiene*

**She neglected her person.* The ONE NEGLECT no husband can ever forgive. She should have used "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

Let "Lysol" Help YOU to Avoid this One Neglect

IF YOU yourself are in doubt on the important subject of intimate feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol".

For half a century "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, clinics, and wives, as a clean, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene use. Some of the reasons are...

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

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

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

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the

proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.

Dept. R.M.-912, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

What's New from Coast to Coast



series. Someone spoke to him, and Arch moved his lips in reply, but no sound came forth. Arch held out his hand and made motions until a pencil was handed to him. "My throat," he wrote. "Can't speak." But Arch always produces his play scripts by talking into a dictaphone, so one of the boys asked him, "How do you get your work done?" Arch walked miserably over to a typewriter, laboriously punched a few keys, ripped the paper out, and exhibited the message he'd written: "With these darned things."

YOUNGEST ANNOUNCER?

RICHMOND, Va.—Here's another entrant in Radio Mirror's attempt to find the youngest radio announcer in the business. He's Booth Uzzle, of Richmond's WRNL, and he's younger than Jack Hitchcock of Lincoln, Nebraska, Robert Franklin of San Jose, or Bernard C. Barth of Rapid City, South Dakota. Born on July 8, 1921, he's just turned eighteen, which seems to make him the youngest yet—or are there more claimants to the title?

Booth was born in Petersburg, Virginia, just south of Richmond, and was educated in the Petersburg schools, graduating from high school there with high scholastic honors. He entered radio in the summer of 1937, as an announcer, and became a regular member of the staff of WRNL in December, 1937, when he was only sixteen. Right now, in addition to handling a full forty-hour week schedule at the station, he is attending the University of Richmond.

Pressing Booth closely for the title is Jimmy Conway, of Milwaukee's WISN, but Jimmy loses out because he was born a few months before Booth—on February 21, 1921. He has one extra distinction, though—he's been heard coast-to-coast, announcing Paul Whiteman's commercial CBS show when Paul was in Milwaukee and in Superior, Wisconsin.

How about it—are there any announcers who are even younger?

If you have a husband or a son who spends all his leisure time fishing or hunting, don't try to break him of the habit—he may be a big radio star some day. That's the way Bob Edge, CBS's outdoor expert, got where he is today. Bob graduated from college and went to work as a stock broker. But he always loved to hunt and fish, and when the depression came along and he lost his job he simply hunted and fished all the time instead of just week-ends. He fished so long that all his money ran out, and he didn't know how to make any more until somebody suggested that he might get on a local New York radio station, talking about his hobby. He did, with a program that at first simply told listeners the best spots near Manhattan to hook the big ones. Later, Mutual network officials heard him, and hired him—and then CBS offered him an even better spot on its network.



The circus, a bottle of pop, and his wife, blonde Ann Sothern, are enough to keep Roger Pryor contented.

And Dorothy Lamour turns on her famous whole-hearted laugh as one of the clowns performs for her benefit.

(Continued from page 8)
insist it isn't so. . . Hanley Stafford, Baby Snooks' Daddy, is in the movies now. You'll see him in Ronald Colman's Paramount picture, "The Light that Failed." . . . Judith Arlen, CBS sustaining singer, has discovered from her doctor that her throat contains the same type of "nodes" as those in Bing Crosby's—giving her voice the same distinctive quality, in a feminine way. She isn't planning on having them removed. . . Bill Adams, who plays Matt Wilbur in the CBS serial, Your Family and Mine, isn't an autograph hound, but he has two signatures he wouldn't take a lot of money for. He received them when he directed John Barrymore in "Hamlet," several years ago, and both are on a picture of Barrymore dressed in Hamlet's costume. One signature, of course, is that of John Barrymore—the other of John Singer Sargent, the famous painter.

Nothing's quite the same in New York this season. The Fred Allens have moved into an apartment. In order to appreciate the bombshell

qualities of that piece of news, you should remember that for the last eight years Fred and Portland, like the old vaudevillians they are, have lived in modest suites of rooms in a Times Square theatrical-district hotel. But this summer Portland, in a burst of domesticity, exerted all her persuasive powers and got Fred to agree to moving into an unfurnished apartment, where she could make a real home for him. Fred hates change, but he let her have her way. He was pretty gloomy, though, during the weeks that Portland went happily around the department stores, buying rugs and drapes and chairs and tables. "It's all wrong," he said. "An actor oughtn't to own anything. He's not built right for owning things. They've got the right idea out in Hollywood, where their motto is, 'Never buy anything you can't take back to New York with you on The Chief.'"

Arch Obler dropped into the NBC press room a couple of days before he left for Hollywood, where he's continuing his Saturday-night drama

STAR IN THE MAKING

HE'LL be a coast-to-coast star within another two or three years. That's the prediction Josef Cherniavsky, musical director of Cincinnati's station WLW, makes of twenty-year-old Paul Arnold.

Young Arnold has been with WLW only since the middle of September, but already station officials are convinced they have a sensational baritone singer. In fact, they put him under contract immediately after his audition, without hesitation.

Paul was born Paul Ruegnitz, son of Dr. Louis H. Ruegnitz, a Denver physician and surgeon, and the former Grace Kilburn Meigs, who was a Chicago concert singer before her marriage. He received his principal singing instruction from Rudolph Reszo Szekely, of Los Angeles, a former member of the Budapest Royal Opera Company.

He earned the money for his tutoring with Szekely by winning the Colorado High School singing contest, which carried as a prize a twelve-week engagement at the Denver Theater. This was in 1937, and immediately after the close of his engagement he bought a car and headed for Los Angeles to study. In California, he finished his high school course at the Hollywood Professional School.

School always was something of a problem to Paul, though. He had his difficulties in Denver. As a freshman in the East Denver High School, he was asked to take a permanent va-



WLW's sensational baritone—Paul Arnold, whose ambition is to be an operatic success.

cation because of his continual ditching of classes, so his parents sent him to St. John's Military Academy in Wisconsin, where he won a berth on the football team. The next year he was at the New Mexico Military Institute, and here he distinguished himself in wrestling. For his junior year, East Denver High School lowered the bars and let him in again.

Everything went along fine until Paul was given the lead in an operetta. In one scene he was supposed to appear with a guitar and serenade his sweetheart. Instead, he walked on

the stage carrying an old broom, and made a farce of the scene. The school fired him again. But he appeared in a church production of "The Mikado," and made a hit, and also won the swimming and tennis championships of the Denver Y.M.C.A., so they let him in again and he won the singing contest which made it possible for him to study in Los Angeles.

While studying under Szekely, Paul gave several concerts, and among those who heard him and predicted a brilliant future for him was the famous Metropolitan Opera baritone, John Charles Thomas. He received an offer from KLZ, Denver, while he was still in Los Angeles, and accepted it, becoming staff singer there for a year. Last August, when his contract at KLZ expired, he came to Cincinnati. In addition to his work at WLW, he's still continuing his vocal studies.

Paul doesn't smoke or drink, but not because he is afraid of hurting his voice. He just doesn't like the taste of liquor or cigarettes. He likes women, but is a little soured at the moment over his first deep love affair. She ran off and married a naval officer. His chief pastime is collecting phonograph records of baritones.

He has a definite program for his life worked out. First, a success in radio. Secondly, success on the concert stage. And last, fame in grand opera.

"I just want to be a good singer, and an equally good actor," the young man says with the utmost sincerity.

Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

**"A NEW FUR COAT NEEDS
SOFT HANDS TO SET IT OFF!"**

WHAT IS IT, HONEY—SOMETHING WRONG?

HOUSEWORK AND COLD WEATHER JUST MAKE A MESS OF MY HANDS—I CAN'T HELP IT

DON'T GO, HONEY—I WANT YOU TO SEE MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM JIM

GRAND! I'D LOVE TO—WHAT IS IT?

LOOK! A FUR COAT! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL!

IT'S A BEAUTY, SALLY. SUCH A RICH, DARK BROWN... OH, BUT SALLY!!!

YOUR HANDS! SO RED AND ROUGH. THEY DON'T GO WITH THE COAT AT ALL... THEY BELONG IN THE KITCHEN SINK

WELL, HINDS CAN! HERE, SMOOTH YOUR HANDS WITH THIS WONDERFUL LOTION

UMM... THIS HINDS SURELY GOES ON WITH A NICE SOOTHING FEEL

IT'S MY JOB TO KNOW WHAT HELPS SOFTEN UP CHAPPED HANDS FAST—AND HINDS DOES. IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY—EXTRA-SOFTENING!

NOW HOW DO I LOOK, HONEY? MY HANDS FEEL AWFULLY SOFT...

THEY LOOK BETTER, TOO, SALLY—YOU'RE A PRETTY PICTURE RIGHT TO YOUR FINGER-TIPS... BUT DON'T FORGET—KEEP ON USING HINDS FOR THE KIND OF SOFT, EXPENSIVE-LOOKING HANDS THAT GO WITH FUR COATS!

IMPROVES THE LOOKS OF YOUR HANDS!

WANT lovely hands? Then use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—daily. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening to chapped, work-abused hands. Coaxes back the lovable softness that cold weather, housework, hard water, harsh cleansers take away. No wonder it's the favorite of women who pride themselves on their soft "Honeymoon Hands." Contains Vitamins A and D. At toilet goods counters. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢... **NEW!** Hinds Hand Cream—fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.

HINDS FOR HANDS

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with
BURNS AND ALLEN
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E.S.T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station.

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

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Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.



WHAT *Mickey Rooney* MEANS TO *Judy Garland*



■ In the midst of 16-year-old flirtations and flutters, Mickey occupies a spot all his own in Judy's heart—you'll understand why, in this story of today's youth

IT was the first show of the day for Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, but long before they came on the stage every seat in New York's huge Capitol Theater was filled. A long line of waiting people, four or five standing abreast, curved around the corner of the theater and far down Fiftieth Street. A mob stood outside the stage door, too, waiting for a chance to see the two teen-age celebrities.

Mickey and Judy didn't pay much attention to all this. It happened every day, at every show, and didn't require comment. But there was one thing today that did interest Judy. As she and Mickey danced off the stage, into the wings, to wait there a moment before returning for a bow, she ruffled Mickey's already rumpled-taffy-colored hair.

"Well!" she said like a small

mother. "You finally got a haircut!"

And Mickey flashed that typical Andy Hardy grin at her. He'd known she'd be the first to notice that haircut. She'd already pointed out, on several occasions, the necessity for it.

They understand each other, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. Or, perhaps, it's more exact to say that Judy understands Mickey a lot better than that adolescent combination of genius and holy terror understands himself.

Not for Judy to join the jittery group of Capitol Theater and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials who breathed a sigh of relief every time Mickey dashed through the stage door smack on the split-second that the band struck up the overture for the Rooney-Garland personal ap-

pearance act. Mickey was always just on the point of being late, at every one of the five or six shows a day he and Judy did together during his two-week stay at the Capitol. Always just on the point—but never quite.

The theater people worried themselves sick, but Judy, his co-star, was serene through it all. Once again, she understood Mickey. She knew that he might love to have fun, he might be a little wild—but he was a trouper. Nothing short of complete catastrophe could make him late for their show together.

Perhaps it's because Judy is a trouper herself, perhaps only because she is wise and sympathetic beyond her brief sixteen years; but whatever the reason, there's something between her and Mickey Rooney (*Continued on page 58*)

B Y N O R T O N R U S S E L L

Tune in Judy Tues.
nights NBC-Red on
the Bob Hope show.



Teamed with Mickey in
"Babes in Arms," Judy
demonstrates anew the
charm that's made her
the air-lanes' newest
important personality.





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Teamed with Mickey in "Babes in Arms," Judy demonstrates anew the charm that's made her the air-planes' newest important personality.

BY NORTON RUSSELL

Lovely Virginia Clark is heroine of "The Romance of Helen Trent" Serial heard weekdays on CBS, sponsored by Edna Wallace Hopper Cosmetics.

■ **Could she have foreseen the heartbreak love brought her? The story of a girl's poignant search for happiness as told in her own words**

By VIRGINIA CLARK

Star of "The Romance of Helen Trent"

HAVE you ever stood on top of a world that was gloriously all right suddenly to find that world crumbling away from under you, leaving you suspended in mid-air? Have you ever felt that everything had been made to your personal order one minute, while the next you looked hopelessly on while the world—your world—came to a sudden and brutal end?

I have, and it is only now, years later, that I can see how that tragedy might have been the very foundation upon which I could have built a happier way of life. But when it happened I could only see what I was losing, could only see how drear in comparison my new existence was. I realize now that it was my inner feeling of revolt against this which turned me towards the only avenue of escape I could find.

An avenue of escape I should have had the wisdom to avoid. Yet at the time I welcomed it! My heartbreak certainly was of my own fashioning.

There was nothing in all those glorious carefree days at college, to foreshadow what was to come. I think, when the history of the late twenties is written, its keynote will be blind happiness and false prosperity, a gilded life that seems now so unreal.

I must have been the most hilariously happy of the whole Freshman class that year at the University of Alabama. I had gone there from my home in Little Rock, where nothing ever happened, to quench my thirst for living. On the campus



WHERE WAS I WRONG?

in those days we did crazy things. All sorts of new hops and dances, new kinds of parties, anything rather than study.

An artificial period, I know. But even now there are times when I think I might like to recapture some of the full gay spirit of those days. Mine was a world of dates and dances and sorority parties, a world of college men and roadsters, a world so full of things to do, there

was no time to consider the matter of life after graduation.

It took a depression to snap the world out of its dream. And it took a personal depression of my own to bring me down to earth.

I was holding a letter from mother, reading over and over again the few simple lines, trying to comprehend their full meaning:

"... of course, it's quite a blow. Father is a splendid salesman and

Illustration by
John J. Floherty, Jr.



"I'm happy to know you, Miss Clark," he said . . . The force of his personality was like an electric shock. I'm afraid we both forgot poor Alice.

will undoubtedly make a new connection, but all his experience has been in selling that one line. It will be hard, at his age, to start all over again. And of course you know that our savings have been practically wiped out. . . ."

It was the sort of thing that happens to other people, never to you or me. It seemed impossible. And yet, there it was in black and white and I watched, through the tiny

blotches of tears made upon the letter, my own happy little world fall to pieces before me. There was only one thing for me to do—quit school and find a job.

Even now, as I look back, I know that this was the most terrible blow I have ever been dealt. Even when I stood alone with my two-year-old son facing a strange, unfriendly city years later, I never felt as badly as I did then. Everything of which my

life seemed composed had been scattered to the four winds. It wasn't just leaving school. It was the family. Now it would be broken up, for mother had written that she was going to Chicago to look for work, while dad was going to stay, for a while, with my brother Ed, who had an automobile agency in Little Rock, while he sought a new connection and wound up the family affairs. The home in which I had lived my life and which seemed a very part of me was being sold, and now we were all to face a bitter, disillusioned world without even the comfort of a familiar roof overhead. I was going straight from the university to join my mother in Chicago.

THINK my mother is the bravest person I have ever known. She had spent her life as a mother rearing her family and making a home. Now, in the face of this crisis, she turned her back upon these things and bravely faced a world she had never known—the world of business. I'll always remember how we would start out in the morning, hopeful but with the sinking feeling that there were so many people seeking jobs, and so few jobs that it would be a miracle if we found one. And in the evenings when we would meet back at the apartment, I would be so discouraged I could cry. And with a few simple words, by some little reassuring act, mother would dispel all my discouragement and we would set out again the next morning bright and hopeful. It is little wonder that she soon found a place, as an apartment manager.

It wasn't a big job, but it was a job. We had our own little apartment and good hot meals mother cooked. But as far as I was concerned, there just didn't seem to be any jobs. Everywhere I went, the answer was always the same, "Sorry." Mother finally found a solution.

"Virginia, what would you rather do than anything else?" she asked me one night. "I think it's time you learned to do one thing well, and we'll manage to send you to school for awhile."

There was only one thing that I really wanted to do. I hated to think of spending my days typing and filing. I wanted to become an actress! There was no family tradition in the theater upon which to base such an ambition, and it seemed somehow absurd and hopeless. Since I was a tiny girl in school in Little Rock I had taken an active part in school plays and entertainments. The summer before, in Little (Continued on page 56)

THE LAST LESSON

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I SIT on the stone bench in the garden, all steeped in the hot peace of a summer afternoon. The sun strikes warmth into the cold stone, but not into the cold of my heart, the cold of my soul.

In a little while they will be here, pounding on the locked garden door, pounding with their rifle butts against the wood. If I do not go and open the door they will break it in, and my fate will be the same.

I could run! There is still time! To France—Switzerland—Holland—England—America! In America I would be safe. I have money to buy passage on a boat—all my savings. Why stay behind, waiting for them to come?

But I know I must stay. The children, the children I have taught for forty years—I must stay for them. I have one more lesson to teach them, the most important lesson of all.

So for the little while that I have left I can only sit here, in the warm sun, and think back over the years, to see what my life has been. My life, that so soon will be finished.

Forty years ago—why, then I was only twenty, and so eager to start in the school. I remember Herr Professor Kraener, and how frightened I was of him; for I didn't know then that his pomposity was only a mask for his kind and generous heart.

"You are very young, Fraulein Heinrich," he said to me. "You must realize that to teach in our school is a great responsibility. And, if I do say so, a very great honor!"

I had to take a deep breath to keep my voice from trembling when I replied, "Oh, yes. I know, Professor! I'll work very hard!"



"Ah! There they are. I hear them coming, tramping down the street.

A little stiffly, he said, "All of us work hard here, Fraulein."

And because I was afraid I had offended him, I stammered, "Oh, yes, yes! But I'll work as hard as the rest, harder, Herr Professor! Believe me, if I could be a teacher here, it would be my life! My life! My life?"

My life?
Yes. My life.

The first day, when I was so frightened. When I looked out at the rows of children's faces, suspicious,

watchful, waiting—waiting to see if I were going to use the switch on them, if I could be tricked, if I was kind. All I could say was: "Children—I—I hope you will like me—because I am sure I will like you—" But then I had to stop, because there was nothing more to say.

And I *did* like them, all the years of them. I more than liked them—I loved them. Coming to me with their questions, with their round, puzzled eyes, with their bruised

Fictionization of "Ivory Tower," presented on the Arch Oboler's Plays program



Illustration by
Vincentini

They are knocking on the door now. I will let them in. I am not afraid."

knees and cut hands; coming to me with their quarrels and their little gifts of fruits and flowers—oh, yes, I loved them too much.

Arnold said I loved them too much, when he begged me to marry him and leave them. There in his arms, I thought there was nothing I loved as much as him—but then I heard the children calling, and I knew they needed me. Arnold laughed at me when I tried to tell him—laughed scornfully and a little

angrily.

"Nonsense, Elsa! There will be other teachers. Anyway, to them a teacher is a—a mouth talking dullness and a hand with a heavy ruler!"

"Oh, no!" I cried out as if he had struck me. "I help them, Arnold. I do!"

"I need your help, Elsa! Come away with me! Say you will, Elsa, say you will!"

Well, I would not say it, and Ar-

She taught them what she was ordered to but there came a time when the soul within her rebelled! One day the children had to be told the truth!— Presenting a thrilling radio drama of courage

nold went away, and I did not see him for many years, not until—but no. I must think of that soon, but not now. Not just yet.

How quickly the forty years have gone! Quietly, imperceptibly, like children growing—each one the same, and yet somehow different. And the children coming to me, and staying a while, and then going away again; each of them taking away a little part of me and so becoming mine, mine. First it was young Fraulein Heinrich they called me, and before I knew it, they had changed to "Old Fraulein Heinrich." I didn't care. I had so much. Years full of children, years full of content.

The war came.

What had I to do with war? I heard what the Emperor said: "The sword is being forced into our hands. On me, your Emperor, the spirit of God has descended! I am his sword, his weapon, his Vice-Regent. Woe to the disobedient, and death to cowards and unbelievers!"

I heard them telling us to sacrifice, to pray for victory, to say this, to think that, to wear this, to eat that. And to all I was told I said "Yes, yes, yes!" Of course I said "Yes" to what they told me. They were so much wiser than I. What did I know but my children and this little garden?

The children came to me and asked, "But what are we fighting for, Fraulein Heinrich?" And I would hesitate and stammer what I had been told for me to say:

"Why—to give to the world—yes, to give our nation's culture to the world." (Continued on page 74)

over NBC, especially written by Mr. Oboler for Madame Alla Nazimova



THE LAST LESSON

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I SIT on the stone bench in the garden, all steeped in the hot peace of a summer afternoon. The sun strikes warmth into the cold stone, but not into the cold of my heart, the cold of my soul.

In a little while they will be here, pounding on the locked garden door, pounding with their rifle butts against the wood. If I do not go and open the door they will break it in, and my fate will be the same.

I could run! There is still time! To France—Switzerland—Holland—England—America! In America I would be safe. I have money to buy passage on a boat—all my savings. Why stay behind, waiting for them to come?

But I know I must stay. The children, the children I have taught for forty years—I must stay for them. I have one more lesson to teach them, the most important lesson of all.

So for the little while that I have left I can only sit here, in the warm sun, and think back over the years, to see what my life has been. My life, that so soon will be finished.

Forty years ago—why, then I was only twenty, and so eager to start in the school. I remember Herr Professor Kraener, and how frightened I was of him, for I didn't know then that his pomposity was only a mask for his kind and generous heart.

"You are very young, Fraulein Heinrich," he said to me. "You must realize that to teach in our school is a great responsibility. And, if I do say so, a very great honor!"

I had to take a deep breath to keep my voice from trembling when I replied, "Oh, yes. I know, Professor! I'll work very hard!"



"Ah! There they are. I hear them coming, tramping down the street.

A little stiffly, he said, "All of us work hard here, Fraulein."

And because I was afraid I had offended him, I stammered, "Oh, yes, yes! But I'll work as hard as the rest, harder, Herr Professor! Believe me, if I could be a teacher here, it would be my life! My life!"

My life?
Yes. My life.
The first day, when I was so frightened. When I looked out at the rows of children's faces, suspicious,

watchful, waiting—waiting to see if I were going to use the switch on them, if I could be tricked, if I was kind. All I could say was: "Children—I—I hope you will like me—because I am sure I will like you— But then I had to stop, because there was nothing more to say.
And I *did* like them, all the years of them. I more than liked them—I loved them. Coming to me with their questions, with their round, puzzled eyes, with their bruised

knees and cut hands; coming to me with their quarrels and their little gifts of fruits and flowers—oh, yes, I loved them too much.
Arnold said I loved them too much, when he begged me to marry him and leave them. There in his arms, I thought there was nothing I loved as much as him—but then I heard the children calling, and I knew they needed me. Arnold laughed at me when I tried to tell him—laughed scornfully and a little

angrily.
"Nonsense, Elsa! There will be other teachers. Anyway, to them a teacher is a— a mouth talking dullness and a hand with a heavy ruler!"
"Oh, no!" I cried out as if he had struck me. "I help them, Arnold. I do!"
"I need your help, Elsa! Come away with me! Say you will, Elsa, say you will!"
Well, I would not say it, and Ar-

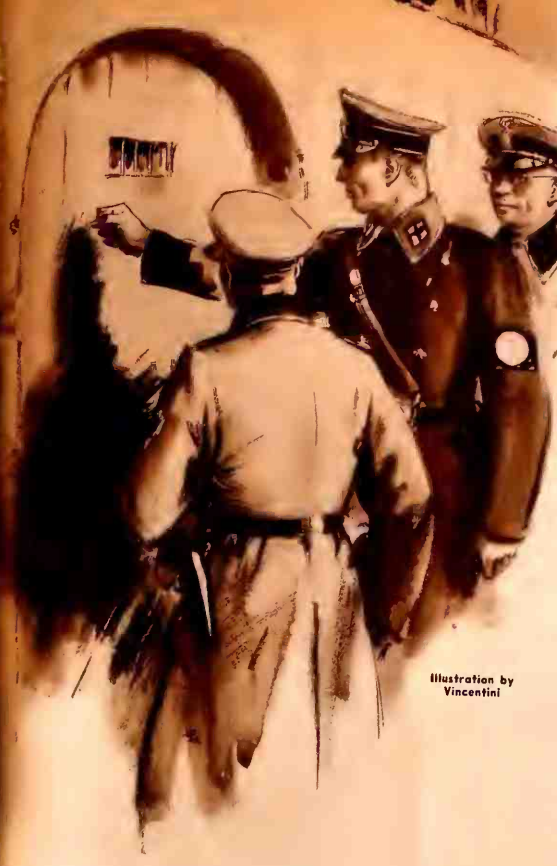


Illustration by
Vincentini

They are knocking on the door now. I will let them in. I am not afraid."

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She taught them what she was ordered to but there came a time when the soul within her rebelled! One day the children had to be told the truth!— Presenting a thrilling radio drama of courage

nold went away, and I did not see him for many years, not until—but no. I must think of that soon, but not now. Not just yet.

How quickly the forty years have gone! Quietly, imperceptibly, like children growing—each one the same, and yet somehow different. And the children coming to me, and staying a while, and then going away again; each of them taking away a little part of me and so becoming mine, mine. First it was young Fraulein Heinrich they called me, and before I knew it, they had changed to "Old Fraulein Heinrich." I didn't care. I had so much. Years full of children, years full of content.

The war came.

What had I to do with war? I heard what the Emperor said: "The sword is being forced into our hands. On me, your Emperor, the spirit of God has descended! I am his sword, his weapon, his Vice-Regent. Woe to the disobedient, and death to cowards and unbelievers!"

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Fictionization of "Ivory Tower," presented on the Arch Oboler's Plays program

over NBC, especially written by Mr. Oboler for Madame Alla Nazimova

HILLTOP



■ **Beginning the story of beloved Miss Bess, who didn't know her own heart but knew that nothing must rob her of the child she loved—not even his father—nor the torments of scandal!**

THEY said in Glendale that Miss Bess of Hilltop House would never marry. Sometimes they said it maliciously, when Dr. Robbie Clark was present; and then they would chuckle silently, watching his cheeks flush and his heavy straight eyebrows contract into a frown. Because everyone in Glendale knew Dr. Robbie loved Miss Bess—and no one in Glendale knew whether or not she loved him.

Miss Bess' ability to keep her own counsel, on this as on other matters, was one of the things about her that irritated Glendale. It wasn't right for a woman as fair and lovely as Bess Johnson to be so completely satisfied with no home of her own, no children of her own except the half a hundred orphans who lived at Hilltop. It made her mysterious—and while Glendale loved mysteries, mysterious people only annoyed it.

But one April morning the chain of events started that was to end by dispelling the mystery that surrounded her.

Affairs at Hilltop, just then, were deceptively peaceful. Financial difficulties which had threatened to force abandonment of the orphanage had finally been cleared up. Jean and Jerry, the Adair twins, Tim, and all the other children were in good health. Tulip was singing in her kitchen. Even Miss Gidley, the assistant matron, could find little to complain about. And Bess, when Paul Hutchinson first dropped in to see her, had seemed cheerful and relieved over the condition of Hilltop finances.

Paul was president of the Glendale Bank and a member of the Hilltop Board of Directors; but more than that, he was Bess' good friend and constant ally in the tempestuous job of keeping Hilltop House going. Where Frank Klabber, chairman of the Board, was forever opposing Bess and her "new-fangled notions," Paul was always supporting them.

Today he said, just before the end of his short visit, "By the way, Bess, the president of the Midwestern Airlines is in Glendale. He wants to look over the Hilltop grounds—thinks he might buy them. The



JOE CURTIN, IN HIS RADIO ROLE AS "STEPHEN CORTLAND"

bank won't sell, of course—I'll see to that—but it might be a good idea to let him see the place, just as a matter of courtesy."

"Of course," Bess said, never faltering in her task of mending assorted orphans' stockings. "Tell him to come up any time."

"Incidentally, he claims to be a friend of yours. Says

HOUSE



"That was my son. I know it—he has the look of me when I was his age. You're lying to me, Bess!"



BESS JOHNSON, BELOVED STAR OF RADIO'S POPULAR SERIAL

you knew him several years ago, before you came to Glendale. His name's Cortland—Stephen Cortland."

It was then, Paul realized later, that Bess pricked her finger, and raised it, with a tiny cry, to her lips. And afterwards, even in the midst of her protests that it was nothing, and didn't hurt a bit, he saw that she had to force her words from between pale, stiff lips.

It was not Paul Hutchinson's habit to ask questions. But as he left, his face was concerned. Was it only coincidence that Bess' needle had created a diversion just after the mention of Cortland's name? Had he really seen dread in her face then?

If he could have seen Bess after his departure, he would have had the answer to his questions. For a moment she sat there, in the sunny room that was a combined living-room, workshop and office—sat there, defenseless against the terror in her heart. Then one hand went to her forehead, absently brushed against the pale wing of her hair, fell back then to her lap. And with the gesture some of her courage seemed to return. Not much, perhaps, but enough to carry her through the hours of suspense that would come before the inevitable moment when she must meet Stephen Cortland, endure the pitiless questions he was sure to have for her.

The sound of a scuffle, and then a short, stifled cry, brought her to her feet. Her room was at the end of the hall, next door to the girls' dormitory, and it was from there that the sound had come.

She found Jean Adair and Stella Rodnick alone in the room. Jean, wide-eyed with shock, was holding her hand to her cheek, while dark-skinned Stella, her breast heaving with twelve-year-old anger, was clutching a delicate white blouse in both hands.

"What's the trouble here?" Bess asked sharply. "Stella, why are you holding Jean's blouse?"

"Jean told me I could wear it," the girl said sullenly. "And then when I started to put it on, she wouldn't let me."

"That isn't true, Miss Bess," Jean exclaimed. "I never told her she could wear it, at all. I wanted to wear it myself, and when I asked her to give it back, she—she slapped me!"

Bess sighed. Once again, she wondered if she had been wrong in insisting that Stella Rodnick be taken into Hilltop. After all, she wasn't really an orphan: her mother was alive, though bedridden. And she was all wrong—so wrong that perhaps she could never be set right. It was a hard world that Stella had known, the short twelve years of her life—a world in which kindness and the rights of others had had no part. Always, Stella had had to fight for what she needed, fight and lie; until fighting and lying had grown to be habits.

"I'll have to punish you for this, Stella," she said wearily. "You know better than to try to take other people's property. Please come to my office the first thing after dinner tonight."

The child's sulky lips scarcely moved as she said, "Aren't you going to punish Jean too?"

"Certainly not," Bess said crisply.

Stella mumbled something; it sounded like, "I'll get even with both of you for this."

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■ Brought to you in thrilling fiction, the story of "Hilltop House," popular CBS radio drama by Addy Richton and Lynn Stone, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet

"Stella," Bess pleaded, "why won't you let us help you? I don't like to punish you. I want to love you, just as I love all the children here. But you won't let me. Don't you like it at Hilltop House?"

