

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

SEPTEMBER

10¢

A MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION



*Rosalind Russell's*  
**NEW FASHION  
IN FASCINATION**

**DARE WE HAVE BABIES NOW?** A Challenge to Every Woman  
By JOHN J. ANTHONY

**THEY BROADCAST THE WAR** Vivid Stories About  
Radio's Daring Newscasters





# Beauty to the Fingertips!



- SORE  
- UNSIGHTLY  
- HANG-NAIL  
- IRRITATED



- NEAT  
- TRIM  
- ATTRACTIVE  
- WELL-KEPT

DON'T COURT TROUBLE—

## Don't Cut Cuticle!

Cutting cuticle is a hazardous practice to say the least. It can be painful. It can irritate or scar the sensitive surrounding flesh to an extent that the appearance of the nail is marred. It can cause troublesome hangnails. And the possibility of serious infection is always present, even when the cutting is done by an expert manicurist. Small wonder then that thousands of women are using Trimal as an aid to nail beauty! You'll say it's marvelous too, the very first time you use it.

## Use Trimal—

The Simple, Safe, Time-Saving Aid to Hand Beauty

Ragged, ugly cuticle can destroy the beauty of the most carefully polished nail! Don't neglect the cuticle if you seek complete nail beauty. Trimal offers the safe way to give your nails lovely, symmetrical, trim appearance. That's why leading beauty shops everywhere use and recommend Trimal. Just wrap the end of an orange wood stick with cotton—saturate with Trimal—apply to cuticle. Then watch the dead cuticle soften until you can merely wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed with the results. We're so sure that Trimal will thrill you, as it has thousands of others, that we ask you to try it on an absolute money back guarantee!

# TRIMAL

(PROMOTED TRIM-ALL)

The Original All-In-One Aid To A Quick Manicure

MADE BY TRIMAL LABORATORIES, INC.  
1229 S. LA BREA AVENUE, ANGELES, CAL.



USED AND RECOMMENDED BY BEAUTY SHOPS. SOLD AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

Complete With Orange wood Stick And Cotton



# It hurts to find another's name where you hoped to see your own!



## Helen could win happiness — if she'd learn that Mum each day guards charm!

ANOTHER WEDDING INVITATION! "So," thought Helen, "they will soon be married." Some other girl—no more attractive, no prettier—had won the man that Helen loved.

Yes—it happens! And it's so easy to blame *circumstances* for loneliness... so hard to admit that *you* may have been to blame. But a fault like underarm odor—a simple thing like forgetting Mum each day—can spoil even a pretty girl's charm!

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to keep you fresh all day! Bathing removes only *past* perspiration. *Future* odor must be prevented each day, if you want to be sure underarms are fresh. Mum after your bath prevents odor. Mum every day makes you *certain* you won't offend!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so easy to use... so dependable... that women find it a "must" for day-to-day charm!

**MUM SAVES TIME!** You're through in 30 seconds with Mum.

**MUM SAVES CLOTHES!** Mum won't harm fabrics—the American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you that. Use Mum even after you've dressed. And after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate your skin.

**MUM SAVES POPULARITY!** Mum makes underarm odor impossible—not by at-

tempting to prevent the perspiration—but by neutralizing the *odor*. Today—get Mum at your druggist's. The daily Mum habit means that underarm odor can't spoil your charm!

\* \* \*

**SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM—** More women use Mum for this purpose than any other deodorant. Mum is safe—easy to use—makes you sure you won't offend.

### POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



# MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

**ERNEST V. HEYN**  
Executive Editor

**BELLE LANDESMAN**  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

**FRED R. SAMMIS**  
Editor



Be the  
**BEST DRESSED**  
**WOMAN** in your Set  
... yet **SAVE!**

**YOU** can be the envy of every woman in your set—the one whose clothes are truly *Fifth Avenue!* You can do your Fall shopping conveniently, be the proud possessor of an ample, stylish wardrobe...and *save dollars!*

**CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM THE SMARTEST FALL FASHIONS**

■ The glamorous pages of our "MAGAZINE OF FASHION" for Fall bring new, exciting styles...our clever adaptations of the smartest Fifth Avenue fashions...right into your home, at a fraction of what you'd pay for the original models in the exclusive shops on the Avenue. Let us show you how *you* can dress with smart sophistication, yet well within your budget!

**FIFTH AVENUE'S "MAGAZINE OF FASHION" ...A GUIDE TO ECONOMY!**

■ Select your *complete* Fall wardrobe from our "MAGAZINE OF FASHION"! We offer the smartest new frocks, coats, furs and wardrobe accessories, including the latest **BETTY WALES FASHIONS**, in far greater variety than you could hope to find in any one shop! Not only will you save time and effort by "shopping" direct with us, but you'll *economize*, too!

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**FIFTH AVENUE MODES, Inc.**  
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Send me, FREE, your Fall "MAGAZINE OF FASHION"

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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**ON THE COVER—Rosalind Russell, by Sol Wechsler**  
(Photo, courtesy of MGM)

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# What do you want to say?

## FIRST PRIZE WAR NEWS!

AS I listen to the numerous, horrendous and conflicting broadcasts regarding the war news, it occurs to me that it would be much better to do away with most of them.

Especially those coming from the foreign capitals. Since most of them are censored, the reports don't mean much anyway, outside of creating doubts, fears and prejudices.

Besides, I believe that commentators should refrain from analyzing and summarizing situations as these tend to give information to the enemy which often proves helpful.

Please give us bulletins in the morning and at night, or any authentic flashes in between. These will suffice.—Mrs. A. E. Frank, Jackson Heights, New York.

## SECOND PRIZE THE TIE THAT BINDS

I feel as if a guide had taken me by the hand and led me through the great halls of the White House, where I had been permitted to meet Mrs. Roosevelt and come to know the innermost depths of the kind and generous heart of that great woman, for

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — P R I Z E S — —

First Prize ..... \$10.00

Second Prize ..... 5.00

Five Prizes of ..... 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than August 28th, 1940. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

I have been listening with great interest to her Tuesday and Thursday broadcasts.

She has given us glimpses into her rich and busy life, and made many things clear that were previously beyond my conception. Most important of all, she makes us feel she is but a

representative of OUR government, a government we have chosen, rather than that she is a large part of THE government. What a difference that word makes, for it draws closer the ties that bind.—Mrs. J. H. Allen, Evansville, Indiana.

## THIRD PRIZE

### WHO'S PUNCH-DRUNK?

Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom's dry, dumb humor is rapidly earning him a notch among radioland's comedians.

Maxie is a tonic after listening to these "smart" comedians who wait for the intelligentsia to get the quips—and some of them have the nerve to insult the listeners by saying so!

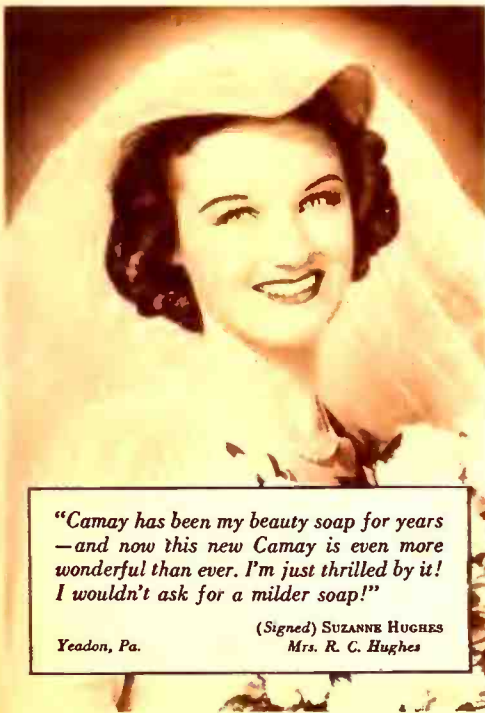
Keep it up, Maxie! You've proved that many men who never felt the sting of a padded mitten in the "bugle" are punch drunk!—Ethel Murphy, Lewiston, Me.

## FOURTH PRIZE

### FORGOTTEN YOUNGSTERS

This is in behalf of two "forgotten" juveniles of radio. The colossal young Rush of "Vic and Sade" has more talent and gets more laughs than Vic and Sade put together, and yet he is  
(Continued on page 53)

# Lovely Women Welcome this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



"Camay has been my beauty soap for years — and now this new Camay is even more wonderful than ever. I'm just thrilled by it! I wouldn't ask for a milder soap!"

(Signed) SUZANNE HUGHES  
Mrs. R. C. Hughes

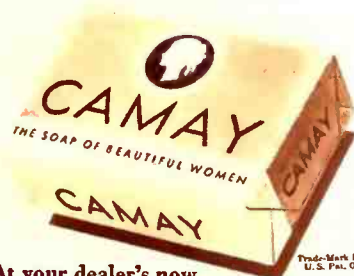
Yeadon, Pa.

MILLIONS of women have tried this wonderful new Camay. And everywhere they're thrilled to find a soap whose greater mildness, and more abundant lather can help them in their search for loveliness!

A woman's delicate skin needs the right care. Famous skin specialists have told us that proper cleansing with a fine, mild soap will help to keep it lovely.

That's why many women who feel that their skin is sensitive like Camay. It is milder than other leading beauty soaps... proved by tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps there are!

Start using this wonderful new Camay, yourself. Feel how your skin responds.



At your dealer's now  
— no change in wrapper!

### GREATER MILDNESS



New Camay is milder than other leading beauty soaps. We proved this by actual tests against the 6 best-selling beauty soaps of other makers!

### MORE ABUNDANT LATHER



New Camay gives more abundant lather in a short time than other leading beauty soaps. Proved by tests against 6 best-selling beauty soaps!

### NEW, WINNING FRAGRANCE



Camay has a new, long-lasting fragrance. Almost 2 out of every 3 women we asked voted it more pleasing than that of these other soaps!

THE BEAUTY NEWS OF 1940 IS THE NEW CAMAY



# Summer's Confusion

■ A host of surprises awaits the adventurous listener with the courage to explore the hot weather programs

**R**EALISTS view summer as the year's happiest time, with vacations, carefree hours of sunshine and fresh air, picnics, golf, swimming in the cool blue of ocean and lake. Realists have a different viewpoint. Summer becomes a time of painful sunburn, of hot days and hotter nights, of lost golf balls, of water in your ears and ants in your sandwiches.

The bitterest of such realists are produced by radio. To them, summer is the highwater mark of confusion, indecision and chaos.

You see, nowadays no regular broadcast can go off the air for a vacation unless the sponsor fills in that time with something else. Otherwise, when fall rolls around and the sponsor wants to begin his radio advertising again, he won't have any place to broadcast. His time will have been snatched up by someone else on the long waiting list.

Which, I hope, explains why when you tune in these days and nights, it's so hard to find the broadcast you started out to get, and why you keep bumping into new programs. Actually, unless you're a very careful listener, there's much good entertainment you may be missing.

This department, therefore, appoints itself a commission of one to help end your listening confusion and to introduce you to some of the hot weather heroes and heroines who make summer listening worthwhile.

On Monday, to mark time while Cecil B. DeMille and Lux rest their Radio Theater, CBS has arranged a series called "Forecast" with a staggering list of stars promised to appear. First listening made it seem exciting enough to keep tuning in. Then, in place of True or False, you'll find those two crusading columnists, Drew Pearson and Robert Allen. They're the ones who cause so much stir at times with their Washington Merry-Go-Round newspaper column. Oh yes, Burns and Allen are on Mondays, too. Seems they signed up with a new sponsor who was anxious to start advertising right away. So no vacation for George and Gracie.

Tuesday you'll find Tommy Dor-

sey with Bob Hope's sponsor, pinching while Bob races around the country in personal appearances, adding to his popularity and probably breaking even more records. While Fibber McGee and Molly are away, Meredith Willson, a fugitive from Good News will play. As he conducts, attractive, freckled Kay St. Germaine will sing.

Wednesdays are filled with the nonsensical jabberings of Abbott and Costello, replacing Fred Allen. Benay Venuta's singing makes the A & C comedy more tuneful. An old quiz expert is back—Uncle Jim and his Question Bee. For comedy drama, there are Jim Ameche and Gale Page, on in place of Charles Boyer. Gale is leaving her movie studio for good, so rumor says, and perhaps this winter, she will go right on broadcasting. And Meet Mr. Meek, who on CBS is constantly getting into trouble.

Thursdays all sorts of things have happened. To begin with, Good News (you know, with Dick Powell and Mary Martin and Baby Snooks) moved ahead an hour in broadcast time. It's going off the air the end of July for five weeks and will come back in September. That moves Bing Crosby et al. up one hour and shoves the Vallee broadcast back an hour. Get it? Then to top matters off, the Aldrich Family—a real favorite of mine—moves in to the 8:30 (EDT) stretch. And Bob Crosby and his Dixieland Jazz are heard at 10:00 over all the NBC Red stations not already occupied by Rudy Vallee.

Friday is much more quiet for listeners, but there is one new show to report. It's called Quiz Kids, and replaces Alec Templeton. The questions are supposedly for junior. Why not try it?

Saturday has a unique switch. In place of Bob Crosby, you now get for the same sponsor, Uncle Ezra. Wonder if he'll swing it?

Sundays you meet an old favorite, Jessica Dragonette, broadcasting from Dearborn, Michigan, for the Ford hour, and a new quiz of experts by Sigmund Spaeth.

The commission ends its report. For further details, see your Almanac, beginning on page 44.

FRED R. SAMMIS



■ Kay St. Germaine sings on Tuesday night while McGee and Molly vacation.



■ Meredith Willson, above, accompanies Kay; below, Saturday's Uncle Ezra.



■ Tommy Dorsey and his band pinch-hit for Bob Hope these Tuesday evenings



■ Above, Benay Venuta, with Abbott and Costello; below, Gale Page subs for Boyer







THROW AWAY YOUR

# whisk broom



IT is only a feeble makeshift if you're troubled with a case of infectious dandruff, as so many people are. Dandruff, you know, is the most common scaly disease of the scalp and is often due to germs.

What you need for this condition is real medication that treats an infection in a sensible way—with antiseptic therapy. And if you're wise, you will start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It may achieve for you the same amazing results it achieved for so many others.

### Let It Show You

Just give Listerine a chance to show how helpful it can be . . . how quickly it combats those distressing flakes and scales . . . how fresh, clean, and invigorated it makes your scalp feel . . . how ruthlessly it attacks the germs accompanying the infectious dandruff condition.

The treatment is easy, delightful, and can be applied at home. Just douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp full strength morning and night. Massage hair and scalp vigorously and persistently. In clinical tests, infectious dandruff sufferers were delighted to find that this treatment brought rapid improvement in most cases.

### Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic is effective against so many cases of infectious dandruff because it gives the scalp and hair a cooling and invigorating antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of the germs associated with this dandruff condition, including *Pityrosporum Ovale*.

This strange "bottle bacillus" is recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff—a condition which is only too common.

### Improvement in 76% of Test Cases

Rabbits inoculated with *Pityrosporum Ovale* developed definite dandruff symptoms which disappeared shortly after being treated with Listerine Antiseptic daily.

And in a dandruff clinic, 76% of humans who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

### Don't Delay. Use Listerine Now

If you have any evidence of infectious dandruff . . . if your scalp itches and burns . . . start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage right now—neglect may aggravate the symptoms. It's the medical method that has demonstrated its usefulness in a substantial majority of test cases. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

### THE TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.



**LISTERINE** the medical treatment for **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**





# You don't

**W**HY should we have children? The world is falling to pieces under our feet. There is war and persecution and poverty and we can see no signs of these evils being remedied. What right have we to bring children into a world like this? No, we don't want any children. We have nothing to offer them."

Too often in the past few years, people, who have accepted my help and advice in other matters, have thrown this argument at me when I have suggested that having children and establishing families would bring them the personal and emotional security which they were seeking. And now, with the world going through a serious crisis, I find this feeling is growing more widespread. More and more married couples are remaining childless because they believe it is unfair to bring children into a world that apparently shows no promise or hope of peace and progress in the future.

Something must be done about this attitude. I feel that people must be made to realize what is wrong with such thinking, before it has had time to destroy everything for which our democracy stands. Because that is the danger that lies so expertly hidden beneath the seeming logic and fairness of this attitude.

On the surface, it sounds as though people, who would otherwise have children, are making a great sacrifice in denying themselves this happiness and fulfillment. That's what it sounds like. But I'm afraid I'll have to shatter that illusion. Actually, whether they know it or not, these people are not really thinking so much of their unborn children as they are of themselves. That's perfectly all right. It is everyone's privilege to think of himself first and foremost. Self-preservation is still a primary law of nature. But in this instance, the thinking is very short-sighted. In fact, it is practically blind.

Unfortunately, I am forced to admit that of all the people who have expressed such ideas to me, men have been in the majority. I don't know why this is, unless it has to do with woman's natural desire for children and the fact that women are more realistic and more inclined to face problems and issues squarely. And, generally, when a woman has

■ In a world that sorely needs new courage, a radio authority on human relations offers this direct challenge to the women of our nation who say "We haven't any right to bring up children!"



# want to have BABIES?

By  
**JOHN J. ANTHONY**

*Director of the Good Will Hour heard Sunday nights at 10:00 over the NBC-Blue, sponsored by Ironized Yeast.*

said to me that she didn't want any children because the world was no longer a fit place for them to live in, I have found that she was influenced by her husband's judgment.

However, it really doesn't matter whether this defeatist attitude—for that's what it is—springs from men or women. What is important, to all of us, is the possible and probable effect it will have on our own lives. I'm not sure to what degree this blind thinking is responsible for the falling birth rate in this country, but I am certain it has something to do with it. The fact is there. The birth rate in this country is falling steadily. We have not yet reached the point where the number of deaths exceeds the number of births, but we are steadily drawing nearer to it. Social scientists have figured out that unless something is done to

raise our birth rate and lower our death rate, by approximately 1960 the two rates will be even and, after that, if they continue to work in the same ratio, our country's population will gradually become smaller and smaller. It will peter out, in fact.

This physical depopulation is a very important thing. France, for instance, has found out how important it is. Unfortunately, there was not time enough between the past war and this one for France to be able to do very much about it.

Equally unfortunate for France, Germany and Italy have been doing something about the population of their countries. What we have to consider, and consider seriously, is that a country robbed of its vitality—and the youth of a country is its vitality—is a ready prey for any enemy that chooses to strike at it and its manner of living.

I will take it for granted that you approve of the manner of living in the United States. You approve of democracy and free speech and personal freedom. You may have some fault to find with a few things in our particular civilization, but that is only natural. Our country has not had the time to go through all the steps of evolution that will make it into a perfect, ideal country in which to live. On the other hand, neither (Continued on page 64)

■ The maternal instinct is one of the greatest forces in the female mind. It can only be denied or diverted into other channels for just so long.







# Reunion

THEY sat together in the day-coach, the man and his son, and for one time was approaching and for the other it was going back. Time, what was it but these green fields dotted with summer flowers, these quiet hills, these roads leading into the future for the boy as they led into the past for the man.

The boy's heart stumbled and righted itself again when he saw the brook. It was his father who had told him about that and how it was good fishing weather when the wind was from the south. He could almost see the trout leaping in the sun. Brown speckled trout, a sporting fish if ever there was one, wise to the ways of a boy with a rod and a test for his mettle. Bobs looked up at his father and smiled to show that he remembered. There were only a few minutes left of the journey now, but he felt he couldn't wait until they got there.

"Will we go past the forest, Dad?" he asked.

"No." His father shook his head. "It's beyond the hills. But we'll go right past it on the way to Aunt Ellen's house."

The boy was silent for a little while. It was his mother before she was gone who used to tell him about the forest. But afterwards, his father told him about it too.

"Tell me some more about the forest, Dad," he begged. "Will there really be giants, do you suppose?"

"Do you want giants to be there?" his father asked and it was funny how his voice was always so gentle now. Before when mother was still there, he'd be impatient sometimes and sometimes he'd laugh at a boy's too many questions. But now it was almost as if he were as eager to answer the questions as the boy

was to ask them, as if it helped him too, to keep her there between them.

"Oh, yes," the boy's eyes were shining. "N'en I could go out with my trusty bow and arrow and capture 'em. D'you think there are any? Mother used to say you could find anything in those woods you wanted to. She said it was the Magic Forest, didn't she, Dad."

"That's right," the man said and his voice sounded tight and hard as if he were mad at something. Only Bobs knew he wasn't mad.

"And if you stand on the edge of the forest under the tallest pine tree and close your eyes and wish real hard, you can find anything in there you want." The boy's eyes punctuated his words with eagerness. "I sure hope I can find the right tree. What did you wish under it, Dad?"

"Come now, Bobs," the man turned away to hide his hurt from the boy. "You've asked me that so many times."

"And you always say the same thing," the boy insisted breathlessly. "You stood under the magic tree and wished for mother and you always found her. I guess it is a magic tree all right."

The man looked at him and something almost like fear came into his eyes. What could he say to this boy whose life was only beginning. What words could he find to tell him that living is seldom shaped to human desire, that dreams have a way of going with the years and hope a way of following them. Well enough for a man to know things as they are, to grit his teeth and take them. But a small boy of six had a right to dreams and to hope. That was why he had never told Bobs that his mother was dead—had said that she had "gone away."

*Francis*

Adapted from a story by Jean Halloway, broadcast on Campbell Soup's Short Short series over CBS, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 A.M., E.D.T.



## RADIO'S ENCHANTING STORY OF A CHILD'S SIMPLE WISH AND THE MAGIC OF HIS FAITH

"Well," he cleared his throat. "It was different then. Your mother always went into the woods to wait for me and so I was perfectly safe wishing as I did. You know, I wouldn't wish too hard if I were you. That tree's pretty old now. . . ."

The blast of the train whistle drowned out the rest of his words and then there was the excitement of arriving at the little country station and there was Aunt Ellen waving to them and for a moment it was almost like having Mother there. Aunt Ellen looked so much like her.

"Oh Gee, Dad," Bobs' eyes were shining and he clung to his father's hand as they got up. "Won't it be fun seeing Mother's house and going to sleep in her own room up under the eaves?"

Of course Aunt Ellen didn't really look like Mother. He saw that when they got close to her. Mother had been young and gay and her yellow hair had been like a coronet of tiny curls over her wide laughing eyes. Aunt Ellen was older and she looked sad, the way older people had begun to look after mother had gone. Her darkening hair was folded around her head like quiet wings and her eyes were tender and wise but there was something about them and the smile lifting the corners of her mouth that was enough like Mother to bring a degree of solace to a boy's longing.

"Well bless your heart, John," Aunt Ellen said as they stopped in front of her. "Here you are. And this is little Bobs, well . . . well. . . ."

"I'm not so little, Aunt Ellen, I'm seven."

"Imagine that . . . seven!" The way she said it made it sound important and she didn't laugh at him

as grown ups so often did.

Bobs liked her. Before he'd been dreading having her kiss him as older people always were wanting to do, but now he felt as if he wouldn't mind much.

"You may kiss me if you like, Aunt Ellen," he offered generously.

"Oh, grown men don't kiss people, Bobs," she said, making him like her more than ever. "Let's shake hands."

Bobs felt very grown up and self reliant after that sitting in the buggy between his aunt and his father. It was so much more fun than riding in an automobile. The horse plodding along the road was beginning to seem like a friend too.

"It's good to have you here, John," Aunt Ellen said and she showed she understood men as well as boys, handing over the reins to him and letting him drive. "I wanted to ask you long ago, but I thought the place would have too many memories of Margaret. . . ."

"They're very precious memories, Ellen," the man said slowly.

Bobs was sitting with his eyes staring ahead as if he were afraid to miss a single detail of the wonders they were passing.

"Where's the forest?" He demanded suddenly.

"The forest?" Aunt Ellen's voice sounded startled.

"He means the grove," the man explained. "Margaret used to tell him it was a magic forest."

"And if you stand under the tallest tree and make a wish, it comes true," the boy added quickly. "Have you ever done it, Aunt Ellen?"

The eyes of the man and woman met over the boy's head and again that look almost of fear came in his father's eyes and Aunt Ellen brushed a *(Continued on page 83)*

■ He took aim. The arrow flew to its mark, but Bobs felt no elation. "You've got him," the girl cried jubilantly. "Right in the leg!"





# New Fashion

By  
**MARIAN RHEA**

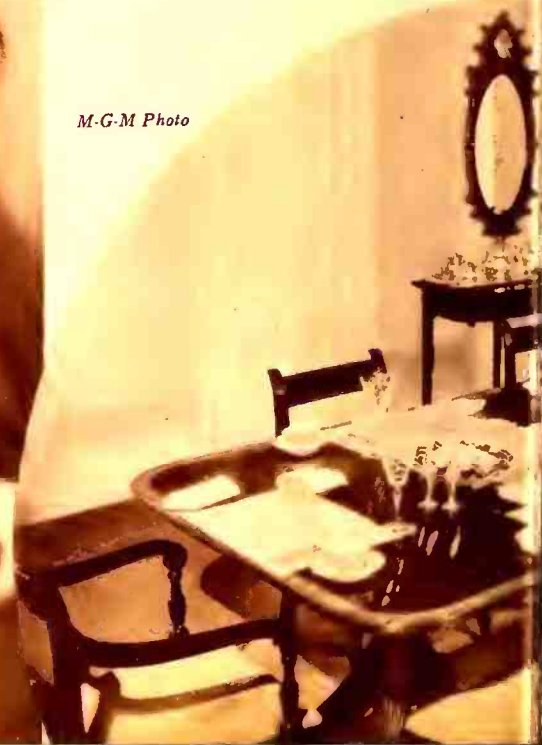
**I**N THE white-and-gold dinner gown with bodice daringly cut out just above the waistline to reveal a triangular expanse of smooth beach tan, she is a tall, blue-eyed goddess who dines at Ciro's with any of a dozen of Hollywood's eligibles.

In the gay, free skirt and sweater, a single ribbon to protect her thick, shiny hair from the ravages of the wind, she is America, 1940, exploring her native land, driving alone in her own coupe to the Yosemite Valley, stopping off at the foot of a towering pine forest at the tourist camp there—then speeding across the flat lands to Salt Lake City or down to Calexico on the border, lingering at dusty, out-of-the-way oil stations discovering from friendly attendants what makes the country she loves and appreciates, tick.

In the severely tailored suit, opposite the microphone from grinning Spencer Tracy, doing a radio version of "Ninotchka"—in the same suit with a striking new

■ Her home's a perfectly ordered bachelor-girl household, run by two maids, with clever final touches added by Rosalind herself for weekend entertaining.

M-G-M Photo





# in Fascination

■ Bewitching, wise-cracking and beautiful is the new Rosalind Russell who sets the pace for the modern bachelor girl with a purpose in life

blouse and lapel ornament, opposite Jimmy Stewart doing the movie version of "No Time for Comedy" on the Warner lot—she is the most modern version of a star.

Her home is a cool white brick house in Beverly Hills, set back from the walk by a carpet of soft green lawn—a home run by her two maids, who know exactly what is wanted for the perfectly ordered household—what menus to be planned—what clothes to be laid out—what cocktails to be served.

She is Rosalind Russell, brand-new fashion in fascination—bachelor girl not marking time until she is married but making the most of every single moment now; a Hollywood rarity whom no breath of scandal has ever touched, who leaves behind her no trail of broken romances or discarded marriages.

She is even taller than she should be for pictures—five feet six inches, to be exact, much wittier than custom says you can afford to be for

popularity, and when the occasion demands, happily wears glasses.

No star currently is more compelling on the screen or more believable in her radio roles, no one more arduously sought after by fancy-free bachelors, canny movie producers and broadcast sponsors.

It is typical of Rosalind to be one of the Hollywood leaders in broadcasting. (By what some might term a coincidence, her first regular series of programs on the Silver Theater over CBS marked an exciting upswing in her film fortunes.) Gay, wise-cracking, beautiful, she wants to be on any bandwagon which, like entertainment's most modern medium, marches with progress.

She's like that—alive, interested, vital, modern to the fingertips. Still, she's not these, alone. She's feminine, too. And glamorous with the kind of glamour that goes with good

breeding, education and a keen, active brain. I remember a comment that an electrician at Warners, where Rosalind has been making "No Time for Comedy," voiced one day when I was visiting the set.

"That gal savvies. . ."

Well, she does. She "savvies" plenty. Gaily, sanely, capably, she steers a straight course through the febrile, troubled sea of ambition and emotion that is Hollywood. Gaily, sanely, capably she lives the kind of a life that many another star like herself has tried to live—but could not. No broken marriages clutter up her past. No scandal has ever whispered in her wake. Her friends are myriad and her enemies none.