"Sure—I like it all right," Stella admitted grudgingly.

"Then you must—you must try harder to be a part of Hilltop, Stella." Bess paused. "Don't you see?"

Silence.

She turned away. It was quite hopeless, just now, to talk to Stella, who had retreated into one of those bitter silences she knew so well how to assume. For days, perhaps, she would remain there, unapproachable, nursing her secret anger, peering out at the world in hostility, as

Stella (Estelle Levy), spying on the head of Hilltop, finds the means for a cruel revenge.

if through the chinks of a fortress. And anyway, Stella didn't matter. She was such a small problem, beside the greater one of Steve Cortland and Tim.

If only Cortland would come during the day, while Tim was at school! Or at night, after Tim had gone to bed. For whatever happened, he must not see the boy. She knew his suspicious, intuitive nature; and she knew how poor a liar she was herself. Once he saw Tim, he would know . . . what he must never know.

All that day she waited for him to come. But then it was late afternoon, and Robbie was there on his daily visit. As always, his presence filled the room with blithe gaiety; as always, she felt the better for seeing him, and wished that she could return the love he gave her in such overflowing measure. But you did not tell love to do thus and so, to go here, go there; and Bess knew that Robbie would never mean as much to her as the uplifted faces of the Hilltop children, not as much as their dirty hands and scratched knees, not as much as the din they made as they raced through the bare-floored halls.

"Here!" Robbie said, the moment he saw her. "You're not taking good

care of my best girl. You look as if you were catching a cold."

She couldn't tell him that a few moments before her nerves had betrayed her into a fit of crying. "I'm perfectly well," she said. "Just a little tired."

"You never take things easy!" he declaimed. "Miss Bess Johnson, the human whirlwind! Look here—" With a quick movement of his lean surgeon's hand he had seized her wrist; with his other arm he encircled her shoulders. "Now stand still—I'm taking your pulse."

She laughed up at him. It was so good to be at ease with someone; so good to forget, for a moment, that Steve Cortland was in town. "You can't. If you keep your arm around me you can't get at your watch."

He grinned back. "Sure, it's just a gag to put my arm around you. Still love me, honey?"

"No. I think you're a brute."

"Women," he said, nodding sagely, "love brutes."

Abruptly, she shuddered—for in his jest, he had spoken the truth. There was a brute in Cortland—and once she had loved Cortland.

It was then that Tulip knocked on the door and announced that Stephen Cortland was calling.

"Oh, no! No!" Bess cried involuntarily. Her quick mind had seen what must happen. It was late afternoon; the children were even now on their way home from school; Tim would rush into her office the minute he reached the house, as he always did. . . .


"Tulip," she said quickly, "while Mr. Cortland is here, I don't want to be disturbed. Don't let Tim come in here, Tulip!" She saw Robbie's puzzled, jealous frown, and hastened to reassure him: "It's a man who wants to buy Hilltop. Of course the bank won't sell, but I used to know him, and I don't want to be bothered while he's here."

It was an incoherent enough explanation, and Robbie, far from being reassured, said, "Used to know him? . . . Who is he, Bess?"

"Just—just a man I used to know." And with that he had to go away satisfied.

A moment later Stephen Cortland stood in the doorway.

He hadn't changed much, she saw. Success had left him with that same intense, disturbed expression about the eyes, the same tight downward quirk at the corners of his mouth. His hair had turned a little gray, but his figure (Continued on page 53)



Kenny
Baker

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

Warner Brothers

A tenor who sings as if he really loved to, and a comedian who has a way all his own of making you laugh—that's handsome young Mr. Kenny Baker, of the Wednesday-night CBS Texaco Star Theater.

FATE'S BAD



Virginia was a revelation to him. Never had Orson met anyone who looked at him with such a light in her eyes.



Their backstage courtship was simple—so different from the flamboyant adventures of this actor's strange past.



The story thus far:

HIS destiny of fame and success was very far away from twelve-year-old Orson Welles on the hot summer morning in Chicago when they buried his father. He was all alone in the world. The first dozen years of his life, when he had traveled all over the world with his inventor-father, were a closed book now, and ahead of him was only the Todd School for boys at Woodstock, where his guardian, Dr. Bernstein, had entered him. Orson didn't think he'd like the dull life at school; he wasn't good at games, and he certainly wasn't used to staying in one place. But thanks to Roger Hill, one of the teachers, who saw in the boy some of the talent that has since made him famous, Orson had a fine time at Woodstock. He was encouraged by Hill to take part in dramatics, and the smell of grease-paint and the applause of audiences told him once and for all that he wanted

to be an actor. Graduation time came, and Sixteen-year-old Orson persuaded Dr. Bernstein to give him enough money to go to Scotland and paint. Instead—a typical Welles change of mind—he went to Ireland, where for a year he roved the country, exchanging his portraits of the peasants for food and lodging. At last, at a loose end, he went to Dublin, where chance led him to the Gate Theater. An acquaintance introduced him backstage, and casually, almost without thinking of it, he told the Gate Theater manager that he was a star with the Theater Guild, in New York. The manager believed him, and at once begged him to play some guest engagements in Dublin. Orson, who was completely broke, jumped at the opportunity, and within another two weeks was a Dublin success, playing some of the most difficult parts in theatrical literature.

PART TWO

THE Irish passengers knew him, and some of the English ladies who had seen him at the Abbey Theater. Day by day, as he walked the decks, he could see them eyeing him, whispering about him to the other passengers. He could feel their acclaim, their admiration surrounding him, like a bright, golden cloud.

"Orson Welles . . . Yes, that's he . . . over there. The tall young man with the shock of black hair. Orson Welles. The brilliant young actor from America, who made such a success at the Gate."

It was nice—feeling the fame follow him over the ocean. Nice to feel, even in this small way, that admiration pursuing him, as the ship came closer and closer to America. It made up, somehow, for the bitter disappointment that had overtaken him just two weeks ago.

He could still remember every detail of that painful and sudden surprise.

They had been giving him a mid-

night supper party after his performance at the Gate. A gay party in a Dublin tavern just around the corner from the theater. Some of the Abbey Players had been there, and two or three Irish poets, and the prettiest girls in the company. A party to celebrate Orson's departure for England—where he was to star in a new London play.

"A toast!" somebody had cried. "A toast to Orson Welles. May he be a great success in England!"

They had all stood up, holding champagne glasses toward him. The prettiest girl in the room had smiled across the table into his eyes. They had all begun to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow." Only Orson had seen the door behind them open quickly, and the manager of the company come in—not smiling at all, and very white.

Without a word, in the midst of the party, he had come up to Orson and handed him a letter.

It was a letter from the English government. A form letter from the

Boy

By
**LUCILLE
FLETCHER**

**Perhaps the heartbreak,
the loneliness and fear
had only been to test
him for this love—and
yet, she had said no. . . .
Continue the fascinating
story of Orson Welles**



Home Secretary. And it announced that one, Orson Welles, Esquire, an American, would no longer be permitted to act anywhere within His Majesty's kingdom. It wasn't Orson's fault. In England a foreign artist is allowed just so much time to pursue his calling. Orson's time was up.

That letter had been the beginning of the end.

He had not started for home at once. It had all seemed so incredible. For days he had hung around the dressing-rooms backstage at the Gate, wistfully watching the other actors, as they daubed on grease paint, or applied beards slowly to their chins. He had talked to man-

agers, producers, government officials, in an effort to get the ruling revoked. It had been no use. So now, he was on his way home—for the first time in three years—to try his luck on Broadway.

In spite of his disappointment he had every hope—this tall lad of 19—that he would succeed.

Why shouldn't he? He had already conquered Dublin. The Irish critics had raved about his "Jew Suss," his "King" in "Hamlet," his "Svengali" in Du Maurier's "Trilby." The Abbey Players—Ireland's leading company—had taken him up. In his battered suitcase in the stateroom he had a big book bulging with press notices, fan mail from

little Irish girls, shiny photographs of himself that had appeared in all the English papers. And even now—as he strolled the decks, hands thrust deep into the pockets of his rough tweed suit—the whispers rose up here and there around him—fame pursuing him across the ocean, to his goal.

His ship docked in New York on a steamy morning in June. He paused long enough only to find a hotel room, where he could house his belongings. Then he was off for Broadway.

Broadway is languid and dusty in June. A hot wind blows along the pavements, ruffling the papers on the newsstands, littering the

hot, brightly glaring streets with trash. There is no glamour about Broadway in summer time. The shows are folding one by one, the theaters are closing down. Only a few plays persist in air-cooled houses.

But Orson Welles—Chicago born—just back from three years in Ireland—had little sense of this Broadway. He strolled along, his press book naively under one arm, reveling in the crowds. His Irish friends had told him the address of one of the biggest theatrical offices in New York. He found it, just over a theater, went up in the elevator, entered a big square office, lined with brown leather sofas and deep chairs.

A BLONDE girl was yawning and reading a newspaper. He walked over to her in his best Shakespearean manner.

"Pardon me, miss," he began. "My name is Orson Welles."

The blonde girl did not pause in her truly colossal yawn.

"Okay," she said. "What's it about?"

"I wish to see the producer," Orson stated it with dignity, "about a part in a play."

"He's in conference just now," she said. "Leave your name."

"I'll wait," said Orson stiffly, and sat down on one of the leather chairs.

An hour went by. The producer did not appear. The blonde girl yawned. From somewhere, behind the opaque, tightly shut door marked "Manager" he could hear voices talking and arguing. But no one came. It was almost three o'clock before the door finally opened, and a dark man, dressed in a checked suit, hurried out, glancing at his watch. He paused for a moment at the reception desk.

"I'm going out to lunch now, Miss Gold. Then I'm catching that plane for Hollywood at six. Anybody come in to see me?"

The girl glanced toward Orson.

"Only that gennulman over there. He says his name is Orson Welles, he has to see you about a part in a play."

The dark man turned, and for a moment his gaze rested casually upon Orson's big, tweed-clad figure. Then he glanced at his watch again.

"Sorry," he said. "Nothing for you boys today. But leave your name, I'll be back from Hollywood in a couple of months."

And he was gone.

His pride stung to the quick, Orson stood there for a long moment, then turned on his heel and left.

All afternoon, he tramped up and

down, past movie theaters, soft drink stands, costumers, cheap haberdasheries, in and out the side streets, from theater to theater. He knocked on stage doors, where casual loafers snickered at him. He threaded his way up grimy alleys, he climbed long stairs to dingy offices. At each place, it was the same—the same flat, empty stare, when he announced his name, the same shrug, the same "Okay—leave your name—but we're not casting till August."

He went into a restaurant and sat down, his head in his hands. He ordered a cup of coffee, but when it came, he did not drink it, only stirred it round and round, staring into space. Finally, a young man at the next table who had been watching him, came over and sat down opposite.

■ NEXT MONTH — The truly revealing story of the strange role radio is playing in the private life of Hollywood's greatest actress.

WATCH FOR Bette Davis in a beautiful real life color portrait on the cover and for the month's most surprising story!

"What's the matter, kid—feel sick?" he asked. Orson nodded his head.

"Wanna drink?"

"No thanks. You're—very kind, but I'd just as soon be alone."

"Okay." The young man got up to go away. But in that moment such a wave of loneliness and despair came over Orson that he reached out his hand, and motioned the stranger to stay. And without knowing why he did it, knowing only that there was no one else in New York he knew, he burst out into a full recital of his troubles.

When he had finished the young man said:—

"I think I've got the solution."

He was, it seemed, a writer—for the pulp magazines. And he needed a collaborator. Could Orson write? From his conversation and his ad-

ventures, he thought he could. Why shouldn't he try?

"But I—don't want to write pulp fiction," Orson hesitated. "I want to be an actor."

"You've just told me Broadway never heard of you."

"Yes—but . . ."

"But nothing. You made a freak hit in some lousy Irish stock company—does that mean you're Broadway calibre? Not on your life. Laugh it off as experience. Have the sense to sink your teeth into something new."

It was in August before Orson finally gave in. By August most of the new plays were cast—and still nobody on Broadway cared about him or wanted him. By August his money was almost gone. One stifling day he moved at last from the hotel room off Broadway, into a cheap little place over a Chinese laundry—a room with yellow stains on the ceiling and cracks along the walls. He bought a second-hand typewriter, and set it down on a table beside the tumble-down brass bed. And he started in to write pulp fiction.

Orson did not have an immediate success as a writer of pulp fiction. In fact, he almost starved in that first month or so, before he learned the trade. He wrote steadily, story after story based on the fantastic people and places of his wandering boyhood. But those early efforts were too artistic for the market he had chosen. Again and again they were returned. Then finally out of sheer desperation, he caught the knack. And one morning, creeping downstairs in his shabby suit, he found a long thin envelope in the mailbox. A check for fifty dollars.

FROM that point on he hit the story market every time. Weird stories were his best bet. He became an expert on horrible crimes, monsters who killed their victims with such fantastic devices as a deadly ray hidden in a single pane of glass, or a bullet fashioned from an icicle—which would melt inside the body once it had done its work. He wrote about Chinese fiends—with apologies to his friend, the laundryman, downstairs—and gentleman burglars from Baltimore, who murdered in violet kid gloves.

The checks kept coming. He tried his hand at other things—essays, sketches, a romantic radio serial. It was the radio serial which almost brought him back into the theater again—gave him the idea to write his first play.

He got an idea for the play after reading a book about John Brown. But in order (*Continued on page 77*)

RADIO MIRROR'S

Preview of a Hit!



THIS IS MY SONG

Words and Music by Larry Clinton

Based on the traditional "Londonderry Air"

Copyright 1939, Robbins Music Corporation

THIS IS MY SONG

■ Here it is—free to Radio Mirror readers—the first copy of Larry Clinton's newest ballad—a hit by the composer of "The Dipsy Doodle," "My Reverie" and "Our Love"

Words and Music by
LARRY CLINTON

Based on the traditional
"Londonderry Air"

Moderate Tempo

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked as 'Moderate Tempo'. The lyrics are: 'This Is My Song This lone-ly strain that fills my heart — With gen-tle pain of mem-o-ries of you — This Is My Song This old re-frain that tears a - part — The veil of joy That'. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and single notes, with some sections marked with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket.

cov-ers up my heart _____ With-out a song this life would be an

emp-ty thing— As in com-plete As birds that can-not sing _____


— This is my love A love that's nev - er old nor new _____

— This Is My Song My song of love to you _____

CAUGHT


in the act

He's radio's newest sensation—maestro, arranger and composer of popular songs—meet Larry Clinton and his clever gang!



In addition to making that trumpet talk, Larry Clinton can play every instrument in the band. He sleeps less than five hours a day and eats only one meal (at 4 P.M.).


Alan Kent, below, not only announces but writes the script and commercials. And what's more, he can sing, too. Alan's introduced listeners to many a dance-band.



BECAUSE few listeners ever get to New York, Chicago or Hollywood where the radio studios are, to see their favorites broadcast, RADIO MIRROR becomes the eyes of the mike and presents here radio's new sensation—Larry Clinton and his gang, pictured just as you would see them were you in the NBC studio Monday nights at 7:30 E.S.T.

In one short year, Larry Clinton has climbed to musical heights of fame—not only because of the way his band delivers, but also because of his startling swing arrangements.

Besides the musical half of the program, headed by Scat singer, Ford Leary, sweet warblers Mary Dugan and Terry Allen and the Frazee Sisters, are those entertaining news items by Richard Brooks, and the unusual commercials. Sensation is the word.



Until Larry Clinton auditioned and hired Mary Dugan, above, she was unknown. Now, the blue-eyed, black-haired little Irish singer is the season's exciting swing news.

Richard Brooks, right, gives you rapid-fire comments on the news of the day. Richard got his training at a local New York station. Whew! Just look at that boy work!

The Frazee Sisters, right, emanate from vaudeville and nightclub life. Right now they're singing at New York's Glass Hat. The Andrews Sisters better beware!

Terry Allen, below, is the heart-throb of the band. Terry devotes most of his time and talent to the soft and low love ballads. He graduated from Red Norvo's band.

Ford Leary, below, tips the scales at around 250; vocalizes in a rusty baritone voice; specializes in spirituals; plays the trombone and is the father of four young Learys.

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR



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RADIO'S
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MIRROR

Breach of Promise!

■ When a man leads a lady practically to the altar, and then jilts her, he's in hot water up to his neck! Which is just where Andy found himself

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

INEXORABLY February 24th approached. Nothing Andrew H. Brown of Harlem could do slowed down the march of time. Sleeping every day until noon only increased the pain and worry. It was no use, no matter if the world came to an end—and it looked as if it was going to, at least for Andrew Brown—the morning of February 24th would still dawn, cold and menacing.

Madam Queen had said that on February 24th she was going to sue Andrew Brown, defendant, for breach of promise. There was in all of Harlem no one who doubted that she would. There was no one, for that matter, who thought she had a chance of losing.

If it hadn't been for that New Year's party of the Kingfish, Andy might still have been walking the streets a free man, his shoulders back, able to face the world. If the party hadn't been quite so gay he might never have told Madam Queen that they couldn't get married after all.

Andy wondered why fate had dealt him so many stunning blows. Just a year ago he had paid his first visit to Madam Queen's Beauty Parlor and obtained his first "manana-cure." He remembered

the first letter he had written Madam Queen—and he had written 67 of them and now her lawyer had them all! He winced as he recalled a few of their torrid passages. And just the other day, to top off all his other blunders, his grocer had confused his order and sent his card with half a dozen cabbages to Madam Queen—and delivered the flowers ordered for Madam Queen to the lunch room.

First the party, then Andy's hoarse words to Madam Queen, "Honey, we-uh-we can't git married after all." Then the terrible silence the next few days, while wild rumors of Madam Queen's revenge came to Andy's ears. And, at last, the final, crushing blow—the legal papers notifying Andrew Brown that, on the twenty-fourth day of February, Madam Queen was

going to prove in court that he had committed a breach of promise which had so broken her heart nothing less than \$25,000 would mend it.

The future looked black indeed. Not even Amos could find a silver lining.

There was also the problem of Lawyer Snoop, assigned to defend Andy. After three days of personal and expensive investigation Lawyer Snoop had reported three momentous discoveries to Amos and Andy, viz:

(1) Madam Queen's Beauty Shop was closed.

(2) Madam Queen herself didn't feel so well.

(3) Andy's defense at the trial would probably cost a lot of money.

Inasmuch as Amos and Andy had been aware of these facts even

Illustration by
Wm. Mead Prince



Now for the first time you can read Amos 'n' Andy's most hilarious adventures in story



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Lawyer Collins wasted no time. On a fine sunny morning with Amos and Andy sunk in gloom in the tiny Harlem office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated, he marched in with a bulging brief case and a businesslike air.

"Mornin' Amos. Mornin' An—" Lawyer Collins peered at Andy in surprise, and addressed Amos.

"Why-a—Andy's asleep!"

"Dat's impossible," exclaimed Amos, "we gotta law 'gainst dat here. He ain't sleepin'. He's just sub-conscious."

Amos slapped the table and Andy looked up, blinking at the light.

"Why-a—hello, Lawyeh Collins. What time is it? I been in a sort of a trance dere a little while, thinkin' things oveh. I sorta lose track o' everything when I do that."

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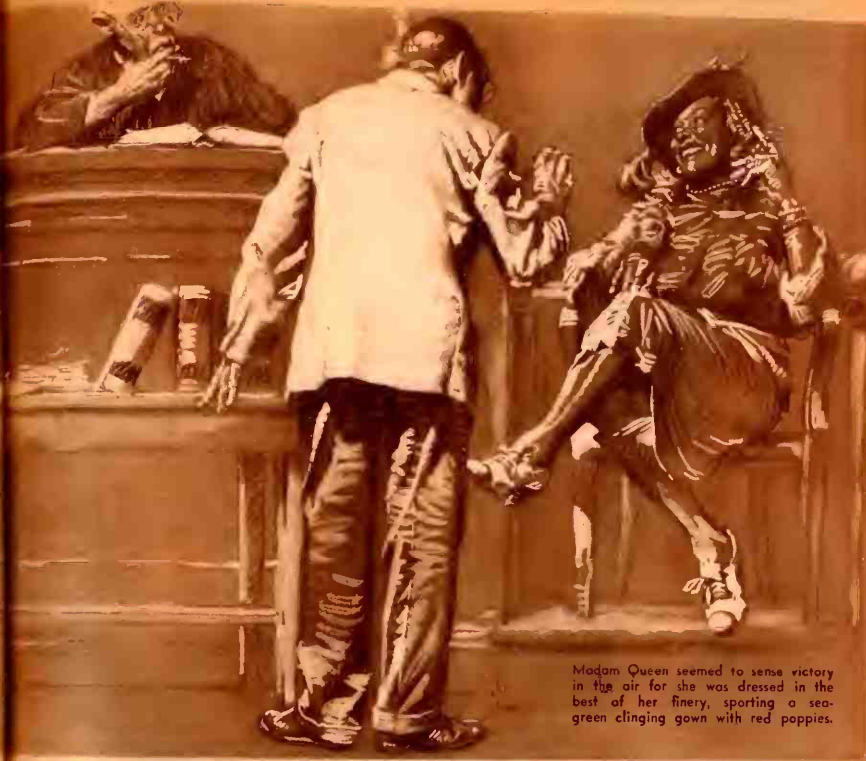
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Woman in Love

by
Kathleen
Norris

Continuing a compelling novel of lost innocence:

From five years in St. Bride's Convent, Tamara Todhunter came to San Francisco and a family to which she was almost a stranger. Her mother, sister and brother, hangers-on to the fringe of the city's theatrical life, were shiftless and poverty-ridden, and at first Tamara felt lost and forlorn. Gradually, though, she made friends—Dolores Quinn, a popular actress, and Mayne Mallory, a Hollywood film star who spent much of his free time in San Francisco. Mayne — handsome, charming, wise in the ways of the world—soon became her ideal, and she found herself half-agreeing with his cynical views on life and morals, so different from the ideals she had been taught in the convent. It was through Mayne's help that she got her first part on the stage, and this led to a larger part in a play which starred Mayne himself. The successful run of the play lasted five weeks—weeks of dazzling happiness to Tamara—then it closed and Tam learned she was not to be taken on the brief tour which was to follow. Mayne, too, seemed to have forgotten her that rainy Sunday after the play closed. But then, after a miserable day, he called her and invited her to have dinner with him in his hotel suite. There, sure of his love for her and hers for him, Tamara felt again the happiness of the past few weeks, and the maxims that Mother Laurence had taught her in the convent seemed more and more ridiculous.

HE came into the house quietly; at nine o'clock in the morning all of the members of the family might be, and some of them certainly would be, asleep. Tiptoeing noiselessly, she put her bags down in the foyer and opened the kitchen door without a creak. Coral and her mother, in spotted old kimonos, were sitting there, breakfasting; they welcomed her smilingly.

"Well, what are you doing back so soon?" Coral asked.

"We folded in Stockton yesterday. We were losing money all the way along."

"I hope you got paid, darling," the mother said.

"Half salary this last week," Tamara said. "We have Feeney's notes for what he owes us, and that's all."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Mrs. Todhunter said mildly, disappointed but resigned. She put the cream bottle nearer her daughter. Tamara sipped her coffee wearily. To her it seemed that she never had left this slovenly kitchen, and yet everything was changed, too; strangely different. "Tired?" the mother asked.

"Well, there's a sort of reaction about getting home—"

"Where's Mayne?" the older sister remembered to ask suddenly.

"Back in Hollywood now, I imagine. He left us in Sacramento. Berman telegraphed for him and Feeney let him go. Kent Carroway played his part two nights," Tam said,

"Life is so unfair to women," Tam said sadly. "Because you did something without thinking, you find yourself—"



Illustration
by Carl Mueller

■ Can a girl "get away with it?" Tamara had nothing left, now, but prayer—and she told herself she would never love again. But—

"because there weren't twenty people in the house anyway."

"Anything else in sight, Tam?"

"I beg pardon, Mama?"

"Feeney talking any other show?"

"Not for me," Tam said quietly, looking into her cup.

"What's Mayne doing?"

"He didn't know, exactly. He may go to New York."

"Why don't you get him to work you into pictures, Tam?" Coral asked, scraping half melted butter on a crust, dipping it in her cooling coffee. "He certainly worked Feeney to take you on this tour. Cotter said he did."

"He says it's terribly crowded down there," Tam answered listlessly. "He says there are thousands of girls hanging around all the studios."

"There's a letter for you," Coral remembered to say. Color rushed into Tam's face and light into her eyes.

"From Mayne?" she asked.

"No; I think it's from one of the nuns at Saint Bride's."

"Oh," Tamara said dully. She took it; saw the pale blue ink of the "A.M.D.G." at the head, under the engraved little familiar photograph of the new dormitory and the gym. Mother Laurence. Mother Laurence saying that she would be down at the Menlo Park convent for a week and would love to see Tamara and any other of the dear "old girls." Tamara crushed the cleanly written brief message in her hand.

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She went out in midafternoon,

walked gray streets under a gray unfriendly sky. She went to Felton's office, Markisohn's, Jergen's. Girls were drifting to and fro among the drugstores and agencies and beauty parlors; someone called Oattie King, "the Broadway cut-up," was packing the Golden Gate; there was a line at the box office. Some people were successful, apparently.

But at the agencies everyone said that the season was dead. Just dead. A girl Tam knew only by her first name of Lita told her that she was just back from Hollywood; nothing doing down there, half the studios closed.

"Mayne Mallory's down there again," Tam said, to say his name.

"Yes, so I hear. Berman had something for him, they said." Lita evidently knew no more; she went her way, and Tam walked on.

She took the way she and Mayne had so often taken, up the steep hill of Taylor Street, where dried grass was flattened among the cobbles and which no motor engine would climb. She stood on the top of the rise under the somber lifeless sky, went on in irresolute starts and stoppings to Telegraph Hill and the Holloways'. Persis was there, but somehow today Persis seemed lifeless and apathetic, too. Persis had some plan, some engagement in which Tam had no share; she was cordial enough, but her suggestion of dinner was undated; Tam must come up to dinner some time, any time.

TAM walked home in the dusk; in late February there was a hint of spring in the yellowed end of the day; there was grass in the hilliest streets, tiny, shy new green grass-blades pushing up through last year's discolored growth of weeds. Back of Chinatown was the flat face of the old Spanish church. Tam went in and knelt with her mind vague and empty, her heart cold. Nothing to say—nothing about which she could pray now. It was too late for prayer.

That day and the next and the next and the next went by; they were all alike. The thoughts she thought in them were all alike. The nights that followed them were filled with the same wakefulness, the same light restless sleep and fevered dreams.

"Nobody ever will know, it wasn't important, girls are being just as big fools as you are all the time. But you fool!" she said in her soul, over and over again. "You fool! You were so happy a month ago—two months ago. Everything was fun—thinking of him and how he loved you—thinking that you'd

■ Kathleen Norris is the first nationally famous writer to have her works brought to radio listeners as a daily serial program. "Woman in Love" can be heard Monday through Friday over the CBS network, at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by General Mills. So that you may read this stirring drama of love, as well as hear it, Radio Mirror presents the story in its original novel form.



Angry shame hammered at Tam day and night. A short time ago she was so happy. Now it was all pain.

meet, and talk, and that he'd buy you flowers.

"You threw it all away. You threw it all away. What had you to gain? To be soft and give in, to say to yourself, 'Oh, what does it matter, nobody'll know, nobody'll care!' like every other fool!

"Well, you've found out that *you* know, and *you* care, and you're going to know and care for the rest of your life!"

Angry shame hammered at her day and night. Interest had gone out of everything. Her old springing joy of life, the courage that could rise even above the dreary background of the Valhalla, were both destroyed.

The sickening circle of memories began and ended and overlapped itself and began again. It began with the happy days so short a time ago when she had dwelt upon evidences of Mayne's affection, lived upon his words, in just the obsessed and tranced mood she knew now. But

that had been all joy, like a welling fountain of soft delight within her. And now it was all pain. A man held the whip hand until a girl yielded; after that she never quite owned her straight young body, her voice and her eyes, her mind and soul again. And men knew that girls *would* yield, knew that they wanted to, wanted to be kind and soft and beloved—men only had to wait; they had nothing to lose!

Writhing with the smoldering insistent presence of it, Tam would lie awake in the night, hour after hour. She hated men, all men; hated the inexorable law of life that decreed that there should be no going back.

And the smarting, insufferable crown of it all was to realize that Mayne had escaped free into the southern sunshine, was working hard, eating hard, sleeping deep, and that other girls were smiling at Mayne, fluttering when he smiled back.

SHE wrote him once. In the two weeks after they parted she heard from him twice, but in neither letter did he say one word of what she was sick with hunger to hear. Tam hated herself because her heart would leap when she saw his familiar handwriting and the Hollywood postmark, but she knew before she opened the letters exactly the sort of thing he would say. He did not surprise her with his mention of health and weather, his safe general endearments, his charge to her to be a good kid, and not to forget that just as soon as an opening showed up he was going to wire her to come down to Culver City.

All this she expected. She had known about this since that heavy sultry Sunday in Sacramento when he had had Berman's wire summoning him back to the movie studio, and had left the cast of "Five Sons." Instantly the change that by glimpses and moods had already frightened her in his manner had become confirmed; he had become Maynard Mallory of Hollywood again, confident, laughing, unreachable. Or at least she had not been able to reach him.

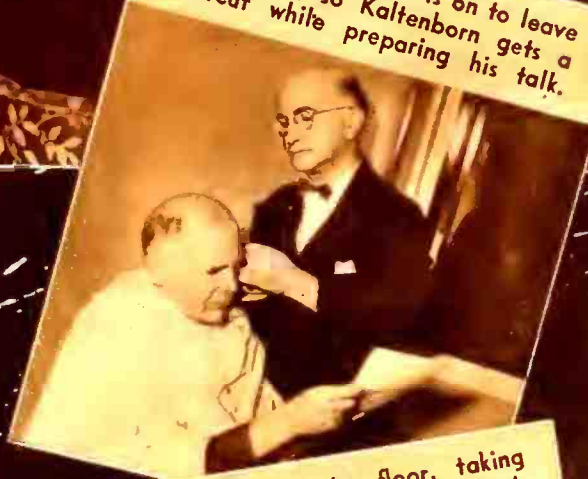
"Time," he had said to her on that last day, seeing her rueful and sad—"time does everything, my dear. After a little while all these things will fall into their right proportions, and you'll find yourself thinking kindly of me again."

And it had been on that note that they had parted, the man serene and affectionate and admonitory, in his big soft coat, with his handsome luggage piled in his compartment, his friends shouting congratulatory good-byes, (Continued on page 70)

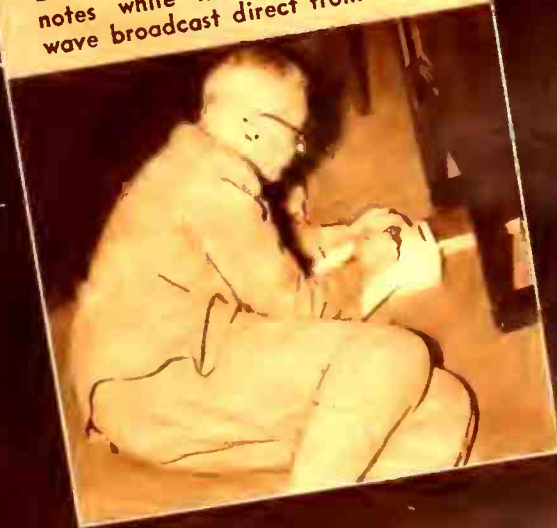
These men of NBC's Special Events department were on 24-hour duty. Second from left is Graham McNamee, grabbing a sandwich and coffee.



No time when a war is on to leave the studio, so Kaltenborn gets a haircut while preparing his talk.



Elmer Davis on the floor, taking notes while listening to a short-wave broadcast direct from Europe.



RADIO AND THE WAR

How modern broadcasting accomplishes the impossible and brings to you a thrilling story that couldn't be told

By LOUIS UNDERWOOD

CALLING Jordan in London! NBC calling Jordan in London! Come in, Max. Come in, Max!"

Silence. And then—

"Jordan from London. Hello, America. Hello, America! Tonight I just talked with—"

And over at CBS—

"We now take you to William L. Shirer in Berlin! Come in, Shirer."

"Hello, America, this is Shirer in Berlin—"

And Mutual—

"Stand by! Stand by! We are now taking you to Patrick Maitland in Warsaw."

"Maitland speaking. Hello, America. Tonight the Polish government said—"

Over the land lines a thousand miles, through countries torn by

war, over an ocean to a listener in Idaho, Maine, Nebraska, New York, through every state in the Union, to the South American countries by shortwave, to Canada and to all the islands off the coast of the North American continent come these voices from a Europe at war.

This is radio today.

Never (Continued on page 60)



FIRST IN THE EARS OF HIS

■ In the midst of screaming news bulletins comes the calm voice millions now wait to tune in—Raymond Gram Swing, a prophet with honor

OUT of the chaos created by the news of impending war—the screaming headlines—the terrifying radio news bulletins—came one voice so calm, so thoroughly sure, so sharply analytical that it won one of the greatest listening audiences in the history of radio. The voice was that of Mutual's Raymond Gram Swing.

That Swing deserves the popularity he has gained and held is beyond question. Where other commentators and analysts stumbled and groped, or went off the deep end with wild statements and predictions, Raymond Gram Swing stuck to a straight line of thinking that hit to the root of each situation as it came along. And every trend he indicated in his talks came up almost as if it had been plotted on a chart beforehand.

The question now in the minds of his millions of listeners is, "Where has this man been? Why haven't we heard him on the air before?"

The answer is an easy one. Raymond Gram Swing has been on the air many times before the present war crisis. But it took just such a crisis to bring out the man. It took the Munich Crisis to bring H. V. Kaltenborn into the limelight. The present war crisis was made to order for the particular genius of Raymond Gram Swing.

High in an office in the Mutual

AND IT HAPPENED!

(Few commentators have ever proved such ability to forecast coming events as has Swing. Here are startling excerpts from some of his radio broadcasts which he made last spring and summer and which clearly foretold many of the subsequent events that shocked the world. The excerpts are reprinted here by permission of W. W. Norton, publishers of "How War Came," a new book of Swing's broadcasts.)

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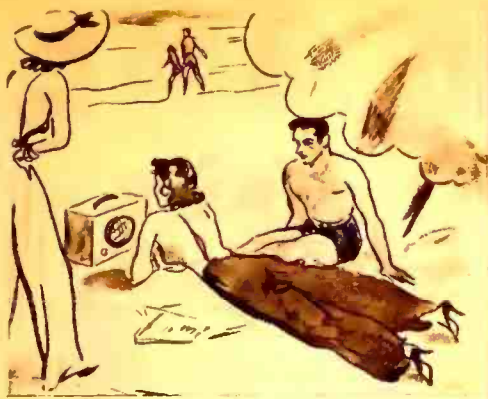
June 10, 1939—One very gloomy suspicion that is felt in London, Paris and Warsaw—Hitler and some of his advisers are eager to have a war with Poland. He may think that even if it comes to war he can beat Poland in short order, and then turn to the British and French and offer peace. He can ask, why go on fighting? . . .

Broadcasting Building, he sits at a desk in front of a small portable typewriter. The desk is littered with copy paper. On the floor, stacked in neat piles, are newspapers from all over the world. Near the desk is a short wave set.

Swing has been here since 4:30 in the afternoon, preparing for his nightly talk. He begins by reading newspapers. Bulletins from press radio are brought up all day long. Around six-thirty, except in times of crisis, he has read all that will be necessary in the writing of his talk. At 8:30, the talk is written, some 2050 words, and then he carefully edits it, reading aloud as he goes along, putting in an explanatory word here, another there.

This man Swing has nothing of the professorial in his speech or in his appearance. He's a tall, broad shouldered man, with a loping walk. His clothes hang baggily from his lean frame. His shaggy brown hair is graying a bit. Behind his horn-rimmed spectacles his eyes are a living blue. His face is long and lean.

Before you have been with him very long his quick sense of humor comes to the fore, and almost instantly you get the feeling of an intelligence that is alive and searching. He's not in the habit of "talking down" to anyone. He says what's on his mind, quickly and to the point.



COUNTRYMEN

By JACK SHER

"To me this war is the high point in the pattern of my life," Swing says. "This job represents the harvest of my years in Europe. In twenty years as a newspaperman abroad I've held every job there is to hold, and I've been through every major crisis in Europe, storing up as I went along this information and this observation which I use in my radio talks today."

"All I do on the radio," he went on, "is couple what I've seen and learned in Europe with what is happening right now. One other thing. An analyst, or a good newspaperman for that matter, is of value not only for what he has seen and learned *but for how he has judged these things*. A radio listener wants this judgment and if it makes continuous sense then the analyst has done the job. I've been making this judgment for myself for twenty years. Now it must stand on its own feet before millions of listeners."

JUST how well it has nobody needs to be told. Every single analyst and commentator, at one time or another has said there would be no war. Swing has never said that. He has implied all along that the conditions in Europe could lead to nothing but war. He brought out the fact that England and France had never outlined their peace



■ Though he is neither especially young nor especially handsome, Raymond Gram Swing has won in a few short weeks one of the largest listening audiences in radio. Behind his horn-rimmed glasses are eyes of living blue, with a glint of humor in them. His wife (left) swapped her name Gram for Swing on condition that her husband take hers. Swing's sponsored by White Owl Cigars.

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"To give an authentic picture of what is happening," says Swing, "I have always worked with a principle I discovered a long time ago. This principle is that the *truth is always complex*. That is, in order to reach an opinion I have to approach the question from the angle of every one of the powers involved."

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(Continued on page 81)





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(Continued on page 81)

THEY COVER THE



FULTON LEWIS JR.—Tumbling out of bed at all hours of the night, Fulton Lewis Jr. rushed to attend White House conferences and then to the MBS microphone to bring you news and analytical talks on the reaction to war in Washington. Lewis had gained quite a reputation for commenting before the crisis and did a calm, competent job all during the war crisis.

Lewis is 34 years old, was born in the District of Columbia, raised in Virginia. He's worked on a number of Washington newspapers, written a syndicated column called "The Washington Sideshow". In October 1937 he went on the air for MBS, on a nightly schedule. He's on the air every night with news from Washington, and he really cracks down.



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His most remarkable news beat was his telling of the Nazi-Soviet agreement eight days before it was officially announced.

Albert Warner was born in Brooklyn; graduated from Amherst; worked for the Brooklyn Daily Eagle as a reporter; then joined the New York Times, covering the Albany Legislature for six years.



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In his 34 years he has traveled far and wide from Queensboro, North Carolina, where he was born. At the three Universities he attended, he majored in subjects that now make him particularly suitable to his job—Po-
(Continued on page 62)



PAUL ARCHINARD—Since William Bird, who worked as a news commentator from Paris, was sent to Danzig, practically all the work of keeping America informed about the situation in Paris has fallen on the shoulders of Paul Archinard, NBC's regular Paris representative.

In Paris, Archinard performs much the same functions as Frederick Bate does in London. It has been his duty to arrange for broadcasts by foreign diplomats and commentators as well as to read and comment on the latest happenings as they come to him by wire, telephone or cable.

He is a newspaperman of long experience and has a splendid speaking voice.



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(Continued on page 62)



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Baukhage, who was born in 1889 in La Salle, Illinois, has a long career as a newspaperman behind him. He went to Germany to study after graduation from the University of Chicago. He worked for the Associated Press in Paris, later in Washington, where his knowledge of foreign languages was a big help. In 1932 he covered news on the White House. After that came the appointment as the NBC commentator on affairs in Washington.

Presenting, in vivid sketches, radio's newest stars, those heroes of the air

WAR FRONT



JOHN STEELE—Heading a small but highly competent staff of MBS foreign broadcasters, John Steele has been on the air almost constantly from London. Last summer, Steele came to America for the first time in five years, to tell American newsmen the facts of radio censorship in Europe. Steele is a tall, impressive man, weighing about two hundred and forty pounds. Gruff, but pleasing in manner, Steele predicted war at the time of his visit. Then returned to make preparations to bring news of it to America. Steele is in his sixties, one of the oldest men in foreign radio service. He has probably the best contacts with governmental officials in all of Europe. Whenever government officials wish to hold an American
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MAJOR R. ERNEST DUPUY—The other Army man you've heard on the air recently with George Fielding Eliot is Major R. Ernest Dupuy, who is at present on duty at West Point as Public Relations Officer.

Major Dupuy is a soldier, author and a former newspaperman. During the last World War he was the military expert on the New York Herald until the United States entered the War. He has traveled extensively in Europe and the Far and Near East. In 1931, while on leave, he covered the outbreak of the first Spanish Revolution for the NANA. He is the co-author of "If War Comes" with George Fielding Eliot and has contributed numerous articles to national magazines. He has also written fiction for popular magazines.



ELMER DAVIS—When the crisis came to a head in Europe CBS was in a spot. Their ace analyst, H. V. Kaltenborn, was in Europe. Frantically they hunted about for someone to take his place on the air. And they got Elmer Davis. Davis pitched in, making trans-Atlantic phone calls, checking cable reports, listening to shortwave broadcasts and studying all other news, culling material for his sharp analyses. In a short time he was threatening to give Raymond Gram Swing a run for his money.

Davis was born in Aurora, Indiana, in 1890. He is married and has two children, a son and daughter.

It was the winning of a Rhodes
(Continued on page 62)

SIGRID SCHULTZ—On September 2nd, around 8:30 P.M., America was quite startled to hear a woman's voice describing the excitement of a Germany at war. Miss Schultz' descriptions were vivid and thrilling and from that time on MBS kept her on the air from Berlin as their sole commentator. She has the distinction of being the only woman broadcasting from war torn Europe.

Sigrid Schultz, in her middle thirties, is the daughter of a famous mid-western painter. She has been in Berlin since the Armistice, working as chief of the Berlin Bureau of the Chicago Tribune Press Service. She is a student of international law and an authority on arms and armament.

WILLIAM L. SHIRER—who does most of the broadcasts from Berlin, has been on the air more often than any other CBS European reporter. His analyses are clear and direct. He has been a newspaperman and over a long period of years he has become thoroughly familiar with European affairs and politics. And, he has a sense of humor. You probably heard his humorous comments on the state of mind of the German people when the music from a Berlin cafe kept breaking in on one of his programs from the German capital.

When he is at home, which is not often, he lives in Geneva, Switzerland. He likes to call Switzerland
(Continued on page 62)

For highlights on eight other war correspondents, See pages 62-63



who in a world of destruction have become vitally important to your daily lives

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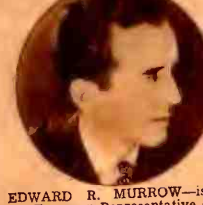
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Sigrid Schultz, in her middle thirties, is the daughter of a famous mid-western painter. She has been in Berlin since the Armistice, working as chief of the Berlin Bureau of the Chicago Tribune Press Service. She is a student of international law and an authority on arms and armament.



MAJOR R. ERNEST DUPUY—The other Army man you've heard on the air recently with George Fielding Eliot is Major R. Ernest Dupuy, who is at present on duty at West Point as Public Relations Officer.

Major Dupuy is a soldier, author and a former newspaperman. During the last World War he was the military expert on the New York Herald until the United States entered the War. He has traveled extensively in Europe and the Far and Near East. In 1931, while on leave, he covered the outbreak of the first Spanish Revolution for the NANA. He is the co-author of "If War Comes" with George Fielding Eliot and has contributed numerous articles to national magazines. He has also written fiction for popular magazines.



WILLIAM L. SHIRER—who does most of the broadcasts from Berlin, has been on the air more often than any other CBS European reporter. His analyses are clear and direct. He has been a newspaperman and over a long period of years he has become thoroughly familiar with European affairs and politics. And, he has a sense of humor. You probably heard his humorous comments on the state of mind of the German people when the music from a Berlin cafe kept breaking in on one of his programs from the German capital.

When he is at home, which is not often, he lives in Geneva, Switzerland. He likes to call Switzerland (Continued on page 62)

For highlights on eight other war correspondents, see pages 62-63



Presenting, in vivid sketches, radio's newest stars, those heroes of the air who in a world of destruction have become vitally important to your daily lives

■ But upstairs in her barren room, she found strange comfort in writing, page after page.



THE TRUE STORY OF

Mary Marlin

WHO is Mary Marlin? You who listen so anxiously each day on the air know her as the central figure in your favorite radio drama, whose laughter and tears and courage somehow bring a finer meaning into each day.

But you see, I know another "Mary Marlin".

She's equally as courageous and just as proud. With her sensitive heart she's faced the world and its problems just as bravely, perhaps a little more so. For you see, my Mary Marlin really lives. Her name is Jane Crusinberry, and she is the woman who writes all the dramatic events that happen to Mary. Who gives Mary the words to express herself.

Perhaps as you read this dramatic, real life story of a girl who had spunk enough to stand against the

By LYNN BURR

whole world for what she thought was right; who, in the course of a few brief years, was forced to run the gauntlet of almost every human emotion, you will know the spark which makes *The Story of Mary Marlin* so vivid and real. You will know that this program is basically a story from life, written by a person who has tasted all its bitterness and all its sweetness. Perhaps too, you will sense some of the things in store for your Mary Marlin of the air.

This story of "The real Mary Marlin" starts when she was fifteen, and her family moved to the exclusive Gold Coast of Chicago. For it was then that Jane fully awoke to the realization that her life was her own, and that it was high time she did something about it. Although she was young, she knew she had a

voice, and she was determined to do something about that too. So off she tramped one day down to Chicago's loop, with her curls, her short skirts, and a naive but determined faith in herself. All alone, and without her parents knowing anything about it, she walked bravely into the expensive offices of Mr. William Bard, one of Chicago's finest voice instructors. Boldly she approached the girl at the reception desk.

"Good morning," she said, "my name is Jane Crusinberry and I want to sing for Mr. Bard."

That was the way she did things. She wanted to sing for Mr. Bard, and the fact that perhaps he might be busy, that he might not even be interested, these things never even entered her little head. She was going to become a great singer, and knowing her first step was to study, she picked out the best. and

■ An overwhelming loneliness was the inspiration for this beloved serial.

with such determination, she got what she wanted. Mr. Bard not only listened to her sing, but when she had finished, offered to give her lessons without cost.

With her fine voice she progressed rapidly, and her teacher, wishing to give her every opportunity, invited his friend Carrie Jacobs Bond to hear her sing.

Little Jane sang her best that day. She knew of Carrie Jacobs Bond, not only of her influence in the singing world, but also of her life and character. She knew all the years of sadness, trials, and defeats which Carrie Jacobs Bond had faced in the early years of her life, and ever an admirer of courage in others, Jane's childish heart yearned for her approval and friendship.

PERHAPS the elderly Mrs. Bond sensed this liking, realized this wide eyed little girl with the beautiful voice idolized her from the first moment she met her. For few people ever received the interest which Mrs. Bond showered on little fifteen-year-old Jane Crusinberry.

Within the short course of one year, Jane became the most promising singer in the conservatory. At sixteen Jane was tasting the sweetness of success, the glamour of fame, and the promise of even greater heights to be attained. She must go to Europe and study. She was to sail in the spring.

But the spring came to Jane's heart in the middle of winter. It came in the presence of a tall Galahad, with a reporter's pencil in one hand, and a wedding ring in the other. It was Cupid, and Jane realized the timeworn lesson: that before she was a singer, she was a woman, a woman in love.

She knew, too, what marriage would mean; the end of everything, career, Europe, fame, but most of all, the friendship of the one woman closest to her heart, Carrie Jacobs Bond. Mrs. Bond, sad to see her talented little friend throwing away her future, pleaded with her.

"Jane," she said, "you must give up this idea of marriage. You are too young. The whole world is at your feet, yours for the taking. You can't throw it over now."

Her eyes filled with tears as she placed her hand on Mrs. Bond's arm.

"Can't you understand?" she pleaded.

"I understand," Mrs. Bond said, "that you must choose between him and me, between this young man who offers you little, and all your friends who have done so much for

you, and who will do even more."

Jane only looked fixedly out the window through misty eyes, and in her silence she gave her answer. Carrie Jacobs Bond, proud, disappointed, rose from her chair and walked slowly to the door. Jane had made her choice.

But those first years were happy ones. It was a new life for them both, filled with laughter and love and good times. Even those early misunderstandings were forgotten when the baby came. A warm, rosy faced little girl that would somehow make everything worth its price.

But in time, the newness of this, too, wore off. They both came to the realization they had settled down to the humdrum business of living. For Jane it meant sending her daughter off to school, housework, worrying about what to have for dinner, an occasional bridge party, each day so much like the one before. To him it meant the office, hard work all day, and home each evening, remembering all the good times he used to have with the "gang," to worry about bills, and to realize that all this was at the price of his freedom. This indeed was the real test of love, and when these two young people met it, their love failed the test. Theirs had lost its glamour when it lost its newness, and when they realized this, it meant unhappiness for them both. It meant suspicions, separations, another effort to make a go of it, another failure.

Jane Crusinberry, the author of "The Story of Mary Marlin."



So one day Jane found herself standing on the courthouse steps, a divorce in one hand, her little daughter held firmly in the other, and a strange emptiness in her heart. She looked back over the years to gayer times, to applause, bright lights and success. She knew what she must do. She must take up where she had left off, begin again, seven years later. Only this time, she must do it without the guidance of Carrie Jacobs Bond.

She needed money, but her father smiled away her fears. Certainly he could send her to Europe! And first class too. Why stocks were sky high, every one was making money. And a few weeks later, little realizing the economic precipice on which the world and her father were trembling, Jane sailed for France, alone, in a strange country, to begin anew.

The years that followed were filled with hard work, disappointments, and loneliness.

One rainy afternoon in Milan, after a grueling day at the conservatory Jane trudged wearily toward the barren little skylight room which was home. The rain was coming down in torrents, the gutters were gurgling little rivulets, and the day, dark and dismal, was akin to Jane's soul. If there were only some one to talk to, to whom she could unburden the emptiness in her heart, some one to understand what she wanted in life, and had never found. A driving urge to express herself pounded within her, an overwhelming urge to . . .

Suddenly she stopped. There in a gayly lighted window, full of books and stationery, was the answer! A battered old typewriter! She would write it all down! Impatiently she hurried through the door.

A FEW minutes later, clutching her heavy package under one arm Jane hurried out the door, almost ran through the rain-drenched streets to her room. And a few minutes later, seated by the window, the rain beating a ceaseless tattoo on the skylight, she began to write.

Outside, lights flicked on, and music-loving Italians scurried through the rain and darkness to the theater, or their favorite opera.

But upstairs in a barren room, a battered old typewriter clicked tunefully on. On through the night, through the eerie gray of dawn, the burdened soul of Jane Crusinberry found solace in the rattle of an ancient machine, found a strange comfort in writing, writing, page after page. (Continued on page 68)

Only the dramatic life of its author can explain why Mary Marlin is so real

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
	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 Teriss
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
	9:30	10:30 CBS: March of Games
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Morning Musical
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Children's Hour
	10:05	11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: News
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Walter Logan Music
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: On the Job
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Blue: Waterloo Junction
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Sunday Symphonette
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Treasure Trails
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Democracy in Action
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Continental Varieties
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Electronic Orchestra
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Bookman's Notebook
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: Allen Roth Presents
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Concert Orchestra
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Hall of Fun
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: The World Is Yours
8:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Hobby Lobby
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Enna Jettick Melodies
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes
	5:15	NBC-Blue: Four Star News
9:00	4:30	5:30 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Met Opera Auditions
	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Silver Theater
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Gateway to Hollywood
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Grouch Club
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: European News Roundup
8:30	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Jack Benny
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Screen Guild Theater
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Mr. District Attorney
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
7:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Orson Welles
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: NBC Symphony
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Ford Symphony
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
8:15	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Ellery Queen
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Chorale
10:00	10:30	11:00 CBS: Paul Sullivan
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ John J. Anthony listens to a girl's story on the Good Will Hour.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 29, November 5, 12 and 19!

October 29: Following its new policy of presenting only American singers, the Ford Hour, an CBS at 9:00 tonight, has Helen Traubel, soprano, as guest star. . . . The Lutheran Hour starts on Mutual at 1:30 this afternoon, with a rebroadcast reaching the West Coast at 1:30:

November 5: Violinist Jascha Heifetz (foreign-born but an American citizen now) is guest star on the Fard Hour tonight. . . . Maria Castelnuova-Tedesco, pianist, is guest star with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, CBS at 3:00. . . . Henry King's orchestra opens at the Peabody Hotel, Memphis, tonight—you'll hear its music on NBC.

November 12: The New York Philharmonic has a novelty for you at 3:00—Sigurd Rascher, famous saxophonist, as a guest star. . . . John Charles Thomas sings on the Fard program, CBS at 9:00, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the orchestra.

November 19: Lawrence Tibbett is tonight's guest star on the Fard program.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Original Good Will Hour, with John J. Anthony presiding, on the Mutual network at 10:00, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by Irazized Yeast.

If you live near New York, and if you have a domestic problem, perhaps you could go on the Good Will Hour. But don't think of going on this particular program as fun. John J. Anthony wants you only if you are sincere and only if he thinks he can help you.

Thousands of people who are unhappy in their personal lives have found sympathy and helpful advice on this program. Many thousands more have found the same help, simply by listening in and hearing Anthony advise someone else on a problem that is approximately the same as their own.

People can get Anthony's help on the air simply by writing to him and explaining the situation that makes them unhappy—telling him of a faithless husband or a wayward daughter. If he thinks the problem contained in a letter is sufficiently universal to interest listeners, he will invite the writer to be at station WMCA in New York, where the broadcast originates, at about 9:30. No other studio audience is permitted—just the people who are going to be on the program.

Guests are always seated while Anthony

interviews them, in order to add to the atmosphere of informality and help put people at their ease. Anthony has his guest's letter in front of him, and if the guest wanders from the point of his story, he gets him back on the track by referring to the letter.

If your idea of Good Will Court clients is that they are all poor and badly dressed, you are all wrong. Most of them are neat and self-respecting, even though many of their problems are at least indirectly connected with money.

Because there is always the chance that several guests will get stage fright and not show up at the broadcast, Anthony invariably invites more people than he can use on the program. The left-overs are interviewed and advised after the broadcast, and it is usually two in the morning before Anthony can leave the WMCA studios, where he not only broadcasts but maintains an office.

Anthony is proudest of the fact that his Good Will Hour has led to legislation affecting marital relations in many states, as well as to the introduction of courses in marital understanding in many universities. It's his contention that not enough attention is paid by most people to the subject of marriage, either before or after the wedding.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

ROGER PRYOR—permanent master of ceremonies on the Gulf-Screen Guild program, CBS at 7:30 tonight. Because he's the son of bandleader Arthur Pryor, Roger had to study music as a boy, when he only wanted to be an actor. As a result, he's now both actor and musician. He's six feet tall, goes around a golf course in the low 80s, and is married to blonde screen star Ann Sothern.



INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

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

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ This is how Tommy Riggs looks when he's talking like Betty Lou.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 30, November 6, 13 and 20!

October 30: Jack McLean and his orchestra open at the Chose Hotel in St. Louis, broodcasting late at night over NBC.

November 6: Here's a new program for you, starting tonight—Hedda Hopper's Hollywood, on CBS from 6:15 to 6:30, broodcast from now on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. It's movie-lond gossip, of course, with now and then a guest star for Hedda to interview.

November 13: If you haven't already started, better listen at 5:00 this afternoon to "Woman in Love," the first of the serials by Kathleen Norris on CBS. It's a broodcast version of the some story Rodio Mirror is running serially, and stars Arline Blackburn. November 20: For mystery lovers, the perfect listening at 7:15 tonight is the serial, I Love a Mystery, on NBC-Red. It's written by Carlton Morse, author of One Man's Family, who's quite an amateur detective himself.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Quaker Variety Show, with Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou, Freddie Rich's orchestra, David Ross, a guest star, and assorted stooges—on NBC-Red from 8:00 to 8:30 E.S.T.

Science has no explonation of the strange talent that enables Tommy Riggs to create the voice of the little girl whom he calls Betty Lou. If it were just a voice, the problem would be one for the throat specialists to solve. But in addition to Tommy's two voices, he almost has a split personality—which is something for the psychologists to get their teeth into. As Betty Lou has gone on broodcasting, week after week, Tommy has found her endowing herself with definite traits and characteristics. As he produces the voice, he finds himself fitting an entire life to it, and now he knows exactly what Betty Lou would do or say in any given situation, just as if she were a flesh-and-blood girl.

Besides Tommy, voice and sound engineers are interested in the unusual tonal personality that lives under the name of Betty Lou. The photographic department of the National Broodcasting Compony has just made a series of elaborate tests on some special (and very complicated) photo-voice recording machines. These tests have produced charts which show the Riggs voice in its natural state, plus the

Betty Lou voice, plus the two voices together. Voice specialists are studying the charts now, but they haven't said just what they expect to find. . . .

Along with Tommy and Betty Lou, every Monday night you hear an assortment of radio's most versatile and accomplished comedy stooges. Their names aren't announced on the air, but just the same they're the backbone of many a comedy program, and the Quaker Party is a field-day for them—such people as Minerva Pious, Teddy Bergman, Charles Kamerer, and Agnes Moorehead.

The Quaker Party has no permanent girl singer. Each week a different one is presented, chosen from different cities around the country and brought to New York by airplane to be featured on the program.

There are two Quaker Party programs given every Monday—one for the members of the cast, and one for you. At noon of Monday the whole program, as written and rehearsed, is given, just as if it were being broodcast. Instead, it's recorded, and then the record is played back so the cast can hear it. After the play-back, the program is completely revised—comedy spots rewritten or even cut out entirely, introductions changed, musical numbers revised—and then more rehearsals are held until the broodcast at 8:00.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

FRAN CARDEN—the third actress to play Sue Evans Miller in the CBS serial, Big Sister. Fran's predecessors were Mailla Stoddard, who left the cast to marry, and Dorothy McGuire, who won Broadway fame in "Our Town"—sa Fran hopes the part will be lucky for her too. She's just out of college, which she attended for only a year. She wears her black hair in a shoulder-length bob.



Complete Programs from October 25 to November 23

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Before a broadcast: Fidler and Charles Vanda, CBS program head.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 31, November 7, 14 and 21!

October 31: The day's new program is La Rasa Concerts, featuring stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company, an Mutual at 8:00. . . . Phil Levant and his orchestra open at the Hotel Schroeder in Milwaukee, and midwestern listeners can hear his music on CBS.

November 7: Horace Heidt's Pat a' Gald program, an NBC-Red tonight at 8:30, is gaining great guns in popularity. Better listen in and have yourself a good time. And maybe you'll win the program's \$1000 prize.

November 14: That amiable comedian, Walter O'Keefe, stars on his own program tonight on CBS at 8:30, with Mary Martin singing.

November 21: There's a whale hour of good drama on CBS tonight, starting at 7:30 with Helen Menken in Second Husband, and continuing from 8:00 to 8:30 with Edward G. Robinson's Big Town.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Jimmie Fidler, sponsored by Drene, over CBS from 7:15 to 7:30, Eastern Standard Time.

It's 7:10 P.M. on a Tuesday night, Jimmie Fidler is to go on the air in five minutes. The telephone in the CBS control booth rings. Fidler's rewrite man, stationed there for every broadcast, grabs the receiver. "Wait a minute," he shouts to the reporter at the other end of the line. And then to Fidler: "Hey, Jim, here's a hat story—Lambard and Gable just left for Arizona."

"Gimmie a hundred wards on it. I'll kill a couple of squibs," Fidler says. At 7:15 announcer Carlton KaDe'll starts the program rattling, while the re-write man and Fidler are still revising the copy. A minute and a half later, Fidler comes on the air. It's the same idea as replating the first page for an "extra" in a newspaper shop. Fidler operates his staff of approximately twenty legmen, rewrite men and editors as if he were a newspaper managing editor.

Every day his "beat" men cover certain studios and pick up the Hollywood news items about pictures and stars which he broadcasts to millions at CBS listeners each week. It's rumored that, in addition to his regular staff, Fidler has spies inside each studio who give him hat yarns just as they're starting. The number of exclusive stories he spins over the air may passibly be taken to support this rumor.

However, we don't pretend to know. He also maintains correspondents in Chicago and New York, to keep the eye on stars who have "travelitis."

Fidler writes all his own radio scripts, because he has found he reads his own copy much more smoothly than that written by anyone else. The day before the broadcast he usually dashes off his editorials and reviews, and Tuesday mornings he writes the news portions. Then comes the check and double-check. Every single item on the program is scrutinized carefully. Of course, it's comparatively easy to check the accuracy of the news collected by Fidler's own men, but the trouble starts when researchers try to track down tips telephoned in from unidentified sources. Unless these "orphan" items can be substantiated, Fidler throws them out—no matter how "hot" they sound or how anxious he may be to broadcast the stories they tell.

Jimmie Fidler is deadly serious about his weekly program. He realizes that he takes on a big responsibility when he reviews pictures that cost a fortune or reports incidents in the private lives of people who are idols to their legion of fans. On the other hand, he knows that his listeners expect him to be honest when he reviews a picture, and to tell the truth about the stars. He's bound to get into trouble some times. Who doesn't?