I asked (Continued on page 73)



■ No star has been more admired by men than Rosalind. Her friends are myriad and her enemies none. Above, with radio executive Frank Delano.

■ Left, after a hard day, Rosalind's beauty secret for renewed loveliness is a bath, perfume and correct costume for leisure hours.







# New Fashion in Fascination

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■ There was only the memory of past happiness to help radio's heroine hold true to her husband's ideals. Complete in this issue, the dramatic story of a widow's most perplexing problem

ALONE in the church, Ellen Randolph's tears ran unchecked. As she knelt near the simple altar, she read again the single sheet of cheap notepaper in her hand, though there was no need—she already knew its brief message by heart.

"Your husband will never return to you. We send these belongings of his to prove he is dead."

There was no signature. In the package that had accompanied the letter were George's key ring, with all its keys, and his wallet, containing a few personal papers and snapshots of Ellen and of Bob, his son. These inanimate objects, even more than the letter, were what had sent her running from the parsonage to take shelter in the church.

"Oh God," Ellen prayed. "Help me to be strong. Help me to find the strength to do the work George started. If I am not to have him, that is Thy will. I ask Thy help. Amen."

It wasn't much of a prayer, she knew, but when she had finished it she felt better, more able to face the problem of getting through this day and the days that were to follow.

She rose and looked around her, at the rows of plain benches, at the shabby organ in one corner, the walls of cheap pine. The dreams she and George had had for this church! And now he was gone. Yet she couldn't accept—not yet—what the letter told her. George was still alive, she felt, still with her here in the church into which they had poured all their dreams, even though she remembered too well the day George had been called back to China, back to the interior of the wild, north country where they had done missionary work. She had been so glad when they had left there a year ago and had returned here to Oakhurst. And then the urgent message to George and his

## THE STORY OF

Ellen  
Randolph

*Fictionized from the daily radio serial heard Mondays through Fridays at 5*

leaving, with a smile and a reassuring kiss. The weeks that followed so filled with anxiety when she had received no word from him, no hint of his whereabouts. And now this letter. George gone. . . .

Slowly, in the hushed silence, Ellen walked to the door, looked up to the small belfry surmounted by a plain wooden cross that had once been painted white but now was a lavender-tinged gray. Shining in the distance, a glorification rather than a worship of God, was the proud spire of Oakhurst's other church that arrogantly flung itself towards Heaven.

They had wanted George for that other church, with its rich pastorate, its choir, its new organ. Yet, it had been an easy choice. Without hesitation, she and George had chosen the lower town, the congregation of poor fishermen and the workers in the canning factory. There was so much work to be done here. They had made only a small beginning when George had left.

Ellen knew what she must do. She must stay on here, continue to live among these people, serve George's memory. Even though another pastor was already on his way to take charge of the church.



■ Alone in the church, Ellen prayed. "Oh God, help me to be strong. Help me to find the strength to do the work George started. If I am not to have him, then that is Thy will. I ask Thy help. Amen."



## A RADIO MIRROR NOVELETTE

M., E.D.T., over the NBC-Red network, sponsored by Colgate Palmolive Peet Co.

Carl Richmond had brought Ellen the news that same morning, telling her she must leave the parsonage, though it was obvious to Ellen he was hating the task. But Carl had no choice. His uncle, Corey Barrett, had told him to see Ellen and whatever Corey Barrett wanted done, had done, no matter how.

It had been Corey Barrett from the very beginning who opposed George and Ellen in their efforts to better conditions for the workers in lower Oakhurst. First he had tried to persuade George to become pastor of the other church and when he had failed there, he put every ob-

stacle possible in their way. He had wasted no time, Ellen thought, sending a new minister into the church, forcing her out of the parsonage.

Corey Barrett was an opponent few people in Oakhurst dared confront for very long. His power in the town was far reaching and, Ellen realized, as owner of the canning factory, he was only too naturally bitter towards anyone with influence among his workers. Ellen squared her shoulders, pressed her lips together to bring back their color and stepped into the bright sunlight. A shadow fell across her

path and for a moment, she couldn't see who it was. Shading her eyes, she recognized Mark Hilton. His tall, muscular figure was poised tentatively, as if he were dubious about speaking.

"I just heard about—what came in the mail," he said. "I don't know what to say, Ellen."

"Don't say anything," she told him. "I'd rather you didn't."

He nodded gravely. Once more, she was able to count on Mark Hilton's understanding, his complete sympathy. Once, when they were both younger, she and Mark had planned on being married—but then Ellen had gone to China on a pleasure-trip, had met George Randolph and married him instead. It had hurt Mark, she knew, but he never showed it. When she and George returned together to the United States, after five years of married life, Mark was just the same—kind, quiet-spoken, devoted. Even in her innermost thoughts, she had never admitted the truth—that she knew he still loved her, would always love her.

**H**AVEN'T you any idea where George went?—how all this could have happened to him?" Mark asked.

"Yes—a little, Mark. A good many years ago, before I knew George, he traveled up into Tibet—to a country called Antal. I don't know what happened there, really. George never would talk about it. But I know he always had a sort of half-mystical feeling that some day he would go back there—not of his own will."

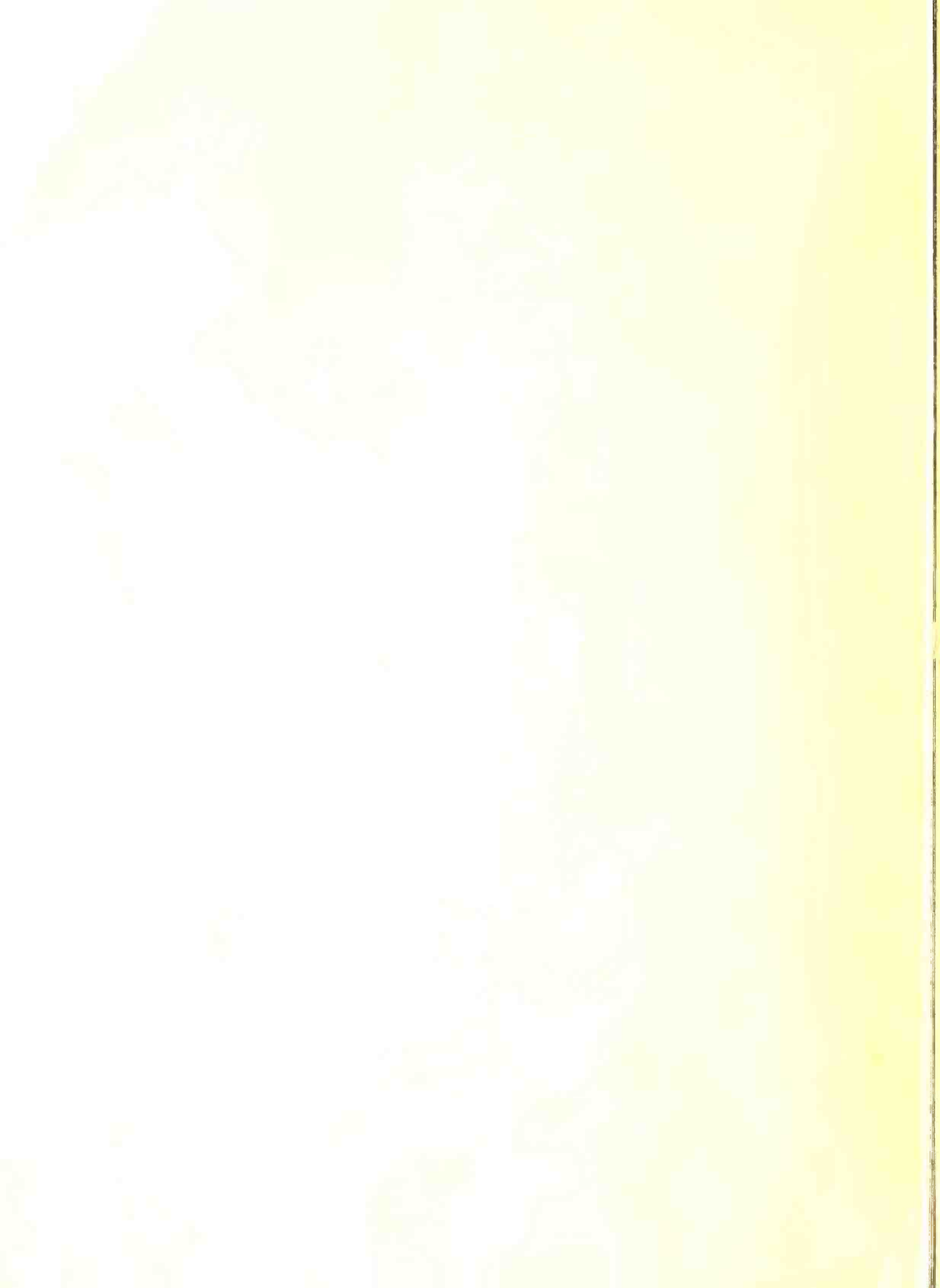
Mark stared, and she realized that her theory must sound fantastic. How much more so it would appear if she told him of her other reason for believing that Antal was where George had gone!

Night after night, lately, she had dreamed of George. She had seen him on a ship, dazed and stupid, accompanied by two men of Oriental appearance. Then she had seen him in a vast, cavernous room, surrounded by uncowed, bald-pated Tibetan monks. The dreams were disconnected; they told no coherent story; but they were startlingly vivid. And today, faced with the reality of the letter that had come in the mail, they were a comfort that she could not see shattered by Mark's cynicism, well-meant though it would undoubtedly be.

"What will you do now, Ellen?" he asked.

"Stay here in the lower town. George would want me to. There's a little money in the bank, and maybe I can get a job of some kind. I've







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## THE STORY OF

# Ellen Randolph

## A RADIO MIRROR NOVELETTE

Fictionized from the daily radio serial heard Mondays through Fridays at 9:30

A.M., E.D.T., over the NBC-Red network, sponsored by Colgate Palmolive Peet Co.

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already picked out a cottage that the agent says I can have for ten dollars a month."

Mark's sensitive lips tightened. Perhaps he was thinking that ten dollars a month wouldn't rent a very comfortable house, and was comparing it with his own luxurious mansion up on the hill. He said, "I thought perhaps you and Bob might move up to your brother's."

**N**O—Ted suggested it, and Claire is quite insistent. But I'd rather stay here."

"You know, Ellen—if there's anything I can do. . . ."

"I know, Mark dear. But this is something I'll have to work out for myself."

They walked out of the church, and on the porch Ellen saw that a neat green coupe had stopped in front of the parsonage. She recognized it with dismay as Claire's. Now there would be another wrangle, and of course she would have to tell Claire about the letter and the package.

"Mark," she said hurriedly, "would you mind?—I'd rather see Claire alone. I'll have to tell her again that I can't come to live with her and Ted, and it's going to be difficult."

He smiled sympathetically and got into his own car.

Ted and Claire were both in the parlor of the parsonage when Ellen came in. Ted Clayton was an older, heavier, and masculine version of Ellen. He had her gray eyes, her dark, taffy-colored hair, her straight-forward, honest way of thinking and speaking. He'd be quite a person, Ellen often thought, if he had married someone other than Claire—Claire with her porcelain-fragile loveliness, her devious and clever and perfectly conventional mind.

Claire looked quickly at Ellen, and asked at once, "Darling, what's the matter? You've been crying."

"A little," Ellen admitted. "I got this—and some things of George's—in the mail this afternoon." She held the letter out for them to read.

For once, Claire was shocked into

real sympathy. "How horrible! Ellen—my dear!" Ted was silent, but his face showed his thoughts.

"Something terrible has happened to George," Ellen said, "I can't believe he's really dead."

"Have you told Bob?" Claire asked.

"He—he was with me when I opened the letter and the parcel." Into Ellen's vision came again the sight of Bob's face, the quivering, silent lips, the eyes from which, with all the pride of his fifteen years, he blinked back insistent tears.

With her unflinching genius for making the sweetly cutting remark, Claire said, "It must be terrible for him. It's not as if you were really his mother. . . ."

No, Ellen admitted inwardly, it was not as if she were really Bob's mother. It was hard to keep remembering that. He hadn't been ten years old when she and George were married. She had heard his prayers and nursed him through illnesses and bound up his childish wounds, both physical and spiritual; and she had come to feel that he was her son as much as George's. But perhaps Claire was right: perhaps he didn't share that feeling.

"Ellen, you and Bob *must* come to live with us now! Mustn't she, Ted?"

"Well . . . perhaps it would be better. . . ."

"Of course it would! Can't you see, Ellen, it's the *only* sensible thing to do?"

Quietly, Ellen answered, "I see it's the one thing I can't do, Claire. I'm awfully grateful, but—I mustn't fail George. If I left here now, moved up with you and Ted, I'd be throwing away every ideal he worked for."

Claire half turned away with a gesture of baffled dismissal. Unseen by her, Ted cast Ellen a sympathetic look. Then Claire returned to the argument on a new tack. "Well, surely you'll get rid of that Brown girl and her baby! In your position, you can't afford to keep them with you."

"Why not?" Ellen asked. "I'm very fond of Amy, and the baby is a darling. Amy doesn't eat so very much—"

"You know very well that when I said 'afford' I didn't mean it in a financial sense!"

"What other way is there to mean it?"

"Very well—if I must be blunt. Amy Brown is an unmarried mother! Everyone in Oakhurst knows that—but no one knows who she is or where she came from."

"I think (Continued on page 67)

Photos especially posed by Elsie Hitz as Ellen and Ken Daigneau as Mark.



■ If only she could tell Mark all that was in her heart—that she loved him, but not well enough to betray the trust George had left with her.



# MEET THE SWINGS

■ Their whirlwind courtship has lasted in twenty years of perfect marriage, an exciting union of two vital people as important to the world as to themselves



■ An ideal American couple—the Raymond Gram Swings, with the English refugee boy they have taken into their home.

**B**ERLIN, in 1920, was a city where people were trying to forget the horror of a war that had changed the face of Europe. It was a city making desperate attempts to return to civilization. It was a home for scientists, writers and lovers of fine music. There was poverty, but there was hope. Hitler was still an unknown quantity and Berlin was a city where a man could walk with dignity in the streets.

A young American girl named Betty Gram had just arrived in Berlin from America, where she had spent three years fighting for women's rights. It had been a bitter, grueling fight, but she had helped win it. Women could now vote. Betty Gram had come to Berlin to relax and study music.

Berlin, at that time, was also the temporary home of a young newspaperman named Raymond Swing. His job was that of foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*. His pastime was music.

## By JACK SHER

One evening, a friend of Betty Gram's said, "How would you like to visit the Swings with me?"

"Who are the Swings?" Betty asked.

"There are quite a few of them," the friend said. "They're the most musical family in Berlin."



Raymond Gram Swing broadcasting the news weekdays at 10 P.M., E.D.T., over Mutual, sponsored by White Owl Cigars.

When Betty Gram and her friend arrived, there was only one Swing present—Raymond. That evening turned out to be the beginning of a whirlwind courtship, which ended in marriage three months later. A marriage that has lasted twenty years. A union which was destined to be unusual and exciting from the very beginning, because these two young people were not only interested in being useful to each other, but useful to the world as well.

Today, Raymond Gram Swing is one of America's leading commentators and his wife, Betty Gram Swing, is nationally known as a feminist, a worker and lecturer for women's rights.

"It seems strange," she said to me, "but women themselves have been their own greatest enemies. For some time now, men have been willing to concede that women were their equals in any form of endeavor. But the majority of  
(Continued on page 61)



# Half Way Down The Street

■ The sentimental ballad that's sweeping the country—play it and listen to Fred Waring feature it on his Chesterfield programs, as Radio Mirror's song of the month

Words by  
KIM GANNON

Music by  
GUY WOOD

Chorus (Slowly in steady tempo)

Just a HALF WAY DOWN THE STREET is where we used to meet to do our dream-in'... It was just a va-cant lot, but what a love-ly spot when stars were gleam-in'... There was - n't too much room there, And ros-es weren't in bloom there; But it still was might-y sweet just HALF WAY DOWN THE STREET. By a sign that said "For sale" we



Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Ddim Am7 D7

wove a fair- y tale, but kept it qui- et. — We were

G Dm7 G7 G7+ C

dream - in' of the day we could step right up and say "We'll buy it." — Just by

A9 Eb9 G6 Bm Em

way of show - ing you that fair - y tales come true, We'll show you one that's all com-

*rall.*

A9 D9 G Ddim. E7+ Am D7

plete, — If you'll vis - it us some day in our cot - tage HALF WAY DOWN THE

*a tempo*

G Em Em7 A7 Ddim (Esus) D7 G C9 G

1. STREET. Just a STREET.







*Betty Jane Rhodes*

■ She's not only heard every Tuesday night over the Mutual network with Dave Rose's orchestra, but she's also seen twice weekly in television from the Coast. Betty just celebrated her 19th birthday; started in radio when she was ten—with Al Pearce in San Francisco; does her own dress designing and has a collection of dogs, cats and canaries in her home near Hollywood.

RADIO'S  
PHOTO-  
MIRROR

# FATNESS

## Isn't Fatal

■ A young star who found out that happiness is more than appearance, tells her inspiring true story, and shows how you can turn overweight into an asset!

A BLUES voice and a very—well, to put it kindly—plump little girl. A pug nose, a grin and a figure that immediately invited nicknames like “Shorty,” “Runt” and “Fatty.” An irrepressible giggle. A terrific yen for curls and ribbons and ankle socks and frilly dresses and wide-brimmed, floppy, romantic hats. Can you think of any less glamorous combination than this? You can’t? Well, neither can I.

But this was me. This was the gal who sat in her room at Grandfather’s house in Richmond, Virginia, between classes at the University and sometimes far into the night, wondering unhappily how she was going to get to be a glamour girl and doing all sorts of amazing and slightly frantic things to become one. Because, you see, at that time I thought I just had to be a glamour girl and it took plenty of misery to make me realize that I just wasn’t the raw material glamour girls are made from and, more important still, that I didn’t particularly want to be one, anyway.

Before I went to the University, it didn’t seem to matter very much that I was kind of plump. Kids always run around in crowds and I had mine and never missed any fun. But at the University it was different. You were on your own and you got dates or you didn’t get them. Besides, I was beginning to get a vague sort of ambition to do something, to be a success. And,



By P A T S Y G A R R E T T

■ Patsy (above), the author of this story, sings on Fred Waring’s *Pleasure Time*, heard Monday through Friday over NBC, 7 P.M., E. D. T.

considering the fact that my parents were famous troupers—they travelled in vaudeville for years as Mason and Gwynne—and that I could sing and make people laugh, it isn’t surprising that, vague as they were, my thoughts were turning toward the stage. But who ever heard of a blues singer nicknamed “Fatty?” So, maybe, you can see why I spent so many hours figuring out what was wrong with me.

At first I did a lot of day-dreaming. I dreamt of myself, for instance, with a willowy walk, long eyelashes, long bob, and a wide sensitive mouth. But gradually it came over me that you can’t hope for a willowy walk if you have short legs,

that long eyelashes can’t be grown at will, and can only be affected through great pains and much beauty shop money, that a long bob and a round face of the grinning variety aren’t always bosom pals, and that a wide and sensitive mouth was a feature I would only see in my dreams. It gradually dawned on me that while I might be able to see myself in my dreams, nobody else would. I decided to take stock of myself and, in a practical way, learn to make the best of my natural attributes.

That sounds easy, but it wasn’t. Any girl faced with the same problems I had, will know what I mean. It (Continued on page 75)





■ The stately white Georgian house sets high among the Bel Air Hills. Above, Fanny and her pet Spitz dog, Ricky, greet you at the front entrance. Below, at the foot of the spiral staircase is a 1790 Sheraton drum table with a rare old Italian oil lamp.



■ This is the house that radio's Baby Snooks built for Fanny Brice—but it was Fanny's thoughtful planning that has made it the home it is today

# Living

**F**ANNY BRICE has two hobbies: Baby Snooks and antiques. And the connecting link is that Snooks built the house that harbors the age-old treasures!

It was during her reign as ace comedienne of the Ziegfeld Follies that Fanny created the humorous character of Baby Snooks, and now, years later, the saucy little pest is bringing her new fame and fortune.

The Antique Urge started during an idle hour back in 1923, when she was lured by a rare Pembroke table.

*Photos specially taken for Radio Mirror by NBC, Hollywood*







■ Fanny has rigged up a colorful game-room which looks out on a beautiful terrace, adjacent to the turquoise swimming pool.

# IS AN ART

By MAUD CHEATHAM

Instantly, she realized she was caught in the collector's fatal web, and she's been "antique-ing" ever since.

Cursed or blest, with a nervous energy—she doesn't know which it is—Fanny grew restless sitting around waiting for things to happen, so with the golden sheckels Baby Snooks wins as star of NBC Good News of 1940 program, she built a stately white Georgian house. It sets high among the Bel Air hills, and faces the setting sun.

Here is ample proof that living is an art, that the right way of life has to be acquired through careful thought and preparation.

Explained Fanny, "The main point was that I wanted a home, but," she added with an impish (*Continued on page 55*)



■ This 1790 Pembroke table was the first in Miss Brice's collection; below, the unusual smoking stand was converted from an old muffin stand.

■ A most unusual piece in Miss Brice's collection of art treasures is an Italian clock (at left). As the pendulum swings back and forth, the eyes of the lady do the same.

■ Here is an interesting corner of the library where Fanny keeps an antique table, laden with several odd-looking ornaments. Note the pear-shaped container. It's an old tea caddy.





# JOHN'S Other Wife

Fictionized by Ethelda Bedford from the radio serial on NBC-Blue, at 3:30 P.M., E.D.T., daily, sponsored by Freezone and Kolynos Toothpaste.

Copyright 1940, Frank and Anne Hummert

ELIZABETH PERRY was resentful, fearful and terribly alone. John, her husband, whom she adored, was so immersed in Perry's Department Store that he seemed to have forgotten about his wife and home. In his endeavor to capture as many customers as possible from his competitor, Henry Sullivan, he had hired Annette Rogers. Annette, sleek, attractive and scheming, had always had plenty of money until her father died and she was forced to earn her living. Elizabeth, feeling sorry for her, was directly responsible for Annette's becoming John's assistant, little dreaming that it might one day break up their home.

One evening Elizabeth called for John at his office, and was rather reluctantly invited by Annette to join them at a dinner to be given at the home of Robbin Pennington, the store's largest stockholder. Also invited was Mortimer Prince, New York millionaire, and his daughter, Carlie, one of Annette's dearest friends. While driving out to the Pennington estate, Annette told Elizabeth that it was necessary to augment her salary by playing the stock market and that fortunately she received tips from Prince and Pennington. She also admitted that she was always able to borrow money when she needed it.

Elizabeth entered the Pennington home a little warily, but she was soon made to feel at ease by Robbin. He paid her many compliments, remarked about the fine capabilities of her husband and warned her of Annette. Elizabeth, remembering Annette's remark in the car about stock market tips, queried Robbin about it and learned indirectly that John was providing Annette with funds.

Elizabeth, choked by jealousy, decided to fight Annette at her own game. She asked Robbin to drive her home—and in the car requested the name of a broker. The next morning she appeared in the office

of Atchinson Dobbs with \$20,000.00 worth of bonds which John had given her when they were married. The broker persuaded her to invest the entire sum in oil stocks—buying on margin so that her profits might be greater. After two miserable weeks had gone by she received a call from Dobbs asking for an additional \$10,000 to cover her previous purchases—and in panic, she mortgaged the house.

Next day Annette Rogers came to see Elizabeth to announce that she was going to marry Henry Sullivan—John's business competitor. After the first flush of relief at the prospect of Annette's disassociation from John, Elizabeth became suspicious. Why had she hurried over to tell her this news? While Annette was trying to explain, the phone rang and Dobbs informed her that all her money was lost unless she could cover. In a flash, Elizabeth realized that Annette, too, had lost large sum of John's money and was now planning to marry Sullivan because she had over-reached herself with John. She asked Annette to leave her house immediately. A few minutes later John came in—a tragic, unhappy figure—asking for the bonds—informed her that he needed money badly in order to keep his business going. How was Elizabeth to tell him what she had done? Had she *really* lost him now?

**D**ON'T you hear me, Elizabeth?" John Perry kept saying to his wife. "I've come home to get those stocks. Let me have them."

His hands clutched her shoulders harder; still she could not speak. How could she tell him she had lost everything trying to hold him?

John's fingers fastened more tightly and through her numbness she felt the pain.

"I can't let you have them! They're not here. I—John, I lost them . . . even mortgaged this house—"

Like a loud shot the door behind



■ Elizabeth walked over to the window . . .





■ **Begin now, as a thrilling novel, the intimate story of lovely Elizabeth Perry whose marriage drama might be a vivid chapter taken from the life of any woman**

John slammed as his body slumped against it. The noise startled Elizabeth back to reality.

She heard her dry whispers as she unfolded the facts . . . saw his eyes dilate with astonishment. Once she started talking, she told him about Dobbs who said his clients bought on margin because profits were proportionately greater, how she had kept plunging—couldn't stop.

"Because I hoped so terribly for success—I was selfish, John—I see now. But—"

The tragedy in his eyes stopped her.

They looked at each other over a gulf, it seemed to Elizabeth, so vast that even their five years of love and marriage could not span it.

"I did it for you," she cried. Couldn't he see that she had, in desperation, tried the only way she knew to prove she could command a place in his world—the world he loved and respected even more than their home?

"Say something, John! Don't stand there staring at me like that!" she pleaded.

After an interminable moment his arm went round her shoulder. At last he spoke: "It's all right. I'll find the money somewhere." He wet his lips. Elizabeth saw that his forehead was damp.

"I—did it for you," she whispered. "We still have each other. I love you, John. I'll do anything. . . ."

"Somewhere," he repeated. "I've got to go now," he went on. "There's still one chance. Mortimer Prince. He's gone back to New York. I'll have to find him."

In silence Elizabeth followed him up the stairs to their room, helped him fill a single suitcase.

"John, I—I can't say anything more than I'm terribly sorry and—ashamed."

He took her in his arms and kissed her once. "It's all right. It can't be helped now, Elizabeth. It's got to work out somehow—"

It was an odd time to realize that a man was in love with her . . . Robbin waited.



## ■ Elizabeth finds through heartache that jealousy and suspicion should have no place in

He was gone quickly in a cab hailed at the curb. The man whose love and life she had known for five years was gone. She closed the door and the click of the lock echoed in the empty room. John was gone to fight for his very existence in the business world, when she might have been able to reach out her hand and save him. He had left, with more suffering in his eyes than she had even seen.

**E**LIZABETH could not think, could not see for tears. For anger. For humiliation. She went upstairs in a kind of daze, sat on the bed, feeling the emptiness of those gaping bureau drawers.

When the old Irish maid, Molly, came in, Elizabeth explained that Mr. Perry would be away several days—and somehow she stumbled through the routine of a house, no longer a home, of a life which had become merely an existence, pivoting around one question: When will John come back?

At the end of the first week she telephoned the store, to hear the competent-toned voice of the switchboard operator say:

"Mrs. Perry? I thought I recognized you, but thought surely you knew Mr. Perry is in New York."

Feeling like a fool, she answered quickly—"Of course. It's just that I'm nervous when he flies and wanted to know the minute he arrived at the store."

She didn't know he had flown. She didn't know anything—only that life without him was torture. What could she do—without him? Get a job . . . work . . . somehow live through days and nights until something would happen to bring them together again?

She lay awake at night, listened for the phone, when the tired beats of her heart were so loud she wondered if she could hear the bell if it rang. When neighbors called, she slaved to sound cheerful. She was

able to fool everyone except Grandma Nora Manners.

Life had taught Nora Manners in her 67 years to understand the human heart without trying to change it. She was the quiet, loving kind, who could listen without holding forth with her own opinions on what was right for a wife to do and what was wrong with what she had done. She had taken Elizabeth to raise when her mother, Nora's only daughter, and her husband, had been killed suddenly in an automobile accident. And not even Elizabeth's marriage to John Perry had lessened the bond of devotion between them.

"Granny!" Elizabeth exclaimed, opening the door to the bright-eyed old lady that Sunday afternoon. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"Well, when I called you this beautiful afternoon and heard no cheer in your voice I didn't think I needed to tell you. You should have known I'd soon be here."

It was good to hear the cracked old voice, feel those tender, knowing eyes, reading her heart.

"Not like you to turn hermit, Elizabeth," Granny Manners said, planking her bag down in the hall and taking off her coat. "I knew something was wrong when they told me at the store yesterday John had been in New York a week."

Granny knew without being told that Elizabeth had stayed there, in the house, alone, waiting—wondering, listening for the phone, for a taxi stop.