SAY HELLO TO . . .

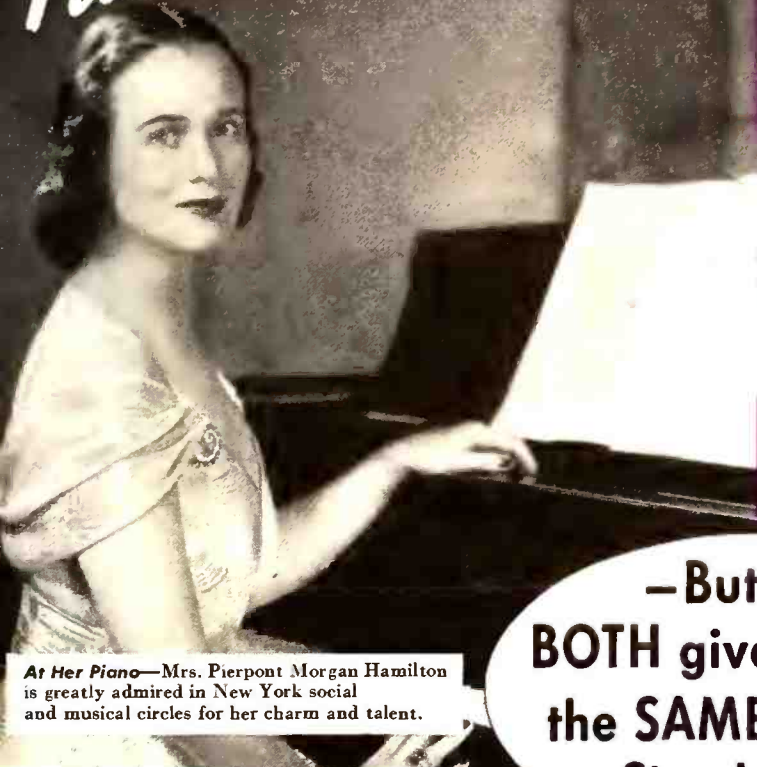
ONA MUNSON—who plays Lorelei Kilbourne, the society editor, in Edward G. Robinson's Big Town series on CBS tonight at 8:00. Ona is a former musical comedy star who went from singing on the stage to dramatic roles in pictures. You'll soon see her playing the coveted role of Belle Watling in "Gone With the Wind." She's a Portland, Oregon, girl who came to New York when she was 14, and became one of Gus Edwards' child entertainers. She used to be married to Eddie Buzzell, but they were divorced in 1931. Doesn't smoke, loves to chew gum, and prefers tailored suits to any other kind of clothes.



Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME
	8:00 NBC-Red: Variety Program
	8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
	8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	9:00 CBS: Manhattan Mother
	9:00 NBC: News
	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	9:30 NBC-Red: Family Man
	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45 NBC-Red: Life can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45 10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00 11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
	10:00 11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15 11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30 11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	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: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
	9:15 11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Our Spiritual Life
9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
	10:15 12:15 1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Road of Life
	10:30 12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Peabody Takes Charge
10:45	12:45 1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours
	10:45 12:45 1:45 NBC-Red: Women's Clubs
11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	11:00 1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15 2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
	11:15 1:15 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
	11:30 1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Vallant Lady
11:45	1:45 2:45 CBS: My Son and I
	11:45 1:45 2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
	12:00 2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
	12:00 2:00 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 3:15 CBS: Society Girl
	12:15 2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
	12:45 2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
	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
3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	3:45 4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	2:00 4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
	5:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
	2:30 4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	5:45 CBS: Scattersgood Balms
	2:45 5:45 5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: News
	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
	4:00 6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
	8:00 6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Jimmie Fidler
	4:15 6:15 7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
	8:15 6:15 7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: HELEN MENKEN
8:30	7:00 8:00 CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
	5:00 7:00 MBS: La Rosa Concert
	8:30 7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Prosents
9:00	7:30 8:30 CBS: Walter O'Keefe
	9:00 7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
	5:30 7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
9:30	8:00 9:00 CBS: We, The People
	6:00 8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Artie Shaw, Bob Benchley
	9:30 8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30 9:30 CBS: Bob Crosby
	6:30 8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Fibber McGee and Molly
	9:00 10:00 CBS: Hal Kemp
	7:00 9:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
	7:00 9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Bob Hope
7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Blue: If I Had the Chance
	7:30 9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

Patroness of Music

Young Fashion Artist



At Her Piano—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton is greatly admired in New York social and musical circles for her charm and talent.



Begins Art Career—Katheryn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

—But they **BOTH** give their skin the **SAME FAMOUS Simple Care!**

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:

With so many demands on your time, Mrs. Hamilton, how can you keep your skin looking so beautifully cared for?

ANSWER:

"My skin care is amazingly quick and simple. But I do use two creams. Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth roughnesses."

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:

You're known as quite a tennis fan, Mrs. Hamilton. Doesn't all that exposure to sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"It might if I weren't careful to protect my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just one application of that smooths little roughnesses right away!"

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:

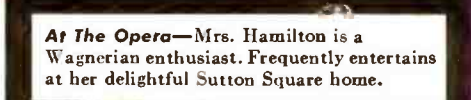
How do you keep your make-up so flattering throughout a long evening?

ANSWER:

"By preparing my skin for make-up with 2 Creams. When I first cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and then smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream, make-up goes on evenly and is really there to stay!"



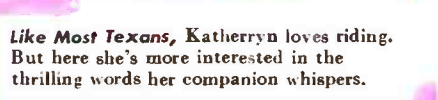
Begins Day with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewisohn Stadium.



At The Opera—Mrs. Hamilton is a Wagnerian enthusiast. Frequently entertains at her delightful Sutton Square home.



From Choosing current fashions to trying modeling herself was Katheryn's recent venture. In New York now, she shows promise.



Like Most Texans, Katheryn loves riding. But here she's more interested in the thrilling words her companion whispers.

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:

Katheryn, is there any close tie-up between fashion and complexion?

ANSWER:
"Oh, very close! I soon realized that a good skin peeps up even an inexpensive outfit. That's why I'm so careful always to use both Pond's Creams."

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:

You mean Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream? Does each do a separate job for your skin?

ANSWER:
"That's just the point. It seems to me that cleanliness is the first requirement for a good skin—and I've found that Pond's Cold Cream is a grand cleanser. What's more, I love the way it softens my skin!"

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Now then, what does Vanishing Cream do for your skin?

ANSWER:
"Well—when I'm outdoors a lot, it protects my skin from exposure. And I always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before make-up. It's a marvelous powder base."

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Use these 2 Famous Beauty Aids to DOUBLE your charm



Both for the Price of One!
For a limited time only, choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your regular purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00		8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
		8:15		8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
		8:15		8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		8:30		8:30	NBC-Blue: Four Showmen
		8:30		8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00		9:00	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		9:05		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
2:30	2:30	9:15		9:15	CBS: School of the Air
		8:30		9:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
		8:45		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45		9:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	10:00		10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00		10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	10:00		10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15		10:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	9:15	10:15		10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30		10:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	9:30	10:30		10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45		10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
	10:00	11:00		11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00		11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15		11:15	CBS: Brenda Curtis
	10:15	11:15		11:15	NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	10:15	11:15		11:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30		11:30	CBS: Big Sister
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11:15	10:45	11:45		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
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9:30	11:30	12:30		12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30		12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
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10:00	12:00	1:00		1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15		1:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15		1:15	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30		1:30	CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30		1:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
10:45	12:45	1:45		1:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45		1:45	NBC-Red: Words and Music
11:00	1:00	2:00		2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00		2:00	NBC-Blue: Roy Shield Revue
11:00	1:00	2:00		2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15	2:15		2:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15	2:15		2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30		2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30	2:30		2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45		2:45	CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45		2:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00		3:00	CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00		3:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00		3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15		3:15	CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15		3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30		3:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45		3:45	NBC-Red: Ted Malone
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1:15	3:15	4:15		4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30		4:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45		4:45	CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45		4:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00	5:00		5:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00		5:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:00	4:00	5:00		5:00	CBS: Billy and Betty
2:00	4:00	5:00		5:00	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
2:30	4:30	5:30		5:30	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30		5:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
2:30	4:30	5:30		5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45		5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45	6:45		6:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:15	5:45	6:45		6:45	NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
3:00	5:00	6:00		6:00	CBS: News
3:15	5:15	6:15		6:15	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15		6:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30		6:30	CBS: M. V. Kaltenborn
3:30	5:30	6:30		6:30	NBC-Blue: Golden Sorenaders
3:45	5:45	6:45		6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00		7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00		7:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
4:00	6:00	7:00		7:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15		7:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15	7:15		7:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15		7:15	NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30	6:30	7:30		7:30	CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
7:30	6:30	7:30		7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00		8:00	CBS: Al Pearce
9:00	7:00	8:00		8:00	NBC-Red: Herbert Marshall
8:30	7:30	8:30		8:30	CBS: PAUL WHITEMAN
8:30	7:30	8:30		8:30	NBC-Blue: Quick Silver Quiz
8:30	7:30	8:30		8:30	NBC-Red: Avalon Time
6:00	8:00	9:00		9:00	CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
9:30	8:00	9:00		9:00	NBC-Red: FRED ALLEN
7:00	9:00	10:00		10:00	CBS: Dr. Christian (Nov. 1)
7:00	9:00	10:00		10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00		10:00	NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Whitehead in the control room with Phil Cohen and an agency director.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 25, November 1, 8, 15 and 22!

October 25: A pair of bond openings: Emil Coleman opens at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, broadcasting on NBC, and Bob Chester starts at the Nicollet Hotel in Minneapolis, to be heard on CBS. They say that Chester's the coming star, so better give him an audition in your living room.

November 1: Jeon Hersholt as Dr. Christian returns to the air tonight—on CBS at 10:00. . . . On NBC-Blue, also at 10:00, fight fans can hear Bill Stern describe a prizefight from Madison Square Garden.

November 8: Al Pearce and his gang are on the air again—tonight at 8:00 on CBS.

November 15: Bernie Cummins and his band open at the Netherland Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati, playing over NBC.

November 22: Those half-hour plays in the second portion of the Texaco Star Theater are getting better and better—and they nicely balance the music and fun of the first part. So why not tune in CBS at 9:00 tonight and get the whole show?

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Paul Whitehead's orchestro, sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes, an CBS from 8:30 to 9:00, Eastern Standard Time, with a rebroadcast that reaches the West Coast at 8:30 Pacific Time.

Tops for over fifteen years, Paul Whitehead is still the Big Man of Jazz, and for a very good reason. He works harder than almost anyone in the business to make his music perfect. It's one of Paul's rules that each of his musicians must be a star in his own field. And he pays star salaries. When one of his instrumentalists leaves, Paul auditions men far days. Sometimes he listens to two or three hundred to find exactly the kind of player he wants.

Arrangers are picked just as carefully, and Paul is willing to pay more than \$1000 a week for special arrangements alone. His staff includes such well-known musicians as Fred Von Epps, Irving Szwathory, Morton Gould and Wilbur Beittel—each man a specialist in a different kind of jazz.

For each half-hour of music on the air, Paul rehearses his men for from ten to twelve hours. Programs are planned by him and producer Phil Cohen two weeks ahead of time, then continually revised as more musical ideas pour from the Whitehead brain.

Every Wednesday night between broadcast and re-broadcast time at 11:30, Paul, Cohen, and Mrs. Whitehead (ex-movie stor-

Margaret Livingstone) put their heads together over a restaurant table to map out the broadcast two weeks away. Numbers are set, types of arrangements discussed, and suggestions prepared for vocalists Joan Edwards, Clark Dennis and the Modernaires.

Phil Cohen writes the script on Tuesday, the day before a broadcast. At dinner that night, he and Paul rewrite it. Then Phil goes home for last-minute revisions, and at about eleven o'clock telephones Paul to read him the final draft. Late-at-night telephone calls between Paul and Cohen are a habit. Paul will get Phil out of bed at four in the morning, without a pang of conscience, if he wants to talk.

A Whitehead rehearsal is a colorful affair to attend, for Paul's slang is creative and racy. When someone plays a wrong note, Paul puts his hand to his ear and says, "I hear a stranger in the deck." If he thinks the violins aren't getting enough feeling into the music he tells them to "quit sawing off the round steak and give me some ear atmosphere."

Paul has given nicknames to all the boys in the band—"Bags" for assistant conductor Roy Bargy, "Risotto" for saxophonist Al Gallodoro, "Snow White" for guitarist Artie Ryerson. Paul himself is "Pops" to all the musicians, because of the fabulous amount of soda-pop he consumes at every rehearsal.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE—who plays Elizabeth Perry in the NBC-Red Serial, John's Other Wife, on the air at 10:15 this morning. As her name indicates, she's as Irish as the Blarney Stone, but she's never been in Ireland in her life. Born in Los Angeles, she was educated there and in New York, and got her stage start on Broadway. She's married, and has been in the movies—her most famous part being that of Nana in "The Life of Emile Zola." Right now she has just recovered from serious burns which almost proved fatal. They were inflicted when a carelessly tossed match in a restaurant set fire to her dress.



**This is the Nail Polish
that swept the country in 6 months**

"FINGER-NAIL" CAP



You simply must try it!

Join the millions of women—yes, millions!—who are switching to a longer lasting, high-gloss nail polish—Dura-Gloss! Yes Dura-Gloss is taking the country by storm, because it's an entirely new nail polish. You get richer color, a polish with more "body," that wears longer, resists chipping longer, keeps its brilliance longer! You owe it to the beauty of your hands to try Dura-Gloss—today!

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERSON, N. J.

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Makes your fingernails more beautiful

CHOOSE YOUR COLOR by the patented "Finger-nail" bottle caps, which show you 20 style-approved shades exactly as they will look on your own nails. At cosmetic counters. **10c**

Shown above: HUNTER RED, Fashion's new shade for Fall!

Eastern Standard Time

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	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: The Right to Happiness
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepero 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-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: American Life
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Peabees Takes Charge
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Boz
2:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:15	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl In'erna
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
	6:00	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
	6:00	5:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattered Balms
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
	6:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	6:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
6:30	7:30	CBS: Vox Pop
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Ask It Basket
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: One Man's Family
9:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Strange as It Seems
	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Joe Penner
9:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Those We Love
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Americans at Work

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Good News' stars—Roland Young, Fannie Brice and Walter Huston.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 26, November 2, 9, 16 and 23!

October 26: The United States Forest Ranger is the subject of tonight's Americans at Work broadcast, on CBS at 10:30. His life will be dramatized, and a real forest ranger will be at the microphone to talk.

November 2: Gene Krupa and his hot band open at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago tonight. You'll hear their music over CBS. . . All too timely is tonight's Americans at Work program, CBS at 10:30. It deals with the war correspondent's profession.

November 9: That exciting debate program, America's Town Meeting of the Air, is back on NBC-Blue at 9:30 these Thursday nights. Listen in, and you'll want to argue too.

November 16: Glenn Miller's band opens tonight at the Meadowbrook Inn, to broadcast over NBC every night except Sunday.

November 23: This is Thanksgiving Day or it isn't Thanksgiving Day, depending on which state you live in. It will be a holiday in most states, however, and on the networks. CBS, NBC, and MBS will all carry special Thanksgiving programs, and probably a speech by President Roosevelt.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Good News of 1940, on NBC-Red tonight from 9:00 to 10:00, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee.

Nobody worries much about clothes in Hollywood, and little groups of visitors touring NBC's Hollywood Radio City, and getting a peek into the studio where Good News is rehearsing, probably go home with impressions something like this:

Walter Huston, meticulously dressed in blue, looks like a bank president. Connie Boswell, light and airy in a creamy gown, has just arrived from a lawn party. Meredith Willson, minus his coat, with loosened tie and shirt-collar, looks like a harassed broker trying to keep up with his ticker-tape, instead of a distinguished musician and orchestra conductor. Fannie Brice's red, white and blue sports outfit would be in place in a swank beach club. And Roland Young, in tweeds, with a gay scarf, could easily be a country squire.

Because Hollywood is all showmanship, Good News is presented as a regular theatrical production, on a stage with a curtain, and with special lighting effects. These lighting effects have to be rehearsed too. For instance, when Walter Huston and his guest star go through their act together, all the lights are dimmed except a bright spot where they're standing. Bit

players step out of the gloom, speak their parts into the mike, then disappear.

By five-thirty of a Thursday afternoon, a transformation has taken place in the studio. Everybody is back on the stage of Studio D dressed for the broadcast. The banker has left his office—and now, in white tie and tails, he looks as if he could easily fit into the foyer of the opera. The little lady of the lawn party is now in a stunning evening gown. The broker has lost his harassed expression. The country gentleman is still at ease, even in a boiled shirt.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture studio is no longer connected with the Good News program, although there are rumors it may be back in there pitching before so very many more weeks roll past. Even without it, Good News is one of the biggest programs to come out of Hollywood. Getting it on the air takes a full week's work on the part of scores of people, it requires so much planning. Donald Cope, the agency producer, and writers Sam Moore and Phil Rapp work together to select scripts and write and cast dramatic spots. Meredith Willson and three arrangers take care of selecting and producing the musical score. Fannie Brice and her own writer do the Baby Snooks episodes.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

DAVID GOTHARD—new character in the O'Neills, on NBC-Red at 12:15 and NBC-Blue at 5:15 this afternoon. David plays Bruce Kingsley, who was known simply as The Stranger when he first entered the story of The O'Neills. He's no stranger to NBC audiences, though, for since 1934 he's been playing leading roles in many a serial originating in Chicago. Last summer he came to New York and immediately began to repeat his Chicago success. He's had two offers of screen tests but turned them both down—though he says if a third one should come along he'd be too superstitious to refuse it.



The news has spread from coast to coast **MIRACLE MODESS BRINGS YOU "MOISTURE ZONING"!**



Now—dismiss this old worry! Today—stop trying to see yourself in every mirror—stop asking people, "Am I all right?" . . . Today, the new Miracle Modess gives you a new sense of security!



Now—forget this old discomfort! No longer need chafing discomfort on "difficult" days spoil your walking, your dancing . . . Today, learn about the new Miracle Modess (see below).



Now—at any dealer's in the land, you can buy a sanitary napkin made on an entirely new principle . . .

The new Miracle Modess with "Moisture Zoning."

This "Moisture Zoning" helps wonderfully in two ways.

First, it acts to *zone* moisture, keep it inside the pad. The sides of the napkin stay dry, soft, chafe-free longer than ever before . . . And this—

in addition to the fluff-type filler that has always made Modess outstanding for comfort—means that Modess *starts softer, stays softer!*

Second, "Moisture Zoning" brings greater absorbency. This, along with Modess' famous moisture-resistant backing, means greater peace of mind. Modess is *doubly reassuring.*

Today, buy the Napkin of Tomorrow—Modess. In the same blue box, at the same low price.

★ ★ ★
MODESS TRIUMPHS AGAIN!

FIRST WITH FLUFF-TYPE FILLER



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

FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING



Modess was first to put a "Stop-back" of moisture-resistant material on every pad, as a precaution against striking through.



NOTE THE BLUE LINE:

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

AND NOW "MOISTURE ZONING"!



Now Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning," which keeps the edges of the napkin dry, soft, chafe-free longer than ever before. Greater comfort, greater safety! Get the new Miracle Modess today. In the same blue box at the same low price.



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

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Producer Al Rinker—first star Horace Heidt—announcer Dan Seymour

Tune-In Bulletin for October 27, November 3, 10 and 17!

October 27: Matty Malneck and his band are featured tonight on the new program, Young Man With a Band, on CBS at 10:30. . . Sammy Kaye's orchestra opens for another season at the Commodore Hotel in New York, playing over both CBS and Mutual. . . Buddy Rogers' band comes into the Ansley Hotel in Atlanta, playing over NBC.

November 3: Kay Kyser is the star of this week's Young Man With a Band program, on CBS at 10:30. . . From Sioux Falls, South Dakota, comes a novelty—a corn-husking bee, to be described over NBC this afternoon.

November 10: Tonight's Young Man With a Band star is Duke Ellington—CBS at 10:30. . . Bill Barda and his band end an engagement at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, playing over CBS.

November 17: Bill Stern broadcasts a prizefight from Madison Square Garden tonight—NBC-Blue at 10:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Young Man With a Band, on CBS at 10:30, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by the Columbia Recording Corporation and starring famous dance band leaders.

Young Man With a Band is put on the air to honor those young American band leaders who are "at least as popular as movie stars or congressmen, and who have followings as large and enthusiastic as those of Mickey Mouse." A different young man with a band is presented each week, and dramatic episodes re-create his life story while the band plays music as he played it at different times in the past. Also, by means of a lucky number, somebody in the studio audience gets the chance to make a record of his or her own voice, singing with the band of the week.

The whole idea grew out of the desire of the Columbia Recording Corporation, a CBS affiliate, to present its most popular recording bands on the air. Al Rinker, producer of the show, and Annemarie Ewing, who writes the script, selected the title and developed the idea of telling the leaders' life stories in dramatic episodes.

Conferences with the band leader himself always supply the material for Miss Ewing to build her script around. For instance, Harry James told her about his childhood experiences playing with a circus

band, and even sent home to his father in Texas for some of the music he played then. One of the biggest jobs in rehearsal is to get the musicians to imitate various styles in music—circus, minstrel, brass band, and all the different styles of dance music up through the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties.

The whole program is a delight for anybody who is interested in dance music. Besides getting the musical background of your favorites, you'll hear John Hammond, well-known authority on dance music and Associate Recording Director for the record company. Every week he devotes a few minutes of the program to telling what's new in the popular-music world. Hammond has one of the largest collections of records in the country, and it was he who recently discovered Charlie Christian, the sensational new guitar player in Benny Goodman's band.

Most fun for the studio audience at Young Man with a Band, of course, is watching the "lucky" amateur sing a song with the band. The amateur is chosen by drawing from a hatfull of seat stubs, but of course he doesn't have to sing with the band unless he wants to. He—or she—is given a choice from about six standard popular songs to sing, and when the broadcast is over is presented with a record of his performance. Only one record is made, so it's a real collector's item.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

JOHNNIE JOHNSTON—NBC's handsome singer-guitarist, heard on Club Matinee this afternoon at 4:00, and on other NBC programs out of Chicago. Johnnie could sing 17 popular songs when he was only two and a half years old in St. Louis, and was on the stage with his sister in a child act by the time he was five. He never went to college, but began radio work instead. He also sang in night clubs, but quit because it was ruining his voice and his health. In 1933 he went to Hollywood, but forgot the beauties of the climate when the 1933 earthquake struck, and returned to Chicago. He was married in 1936.



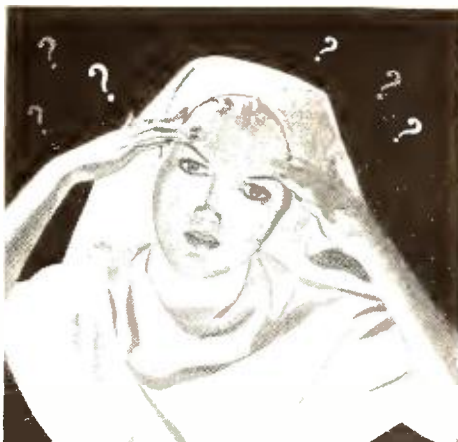


Lady Esther says

"Forsake all Heavy, Waxy Creams for 1 month and keep your Accent on Youth!"



Go ask youth—and a whole chorus will tell you to *stop using* heavy, "waxy" creams. In a blind test, young women under 25 voted overwhelmingly—over 2 to 1—for Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!



Why let heavy creams defeat your loveliness? Why chance looking *older than you really are*? Give up those heavy, "waxy" creams that demand pulling of delicate facial muscles—and turn, with youth, to my *more modern* cream!



Modern life with its fast tempo is a challenge to your face cream. Indeed it calls for a completely *different kind* of cream from the heavy types popular ten years ago. Modern girls realize this, and have adopted my 4-Purpose Face Cream.



A softly glamorous complexion points the way to tender glances... to compliments and romance! Why deny yourself life's gayest moments? Why not look truly appealing? Give your skin "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and see each day bring fun... more happiness. You can be so alluring when you're *sure* of charm!



Just one month will show you that Lady Esther Face Cream is a *modern* cream that keeps your Accent on *Youth*. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you make the test I suggest below and see if Lady Esther Face Cream isn't the *one* and only cream for *you*?

See the difference... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

TODAY, there is a very easy way to discover whether you are using the RIGHT face cream. You simply compare your present cream with Lady Esther Face Cream.

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Remove it with cleansing tissue, *then look at it*. Then do the same with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with fresh tissue and *look at that*.

Thousands of women have been amazed... yes, *shocked then and there*... to see dirt on their second tissue. For Lady Esther Cream removes pore-clogging dirt that

many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT.

Renounce all heavy creams for *just a month*. You'll find Lady Esther Cream, unlike many old-fashioned creams, cleanses thoroughly without harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense*. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a fresh, youthful-looking skin!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (50)

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

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

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

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

Hilltop House

(Continued from page 20)

was still straight and firmly muscled. He looked what he was—a man who had made a religion of getting what he wanted, a man of successful affairs.

"Well, Bess," he said.

She tried to be natural, she held out her hand and made suitable remarks—it was nice to see him again, he looked well, she was glad he was being successful. And all the while she was thinking, "What do you want? What are you going to do to me—and to Tim?"

"Paul said you wanted to look at Hilltop House," she said.

He gestured absently with one hand. "No—not now. I understand it's not for sale after all—so why should I waste time looking at something I can't buy?" A characteristic remark, she thought.

"Then why?"

"To see you, of course." He laid his hand on hers, in a way that was almost timid—if she hadn't known that Steve was never timid. "You're still lovely, Bess. No wonder, of course—it hasn't been so terribly long since . . ."

"Since you and I were in love?" she finished for him.

"Since I played the fool and let you get away from me," he amended. "Bess—I suppose this must seem terribly abrupt to you, but I haven't much time—couldn't we start in again, where we left off? I've never forgotten you."

THAT damnable charm of his, which could be so potent when he chose to exert it—even though you knew it was false. The thought helped her to say lightly, coldly. "Good of you to remember me, Steve. As a matter of fact, I haven't forgotten you, either—though perhaps I've remembered you for a different reason."

His eyes flickered in comprehension. "Yes. You mean the boy. And Marjorie. But all that's past."

"Is it?" she asked. She had control of the situation now; play her cards right and he would leave Glendale tonight and never come back. She held her knees tightly together to stop their trembling. "Steve—I never thought I'd have to tell you this. I never thought you'd force me to it. But here it is. I'm happy here. It took me a long time to get over—to get over what you did to me. But I got over it, finally. So much that I never think of you, or Marjorie, or—the baby, any more. So will you please go away, and let me have my happiness?"

She might have succeeded, then. His face, as he hesitated, was sombre. He opened his lips to speak—

The door burst open, and Tim rushed in—a golden-haired cannonball of humanity, shrieking, "Tulip wouldn't let me in to see you, Miss Bess! Tell her to let me alone!"

He threw his arms around her waist, clung there while Tulip, close upon his heels, tried to pry him loose. Over the miniature battle, she saw Steve's face. He was looking intently at the boy, his head thrust forward, his whole body poised as if for a spring. His eyes flashed up to meet hers, and under the sudden wonder and accusation in them she looked around the room wildly, as if seeking an escape from an impossible prison.



"Just listen to 'em!.. 'Afraid of a little pan of water, eh?' says Duck-Luck... 'Who's afraid?' says Hen-Pen. 'I just don't like water, the horrid kut-kut-kadacket stuff!'. . . 'You chicken-hearted coward!' says he... 'You wet smack!' says she...!"



"Oh, stop your nonsense, Hen-Pen—it's swell once you're in! Just hold your nose and shut your eyes . . . don't you know we'll get sprinkled with lovely, downy Johnson's Baby Powder when we get out? In you go now—KERSPLASH!"



"look, gang, here comes the Johnson's . . . hold everything! Prickly heat and chafes won't get much chance at us! And oh-h, boy—when that soft white shower comes down the small of your back, you'll get a thrill right down to your pinfeathers!"



"Didn't I tell you? Everybody likes Johnson's Baby Powder. The talc in it's specially fine, and it helps keep babies comfortable as can be. It doesn't cost much, either!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.



IF MANY DETAILS

GET YOU DOWN

JUST USE THIS GUM

FROM FLAVOR-TOWN



Ever get nervous or upset? Then, try a package of Beech-Nut Gum. It's always refreshing and restful. It comes from Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.)—famous for quality and flavor. Six delicious varieties.

Beech-Nut



One of America's
GOOD habits

The familiar furniture gave her no help; the half-open door to the hall was no avenue to freedom. She saw Stella pause in the hall, curiously look in, then go on.

Haltingly she tried to comfort Tim, to disengage him from her skirts; and at last, reluctantly, he allowed himself to be led away by Tulip. She turned to face Steve.

WHEN she paused in the hall to look into Bess' room, Stella knew at once that something was happening. She saw the look of fear in Bess' face, the intensity of the man's body, and her quick intelligence, her eager curiosity, told her to listen. She waited until Tulip and Tim had come out and gone downstairs, then crept back to the door, bent to the keyhole.

"No!" she heard Bess say sharply. "He's not! Tim is only one of our orphans here—the littlest and most helpless of them. That's the reason he insists on coming in to see me as soon as he gets home—perhaps I've babied him too much."

"He has your hair and your eyes, Bess." The man's voice, stern, trembling on the edge of violence. "I'm surprised they haven't noticed it already, around here."

"Nonsense!" "You lied to me when you said he died soon after he was born!" His words were pursuing her, forcing her into admission, but she insisted:

"No! I told you the truth. He did die—he only lived a few hours."

"That was my son—the boy that just ran in here. I know it—he has the look of me when I was his age. And you're shaking all over. You're lying to me, Bess!"

The girl outside strained to hear Bess' answer, but all she heard was silence, until the man's voice began again:

"All right then—don't admit it. Anyway, I'm sure. I always suspected you of lying to me about his death—that's one reason I came to see you. And now that I know, I'm going to take him away from here—and you too."

She heard Bess now: "You'll never take Tim. I'll never let you. And I'll never go with you myself."

"We'll see—" Stella heard the man begin to say—and then footsteps were coming up the stairs to the hall. She straightened suddenly, and went into the dormitory, just as Jean and two other orphans came into view. What she did not hear was the rest of the conversation in Bess' room.

"Haven't you any conception of what I'd do to keep Tim away from you?" Bess cried. "First you broke my heart, or tried to, even if I was strong enough to keep you from doing it. Then you married my sister, Marjorie, and broke hers. It wasn't having a baby that killed her, Steve. She died because she didn't want to live any more! And just before she died, she made me promise that no matter what happened, I'd never let you have Tim. That's why I came here to Glendale, pretending that Tim was an orphan and pulling strings to get him taken in here without seeming to even know who he was—simply so I would leave no trace that would make you suspect he was still alive."

"And very noble of you," he remarked. "Exactly what I'd expect you to do. But let's not be melodramatic about it. After all, I am the boy's father . . . and I intend to have my son."

It was on that note he left. She didn't see him go; she didn't dare look at him lest she break down completely.

After a while, though, she began to feel a little better. The worst, she told herself, had happened at last. For years she had successfully pretended that Tim was no more than one of the orphans under her care. Now Steve had learned that he was really her nephew, and he would—at least he might—publish her deception to the people of Glendale. There would be a scandal—Frank Kladder and Thelma Gidley, her assistant, would seize on the news to accuse her of supporting one of her relations on Hilltop House money. But she could weather that; or if she could not, perhaps it did not matter so much. Nothing mattered, if she could only keep Tim away from his father. She could count on Paul Hutchinson's help, and on Robbie's—

Yes, she could count on Robbie. Warmth crept into her heart as she thought of him. Devotion such as Robbie gave her was so precious, so sweet; something that must be given to few women.

Stella was thinking of Dr. Robbie just then, too. She was thinking that now, in the hour or so that remained of the afternoon before dinner-time, would be a good time to drop in at Dr. Robbie's office and talk to him about her mother, who was in the hospital under his care.

Dr. Robbie didn't like her, and she knew why. It was Miss Bess' fault. Dr. Robbie liked everyone at Hilltop House except her, and he didn't like her because Miss Bess had poisoned his mind against her. Going down the hall, Stella gave an exultant little hop—she'd tell Dr. Robbie, now, what sort of a person his adored Miss Bess was, and in his gratitude, he'd see that she, Stella, was worth a dozen Miss Besses.

IN her absorption, she didn't see Miss Gidley until she almost bumped into her. Tall, spare, dressed in black, the assistant matron of Hilltop House laid a detaining hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Stella! Where are you going?" Stella gulped, gathering her scattered thoughts. "I was looking for you, Miss Gidley. I wanted to ask you if I could go down to Dr. Clark's office and ask him about my mother. I'm so worried about her, Miss Gidley . . ."

She looked up appealingly. Miss Gidley was easy, for all she acted so stern. Stella knew that Miss Gidley was always criticizing Miss Bess for being too lenient with the children, but she herself was the lenient one, if you knew how to get around her. And Stella, without the shadow of a doubt, knew.

Another thought crossed her mind, just then. Miss Gidley would probably like to know about what she had heard. Miss Gidley liked to know things, particularly about Miss Bess. Perhaps, later, she'd tell her.

"Very well, Stella," Miss Gidley was saying now. "Go ahead. But be sure to be back for dinner."

"Yes, Miss Gidley," Stella said dutifully.

Dr. Robbie's office was only a few blocks from Hilltop, and Stella was there in five minutes. It was after office hours, but Dr. Robbie often worked late in the laboratory, and he knew this was the only time of day she could come to see him.

She went through the deserted waiting and consulting rooms, knocked on the laboratory door. Dr. Robbie's voice answered: "Come in."

"Oh—hello, Stella," he said, not too cordially, when he looked up and saw her standing there.

"Hello, Dr. Robbie," she said. "Are you busy? I just wanted to ask you about my mother. Do you think she is feeling better?"

"I think so," he said, still busy with a microscope. "Why—did she seem worse when you saw her today?"

"Oh, I—I didn't see her today," she said lamely, aware for the first time that this was a damaging admission.

"You didn't? Why not?" he asked, looking up at her briefly. "You should see her every day—that will do her more good than anything else."

"I—I—" she stammered, trying to think of a convincing excuse. And then came what seemed like inspiration. "I don't think Miss Bess likes me to go see Mama too much."

"Miss Bess?" His hands fell to the sides of the microscope and he stared at her. "That's ridiculous, Stella. Why should Miss Bess care how often you see your mother?"

"Well, she's . . . funny, Dr. Robbie." She hesitated, seeming to select her words like someone who was trying to be scrupulously fair. "She doesn't like me to *have* a mother, it sort of seems like. I mean—she'd rather I'd be like all the other children at Hilltop—a real orphan."

HE forced an irritated laugh. "I never heard such nonsense, Stella! It's all something you've made up."

"No, it isn't, Dr. Robbie," she insisted gravely. "It looks that way to you, because you're outside, and you don't know some of the things that go on at Hilltop."

"What sort of things?"

"Oh—well, I'd rather not say," she said, apparently reluctant.

Hurriedly she added: "But I can tell you this, Dr. Robbie. Miss Bess isn't as nice a person as you think!"

"What!" The sudden flush, ebbing away into pallor, the brilliant, burning eyes that were the result of her statement were more than she had bargained for; she moved backward a step, as if he had threatened her, and with only the thought of justifying herself, blurted out:

"No, Dr. Robbie, she isn't! If you knew what I found out today—"

"I don't want to know it!"

But once more she paid no attention to his protest. "Tim isn't an orphan at all! He's Miss Bess' little boy—hers and that man's that came to see her today!"

Dr. Robbie's hand shot out; there was the sharp sound of impact. Stella's head rocked to one side and tears came to her eyes. Her cheek, where he had slapped it, burned like fire, but they were not tears of pain; they were tears of anger.

She shrieked, her voice breaking a little: "All right, then—if you don't believe me, go ask her yourself!"

"I will," said Dr. Robbie, white-faced and shaking, and already terribly ashamed of himself for striking a child.

Will Stella's lies turn Dr. Robbie against Bess? And will she be able to pit her wits successfully against those of Stephen Cortland in her battle to keep Tim? Read the exciting final chapter of this dramatic story in the January issue of RADIO MIRROR.

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Where Was I Wrong?

(Continued from page 15)

SO I GAVE
THE PILOT A
LIFT



"Fun to fly high? Humph!" grumped the Pilot. "Not when I'm feelin' low." So I held out my package of Beeman's. "Make a discovery. Try that for a flavor that's tops in fresh deliciousness."

"Beeman's—say! That's no discovery. It's been the favorite with my clan for years. Just the right blend of smooth, mellow taste and cool tang. It's always fresh and so long lasting—never lets you down. Lady, the next flight's on the house but be sure you bring Beeman's."

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

Rock, I had gained some invaluable training when Francis Craig's orchestra, composed of boys working their way through Vanderbilt, played at a resort nearby. But that's the only reason I had to hope for success in the theater. Such small reason!

I was almost ashamed to tell my mother, but I did. In addition to being very brave and resourceful, my mother is very wise. She didn't laugh at me. As a matter of fact, she encouraged me, although I wonder, even now, if she ever seriously thought I had a chance.

Mrs. Barnum, who runs a school of drama and expression in Chicago, was even more encouraging when I stopped in to talk with her a few days later. She even arranged to let me work out my tuition by doing odd jobs in the office of the school.

How different was this schooling from the happy-go-lucky, jazz-age education I had started out to get for myself at the university. Here there was a deadly seriousness, a purposefulness that had been entirely lacking.

Already, I thought, at the age of seventeen, I was beginning to build upon the ruins of that other life, a sounder, a wiser way of living.

SO I planned. Was it my fault that another event was soon to occur that would wipe out all this beginning, would revolutionize my life, start my heart to pounding with a love I couldn't seem to deny?

I was walking down Michigan Boulevard one afternoon with one of my best friends, Alice Carter, who seemed to know everyone and go everywhere; who every week had a new boy friend, each one more handsome and gifted.

She was telling me about her "newest." "He's so handsome, Virginia, that he makes goose-pimples run up and down your spine. His eyes are a deep brown—Say, I'll tell you what. Let's go up to his office and you can see for yourself."

I didn't really want to go, but Alice insisted.

And then I knew what Alice meant when she said that she felt goose-pimples run up and down her spine. He did that to you when he turned his smile on and the lights glistened in deep brown eyes that were magnificently alive. Then he was speaking in a low voice.

"I'm happy to know you, Miss Clark," he said. And then he was asking me all about myself. At the moment I didn't think about it, but it was as if Alice wasn't there at all—just we two. He made you feel intimately at home with him and the force of his personality jumped, like an electric spark, across the gap that separated us. I'm afraid we both quite forgot poor Alice. It wasn't until later that evening, that I thought about her. That was when I answered the phone to feel again the spell of the man.

"This is Ray," he said. "I hope you still remember me because I haven't been able to think of anything else but you since this afternoon." It was then that I thought about Alice. I wondered if he had given her any reason to feel that he might care about her. Of course, with Alice it was a different fellow each week, but

if he'd given her any reason . . . and then was calling me up! He was talking again. "I wondered if you wouldn't care to go for a drive and maybe dance a little?"

It had been so long since I had had a date, danced—and yet—was instinct warning me, even then? How wonderful it would be to laugh again, to forget reciting lines, to banish the thought of jobs and mother working. Why then should I hesitate?

I didn't for very long.

"I'd love to, only I have so much work—"

"You can always work, but you can't always have a good time." He was turning on all his persuasion. "And anyway, we won't stay late."

But we did stay late. We went from one club to another, and Ray knew all of the headwaiters by name so they gave him the best tables, treated us like royalty.

I knew how Cinderella felt, now—I, who had lived out my girlhood in the unsophisticated small town. I was learning, to the blaring brass and soft strings of night club orchestras, how the other, gorgeously gowned half lived.

But the clock didn't strike twelve.

When I came home from school the next night, a large box of flowers awaited me. There was a note . . . "Love, Ray." That was all. And then the phone rang.

"Really, Ray, I think I'd better stay home tonight."

"But you promised me. . . ."

Again I gave in and each time the giving in became a little easier. He was calling me at school now, two or three times a day, and suddenly school wasn't important. Ray was all that mattered. I had been swept completely off my feet. Again I was living on top of a world that went swimmingly along on its merry course. There was only one drawback. My mother and his parents. One night, as I came in from dancing, Mother was waiting for me.

VIRGINIA, there have not been many times when I've told you not to do something. But this time, I'm going to ask you to listen to me carefully and do what I ask. I want you to forget Raymond. For your own good and his too."

For a moment my heart stopped. In all the seventeen years I had been growing up, I had never disobeyed my mother. I had never had to. Never had she forced me to do anything I didn't really want to do. I knew, somehow, that this was going to be different. Even if it meant standing against Mother, I couldn't obey this order. But I could try to make her understand.

"Mother, we're in love! He's already asked me to marry him. You wouldn't ask me to give up the man I love?"

"No, I wouldn't ask you to do that, but I don't think you love Raymond and I don't think he loves you." And then she used the argument so many parents have used . . . the argument I think hardens so many children's hearts.

"You're both so young. I want you to wait awhile until you're older, until you find out if it's really love. If it is, you'll both wait."

Such reasonable words and so utterly useless when you're young and hungry for fun. I didn't know it then, but the same thing was going on at Ray's home. He had been married before—he'd told me all about it—and it hadn't worked out. And while his parents were very fond of me, they didn't want him to marry again until he was older and showed more interest in the responsibilities of marriage.

But all that the parental warnings and pleadings did was to drive us into each other's arms. Without a word to anyone, a few weeks later, we slipped away to Michigan and were married.

Though our honeymoon was terribly brief, it was glorious. We motored through Canada, stopping off at quaint way-side inns and tourist camps in the towering forests.

But we returned soon enough to face our parents. I remember dreading my first meeting with Mother. I might have known how she'd be. Not one word of reproach. Just an eagerness to help us find an apartment, to see that we were settled. Ray's parents were the same way—so very understanding and trying hard to be helpful.

It was as if they knew our marriage was doomed from the start. I must have always known how uncertain it was. Ray was only really happy when he was what he called "having fun." Home to him was a place to sleep when there was no other place to go after a long bright round of parties.

WE never saved money. Often Ray and I would go out to the race-track in the afternoon and lose more than he usually earned in a month. Oh, it was exciting enough . . . standing there at the track, yelling for our horse to come in first. But always, afterwards, were those terrible unvoiced fears I tried to fight down.

And then the baby came and I began to pay the price of letting love blind me to reality. Because all the joy, the wonderful thrill of having my first child was dulled by the realization that he had been born into a home that now seemed doomed to failure.

One night my worst fears were realized when the monotony of evenings spent quietly at home went beyond Ray's endurance. With a muttered "good night" he slipped on his coat and was gone. He didn't stay late. It wasn't that. It was the fact that he'd made the break finally, and there was no turning back.

He knew it too, though we never discussed it. But in my heart was the black despair of knowing that I had to make my choice. I had to choose for myself and—for my son. Should I resign myself and bring our son up in an atmosphere of unrest, of unhappiness and perhaps later, of bitterness? Or should I, through the divorce courts, seek my freedom? And finding freedom, what then? I could not go back and become a drain upon my mother. The only training I had was my dramatic teaching.

Which was the less desperate way? I made my choice, finally. I think I was right, though there were times when I was anything but sure.

And the choice led—where? Read the second and final instalment of Virginia Clark's own dramatic search for happiness in the January issue of RADIO MIRROR.

"You ought to hate yourself for spanking that child!"



Peggy shows Bill the modern way to bring up their child



1. BILL: You keep out of this, Peggy . . . I've got to make this boy listen to reason!

PEGGY: You're certainly going about it in a funny way.



2. BILL: Don't you worry—he'll take that stuff if I have to hold his nose to do it.

PEGGY: That's going from bad to worse. Don't you know that using force on a child can shock his entire nervous system?



3. BILL: Who said so?

PEGGY: The doctor! Where do you think I've been all morning! I told him about our struggles in getting Junior to take a laxative. The doctor absolutely "put his foot down" on force.



4. PEGGY: Then I asked him about giving Junior some of the laxative you take, and again he said NO. He said an adult's laxative can be too strong for a tot. So he recommended a modern laxative made especially for children.



5. BILL: Is there such a thing?

PEGGY: Certainly! Fletcher's Castoria. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It's mild, yet surprisingly thorough. It won't form a habit or cause any griping cramps. And it's SAFE!



6. BILL: He certainly takes it easy enough.


PEGGY: I'll say he does! Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it. I don't see how any home can get along without it!


Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children

What Mickey Rooney Means to Judy Garland

(Continued from page 12)

CRITICS HAIL
New 
HOUR of CHARM



★ **PHIL SPITALNY** and his All-Girl Singing Orchestra

★ **"WOMAN OF THE WEEK"**
Today's outstanding personalities

★ **JOHN ANDERSON** Brilliant New York dramatic critic, Master of Ceremonies for "Hour of Charm"

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that nothing can break. Something a lot stronger than the "crushes" on other boys which come and go in Judy's life with clocklike regularity, something stronger than the differences in their temperaments and backgrounds.

It isn't love, yet, because Judy doesn't consciously know what love really means, and if you suggested that's what she felt for Mickey, Judy would only become indignant. But she wouldn't even try to deny that there is a bond between them.

It's good, seeing these two together, enjoying every moment of their existence. For life has been wonderful lately where these two are concerned. Their astonishing success in Hollywood and now—for Judy—a new radio program each week. You have perhaps already heard her this fall on the Bob Hope broadcasts Tuesday evenings, listened to the fresh, joyous voice bringing you the latest popular songs. She has, in just a few appearances, already become radio's newest important personality.

As her friend, Mickey is one of the four most permanently important people in Judy's life. The other three are her mother and her two older sisters.

NOT that Judy hasn't any other friends, because she has. Dozens—scores—hundreds of them. Practically everyone she meets is "friend" to her, because she has a healthy sixteen-year-old enthusiasm for people. Along with this enthusiasm goes an equally healthy ability to adore someone today and be only mildly interested in the same person tomorrow.

If you've ever had a kid sister, you know the routine. On Tuesday, say, Judy's thoughts and conversations will be packed to bursting with a certain—oh, call him George, the name doesn't matter. Along about Friday her mother will get a chance to meet George, who proves to be a pleasant, undistinguished youngster with no apparent quality in his make-up to inspire such whole-souled devotion as Judy lays at his feet. He remains the love of her life until somewhere near the middle of the following week, and then, mysteriously, her mother finds the name of George cropping up less and less often in her daughter's remarks. And within another seven days, George has become just one of "the bunch", and Ralph or Lief or Chris is the most wonderful person who ever lived.

But Mickey remains in his special place of honor in Judy's heart.

You see, Judy has never had a brother. Since her father died, just one month after she first signed a contract with M-G-M, the inner circle of her life has been filled with women, her mother and sisters. Nor has Mickey any real sister, and so it came about that these two youngsters really needed each other. Impulsive and generous, but at the same time clear-sighted and fiercely honest, Judy is an ideal balance to Mickey's precocious and rather undisciplined character. In his turn, his matter-of-fact boyishness and realism helps Judy over many a rough spot.

They both have Mrs. Garland, Judy's mother, to thank for their friendship, although almost certainly

neither of them realizes it.

Ethel Garland is something pretty special in the way of mothers. She knows well enough the dangers of the fame and adulation which are heaped upon her youngest daughter, but she also has the wisdom to realize that Judy, not she, is the only one who can combat these dangers. So, instead of laying down laws, "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not," for Judy to follow, she lets her do exactly as she pleases, meanwhile concentrating on bringing her up in such a way that she'll always please to do the right thing, rather than the wrong one.

For instance, here's a sample of Mrs. Garland's tactics. A few months ago Judy looked around her and noticed that most other girls her age smoked cigarettes. Well, most of the girls in her crowd did, anyway. A bit resentfully, she pointed this fact out to her mother, and inquired why she couldn't do likewise.

"Well, I don't know why you shouldn't, if you want to," Mrs. Garland said calmly. "I certainly don't see anything wrong in smoking. Your two sisters smoke, and I would if I enjoyed it. Of course, it won't be very good for your voice, but on the other hand, I don't suppose it would ruin it either. So, if you'd like to, go ahead."

Judy thought that over for a day, looking at the question from every angle with those big brown eyes of hers. At the end of which time she imparted her decision to wait a while. "Until I'm eighteen, anyway. I don't really enjoy smoking—I've tried a few cigarettes and they're really not much fun."

Her decisions are usually just about that sensible. In all her life, Judy has never been forbidden to do anything, or ordered to do something else, nor has her own impulsiveness ever led her into an act which she later regretted.

GIVEN a mother like Mrs. Garland, then, there were not the obstacles to a friendship with Mickey Rooney which might have arisen otherwise. It's no secret that Mickey went through a stage, about a year ago, when his nuisance-value assayed almost one hundred percent. He was high-spirited, he was young; and he was a little intoxicated with success—all of which made him do and say things that he is probably ashamed of now. Other mothers, less trustful of their daughters' good sense than Mrs. Garland was of Judy's, might have forbidden a too-close friendship with him. Luckily, Mrs. Garland did nothing of the sort.

The result of her wisdom is that there is now a perfect relationship between Judy and Mickey. It's wholly unsentimental, the way teen people are, very matter-of-fact, and cute as the dickens. Flattery and tender feelings play very small parts in it. Mickey quite frequently criticizes Judy with a terse candor which, coming from anyone else, would send her into tears. Like any sister, Judy often feels her hands itching to slap Mickey's mocking grin.

And yet, when they stand together before a microphone or camera, singing a duet, Mickey's arm will be protectively around Judy's waist, unseen

by the audience—while Judy, if anyone criticizes Mickey in her presence, will say definitely, "I like Mickey. You just don't understand him!"

They see each other a good deal, of course, but not too much. Their interests are sharply different in too many cases. Judy loves music, and so does Mickey—but whereas Judy loves any kind of music, from Beethoven to the latest swing, and has a huge collection of expensive records stacked in her bedroom to prove it, Mickey is a Grade-A jitterbug in good standing. Mickey is happiest when he is on the move, and in New York really enjoyed arriving at the theater barely in time to make his entrance. Judy is quieter, and would have suffered agonies of worry if she hadn't been in the theater in plenty of time.

Mickey loves his success, loves having money. Judy doesn't even know how much money she makes, although she's been told many a time. She just doesn't think it's worth remembering. Money means nothing to her, and frequently she wanders around Hollywood in her car without a cent in her purse—unless Mrs. Garland corners her before her departure and forces a five-dollar bill upon her. There's only one thing Judy wants cash for, and that's phonograph records. Her clothes are mostly bought by her mother, although now she is reaching the age where she takes a gradually increasing interest in them.

THE two of them have their own "crowd", which includes Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, Dick Paxton and Pat Stewart, and half-a-dozen other youngsters whose names would mean nothing to you because they are not professionals.

Both Mickey and Judy love to be interviewed, because they both like to meet new people, but while Mickey has a fine, jolly time with reporters, Judy worries because her life is so unglamorous. She thinks that she should tell them something really exciting—that she drinks a pint of champagne for breakfast, or made a Russian count commit suicide because she wouldn't marry him. Not that she wants to drink champagne for breakfast, or at any other time, or have anything at all to do with a Russian count, but she feels she owes it to the reporters to supply them with better copy than just a normal girl leading a normal life. After all, she reasons, they've gone out of their way to see her; she has to do her part too.

Judy liked New York, but she was a little homesick. Her mother was with her, but her two sisters were on the other edge of the continent, and she missed them. Mickey did his masculine best to make up. Every night, after the last show at the Capitol, Mickey went back into the hotel with Judy, sat around in her suite with her and Mrs. Garland, and anyone else who dropped in. Sandwiches and talk occupied the time until Judy was ready to go to bed.

Knowing Mickey—knowing that his first act on reaching New York was to call up an expert on the subject and ask where the best swing music was to be heard—you know also how he must have been itching to be on his way. For eleven o'clock at night is just when the rug-cutters are getting hot at the Onyx Club and Nick's. It might be one o'clock, some nights—even two before Mickey could get there, but—oh well, Judy is worth it!!



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Accent the depth and color of your eyes with Maybelline Eye Shadow. Choose from six exquisite shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. A shade in harmony with your costume is smartly flattering.

Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in handsome gold-colored vanity, 75c.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in trim zipper case.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in distinctive pastel box.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, finely pointed.

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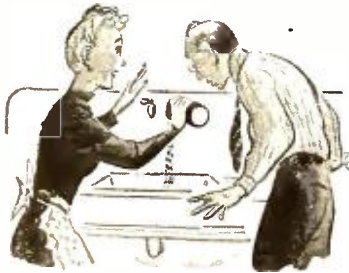
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1. "Welcome home, honey!" beams Mr. Hunt. "Everything's fine—except the kitchen drain got clogged, and I haven't washed the dishes for a week!"



2. "A clogged drain—with Drāno in the house?" explodes Mrs. Hunt. "Hand me that can of Drāno in the cupboard—and watch!"



3. In the drain goes Drāno—out goes the clogging muck! Drāno gets down deep and digs out all the grease, grounds and stoppage.



4. "See, darling?" smiles Mrs. Hunt. "Drāno cleans drains—and a teaspoonful each night helps keep them clean, free-flowing!"

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

Drāno

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It's really amazing to see how you can put new spark, new temptation, into everyday meals, without spending a cent more for food! Actually, these tempting meal often cost less, and husbands hurry home because these menus are the kind men rave about. Nothing fancy, no frills. Just smart cooking ideas.

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\$100.00 in CASH for Best Answers



We are willing to pay one hundred dollars cash money for the best answers to the above question. "Why Does a Chicken Cross the Road?" has been a baffling question for years. To the person who gives us the best answer we will pay \$50.00, and to the author of the second best reason, \$25.00. The next five will receive \$5.00 each.

It is a lot of fun. No matter how crazy or sane your answer may be, you have an equal chance if it is good. The decisions of the judges will be final. Equal prizes will be paid to tied contestants.

SPECIAL PROMPTNESS AWARDS!

In the event the contestant wins first prize and his or her answer is in promptly, an additional award of \$25.00 in cash will be given. Contest closes Dec. 15, 1939.

Send your idea at once to Dept. MIR
Miss Dot Fowler, 2206 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Radio and the War

(Continued from page 35)

before in the history of the world has one medium played such a powerful role in shaping the destiny of every single man, woman and child on the face of the earth.

Radio—cracking sharp with hate and terror.

Moulding opinions.

A voice—an eye-witness—telling you what he has seen.

Another voice and a plea for peace.

The calm, clear voice of an expert analyst trying to get you straight on the thousands of questions you've been asking.

And all during the height of the war sleepless men, high in the buildings that house radio, stay at their posts to bring you these voices from everywhere.

Radio—the twentieth century's Paul Revere bringing you the story they said could never be told.

And our job? Our job is to tell you what has been going on behind the scenes in radio during this conflict. Our job is to tell you about the men and women who keep you hunched to your radio sets waiting for news from the war corners of the earth.

What a special events department faces in a crisis such as this is very much like a small revolution. The first problem is to make immediate contact with all the networks' correspondents in Europe. They might be almost any place on the continent, but word goes out by radio that they must get to certain key spots immediately.

DURING the first few days of activity, there isn't much time to get things running smoothly. Special events men rarely leave the studio. At NBC they slept on filing cabinets, on desks, on anything available. At CBS temporary cots were brought in, and the same was true at Mutual. Food, in the form of sandwiches and hot coffee is spread out on a long table and the workers grab as they go by. It wasn't at all strange to see an announcer put down a sandwich to read a news bulletin.

The cost of bringing you these special broadcasts from Europe was a great burden to the networks. Every time a commentator came on from Europe it cost the network from \$10 to \$18 and often as high as \$25 a minute. Transatlantic telephone calls were a staggering expense. Every time a sponsor was cut off the air, the network had to pay for the time used. Added costs were piled on because many of the broadcasts you heard were then relayed to other foreign countries through the courtesy of the networks. It was not at all strange for a commentator to come out of a studio and tune in "on himself," the broadcast being a transcription to a foreign country. Raymond Gram Swing was often on the air to London (on a record) at the same time he was talking to you here in America.

From the outset the networks knew that there would be trouble with the newspapers for the reason that people would get news over the air before it could possibly get into print. The networks were instructed to limit their broadcasts to bulletins only. They got around this by putting on three-way broadcasts from different points on the European continent, and

giving the news by way of "conversation." You probably heard NBC's Max Jordan carrying on a conversation with Paul Archinard in Paris and then John Gunther in London. Or CBS's Shirer in Berlin talking with Murrow in London and Grandin in Paris. Or Mutual's John Steele in conversation with Maitland in Warsaw and a girl named Sigrid Schultz in Berlin.

Earlier in the year, at a news conference, Steele and Swing told us that sooner or later censorship would crack down on three-way hook-ups and they were right. After the first few of them were pulled off, the governments of Europe required that all broadcasts to America must be read from a written—and censored—script. But until then, radio had a field day.

ONLY one radio newsman was rushed to Europe to cover the war. H. R. Baukhage, an NBC Washington man, was flown to London on the Dixie Clipper. Kaltenborn, in London, was brought back to America to "analyze" from over here. He was plenty glad to get home.

The great danger these men in Europe face is the menace of air-raiders. Yet none of them, according to all three network officials, seem to be bothered by this. Most of them have seen newspaper service in other wars and are used to danger. John Steele, of MBS, for example, moved from the comparative safety of a London suburb into the heart of London in order to be available for broadcasting at all times.

The responsibility of broadcasting the war falls largely on the shoulders of three men in America. Paul White, head of CBS special events, Abe Schechter of NBC and Johnny Johnstone at MBS. It is their job to see that things run smoothly in the studios at home, as well as the added burden of taking care of their men abroad. If so much as one important dispatch slips by them, they are lost.

For example, Hugh Gibson, about to sign off in London one night, said: "The *Athenia* has just been sunk. That's news, isn't it?" Then he went off the air. But Schechter grabbed a phone, called London and got Gibson before he could get out of the studio. Ten minutes later he had the complete story, which might have slipped by.

Here, in New York, the announcers and engineers bore the brunt of the heavy twenty-four-hour schedule. Bob Trout at CBS was on the air almost constantly for two days without sleep, reading bulletin after bulletin. Elmer Davis, rushed to the studio while Kaltenborn was in Europe, sat by his side "interpreting" everything Trout read. At NBC Gene Hamilton stayed in the studio for days, doing the same duty as Trout. And Mutual's Frank Singiser ate and slept not twenty seconds from the mike.

The greatest asset in broadcasting the war news right now is the fact that the studios are prepared. Munich caught them sleeping, and because of this they learned plenty. While everything seems to be in a turmoil, this can't be avoided. Actually, the men at work, the announcers, the commentators, the translators, the engineers and the executives do their jobs speedily and well, using superb judgment in a time of great strain.

So far, not one major mistake has been created by any network.

Working under such nerve-racking conditions the special events lads are

quick to fall on anything which provides any kind of relaxation. Humorous happenings help a lot. Once, while NBC was on the air all night, an irritated old man called and said: "You keep saying over the air 'Keep tuned to this station for further developments.' Now I'm tired and I want to go to sleep. Can't you give me the rest of the news now?" This sent the special events department into uproarious laughter.

Names of towns always got a lot of laughs. One town in Poland is spelled Lwow, and pronounced "woof". Well, "woof" is what an announcer says when he is testing a mike for sound. No announcer could read the name of the town with a straight face. Some of the names of towns were terrible tongue twisters. Veteran announcer Bob Trout stumbled over one, then came out and said, "Frankly folks, I can't pronounce this one." Then he spelled it.

The men abroad, from the way they sounded over shortwave, were in excellent spirits most of the time, too. Shirer, crack man of CBS's foreign broadcasters interrupted a serious telephone conversation to ask, "Is it all right with you fellows if I grow a beard, I've hardly had time to shave." At the time Kaltenborn and Bob Trout were having their hair cut in the studios.

THE greatest difficulty these courageous men abroad must face is the dangers of moving from country to country quickly as the war scenes change. Transportation is hard to find and almost always they are forced to travel through countries under fire. Sometimes, however, the men in New York get a scare, because these men suddenly drop out of sight. John Gunther was scheduled for an NBC broadcast from London not long ago and didn't show up for several days. Suddenly, on a Sunday night, he was in touch with NBC once more.

Right now, NBC, CBS and MBS are operating on more regular "war schedules." They are able to tell a little more in advance just what will be on the air. However, nobody knows what censorship may be imposed on radio in war zones. At times, Berlin has shut down completely. Warsaw was a very difficult station to get, except by a land line route to Budapest, which might shut down at any time. Contrary to popular fallacy, field radio operations require considerable equipment, besides wire facilities. And so the hazard of operating in war zones becomes more dangerous and difficult.

Radio realizes, however, that it is in for a "long pull" this time, and as each day goes by the men who bring you your war news are working to better the conditions of European broadcasting. When they went on the air they were handicapped because there was no precedent on which they could base the facilities available or the cost of broadcasting a major war.

But right now there is no one who can deny that radio has done an unbelievably magnificent job. The men in Europe and the men in the studios in New York have brought news to us even before the people in Europe knew what was happening.