"My child, don't you know crying won't help?"

But it did help, just to let go like that, with those plump, loving arms holding her.

"You're going to stay with me, Granny?" unable to keep the pleading from her voice as she dried her eyes and looked at the bag on the floor.

"I always liked that little blue and yellow guest room."

Elizabeth started up the stairs with the bag. The old lady followed, balancing her steps by holding to the bannister.

"It's all my fault—about John." No use holding back from Granny, who loved John as if he were her own son.

There in the blue and yellow room, sitting on the candlewick spread, Elizabeth let go the whole story through unrestrained tears.

"I was jealous—afraid. That's why I did it!"

"I understand, dear," holding Elizabeth's hand. "It's the way with

a woman. She wants everything. Just having a man love her is never enough—yet, goodness knows, no one ever has everything in this life at one time. Certainly not every part of a man's heart. Part of John's heart will always belong to his business, Elizabeth."

"Oh, I know that now," Elizabeth said miserably. "But now I've lost his trust."

"Try not to think of it for a while." Granny Manners knew that reviewing her worry again and again would not help, that what Elizabeth needed most just then was forgetfulness.

"Turn out that light and go to sleep!" Granny would call down the hall every time Elizabeth dared turn on the light. No more sitting up till dawn, pretending to read. Granny made her woo sleep with egg-nogs and hot milk. Elizabeth was not even allowed out of bed till 11 o'clock during the following three days.

John had been away ten days when one noon the phone rang and Elizabeth raced to answer it.

"Mr. Perry has just come into the store, Mrs. Perry," the store operator informed her politely. "Would you like me to connect you with him?"

After a breathless pause Elizabeth said, "No—no, not unless he asked you to call me. He—he phoned me himself from the airport."

It was strange that she could lie so easily to save her pride, to keep an anonymous telephone girl from knowing the truth, that she and her husband had been separated for ten days yet he had not even phoned her when he returned.

But she could not lie to herself about those endless nights of waiting and listening. There would never be any way in the world to keep from remembering these past ten days.

She still sat in the chair beside the table. Her fingers ached from clenching the phone, when suddenly it rang again, jangled the pain in her heart into quick hope. John! What could she say?

"Hello—" Tears shot into her eyes and voice.

"That you, Elizabeth?" a masculine voice asked.

"John—" Even though now she knew it was not John, mechanically she had called his name in despair.

"This is Robbin Pennington—"

"Robbin Pennington—it—it's nice to hear from you." Her polite, conventional words thinly covered her





## the heart of a devoted wife

mingled disappointment and surprise.

"May I drop in to see you for a few minutes? I'm in your neighborhood. I'd like to talk to you."

"Do come," she said, replacing the phone and realizing she was not displeased that he had called her. In fact, his voice had etched a friendly vision on her mind. But had he called to talk about John—tell her something which should not be repeated over the wire?

She had no more than opened the door to him than he spoke straight to the thought in the front of her mind.

"I've come to talk about *you*," he smiled as she took his hat. "I've just learned about what happened to your investment—you see, I went back east with Mortimer Prince right after the party."

"Then, you know—"

His serious blue eyes held hers as she sat beside him on the couch and told her just how very much he did know.

"We flew back this morning."

"We?" Elizabeth faltered.

"Why, yes," Pennington said. "John, myself, Mortimer Prince and his daughter Carlie."

Now, Elizabeth realized, he must know that John had not yet called her to tell her he was back.

"I thought you knew—" He paused.

"About the money for the store?" breathlessly Elizabeth hazarded a guess.

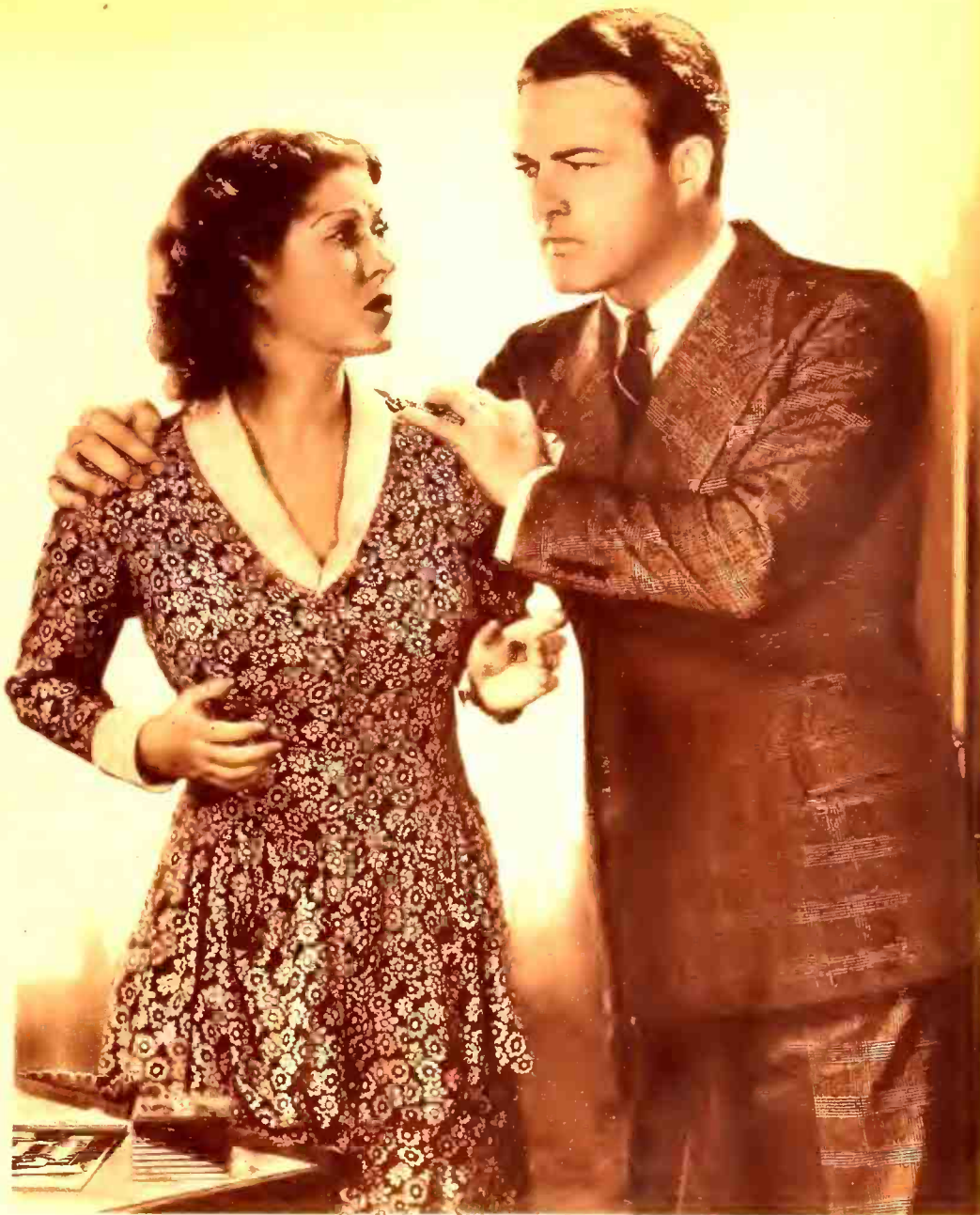
Pennington nodded, his dark eyebrows drawn together in a frown.

"Yes. You know, I'm not sure how the deal is going to work out. Perhaps John bit off more this time than he could chew."

**W**HY? What do you mean?" Elizabeth asked sharply. She must find out what Pennington knew, what John had accomplished on his trip—though how much better if she would have heard it first from John!

"Mortimer Prince has a unique plan. It was the only way John could persuade him to put some of his millions in the store. The idea simply is that Prince will invest as much money as John needs, providing John will take his daughter Carlie into his office and teach her the department store business for a year."

Elizabeth felt her nerves let go, sharply. An intense weariness flooded her, relieving the tension of the moment before and for the first time since Dobbs had called to tell her she was wiped out in the market,



■ John's fingers fastened more tightly and through her numbness she felt the pain. "I—John, I—lost them," Elizabeth faltered.

she felt that she could draw a deep breath without constriction.

John had got the money he needed! The store was safe. In that moment, nothing else mattered to Elizabeth.

"Then—then everything's all right now!" she said, unashamed tears welling up and spilling over down her cheeks.

"I hope so—for all our sakes," Pennington said. "But how about you, Elizabeth? The money you invested. . . ."

That doesn't count now, Elizabeth whispered to herself, but there was fear—and doubt surging back into her consciousness.

"The—the money," she stammered. For it was still true. John hadn't called her since he had left

that afternoon ten days ago when she had told him the money was lost.

"Yes," Pennington said, "that's really why I'm here, Elizabeth. To tell you that I want you to let me help you. I know how badly you've lost. Consider it a loan. . . . John need not know unless you want to tell him. He can believe you won it back in a rising market."

What was he saying? "Consider it a loan. . . . John need not know. . . ."

"Oh no!" The exclamation was with sudden fierceness.

"But why not?" he said more gently. "It can't hurt anyone and it might mean so much to you." There was a tenseness in his voice now, an under- (Continued on page 78)



DON DICKERMAN'S  
PIRATES  
DEN



# "Should Auld Acquaintance Be forgot" —

In a busy world of fame and success one man finds time to pay a debt of gratitude



■ Fancy cutting-up—Rudy threatens W. C. Fields' nose while a pretty pirate slips on the noose.

ONCE upon a time (ten years ago) Don Dickerman, who owned the famous Heigh Ho Club in New York, gave Rudy Vallee his first playing and singing job, which started him on the road to radio, night-club and movie fame. Rudy has gone a long way since then, but Don Dickerman's luck didn't hold as well. Recently, Rudy found his old friend playing bit parts in pictures, and resolved to help him make a come-back. With the financial backing of his many good friends, Bing Crosby, Tony Martin, Fred MacMurray, Ken Murray, Bob Hope, Errol Flynn and Jimmie Fidler, Rudy launched the Pirates' Den Night Club in Hollywood, with Don Dickerman as Captain of the Buccaneer ship. It's a unique and colorful rendezvous with a skull and bones bar, a bottle-throwing gallery, a brig where they lock up beautiful ladies who refuse to scream at the one-eyed pirates, the rat trap, or hangman's noose.

The pictures on these pages were taken the night of the opening to which Hollywood's famous movie and radio stars came to wish the owners success.

The moral of this story is that sometimes "auld acquaintances" don't forget.

■ Hold your ears! They're throwing empty bottles at iron pirates—six shots for a quarter—left to right are Pat Dove, Edgar Bergen, Nancy Kelly, Gary Cooper, Pirate Ken Murray, Dorothy Lamour, Millicent Batchelor, Pirate Vallee.







■ In the brig—Mrs. Arthur Lake refuses to scream while Arthur Lake (Dagwood) is happy about the whole thing.



■ They stayed until the candles burned low—Ann Dvorak, Gary Cooper, Mrs. Fred MacMurray and Jack Benny.

■ Below, Captain Dickerman tells thrilling adventure stories to Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville—but they aren't scared!



■ Below, Ken Murray and Edgar Bergen try to get Dorothy Lamour out of the brig while Rudy Vallee laughs—he's got the key!



■ Pirates Ken Murray, Jimmie Fidler and Rudy Vallee (sans costume), entertain the customers with comedy, news and singing.

■ It took more than one pirate to get Lupe Velez into the brig. For adventure, the Pirates' Den's the place.



■ The pirates see that you eat the food—or else! So Fred MacMurray, Mrs. Gary Cooper and Ray Milland eat!







# THEY BROADCAST



William Shirer

■ Radio Mirror pays tribute to those courageous men who forget sleep, food and the fear of sudden death to record history while you listen, and this month introduces, with vivid stories, four of radio's daring newscasters whose words a whole nation is tuning in. Presenting: William Shirer, Major Eliot, Paul Archinard and William Kerker

By MADELINE THOMPSON

**B**ERLIN DIPLOMAT—Evacuation. Not a new word, but a newly familiar one. You hear it, you read it, you see it in the newsreels. All over Europe—in England, in France, in Finland, Holland, Belgium—women and children being evacuated. Women and children on the roads, on the way to somewhere, anywhere, away from the war zones. Women and children on trains, on ships, bound for other countries. Neutral countries. America.

And in Berlin, at the time of this writing, William L. Shirer, the CBS correspondent, is worrying about getting his own family out of the danger zone. His wife and two-year-old daughter are still there with him, after two attempts have failed to get them out of Europe to the safety of the United States. Twice now, Paul White, director of CBS Special Events, has booked passage for them, once on the Washington and once on the Manhattan. Both times, Mrs. Shirer and the baby have been unable to make the sailing, the first time because the Shirer house in Geneva, Switzerland, couldn't be closed fast enough, the second time because they couldn't reach the ship. Flying them to America on the Yankee

Clipper has been considered, but Shirer is afraid to let them cross war torn Europe to get to Lisbon to catch the plane.

At the moment, they are fairly safe in Berlin. How long this comparative safety will last, no one knows. It is certain that if London is bombed, the English will retaliate and Berlin will be in for it. But perhaps by that time Mrs. Shirer and the baby will have been removed to a safe place.

For William L. Shirer, himself, trouble and war and disaster are not new experiences. For years, his job has been to cover just such things, wherever they happen. Europe, the Near East, India. In Europe, he's watched Hitler's rise to power and Mussolini's rise to power. He's met and talked with most of the important people in European political and military circles. In India, he was the friend and companion of Mahatma Gandhi. He's witnessed the persecution of minorities. He's seen *Anschluss* and *Blitzkrieg* in action. War is trouble—and trouble is his job.

And all this is very remote from the small, quiet town of Hawk-Eye, Iowa, where William L. Shirer was born some 39 years ago. Soon after he was born, his family moved to

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where later young Bill attended Coe College. On his graduation in 1925, he went to Europe, working his way over on a cattleboat. He liked Europe and wanted to stay there awhile, so he got himself a job in the Paris office of the Chicago Tribune.

From 1926 until 1929, as a foreign correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, the entire European continent was his beat. In 1929, he more or less settled down in Vienna as chief of the Tribune's Central European bureau. Somehow, sometime between his hectic trips all over Europe on special assignments, he managed to meet Teresa Stiberitz in a Viennese newspaper office and married her.

In 1932, he took a rest in Spain. Loafing and swimming and working on a novel. But trouble was in his blood—he was a newspaperman. So, in 1934, he got a job as the Berlin correspondent for Universal Service. And in 1937, CBS invited him to join its staff, with Vienna as his headquarters.

He was in Vienna when Hitler began his march on Austria. In less than three hours after talking on the phone with his chief, Edward Murrow, Shirer was on a chartered plane headed for London. That





# THE WAR



Paul Archinard

night, he broadcast from London to America the uncensored story of the *Anschluss*. He stayed in London ten days. The Austrian border was closed and all communication with Vienna cut off. And Bill Shirer almost went crazy. For back in Vienna, at this most inopportune time, Mrs. Shirer was having a baby.

As soon as possible after that, he moved his family to Geneva. It was safer there. Not that he stayed there much himself.

He went to Prague, saw that the real story was in Germany and flew to Berlin. He was in Godesburg on the night of the famous Hitler-Chamberlain talks. He was in the Sudetenland when the German troops marched in. He travelled by train, truck, bus, car, horse-drawn cart, even on foot when necessary. He slept anywhere. For 21 days, chasing the British-Czech crisis over the face of Europe, he lived in one suit and travelled 2,950 miles.

In spite of all this furious activity, he still manages to look like a quiet, Viennese professor. He's short and stocky and getting a little bald. He wears spectacles and his manner is

modest and a little hesitant.

Before the war, he and Teresa and the girl baby lived in a roomy apartment in one of Geneva's typical, old fashioned homes. On holidays, he and Teresa would ski on Mont Blanc, or entertain the diplomats, newspapermen, writers and artists, who gathered to "party" in their comfortable home.

His work is grueling and serious. It isn't merely a question of gathering his news and going to a broadcasting studio and reading his material over the air.

In a cable to Paul White a few months ago, he presented a vivid picture of some of the difficulties that beset him.

"Though 6:45 New York broadcast doesn't take place in Berlin until a quarter to one in the morning, getting to the studio on time is one of my major headaches. Haven't used my car for some weeks because of lack of gasoline and also because when I did use it I continually found myself during blackouts driving on sidewalks and into buildings.

"So I use the subway now. But first I have to negotiate a long stretch of the Wilhelmstrasse in the pitch dark to reach the subway station. Having a poor memory, I took three months to memorize the exact positions of fourteen lamp posts, four fire hydrants, three traffic light posts and three sets of projecting stairways, lying between my hotel and the station. The hardest to remember are the Berlin lamp posts, which are in the middle of the sidewalk, instead of at the curb. So, getting to the studio, which used to take twelve minutes in my car, now takes an hour.

When, and if, things ever quiet down in Europe, Shirer hopes to be able to take his family to Hawk-Eye, Iowa. As far away from guns and shells and danger as he can get them.



Major Eliot

## FROM THE MILITARY VIEWPOINT—

Whether or not they like the war, the very fact that war exists means manna from Heaven for some men. One of these is Major George Fielding Eliot, CBS Military expert.

Before this war began, Major Eliot managed to make a fair living doing newspaper work and writing stories about war for pulp magazines. He also wrote several books on military matters, one of which, "The Ramparts We Watch," was a best seller. The others, "Bombs Bursting in Air" and one he wrote in collaboration with Major Dupuy, "If War Comes," were widely read, too. In addition, now and again, he would lend his talents to United States Government war boards or serve in any advisory military capacity that presented itself.

But when Germany turned her guns on her neighbors, Major Eliot found his services being demanded by a leading newspaper, a national magazine and a major broadcasting studio.

The reason is obvious. Major George Fielding Eliot knows war. He is one of the few men in the

(Continued on page 40)



# OUT OF

# Loneliness



**T**HE time came at last when I was lonely.

I had not thought loneliness would ever visit me. When I left my husband and my daughter; when I went abroad and became the Contessa di Sirane—in those days I would have laughed at the idea. And even afterwards, when I was left a widow, life was still gay and amusing, shot through with color and excitement like some rich fabric. But then one morning I woke up and knew that I was old, and quite alone. "Alone" is such a little word, but such a very bitter one.

It was desperation that drove me to close my villa at Sorrento and take the first boat from Naples for America—sheer panic desperation. I did not take time to think of what I was doing. If I had. . . .

Well, if I had, I might have foreseen what I realized the very first night I spent in Madge's house in Connecticut. It had been a mistake. I should have stayed in Italy. After thirty years, it was impossible to try to come back.

I tried to speak lightly. I said, "So here we are at last—three generations of us—Kit, Madge and I. Daughter, mother, grandmother. But I really don't feel like a grandmother."

"And of course you don't look like one," Madge said shortly.

No, I suppose there in that pleasant room, with its soft lights, I looked no older than my daughter Madge herself. Perhaps not even as old. Yet she was forty-three, and I had been twenty when she was born. My hair was still dark and smooth, while hers was streaked with gray; my figure was slender

*Fictionized from the radio story by Elizabeth Benneche Pefersen, broadcast on NBC's I Want a Divorce program, sponsored by Food and Beverage Broadcasters.*

while she moved with a comfortable heaviness. Life had brought her something I would never accept, an unashamed maturity.

Kit threw an arm around my shoulders. I seemed to feel her warm, young vitality flow into me. "You don't look a day over thirty, Camilla," she laughed excitedly. "And see—I'm calling you Camilla. It doesn't seem right to call you grandmother."

I saw Madge's dark brows draw together jealously at the use of my first name. Madge hadn't changed. I knew now how she must have hated me all these years. We had never understood each other, even when she was a girl and I was her frivolous, laughter-loving mother. Madge didn't love laughter; she mistrusted it. . . . And when I ran away and left her and her father,

that must have been no more than she had expected; but that expectation hadn't stopped her from hating me for it.

Oh, I'd hurt her. I deserved her hatred. I had let her grow up alone, fall in love and marry alone, bear her children alone, see her husband die and her daughter grow into a woman—all alone. Madge, poor Madge, had never had a mother.

If only I could have begged for her forgiveness! Thrown my arms about her, cried, brought tears and tenderness into her own eyes! But the habit of years was too strong. For too long I had hidden my own emotions under a hard glaze of wit and indifference. Now they were sealed in forever, buried in my heart, and I could not bring them out to show them.





■ "Kit finished. There was silence. The color left her face. She knew the verdict before a word was spoken."

At least I did not have to apologize to Kit. Her shining face, the bubbling exhilaration in her voice when she talked to me, told me that to her I seemed a being from another world, glamorous and thrilling. I could see so well into her heart, and I found there the same dreams that had been in my own so long ago—dreams of the great world, of lights and music and adventure. It was as Madge said to me after Kit had gone reluctantly to bed:

**S**HE'S just like you, Mother . . . too much like you."  
 "Oh, dear," I said teasingly. "What a calamity!"  
 "I'm sorry," Madge said—but I believed that she was not. "I didn't mean it to sound like that. But—she's going to leave Tom."

"Tom?"  
 "Her husband."  
 "Her husband? Kit—married?"  
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 "She's twenty-one," Madge reminded me. "And she's been married three years. To her that seems forever. It isn't because she doesn't love Tom—she does, though perhaps she doesn't know it. She thinks he's dull, humdrum. . . . As a matter of fact, she has already left him; she came here two days ago. It seems," Madge's unrouged lips curled, "they had a quarrel."  
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 —we could have gone to distant lands, we could have lived and played together—  
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think so. She's as stubborn—as stubborn as—"

"As her grandmother," I supplied, but Madge didn't smile.

"She wants to be a singer," she said. "She's full of all sorts of romantic notions that don't fit in with marriage. And I think your coming has made it worse—inflamed her imagination. She wants to live the same kind of exciting life she imagines you have led. And I won't have it!"

"You sound just like Henry—like your father."

She stiffened in her chair as if I had struck her. "Then I can imagine how terrible I must have sounded to you."

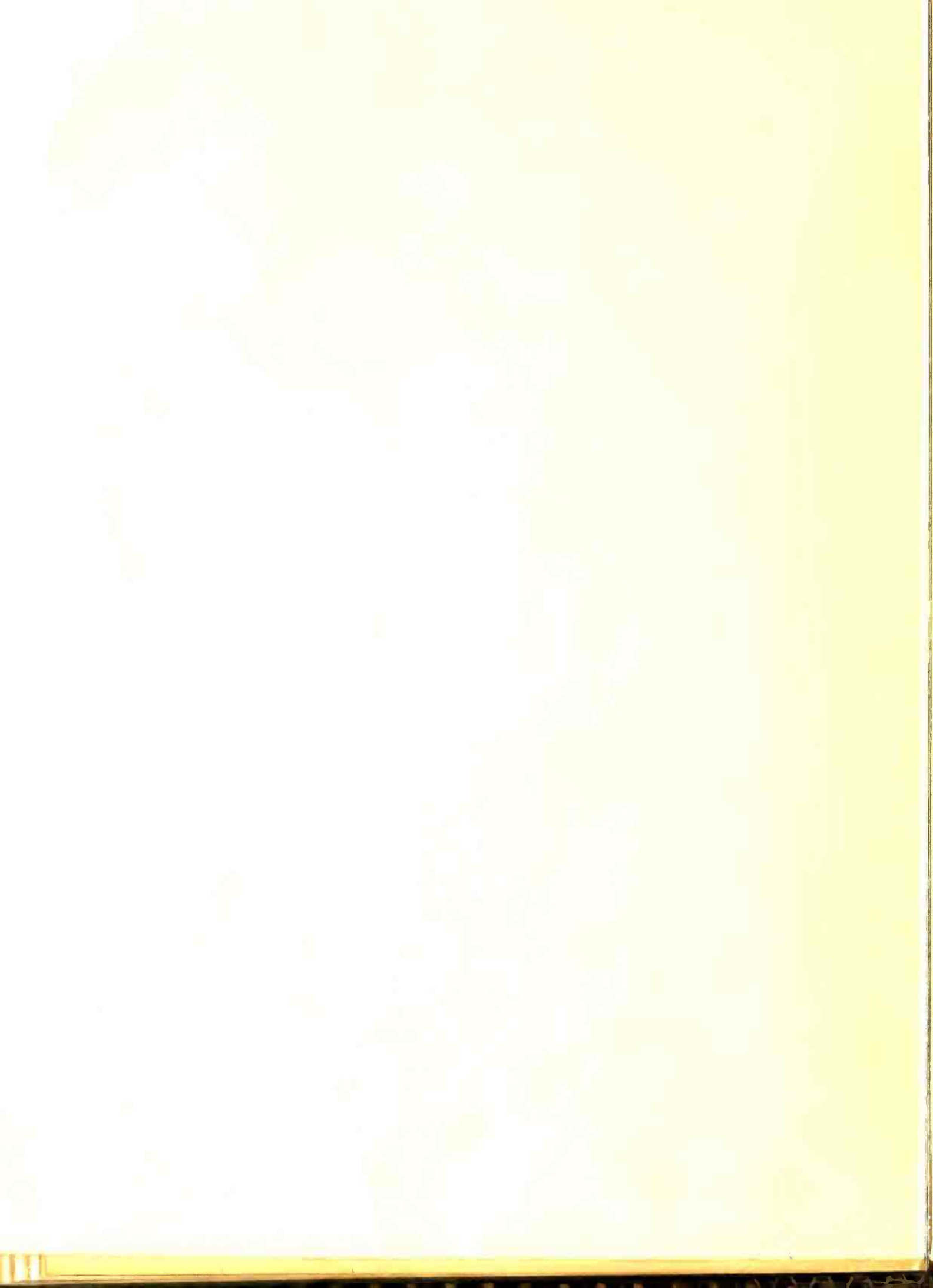
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"Yes," she said. "I'm—sorry too. I didn't mean to say that. There's no use in digging up the past. But I wondered if you—could speak to Kit? She won't listen to me, but she might to you. She idolizes you—always has. Even without seeing you, she's built up an—aura of romance about you. She used to impress her friends by telling them you were her grandmother. Maybe you could influence her—prevent her from making this tragic mistake."

I knew how hard it must be for Madge to beg for my help, how her pride must rebel at humbling itself before me, and I said gently, "Has she a voice? Could she really make a career of singing?"

"She has a very nice voice—she has studied a great deal—but even if she had a great voice, I'd still feel she was making a mistake. Tom is







# Loneliness

THE time came at last when I was lonely.

I had not thought loneliness would ever visit me. When I left my husband and my daughter; when I went abroad and became the Contessa di Sirane—in those days I would have laughed at the idea. And even afterwards, when I was left a widow, life was still gay and amusing, shot through with color and excitement like some rich fabric. But then one morning I woke up and knew that I was old, and quite alone. "Alone" is such a little word, but such a very bitter one.

It was desperation that drove me to close my villa at Sorrento and take the first boat from Naples for America—sheer panic desperation. I did not take time to think of what I was doing. If I had . . .

Well, if I had, I might have foreseen what I realized the very first night I spent in Madge's house in Connecticut. It had been a mistake. I should have stayed in Italy. After thirty years, it was impossible to try to come back.

I tried to speak lightly. I said, "So here we are at last—three generations of us—Kit, Madge and I. Daughter, mother, grandmother. But I really don't feel like a grandmother."

"And of course you don't look like one," Madge said shortly.

No, I suppose there in that pleasant room, with its soft lights, I looked no older than my daughter Madge herself. Perhaps not even as old. Yet she was forty-three, and I had been twenty when she was born. My hair was still dark and smooth, while hers was streaked with gray; my figure was slender

Fictionalized from the radio story by Elizabeth Benneche Petersen, broadcast on NBC's *I Want a Divorce* program, sponsored by Food and Beverage Broadcasters.

while she moved with a comfortable heaviness. Life had brought her something I would never accept, an unashamed maturity.

Kit threw an arm around my shoulders. I seemed to feel her warm, young vitality flow into me. "You don't look a day over thirty, Camilla," she laughed excitedly. "And see—I'm calling you Camilla. It doesn't seem right to call you a grandmother."

I saw Madge's dark brows draw together jealously at the use of my first name. Madge hadn't changed. I knew now how she must have hated me all these years. We had never understood each other, even when she was a girl and I was her frivolous, laughter-loving mother. Madge didn't love laughter; she mistrusted it. . . . And when I ran away and left her and her father,

that must have been no more than she had expected; but that expectation hadn't stopped her from hating me for it.

Oh, I'd hurt her. I deserved her hatred. I had let her grow up alone, fall in love and marry alone, bear her children alone, see her husband die and her daughter grow into a woman—all alone. Madge, poor Madge, had never had a grandmother.