Maybe not now, but some day, we will be able to more fully realize and pay tribute to the men in special events who are making every effort to keep the American public the best informed people on earth.

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

*on thrifty people
who dodge winter
by* **GREYHOUND**

Come on down and bathe in the sun! You belong on a surf-board skimming along the Gulf Coast—or under a beach umbrella on Florida's sands—up in a western saddle, riding Southwest desert trails—or getting a taste of movie glamour in Southern California. And you can be there—Greyhound's low fares simply shrink up the miles between your home and America's exciting winter playgrounds!

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1 Italian Balm protects skin against chapping, redness, roughness, caused by hard water, housework and cold, dry weather.

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Over 90 Million Bottles Sold

They Cover the War Front

(Continued from page 39)

EDWARD R. MURROW (Cont'd)
litical Science, Languages, Speech, and International Relations. He has spent a good part of his life in Europe. Even, ordinarily, he flies everywhere. He finds it easier to cross borders. And in times of crisis the speed of air travel is an important factor.

He has covered a number of major events himself. The Vienna Anschluss caught him on his way to Latvia to arrange some folk music broadcasts. He had to get to Berlin and the only possible way to go was by plane. And the only plane available was a big, 23-passenger ship. He chartered that and flew to Berlin alone in it. From Berlin he flew to Vienna just in time to see the German troops entering the city.

* * *
JOHN STEELE (Cont'd)
news session they call on Steele to bring his fellow citizens to the appointed place.

Steele was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1870. He came to this country in 1885 and became a naturalized citizen in 1893. He worked for the New York Herald and the New York World as a reporter, then became night editor of the New York Commercial and then a commercial editor on the New York Times. From 1919 to 1935 he worked for the London branch of the Chicago Tribune, after which time he joined the Mutual network as big boss.

Steele's home is in Coulsdon, Surrey, but during this war crisis he is staying at a London hotel. He's married, has two children, and is now a grandfather.

* * *
MAX JORDAN (Cont'd)
Then he spent three years traveling about the world with note books and a camera. His next job was working for the Hearst papers in Washington. In 1931 he won the appointment as European Representative for NBC. Since that time, he has been covering Europe, hopping from country to country, arranging for broadcasts of anything and everything that might be of interest to American listeners.

Most of his career as a writer, photographer, lecturer and broadcaster has been highlighted by scoops. The most recent one, of course, was the "16 Points" beat. But he scooped such exclusive stories as the first big oil deal between the United States and Russia, and the dramatic events connected with the attempted Bergdoll kidnapping.

* * *
ELMER DAVIS (Cont'd)
scholarship to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1912, that started him on his life-long interest in politics and foreign affairs. From 1914 to 1924 he was a reporter for the New York Times. His interest in politics led him to cover every major national political convention in the last twenty years.

To the general public, he is best known for his novels and the short stories which have appeared in most of the leading fiction magazines of the country. His most popular novels are "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" and "I'll Show You the Town."

Davis acquitted himself so well in the recent crisis that CBS has decided to keep him on their staff, although H. V. Kaltenborn is back in this country.

WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Cont'd)
"Europe's Listening Post." He has a radio in his office on which he can get any European station.

Shirer was born in Chicago, 35 years ago. While still going to Coe College, he worked as a reporter on the Cedar Rapids Gazette. After graduation, he shipped to Europe on a cattle boat and got a job on the Chicago Tribune in Paris. He worked for the Tribune until 1932, his work taking him to London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Geneva, Berlin and Madrid.

He first broke into radio during the Hindenburg disaster. He had been working all night for Universal News Service and CBS called him to talk about the German reaction to the disaster. He had no time to sleep, wrote his copy in five hours and went on the air, too tired to be nervous. He was hired by CBS immediately after that.

Shirer is married to a former Viennese newspaperwoman and has a small daughter.

* * *
THOMAS B. GRANDIN—The dramatic descriptions of the present situation in Paris that come over the air to you are made by Thomas B. Grandin. He is the newest important member of the CBS Foreign staff, having been hired after the Czech Crisis in 1938. He was brought to the attention of CBS by the vivid and complete picture he gave of the mobilization of Paris, when asked to speak at a moment's notice.

Grandin is American born, but has spent most of his time since he got his degree from Yale University abroad.

* * *
GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT—That George Fielding Eliot's analyses of the present war from the military viewpoint are keen and far sighted is not surprising considering his background. He has been connected with military service almost all of his adult life. He retired from active service in the American Military Intelligence Reserve only five years ago. He makes frequent contributions to national magazines and has written two books, "The Ramparts We Watch" and "Bombs Bursting in Air."

Eliot was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1894.

He is now in London and you will be hearing a good deal of his bluff, hearty, easy and informative speech over the air from now on.

* * *
H. V. KALTENBORN—The Czech Crisis, last year, was the first major International crisis radio was called on to cover. Radio was not as well prepared then as it is now to handle a news situation of this magnitude. Out of the general confusion caused in radio by the need to find new, efficient and rapid means to collect and broadcast the latest developments in the crisis and their meanings, H. V. Kaltenborn leaped into fame as the ace commentator and analyst of news in America.

Kaltenborn was born in Milwaukee, 61 years ago. He fought in the Spanish-American War, he was a newspaperman in Wisconsin, New York and Europe. He seems to have had a knack of being where crises arose when they arose. He has interviewed most of the important figures in world

affairs—Hitler, Mussolini, Gen. Chiang-Kai-shek. And he was the first man to ever broadcast a war directly from the battlefield—in Spain in 1936.

He has returned from Europe and is taking up his duties for CBS here.

FREDERICK BATE—One of the most active members of NBC's foreign staff during the recent developments in Europe has been Frederick Bate, European NBC representative whose headquarters are in London.

Although he was born in Chicago, Bate has lived in Europe since 1912, when he went abroad to study. In 1919 he became associated with the Reparations Commission, serving in Vienna as general secretary of the Austrian Section until 1921. He then went to Paris, joining the United States "unofficial delegation" to the Commission until it was dissolved in 1930. He was appointed European Representative in London for NBC in 1932.

HOWARD CLANEY and HUGH GIBSON—Two others you have been hearing from London are Howard Claney and Hugh Gibson.

Howard Claney is a former NBC announcer who went to London and Paris to live a short time ago. When the crisis broke he was called on to read news bulletins and comment on them for NBC. Claney was born in Pennsylvania. He is forty-one years old. For many years he was an actor on the American stage. He went into radio as an actor in 1927 and later shifted to announcing.

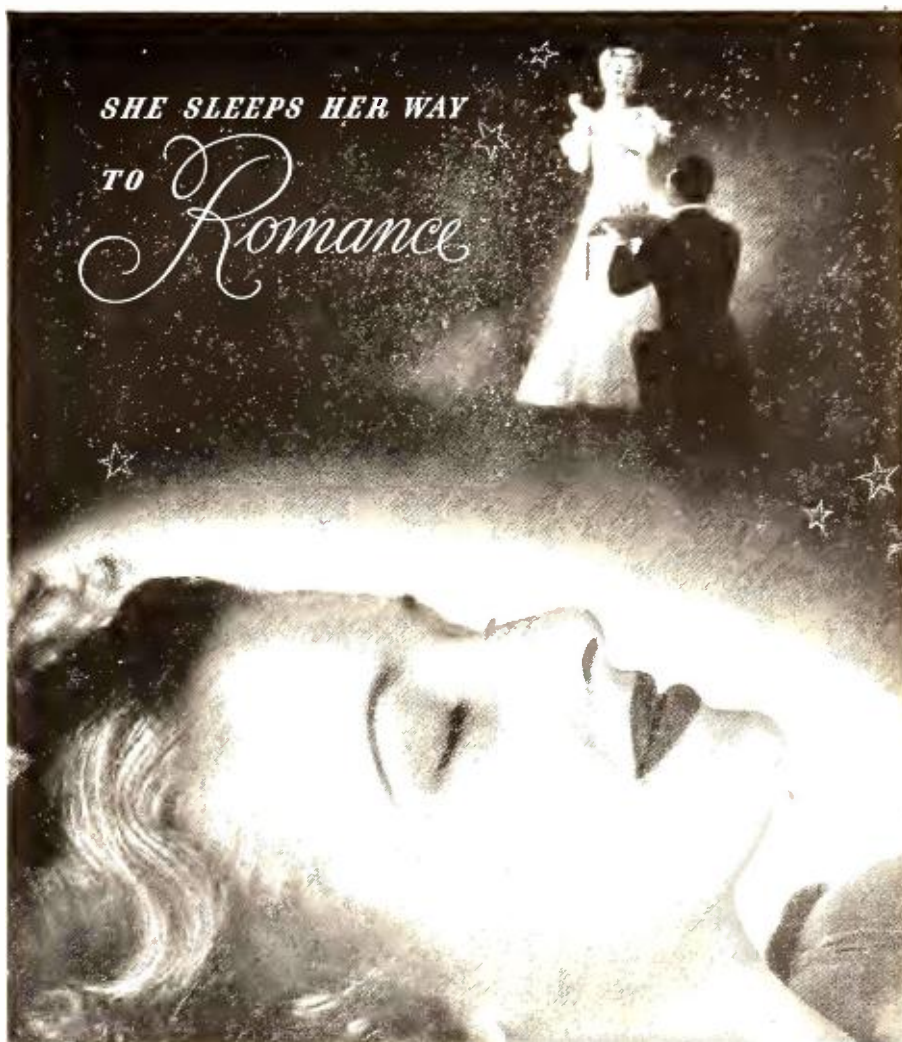
Hugh Gibson has for many years been active in diplomatic circles. Among the numerous posts he has held have been those of Ambassador to Belgium, Minister to Switzerland and Poland. His wide knowledge of Europe and foreign diplomacy was what led NBC officials to arrange for a series of talks by him from various capitals on the continent.

JOHN P. KENNEDY—You are all familiar with the curt, incisive voice of John P. Kennedy. He has been on the air in one capacity or another since 1924.

Kennedy was born in Quebec and educated in England, Canada, and the United States. He started out in life as a writer, first doing newspaper work and then going over into the magazine field. During the World War he directed Knights of Columbus activities, working with Herbert Hoover. He has a number of decorations from foreign countries to show for his war work.

After the war he became managing editor of *Colliers*. The next step was associate editor. Then he went into radio.

WAVERLY LEWIS ROOT—His is the voice you heard in conversation from Paris, talking to John Steele in London. Root has been handling the brunt of the broadcasts over MBS from Paris to America. He is just thirty-six years old, one of the youngest men on the air from Europe. Root joined the Paris staff of the *Chicago Tribune* in 1927. Did an excellent job on the arrival of Lindbergh. He stayed with the *Chicago Tribune* for eight years, then went to the *United Press*. After three years at this post he joined *Time* magazine in 1938. Since January, 1939, he has been working for Mutual.



Beauty Queens gain their Skin Glamour at night!

Leave on a film of this invigorating, softening cream overnight, to help skin stay active, combat unlovely dryness.

WIDE AWAKE and active tonight, storing up new energy, overcoming dryness and fatigue, while you sleep—that's how your skin should be if you want fresh, vital beauty for tomorrow.

There's a lovely, fragrant beauty cream that will help your skin stay active. If

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MRS. WRIGHT: All of them don't. Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate.



MR. WRIGHT: Ex-Lax? That's all right for you and Junior, but I need something stronger!
MRS. WRIGHT: No, you don't! Ex-Lax is as effective as any bad-tasting cathartic.



LATER

MR. WRIGHT: I sure am glad I took your advice. It's Ex-Lax for me from now on.
MRS. WRIGHT: Yes, with Ex-Lax in the medicine chest we don't need any other laxative!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

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Breach of Promise!

(Continued from page 31)

wrote those lettehs to Madam Queen."
"Oh—dose lettehs. Yes suh."
"Just let's start all ovah," said Lawyer Collins, a bit testily. "Did you write dis letteh to Madam Queen?"
"Nosah!"

Amos was exasperated.
"But you did write Madam Queen. Andy. You can't lie in court."
"Suah I did," complained Andy, "but I didn't writ dat letteh Lawyeh Collins got there—dat's a bill from de Star Garage. I jus' seed him pick it up from ouah desk."

Amos glared at his old friend.
"We is jus' practicin'. Where is yo' brains?"

Andy grew indignant.
"What fo' you talk about a letteh I writ Madam Queen an' den you show me a letteh we gits here an' try to make me lie an' say I writ den? Huh?"

Amos closed his eyes and looked as if someone had plunged a knitting needle into his stomach.

"Some times I jus' don't feel like goin' on no moh'. Collins, you jus' gotta do the best you knows how. Your client is non campus metal."

The departure of Lawyer Collins to prepare his brief left Amos and Andy free to proceed to discuss in all its aspects the impending trial.

FEBRUARY 24th dawned at last—a day clear and cold—the day of the momentous suit of Madam Queen versus Andrew H. Brown.

Meanwhile, by 9:30 A. M., the chambers and corridors of the building housing the Supreme Court of the State of New York contained a swirling, chattering, excited crowd of lawyers, court officials and frenzied spectators determined to get seats in the courtroom to hear Madam Queen's suit. Right in the front rank, fighting their way in, was the Kingfish with Brother Crawford and his wife, the Battle Axe, and dozens of friends of Madam Queen and Andy. Most of the spectators, and they were mostly women, sympathized with Madam Queen. A few friends of Amos and Andy were gathered outside the courtroom door, awaiting Andy's arrival.

But when the judge swept into the courtroom—Amos and Andy were nowhere to be seen. In fact, the courtroom soon seethed with rumors of Andy's flight from town, of Andy having had a stroke and being taken to his bed. When he did arrive, half an hour late, it was found he had lingered in a drug store laying up an extra supply of headache tablets. Indeed, Andy got off to a bad start. He was publicly reprimanded by the judge and turned away only to meet the baleful glare of Madam Queen. And right on top of that, as soon as the usual preliminaries were disposed of, Madam Queen's lawyer, M. Smith, arose and made an impassioned speech to the court outlining the inexcusable way in which he intended to present his case. Lawyer Smith's voice almost broke as he turned dramatically to the judge and exclaimed:

"We intend to show, Your Honor, that all the loving, lifelong plans this little girl had made were shattered when on that historical night of New Year's Eve the defendant, Andrew H. Brown, had the audacity to tell this

little girl those fatal words of rejection just twelve hours before the marriage was to take place.

"This defendant, Andrew H. Brown, had led her practically to the altar. He had forced her to depend entirely upon him, which she did. Suddenly he forced this little girl to give up all friends, all future hopes of happiness, for then—then—" Lawyer Smith dabbed at his cheek with a salmon-colored handkerchief—"he broke this little girl's heart."

The judge looked a little surprised and inquired mildly—

"Are you referring to the plaintiff, Madam Queen, as this little girl?"
"I am, Your Honor."

His Honor allowed a roaming eye to rove briefly over the portly figure of Madam Queen. He turned blandly to Lawyer Smith.

"The plaintiff, Madam Queen, appears to have reached her majority. Please refrain from referring to her as 'this little girl.'"

Lawyer Smith proceeded a little more cautiously and summarized the familiar events leading up to the trial. He described in glowing terms the happy romance of Andy and Madam Queen and when he had finished he suddenly called Madam Queen to the witness stand. Madam Queen, with a slight toss of her head, swept across the room and seated herself majestically in the witness chair. She gazed about the room and smiled slightly. But just as Lawyer Smith turned to address his first question to her those in the room were shocked to see Madam Queen put her hand to her throat, close her eyes, half rise from her chair and then fall to the floor in a dead faint.

Amos looked astonished. Andy was frightened and the spectators were in pandemonium. Madam Queen was rushed into the judge's chambers but all efforts to revive her failed and court was adjourned until the following day. Amos said little, but he seemed very thoughtful.

WONDER whut made Madam Queen faint befo' she eveh said a word?" he observed to Lawyer Collins. But the latter shrugged.

When Court opened the following day Amos underwent a brief examination at the hands of Lawyer Smith in which he detailed his friendship and business dealings with Andy over a series of years.

Amos stepped down and Andy was then called to the stand. Andy's knees had turned to water. Every safe and simple reply Lawyer Collins had rehearsed with him faded from his frightened memory.

Lawyer Smith consulted his notes.
"Did you ever give Madam Queen a piano?"

"Yessuh! Fust time I heerd her play she played 'Come, Come I Love Yo' Only' and broke half de keys."

"Was Madam Queen fond of music?"

"Yes an' No!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Brown?"
"Well, Madam Queen had herself a cornet playeh when I fust met her. He was crazy 'bout her. But she told me dat cornet drove her crazy."

Lawyer Smith suddenly pulled a big packet of letters from his brief case and waved them at Andy, who

turned an unusual shade of chocolate green. Lawyer Smith extracted a single lavender colored letter from the pack and began to read—

"My dear darling sweetheart and sweet dumpling. Today is the day that we was supposed to get married on, but fate—well, you know—it breaks my heart to know that we can't get married today but I want you to know that I love you with all my heart and on January the 1st, when I get all the money that I IS gonna get, we will get married on THAT day and be love birds."

Lawyer Smith glared at Andy. "Do you remember writing that?" Andy writhed in the witness chair. "If I writ all dat stuff, Misteh, my pencil slipped."

"Answer yes or no, Misteh Brown." "Yes an' no—mostly yes," said Andy feebly.

"Then you not only told her that verbally—but you have put it in black and white!"

"Who?" "You!" "Oh." "Oh? What do you mean oh." "Just plain oh. I just say OH."

Lawyer Smith's lips were a thin straight line.

"Please answer my first question—did you not?"

"Well, if I is, I guess I is." Lawyer Smith mopped his brow and began to read another letter.

"Sweetheart, I will never be happy until I is married to my sweet dumpling, and I want you to promise that you will wait until January the first and become Mrs. Andrew H. Brown, Eskimo."

A ROAR of bewildered laughter burst from the spectators as the judge pounded for order. Lawyer Smith waved the letter again.

"What do you mean, suh, by Mrs. Andrew H. Brown, Eskimo?"

A light dawned in Andy's eyes. "Oh, dat's es-ki—es-quire. Dat's it. Somebody extra special. Esquire."

"But you have here, Mrs. Andrew H. Brown, Eskimo."

The judge was banging his gavel against another wave of laughter.

Lawyer Collins almost groaned audibly. Amos covered his face with his hands. Lawyer Smith turned away from Andy with a bored look.

"That is all."

Andy stepped down from the stand, trembling like a leaf. Amos turned to Lawyer Collins—

"Don't look so good for Andy, does it? Yo' know, I'm still tryin' to figger out why Madam Queen fainted yesterday. She don't faint so awful easy."

Meanwhile, the second day of the trial rolled on. Andy grew more and more dejected as evidence of his duplicity with Madam Queen mounted higher and higher to the delight of the spectators.

Accordingly, when the final day of the trial opened the following morning, Andy was in a blue funk. He was terrified when he saw that even Lawyer Collins looked worried while Lawyer Smith beamed confidently about the court room. And Madam Queen seemed to sense victory in the air for she was dressed in the best of her finery, sporting a sea green clinging gown covered with a design of huge red poppies. Everyone in the courtroom felt that this would be no ordinary day and events soon confirmed this feeling.

For suddenly, just as Madam Queen

Young "Lovellie" of 1939 says—

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Hard and Shiny

With old-fashioned pale powder—Miss Betty Racheater's delicate blonde laveliness would harden under harsh electric lights . . . her nose would quickly develop a most unromantic "shine" and need frequent powdering.

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New Rose Shades are "Glare-Proof" . . . shine-resistant . . . because they reflect only the softer rays

DEBUTANTE "lovelies" are giving half the credit to Pond's new rosy "Glare-Proof" powders! Even under bright lights, over their after-the-dance bacon and eggs, clever debs can still look heartbreakingly sweet and romantic—with one of these new rosy shades.

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See if one of these more flattering, shine-resistant rose shades doesn't increase *your* glamour—make you look more fragile, more thrilling!

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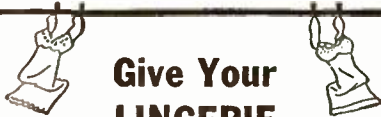
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rose to cross the room and take the stand, there came an ear piercing shriek from the fifth row. And the woman who shrieked suddenly fainted, even as Madam Queen had done two days before, and fell to the floor. The courtroom was in an uproar as a bailiff fought his way through the crowd with a wet towel and strove to revive the prostrate figure.

Amos, with Madam Queen's fainting fit the previous day fresh in his mind, looked over at Madam Queen. She seemed very nervous, twisting her handkerchief and looking wildly from one side of the room to the other. Amos got up and without a word to Andy edged through the milling crowd just in time to enter the anteroom as a bailiff closed the door. Andy, his eyes fixed on the judge, did not at first notice his absence.

THE wheels of justice began to turn again. Andy became more and more dejected as Lawyer Collins and Lawyer Smith alternately examined various witnesses. But astonishment showed on his face when he heard Lawyer Collins ask the Kingfish if he ever heard that Madam Queen had been married three times and he sat up on the edge of his chair when the Kingfish replied—

"Yessah, I believe I IS heard dat."

Andy turned to Amos—but Amos was gone! Testimony droned on. The day seemed interminable to Andy. At two o'clock Amos suddenly appeared, slid into the chair next to Andy and began to whisper excitedly with Lawyer Collins whose eyes popped like two fried eggs. Without a word to Andy, they both whisked out of the room and as the door to a waiting room opened Andy caught a glimpse of them talking with a policeman and the man who had followed the woman who fainted. Half an hour later Andy gulped when Lawyer Collins bustled in, sat down by his side and nudged him in the ribs.

"Don't you give up yet, Andy."

But Andy could not shake off his pessimism.

"Looks like dey got me, Lawyeh Collins. I'll be poundin' rock for the rest o' my days."

The crowd, too, had long since sensed victory for Madam Queen, who was primping and smiling in anticipation of her expected triumph. But just as Lawyer Smith finished questioning Brother Crawford about Andy's flight from the Kingfish's party, Lawyer Collins requested permission of the Court to put Amos on the stand again. Lawyer Smith's eyes narrowed as the judge consented. Amos, with an expression of great gravity, took his seat on the stand and stared hard at Madam Queen.

Then, prompted by Lawyer Collins, Amos touched off the fuse of his bombshell. First, he reminded the

judge of Madam Queen's sudden fainting spell just after she took the stand on the first day of the trial.

"I jes' couldn't git it in my head why Madam Queen fainted so easy so I done make inquiries," he explained to the judge. Then he called His Honor's attention to the lady who had fainted that morning.

"Two faintin's in two days is too much," explained Amos. "Dere's a reason for ev-thing, Judge, if you knows where to look for it—an' I looked." Amos suddenly stood up and pointed a finger at Madam Queen.

"Madam Queen fainted," he almost shouted, "cause she done seen her husband' in de court room that fust day. And that lady fainted this mornin' 'cause Madam Queen's husband' was her husband' first an' Madam Queen done take him away—an' still got him. An' when she seen Madam Queen up dere about to win dis here case it was just too much—and she faints—an' her husband' an' Madam Queen ain't never been divorced. Yo' Honor, dat is Madam Queen's second husband oveh there with that policeman. An' if whut I foun' out from de lady who fainted this mornin' ain't de truth—den why is Madam Queen fainted again? Look at her. She's cold."

The courtroom was in an uproar. Shouts of men and shrill cries of women rose over the steady pound of the judge's gavel. Madam Queen's family seemed flabbergasted. Once again Madam Queen was carried into the judge's chambers where it took an hour to revive her.

Lawyer Collins was jubilant as he pounded the astounded Andy on the back.

"Boy—pahdon me, Mister Brown—yo' wins. An'—an'—dis is de faintinest trial I was ever, ever in."

Andy's eyes were popping.

"Yo' mean tell me Madam Queen had herself a husband' aroun' all de time we was courtin'?"

"No, no," explained Lawyer Collins. "We done find out her husband' skip and go to sea several years ago an' finally Madam Queen jus' think he gone for good. Den someone tol' her he had died two years ago and she don't never check up on it. But he come back from de Bahamas two weeks ago. He work there. So when she sees him right here in de court room—she just fall plunk on de floor. And when that missin' husband's fust wife come face to face wid Madam Queen—she kicked up, too. Lucky yo' didn't marry Madam Queen, Andy, yo'-all would-a been in a sitty-ation."

Andy laughed—actually laughed for the first time in seven weeks and turned to face a delirious crowd of spectators that suddenly surged around him and Amos.

"Boy," he said, "I always knowed Madam Queen was startin' somepin' she wasn't goin' to be able to finish."

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 7)

These fall nights in NBC's Town Hall Tonight every Wednesday you hear the Merry Maes and their aptly termed "bounce rhythm." But The Merry Maes are still without any real musical training.

Yet this amazing quartet of songsters (the added starter is Helen Carroll, vice-president) has rolled up an enviable record. They start their

second year with Fred Allen on October 4. They played four consecutive weeks at the New York Paramount, sandwiched between the nation's top dance bands—and became the first singing outfit in the theater's history to be signed again immediately to return at will. Their Decca records are best-sellers, and many a phonograph has been worn to a frazzle

grinding out their "Blowing Bubbles" and "Hawaiian War Chant" disks. And when the Hit Parade needed a hypo this summer, their smart manager, Harry Norwood (he's assistant secretary) was contacted. They've been on that show ever since.

One thing about the Merry McMichaels. They'll rehearse at the drop of a baton. When two or more are seen together, that's enough of a quorum to start an impromptu practise session.

"Rehearsing isn't exactly the word," put in young Joe, "we just keep singing or humming. Before we know it we've got another arrangement. It happened that way with "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

On the Allen show, the Macs are backed up by a neat little musical organization. You couldn't ask for better accompanists than Chauncey Morehouse on the vibraharp, Carl Kress on the guitar (he's married to Helen), pianist Dick Costello, and Dick von Hallig on bass.

The McMichaels' mother was a professional pianist but none of the brood, including brother Jack, who used to sing with the others until Joe grew up and replaced him, expected to make a career of music. They knew the kids on the block liked their unorthodox style. And they always did an encore at the church socials. So Judd went to work installing chairs in theaters for his uncle, and Ted sold haberdashery. Jack forgot music altogether and got a nice job with the Western Auto Supply Co. He still works there.

But when Joe got old enough, the boys realized they had found the perfect third voice. Eddie Dunstedter of

WCCO, Minneapolis, heard them, and offered work. But cautiously the boys called themselves "The Mystery Trio" and wore black masks throughout the radio series—although television was a long way off.

At the conclusion of the broadcast series, Judd took one look at the fan mail and doffed his mask.

"Boys," he said quite officially, "we are no longer The Mystery Trio. We are now The Merry Macs."

In 1931 Joe Haymes passed through the flour belt, listened to their act and hired them.

The Merry Macs stayed with Haymes about a year, touring the south and east, and went on their own when they reached Chicago. Here they thought up the idea of adding a girl vocalist. This was a successful move although it took them about six years to get the right one.

Green-eyed, brown-haired, 21-year-old Helen Carroll is the fourth. Helen started singing in Indiana University where too many vocal engagements with small orchestras, combined with scholastic work, caused her to have a nervous breakdown. The breakdown resulted in a break. She came to New York to rest at Uncle Ed East's place. But Ed East heard that The Merry Macs were looking for Vocalist Number Four. He rushed his niece over to NBC.

AT that time the country as a whole decided that if it was going to hear any more amateur programs—let Major Bowes run them all. Taking a hint, the Fred Allen producers chucked their tyros and looked around for something professional. The Merry Macs filled the gap.

Off the air the three boys and girl go their separate ways. Joe lives with his proud parents in Jackson Heights. Ted lives with his wife a few blocks away. Helen and Carl have their own quarters and Judd and his wife reside in Elmhurst, L. I.

Friday nights is about the only set time on their schedule for a definite rehearsal. Then they gather at the Jackson Heights branch, whoop it up as soon as they've finished ma's apple pie. There's a fifth member at these fireside jam sessions—Judd's two-year-old daughter, Nedda. The Merry Macs deny they're grooming her now to be vocalist Number Five when Helen retires.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

(No picture in recent years has been blessed with a score like "The Wizard of Oz." The band boys have had a field day recording all these contagious Yip Harburg-Harold Arlen tunes. All the numbers by various bands and singers are available on Decca, Brunswick, Victor, Vocalion, and Bluebird records.)

Song of the Metronome; Drifting Down River of Dreams (Decca 2659) Everett Hoagland. A new sweet band that should manage to please everyone.

Man With the Mandolin; I'll Remember (Vocalion 4980) Barry Wood. Neat warbling on one of those tunes in the Umbrella Man, Penny Serenade motif.

Friends Medley; Oriental Medley (Victor 26340) Sammy Kaye. The dusty manuscripts get dusted on a disk as a half dozen tunes are ably revived.

Go Fly a Kite; A Man and His Dream (Brunswick 8439) Kay Kyser. A pair

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from Bing Crosby's "The Star Maker" go through the Kyser process. And the process is perfect.

Let's Trade a Diamond; Thrill of a New Romance (Bluebird 10363) Freddy Martin. Let's trade some of these ragged bands in for some more like Freddy Martin.

Some Like It Swing

It's Me Again; Southern Exposure (Victor 26331) Bob Zurke. Bob Crosby's erstwhile madwag of the keyboards, branches out with his own band and its more Dixieland than Crosby.

Hoy! Hoy!; Just For a Thrill (Blue-

bird 10375) Bob Chester. First wax made by this new swing band now on a tour of Hitz hotels in Texas, Ohio, Minnesota, and Illinois. Bears watching. You and Your Love; Moonlight Serenade (Brunswick 8448) Gene Krupa. Excellent moderate swing enhanced by Irene Day's chirping.

I Want the Waiter; That's All Brother (Decca 2628) Ella Fitzgerald. You'll all want dusky Ella and the waiter in a tune that promises to cop the looney lyrics prize of 1939.

Stay Up Stan; Cherokee (Bluebird 10373) Charlie Barnet. Boom! A swing tribute to WNEW's record-breaker Stan Shaw sincerely sung by Judy Ellington.

The True Story of Mary Marlin

(Continued from page 41)

Finally Jane rose slowly from her chair. It was finished! Her eyes wandered across the street to a rustic sign. "Milan Dress Shop." She turned again to her typewriter. Milan? . . . Marlin? . . . Slowly she wrote. . . "The Story of Mary Marlin."

For a moment she held the completed manuscript in her hand, and then dropped it in the opened trunk at her side. With this gesture a strange weariness came over her. She stretched out across the bed and slept. . .

But once more taking up her work, she continued to find comfort in writing. She wrote poetry, prose, random thoughts, stories, and as each was completed she would put it away in her trunk, to be resurrected . . . she didn't know. But with this new found means of easing her loneliness she forged ahead with her singing. Once again eyes lighted up with pleasure as she sang. Once again she neared her goal. She was to make her debut at Monte Carlo in the fall.

It came suddenly, that telegram, suddenly and without explanation. She must "come home at once!" Four words to shatter six long years of hard work. Just that simple was Jane's chance for success snatched from her, the word, "finis," written to her hopes and dreams. Catching the first boat, Jane returned to find her father had filed bankruptcy papers. He was penniless, broken in health and spirit, his fortune gone.

Jane suddenly realized the burden to be on her shoulders. She joined the swelling army of job seekers, who, in that year of 1932, were willing to do anything for a chance to live. Finally she found work, work with her hands that sent her home each evening so tired she could only fall into a deep sleep.

Yet she continued to hope, to plan for something better. Vainly she tried to get established in music, but the depression had closed that field for unknowns too. It seemed hopeless until one day, riding to work on the bus she suddenly remembered. "The Story of Mary Marlin!" She would rewrite it into a radio script.

The fact that she knew nothing of writing for radio, that the odds were a thousand to one against her, these things never daunted her.

Her only instructor was her ear. By the hour she'd sit and listen to radio programs, solving the mystery of sound effects and other broadcasting technicalities by simple logic. Her office hours were from six at night, when she returned home from

working all day, until twelve or one o'clock in the morning; not one night, but every night. Weeks, months of writing and rewriting, of disappointments and rejections, and finally, that day, never to be forgotten.

Her daughter, now a senior in high school, was studying at the dining room table as Jane lifted the phone and called the radio department of Lord and Thomas Agency.

"This is Jane Crusinberry," she said. "I submitted a script, the 'Story of Mary Marlin' . . ."

"Oh, yes, we've just finished reading it."

"Was . . .?" Jane held her breath. "Was it any good?"

"Well," the voice on the other end of the wire chuckled, "if you want to know how good it is, we're putting it on the network as soon as we get a cast rehearsed. Drop in tomorrow and we'll draw up a contract."

Slowly Jane hung up the receiver, and a funny lump came to her throat. It was over, all the years of searching, emptiness, hardships and heartaches. Tomorrow was a new day, a new meaning. All that she had lived, her laughter and tears, success and failure, would go into "The Story of Mary Marlin," to bring joy and pleasure and courage to others. That was what she'd been searching for, and had never found: a chance to give, give something to the world. And at that moment her daughter, looking up from her work, came over and took her hand.

"Why, mother," she said softly, "you're crying."

There's really just a little more to this story. I mean, it belongs, sort of making everything perfect all around. It happened just a few weeks ago when a page boy at the National Broadcasting studios looked up from his desk to see a very old lady standing before him.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "I want to meet the author of the 'Story of Mary Marlin.'"

"Well, she's pretty busy. Do you know her?"

The old lady smiled. "No," she said, "but I've come all the way from California to meet her. You see, that's my favorite radio program, and I want to tell her how much it has meant to me, how much it's inspired me, the happiness it has brought."

The page boy lifted the receiver of the office phone.

"I'll see if she's in. Your name, please?"

The elderly lady answered slowly, "My name is Carrie Jacobs Bond."

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 4)

Robert Oliver, takes her stepping one night in a custom built Rolls-Royce, and the next night in a station wagon!

* * *

After the marriage of his girl friend, Shirley Ross, to a rival, Ken Dolan, the radio agent, Ken Murray was playing a role in a Universal picture. One day on the set he failed to register an expression of surprise correctly and Director Joe Santly told him: "It might help if you would look like you did when you heard about Ken Dolan and Shirley Ross!"

* * *

PREACHER MATERIAL: Jerry Danzig, of Mutual's "Welcome Neighbor" program, and Kay Elliott, non-pro, are looking up a preacher: in fact I expect them to elope at any moment!

* * *

Hollywood is whispering that Franchot Tone will head his own radio-show from Hollywood later this year.

* * *

Nelson Eddy, the Chase and Sanborn warbler, was doing an impromptu spring dance with a red shawl, when I walked in on rehearsal the other Sunday.

The Bill Goodwins—he's Bob Hope's announcer—are expecting a visit from Babyland!

* * *

The reported romance of Betty Grable and Artie Shaw will probably not last the month out: Artie's fickle and Betty has never been known to know her own mind!

Herbert Marshall has been signed to replace Charles Boyer on the Playhouse programs. Boyer is supposed to be in the front lines for his country: France!

* * *

MORE PREACHER MATERIAL: Radio agent Nat Wolf and Edna Best, estranged wife of Herbert Marshall. Miss Best has declared she will file suit for divorce this month!

* * *

Leith Stevens, that grand band leader of CBS's "Swing Club" has moved bag and baggage to Hollywood: and is directing music on Eddie Robinson's "Big Town" series. Leith is a composer-arranger of no mean ability and has tried for three years to make Hollywood: it was left to CBS producer, Charles Vanda to finally bring him out!

* * *

Thanks to MBS, for the most complete coverage on the war news; *Barbara Stanwyck* for making a gratis appearance on a children's program. *Johnny Davis*, for having the courage to make a comeback with your grand swing band, after Hollywood passed you up. *H. V. Kaltenborn*, for your "uncensored" and clear-cut war news analysis over CBS. *Elliot Roosevelt*, for having the ability and courage to stand on your own two feet, and for becoming a topnotch commentator! *Maxine Gray*, for song styles streamlined to television! Regrets to: *Irene Rich*, for so many dull dramatic shows. *Edgar Bergen* for refusing to sign

autographs after rehearsals. *Jack Benny* for allowing *Kenny Baker* to leave your program. *John Conte* for such silly publicity stories.

* * *

GOOD NEWS OF 1940 started off in Hollywood for the fall series in fair style. *Fanny Brice* and *Hanley Stafford* however were the best bets. *Meredith Willson's* strait-laced music is too stiff. *Warren Hull's* spieling sounds like an actor's idea of an announcer giving a commercial. *P. S. Hull* is supposed to be an actor!

* * *

All Hollywood is solidly behind *Roger Pryor*. The hard-luck actor and band leader who is trying his hand at emceeing the *Screen Guild Show*, may be happy to know that every film star is pulling for him to become one of the radiolane's top "talkie" men.

* * *

Cary Grant is going on the *Guild Show* weeks before he was scheduled to, simply because *Cary* wants to be sure of adding his talent to the *Guild Show*. With the present war situation, *Cary* may be called to the front at any moment.

* * *

SUCCESS STORY: Strolling through his garden late one recent evening, *Dick Powell* noticed the family butler, who makes a hobby of inventing all manner of strange formulas and contrivances, furtively dodging among the trees carrying a strange looking bundle in his arms.



● You'll need N. R. G. (energy) at Xmas time—to carry you through the fatigue of shopping, the excitement and gayety of the holidays. Delicious Baby Ruth, always favorite candy bars at Xmas, give you plenty of enjoyment and food-energy—'cause they are rich in Dextrose—the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Fill the youngsters' stockings with Baby Ruth bars—hang them on your Xmas tree—slice and serve them often. Baby Ruth is good candy and good food.

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5 O'CLOCK
TEASPOONS**

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

Dick, slightly mystified, watched hoping to find out what the to-do was all about. A few minutes later, he saw the butler throw his mysterious package into the "incinerator," and hostilely set it afire. Enough was enough, so Dick stepped out and confronted the man. "What's this all about?" Dick sternly inquired. "I'm just burning some of my clothes," replied the shamefaced butler, "I experimented with a new chemical formula tonight—but I must have used the wrong ingredients!" * * *

For the first time in her musical career, Sybil Chism, pretty wife-organist of NBC praiser Hal Block, hit a sour note. The engineer failed to regulate the air-conditioning system properly for Studio 3, and it was so cold that Sybil could not make her fingers move. Now, no matter how sunny the day, Sybil is sure to be bundled up in furs as she goes into the radio studios! * * *

Stars play an important part in the life of Dick Joy, the new announcer for the Silver Theater. After spending all day long rehearsing with the screen stars appearing on his radio-show Dick goes home to his laboratory for a grueling night with the heavenly stars. His hobby is astronomy!

How little Frances Langford turned the tables very neatly upon her husband, Jon Hall, who is extremely proud of his angling ability, was revealed upon their return to Hollywood a few days ago. All during their eastward trip, Jon kept boasting of how he would teach Frances the secrets of "hooking the big ones," while the dainty singer said nothing. Then, when they finally arrived in Florida, the long awaited day was at hand. "I'll show you how to do it," said Jon. "You watch me." "Never mind," said Frances, "I'll get along. Just give me a pole." And she forthwith caught a 38 pound barracuda, the largest fish landed on the entire trip. * * *

Tom McAvity, handsome director of radio for the Bob Hope program, spent his vacation in Canada just so he could play in the Canadian National Open Golf Tournament. Tom played in great style, carding 70, 71, 71, 70 for the four rounds. But on the final day of play, McAvity's opponent fussed around and held up the afternoon's playing until so late that the Tournament had been declared officially over when they turned in their final scores. If McAvity had finished twenty minutes sooner he would have placed third in the Tournament. A record for any amateur!

Woman in Love

(Continued from page 34)

the girl silent, preserving in her humiliation and helplessness what dignity she could.

Perhaps time would help. Tam clung to that one hope as the weeks went by, and the letters that were worse than no letters came so sparingly from the south. Perhaps in time she might awaken some morning to a less bitter consciousness of shame; perhaps in time she might go to sleep some night not wishing that she might never wake.

She haunted the agencies; work as well as money was needed now. Only in work could she save herself, and unless financial matters improved the Todhunter family was threatened with ruin.

It was more than three months after the closing of "Five Sons" that she took a trolley car out to the Cliff House one morning and sat in the shade on the great rocks, listening to the barking of seals and the crying of gulls, and watching the blue soft June sunshine glitter on the surface of the ocean. The broad, eternally breathing ocean, that could not feel and suffer and be afraid and be ashamed.

Tam knew now. She could deny it no longer. She knew. There was no philosophy, no courage, no hope in dealing with this. There was no escape.

"So it's that, too, is it?" she said half aloud, after long, long thought. "It's everything, is it? I'm not going to be let off very much, it seems. Where—where do I go from here?"

The seals barked in the hot sunshine, and the gulls screamed; the ocean's wide opal levels breathed on. Surf made half-circles on the long strand and slid away again in a glitter of bubbles, and there was no reply.

"Tell me about it," the nun said, after a while.

Tamara stood with her back to the room; she fumbled in a shabby flat purse and found a crumpled handkerchief and dried her eyes. A fresh sob caught at her voice as she began to speak.

"It's just that," she said thickly.

Mother Laurence sat in the cool clean peace that had enveloped her since her novitiate twenty-eight years ago. Her life had known no storms. Responsibility she knew, fatigue and difficulty she knew, but her soul had already gained supernal calm.

"But, Tam, that doesn't sound like you," she said, puzzled.

"It isn't like me!" Tam muttered.

"But surely, my dear, dear, child, just because a handsome man pays a girl of your type a little attention—I'm trying to understand, I'm trying to think it out. But I was always so sure of you; we called you one of our leaders! Where was your mind, where was your self-control, where was your code?"

"My code!" Tamara said with a brief laugh.

"I know how bad it was," she faltered. "But other women—women I know—get away with it! Some of them seem to be able to do anything they like and nobody cares!"

"How do you mean 'get away with it'?" asked the nun.

"Well, they do."

"There is no such thing as 'Getting away' with what is wrong," Mother Laurence said dispassionately. "Your own feelings are your judge, Tamara. By getting away with it do you mean reducing yourself to the state when you neither know right from wrong nor care what you do?"

"Why should one thing be right and another wrong; if it hurts no one but yourself?" Tam demanded, trying to remember some of the arguments the group at Persis's table had sometimes

used so easily, arguments not making acts right or wrong so much as denying the existence of either right or wrong entirely.

"I don't know," said Mother Laurence. "But of course I know when one or two or three apparently harmless acts bring us a harvest of bitter regret and shame, then it seems to me only common sense to decide that there is something unwise in those acts. You left me a happy, brilliant, good child, Tamara, two years ago. What have you done to yourself, if there is no wrong in it? Why are you so unhappy?"

BECAUSE life is so unfair to women," Tam said soberly. "Because for something you did without thinking—without meaning any harm—you—*you find yourself—miserable—*"

She began to cry again as she spoke; her soaked handkerchief was wholly inadequate now; her fingertips were wet, and tears fell on her blouse.

"I am so sorry, Tamara," Mother Laurence said. "It has been a shock—a severe shock to me. Your mother—no, she would not be able to help us now. And your sister—your brother—you wrote me that they are not the sort that—It is all too bad, Tamara, if I had not happened to meet you today, would you have come to see me?"

"I don't think so," Tamara said. "To whom would you have gone?"

"I don't know."

"We must think this out," said the nun pondering.

"I meant," Tamara faltered, her lips trembling again—"I meant my life to be so different! I tried; I did try."

"I think I have an idea," Mother Laurence said, after a pause. She sighed and raised her reflective look to Tamara's face. She saw the girl's thinness and pallor, her already altering figure, the shabbiness of her dress, the white young face marked with tears. "I think I know what we can do," she added. "Tamara, when all this is over, and you are free again, will you promise to come and see me every few weeks?"

"How can it ever be over?" the girl demanded dully. "One can't go back of this kind of thing."

"We never know. We can always be sorry and start again," the older woman said simply.

"Oh, sorry!" the girl said. And she slipped to her knees and buried her wet face and tumbled hair against the nun's knee. Mother Laurence laid a thin gentle hand upon her head.

THE Hutton place was more than a mile from Belmont Station; Tam walked it. She carried the smaller suitcase; the heavy one she had left at the checking counter; after all, she knew nothing of her destination.

The summer afternoon was very lovely and very still. The road led west toward the hills; an old dirt road under shaggy eucalyptus trees whose sickles carpeted the ground, and whose aromatic breath stole through the warm sweetness of the afternoon like balm. Brush fires were burning the orchards somewhere near; long scarfs of pale blue smoke wound themselves over the quiet gardens and the fields. Tamara had not been in the country for a long time; she drew in deep breaths of it gratefully.

A gate marked "Oak Dell" hung

straggling in a long line of picket fencing. Great bursts of pampas grasses, rambling roses unpruned and overgrown and throwing savage long arms into the air, dry lilac trees and tangled, indistinguishable masses of low garden growth rose to meet the drooping long whips of the discolored willows and the berried pepper trees.

The house was a large frame building with peeling chipped wide steps leading up to a fan-lighted door that was flanked by two bay windows. It had an eastern wing running off to a clump of redwood trees; beyond a kitchen dooryard, where fruit bushes were swaying loaded branches against the fences of all sorts of angled pens and sheds and paddocks, were the fine massive outlines of old stables and hay barns, chicken runs, fowl houses, carriage houses.

Mrs. Hutton was a squarely built gray-headed woman in the middle fifties. Her heavy figure was covered with a checked cotton dress over which she had pinned a strip of sacking; she wore an old brown hat and a green eyeshade. She had been gardening.

TURN off the hose, Lee Wing!" she called, as Tam came up to her. They talked briefly, the older woman's narrowed eyes fixed keenly upon her guest the while. "You're Emily Rogers' friend?" Mary Hutton asked.

"Mother Laurence?"

"I knew her as Emily Rogers—went to school with her. I'm glad to see you. She didn't tell me your name. Barbara Baker—suppose we call you Barbara Baker? From the Philippines, eh?" Mrs. Hutton said, brisk and

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businesslike. "And you'd better call me Aunt Mary. I think we'll suppose that you've married my nephew; I haven't any, but that's neither here nor there. You won't see many people, and those you do see won't be curious. What j'you tell your mother?"

"That I was going to Hollywood, and perhaps to New York. That I'd write her."

"That's all right, then. One more thing. I'll say it now, and then we won't have to say it again. I'd put my hand in the fire for Emily Rogers. She did something for me once—well, that doesn't matter now. She telephoned me and asked me to look out for you, for a while; it isn't exactly in my line, but I was glad to say yes. You'll be bored to death here, but you'll be safe. Nobody'll see you, and I'll be glad of your company. Lee Wing here is taking the truck in later, and he'll get your bag, and I think Hong fixed you a room. That's about all we've got to say, I guess."

Mrs. Hutton returned to her gardening, the hose began to splash once more, and Tam turned and went slowly to the open door of the house.

Escorted by a small Chinese boy in white coolie clothes, Tam went upstairs and found herself located in a wide airy bedroom, shabby but infinitely welcoming and comfortable.

STEADILY, with something of the expression that had been on her face when she had first come home two years ago, the girl unpacked. It was a serious expression, a little bewildered—patient with the patience of betrayed youth. Tam took possession of the bureau, hung her hat and coat in the closet. The house was very still with a beautiful, restful stillness.

The jangling of an old-fashioned dinner bell aroused her a few hours later, from a light waking sleep; she brushed her hair quickly and went downstairs. It was just six o'clock; there was still daylight in the garden, the tops of the oaks were varnished with gold, and bees were tearing by like bullets above the motionless flowers.

She and her hostess were alone at the meal; everything was put on the table at once by the little Chinese boy; there was no further service. Cold ham and a bowl of salad, muffins and honey, baked sweet potatoes in their plain brown-paper jackets, part of a rather stale chocolate cake.

It was all so artificial, her being here in this strange woman's house, her awkward and reluctant acceptance of hospitality perhaps as reluctantly and certainly as awkwardly offered. Her face burned, and when Mrs. Hutton spoke to her she found it difficult to answer.

The night had turned chilly and the big house seemed bleak and forlorn in the silent summer night. Fog had come down in a blanket over the hills. The Chinese boys had disappeared. There seemed to be no one left in the world but Tam's own weary and intensely depressed self and her squarely built, blunt, gray-headed hostess.

"I go to bed early," Mrs. Hutton said, after dinner. "I'm tired after gardening all day. You'll find all sorts of books in the library; help yourself."

"I'd like to tell you," Tam began suddenly, "how grateful I am to you for—I know of course that you're doing it for Mother Laurence—" She stopped; it sounded so flat.

Mrs. Hutton looked at her thoughtfully as she stopped in confusion.

"There isn't much I wouldn't do for Emily Rogers," she said in her blunt and unsympathetic way.

"You know that I haven't any money at all?" Tam went on, clearing her throat.

"You may have some day," the other woman said briefly, after consideration. "You can pay me back if you like."

Tears came to Tamara's eyes, and her lips trembled.

"I will!" she said.

"Your twenty-first year isn't all your life," Mrs. Hutton observed, as if thinking aloud. But Tamara heard the first note of encouragement, of interest in her voice, and her chilled and despairing heart was warmed.

"You wish you could go back!" she said in a trembling burst.

"Yes," the other woman said dispassionately. "You wish to go back. No one can ever go back, and the dead don't come back. They never come back! My husband—my son."

She stood staring into space for a moment. Tamara did not speak. Then Mrs. Hutton said:

"Well—good night."

"Good night."

This was July. December was five long months away; five endless months of days filled with today's strange sense of solitariness and shame and helplessness. Tamara thought of the girl who had so lightly heartedly thrown away honor and girlhood in a mood of careless confidence and high spirits only a few months ago, and for a long while she lay awake in the unfamiliar room, the unfamiliar bed, staring into space thinking—thinking. Thinking what a strange world it was, when joy and love and daring could end in the long pull of humiliation, tears, ill health, loneliness, dependence.

"Twenty-one! Almost twenty-one," Tam said half aloud, in the deathlike silence of the great spare room in the Hutton house, hidden in the Belmont hills. "I wonder if by the time I am fifty-two I can sleep again, breathe again!"

MARY HUTTON had had a husband and a son and a daughter, Tam learned as the summer gave way to autumn; the little girl had died as a child, and some ten years ago she had lost the husband and had married a second time. It was something connected with this second marriage, and with the boy, that had broken the woman's heart and ended her life as a normal being.

"You've made a bad start," she said to Tam. "I did a lot worse than you did. We were poor. Sometimes I used to think that my little Mary might have lived if I hadn't been afraid of telephoning the doctor for nothing. I don't know. My husband died when my son was only twelve. Bunny—that's what we always called the boy, although his real name was George Alan—was so proud of being left to take care of his mother; I think we might have managed it some way. But I'd never worked, I'd never earned money, and when Clifford Hutton came along and asked me to marry him I could only see the money. I don't know that I ever asked myself if I loved him, or if he ever did. He hated my son. Poor little boy—his dream of having his mother all to himself was over! We put him in school, and it wasn't a

good school; the head was a disciplinarian; he didn't understand the child, and Bunny was spirited—he ran away. He came back, but he and his stepfather never got along together. Bunny would be in school for a while, in camp, home again and in trouble, gone again. I lost him. He was wild, I know that, but he mightn't have been wild if his mother hadn't failed him. It got so that Clifford wouldn't do any more for him and I had no money. They sent for me to Arizona; it was too late; Clifford and I had gone into Canada on a camping trip—he loved those trips because they were made so easy for him, but I hated them—and when I got back the telegram was ten days old. I didn't even have my last look from my boy, I didn't have a chance to go down on my knees and say, 'Bunny, will you forgive me!' He died all alone, perhaps he was asking for me. . . ."

THE story came by fits and starts, some little sequence one day, and perhaps the next not for many days. Tam listened, never pressed her hostess, expressed no sympathy except the sympathy was in her eyes.

"Clifford Hutton only lived five months after that," Mary Hutton concluded it. "I came out here to get away, and I guess for a little while I was queer. I know I used to walk nights, talking to myself; the village thought I was a witch. But that was six years ago. After a while I began to garden; I didn't have John, or little Mary, or Bunny, but the flowers didn't know it!"

On Christmas Day, with a fire roaring in the dining room and the early breakfast smoking on the table, Ta-

mara went upstairs again, fumbled with a bedroom fire, gave up the task to little Hong. It was a bitterly cold day, without wind or sun. The low gray sky pressed closely down over the world; not a branch moved, not a bird hopped about in the stripped garden. Sounds came a long way today; Tamara could hear Christmas horns and church bells in the village as the endless morning dragged by; could clearly hear every motor car that came swiftly up the curves and twists of the low hills below the Hutton place. That would be the doctor—or this next would be. . . .

Mary Hutton came in to see her at about three o'clock to ask her smilingly if she and her daughter would like some turkey.

"Not this Christmas!" Tamara whispered. "Next Christmas! But they gave me some soup and it was delicious! Thank Lee Wing."

And much later still, before the evening lamps were lighted, when she and Mary were alone in the soft firelight, she said:

"It can't be—it just fundamentally can't be that God would make anything so lovely as this from what was all wrong and sinful and twisted. There must be some way to work it out to rightness and goodness."

"There's always a way to do that," the older woman said.

"Yes, but how? How to begin so that it will be all right for her?"

"The way to begin living right, Tam, is only to begin. Everything straightens itself out if we can do that. I talk for you," Mary Hutton said in a lower voice, her eyes fixed on space, "but I can't remember it for myself. You're young, you can start

again. But I'm old. I've nothing left but an old garden, and who cares whether or not my garden grows to be one of the loveliest in the world?"

"Mary and I do," Tam said quickly, under her breath, stretching out a hand to cover the rough hand on the sheet. "Some day we'll show you."

YOU'VE paid me back everything I ever did for you," the older woman said presently. She turned aside to glance toward the big wash basket on the floor beside the bed. "Is it Mary?" she asked. "Is it for me?"

"Mary. And for whom else?"

Mrs. Hutton said nothing further. She sat looking down at the muffled occupant of the basket for a long time. Wood snapped sleepily in the round iron stove; the bedroom was warm in the cold twilight of winter afternoon. Outside twigs cracked in frost, and dry branches clicked together; at dusk a whinnying little wind rose and moved restlessly about the house. Tam lay with her head on her curved arm, her eyes upon the small, discontented saffron countenance of her child. One small mottled fist lay outside the blanket; now and then the little face wrinkled in a look of elderly despair.

Tam drank her milk. Presently, not thinking, not looking backward or ahead, she fell asleep.

But when tomorrow comes, how will Tam rebuild her shattered life? With the added responsibility of her fatherless child, will she be able to find happiness and security? Don't miss the coming chapters of Kathleen Norris' remarkable novel in the January issue of RADIO MIRROR.

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The Last Lesson

(Continued from page 17)

Sometimes they were still puzzled. for they were hungry, so I would tell them, "The war has lasted longer than—than our Emperor thought. But soon it will be over and there will be peace for all—a peace that will last forever because men have had enough of horror. A new world is coming, children—a better world."

When peace came, a trumpet shrilled the news through the village, and we were so happy, for I had talked to the children of peace and it had come!

One morning Herr Professor Kraener said proudly, "Soon, Fraulein Heinrich, you will be teaching the children of our republic! We are to be a great republic—a democratic republic. But then, you would not know of that. I must explain it to you."

"But I do know, Herr Professor!" I exclaimed. "I have read—I know. The first constitutional government was the Union of Utrecht in the sixteenth century. And then the Bill of Rights of the English—I will tell the children of that—and the Declaration of the Rights of Man of the French—and the wonderful American democracy—"

I stopped, breathless with excitement, and Professor Kraener smiled

"But the things he says—"

"And I say the things he says do not matter! Once order is established, good sense will return. Let the others march with him—he'll bring them to order!"

And they did march with him—yes—the way they're marching now to me.

For a time, while the Leader shouted and stamped through the halls of the government. I was able to go on with my teaching, undisturbed. While new idiocies were screamed over the radio and in the newspapers, I told my children of the true things; "We must believe in democracy. We must believe in liberty. We must hate war."

But one afternoon, Professor Kraener called me to his office. He was sitting at his desk, and he was sobbing. I had never seen this big, kind, imposing man cry, and it frightened me more than anything that had ever happened to me in all my life.

As he raised his head he heard a bugle blowing, far off in the hills around the village.

"When the end of the world came," he whispered, "they said the trumpet would blow. So!"

"But that is only the boys marching—playing—," I said.

"No Fraulein." He shook his beard-

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indulgently when he saw how beautiful these things were to me and how I longed to talk of them to my children. He smiled, but they were as beautiful to him, too.

So, for a while I taught my children these good things—that kings are not divine, that men are created equal, that each man is strong within himself. I said to myself that these were eternal, these truths, and that they would last—forever.

They did not last. Instead, a confused cry grew in the streets where men called for a "leader." Always there was that clamor for a "leader", for "discipline". Could I tell them what I knew to be true—that each man must stand strong alone; that liberty is greater than discipline? No. I could not tell that to these older people in the streets—only to my children.

The clamor grew louder, this crazed clamor for discipline and leadership, and more and more people began saying, "Democracy is weakness," until there was fighting in the streets at night, and out of the chaos there grew a Leader.

He brought order out of the confusion, but with it, he brought madness. "What does it matter, Fraulein Heinrich?" Professor Kraener said to me. "What does it matter what this little upside-down politician shouts as long as he brings order?"

ed head from side to side. "The end of the world—" Abruptly he shook off his fit of abstraction. "Fraulein Heinrich," he said, "you have been here for many years. You are my friend. And since you are my friend, I—I cannot speak. I can only say—the children are your responsibility now—your duty. You mustn't—you mustn't fail me."

"But, Herr Professor—" I stammered.

He gestured in dismissal. "Go on as you have been—tell them the truth in your own way. But leave me now, Fraulein—leave me—"

The next morning Professor Kraener was gone. Mysteriously, horribly missing. When I went out into the town and asked the Burgomeister, he was frightened, and all he would say was that "they had taken him away."

They? Who?

But no one would answer me. At last the Burgomeister told me to go to a man named Ruger—Arnold Ruger. "Maybe he will tell you," he said. "I—I dare not."

Arnold Ruger! Of course I would go to Arnold. Once more I remembered what had happened so many years before—Arnold pleading with me to go away with him, telling me he needed me. Now I needed him. He could not fail me!

They showed me into the office he had set up in the Town Hall. Guards



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BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

in brown uniforms stood at both sides of every door. And when they finally took me into Arnold's office I saw a man with a thin, lined, angry face and eyes in which the cold fire of madness burned.

"Arnold!" I whispered, wanting not to know that this was the man who had loved me.

He spoke sharply. "What is it, Fraulein? State your business."

"My business?" I said. "Only to speak to an old friend. . . ."

"Friend?" he asked with a frown. "I do not know—Elsa!"

"Yes. Elsa."

"You are still at the school?" he asked flatly.

"Of course."

His momentary surprise was conquered now, and in the first tone he had used to me, he said, "Speak quickly, Elsa. I am a man of many concerns."

This was not Arnold. I saw that. It was useless to pretend that I knew him. "I only wanted to ask where Professor Kraener has gone."

There was a pause, and then he said coldly, "There is no answer!"

"But—"

"I tell you this. For the time being you are in charge of the school. You will receive your instructions from the local leader, who in turn will receive them from the Ministry of Education and Enlightenment."

"Is that all?" I asked, frozen by his harsh tone, by the glitter of his eyes.

He looked quickly around the room, stepped nearer to me. Softly he said, "Elsa, listen to me! There have been many changes. We are awakened, and you must awaken. Do what you are told—obey—and you will keep the school and the children. A long time ago you said they were all you wanted—and to keep them now you must obey! Always obey! Without question! Do what you are told—do not speak, and you can live your life out here. Disobey, and you will lose the school and the children and—even more. Believe me, Elsa. . . ."

I crept home through the darkening streets—home to this very house, this very garden. I pushed the garden door open and fell back, stifling a scream in my throat. Men in uniform were coming toward me from the house, where a large black box had been laid. A coffin.

"What is that?" I asked the soldiers wildly. "Who?"

"His name was Kraener," one of them said.

"What happened? How did he die?"

There was no answer. He looked at me with small eyes. Then he said, "Bury him! Obey!"

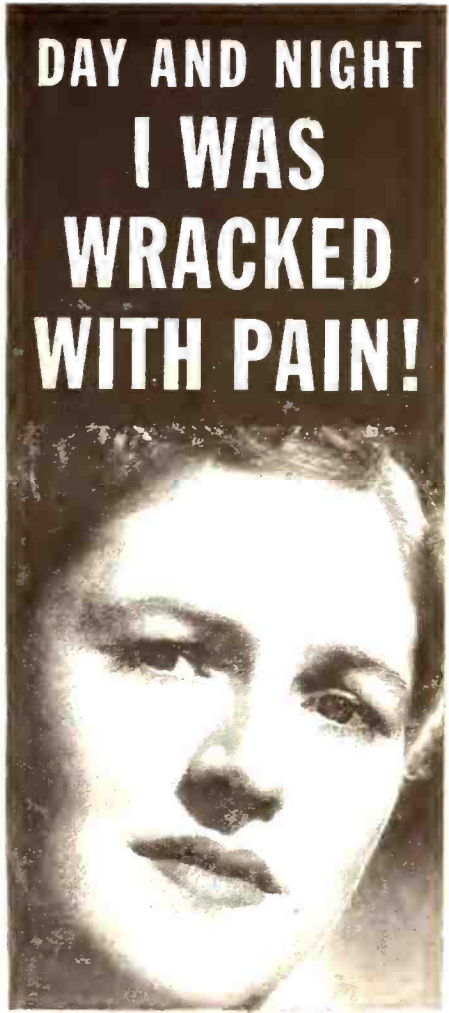
Obey! Obey! Obey! I understood. Keep my children, my house, my life—obey. Yes.