If only I could have begged for her forgiveness! Thrown my arms about her, cried, brought tears and tenderness into her own eyes! But the habit of years was too strong. For too long I had hidden my own emotions under a hard glaze of wit and indifference. Now they were sealed in forever, buried in my heart, and I could not bring them out to show them.



■ "Kit finished. There was silence. The color left her face. She knew the verdict before a word was spoken."

At least I did not have to apologize to Kit. Her shining face, the bubbling exhilaration in her voice when she talked to me, told me that to her I seemed a being from another world, glamorous and thrilling. I could see so well into her heart, and I found there the same dreams that had been in my own so long ago—dreams of the great world, of lights and music and adventure. It was as Madge said to me after Kit had gone reluctantly to bed:

"SHE'S just like you, Mother . . . too much like you." "Oh, dear," I said teasingly. "What a calamity!" "I'm sorry," Madge said—but I believed that she was not. "I didn't mean it to sound like that. But—she's going to leave Tom."

"Tom?"

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"Her husband? Kit—married?" That pang of dismayed surprise was, I knew, quite illogical. It was nobody's fault but my own that for years I had been almost completely out of touch with Madge and her life. "But she's only a child!"

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so nne—so devoted to her—and they could be so happy if it weren't for Kit's restlessness, her ambition—” She paused, moistened her lips with her tongue. “Won't you use your influence—Mother?”

**T**HAT difficult hesitation before she could call me “Mother”!

“I'll do what I can,” I said.

She stood up, and for a minute I thought she wanted to say something more. But she changed her mind. “Thank you,” she said. “Good night.”

For a long time after she had gone I sat quietly, thinking, my head against the back of the comfortable chintz-covered armchair beside my bedroom window. I couldn't love Madge. She would not let me. I had come back, hoping to find a daughter—and had found, instead, a stranger: a bitter, suspicious stranger who asked a favor of me only because she must.

But . . . Kit. Madge said Kit wanted to go away, study singing, have a career. Couldn't she be the daughter I had lost? We would go to Italy together; she would study with the best teachers; we would live together, play together, have long talks late at night. . . .

Kit came to me the next morning after breakfast. Madge had taken the car and gone into the village for her marketing, and we were alone in the house.

“I'm so glad you've come home, Camilla,” she said simply. “It's been so awful lately, with Mother and Tom hammering at me all the time. But now—I have you—you've been through it too—”

She stopped, fearful that this had been too direct a reference to the fact that I had run away from my husband as she wanted to run away from hers, then hurried on: “I mean—you wanted something out of life besides the deadly monotony of the average marriage. You wanted to see what life is all about—to meet interesting people. . . . I've seen pictures of you in the papers, having lunch with Dukes and Duchesses—going to the races at Auteuil—”

“Is that so important?” I asked her.

“It is to me. And it was to you. You got those things because you were brave enough to take your life in your own hands, and go away.”

I said slowly, “But I wasn't brave enough to stay.”

But she ignored me. She was somewhere else, in that world she had created and longed to see in its reality—not knowing that the reality was there in herself, and nowhere else in the world.

“Don't you love Tom?” I asked.

She made a funny, childish gesture of impatience. “Oh, that's finished. I only wish he'd get over it too. It isn't much fun having a man keep on loving you when you don't love him any more, is it?”

“No, my dear. Only if it's really over—loving him, I mean—I don't think his unhappiness could really touch you.”

That, too, she ignored.

She jumped up, whirling so that her light skirt molded itself against her body. “Will you let me sing for you, Camilla? I—I want to be a great singer—I have to—something is driving me—”

“Of course, dear.”

She flew to the piano, ran her fingers lightly over the keys, then began to sing an aria from “Samson and Delilah.” Its brooding melodies took me back to a night in Paris—a

*Next Month*

**Beginning, as a thrilling novel, radio's compelling serial . . .**

**THE GUIDING LIGHT**

**Start these vivid chapters from life itself in October RADIO MIRROR**

gala night at the Opera, when Laure Valiente had sung that role, that aria. I had been young then. I thought: “I can be young again—in Kit. I can have Kit with me, bringing life to that lonely villa in Sorrento. Someone to love, someone to be with me. . . . Of course Madge would be furious. It would break her heart. But what have I to do with others' hearts?” I argued. “And if I do not take Kit with me she will go alone, so my unselfishness will have accomplished nothing.”

I tried not to let myself remember that Kit should not go at all, either alone or with me—that her happiness lay in her home, with her husband. I tried . . . but it was not easy. The memory of my own life, which

seemed so wasted and barren now, kept me reminded.

By the time Kit had finished her song my decision was made. One must be ruthless. . . .

“Kit,” I said, “would you like to sing for Blasco?”

“Vicente Blasco, the—the Blasco?” Her delicate face was unbelieving.

“Of course. He's an old friend of mine. He's been my guest many times at Sorrento. Now he's in New York; I could ask him out here for luncheon.”

She was away from the piano, at my feet, clasping my knees in her arms. “Oh, darling! If you could—Why, people think of him as a god! Singers have bribed their way into his office just to speak to him! If you could fix it so he would listen to me—” She stopped, breathless.

“Of course, I can,” I said. “If you really want me to.”

So it was settled. I went in to New York the next day to see Blasco at his studio. As I had known he would, he threw his arms around me, talked a barbarous mixture of English, Italian and French at the top of his voice, and saw immediately through my invitation when I suggested that he bring an accompanist.

“Ah-hah!” His ruddy cheeks bunched up into globes of merriment. “It is a busman's holiday you are planning for me, yes? Who do you want me to hear?”

“Well . . . my grand-daughter wants to be a singer.”

“And has she a voice?”

“As if you'd believe me—a doting grandmother! You'll hear it for yourself.”

“You are a horrible, scheming woman. But I fall in with your plan. I even bring Laure Valiente, if you wish.”

I was surprised. I had not heard of Laure Valiente—the beautiful, the glorious Valiente—since her retirement from the operatic stage five—no, six—years before. But Blasco told me that she was living in Connecticut, “not too many miles from your daughter's home.” That she had a farm there, was living on it, quietly. I told him of course, to bring her to the luncheon if she would come.

Madge was waiting for me when I returned home. Her face was pale and furious.

“Mother! What is this plan Kit's been telling me—that you're inviting Vicente Blasco to lunch?”

“Why—it's no plan, particularly. I know Blasco. I want him to hear Kit's voice.”

She leaned forward, bringing her face closer (Continued on page 56)





**JACK  
BARBOUR**

Illustration by B. Rieger

# One Man's Family

■ In every family there is always one who remains the baby even after a runaway marriage —introducing in another of this series of pen portraits, Jack, youngest of the Barbour sons

**T**WO of Henry Barbour's sons have started out to be lawyers. The first, Cliff, fell by the wayside. He left school in his sophomore year, took a fling at the theater, and is now in his father's stock and bond business.

The second, Jack, undoubtedly will see it through. He has finished his pre-law course and is now a first-year student in the Stanford Law school.

He should get his degree in the spring of 1943 when he will be twenty-four. Jack will not be the valedictorian of his class, but he will not be far behind.

Jack is the youngest of the Barbour sons and, paradoxically, the only one who has a wife. Paul and Cliff are widowers.

The fact that he has a wife, to whom he is undeniably devoted, may explain why he seems to work harder than his brothers.

Jack is married to his childhood sweetheart, Betty Carter, blue-eyed, naive and uncomplicated.

Their marriage has been strengthened by one awkward and vicious attempt to sabotage it.

Two years ago, the Sea Cliff grapevine brought in the startling news that Jack and Betty at that

moment were eloping to Reno. The Barbour family has already in its history an unfortunate school-day Reno elopement—that of Claudia and her first husband, Johnny Roberts.

Instinctively, Father Barbour moved to prevent this one, if there was still time. Telephones and airplanes were thrown into a speedy attempt to forestall the marriage.

Father Barbour's emissaries found Jack and Betty in Reno and brought them back to San Francisco.

Marriage and preparation for the bar, he told Jack, were incompatible. One (Continued on page 74)





■ A rosy-cheeked and sturdy young lady is Denise Maloney. As soon as she was old enough to eat pureed vegetables, her mother gave her canned strained foods—well, you can see the results!



THE COOKING CORNER SAYS:

# BUILD UP TINY APPETITES THE MODERN WAY

**B**EFORE rehearsal today I had a visit with one of my most charming young friends. She is Denise Maloney, whose picture you see at the top of the page, the little daughter of Bill Maloney, one of the members of our staff. Denise is a delightful young lady indeed—rosy cheeked and sturdy, with an infectious smile.

"Why don't you tell me what Denise eats," I asked Bill, "so that I can publish her diet suggestions in my Cooking Corner for other parents of young children to follow?"

"Nothing easier," Bill answered promptly. "As soon as Denise was old enough for pureed vegetables we began giving her canned strained foods prepared especially for babies. Now that she's older she has canned chopped foods. She's never been sick, and I can honestly say that she's been no trouble at all. We even took her with us on our vacation up in the mountains where we had to carry in all our food. Now you'd think feeding a baby properly all that distance away from markets and fresh foods would be impossible, but with a supply of canned chopped foods we had no trouble at all. In fact, her meals were easier to plan and prepare than our own. We figure there's nothing better than these foods for her, or for any baby."

Bill's right, of course, for these canned foods are scientifically prepared so that babies and small children get just the food elements they require to make them strong and husky. In the first place, the ingredients used are unsurpassed in excellence; only the choicest meats, the freshest, ripest fruits and vegetables and the most nourishing cereals are used. Then the cooking is carefully supervised by expert dietitians so that there is no loss through over-cooking of minerals so necessary to baby's health. Next comes sieving, through fine screens much more effective than the ordinary household strainer, which removes every trace of troublesome fibrous material, and finally these super-nourishing foods are sealed into cans which you can purchase for only a few cents each.

On my way to rehearsal I thought over what Bill had said, and his words recalled a conversation I had had with Penny Singleton, NBC's Blondie, the last time I was in Hollywood.

Blondie says when pressed for time, follow the canned chopped food routine—her daughter Dee Gee still eats it.





■ Kate is vacationing from her Friday night show, but continues her daytime talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.D.T., from her Lake Placid estate. Sponsor, General Foods.

■ Right, Mr. and Mrs. Del Sharbutt find babies no trouble at all now that they've given up the old-fashioned boil-and-strain way of feeding their children.



"I don't see how you manage radio and film work and take care of your little daughter, too," I'd said.

"There's nothing to it," was Penny's blithe reply. "Children are no trouble if they're healthy, and good health is largely a matter of proper diet and regularity. If children aren't fed on schedule naturally they get cross from hunger, just as grownups do, so to avoid this difficulty I've followed the canned chopped food routine for Dee Gee and I've never had any worries. I've always known that no matter what my working schedule there'd be no interruption in Dee Gee's regime, for which canned foods meals are always ready on time. I brought Dee Gee up on canned foods, not only because they're such a convenience but because she's so crazy about them, and to find food that children really enjoy is half the battle, as any mother will tell you."

I thought I couldn't find anyone more enthusiastic about these new foods for children than Bill and Penny, but then I ran into Del and Meri-Bell Sharbutt. Del, as you know, is that popular young announcer currently dividing his time between CBS and NBC, and Meri-Bell was one of radio's most popular singers until she gave up her career upon the arrival of Meri-Dell two years ago.

Meri-Dell has just welcomed a brother, Jay Richard, and after I'd listened to the young Sharbutts' enthusiastic recital of the newcomer's weight (eight pounds and seven ounces) and disposition (angelic), I said, "You must have your hands full with two little ones. How do you do it?"

"You've heard the old saying that two children are no more trouble than one, haven't you?" Meri-Bell smiled. "Well, in our case, it's true. Before she was born I had the idea of regular hours and regular meals drummed into my mind until at times I was afraid she'd grow up on a chart, jumping from one regular square to another. After she was born and I'd begun to get acquainted with her I realized the importance of all this regularity and determined to keep her on schedule. I wouldn't have made it, I'll admit, if I'd had to prepare her meals in the old-fashioned boil-and-strain way. But fortunately my doctor recommended canned strained foods for her and my worries were over."

## HINTS FOR HAPPY CHILDREN

Don't serve too large portions with the order to "Eat it all." A small portion plus the knowledge that he can have a second if he desires is more stimulating to a child's appetite.

Remember that your child's menus can easily be as varied as your own—and he dislikes monotony just as much as you do.

Don't let older members of the family express a dislike for any food in your baby's hearing; it may give him an idea that he dislikes it too.

Remember that toast and bread cut into strips are easier for tiny fingers to handle, and that solid foods should be cut small enough to be managed with baby's own little fork.

Remember, too, that it's never too early to begin training in proper table manners; better watch your own carefully as well—baby will learn more from what you do than what you say.

As soon as your little one is old enough, give him one or two simple tasks to perform; it will help develop his sense of responsibility.

Remember that praise for a task well done is often more effective than scolding for one that isn't—and a lot more encouraging.

Don't be over indulgent in the matter of eating between meals; you'll be in danger of spoiling both your baby and his digestion.

Unless it's absolutely unavoidable don't correct your child in front of other people; discipline should be a private not a public affair.

Don't discuss your child's shortcomings or boast about his cleverness in his hearing; you'll be sowing the seeds for an inferiority or a superiority complex—and you don't want him to have either one.

Don't expect "please" and "thank you" from your little one unless he hears them from you.

Remember that habits are easy to start and hard to break but that it's easier to start a good one than break a bad one.

If there are no little brothers and sisters in the family, see that your youngster plays with other children of his own age; he'll have to learn to get along with other people someday and the earlier he begins the easier it will be for him to do so.

Don't be a picker-upper of toys, books, clothing and so on which have been scattered throughout the house; putting his own small possessions away is the first step in the well-ordered life that you wish for your little one.



**M**ERLE OBERON, Myrna Loy, and Bill Powell, all rehearsing for a Lux Theater broadcast, wanted to stop work long enough to listen to President Roosevelt's Chattanooga speech a few weeks ago. Director Cecil B. De Mille, intent on getting his broadcast whipped into shape, wouldn't give them the time off. But he had a recording made of the speech, and played it for them after the rehearsal was over—with unexpected results. It made Merle Oberon cry, and all three stars donated their Lux checks for the broadcast to the Red Cross.

A new composition by Johnny Green, "Music for Elizabeth," is to be played soon by Jose Iturbi and a symphony orchestra. "Elizabeth" is long for Betty Furness, his wife.

Just as the serial, *This Day is Ours*, went off the air for the summer, "Sam Foster," played by Frank Lovejoy, had asked "Eleanor MacDonald," played by Joan Banks, to marry him, and had been refused. A few weeks later, in real life, Frank persuaded Joan to say "Yes."

As soon as the Autumn leaves start falling, Don Dowd, NBC Chicago announcer, and Betty Brown will become Mr. and Mrs. Betty is a pretty brunette actress and model. The engagement was announced at a recent "Scavenger Party."

Still on the matrimonial front, Fred Waring served as best man when Gordon Goodman, tenor on his radio program, was married last

# What's New from

By **DAN SENESEY**

month. Goodman, a former truck driver, got his job with Waring by bumming his way to San Francisco, where Waring was playing, and putting on an audition by main force. The bride is a Passaic, N. J., girl—a non-professional.

Writer Arch Oboler has signed a contract with Procter and Gamble to do a weekly radio play for a series that's scheduled to start in the Fall—and that's good news for all the admirers of his plays on his recent NBC series.

Because NBC's announcer Bill Stern is too busy these hectic days to come home very often, Mrs. Bill has pasted a picture of him up above the baby's crib. "I don't want him to forget what his father looks like," she says bitterly.

It looks as if Shirley Temple will be one of your regular radio stars this Fall. Two sponsors are after the little lady's services right now, and Mrs. Temple is willing to let her daughter go on the air, now that she isn't going to be so busy in the movies.

You listeners told Edward G. Robinson and the producers of his *Big Town* program what you wanted—and told 'em in no uncertain terms. For five weeks the program



consisted of radio versions of straight plays, instead of the adventures of Steve and Lorelei—but then listeners voted three to one for a return to the continued-story type of program. So when *Big Town* returns in the Fall, it will once more be the kind of show you proved you prefer.

Betty Winkler, star of *Girl Alone*, is spending this summer just looking at travel folders instead of taking a vacation. She had a trip all planned, when along came a chance to play the leading role in the new network serial, *Lone Journey*, plus new assignments in the *Story of Mary Marlin* and *The Road of Life*. So Betty stayed in Chicago . . .

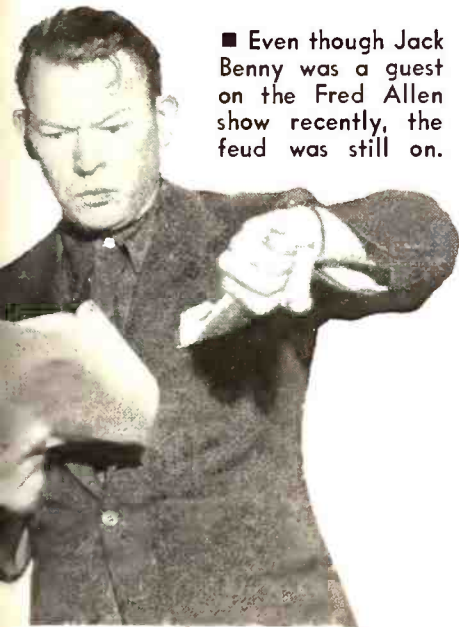
■ The newly married Artie Shaw and Lana Turner get their picture snapped by the pretty photographer at Earl Carroll's Theater Restaurant—the charge, \$1.00.



■ Russ Hodges, WBT sportscaster, sounds as if he's seeing a ball game even when he isn't.



# Coast to Coast



■ Even though Jack Benny was a guest on the Fred Allen show recently, the feud was still on.

Announcer Del Sharbutt and former radio singer Meri Bell have a new baby—a boy, named Jay Richard Sharbutt. Their first child, Meri-Dell, is two years old now.

\* \* \*

Writers on We, the People, have found a new way of avoiding an ever-present radio headache, that of thinking up fictitious names. Whenever they have to christen a character, and don't want to run any chance of using a real person's name, they use the name of a city or a river in the United States, like Wabash or York. And since all names must have first initials, the letters A, C, T and G are always used arbitrarily. Of course, if there is a Mr. A. T. Ohio listening in some night, he may get a shock—but We, the People officials don't think it's likely.

\* \* \*

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Whenever the Washington Senators play a ball-game, Russ Hodges reports the excitement to the listeners of Charlotte's station WBT. And so vividly does he describe the play on the air that the fans usually forget Russ isn't sitting in the ball park watching, but is actually in a studio, getting reports on the game by telegraph wire. His ability to lend as much color and drama to a game he doesn't see as to a game he does, has made him the best-known

sportscaster in Dixie.

Russ discovered the world in Dayton, Tennessee, in 1911. He went to Dayton schools and then to the University of Kentucky, where he majored in law and played practically every sport there was, from tennis to football. During one of his college football games he injured his leg. It happened that this particular game was being broadcast over WHAS, Louisville; and Russ, warming the bench, was asked to spot the rest of the game for the announcer. The experience was so fascinating that he gave up all thoughts of being a lawyer and turned to broadcasting when he graduated.

Since then he's worked for WCKY, Covington, Kentucky, and WIND, Chicago, before coming to WBT. At WIND, where he was the only sports broadcaster on the staff, he helped the station win an award as the outstanding sports broadcasting station in the country. For two years he announced baseball games for General Mills over WIND, and then his sponsors brought him to WBT. Last Fall he was hired to cover a series of football games in the East, and before he was done he had traveled 46,000 miles by air, fulfilling his job.

The climax to Russ' popularity came this summer. One day the mayor of Hickory, North Carolina, asked Russ if he couldn't originate one of his daily baseball broadcasts from Hickory so the townfolk might watch as well as listen. "Sure," Russ replied jokingly, "I'll be glad to—if the folks in Hickory will buy a (Continued on page 72)

Sandra Michael, author of Lone Journey, is another non-vacationer. Besides Lone Journey, Sandra also writes Against the Storm and The Affairs of Anthony. Lacking the vacation, she moved her desk out to the front lawn of her home, figuring on getting the sunshine and fresh air, at least.

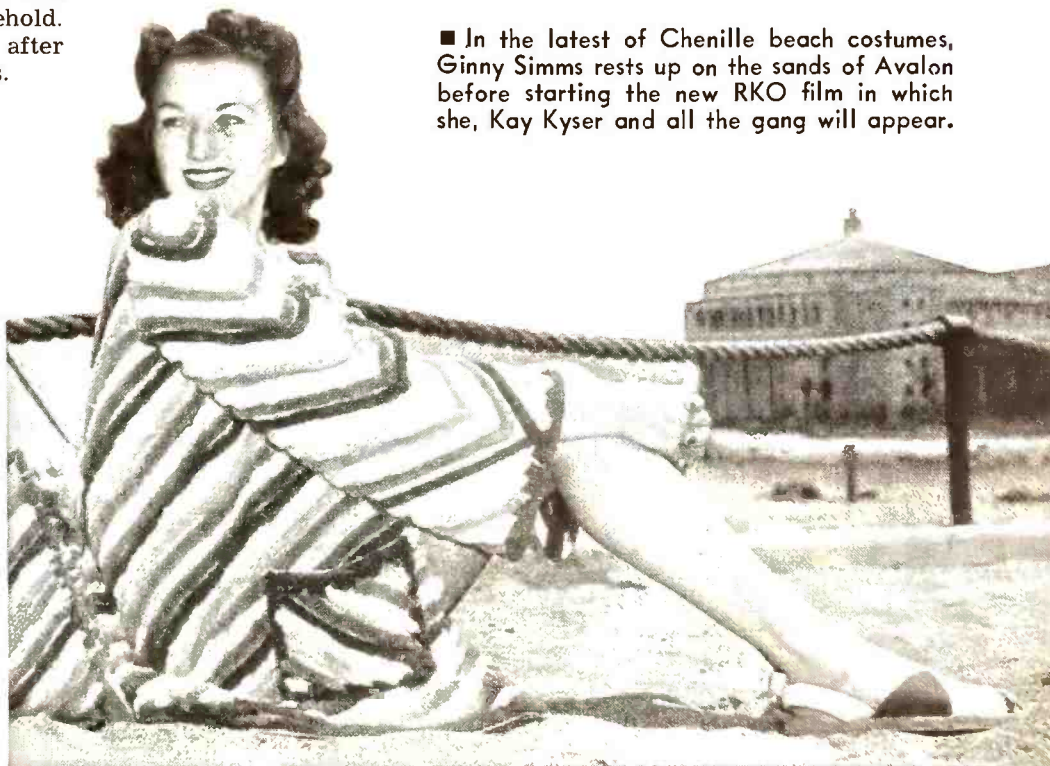
\* \* \*

Charlotte Holland (Kathie Reimer of Against the Storm) and Sam Wanamaker (Ellis Smith of The Guiding Light) who were recently married, have solved the problem of what to call the puppy that has become part of their household. He's named Smith Reimer, after both their "scriptural" names.

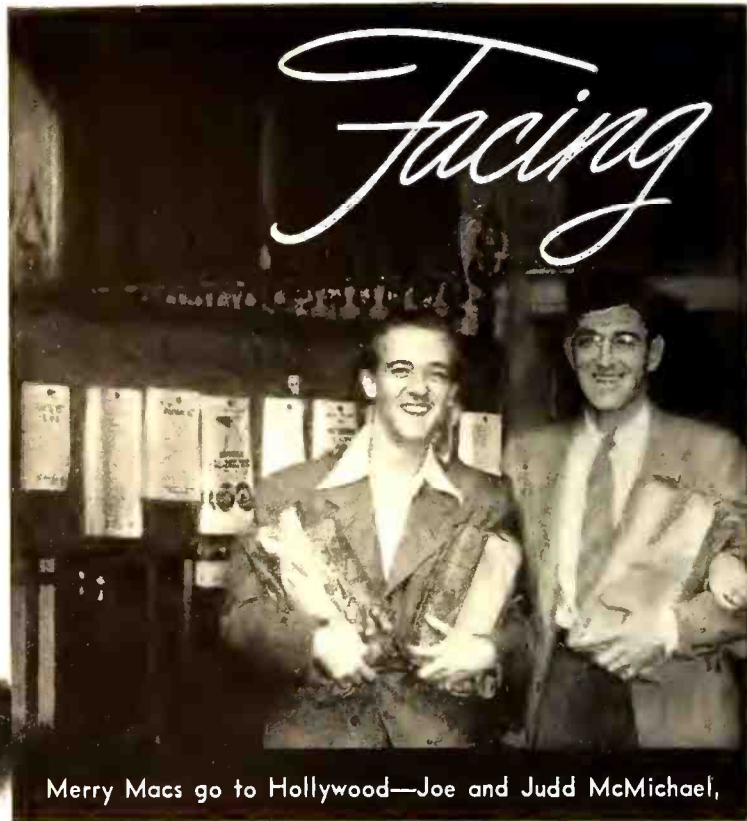


■ A story of bravery such as few of us possess is that of Kay Irion, lovely WSAI star.

■ In the latest of Chenille beach costumes, Ginny Simms rests up on the sands of Avalon before starting the new RKO film in which she, Kay Kyser and all the gang will appear.







Merry Macs go to Hollywood—Joe and Judd McMichael,

■ Three marriages, three dance bands—that's the record Charlie Barnet made before he settled down to making fame for himself.

By KEN

**P**HONOGRAPH record business is way off normal sales and the waxmakers are frantically searching for successors to "Oh, Johnny," and "Tuxedo Junction." Bands most in demand on records are Glenn Miller, Orrin Tucker, and Charlie Barnet.

Enoch Light suffered severe injuries in an auto accident and at this writing was not out of the danger zone.

The Merry Macs, radio's famous harmony quartet, are getting their first real movie break. Along with Fred Allen, they left for Hollywood, to appear in the Jack Benny-Fred Allen picture for Paramount, "Love Your Neighbor." The feminine member of the group, Helen Carrol, is making it a honeymoon trip as well, since she recently married Carl Kress, a guitarist, who as all grooms usually do, went along too.

Artie Shaw is now playing on the Burns and Allen shindig. What ever happened to all those wise-cracks the clarinetist made about "commercial music?"

Tony Pastor, who used to play with Shaw, hopes to bring his band

into New York's Hotel Lincoln for their first bigtime hotel engagement this fall.

Ray Noble heads east with his band in September for a spell at Boston's Ritz-Carlton. The band clicked on the west coast and is now playing in Chicago's Palmer House with a Mutual wire.

Tin Pan Alley is congratulating Kay and Sue Werner, twenty-one-year-old tune twins who have just been admitted into A.S.C.A.P. The pair wrote "I Want the Waiter With the Water," "My Wubba Dolly," and the new "My Heart, My Life, My Love."

Because he doesn't employ a girl vocalist, Del Courtney squared himself with the girls last month when he invited comely vocalists to a swimming pool party.

#### SWING'S DEVIL-MAY-CARE

**T**HIS is the story of carefree Charlie Barnet, who took nothing seriously but his saxophone.

Before he was twenty-seven years old, the six-foot swingster with the devil in his eyes, had experienced three madcap marriages and almost made it a fourth with

Dorothy Lamour. He followed foolishly in the wake of a wild musician and piloted three different dance bands before he could mould the right one. Today, thanks to the iron hand of his shrewd business manager, Charlie is knocking on the door to fame.

Far from discouraged by his trio of marital mishaps, he says quite frankly: "I hope to get married again. Only this time it won't be one of those Onyx Club affairs."

What Charlie meant by this was an all-night session spent on West 52nd street, drinking, dancing, and daring, often culminated at dawn before a sleepy-eyed Justice of the Peace.

Only when you discuss the band-leader's first marriage, does Charlie's sharply chiseled face become creased with shadows.

"Let's skip that," he says quickly. "Just say that the marriage was brief and we were divorced before it ruined both of us."

The first Mrs. Barnet is today a prominent figure in the entertainment world. Charlie feels that by keeping the girl's name a secret he can protect her from unpleasant revelations that might ruin her present happiness. Sounds like a movie, but it's true.



# the Music



Bride Helen Carroll, brother Ted, Groom Carl Kress.



## ALDEN

■ She's the blonde attraction of Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. And musicland whisperers say that Charlie Barnet's romancing her.

As for his other two brides, Charlie is not so reticent.

"I married Shirley Lloyd, who used to sing with Ozzie Nelson, after a wild evening at the old Onyx Club. We hopped up to Armonk at dawn. Artie Shaw was my best man."

But this marriage was annulled almost twenty-four hours later.

Soon after Shirley married Charlie's former pianist, Nat Jaffe. They are still good friends.

Only last year Charlie tried again. This time it was Betty Lorraine, a statuesque N.T.G. show girl. The events were almost the same. But this time the marriage vows were taken in Elkton, Maryland.

This union lasted less than a month when Betty and he were divorced.

As for the now famous Dorothy Lamour episode, the two met backstage at the Paramount Theater in New York. Charlie was making progress until a fanfare of publicity brought the affair into the headlines prematurely and possibly prevented a fourth marriage for Charlie. He is still peeved about this. "It destroyed a close friendship." However, he admits that neither of them was in love.

Ever since he was a little boy

Charlie has been hard to handle. His Manhattan school seat was often vacant. At every opportunity the boy would sneak off to the local vaudeville theater, huddle in a seat near the drummer, and keep a sharp lookout for the truant officer. The drummer got to know his ten-year-old admirer and soon began giving the boy drum lessons.

When Charlie asked his grandfather, who had been looking out for Charlie and his mother ever since the boy's father died, for a set of drums, the old man put his foot down. But persistent little boys are difficult to quiet. So a compromise was reached.

"All right, Charlie, all right," sighed his grandfather. "I'll let you take saxophone lessons. That's less noisy."

By the time Charlie was fourteen, he had grown to six feet. His height fooled an agent representing a ship company that was looking for a college band to play on their Europe-bound vessels. Charlie called his young band "The Bumble Bees" but in order to convince the boat people they were all college graduates, the boy changed the name to "The Ohio State Stompers."

After a year of transatlantic shuttles, Charlie tried school again.

He soon found this a dismal attempt. Shortly after his fifteenth birthday, the boy got his first professional job playing with Frank Winegar's band. Then he joined the original Casa Loma band directed by Hank Biagini. This aggregation was undergoing a revolution. Some of the boys left Biagini to form their own cooperative Casa Loma band. Charlie elected to stay with Biagini. Needless to say, Hank's band faded into oblivion and the other crew became the famous Glen Gray combination.

Charlie is philosophical about his wrong selection:

"Oh, I doubt if I would have stayed with Gray. I just couldn't get along with anybody at that time. To me the world was just a place to have fun in."

No wonder then that Charlie fell under the spell of Jack Purvis, an eccentric trombonist. Together the pair drifted from one band to another. Each time Purvis was fired for some zany episode, Charlie resigned in sympathy. When one orchestra leader ordered Purvis to remove his waxed moustache, the trombonist went the whole hog, and shaved his entire head!

The Purvis-Barnet axis split on the west (Continued on page 77)



## They Broadcast the War

(Continued from page 29)

country who is able to talk about war because he is not in, or under the supervision of the United States Army. He is a retired officer, who earned his rank serving ten years with the United States Reserves.

Major Eliot is a large, broad shouldered, rough voiced, military looking man, who enjoys saying what he thinks about the way the war is going. Most of his life has been spent near, or with, the men who command armies, the men who shuttle troops and guns back and forth across countries. For this reason, he is able to interpret in clinical-like manner the hectic, zig-zag troop movements that would otherwise be even more confusing to the average American.

After a very recent CBS broadcast, when asked by this reporter about American defense he said:

"Everyone knows we need a defense program, but nobody has defined our objectives. *We need a concentrated war plan.* A group of trained military and naval authorities, men of ability and eminence, should make a survey of what sort of war materials we need and where they should be placed to best defend us.

"We need a plan," Major Eliot repeated, "and it will be better for us to spend five million dollars planning, than to spend fifty billion arming ourselves in aimless fashion."

When Germany began her onslaught, Major Eliot was in Alexandria, Egypt, with his wife, Sally, who works with him and accompanies him on most of his trips.

Major Eliot didn't "just happen" to be in Europe. In March, before sailing, he had promised Paul White, head of CBS special events, his services as a broadcaster in the event of war. His problem when the war broke out was to get from Alexandria to London, where he was to broadcast.

"There were only two seats available on planes to London," Eliot said, "one on a Dutch plane, one on a British plane. My wife took the Dutch plane and I took the British plane. She arrived in London before I did. As soon as I got there, I made arrangements for her to fly back to America. I stayed on."

Major Eliot is 46 years old, was born in Brooklyn, New York, June 22, 1894. His family moved to Australia when he was eight years old. Eliot left Melbourne University in 1914 to join the Australian Imperial Forces. He served at the Dardanelles, Egypt, Somme, Arras,

Amiens, the Hindenburg line. He was gassed once, wounded twice. Before the war ended he was promoted to the rank of Captain, where he earned the respect of his men because he wasn't the "brass hat" type of commissioned officer.

Returning to the United States, he worked for a while as an accountant in Kansas City, wrote war stories, and articles for serious military journals. From 1922 to 1930 he served in the U. S. Military Intelligence Service on active duty at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The war has made a national figure out of Major George Fielding Eliot, but he has earned this prominence by utilizing a lifetime of military observation when it was most needed.

On the subject of what this war has so far taught him and should have taught United States Military authorities, Major Eliot says, "This war should teach military men never again to underestimate mechanized force. No General Staff in Europe believed that countries could be conquered so quickly by mechanized forces."

We can only hope Major Eliot's observation is being utilized by our military men now.

**MAN OF MIRACULOUS ESCAPES—** Perhaps of all the foreign broadcasters who have gone without sleep, without food, and struggled through countless difficulties and dangers, no one has felt imminence



■ Parachutists land behind enemy lines.

of death more forcibly than Paul Archinard.

Broadcasting for NBC from France during the terrible days of May and June, he was literally on the run for nearly all his broadcasts. When the government moved, he moved, facing the same terrifying threat from low flying airplanes with spitting machine guns and devastating bombs.

Listening to his broadcasts, you

caught glimpses of the life a war broadcaster lives. You may have heard his own descriptions of miraculous escapes from bombing planes.

"While travelling," he said, "we were constantly taking refuge in wheat fields to avoid the planes. I've had to type my scripts on woodpiles in the middle of streets. I'm broadcasting now from a temporary studio."

Where his next assignment to broadcast will be, the network didn't know, as this was written. But it is safe to assume that as you read this, he will already have undertaken new duties equally dangerous, and will manage equally dramatic and revealing broadcasts.

His family was with him while he was broadcasting in France and the latest reports have it that his two daughters, aged twelve and fourteen, and his wife are still in Nazi-controlled Paris.

Archinard is 41 years old, a dark, full faced man with straight black hair. He was born in Paris of French stock in April, 1899. He was brought to the United States before he was five years old and spent more than twenty years in this country. He was educated in Cleveland, Ohio, and returned to France in 1918.

From 1920 to 1926, Archinard was connected with the Paris purchasing office of Montgomery Ward and also handled several other American accounts, which necessitated travelling a great deal through France, Belgium and Switzerland.

He was married in Paris in 1926 and returned to the United States the next year. His two daughters were born in New York City, in 1928 and 1930. In 1934, he went back to Europe, London this time, as Fred Bate's assistant. A year later, he was sent to Paris.

What Archinard has seen of war in the past weeks, how he has been living, he has described briefly on the air. This is what he has to say about how he lived while they were fighting on the Somme:

"When it's midnight in New York, it's 5 A. M. here. When we have five o'clock shows, it's no use counting on sleeping late to make up that time the next morning. Work begins at nine A. M. over here and we have to keep in touch with our contacts continually.

The radio and press representatives have been given a large hall in the Ministry of Information. We have press conferences right on the spot.

(Continued on page 43)



**" PERSONALLY, I LIKE CAMELS BEST —  
THEY ARE MUCH MILDER, YOU KNOW! "**

**...MISS POLLY PEABODY OF NEW YORK**



*A few of the many other distinguished women who appreciate Camel's "extras"*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia  
Mrs. Gail Borden, Chicago  
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston  
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., Philadelphia  
Mrs. Clement Cleveland III, New York  
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, Boston  
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, Philadelphia  
Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, New York  
Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III, Cincinnati  
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, New York

**She's a gay young cosmopolite**

Young as she is, Polly Peabody has made over thirty ocean crossings. She attended school in France and Switzerland... had debut parties in Boston, New York, Paris...

**Leads an active life**

Polly likes hunting, swimming, and aquaplaning. In Manhattan she reads plays for a famous Broadway producer, works on charity committees. Her favorite cigarette is Camel.

**Likes those Camel "extras"**

"Camels suit me," she says. "They have everything I look for in a cigarette. Mildness, coolness, real flavor

—and more than their share of each."

**Prefers clothes "on the tailored side"**

She favors sports ensembles, *tailleurs*, earrings, amusing pins... and the only flower she wears is a camellia. Above, in a cabaña costume of wide-striped sharkskin, Polly looks cool, feels cool, and—as she blithely adds — "is enjoying a cool smoke."

**Notes that Camels burn "cool and mild"**

"I like the nice, cool way Camels smoke," she says. "They're wonderfully mild — gentle to my throat. Even though I smoke quite steadily, Camel cigarettes never tire my taste."

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**EXTRA MILDNESS**

**EXTRA COOLNESS**

**EXTRA FLAVOR**

• In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**



**THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

**Get the "extras" with slower-burning Camels**



**new, quick, easy way to have this**



*Glamorous*  
**HAIR DO**

**Or Any Equally Lovely Hair Do You Wish From Time to Time**

Say goodbye to your "Plain Jane" days. Look like a "deb" without even stepping into a beauty shop. The amazing Lady Carole Hair Curlers and Hair Creme Set makes it simple to have lasting, gorgeous curls that will be the envy of everyone you meet.

No more snarly ends. The improved, patented Lady Carole Curler rolls the hair all one way. They're feathery light, washable and easy to sleep with. Simply lay the hair between the two pieces of fabric, pinch and roll. Curls last for days. Ideal for children also.

Once you've used Lady Carole Hair Creme you'll know what it means to have hair that sparkles with life. Not greasy, won't flake off. Contains lanolin, olive and castor oil. Keeps your hair from becoming dry, brittle and fuzzy.

**8 CURLERS**  
*and tube of*  
**HAIR CREME**

only  
**25¢**

*Lady Carole*  
**HAIR CURLERS**  
**AND HAIR GLAMOUR CREME SET**

If not available in your locality yet, send 25c and we will send you this new, revolutionary Lady Carole Hair Curler and Hair Creme set at once.

Lady Carole  
206 S. Market St., Chicago, Illinois  
I am enclosing 25c for which please send me the Lady Carole Curlers and Hair Creme Set, postage prepaid.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



**It's Easy to Do!**  
Nothing mechanical to operate—no bobby pins to fuss with—no hard uncomfortable metal curlers to disturb your sleep.



Curlers and Hair Creme sold separately.  
**FOUR CURLERS 10c TEN CURLERS 20c**  
**TUBE OF HAIR CREME 10c**

*At Department and 10c Stores*

**HALGAR, INC., Distributors • CHICAGO, ILL.**



## They Broadcast the War

(Continued from page 40)

We have telephones at our disposal. Usually, I prepare my scripts for the censors in my office. But I often have to move my typewriter over to the Ministry of Information in order not to lose time—and not to be caught in an air raid, if there is one. Then, we just hand over our copy to an officer in an adjoining room.

"We are not permitted to quote a military leader or a member of the government, unless it deals with a statement officially issued for publication. No one would ever think of trying to suggest where a military leader, or a member of the government, is on a particular day, even if he happened to know it."

In the above paragraphs, Archinard explains the routine of broadcasting from foreign countries. Being worked to distraction is bad enough, but living in constant fear of death from the skies in addition must be horrible. He was in Paris when it was bombed and it is amazing that he was able to write as clearly and pictorially of his escape from death in Paris as he did. It begins with—

"I had to pick pieces of shattered glass out of my typewriter to write copy of this broadcast for the censors. Bombs fell and the NBC offices had as close a shave as I want to talk about for the rest of my days.

"The rose bushes in the garden across the street are crushed under tons of plaster and rock and two buildings, thirty feet away, are crumbled to the ground.

"A hole was blown out of a subway a quarter of a mile away from our office, and tonight there is a strong draft in these offices. Not a window is left intact.

"At the first siren, Miss Herrick, my secretary, and I went on the balcony overlooking the street. The anti-aircraft firing became so intense that we stepped into the house and suddenly a blast shook the whole building. We heard the crash of panes and furniture knocking around and we waited a little longer; down to the ground floor we went.

THERE is a shelter in the building somewhere, I never knew where. I still don't know. We didn't have time to find out. Dust came pouring in from the street to the entry like a brown cloud and the terrifying whistle of falling bombs was heard. We leaned against the wall in the entrance and then, a terrific blast nearly knocked us off our feet. It was followed by that awful rumble of crumbling stone that means a building is coming down.

"Ten minutes later, we were going back into the apartment.

"I told you of picking glass out of my typewriter, but first we had to find the typewriter. It was upside down under a desk. Everything else in the place was turned over. The radio was clear across the room. The large glass doors between the dining room and living room were torn off their hinges and reduced to splinters. I thought that was bad enough, until I looked out of the gaping windows. One quarter of the building was down, thirty feet away, and we were lucky, after all. Divans, tables, candles mingled with the plaster and great blocks of stone, which were

scattered all over the street. Pieces of furniture perched precariously on the upper stories over the edges of gaping holes. Women's dresses hung from what had been a second-story clothes closet, waving in the breeze. We could see a dining room table, still covered with luncheon utensils. There people were lunching late when thus interrupted, but got down in time not to be killed."

Archinard does not mention what he must have suffered, worrying about the fate of his wife and children while the bombs were dropping.

When all this is over, there will be decorations for soldiers who fought willingly or unwillingly, to defend a country or to conquer a country. Americans owe much more than decorations to men like Paul Archinard, risking death on the job to bring us the news as it happens.

**YOUNGEST OF THEM ALL!**—You've seen the newspapers and newsreels so you know that the backbone of the dreaded German military machine is made up chiefly of young men. Knowing this, it should be doubly interesting to know that the voice you hear from Berlin over NBC belongs to the youngest foreign radio correspondent in Europe. He's twenty-five years old, William Kerker. In the past few months, young Kerker's lucid explanations of the German war machine in action have been the high spots in European broadcasting.

Because Kerker possesses a cool head, a lightening analytical sense, and an excellent radio voice, he has been able to top the work of older and more experienced broadcasters in England, France, and Italy. NBC considers Kerker the "find of the year" and they are probably right.

In fact, Kerker is so much of a "find" that even the NBC staff knows very little about him. He is so new on their staff that as yet they have been unable to get any pictures of him over



■ A refugee leaving her shattered home.

here. They have managed to gather the scattered information that Kerker was once an elevator boy in a New York office building, once worked as an office boy, and still later, became a stock clerk.

They know he was born in New York City, but went to Berlin at the age of ten to study. He returned to America in 1932, when he was seventeen years old. Here, he studied engineering and worked at whatever jobs he could get, most of them menial and unimportant.

In 1938, without much money and entirely unknown, he returned to Berlin to study at the Berlin Institute of Technology. There he obtained a job as an assistant to the Berlin correspondent of the Herald Tribune.

The job with the Herald Tribune was so unimportant, that the New York office hasn't more than one line on him. It is the practice of newspapermen in Europe to hire youngsters to do routine work for them. Sometimes they notify the paper they work for, sometimes not.

KERKER says he was "practically drafted" into broadcasting service. As it happened, when the storm broke in Germany all the important newspaper and radio broadcasters were somewhere else. Baukage, the regular NBC commentator had returned to the United States. Kerker, with absolutely no radio experience, was the only man available. Max Jordan, top man in NBC's European service, had to hire him.

So Kerker, who had never broadcast in his life, went on the air to give America the news of the most important crisis in two hundred years! Just how he felt about this first broadcast, just how he did it, won't be known until he returns to America.

All that is known about William C. Kerker and how he works and lives in Berlin, was told by Kerker, himself, on a three way hook-up between Berlin, Paris, and London.

"Ever since Hitler has started his armies in the big western offensive, I've been doing a tough schedule around here," he said. "Some days I've had seven broadcasts, five minutes each, starting early in the morning and continuing until the wee hours of the next morning. I've often spoken to our listeners when the dawn was breaking through the sky and the birds were beginning to chirp. And at one time, our NBC staff in Berlin individually averaged about five hours sleep a day."

Kerker then continued about the way he works in Berlin.

"I try to get up early in the morning," he said, "and read my papers first and then rush down to the early press conference. Then I fly back up here to the radio station and pound out a script and about five copies. We try to get it in about an hour ahead of the broadcast, but that's a tough proposition for me. Anyway, the censors want it that way."

Kerker was then asked how he travels from the place where his copy is censored to the studio.

"The office is right next door and we hand in our copy, as I said, about an hour ahead of time. It is all written and I want to add that we're not permitted to ad lib during a broadcast."

As if his job weren't tough enough, young Bill Kerker continues his studies at the Berlin Institute of Technology. Perhaps this isn't so foolish, since the fact that he knows so much about engineering has helped him to give a clearer picture of the Nazi's machine-like tactics.

At this writing, even with experienced men now on hand, Kerker will continue as the top voice from Berlin. His superiors here and abroad are elated with their new discovery.



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.		Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:00	A. M.	CBS: News	
				NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio	
				NBC-Red: Organ Recital	
		8:30		CBS: Morning Moods	
				NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures	
				NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
		9:00		CBS: News of Europe	
		8:00		NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line	
		9:15		NBC-Red: Four Showmen Quartet	
		8:15		NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers	
		8:30		NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers	
		8:00	9:00	CBS: Church of the Air	
		8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Melodic Moods	
		8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit	
		8:30	9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan	
		8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Southernares	
		8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Children's Hour	
10:35	9:05	10:05	10:05	CBS: News and Rhythm	
	9:05	10:05	10:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen	
	8:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY	
		9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Sid Walton	
		9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music	
		10:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters	
8:00	10:00	11:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL	
8:00	10:00	11:00	11:00	NBC-Red: The Story of All of Us	
		12:30	P. M.	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle	
8:30	10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Wings Over America	
		9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Church of the Air
		9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
		9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Vass Family
		9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: March of Games
		9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
		9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Silver Strings
		10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: United We Stand
		10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: Treasure Trails
		10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
		11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: CBS Symphony
		11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Concert Music
		11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
		11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: News from Europe
		11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaitenborn
		12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: National Vespers
		12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Gene Krupa
		12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Invitation to Learning
		12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Ensemble
		12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: The World is Yours
		1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Yvette
		1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm
		1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Voice of Hawaii
		1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today
		2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Fun in Print
		2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: Gordon Orchestra
		2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
		2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Gene Autry
		2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Cavalcade of Hits
		2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Beat the Band
		3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: News of the World
		3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: News from Europe
		3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: ELLERY QUEEN
		3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Fisk Jubilee Choir
		3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
		4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Columbia Workshop
		4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Sunday Night Concert
		4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: The Bishop and the Gargoyle
		7:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: Musical Game
		4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
		4:55	6:55	7:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
		5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: FORD SUMMER HOUR
		8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
		5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
		8:15	7:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
		7:15	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
		5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
		8:30	7:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
		8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
		6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour
		6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
		6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Behind the Headlines
		7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Headlines and Bylines
		7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Dance Orchestra

## SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Cartoonist George McMonus shores a joke with Quiz-master Spoeth.

### Tune-In Bulletin for July 28, August 4, 11, 18 and 25!

July 28: Dance-band events of the day: Al Donohue opens at Monhatton Beach, broadcasting over Mutual, and Johnny McGee opens at Atlantic City's Million Dollar Pier—to be heard on NBC.

August 4: Today marks the 150th anniversary of the founding of the U. S. Coast Guard, and NBC has a special program this afternoon, telling all about what the Coast Guard does. . . . United We Stand, a new program presented by the U. S. Department of Education, starts an CBS today at 2:00.

August 11: After two weeks of Monhatton Beach, Al Donohue's band opens tonight at Virginio Beach, playing over NBC.

August 18: Lou Breeze's band opens of the Million Dollar Pier, with on NBC wire.

August 25: The Columbia Workshop is on these Sunday nights of 8:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Fun in Print, with Sigmund Spaeth and guest stars, sponsored by International Silver Company, and heard on CBS at 6:00 P.M.

If you ever read anything—books, newspapers, billboards, labels, electric signs—you can have fun with this quiz show. It's called a "literary quiz," but the fact is that its questions deal with just about everything in the big wide world. The only real requirement for a question is that its subject must have been mentioned in print or appeared in print of some time. A real literary prize is offered to listeners who send in usable questions, though—a subscription to the Literary Guild, consisting of four free best-selling books.

Fun in Print first went on the air about the middle of May, and got off to just about the worst start any radio program ever had to struggle against. The day of its opening program, Adolf Hitler had just invaded Holland—and one of the distinguished guests on the program was Hendrik Willem van Loon, the famous writer, who was born in Holland. Van Loon arrived in the studio with a face like a thunder-cloud, and master of ceremonies Sigmund Spaeth, after one look at him, knew there might be trouble. The program, naturally, is entirely unrehearsed, and the guests use no scripts. Every time van Loon opened his mouth Spaeth was afraid he would express his disgust and

onger of the Germans, and thus break radio's rule against taking sides in a controversial issue.

Actually, van Loon made only one remark against the Germans. The tune of Schubert's "Hork, Hork, the Lork," was played, and he was asked to identify it, which he did, correctly. Then he added, "I used to know the German title too—but since this morning I've forgotten all the German I ever knew."

Rather like Information, Please, the Fun in Print program invites celebrities to be guest experts, and fires questions of them. It's unlike Information, Please, in that the experts compete among themselves for a prize (a silver cigarette box), and the experts take turns in answering the questions—or trying to.

Alexander Stronoch, who produces the program for the advertising agency, says that even celebrities are occasionally petrified with fright when they get on a quiz program. But Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, who had seldom approached a microphone before, had a fine time. When he didn't know the answer to a question, he launched himself into a fine flight of fancy, which Spoeth interrupted by saying dryly, "I can see why you're a great novelist, Mr. Lewis. Now confess—there isn't a word of truth in what you're saying, and you haven't any idea what the answer to the question is." Lewis grinned, and said, "None whatever."

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**LEITH STEVENS**—musical director for tonight's Ford Hour, who comes by his musical ability naturally. Both of his parents were pianists, and he started learning to play when he was five. He's tall, good-looking, can repair a car, a radio or a sewing machine as expertly as he can conduct an orchestra, is married to singer Mary McCoy, and breeds scotty dogs and rides to hounds for hobbies.



# INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:30 A. M. NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage
			9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
			9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
9:30	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
			11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
			10:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
			10:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: Life Begins
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
			12:00 Noon CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
			12:15 P. M. CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
			12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
			1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
			1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
			2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
2:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Girl Interne
			2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
1:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: My Son and I
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Society Girl
			3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
			3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: John's Other Wife
			3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
			3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Columbia's Lecture Hall
			4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Lorenzo Jones
			4:15 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
			5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
			5:15 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
			5:30 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
7:55	9:00	10:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout
			6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
			6:15 CBS: Paul Sullivan
9:00	5:15	6:15	CBS: The World Today
			6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
			7:00 NBC-Red: FRED WARING'S GANG
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Lanny Ross
			7:15 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: BLONDIE
3:15	5:15	6:15	MBS: The Lone Ranger
			7:30 NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN
6:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: So You Think You Know Music
			8:00 NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Howard and Shelton
			8:30 NBC-Blue: Pearson and Allen
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Forecast
			9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
			10:00 NBC-Red: The Contended Hour
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Contended Hour

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Don Heyworth, Dr. I.Q. and John Thorpe dope out some puzzles.

## Tune-In Bulletin for July 29, August 5, 12, 19 and 26!

July 29: The Washington Merry-Go-Round, with Drew Pearson and Bob Allen, is on NBC-Blue these Monday nights at 8:30.  
 August 5: Lou Breeze's orchestra opens tonight at Kennywood Park, Pittsburgh's big playground. You'll hear it over NBC.  
 August 12: Something unusual in the way of drama is bound to be heard on CBS' Forecast program, at 9:00 tonight.  
 August 19: It's hard to keep track of So You Think You Know Music? but for the present it's on CBS tonight at 8:00.  
 August 26: CBS is broadcasting the Professional Golfers Association matches today from Hershey, Pennsylvania.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Doctor I.Q., on NBC-Red tonight at 9:00, sponsored by Mors Candy bars.

Here's a quiz program where there's real money floating around. Prizes given away on each week's program amount to about \$700—sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less. And all awards are paid in big round silver dollars, fresh from the mint. Both the audience in the theater where the broadcast originates, and the folks listening in can get in on the fun and the money.

If you're lucky enough to be present at an I.Q. broadcast, just sit tight and wait for one of the good Doctor's assistants to poke a portable microphone at you, and then try to answer the question the Doctor asks you. If you're smart, you'll win money ranging from \$3 to \$100. Even if you aren't smart enough to answer the question, you'll get a box of Mors candy as a prize.

Listening in at home, you can win even more, by sending in "true or false" statements or biographies of famous people. Doctor I.Q. wonders about the country, broadcasting from theaters in various large cities. Maybe he will come to your town next, and if he does don't fail to be in the audience.

Doctor I.Q. (and how many of you know what the initials I.Q. stand for?) is really Lew Valentine, a good-looking young fellow who hails from San Antonio, Texas. Incidentally, the program itself

originated in Texas—in the brain of a Houston man named Lee Seegol. Seegol proved that his own I.Q. is high by copy-righting the idea for the show, selling it to a sponsor, and collecting a royalty check every week.

Lew is married, and between broadcasts frequently flies down to his home in San Antonio. On the air he sounds older than he is, and this embarrasses him sometimes. It's fine to sound mature and wise on the air, but incidents crop up—like the time Lew met a feminine I.Q. fan who didn't know who he was. She talked about how much she enjoyed Doctor I.Q., and, thinking to please her, Lew said, "As a matter of fact, I'm Doctor I.Q." She looked him up and down, sniffed, and said, "Don't try to fool me, young man. You don't look a day over twenty-seven." She was quite right—Lew is exactly twenty-seven years old.

Lew and two assistants, Don Heyworth and John Thorpe, think up a good many of the questions that aren't sent in by listeners. Others are originated by the advertising agency which produces the program. All concerned avoid technical questions, and try to think of queries that are within the realm of knowledge of the average man. A funny thing is that women are more apt than men to answer correctly questions dealing with the war and current events. Most men fail on spelling questions; most women on mathematical ones.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**RUSSELL THORSON**—who stepped into the role of Charles Meredith in Midstream when Hugh Studebaker was ordered by his physician to take a long rest. Russell is a native of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, a graduate of the University of Montana, a member of Sigma Chi and Sigma Delta Chi fraternities, and a veteran actor in dramatic stock. He got the part in Midstream after a series of auditions.

# Complete Programs from July 26 to August 27



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A. M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
12:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
9:30	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
		11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
9:45	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Life Begins
11:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		12:00 Noon	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		12:15 P. M.	CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
		1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
		1:15	NBC-Red: Mrs. Roosevelt
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Mrs. Roosevelt
		1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
		2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
		2:15	CBS: Girl Interne
2:30	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		5:00	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:15	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
2:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		6:00	CBS: News
6:55	5:55	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
		6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
9:00	5:15	5:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan
		6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
		7:30	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
		7:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
		8:00	CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Roy Shield Review
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
		8:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
		9:00	CBS: We, the People
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Musical Americana
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
		9:30	CBS: Professor Quiz
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Kay St. Germain
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Kay St. Germain
		10:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey Orch.
		10:30	CBS: News of the War
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

## TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Elmer Davis (left) chats with another commentator—Edwin C. Hill.

### Tune-In Bulletin for July 30, August 6, 13, 20 and 27!

July 30: Just a reminder that Horace Heidt has a new musical audience-participation show on NBC-Red tonight at 8:30. . . and that Musical Americana is heard tonight at 9:00 on NBC Blue, instead of its old Thursday-night spot.

August 6: Another program that has changed time is Court of Missing Heirs. It's on CBS at 8:00 now, half an hour earlier than formerly.

August 13: Meredith Willson's Musical Revue, with Kay St. Germain and Roy Hendricks, on NBC-Red at 9:30 tonight, is well worth listening to.

August 20: For Drama with a capital D—Helen Menken in Second Husband, on CBS at 7:30 tonight.

August 27: Roy Shield's Revue, on NBC-Blue tonight at 8:00, is a gay, entertaining half-hour of music. Here's hoping that, just because it's not sponsored, it won't be snatched out of its present time before you have a chance to listen.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Elmer Davis and the News, on CBS at 8:55 P.M., E.D.S.T., tonight and every night in the week.