I taught, then, what I was told to teach. "We alone are blood rulers of the world. Worship our Leader as the true voice of God. Liberty is not for us! Men must have a leader and our leader is for the world."

What did it matter? These were only words. All I wanted was to live. Everything the Leader was saying was right—as long as I lived. And so I lived, until—

Until one day the Leader himself came to visit my school.

It was a great honor for the school, for the children, for me. Everybody in the town said so. The children would recite and sing for the Leader,



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and he would smile upon them and give them his blessing.

The great day came. The hall of our school was packed, with children and their parents, and with uniformed men who carried pistols on their hips. The children, white and clean, and breathless with excitement, stood in rows on the stage—I with them. Near us he sat—the Leader—a little man. "Hail to our Leader! Our Savior, hail!" the children sang, and he smiled.

Then one of my little girls—tiny Thalia—so small, so frightened, sang the song she had learned:

"Unfurl our bloody banners,
 These cowards will run as we rise,
 And when our day of vengeance comes
 We'll lead our flag through their morning's blood.
 Yes, following the flag of our leader
 unto our death."

For the first time—yes, for the first time, there in that crowded hall, I heard the words. From those tiny lips they came, and I understood them when before they had meant nothing to me. "Bloody banners . . . our day of vengeance . . . unto our death." Little Siegfried—nine or ten—now he was coming forward to the Leader's smile. A head like the sun—baby lips to sing:

A hundred and ten bullets in my hand,
 Loaded rifles row on row,
 In my fist a hand grenade—
 Come on then, bloody foe!

A hundred times and more I had heard it—the children's marching song—and yet, sitting there, it was as if I heard it for the first time. What were they saying, these children of mine. Blood—guns—bullets—grenades! And then suddenly the hall was gone, and all I saw were fields, running blood red, green mists of gas—and through them marching chil-

dren—my children, hatred on their lips, in their hearts, marching for him to their deaths!

No! I jumped to my feet. "Children!" I screamed. "Children! Listen to me! I have taught you lies! there is no glory in war. War is terror and pain! They'll give you gas tearing at your lungs and bullets in your eyes! Children, listen! There is no God but the true God and all men have His blood in them and their blood is your blood, so they are your brothers. This man sitting here is a man like all men and he'll die—but this truth will live: liberty is the nobility of men and nations are great when each man has the liberty to reach for the greatness within himself! Children this is the truth! The truth!"

That is what I told them, there in the hall. They all heard—the children, and their fathers and mothers, and the soldiers, and the little man, sitting there. When I had finished there was silence, and I turned and went out. My eyes were so filled with tears, mourning for the days I had lost by being afraid, that I could hardly see my way, so I stumbled out of the school and down the long road to my garden.

That is why I sit here now, in the sun, waiting. I must wait for them to come for me. If I run away, the children will doubt. If I stay they will remember.

Ah! There they are. I hear them coming, tramping down the street toward the garden, metal clinking, leather creaking. Strange, I am not afraid any longer. Were you like this, unafraid, when they came for you, Herr Professor Kraener? . . . I am sure you were . . . We found truth, didn't we, old friend? The sun is warm—life is good—but there comes a time when one must speak.

They are knocking on the door now. There is no need for them to break it down. I will let them in. I am not afraid.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

FOURTH PRIZE OUR FIRST LADY

Orchids to you RADIO MIRROR, for the wonderful "mike picture" of our First Lady revealed in your September issue.

Standing as she does, Ace-High in American opinion, Jerry Mason's facts about Mrs. Roosevelt's simplicity, graciousness, punctuality, ability for self-control and quick-thinking in emergencies, set us a fine example.—Mrs. Edna L. Maddocks, Ruston, La.

FIFTH PRIZE

STOP PICKING ON "POOR DON"

I wish people would stop picking on Don Amचे. Imagine people not liking his gay singing! First the people didn't like it because Mr. Amचे smiled—so—he's smiling less now than he did. Now they don't like his singing. I believe it's Mr. Amचे's nature to be happy, and when a person is happy he smiles, laughs and sings. Please don't try to change him.—Alice Kozłowska, Buffalo, N. Y.

SIXTH PRIZE

JUST COMMENTS

Comments on Radio programs: Kay Kyscr, merry clown of the airwaves, serves up an appetizing dish every

Wednesday night.

When Bing Crosby resumes broadcasting, here's hoping that he will sing more and talk less. He can croon for my money any day or night, but there's no necessity for all that excess verbiage on his program.

Dorothy Lamour's mistake is that she instills into her voice a tear-stained quality it does not naturally possess.—Mr. Hoyt McAfee, Los Angeles, Calif.

SEVENTH PRIZE

RADIO MAKES GOOD!

On these pages I've read of many fine things the radio has done for people: quarrels patched up, divorce averted, nervousness cured, etc.

My radio pays me money! I'm a CONTEST BUG. There's always a pad and pencil handy on my radio table and when I hear some announcer say, "Win \$1,000 first prize or an autographed baseball second prize, just by telling us 'Why you like Dilly Dally Dumplings'"—I dash down the address, dash to my typewriter, dash off an entry, and in a few weeks comes my check for the \$1,000 . . . or the autograph baseball . . . maybe! Incidentally my radio is a Contest prize.—Mrs. Mabel Williamson, Memphis, Tenn.



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Fate's Bad Boy

(Continued from page 24)

to write it, he knew he would have to get away from New York. He was tired—and somehow, he couldn't seem to write about John Brown in that room over the Chinese laundry. An Indian actor, a Chippewa boy he'd met at the station where they were broadcasting his radio serial, offered him the chance to get a vacation and write his play at the same time. He invited him to come and visit his people on a Chippewa reservation in Lac Flambeau, Wisconsin.

They took a cross-country bus out across the prairies to Madison, Wisconsin, then traveled until they reached a lake, a flaming bowl of color in the light of the setting sun. Here they were met in a canoe by the old Chippewa father, chief of the tribe.

"We shall call you Young Bear," said the old chief gravely. And so, as Young Bear, Orson lived for three months, a part of the primitive simple life still led by these people in the wilderness. He slept in a wigwam of birch-bark, on a bed of pine-boughs. He swam, laughing, in the lake, with the pretty young squaws, or walked with them, on moccasined feet, through the woods, in search of wild flowers, herbs, birds only the Indians have ever seen. At night he sat around the campfire, listening to the rhythmic beating of the drums, or to the stories of the days when the beaver and the bison, the eagle and the Indian were the lords of America.

HE was as carefree and as young as he had been in Ireland three years before. But happier. For every day the manuscript of his new play grew thicker on the rickety table in his wigwam. The dream grew closer. Broadway. He would surely conquer it now.

But Destiny had not yet come to terms with Orson Welles. When he went back to Broadway, the same old game began again. Casual interest. Raised eyebrows. Shrugs. No—said the girls at the reception desks. He isn't in. But you can leave your play, if you like. One producer after another picked it up, toyed with it, laid it down. Finally one man, more experimental than the rest, bought it. But months went by. It was not produced.

Back again to the Chinese laundry—and the monsters and the fiends and the bullets made of ice. Until another idea for the theater came into his mind. An idea for a modern edition of Shakespeare that would set Broadway by its ears. He would go away again to some quiet spot and work. He decided to go to Africa.

To most people, the idea of trotting off to Africa to write an edition of Shakespeare is too fantastic for belief. But to Orson Welles, it was perfectly natural. He had been to Africa before—with his father in the old travel days. He knew an African chieftain—the Glaouii—or Eagle—of Telouet. Years ago, as a little boy, the Glaouii had given him a standing invitation to visit him in his Moroccan palace. Why should he not go now? It would be at least an adventure.

He went by tramp steamer to the West Coast of Africa, disembarked at a place called Casa Blanca, then penetrated to the very heart of the Riff

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territory through Tangier and Fez. The Glaoui's city was in the mountains, spread out on the top of a plateau. It was mud-walled, feudal, a city without a consul, a post-office, or a white man. Once inside, Orson was treated with great respect. The Glaoui remembered him at once — gave him a special guest palace, provided him with an army of servants and an Arabian stallion of his own.

For weeks he lived in a dream world. Or rather, two dream worlds. Outside, there was this fantastic Moroccan city — crowded, hot, tense with occasional Riff skirmishes. A Mohammedan city where, as a Christian, he must eat his meals alone, and wear a special gray wool fez to mark him from the red-fezzed Mohammedans. A dream city of soft velvet nights and veiled women. Inside him there was another dream world — the world of Shakespeare which he must somehow revivify for modern men.

It did not take him long to finish the editions in that strangely cloistered atmosphere. In less than two months he was on his way back to Broadway, ready to assail the fortress for the last time.

Once again — failure. "Shakespeare ain't box-office," the Broadway boys told him. "It ain't commercial." He sold his edited classics finally to a publisher of school text-books, but not one legitimate producer would touch them with a ten-foot pole. He felt sick, discouraged, ready to give up for good.

PERHAPS he had been wrong about the whole thing. Perhaps — back there in Chicago — Dr. Bernstein, his guardian, had had the right idea. Harvard and a Phi Beta Kappa key. A job after graduation selling bonds. Perhaps that was what he should have done in the first place.

He got on the train and went back to Chicago for the first time in four years. Dr. Bernstein, Roger Hill — they were all delighted to see him. The prodigal had come home at last. They exclaimed over his size, his tan, his deep voice, his fantastic stories. They were proud of him, and a little afraid. And now? someone said — Harvard? Orson shrugged his shoulders.

"Maybe I'm too old to be a Freshman," he joked. But there was something dead and wistful in his eyes — something, in spite of his youth, that was lost and bewildered. Had it meant nothing after all?

Darkness before dawn. That was what it was. For Destiny, ever tricking, ever dogging the footsteps of Orson Welles, was about to meet him face to face.

He went one afternoon to a cocktail party with his old teacher and friend, Roger Hill. He hadn't wanted, particularly, to go. Just a lot of people jammed into smoky rooms. People he had never met. He did not even want to talk to any of them. But a quiet man, sitting in a chair nearby, struck up a conversation, asked him his name.

"I'm Orson Welles," Orson said it casually. "I write for the pulps."

"Not the Orson Welles!" The quiet man sat up in his chair. "But you're not the Orson Welles from Ireland everybody is talking about?"

The quiet man was Thornton Wilder, the famous novelist and playwright. And it seemed that he had known about Orson's work in Dublin for a long time — from an Irish poet

and writer friends of his. He shook his head when Orson poured out his bitter experiences with Broadway.

"But of course they didn't know about you," he said. "You have to know somebody who will introduce you, on Broadway. Somebody of importance. Here — I'll give you a letter to my friend, Alexander Woolcott. He knows everybody. He'll introduce you around. And by the way — I understand Katharine Cornell is looking for a man to play Marchbanks in her production of Shaw's *Candida*. Why don't you try for it?"

A miracle. Orson didn't wait for that party to end. Armed with Wilder's note, he left for New York that very night. He was in the Cornell-McClintock office next afternoon — reading Marchbanks' lines in his basso profundo voice, while Katharine Cornell and her husband, Guthrie McClintock, sat listening with the expression people have when they know they are making a "find."

He was back in the theater at last — this time for good.

For nine months of heady excitement and happiness, he traveled with the Cornell troupe, as Katharine Cornell's leading man. He played starring roles in "*Candida*," "*The Barretts of Wimpole Street*" and "*Romeo and Juliet*." Once again the smell of grease-paint, the hot glare of footlights was a part of him. Actors and actresses were his friends. Once again he could go to bed at night with Shakespeare's immortal lines on the back of his tongue. He could walk down Broadway, and defy it to crush him now.

But there was still another note in his happiness than this. For the first time in his life Orson Welles had fallen in love.

They met just a month after Orson had left the Cornell troupe to start a little summer theater of his own, out in Woodstock, Illinois. It was the summer when Orson turned 21. She was 19 — a little Chicago society girl, named Virginia Nicholson, who wanted to become an actress. She was a student at Orson's new Woodstock theater.

SMALL, ash-blonde and frail — Virginia wasn't the type you'd notice right away. She had a soft voice, a shy way of slipping in and out of the way, when Orson appeared. Orson in fact hadn't noticed her at all until she was cast for the role of Trilby, against his Svengali.

They were playing the part where Svengali hypnotizes Trilby and puts her completely under his spell. The scene takes place in a garret room in Paris. Virginia in pale blonde bangs was sitting on a chair. Opposite was Orson, as Svengali, in a pointed beard and long flowing hair.

He moved toward her across the stage, speaking the words that enchant Trilby forever. They were familiar words to him. He had played many Svengalis to many Trilbys before. But somehow, as he came closer to the slight figure, a strange feeling swept over him. This girl opposite him was the loveliest thing he had ever seen — pure, angelic, with a kind of unearthly rapture on her face. In that moment Virginia Nicholson was Trilby.

The curtain fell on the scene. He did not go back to his dressing-room. He did not move. He was staring at her, looking into her eyes.

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From that hour on, life—the day by day living of it—was completely changed for Orson Welles.

Theirs was a simple, unassuming courtship—quite different from the flamboyant adventures of Orson's strange past. A boy and girl summer romance against a background of trees and sunshine and the carefree life of a theater. Days spent hammering scenery, designing costumes, talking about Art and Philosophy, with capital letters, on a grassy lawn. Nights of busy activity backstage. And after the play—two chocolate sodas at the corner drug-store—a drive in a ramshackle jalopy down some dusty country road.

Virginia was a revelation to him. He had met many girls before. But never any quite like her. Never anybody who looked at him with such a light in her eyes. Never anybody who believed so much in what he wanted to do—who took him as he came—who never laughed or criticized or was hurt by any of the things he said. You didn't have to explain things to Virginia.

HE wanted to be with her all the time—laughing, kidding around about plays and acting and beards and sodas and all the things young people in a summer theater kid about. Even his precious theater—the theater he had started in the hopes of interesting Broadway in his producing ideas—assumed second place in his mind. He began to live only for those moments when they would be rehearsing together—she in slacks and sweater, with her hair tied back with a blue ribbon—those moments when she would smile at him, or exult with him over some wonderful new idea. And yet—he was as shy about telling her his feelings as a high school boy—afraid to speak.

Then one night—just two weeks before he was to close up the theater and go back to Broadway—it all came suddenly, swiftly to a head.

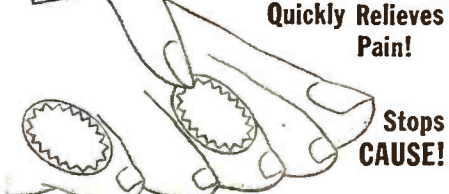
They had just finished the ballroom scene in "Romeo and Juliet"—the scene where Romeo discovers that he loves Juliet. The gay music of the dance was ringing in their ears, when they ran offstage to change for the next scene. It was busy and cluttered up backstage. Stagehands were moving the scenery about. Glaring electric lights poured down upon them. But—running toward her dressing-room—Virginia stumbled over her long velvet dress and half fell. Orson caught her. In a moment, she was in his arms.

They clung together—heedless suddenly of the people, the dusty scenery, the spotlights pouring down. And Orson blurted it out—his love, everything that had been on his mind so long. He asked her then to marry him. Virginia did not say a word. It was a long time before he realized she was crying. Then she turned her head away and said:

"Oh—Orson. I want to—but I—can't."

Even in his love-story, Orson Welles was fated to be different. Next month, read the amazing story of the barrier that separated him and Virginia, and of how he went about surmounting it—and then follow him through the spectacular years which led to Broadway success. Learn the inside story of the radio program which terrified a nation, and go with Orson to Hollywood, where he started and puzzled filmland.

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Beauty PICK-UPS

By
Dr. GRACE GREGORY

A good bathing routine is a cold shower in the morning and a warm, fragrant tub when you come home to dress for the evening. There is no such thing as too many baths. But as most water is hard and irritating, a good bath powder is often a necessity as well as a luxury. There is one, a prepared starch, which does not actually affect the water chemically but gives a delightfully soothing effect by powdering the skin with a fine fragrant film.

Eye Beauty

Miss Hutton is particularly successful in the matter of eye make-up. You never think she uses eye shadow or mascara because she uses them so skillfully. When they are noticeable, they are wrong. Correctly used, they are a real enhancement to beauty.

Everyone is the better for a little eye shadow in the evening, and most of us can use it to advantage during the day also. The safest shades are the blue-gray, gray, and mauve. But some of the others are worth trying, particularly if your coloring is of an unusual type. Just a suggestion of shadow at the bottom of the lid is enough by day. At night, you may carry it higher. Be sure to powder over it so that it blends inconspicuously with the rest of your make-up.

Mascara for the eye lashes is an absolute necessity to most blondes, and a help to everyone. But put it on with a steady hand, in a strong light, with the aid of a magnifying mirror. If you smear it or get on too much, remove it with a cleansing cream and start over again. Do your eyes well, or not at all. No mascara on the lower lashes, unless they are too blonde.

Many women use mascara for the eyebrows instead of a pencil. It is a little more trouble, but well worth it. The make-up of the eyebrows, lids and lashes—is one of the most important of the beauty aids.

There's nothing more refreshing than a warm, fragrant bath before dressing for dinner, says beautiful Marion Hutton.

BEAUTY is skin deep. And what contacts your skin the most times, and the most skin? Water, of course. Bathtubs full of water, once or twice a day. Wash basins full of water, oftener than that. You, who are so careful about your soaps and your other beauty aids, what are you doing about making your bath water soft and soothing?

Marion Hutton, one of your favorite radio singers, has a word for you. I interviewed her in a beauty parlor, while she was getting a wave, and believe it or not, even then she was beautiful! The drier fitted over her like one of those mediæval peaked hats.

Marion comes from Detroit, a graduate of Cass Institute of Technology. She was taking a pre-medical course, majoring in chemistry under Mrs. Lindbergh (the mother of the Colonel). But a voice like hers could not pass unnoticed. She came to New York, and Glenn Miller, who was then just forming his orchestra, heard her sing. She has been featured with him ever since.

Although she has great natural beauty, Marion Hutton believes in doing everything she can to maintain it. Beauty baths? Certainly.

She loves the soothing effect of her favorite bath preparations and the smooth satin finish they impart to the skin. Just a sprinkle of quickly dissolving fragrant powder, and her bath is ready. She likes the garden odors.

Whichever you choose, the important thing is to make your bath soothing and relaxing. The cold shower and cold plunge are fine as a skin tonic, but they must be supplemented by a long luxurious soak in warm water if the full benefit for health and beauty is to be secured.

From November 3rd to 11th, your nearby variety store is featuring nationally advertised brands, products you recognize as familiar friends, products which assure you satisfaction and reliability. Visit your variety store November 3rd to 11th, and take advantage of the many values they are offering.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

First in The Ears of His Countrymen

(Continued from page 37)

Swing has done more to give the English people a correct conception of present-day Americans than any other man alive. He's talked about everything, from our jitterbug dancing to our economic set-up. He is proudest of the fact that in all the broadcasts he's done to Great Britain not one of his scripts has ever been censored—the BBC authorities here have so much faith in him that they have not even asked to see the scripts!

In his two and a half years at Mutual the same thing has been true. Not one of his scripts has ever been altered. In line with radio's strict censorship, this is quite astounding.

Although he has spent twenty years abroad as a foreign correspondent, Swing is as American as the Statue of Liberty. He was born in Cortland, New York, fifty-two years ago, the son of a Congregational Minister. As a kid he was shy, a studious type, with a head full of adventure and curiosity which he kept hidden.

WHEN he was very young, Swing's family moved to Oberlin, Ohio. Raymond went to Oberlin Academy and the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. Fresh from college, he went into the newspaper game, working on small papers all over the state of Ohio. He was a reporter, copy-reader, night editor, and finally at the age of 24 became the youngest managing editor in the country, holding down this position on the *Indianapolis Star*.

When Swing had gone as far in the newspaper game in America as he could go, he went to Berlin as a correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*. Even then, he was calling the turn of events. He was way ahead of all the other correspondents in predicting the first World War. He sent in a story on Germany's increased budget for munitions, the significance of which the editors failed to catch. They printed it on the back page under the title, "A Day at the Reichstadt."

His most spectacular scoop occurred when he learned about the huge, large-bore gun which was shelling Liège. Knowing that he couldn't wire it out of the country, Swing told his scoop, word for word, to a college student going to London. Once in London, the college boy dictated it to a stenographer in the office of the *Chicago Daily News*.

Swing saw Europe smashed by war. He hates war.

He was one of the few newspapermen to see the Allied Fleet attempt to force the Dardenelles.

He saw newspaper action on all fronts, talked with the biggest men in Europe.

But always he kept a clear head, seldom taking sides, always weighing, judging, thinking for himself.

Swing came back to America when this country entered the war. He served as an examiner for the War Labor Board. But then he was off again to Europe on a secret mission to France for Colonel House, the details of which cannot, even now, be revealed.

After the War, Swing went back
(Continued on page 83)

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Fred Waring, energetic maestro of Chesterfield's Pleasure Time, keeps fit by eating dried fruits. For dessert, he's specially fand of this Dried Fruit Betty.



Food for Vigor

By MRS.
MARGARET SIMPSON

ALL that health and energy you stored up during vacation is carrying you through the autumn with renewed zest for your job. There's a reason for that, of course—and it lies in the fact that by the end of vacation you were rested and chock full of sunshine and vitamins. But now that you're back on the job, don't let your vacation vigor lapse. Maintain it by eating plenty of fruits, for fruits are one of the most important vitamin sources. You may find that fresh fruits are not so plentiful now, or so varied, but that needn't interfere with your vitamin regime. Now dried fruits reach you with all their rich fruit flavor and their health building qualities intact.

Orchestra Leader Fred Waring of Chesterfield's Pleasure Time, heard Monday through Friday at 7 P.M., NBC-Red, is a dried fruit enthusiast, with two desserts that he liked especially as a child, Dried Fruit Betty and Apricot Upside Down Cake, still on his preferred list. Incidentally, in making these desserts, Fred's wife follows the same recipes that his mother always used.

DRIED FRUIT BETTY

- 2 cups soft bread crumbs or cubed stale bread
- 1 pound mixed dried fruit
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seeded raisins

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup New Orleans type molasses
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. nutmeg
- 2 tbs. melted butter or margarine
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. lemon juice
- grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon

Soak dried fruit over night, then drain thoroughly. Place half the crumbs in a buttered baking dish. Cover with half the fruit. Combine water, molasses, butter, lemon juice and rind and nutmeg, and pour half the mixture onto the fruit layer. Cover. Arrange a second layer of crumbs, then a layer of the remaining fruit and add the rest of liquid mixture. Bake, covered, at 350 degrees F. for one hour. Serve with cream or a hot fruit sauce.

APRICOT UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, white or brown
- 3 tbs. water $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups cooked dried apricots, sweetened to taste

Combine sugar, water, cinnamon and butter in heavy skillet and place

in oven until butter melts. Arrange apricots, cut side down, in syrup in skillet. Pour batter (recipe below) over fruit and bake forty-five minutes. Invert on platter and serve, fruit side up, with lemon sauce or cream.

BATTER

- 1 cup sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening $2\frac{1}{2}$ tps. baking powder
- 2 eggs, beaten $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream together sugar and shortening, add beaten eggs and cream all together. Sift together dry ingredients and add alternately with milk, to creamed mixture. Beat in vanilla and pour batter evenly over apricots.

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One of the most pressing questions for every housewife is how to prepare well balanced, appetizing meals and still keep within the food budget. Margarine is the perfect solution for this difficulty. An important source of Vitamin A, its wholesome richness is unexcelled for shortening, pan or deep fat frying and seasoning, and it gives excellent results used in place of butter in recipes calling for butter. It is also the perfect basis for white sauce, using the basic white sauce recipe of one tablespoon each of flour and margarine to one cup of milk and salt and pepper to taste.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

(Continued from page 81)

to Berlin for the *New York Sun*. Then he returned to America to take a job on the *Wall Street Journal* in the Foreign Department. "Because," as he explains, "you cannot understand Europe unless you understand her economic structure."

In 1935 he came back to America to write a book about something nobody seemed to think was terribly important—fascism. It was called "Forerunners of American Fascism," and it called the turn again, before the Dies Committee even knew what the Fascist movement in America was all about. Swing wrote for *The Nation*, was one of its editors, but was fired, as he says with a smile, "Because I wasn't radical enough."

Since then, he has been traveling back and forth between America and Europe, writing for newspapers and magazines and broadcasting.

During this last crisis, Swing has been working from 18 to 20 hours a day, the heaviest part of his duties coming at night. He wrote one of his best talks during this time in less than an hour.

"Something inside me just kept pounding the typewriter," he smiles. "Of late, the pace hasn't been so terrific, but the hours are almost as long. I'm turning into a night person."

Swing is married and has three children. His wife was once a very important leader in the Women's Suffrage movement. When she married Swing, she agreed to take his last name if he would take her maiden name, Gram, as his.

THE Swings have a home in Trumbull, Connecticut, but Raymond Gram Swing hasn't seen much of it lately. He's been staying at his apartment in New York, just a few minutes on the lobe from the MBS studios. If you walk that distance with Swing, you are sure to become involved in a swap of opinions on some political question and you may be just as sure that your opinions will come in a poor second.

When Swing isn't at work, he's usually playing the piano in what is called "the Swings' version of classical music." His son plays the cello and his daughter the violin. Swing's daughter thinks his greatest accomplishment is a sonata for violin, written especially for her. He wants to start work on another one.

Next to the job he is now doing, Raymond Gram Swing would rather be analyzing America for Americans. He thinks there is a great need for just that. And after talking to Swing, so do we.

"As to our own entanglements in this war," Mr. Swing states, "we are in a very ticklish position, but we must realize that we are ultimately in the same position as every other democracy in the world. Sooner or later, in some way or other, we will have to find some way of permanently blocking fascist aggression against the democracies. If we don't, our fate will be the same as the other democracies in this world."

But right now, when most men his age are content to sit back and talk about the way things were, Raymond Gram Swing is just reaching the peak of his life, bringing the light of his observations in the past into sharp focus on the crisis of today. He's really needed. And that's the finest tribute he can be paid.



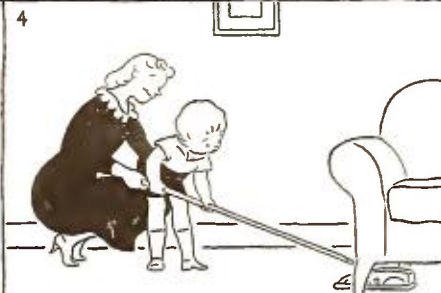
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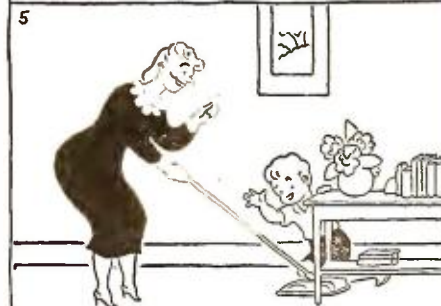
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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Whenever there's a special news event being broadcast over the CBS network you usually hear Bob Trout's voice.

BOB TROUT, crack public events announcer of the Columbia Broadcasting System, has gone a long way since the day he first faced a microphone, required to read from a newspaper for five minutes. Radio history tells us that the audition proved quite successful—despite a bad case of nervous fright. And today, some eight years later, radioman Trout is reading more newspapers and more news bulletins than ever before.

Bob was born on a farm in Wake County, North Carolina, October 15, 1908, and made his debut as an announcer over Station WJSV in Washington, D. C. He's been with Columbia since WJSV joined that network in 1932, and during that time has presented the President of the United States on almost every occasion when the latter has been on the air.

During the past hectic weeks Bob has been on the air almost daily, acting as New York co-ordinator of news roundups from the various foreign capitals, and broadcasting all available war news material. In addition, Bob announces the weekly Professor Quiz show and has had a feature spot with Hal Kemp on Time to Shine.

Bob has long since lost his Southern accent, but never his taste for Southern cooking, and has often been known to invite his friends home for some fried chicken and corn bread a la Trout!

He weighs 140 lbs, is 6' 1" tall, and has dark brown hair and eyes. He dislikes noise and dirt, and some day wants to own a farm in the country... and a radio station in the city!

Miss Sue Yates, Little Rock, Arkansas—The theme song used on the Mary Marlin program is "Claire de Lune" by Claude Debussy.

Miss Marie White, Houston, Texas—Following is the cast of "Stella Dallas":
Stella Dallas..... Anne Elstner
Laurel..... Vivian Smolen
Dick Grosvenor..... Macdonald Carey
Steven Dallas..... Arthur Hughes
Madeline Carter.... Nancy Sheridan

Jerry..... William Quinn
Ed Munn..... Arthur Vinton
Charles Martin..... Tom Tully
Helen Dallas..... Julie Benell

Miss Pauline Frey, Maspeth, New York—Bob Allen, the handsome vocalist with the Hal Kemp orchestra, was born in Allendale, Ohio, twenty-five years ago. He made his radio debut at the age of seventeen over a Cincinnati station. After working for Ben Bernie for a while, he joined the Kemp organization in November, 1933 and has been with them ever since. He's 5' 11" tall, weighs 155 lbs., is unmarried and we can't understand why the movies haven't discovered him. He's that good-looking!

FAN CLUB SECTION

All admirers of Enoch Light's orchestra, and particularly those living in the southern states can receive full information on starting a Light Brigade in their locality by writing to Albert Manning, 300 Gibbs Street, Mansfield, Louisiana.

A new Kenny Baker Fan Club has been formed in Toronto, Canada. All Canadians wishing to join, are invited to write to Miss Muriel Berry, 196 St. Germain Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. Anne Anderson of 595 North 14th Street, DeKalb, Illinois, President of the newly formed Tex Atchison Loyalty Club is anxious to increase its membership. If you are an admirer of Tex—why not send a line to Mrs. Anderson?

There is a very active Frances Langford Fan Club headed by Miss Roberta Aitken of 1438 E. 34th Street, Brooklyn, New York. She would like to double its present size and suggests that all Langford admirers write to her. And Mr. Ed Lally of 123 Gore Street, Perth, Ontario, Canada is supporting the other member of the family by putting on a vigorous membership drive for Jon Hall.



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