Through all the exciting and frequently horrifying events of the last year, CBS listeners have learned to appreciate the quiet, logical news analyses of Elmer Davis. This quiet, middle-aged man never gets hysterical, never lets the horror of the day's happenings betray him into illogical conclusions. In a world gone crazy, he usually makes sense, and that's something to be thankful for.

Davis' broadcast came to you tonight from a small studio just off the busy CBS news room in New York. He has an office there, with a large colored map of Europe on the wall, where he spends most of his time, keeping a watchful eye on all the news that comes in over INS and UP wires. News despatches that he thinks are important, he puts aside, and makes notes from them for his broadcast. He almost never uses a script, and occasionally doesn't even have time to jot down rough notes. But whatever the pressure, he works quietly and never gets excited.

Elmer Davis was born fifty years ago in Aurora, Indiana, and attended Franklin College in Indiana. He won a Rhodes Scholarship, and finished his education in Oxford, England, in spite of the advice of his friends to stay in Indiana and teach schaal. When he got back to America he was hired by the New York Times as a reporter. That wasn't his first newspaper

experience, though—he'd started at the age of fourteen on the Aurora Bulletin as a printer's devil, at a salary of one dollar a week. In the years since he returned from Oxford, Davis has become one of America's well-known writers, and has published short stories and novels in most leading magazines. He joined Columbia's staff last August 23, just a week or so before England and France declared war on Germany.

Davis always wears a light tweed suit and a black bow tie. He has gray hair and thick black eyebrows over keen brown eyes. He's married, and has two children—Robert Lloyd, 20, and Anne, 14. Bob is a student of the University of Chicago, but Anne lives with her parents in a New York apartment in winter and a summer home at Mystic, Connecticut, in summer.

After a day's work (which frequently means from fourteen to eighteen hours), Davis loves to settle down in his easy chair, which he admits is so old it "Looks like the devil," with several hamburger sandwiches and a copy of the works of Horace or Cotullus, in the original Latin. He has a particularly terrible kind of mike-fright. Every time he sits down to broadcast he's assailed by a fear that he'll suddenly go insane and start talking nonsense, treason, blasphemy or—worst of all—libel into the microphone. It isn't likely that anything so upsetting as this will ever happen, though, to the well-balanced, calm and collected Mr. Davis.

### SAY HELLO TO . . .



PEGGY CONKLIN—who has succeeded Haila Stoddard as Sue Miller in Big Sister, on CBS today at 11:30. Peggy always wanted to be an actress, and now is one of the best on Broadway. As soon as she got out of school she found a chorus girl's job, then worked her way into dramatic productions. She's been in the movies, too, but just now is devoting her time to radio and the stage, and this Fall will take the leading role in the late Sidney Howard's last play. She has been married for nearly five years, and has a daughter named Toni who will be two years old in September. Peggy's tiny, brunette, and vivacious.





It's really a treat for a baby's relatives to hear his mother say, "Dear—dear! I just can't get him to eat his vegetables!"

At this signal, they're off, each with a screamingly good trick, guaranteed to charm a baby into eating. Usual upshot: a tantrum.

And it's so unnecessary—you don't need tricks if he likes the taste! Try him on the flavors and textures that have made a hit with so many babies—try him on Clapp's! Watch him eat when he gets food that he likes!

## Dodge those family pow-wows . . . BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!



Get your baby's advisory council to make a taste test—they'll soon find out why babies like Clapp's so well. Vegetables are more pleasant to anybody's taste when they're canned at the peak of freshness and lightly salted according to doctors' directions.

And with Clapp's rich flavor goes a growth-producing supply of vitamins and minerals, too.



Yes, and it's the feel as well as the taste! Clapp's Strained Foods feel smooth—though not liquid. Clapp's Chopped Foods are uniformly cut.

For 19 years, Clapp's have been getting tips from doctors and mothers . . . you learn a lot in 19 years! Clapp's were first to make both Strained and Chopped Foods commercially, and they make nothing *but* baby foods.



### 17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • Cereal—Baby Cereal.

### 12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • Combination Dinners—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Fruits—Applesauce • Prunes • Dessert—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.

# Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:30 A. M. NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
			NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage
			9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
			9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
			10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
			NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	8:00	9:00	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
			NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
			10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
			NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
			10:45 CBS: Stepmother
			NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
			11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
			NBC-Red: David Harum
			11:15 CBS: Life Begins
			NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:30	9:15	10:15	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
			NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
			11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
			12:00 Noon CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
			12:15 P. M. CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
			12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:20	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
			12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
			1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
			1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	12:30	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
			2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
2:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
10:00	12:00	1:00	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
			1:15 NBC-Blue: Quitting Bee
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
			NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
			2:45 CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: George Fisher
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
			3:00 CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Martin
			3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
			3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
			4:00 CBS: Columbia's Lecture Hall
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
			4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
			4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
			5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
1:00	3:00	4:00	5:15 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
			5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
			5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
			6:00 CBS: News: Bob Trout
7:55	9:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
2:00	4:00	6:00	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
			6:30 CBS: Hedda Hopper
2:15	4:15	5:15	6:45 CBS: Paul Sullivan
9:00	5:15	6:15	7:00 CBS: The World Today
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
			7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
			7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	6:15	7:30 CBS: Adventures of Mr. Meek
8:00	5:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	5:30	6:30	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
3:45	5:45	6:45	8:00 CBS: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
8:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: This, Our America
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
			8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Airport
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Plantation Party
			9:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Abbott and Costello
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
8:30	7:30	8:30	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE

## WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, and Louis "double"—Mayor La Guardia.

### Tune-In Bulletin for July 31, August 7, 14 and 21!

July 31: There are two new dramatic programs on tonight—Adventures of Mr. Meek, on CBS at 7:30, and Metropolitan Airport on NBC-Blue at 8:30. . . . Also an old favorite quiz show is back, Uncle Jim's Question Bee on CBS at 8:00.

August 7: Lorry Clinton's band closes tonight at the Hotel New Yorker. You've been hearing it over CBS.

August 14: NBC-Blue has a whole hour of children's programs from 5:00 to 6:00 this afternoon and every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday. In it are Rocky Gardon, Malcolm Claire, Irene Wicker, and Bud Borton.

August 21: Something to stir every patriotic American is This Our America, on NBC-Blue tonight at 8:00.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** The Hour of Smiles, starring Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, comedians, and Benay Venuto, soprano, with Peter Von Steeden's orchestra—on NBC-red at 9:00, E.D.S.T., rebroadcast to the West at 8:00, P.S.T., and sponsored by Ipono and Sol-Hepatica.

It's a funny thing about Bud Abbott and Lou Costello—they're celebrating their tenth anniversary as partners, but only their second as partners with cash in the bank. It took them eight years of small-time vaudeville to work up to their present very successful position in the world.

Lou is the funny one—the short, pudgy little man who works himself up to heights of insone hysteria under Bud's heckling. He looks a lot like New York's Mayor La Guardia, as you can see from the picture above; and he's a carbon-copy of His Honor in height and weight, 5 feet 4 inches and 183 pounds. His real name is Critello, and he was born in Poterson, N. J. After a year or so at military school, he set out on foot for Hollywood, where he first got a job as a scene shifter, then worked up to being in mob scenes, doubling for Dolores Del Rio in a two-story jump from a Klondike gambling joint, and making himself generally useful as a stunt man. He was on his way to comedy success when the talkies came along and eliminated him and his squeaky voice from the Hollywood scene.

Heading back home, Lou joined a vaudeville troupe in St. Joseph, Mo., as a Dutch comedian, and toured with it for a while. In Brooklyn, his "straight man"

fell ill and Bud Abbott was called in from the box office to pinch hit. That began an association between the two which has lasted ever since. Bud had done a good deal of knocking around too—he'd been born under a circus tent at Coney Island, and had worked as a peanut vendor, an apprentice lion-tamer, and a chute-the-chutes operator before turning to the theater management.

Their partnership didn't do either of them much good until they got an engagement at Loew's State Theater in New York. Ted Collins, Kate Smith's manager, happened to be in the audience one night, liked their act, and booked them for a guest spot on Kate's program. That one guest spot led to others, and before long they were regular features on the show. That in turn led to an engagement in the Broadway revue, "Streets of Paris," to movie offers, and this summer to their own program, replacing Fred Allen.

Both Bud and Lou are married, to chorus girls they met in a show when they were playing Washington, D.C., in 1929. The two girls were having a little quarrel backstage. Bud and Lou suggested that all four of them get together over a friendly sandwich at a hamburger stand across the street. Romance was born and blossomed into matrimony.

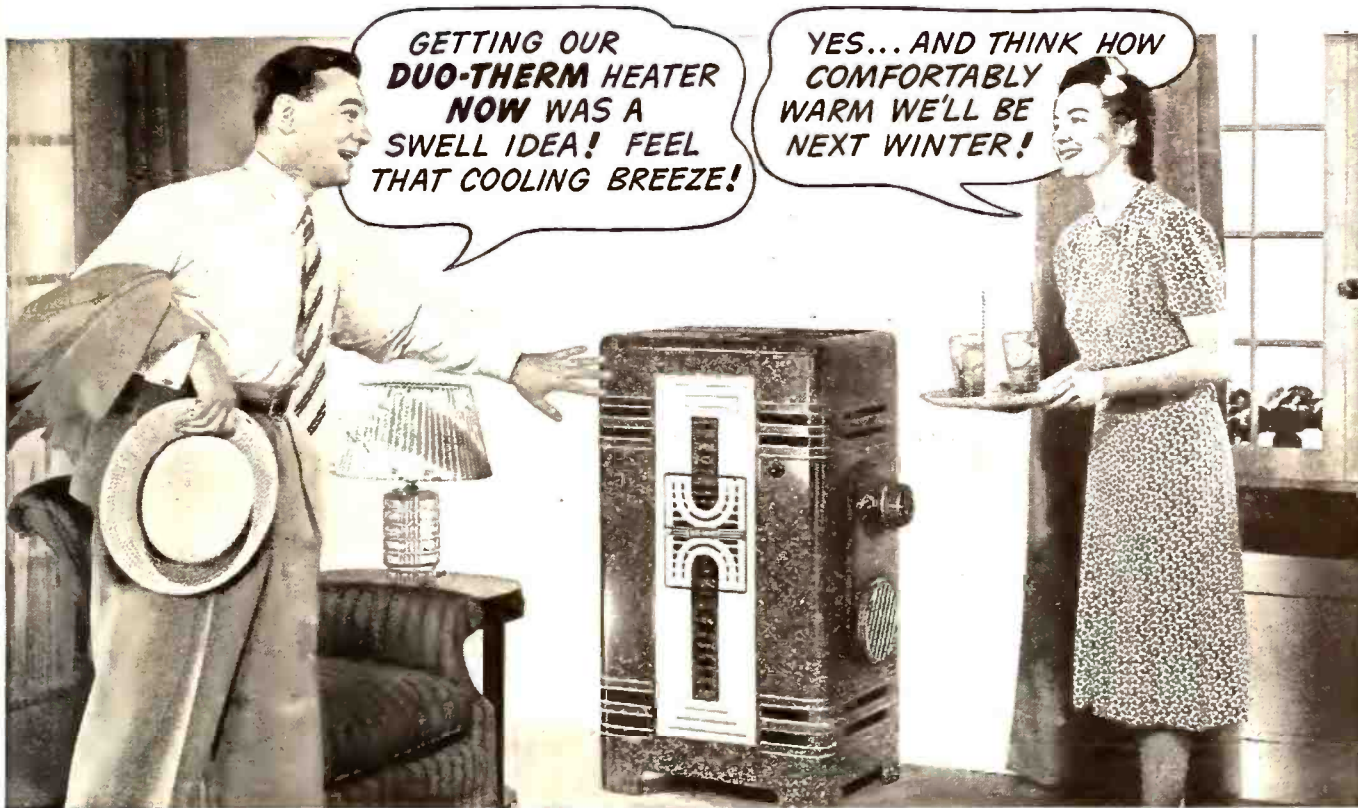
Lou is never separated from his two-bit cigar, and memorizes all his radio scripts. Bud is tall, slender, gray-haired, and was christened William. He's one of radio's most immaculate dressers, and would rather play cards than eat.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**JOAN TETZEL**—who is Sylvia Field on the CBS serial, *When a Girl Marries*. And Joan recently did get married—to Jack Mosman, CBS radio engineer. She's back from her Bermuda honeymoon now, busy again in the studios, where she's much in demand. You hear her also in *Woman of Courage* every morning at 9:00 on CBS, and in various other dramatic roles. Joan was born in New York City and has been acting professionally since she was five. On the stage she was in "The Little Foxes" with Tallulah Bankhead, in "Susan and God" with Gertrude Lawrence, and Burgess Meredith in the revival of "Liliom."





## A better kind of heater with a sensational extra advantage—SUMMER COOLING!



KEEP cooler this summer—with a new Duo-Therm heater's amazing Power-Air! Switch it on—with the heater turned off—and it pours out a 27 mile-an-hour breeze... fills the room with cooling, circulating air!

You can have year-round comfort—with Duo-Therm's new Power-Air heater!

It keeps you cooler in hot weather—and when cold weather comes, you needn't fuss with coal or ashes, nuisance, dirt or work.

Instead, you enjoy quick, clean convenient oil heat—and oil heat that now costs you less than ever before!

**Power-Air drives out cold!** In winter, the Power-Air blower drives heat through the house... gives uniform, "floor-to-ceiling" comfort and extra heat for every room! No more drafty floors and chilly corners!

Power-Air gives you the same positive forced heat as a modern basement furnace... and at a sensational saving in fuel costs!

Save up to 25%! Power-Air gives you bet-

ter heating—for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house warmer—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air!

And—Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

**More important Duo-Therm features.** Only Duo-Therm has the famous Bias-Baffle Burner which burns cleanly from highest to lowest fire—gives you more heat from every drop of cheap fuel oil. A twist of the handy front-panel dial—and you get just the heat you want for any weather. Open the radiant door—and get a flood of extra heat! Special waste-stopper saves fuel!

A Duo-Therm is safe—all models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Buy now... pay only 10% down... No more till October. Even with Power-Air, a Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! 12 beautiful models—heating 1 to 6 rooms. Console type or upright cabinet heaters—both can be equipped with Power-Air.

Go to your nearest Duo-Therm dealer today. Inspect the world's largest-selling heater thoroughly! Find out how little you need pay for year-round comfort! For full information, mail the coupon now!

Uneven heat without Power-Air!	All-over, even heat with Power-Air!
TOO HOT HERE 95°	WARM HERE 80°
WARM HERE 79°	WARM HERE 72°
COLD HERE 62°	WARM HERE 70°
This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!	Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat down—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

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# New All-Weather DUO-THERM Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

--- TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY! ---

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State \_\_\_\_\_



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		8:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
		9:30	NBC-Red: Escorts and Betty
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
12:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
9:30	8:45	9:45	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Life Begins
11:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
	9:15	10:15	CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		12:00	Neon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		12:15	P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
		11:45	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
2:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: Margaret C. Banning
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
		2:15	CBS: Girl Interne
2:30	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:15	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		4:45	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
		5:15	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:30	CBS: Scattered Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
3:45	5:45	6:00	CBS: News
6:55	8:55	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:05	CBS: Paul Sullivan
9:00	5:15	5:30	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		6:45	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Vox Pop
		7:30	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: Ask It Basket
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Musical Americana
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: Strange as it Seems
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Pot of Gold
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: The Aldrich Family
		9:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Toronto Symphony
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
		10:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: News of the War

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Leads in Life Can Be Beautiful: Holbrook, Reinheart, Locke.

## Tune-In Bulletin for August 1, 8, 15 and 22!

August 1: This is the night for fight fans to stay home and listen to the radio—because NBC is broadcasting the scrap between Ceferino Garcia and Steve Belloise.  
 August 8: Bob Burns returns to the Kraft Music Hall program tonight after his vacation—sa for some more of those tall Arkansas stories tune in NBC-Red at 9:00. Bing Crosby's leaving, too, now that Bab's back. . . . Woody Herman's band opens at the New Yorker Hotel, broadcasting over CBS.  
 August 15: Just as a reminder—Bob Crosby is heard tonight at 10:00 on all the NBC-Red stations that Rudy Vallee isn't occupying.  
 August 22: Novelist Margaret Culkin Banning has some interesting things to say in her weekly program, today at 2:00 on NBC-Blue.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Life Can Be Beautiful, the dramatic serial heard today at 1:15 on CBS, sponsored by Ivory Soap.

Life Can Be Beautiful is nearing its second anniversary on CBS, and its cast remains the same as when it started. Minor characters have been introduced, but the main theme of the story is woven around Papa David Solomon, Chichi Conrad, Stephen Hamilton, and Toby Nelson plus an important new character, Rita Yates. And the story still teaches the same important message, that "life can be beautiful" if you live it properly.

The drama is the work of two prolific radio writers, Don Becker and Carl Bixby, who have collaborated on the series since it first went on the air. The theme song, "Melody in C" was composed by Dan. He wrote it in a single afternoon, after he'd done his daily quota of 10,000 words.

As Chichi, you hear Alice Reinheart, pert, vivacious, beautiful and talented in writing and music as well as acting. Alice was a child prodigy, and gave piano concerts when she was twelve. By the time she was sixteen she had travelled extensively in Europe. Returning to America, she gave up music for the stage, and acted in San Francisco and New York. Then came another trip abroad, during which she made moving picture shorts in English, German and French. It was after this trip that she entered radio.

Alice loves to read, and her own home is practically a library with living-quarters attached. She has a large collection of fine editions, and a four-volume scrap-

book which she began in 1928, into which she copies in her own handwriting excerpts from the world's greatest literature. Alice is five feet two inches tall, has chestnut hair, and describes her eyes as "green with coffee grounds in them."

Ralph Locke, who plays Papa David, is one of radio's best dialect experts, and collecting dialects is his hobby. Armed with a camera, he likes to go into the foreign districts of New York, photograph interesting characters, get acquainted with them and listen to them talk, and then go home and type out everything he remembers about them. When his pictures are printed, he pastes the type-written slips on the back of the photographs and files them away by nationalities. The file has 35 different classifications, since Ralph has discovered that many nationalities in Manhattan.

Stephen Hamilton is played by John Holbrook, a Canadian who has been a ski instructor, an automobile salesman, an actor on the stage, and a radio announcer before reaching his present position as radio actor. Carl Eastman is heard as Toby Nelson, the young newspaper photographer. He'd have been a lawyer instead of an actor, but the 1930 depression forced him out of law school. He says now it was a good thing.

Mitzi Gauld enacts the other important character in Life Can Be Beautiful—Rita Yates. She speaks English and French fluently, but when she's angry she lapses into Hungarian, which she learned before she could speak English.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**CECILE EVANS**—eighteen-year-old protegee of Mrs. Gertrude Berg, and heard today as the Newlywed, Debby Banner, in *The Goldbergs*. Cecile, as talented as she is beautiful, was born in Brooklyn and quit high school there because, she says, she was just too interested in acting to pay any attention to studying. It must have been a good move, because besides getting her job on *The Goldbergs*, she just closed a successful run in the cast of a Broadway play. She joins other actors who have been in *The Goldbergs* in saying that working under Mrs. Berg's direction is as good as taking a dramatic school course.





I NEVER NEGLECT MY  
**ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL**  
WITH LUX SOAP!

*Alice Faye*

LUX SOAP DOES A  
WONDERFUL JOB!  
FIRST PAT ITS  
**ACTIVE LATHER**  
GENTLY INTO  
YOUR SKIN

THEN RINSE  
WITH WARM  
WATER—A  
DASH OF COOL

Try ALICE FAYE'S Beauty Care  
for 30 days!

FOR 30 DAYS give your skin this gentle  
ACTIVE-lather care. If you've seen  
little blemishes—enlarged pores, now is the  
time to begin. Use cosmetics all you like,  
but remove stale cosmetics, dust and dirt  
*thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap. You'll  
find this care helps you keep skin *smooth*  
—lovely to look at, soft to touch.

NOW DRY  
WITH LIGHT, QUICK  
PATS. YOUR SKIN  
FEELS **SMOOTHER**  
—LOOKS FRESHER!

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX STAR

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
12:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
9:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: Short Short Story
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Life Begins
11:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT
		12:00	NBC: Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		12:15 P.M.	CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:39	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
		1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
		1:15	CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
		2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
2:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
		2:15	CBS: Girl Interne
2:30	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: George Fisher
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
		3:00	CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		4:45	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:15	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
		5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		6:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout
9:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Lit Abner
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:05	CBS: Hedda Hopper
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Paul Sullivan
9:00	5:15	6:15	CBS: The World Today
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Al Pearce
6:30	8:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	7:30	8:00	CBS: Man About Hollywood
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Strictly Business
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
		8:30	CBS: Choose Up Sides
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
		9:00	CBS: Johnny Presents
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Show Boat
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Waltz Time
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Grand Central Station
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: What's My Name
		10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Don Ameche
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Don Ameche
		10:30	CBS: News of the War
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Quiz Kids
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Quiz Kids

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Marlin Hurt chortles as Virginia Verrill sings.

## Tune-In Bulletin for July 26, August 2, 9, 16 and 23!

July 26: The quiz program has finally gone juvenile—at 10:30 tonight there's one called Quiz Kids in which smart children answer all the questions. It's on NBC-Red.  
 August 2: Beginning tonight, the Cities Service Concert on NBC-Red at 8:00 is going to be "streamlined"—which really means it's being cut from an hour to thirty minutes.  
 August 9: Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra open tonight at the Cedar Point Ballroom in Sandusky, Ohio, broadcasting over NBC.  
 August 16: George McColl is back on the air, gossiping about Hollywood tonight over CBS at 8:00, E.D.S.T.  
 August 23: Three of Broadway's cleverest actors are in Strictly Business, the comedy play at 8:00 on NBC-Blue—Shirley Booth, Peggy Conklin, and Lawson Zerbe.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Show Boat, an old and famous broadcasting name in an entirely new program, on NBC's Blue network at 9:00 P.M., E.D.S.T. (rebroadcast to the Pacific Coast at 7:30 P.M., P.S.T.) and sponsored by Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation for Avalon Cigarettes. With the one exception of Virginia Verrill, who was a member of the original company, the new Show Boat is a decidedly new vessel. Marlin Hurt, its comedian, is a complete newcomer to network radio. It has two orchestras instead of one. And the running story that characterized the original Show Boat has been just about eliminated.

Cap'n Henry is missing, too. The skipper of this Show Boat is Cap'n Borney Bernet, a role entrusted to Corlan Brickert, well-known character actor and announcer. Just as in the old days, the Cap'n begins the show each week by announcing the name of the town where the Boat is supposedly tied up that night. Then he continues as master of ceremonies, introducing Ginny Verrill's songs, Marlin Hurt's comedy, and the musical selections played by Bob Trendler's orchestra and chorus and Bob Strong's dance band.

Show Boat is pretty proud of young Marlin Hurt, and considers him a real comedy find. He's been in radio a long time—but as the "Dick" of the Tom, Dick and Harry song team. His flair for natural comedy got him a chance at the comedian's part when Show Boat returned to the air, and he's made good in a big way.

You hear him playing himself, and two other people as well. He's Beulah, black-face comedienne (that's Marlin as Beulah in the picture with Virginia Verrill above), and he's also the speaking voice of Jeff Higgins, the Show Boat's whiz-bong guitarist. The actual guitar playing is done by George Borne, who can get around a guitar faster than a cooper going around a barrel. As for Marlin, his Beulah characterizations have turned out to provide some of radio's funniest moments. Meanwhile, although he's now a comedian, Marlin hasn't given up his work in the Tom, Dick and Harry song combination.

Virginia Verrill, sang star of the company, is the same smooth-voiced contralto you heard on the old Show Boat, and has been on the air since with Ed Wynn, Tommy Riggs, Wolter O'Keefe and Jack Haley. Unlike many people, Ginny isn't headed for Hollywood—that's where she comes from. Her grandfather, B. C. Edwards, helped found the town.

Another star name on the cast is that of Dick Todd, the young corrot-tapped baritone who is one of this year's biggest recording successes. He has the heaviest record-making schedule of any singer in the country, and is kept busy ploning back and forth between Chicago, where Show Boat originates, and Camden, N. J., where his record company has its studios. But Dick's like that other top singer, Bing Crosby—easy-going and good-natured, and takes everything in his stride without getting excited.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**DEL SHARBUTT**—the announcer you're likely to hear no matter when you tune your radio in. A few of his programs are Lanny Ross' tonight, the Ask-it-Basket, Myrt and Marge, and Aldrich Family. He's a tall, blond Texan from Fort Worth who originally studied law but became interested in radio while he was still in college. His father is a circuit-riding minister in the Texas panhandle. Because of his drawl (off the air), he's known to the boys around the studios as "Pappy," but he has a real right to the title, because he and his wife have two children. He's also the composer of some hit songs.





## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

ignored as completely in this title as he is by his parents in the script of the show.

Then there's Baby Dumpling of Blondie, who steals the show and puts over a veteran performance every time he's on the air. In fact, Blondie, to me, would be nil without him, and yet his sponsors don't even see fit to tell us his name like others on the same program.

Where would either program be without these forgotten youngsters . . . but not forgotten by us!—Dorothy Mehl, Volga, S. D.

### FIFTH PRIZE

#### I SHARE IN ITS WONDERS!

Everyone acknowledges that radio is wonderful, but I wonder if they realize what it can mean to one who lives in darkness? When I lost my eyesight fifteen years ago, I thought the world had come to an end. I didn't want to keep on living. But radio changed all that!

Thanks to radio, today I'm the best informed person in my neighborhood. Newscasters tell me about local and world events. I attend opera and theater from my armchair, hear reviews of late books, know the new songs, and lots of amusing stories and jokes.

I know plenty to talk about, and can hold my own in any conversation. This makes me feel as if I were no longer shut off—apart—from the world of living men. I, too, can share its wonders!—J. Paul Kelly, Shreveport, La.

### SIXTH PRIZE

#### A SHORT, SHORT SERIAL

It Happened in Hollywood, Just Plain Bill, The Man I Married, was fighting Against the Storm to visit the Carters of Elm Street. He soon met a Woman in White who was Arnold Grimm's Daughter, and also turned out to be the Guiding Light.

She told Bill that the Carters lived on Hilltop House and their Big Sister was a Girl Interne. Bill thanked the Society Girl for her information and went to the Carters' home.

After talking a while, Mr. Carter told Bill that Our Gal Sunday and Bud Barton would soon take The Road of Life.

"Yes," said Mr. Carter, "When a Girl Marries she takes The Road to Happiness and she soon finds that Life Can Be Beautiful."—A. Mukits, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### SEVENTH PRIZE

#### ADDED INTEREST

Too often we become interested in a radio serial and regret the preceding chapters that we have unwittingly missed.

RADIO MIRROR has come to our aid with sketches of famous radio characters such as Claudia's life in the June issue. I loved this further insight into the life of Claudia, and so, I am sure, did others.

Printing stories of The O'Neills and The Romance of Helen Trent, and such others only add interest to their radio appearance.—Bell Ellison, Chester, Va.

# "There's Charm in Soft HANDS,"

says **Martha Scott\***

(Lovely  
Hollywood Star)



CARY GRANT and MARTHA SCOTT\* in Columbia's great romantic drama, "The Howards of Virginia".

A FINE CHANCE I  
HAVE FOR THOSE SOFT  
HOLLYWOOD HANDS...



SALLY WAS RIGHT...  
VERY SOON AFTER

YOUR LITTLE  
HANDS FEEL SOFT  
AS VELVET

HOUSEWORK NEEDN'T  
ROUGHEN YOUR HANDS IF  
YOU LET JERGENS LOTION  
FURNISH BEAUTIFYING  
MOISTURE FOR THE SKIN

**A few seconds' care a day  
helps prevent  
unalluring rough hands**

**E**XPOSURE TO WEATHER and use of water tend to dry nature's softening moisture out of your hand skin. But apply Jergens Lotion. It furnishes new refreshing moisture for your skin. And—remember—in Jergens you apply 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften and smooth harsh skin. No stickiness! Quick and easy! Thousands of women keep the allure of soft, smooth hands by regular use of this famous Jergens Lotion. Get it today.



**FOR SOFT,  
ADORABLE HANDS**

**FREE! YOUR START TOWARD SOFT HANDS**

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company  
3515 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

I want to see how Jergens Lotion helps me have charming, soft hands. Please send my free purse-size bottle.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME

E. S. T.

Eastern Daylight Time

			8:00 A.M.	CBS: News of Europe NBC-Red: News
			8:15	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch. NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-Tete
			8:25	CBS: Odd Side of the News
			8:30	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
			9:00	CBS: Golden Gate Quartet NBC-Red: News
			9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
			8:05	NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
			9:15	NBC-Red: Watch Your Step
			9:30	CBS: Let's Be Lazy
			8:45	CBS: Hill Billy Champions NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
			10:00	NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
9:00	8:00	9:00	10:15	NBC-Blue: Rakov Orchestra
			10:30	CBS: Welcome Lewis, Singing Bee NBC-Blue: Charioteers NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
			10:45	NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
			11:00	NBC-Blue: Murphy Orch. NBC-Red: Song Folks
			11:30	CBS: Vera Brodsky NBC-Blue: Our Barn NBC-Red: Gallicchio's Orch.
			12:00 Noon	CBS: Country Journal NBC-Blue: Education Forum NBC-Red: Strings That Sing
			12:30 P.M.	CBS: Let's Pretend NBC-Blue: FARM BUREAU NBC-Red: Call to Youth
			1:15	NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
			1:30	NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
			2:00	NBC-Red: I'm an American
			2:30	NBC-Red: World's Fair Band
			4:00	CBS: Bull Session NBC-Blue: Club Matinee NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
			4:30	NBC-Red: A Girl, a Boy, and a Band
			5:00	NBC-Blue: Magic Waves NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
			5:30	NBC-Blue: Teddy Powell Orch.
			6:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout NBC-Red: El Chico Orch.
			6:05	CBS: Albert Warner NBC-Blue: Reggie Childs Orch.
			6:30	NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted NBC-Red: Religion in the News
			6:45	CBS: The World Today NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
			7:00	CBS: People's Platform NBC-Blue: Message of Israel NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten
			7:30	CBS: Gay Nineties Revue NBC-Blue: Madriguera Orch.
			7:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
			8:00	CBS: Sky Blazers NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
			8:30	CBS: The Human Adventure NBC-Blue: Marriage Club NBC-Red: Truth and Consequences
			9:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
			9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
			10:00	NBC-Blue: Dance Music NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
			10:15	CBS: Public Affairs
			10:30	CBS: News of the War

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Nila Mack (in armchair, at right) gives a party for her cast.

## Tune-In Bulletin for July 27, August 3, 10, 17 and 24!

July 27: Uncle Ezra's Powerful Little Five-Watter has moved into the 10:00 P.M. spot on NBC-Red formerly occupied by Bob Crosby's Camel Coravan.  
 August 3: Ted Husing broadcasts the horse-race today from Saratago, over CBS.  
 August 10: Agoin Ted Husing brings you the description of a race of Saratago. . . . And as for bond openings, Gene Beecher starts at the Terrace Beach Club, Virginio Beach, and Larry Clinton at Atlantic City's Steel Pier, both playing on NBC.  
 August 17: One of the month's few program debuts is tonight—Truth and Consequences, on NBC-Red at 8:30. Those who heard it a month or so ago, when it was on four Eastern stations, say it's the funniest of the quiz shows.  
 August 24: Turning from racing to tennis, Ted Husing broadcasts the Notional Doubles Matches from Brookline, Massachusetts, on CBS.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Let's Pretend, an CBS at 12:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.—o children's program which has several times been cited as the best on the air.

Let's Pretend is the brain-child of Nila Mack, director of all children's programs for CBS. It has been on the air for eleven years, although not all that time under the same name. Originally, it was called The Adventures of Helen and Mory, and both adults and children were used in the cast. Then Nilo decided that since it was a program for children, only children should be in it, and Let's Pretend seemed a better title than The Adventures of Helen and Mory.

Let's Pretend dramatizes a fairy-story every week. The story to be broadcast is chosen from suggestions sent in by listeners; then Nilo writes the radio version. Rehearsal starts at 9:30 Saturday mornings and lasts until air-time—and if you don't believe rehearsals are lively sessions, just think back to the last time you had a dozen lively youngsters in one room. The children, when they're not actually of the mike, amuse themselves any way they like, and play everything from tic-toc-toe to tag.

Nila knows how to handle these talented kids because she was a child actress herself. She was born in Arkonosos City, Kansas, and was a singer, dancer, and dramatic actress before she was sixteen, when she landed her first real job as leading lady for a western repertory company. She says her salary for that was twenty-five

dollars "practically" every week.

Her greatest difficulty with child actors is that they will insist on growing up. She auditions about 300 children a year, and selects from these auditions the ones who will go on the air. She's a bitter foe of the "stor system," and a child who takes the leading role in this week's play is very likely to be just part of the crowd noise next Saturday. But some of the starlets who appear regularly, although not always in top parts, are:

Kingsley Caltan, 13, who was brought to Nilo three years ago. She auditioned him, and put him on Let's Pretend, which led to parts on most of radio's dramatic programs. Just now, he's co-starred with Betty Gorde in My Son and I.

Betty Jane Tyler, 9, who also plays Midgie in Myrt and Morge. She has written two plays, one in French, and both have been produced by the students of the children's Professional School, which she attends.

Jackie Grimes, 12, the "Ted Husing" of the troupe. He loves all sports, talks so fast Nila often has to slow him down, and wants to grow up to be a good actor.

Pat Ryon and Estelle Levy, 18 and 17, who were the original Mary and Helen. They're both busy radio actresses, but they've never lost their affection for the program that gave them their start. It will be a tragedy for them both when they finally grow up too much to be included in a program that's for, by, and with children.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**BRUCE KAMMAN**—the old Professor of Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten on NBC tonight. Bruce came to radio because at the age of ten he determined to be a great cornetist—an ambition that led him first to show business, then to the air. In between, he joined the army as a private in the first World War, and went to France. He entered radio in 1920, doing everything from playing the cornet to singing. He was on NBC production director in Chicago when he invented Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten. It made its debut in 1932 and has gained popularity ever since. Bruce writes it besides playing the Professor.





## Living Is an Art

(Continued from page 21)

grin, "I also had to have a 'setting' for my treasures. I hauled in big trees to make it look like an ancestral estate, all sleeping in tradition, for I'm a hound for the mellowing atmosphere of past generations—for anything that carries the stamp of age!"

Maybe that's the reason she's kept the color scheme throughout the house a warm, rose beige. It's a home, not a showcase for her antiques, and Fanny has captured a tempo of infinite charm, of gracious living. After all, antiques that reflect the intrinsic beauty and sincerity of an older craftsmanship belong in the realm of art.

**HESITATING** in the vaulted hall, we watched the crystal chandelier, which came direct from Stirling Castle in Scotland, catch a shaft of noon-day sun and burst into jeweled flames. Against the wall is an 18th Century English powder table now holding growing ferns, and an intriguing Italian clock, dated 1800, with the eyes of the face that forms the dial coquettishly winking with every tick.

The only strong color is in the game room, which is dominated by brilliant, splashy paintings from the brush of Darrel Austin, young modernistic. This inviting room, opening onto a fifty-foot terrace, overlooks the gardens and the turquoise swimming pool; it is easily the center for all idle hours, offering everything in the way of amusement.

Fanny's own room, with its seven-foot bed, and huge sun porch, is the last word in beauty and comfort, yet there are no antiques here. The most novel feature is the circular mirrored bathroom, and, believe it or not, flowers are a-bloom in window-boxes!

"Collecting antiques," she enthusiastically explained, "creates a fascinating world all its own. Our entire household—my son and daughter, the butler, cook and chauffeur, have become experts and know the real from the phoney. When a new gem arrives the domestic routine is demoralized while we all gather around to examine it and decide where it shall go. This adds tremendously to our community interests.

"I'm so completely absorbed in my home," continued Fanny, "that I seldom leave it except for radio engagements. I tear out rooms, make them over and redecorate, just to keep up the excitement. I'm worrying already, as to what I'll do if it is ever finished.

"We all know," she added, with a Baby Snooks grin, "that an actress should never plan ahead, but I hope, radio and screen willing, to live right here until I'm a mellow antique myself!"

## HOW WELL ARE YOU?

In the October issue be sure to Read What Joan Blondell Learned About Good Health For Women

# Blondes! — answer these 3 deciding questions

Light Natural



MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE

Sunlight

Rose Cream  
NATURAL

There are three questions, and only three, that any blonde needs to ask herself while trying to choose, from among the perplexing assortment of powder shades, the right shade for her own complexion.

Shall I make my skin fairer?

Shall I keep it the same shade?

Shall I deepen its color?

The whole point is this:

Are you at your loveliest when your skin looks delicate as a pale apple blossom?

Are you more exciting when your skin has a pearl-like tone in it to give subtle contrast to the red of your lips?

Does a deeper, sunnier color make your face exotic against the pale tones of your hair?

No matter to which one of these questions you answer "yes" . . . Pond's 3 superlative blonde shades will provide you with the right shade for your effect.

**A delicate pink shade**—Light Natural—our lightest shade. It matches the transparent skin of ash blondes. Pure

blondes love it because it lightens their skin.

**A light powder, but creamier,** with less pink—Rose Cream (Natural). The most popular of the blonde shades because it tones in so perfectly with the average blonde skin. Many, very many, darker blondes use it to add delicacy and lightness to their coloring. Red blondes who want to tone down their color use it to add a needed creamy glow to their skin.

**A warm sunny shade** with a rosy glow over it—Sunlight. Girls who are not quite sure whether they are blondes or brunettes find it matches their skin. Other blondes use it because it gives warmth. Sophisticated blondes are particularly fond of the exotic depth it gives their skin.

MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE is blonde with reddish tones in her hair. Her skin is rich with natural color. She thinks matching her skin is most flattering, so she uses Pond's Rose Cream.

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face. They keep away shine for hours without giving that powdered look. They are faintly, delightfully perfumed.

Blondes will find their 3 shades grouped together on the counter.

**Brunettes** will find 4 brunette shades, too. You can pick your own shade easily.

Or write to Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PJ Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples FREE.

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Free →



# "Is GRIT

in your Face Powder  
stealing your Beauty?"

asks Lady Esther



**W**HAT DO TH it profit a girl to select the exact shade of powder for her skin, if that powder contains grit?

What doth it profit her to apply that powder with care if, because of grit, she finds to her dismay that her skin has taken on a "flaky" or "powdery" look—a coarseness that makes her seem older?

Yet, amazing to relate, many of the most famous powders do contain grit, says Lady Esther! *Impartial tests reveal grit in powders costing 50¢, \$1.00, \$2.00.*

But be your own judge! Make my famous "Bite Test." Take a pinch of your present powder between your teeth, then grind slowly. *Don't be surprised if your teeth find grit!*

But they'll find no grit in Lady Esther Powder. . . one great reason why my powder clings 4 long hours. Put it on after dinner, say at 8 . . . and at midnight, it will still be flattering your skin!

Wear my grit-free powder. . . in your most becoming shade. Mail me the coupon and I will send you all ten of my lovely shades. Find the one that is luckiest for you!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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

**FREE** Please send me POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (59)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Out of Loneliness

(Continued from page 32)

to mine. "You're defying me, aren't you? After what I said about Kit, you're deliberately trying to help her do what she wants—encouraging her foolish ambition. You don't care how I feel—you don't even care if your interference ruins Kit's whole life—"

"Madge!"

She began to cry, the tears welling up into her eyes and spilling over down her cheeks. "Why did you come back?" she sobbed. "I wish you hadn't. You deserted me when I was a child—you broke my father's heart and did something to me I can never get over. Doesn't all that satisfy you? Do you have to break Tom's heart now—and mine, all over again—and Kit's too?"

I tried to put my arms around her, but she pulled away. "Madge—my dear," I said. "I didn't know you felt so bitter." But how could I tell her what was in my heart? She wouldn't listen, wouldn't believe me. I could only wait . . . wait for the day of the luncheon.

**B**EFORE then, I met Tom, Kit's husband. He came over one night to see Kit and try to persuade her to come back to him. But she was cruel, as only the young and thoughtless can be cruel; she adroitly managed things so they could not be alone, she kept Madge or myself in the room with them; and she built a wall of gayety and excitement around herself which he could not penetrate.

I was sorry for him. He was so young and so much in love—and so defenseless, in his honesty, against Kit's vivid, mercurial temperament. He had absolutely no conception of the inner urge in her which was driving her out of his life.

When he left, I invited him to come to Blasco's luncheon too. He was almost pathetically grateful.

"But Camilla," Kit protested as soon as he was gone, "what in the world did you invite him for?"

Madge said coldly, "Your grandmother's motive is so obvious that it's amusing. You may be disappointed, Mother—I don't think Tom will stack up so badly in comparison with your fine friends."

"I shouldn't have asked him if I'd thought he would stack up badly!" I retorted, nettled against my will.

Then, suddenly, it was the day—a beautiful summer day of sunlight so bright it seemed to crackle in your eyes. Kit was up early in the morning, practicing. Madge had banished herself to the kitchen, declaring that she would cook the meal but that otherwise she would have no hand in the party.

It was nearly one when a long black car pulled up in front of the door. I saw Blasco get out and extend his hand for Laure Valiente—and for a moment I wanted to run and shut the door in their faces, take Kit by the hand and run away with her to hide. I could still stop what I had started—it wasn't too late!

But then I took a deep breath and stifled the impulse. Once again I said to myself, "I must be ruthless."

Soon the room seemed to be filled with people—although in reality there were only Laure and Blasco, Kit and I, a quiet little man named Pierre who

was the accompanist, and—a few minutes later—Tom. But Laure Valiente was enough to fill a room to overflowing. That rounded, lovely body had become gross and fat and a little dirty; she was dressed in shapeless, faded purple; but her black eyes flashed with the old fire and her speaking voice, at least, retained all the magic that had held millions in Europe and America spellbound. A great artist, a vital person—those two things she had always been, and those two things she would be until the day she died.

I noticed her face light up when Tom was introduced, and at luncheon she insisted that he sit next to her. "I discover this young man knows all about growing tomatoes," she announced to the table at large. "He will come and see the ones on my farm, and then he will know more!" She flung back her head and laughed uproariously, bracing both pudgy hands against the table edge.

"I tell you, Laure," Blasco said. "I come up and help you pick those tomatoes—then I show you how to make chili."

"Chili!" Laure shook her head violently. "Not with my tomatoes!"

"Then an omelette—with tomato sauce and green peppers, yes?"

"No! No omelette, either. Spaghetti! A whole row of garlic I have planted."

Blasco pounded on the table until Madge's delicate crystal goblets rocked on their slender stems. "Chili, I tell you! My chili is the wonder of the world. . . ."

I looked at Kit. The food on her plate was untouched. She was watching Laure and Blasco with wide-open, shocked eyes. Of course! She had expected, poor child, a famous singer and a great impresario who would talk of gala performances at La Scala, or music and composers and conductors—not of tomatoes and garlic.

Blasco's quick, twinkling eyes saw her expression, and he turned to her like an amiable bear. "You are shocked, young lady? But tomatoes and garlic—yes, and chili and spaghetti too—they are important. They are as important as scales and cadenzas . . . as you may know, perhaps, when you are a great singer."

**K**IT caught her breath. "Do you think I might be?"

Blasco, his mouth full of Madge's excellent apple pie, shrugged. "We will see. You must sing for us. Why you want to be a singer?"

"Oh . . ." The sudden silence that had fallen around the table, the awareness that Blasco, Laure, Tom were all watching her, waiting for her to speak, tied poor Kit's tongue. I saw her struggle with what she wanted to say, then burst out: "Because I love it . . . and I want to be famous . . . I want to live!"

Blasco exploded. "Live! Tell her, Laure—tell her how much of living is possible when you are *artiste*. Work, ambition, fear, drive . . . and sacrifice . . . but nothing else. Is that living, Laure? And then your voice goes—and after that there is nothing. Isn't it so, Laure?"

But Laure Valiente smiled and shook her head. "Oh, no, Vincente. Then for the first time comes happi-



ness. Finding yourself. . . . Knowing that a garden can be a whole world, finding the happiness other people have always known."

Kit's chin tilted defiantly. "Just the same," she said, "I want to be a singer."

"Good!" Blasco shouted. "Then you must sing for us—now."

She didn't, though—not right away. Somehow or other Blasco and Laure and Tom all gathered around Pierre at the piano, and for a while they did the singing, while Kit hovered in the background, nervous and bewildered. Finally the chorus—strangely inexpert for one that included Laure Vincente—swelled to a ribald conclusion and Blasco motioned Kit over.

"What shall it be, young lady?"

Kit put one hand on the piano to steady herself. She said formally, "I should like to sing the Flute Song from 'Dinora'."

Blasco came over to sit beside me, and Kit began. Blasco shifted restlessly in his chair. "Ah, Camilla," he whispered, "why do amateurs always choose of all songs the most difficult?" Laure cast him a look of pitying amusement, then leaned forward, chin on hand. Near Kit, unnoticed by her, Tom stood. All his young, hurt love and adoration were in his face.

Kit finished. There was silence. The color was gone from her face. She knew the verdict, before a word had been spoken. I wanted to take her into my arms and soothe away her unhappiness—but I knew this had to be.

"You have a very nice voice," Blasco said at last. "Of course, that song is very difficult—even for a truly great

singer—" He stopped, hating his task.

"You mean I haven't any voice?"

"A very sweet voice, my child—a drawing room voice, but that is all."

Kit proved then that she was a thoroughbred. She smiled, and thanked him, and played the hostess until he and Laure and Pierre had left, with Tom seeing them to their car. But then she broke down.

"Camilla—you're cruel!" she sobbed.

"You knew—you must have known! But you deliberately humiliated me in front of those—those—those celebrities! I hate them—all they could talk about was tomatoes—wolfing down food like a lot of animals! And you knew they'd laugh at me!"

"Yes, Kit, I knew. But if I had told you, you'd never have believed me."

"Kit!"

Tom was standing in the doorway, holding out his arms. "Kit! Come back to me!"

"I won't have you pitying me!" she flashed at him.

"Pitying you?" A slow compassionate smile parted his lips. "Honey, if you only knew how much I admired you, standing up there and taking it on the chin."

I left them holding each other, tight, and went upstairs. Now that it was over I was very tired. I would have to see about passage back to Italy, I thought vaguely.

I pushed open the door of my room. Madge was there, waiting for me.

"Mother—I want to talk to you—"

She took a step forward, her hands held out. "Mother! You're crying! Has Kit been saying unpleasant things to you?"

"No . . . She's just hurt, poor child. And I am tired."

"I was listening, just inside the kitchen door. I heard everything that happened. And I know—I realized that with all your experience, you must have known this would happen."

"Yes," I said again, "I knew. And I knew this was the only possible way to convince Kit—by hurting her."

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did you let me misunderstand?"

I smiled. "I knew you too well, my dear. You wouldn't have let me hurt her. You aren't as . . . ruthless as I."

Madge stood poised, leaning forward a little, as if she would like to come to me but did not dare. When she spoke her words were halting, as if they must fight their way out. "Thank you—Mother. Forgive me for—the things I said—for misjudging you. I knew—I know now—you would have liked to have Kit with you in Italy."

YES, there was a temptation to make

Kit the daughter I threw away. But I couldn't let her ruin her life." I sat down in the gay chintz arm-chair, and I added words I had never before spoken aloud: "I am an old woman, Madge."

"Nonsense!" Madge was giving a bad imitation of her old brisk, impersonal tone. "You don't look a day older—" But then her face crumpled and she sank to the floor, put her arms around me and buried her head against my shoulder. "Oh, Mamma—I've found you, after all these years . . ."

There was no further need for words, after that. One word—"Mamma"—the childish terms of address I had not heard from her lips since she was a tiny girl—that told me all I needed to know. I had, after all, found again the daughter I had lost.




## New HEATFLOW Principle Gives You "FORCED" WARM AIR Without Moving Parts or Electricity!

This big, powerful circulating heater "forces" warm air throughout several rooms—gives healthful, circulating warmth from ceiling to floor. Air is pulled back into the heater before it gets cool! . . . Gives you warm floors!

It radiates, too! Just open the Coleman Heat Reflector Doors for deep-penetrating, quick warm-up, radiant heat.

Best of all, Coleman gives you a perfect heater for your home—at a low price you can easily afford. See your Coleman Dealer now!

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0912



# WOMEN IN TIBET

By  
HARRISON FORMAN

The wonders of television bring you  
an amazing picture of a strange land

*Editor's Note: Like sound radio, television is bringing to its audience fascinating and unusual information. A unique televised feature is NBC's Explorer's Bureau, which presents famous travelers and adventurers telling about the things they have seen. The following article is a digest of a talk given on this program by Harrison Forman, considered the world's outstanding authority on Tibet. We bring it to you here because it paints an amazing picture of a strange land where women lead lives radically different from the ones we are accustomed to.*

**S**UPPOSE your husband was away on a business trip. Then suppose, further, that he wrote you a letter and said he was doing very well and that the woman he had married temporarily was a great help and a great comfort and that he would be home in a couple of months. What would you do? I suspect you'd take the first train to Reno.

Suppose, on the other hand, that at the time you married this absent husband you automatically became the wife of all his younger brothers. And then suppose, that according to law, your wifely privileges in relation to these brothers depended entirely on your own wishes. Would you still go to Reno?

In America, neither one of these problems is ever likely to come up. But in Tibet, such situations are common occurrences and to the Tibetan women they are not strange or wrong.

Tibetan women enjoy a liberty and place in society unlike that of any other group of women in the world. They are not looked down upon like women in most Oriental countries. As a matter of fact, they are considered equal to men in most respects and in some instances their rights even come before those of their husbands. And yet, strangely enough, in this civilization in which the community and family life is built around the women and children, not the men, the women have very little to say in the government and are almost completely barred from the sphere of religion.

To understand this strange mixture of freedom and restriction, you have to know a little about Tibet. Tibet is primarily a trading country. Its men are frequently forced to make long, slow journeys, either on horseback or yak, to the border markets to trade their wool, furs, musk and gold for the necessities which their plateau doesn't produce. If it were not for the practical marriage laws, the women and children would be left unprotected during the long absences of the men.

So, you will find *Monogamy*—one husband and one wife; *Polygamy*—one husband with several wives, *Polyandry*—one wife with several husbands, *Group Unions*—two or three wives with two or three hus-



Copyrighted by Harrison Forman

A Tibetan maiden, dressed in all her finery—the silver and gold charm boxes are supposed to ward off evil.

bands living together in a sort of communal marriage, and *Temporary Unions*—marriages contracted for short, stated periods, all being practiced in the most friendly fashion, side by side. And there is no sexual looseness or immorality in this. The Tibetans are strictly moral and abide rigidly by the code of behavior they have set themselves.

Where *Polyandry* exists in Tibet—that is, where one woman has several husbands—the husbands are usually brothers, so the wife is “kept in the family.” In these cases, when a man marries, the woman automatically becomes the wife of each of his younger brothers. She may, however, accept or reject at will the husbandly advances of the younger brothers. They, on the other hand, have no will in the matter, at all. The woman may

legitimately demand that they become husbands in fact—if, as, and when she so desires.

Of course, as such a family prospers and grows, the younger brothers get married, too, and the family finds itself rather automatically falling into a *Group Union*, in which all the husbands and wives are shared cooperatively.

Married men who go off on long journeys may engage in temporary unions and such unions are not considered illegal or immoral. The offspring of such a union—if there are any—are not considered illegitimate, for the simple reason that there is no such thing as illegitimacy in Tibet. Children are looked on as the common property of the family and the community. Children are always identified as of this or that woman. The father is ignored.

The only sphere from which women are barred is religion. In the Buddhist concept, woman is spiritually inferior. She cannot worship inside the temples. She cannot enter the monasteries except when certain rituals are being performed.

In the matter of dress, Tibetan women are less fortunate than their sisters in the rest of the world. For, winter and summer, year in and year out, Tibetan women wear the same main garment, which becomes a sleeping bag at night merely by the loosening of the girdle at the waist. This robe is made of butter-tanned sheepskins, with perhaps a bit of leopard at the collar and around the hem for trimming.

**T**HE women wear their hair in 108 braids, one braid for each volume of the *Kan-Djur*, the Tibetan Holy Book. And then the ornamentation begins. To the ends of these braids they attach a heavy cloth which reaches to their heels and is liberally studded with designs worked in silver, gold, amber and turquoise. The designs on these back pieces vary according to the tribe to which the woman belongs. This headdress is pretty heavy and, needless to say, pretty permanent, being dressed with lengths of yak hair to even up the short ends every few months.

Since Tibet is rich in gold and silver and semi-precious stones, the women can indulge their love for jewelry to the fullest extent. They all wear silver or gold charm boxes around their necks. The outsides of these charm boxes are delicately and intricately designed and inside them are little images fashioned of clay or silver, and often of gold.

The Tibetans have many problems to face, problems presented by the cruel, hard nature of their location and climate, and they have solved them as simply and directly as possible. This, it seems to me, is an example that many Western civilizations could follow to the benefit of their peoples.



# GOOD EVENING...MRS. and MISS AMERICA

and all at sea about Complexion Care



**WALTER WINCHELL**

Editor, Jergens Journal of the Air

**LET'S GO TO PRESS!**



**FLASH!** The makers of famed Jergens Lotion announce a marvelous new **FACE CREAM**, a new "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment . . . for every type of skin.

**H**ERE, AT LAST, is beauty care for your face as simple, as effective and lovely, as Jergens Lotion care for your hands!

It's the new Jergens Face Cream! Truly an all-purpose cream that helps to beautify every type of skin.

This one new cream—(1) cleanses expertly; (2) helps soften your skin, because of its light, rich oils; (3) gives a lovely, smooth finish for powder and make-up; (4) acts as a fragrant Smooth Skin night

cream that helps wonderfully against sensitive dry skin. And, girls, very dry skin tends to wrinkle early!

Jergens' skin scientists created this new cream for you—working with Alix of Paris—famous fashion designer. See how quickly your skin can be helped to the dewy satin-smoothness that's like a magnet to a man. Start now to use Jergens Face Cream. Jergens Face Cream is the only cream you need every day. Light! Fragrant! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00—at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream today, sure.



**JERGENS  
FACE CREAM**

**FOR A SMOOTH,  
KISSABLE COMPLEXION**

**FLASH!** For several years, my radio sponsor has been barraged with the query: "What about Milady's face? Can't you create a cream to help keep her complexion as soft and smooth and lovable...as your Lotion does her hands?"

Well, they tell me it's been done. In the new Jergens Face Cream. If you try this new Jergens product, I know you'll say thanks to Walter. With lotions of love, your New York Correspondent

*Walter Winchell*

**FREE!** LIBERAL SAMPLE OF LOVELY NEW FACE CREAM

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company

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I want to try the lovely new Jergens Face Cream. Please send my free supply.

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*The most beautiful fingernails  
in the world!*



# DURA-GLOSS

Lovely, expressive, provocative—every motion of your hands, their creamy loveliness accentuated by the flame-red, exciting brilliance of Dura-Gloss, the new, the different nail polish created specially to make your fingernails the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Dura-Gloss has swept America, has risen to unbelievable heights of popularity—yes, especially among women who willingly spent a dollar for nail polish before! Yet Dura-Gloss awaits you now, in twenty fashion-approved colors at every cosmetic counter, and costs only that tiniest silver coin—a dime! For the sake of new loveliness for your fingernails—change to Dura-Gloss, before sun sets today!

**The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR**

*Choose your color by the  
Fingernail Cap*

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

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For your smart fall ensembles you'll need:

*True Red    Red Wine  
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FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS





## Meet the Swings

(Continued from page 15)

women resent a woman being placed in as important a position as a man.

"Why? A number of reasons. Chiefly it can be attributed to the inferiority complex most women have. The average wife has been raised to believe that all she was put on this earth for was to raise a family and tend to the drudgery of housework. She envies the woman who has the gumption to revolt against this and win a respected place in the world."

It's hard to believe that Betty Gram Swing is in her forties. Her face is oval, and while it is pretty, you don't notice this at first glance because it is so mobile with joy, aliveness and health. She is slim, graceful, continually on the move and, almost as continually, brushing back her blonde hair and laughing with you and at you with deep, blue eyes. She speaks rapidly, with a genuine, uncontrollable enthusiasm.

THE respective careers of Raymond and Betty Gram Swing have taken them to the far corners of the earth. They've been in dangerous spots, together and separately. They've lived through two decades of turmoil in this changing world. And these things have made them fascinating as individuals and doubly fascinating together. They are two of the most interesting and exciting people I have ever known. And a day with them would soon convince you that marriage need be anything but a dull routine.

They live in an apartment in the East 40's, which is the jumping off place for their activities. From this simple, tastefully furnished home, Mr. Swing goes each day to the Mutual studios to broadcast to the nation. And from here, Betty Gram Swing hurries to the meetings and lectures that keep her as busy, if not busier, than her husband.

Their real home, however, is in a two-hundred-year-old farmhouse north of Westport, Conn. Here, Mr. Swing and his friends gather to play and discuss music, or talk over the happenings of the week. Here, their three children, Peter Gram Swing, aged 17, Sally, aged 15, and John Temple Swing, aged 10, take an active part in the discussions and cultural enjoyments of their father and mother.

Like their father, the children have always looked on their mother's work as being fully as important as his. Betty Gram Swing is more than a mother to them. She's a personality doing things in order to make this world a better place in which to live.

There is never a dull moment when you spend an evening with the Swings. In one corner, Mr. Swing may be composing, or the children, who all play instruments, may be gathered about their father, playing chamber music. Or, perhaps, something unusual has happened in their mother's life that day and they will all be discussing it excitedly.

To me, the Swings represent a family way ahead of their times. An ideal family of the future. For where will you find a father who is not only a famous commentator, but a composer? Or a mother who speaks at Town Hall with Mrs. Roosevelt and knows people like Dorothy Thompson, Mrs. Borden Harriman and Lady Rhondda, and



Radio's two garrulous old men of the Ozarks come to life! Lum and Abner make their film debut in RKO's "Dreaming Out Loud."

who writes and paints, as well?

Do not suppose from this that Mr. and Mrs. Swing are stuffy intellectuals. Far from it. Laughter is continually filling the Swing home. The children curl up with delight when their tall, easy-going father with his keen, merry blue eyes, tangles in discussion or raillery with their energetic, quick-witted, vivacious mother.

NO wonder they find her viewpoint so stimulating. One of the first things she said to me when I visited her in their home was:

"It's a shame," she said, "that women weren't present when the Versailles Treaty was drawn up. Nor did they have any important part in the League of Nations conferences at Geneva. Perhaps, if they had had, the world wouldn't be in such a shambles today. Men haven't done very much to insure peace in the world.

"It's a fact," she went on, "that women suffer as much from war as men do. Now, they are being attacked physically, just like men. Flyers don't differentiate between the sexes when they drop their bombs. Women are killed as ruthlessly as men. In time of war, they, too, are forced to endure hunger and disease and pain. And yet, they have little to say about the governments or conditions that force war upon them.

"That has to be changed," she said forcefully, "and our biggest fight right now is getting women into important governmental positions. Our task is waking them up and making them realize their potential power and importance in the world.

"It's gratifying," she pointed out, "that women are waking up to some extent. A few years ago, it was considered unladylike for women to be interested in or discuss what was going on in the world. Now, radio and newsreels have brought them face to face with something they can't ignore. I know that women are now

concerned with the world and what goes on in it, because of the enormous number of women who listen to Mr. Swing's broadcasts and because of the intelligent letters they write him.

"Mr. Swing is as pleased about this as I am," she said, "for, you know, he's always been an ardent feminist. He's always believed that women should serve in every capacity that men do. His grandmother was president of Mt. Holyoke College for ten years. Mt. Holyoke was founded by a woman in order to help young women seeking careers. Now, for the first time in the history of the school, a man has been appointed president.

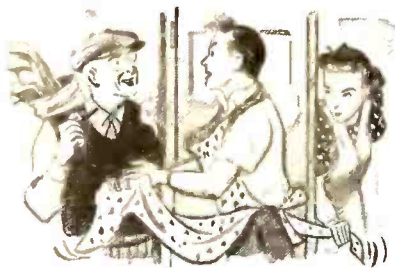
"I don't want to give you the idea that I think family life is unimportant. The center of life for my husband and me has always been our home and family. The job of bringing up my children, however, has been in the hands of a very capable woman. She looks on her job as a career and, frankly, she is able to look after the daily needs of my children much better than I could. What my husband and I try to give them is the benefit of whatever knowledge we've been able to gather working in the world outside our home, a world in which they are just now beginning to take their places.

"It seems to me," Betty Gram Swing pointed out, "that women would be better fitted to raise children, if they had at least some idea of the problems their sons and daughters are going to face. Particularly their daughters. Nowadays, young men are discovering they can't afford to get married unless their wives are willing to work and help out financially.

"Statistics prove," she went on, "that the woman who works has a better chance of holding her husband. The reason for that is logical. A normal man loves a woman he can respect, one with whom he can discuss problems intelligently. What



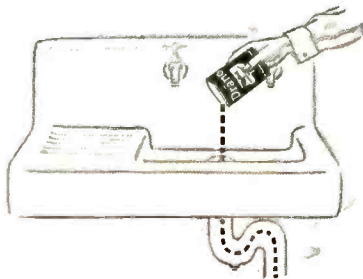
## DRAIN CLOGGED? USE DRÄNO



1. "No golf today!" moans Bill. "I'll be hours cleaning out this clogged drain!"



2. "Not if you use Dräno," answers his pal, "Wait'll I get some. It's marvelous!"



3. Dräno's exclusive formula puts heat right down where the stoppage is, causes a churning chemical boiling that melts, loosens greasy muck. Soon, all's well!"



4. "Sure glad you told me about Dräno!" comments Bill as they tee off. "From now on, we're clearing drains and keeping them clear with Dräno."

**Dräno**  
CLEARS DRAINS



P. S. A teaspoonful after the dishes guards against clogged drains. Won't harm pipes—no objectionable fumes. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

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## How to Keep Baby Well

THE U. S. Government's Children's Bureau has published a complete 138-page book "Infant Care" especially for young mothers, and authorizes this magazine to accept readers' orders. Written by five of the country's leading child specialists, this book is plainly written, well illustrated, and gives any mother a wealth of authoritative information on baby's health and baby's growth. This magazine makes no profit whatever on your order, sends your money direct to Washington.

Send 10 cents, wrapping coins or stamps safely, to Readers' Service Bureau

**RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR**

Dept. IF-2

205 E. 42nd St.

New York, N. Y.

woman learns anything if she spends her life cooking and cleaning?

"Right now, Mr. Swing is going through the most nerve-wracking period in his career. The war has things at a high pitch. It's relaxing and stimulating for him to come home and be able to discuss the things that have been happening in my life. And in the past, when things have been rough for me—and they certainly have been," she laughed, "I've been able to get a grip on myself through talking to him about the things that were happening to him. Our marriage has been give and take because, I believe and hope, we've both always had something stimulating to give to each other.

"Now," she went on, "when things are upset in the world, it is certainly every woman's duty to dig in and do as much, or more, as men do to straighten things out. And they can, if only the women in Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Oklahoma—all the women, everywhere in America—would wake up and realize that what is happening abroad and here is much more important to their future, and to the futures of their children, than adjusting the furniture or cleaning the closets.

WOMEN shouldn't have to be told they are as capable as men. Let them pick up the newspapers and see what other women are doing. One of the biggest thrills in my life was reading the account of Mrs. Borden Harri-man's work in Norway. She was the first American to cable the news of Germany's invasion of Norway. She is 69 years old, yet she was able to travel, sleepless, through a war-torn country for hours and days and nights. She suffered untold hardships and did her job as few men would have been capable of doing it.

There are numerous women, all over the world, holding down important jobs, serving on governments, doing splendid things that should make every woman proud of her sex. Lady Rhondda, for instance, with whom I fought for women's suffrage in England, is the head of twenty-six corporations, editor of a publication and active in government work.

"Here, in the United States, Mrs. Roosevelt has shown what just one woman can do when she makes up her mind to do constructive work. Her accomplishments need not be listed. But, if you remember, when she first came into the limelight as the President's wife, she was severely criticized and ridiculed—told to stay at home and tend to her family. Most of that criticism came from women who now point proudly to her as an outstanding member of *their* sex.

"Not long ago, when we spoke on the same program, another Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Theodore, told me that she insisted that her daughter have a career. She has since become a crack secretary to an executive who has one of the most important positions in the country.

"My husband and I," Betty Gram Swing concluded, "expect our daughter to do just as much in the world as our sons. We believe this world of ours would be a better one if all fathers and mothers expected the same thing of their daughters."

I would like to add to this that this would be a better world if there were more cultured, alive, broadminded, hard-working, sincere people in it like Betty and Raymond Gram Swing.



# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



■ He's the versatile fellow who speaks his own kind of English on the Vallee program—meet Maxie Rosenbloom.

LADIES and gentlemen! In this corner we have Maxwell Everett Rosenbloom, boxer, restaurateur, motion picture actor and radio performer. You may know him better as Slapsie-Maxie, heard on the Rudy Vallee program Thursday nights at 10 o'clock over the NBC Red network.

It's interesting to note that this gentleman, who looks so very well able to "take it," had the title of Slapsie-Maxie bestowed upon him for the reason that he was never known to become sufficiently mad at anybody in the ring to hurt him. And the same thing goes for Maxie out of the ring. Perhaps it was because life was anything but a bed of roses that he learned early that laughter has the power to cure most ills.

Born into a poor family in New York, Maxie grew up without a formal education. In his early teens, he was supporting his family from earnings in the ring, and he continued as a professional boxer for eighteen years.

From boxing, he carried his clowning talents into the movies; then opened a night-club and most recently entered the field of radio. He made frequent guest appearances on various shows, and finally became the party of the second part of a Vallee-Rosenbloom combine. His ambition is to become a great actor, and until such time, he concedes—"Okay, I'll be a dope. I can be a dope easy. But some day, I'll show them."

We like Maxie fine—just as he is, a fascinating paradox. He plays the piano well, speaks French and reads everything he can get his hands on. He mutilates the English language and yet uses the largest words he can find. He doesn't drink or smoke. He likes to witness girls' baseball games, but rarely attends a prize fight because he doesn't like to see his friends get hurt. He doesn't mind losing money on horse races because he thinks it's character-building to lose and take it like a man. His pet aversion is people who think he's punch-drunk.

All we want to know is—what

makes normally sane people forget their sanity whenever Maxie appears. He would probably answer that by saying, with characteristic Rosenbloom modesty—"I make youse laugh, don't I?"

\* \* \*  
Mrs. Army Elnes, Duluth, Minn: The theme song of Society Girl is "Sunrise Serenade." Dwight Weist announces the By Kathleen Norris broadcasts.

Florence Belcock, Chicago, Ill: Following is the cast of Valiant Lady:  
Joan Barrett..... Joan Blaine  
Jim Barrett..... Bill Johnstone  
Billy..... Jackie Grimes  
Abbey Trowbridge.. Ethel Owen  
Dudley Trowbridge

Shirley Oliver  
Dr. Truman Scott. Charles Carroll  
Carla Scott..... Elsa Ersi  
Emilio..... Luis Van Rooten  
Rita Keckstein, Toledo, Ohio: Jessica Dragonette first went on the air in 1926 and has had a very busy radio career ever since.

R. Macneal, Montreal, Canada: Betty Wragge, the young lady who plays the role of Peggy in Pepper Young's Family, is a native New Yorker and was born in September, 1917. She first went on the air in 1929 on the Gold Spot Pals series and since then has appeared on many network shows. Betty is 5'5" tall, has blue eyes and light brown hair and is pretty enough to be kept busy in her spare time, posing for commercial photographers.

## FAN CLUB SECTION

There is a new Clyde Burke Fan Club, and Mr. Weldon Jones, 526 Valley Forge Road, Bridgeport, Penna., will gladly enroll new members.

The Casa Loma Fan Club, headed by Miss Marie Anne Santoro, 65 Rhodes St., New Rochelle, N. Y., is celebrating its third anniversary with a membership drive.

Bing Crosby fans are invited to join the Club Crosby by communicating with Miss Kay Browning, Camden, Mississippi.

Goldilocks said:  
"all porridge is  
bad for bears"



Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the days she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.

But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.

"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and extra good."

"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."

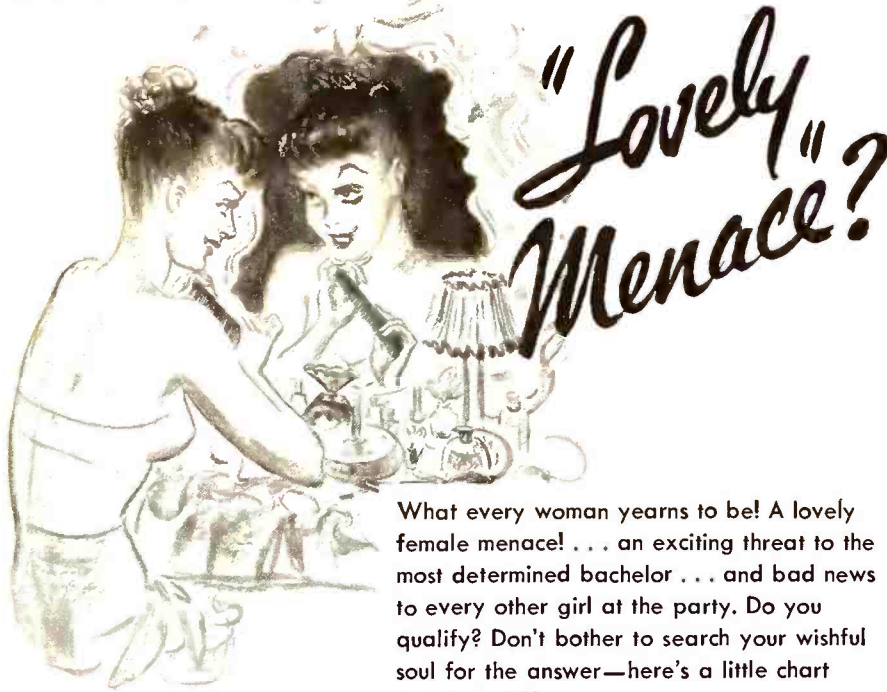
✓ **Moral:** Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a package today.



HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT... MOUTH HEALTHY



# HOW DO YOU RATE AS A



What every woman yearns to be! A lovely female menace! . . . an exciting threat to the most determined bachelor . . . and bad news to every other girl at the party. Do you qualify? Don't bother to search your wishful soul for the answer—here's a little chart that Tells All!

## CHECK UP ON YOUR APPEAL!

(Mark "yes" or "no" to these 8 questions—then learn your score from the answers on the opposite page.)		YES	NO
1	Do busy young men hold open the doors in public buildings for you?		
2	When you buy a new hat, does the salesgirl assure you that it looks "youthful"?		
3	Do you ever have to be introduced to the same man twice?		
4	Do your "blind dates" say you're a knockout at the beginning of the date, but forget your name before the evening's out?		
5	Are you versatile? Can you play a hard game of tennis with Tom in the afternoon and be Dick's glamorous dancing partner in the evening?		
6	Does forgetting your powder compact on an important date throw you into a panic?		
7	Do you ever go to bed with stale make-up on?		
8	Do men ever tell you that you remind them of their favorite flower?		

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR

*Good  
Fair  
or Terrible*



NEWS

## You Don't Want to Have Babies?

(Continued from page 7)

have we, as people, evolved to the point of being perfect human beings. But we're getting there. It is a scientific fact that each new generation is an improvement over the past one, physically and mentally. Each new generation's chances of survival and development are greater than those of the past generations.

And now, because you are frightened, you want to throw all this to the winds. You look at the war in Europe. You look about you and see people suffering from the effects of the depression. You see poverty and unemployment and a sense of feeling of hopelessness and despair in people. So you sit back and say the world is not a fit place to bring up your children and, therefore, you will not have any children.

LET me ask you something. If you believe this, what are you doing here at all? Why do you go on living? Why, if you still feel that any sort of life is better than no life, do you go on living according to the moral and ethical standards established by your fathers and forefathers? If you have no faith in anything, why do you live according to the rules that civilization has laid down? Why is it that you aren't a thief, a murderer, a bandit, or a cheat?

I'll tell you why. Because you don't believe it at all. Deep down inside you, where you think with your instinct and feeling and not with hollow words, you still have faith in yourself and the rest of mankind. For this is the faith that has been in man since he first became a conscious, thinking being. This is the faith that has driven him for centuries to raise himself out of the mud and has impelled him to aspire to greater and greater heights. Perhaps he has not yet reached these heights, but he has come a long way.

I know that if you are troubled by the conditions in the world, it is difficult for you not to give in to a feeling of futility. But you mustn't. You can't afford to. It is just as important for you and for your future well being that there should be new, young, vital people to carry on the work of civilization and progress, as it is for the future generations themselves. Don't think for a moment that I am trying to tell you that it is your duty to your country to have families. No, it is more deep-rooted than that. It is a crying necessity that you should, for your own protection.

"Very well," people have argued with me, "suppose we do have children and then can't take care of them? What assurance have we that what has happened in other countries won't happen here?"

To that, my answer is—your own assurance. You like it here. You like living here, because you can still say what you please and think what you please and, within certain civilized limits, you can do what you please. And it is entirely up to you to keep it like this. If anything does not please you, you have the right to do something about it. You can vote freely. You can refuse to do what you do not want to do. And this is fine and



good. This is what life should be like. You, yourselves, have had a hand in the building of this country. You are still giving it the best of your strength and intelligence. Within your own experience, you know of many ways in which the lives of your parents and families have been made more happy and more comfortable through your efforts. Who will do this for you? It can only be done by the children you are denying yourselves.

So far, I have been talking about what remaining childless means to you in the future. Now, let's get down to the present and the more immediate future—next year or the year after.

Bearing children is one of the normal, healthy functions of the female body. The maternal instinct is one of the greatest forces in the female mind. Both of these can be denied, diverted into other channels, yes, but only for so long. Then the frustration of these two driving impulses begins to take its toll. Don't take my word for it. Ask your doctor.

The healthiest women, when they remain childless, find themselves having unexplainable headaches, backaches and nervous disorders. Their nerves become jagged and undependable. They cannot do their work, their minds become disorganized and their attitude toward people and life becomes sour and neurotic.

**YOU'VE** all known "old maids". Maybe you've even laughed at them. Perhaps you have pitied them. But have you stopped to figure out what makes them pitiable? You've probably decided that it was because, for some reason or other, they have been deprived of the normal functioning of their sexual instincts. Which is very true. If you can think that clearly, why not go a step further? Do you think that the sexual impulse lives in us simply for its own sake? If you do, you are very wrong. No instinct or impulse, especially one as strong as this, exists without a definite purpose. The purpose of the sexual impulse is procreation. And like all normal instincts, when it is denied its fulfillment for too long, it takes its revenge physically and mentally.

Can you still say you don't want children, when you know that not having them will have such bad effects on you physically? Can you still refuse to have children in the face of the fact that the birth rate in this country is falling steadily? Can you look forward happily to a future, not a very distant one, either, only twenty years or so, when you will no longer be young and the large majority of the population around you will also no longer be young?

No. When that time comes, you will wish mightily that you had had children. So have them now. Teach them the principles of democracy and truth, justice and right living. Teach them to hate war and intolerance. And when you have these children, don't only think of them as your children, but as America's children, her hope and her future. And your hope and your future.

If you don't have children, admit you are a defeatist. Admit that the aggressors of the world have you licked. And, if you can do this, you ought not to have children, because you're not a very good American.



HERE'S YOUR

# "Lovely Menace"

RATING

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE		Your Score
1	Yes? Then you must have that radiant complexion men notice right away! If you must push your own doors, try daily Pond's treatments to soften blackheads, make pore openings less noticeable . . . give a fresh, glowing look!	20 for Yes 0 for No
2	Beware! That sales talk is used to flatter the not-so-young looking. Has dry, lined skin stolen your youthful sparkle? Use Pond's Cold Cream regularly to soften skin, help postpone superficial lines.	10 for No 0 for Yes
3	We hope not! You should make such an indelible impression at the first meeting that the poor fellow can't get you out of his head. And here's a pointer—nothing about a girl makes such a thrilling, lasting impression as a lovely, fresh Pond's complexion.	10 for No 0 for Yes
4	If "yes," notice that end-of-date letdown is often the fate of the poor girl who looks "greasy" as the evening wears on. Warning: Before make-up, remove all cleansing cream and excess oiliness of skin with Pond's Tissues. They're softer, stronger, <i>more absorbent!</i>	10 for No 0 for Yes
5	You're no smarter than you <i>look!</i> While wielding the racket, protect your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Before the dance this cream will "de-rough" your skin in a trice!	10 for Yes 0 for No
6	It shouldn't—and won't if you've used Pond's Vanishing Cream. Gives skin a soft finish that holds make-up for ages. Hates a shiny nose worse than you do!	10 for No 0 for Yes
7	You're a silly girl if you do. That's the <i>worst</i> beauty crime you can commit! Every night: Pat in gobs of Pond's Cold Cream. Mop up with Pond's Tissues. Finish with Vanishing Cream for overnight softening.	20 for No 0 for Yes
8	Only a flawlessly lovely complexion inspires such poetry in the masculine heart. If you'd <i>like</i> to be some man's ever-burning inspiration, hear down hard on your Pond's homework—night and morning—Monday through Sunday!	10 for Yes 0 for No
		<b>Your Total</b>

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ANNE! WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR SKIN? IT LOOKS SO DRY AND LIFELESS... AND MAKES YOU LOOK AT LEAST 25 INSTEAD OF ONLY 18!

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**WE CANADIAN LISTENERS** By  
**HORACE BROWN**

THE tourist business is one of Canada's biggest industries. This is because Americans have found Canada one of the world's finest and most varied summer and winter playgrounds. This year, with the disturbances over yonder, citizens of the United States are turning vacation-minded eyes more and more to our fair Dominion. Premiums on the American dollar, no passport requirements, freedom of movement are expected to bring the greatest influx of tourists from over the border the Maple Leaf has ever seen. And all are assured of a hearty welcome and brotherly treatment, silly and unfounded rumors to the contrary!

To assist the American tourist in choosing his or her ideal vacation spot, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has remodelled its famous Canadian Snapshots program over the CBC national network, Tuesdays, 10:00-10:30 p.m., EDT, ex Toronto. Canadian Snapshots, in its new summer album, is now a panorama of Canadian life, devoted to extolling our vacation attractions. And a handy and entertaining job it is, too, with the orchestra under the baton of the busy maestro, Samuel Hershoren.

Naturally a "tourist" was needed to put this show together. So Producer Ian Smith, of the CBC Toronto staff, was handed the job. For Ian Smith has travelled from "India's coral

strand," and while he hasn't scaled any of "Greenland's icy mountains," give him time, give him time!

Ian Smith was born on a rajah's estate at Patna, India, in 1903. The potentate was the Rajah of Bettiah, and Ian's grandfather was the British administrator of His Highness' affairs. Ian's father operated an indigo factory at Patna, which Ian declares accounts for his infrequent blue moods, or is that too subtle?

LIKE all good Anglo-Indians, Ian Smith was shipped off to Merrie England for his education, which he received at Wychwood Preparatory Boys' School and famed Marlborough College.

In 1922, Ian joined the world famous Birmingham Repertory Theater, which was so good it played all of George Bernard Shaw's plays before anyone else. Ian appeared in the original production of "Back to Methuselah" and speaks with contemporary enthusiasm of Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

Perhaps the fact that Ian as a child was in the first daylight air raid over London in the First World War, when he and his mother hid under the elephant-house in Regent's Park Zoo, led our hero into the Royal Air Force between '27 and '29. With a blushing lack of enthusiasm, Ian speaks of the fact that he cracked up the same type of plane Alcock and Brown used in

the first transatlantic flight, causing damage of £20,000 (\$100,000). The blush is caused by the fact that the crackup occurred from a height of twenty feet! Anyway, Ian isn't in the R. A. F. any more. His flying ended when he went into a tailspin over a lady by the name of Josephine (Joe) Hewett, who is now Mrs. Smith, and there are now Kitty, Johnny, and Susan.

IAN got into radio in 1934, writing scripts and producing tourist programs for CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I. At the same time he was in charge of radio publicity for the Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition. Later he went to CHNS, Halifax, where he had his first CBC experience, announcing and writing and appearing as an actor. In 1938, he was transferred to CBC, Ottawa, and found his present niche at CBL, Toronto, several months afterwards.

Ian is best described as rotund, with a soft, English voice, and a very pleasant manner. He enjoys tennis, squash, and golf, but it seems to have no effect on the waistline.

So, if you're planning a trip to Canada this summer, or if you're a Canadian proud of your country (and who isn't!), be sure to listen to Canadian Snapshots, on the CBC national, Tuesdays, 10:00-10:30 p.m., EDT. Your ears will focus on some good, instructive entertainment.



## The Story of Ellen Randolph

(Continued from page 14)

she is married—not that it makes any particular difference to me whether she is or not.”

“It makes a great deal of difference to your reputation in Oakhurst! For Heaven’s sake, Ellen—you can’t realize what people are saying, or you wouldn’t be making your home into a— a charity maternity clinic. And if you won’t think of yourself, you certainly ought to think of Bob. It isn’t at all fair to him—bringing him into contact with a girl like Amy Brown!”

WITHOUT any warning—even to herself—Ellen’s self-control snapped. She felt herself beginning to cry again, and a sense of bleak futility overwhelmed her. George was gone. She might dream of him at night, and feel in that way that he was alive and she was close to him—but he was gone. She could talk about carrying on his work in the lower town, and because Amy Brown was a pitiful symbol of all the misery there that needed consolation, she could insist upon keeping Amy in her home. But just now it all seemed to be an empty gesture—now that George, the core and meaning of her life, was gone.

Because she hated this feeling of futility, she defied it. “I’m keeping Amy with me, and I’m staying down here!” she declared quaveringly. “And you can’t make me change my mind!”

After Ted had driven a tight-lipped Claire away, Ellen stayed in the parlor a moment, trying to regain her self-possession. She shouldn’t have lost her temper like that. On the sur-

face, Claire meant well—although Ellen suspected that most of her insistence was due less to kindness than to an over-developed social sense which made her find it intolerable that her own sister-in-law should be living alone in the lower town.

And Claire had been wrong when she said Ellen didn’t know what people were saying about Amy Brown. She did know, very well. Amy’s sudden appearance, one rainy night, on the porch of the parsonage, her refusal to tell whether or not she was married, and the birth of her baby—all these constituted material for endless gossip, some of it malicious. The people of the lower town were fiercely moral, and Ellen’s championship of Amy’s forlorn cause could very well undermine that little influence for good she had among them.

But Amy was young—she wasn’t even twenty—and she was poor and friendless, and not yet fully recovered from her confinement, and Ellen was determined to do as she was certain George would have done: keep her on until she herself chose to leave.

The rest of that day, and for several days that followed, Ellen plunged into furious activity, hoping thus to still the ache in her heart. She had been lucky in finding a house she could afford—a three-room cottage, run-down and empty for the last year and a half, but livable and possessing a screened-in porch which Bob could use as a bedroom—and she signed a year’s lease at once.

Two days later she had reason to

be thankful she had been so business-like as to insist upon a lease. It turned out that the house belonged to Corey Barrett, who had been unaware that Ellen was the lessee until his agent had signed the agreement. And Barrett’s one dear wish, Ellen knew, was to see her out of the lower town. He considered her, as he had considered George, a disturbing influence on the people.

Steeling her heart against the anguish that gripped it every time she saw or touched George’s belongings, she began to move from the parsonage to the new cottage. Bob helped, energetically but a little too silently. She realized as never before how little she really knew of what went on inside that well-shaped boy’s head, so proudly balanced—like his father’s. Of one thing she was sure; he was feeling George’s absence much more than he would let her see. He did not have the comfort of the dreams that still came almost nightly to her.

ON the day they moved the last of their possessions from the parsonage, a young, broad-shouldered athlete wearing a neat blue suit and carrying a suitcase walked straight into the parlor without knocking—to stop in confusion when he saw Ellen.

“Oh—excuse me. I didn’t know anyone was here. I thought this was the parsonage.”

“It is,” Ellen said, smiling at his embarrassment. “Come right in. I’m Mrs. Randolph.”

The name evidently conveyed noth-

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ing to him. "I'm Jerome Brooks, the new minister." Then, seeing her look of surprise, he flushed. "This is my first pastorate," he admitted. "I hope—I hope I can do a good job here."

"Of course you can," Ellen said warmly, liking him for his modesty and his youth. "My husband was the pastor here until a few weeks ago. He's . . . gone, now, but I'll be glad to help you in any way I can."

"Oh, would you?" he said eagerly. "I'd be awfully grateful—I guess I'll need a good deal of help, at that . . . But, look here—you're moving out, aren't you? Can't I help you?"

"There isn't much left to be done. My son just took a load over to the new house, and the young woman who lives with me is straightening things out over there. There's just these books left to crate." She gestured toward the rough shelves filled with George's beloved volumes. "I'll have to store them—that is—" She paused, struck by a sudden thought. "That is, unless you'd care to keep them here? They might help you."

"I certainly would like to, if you'd trust me with them," he said. "And, of course, any time you or Mr. Randolph want them back again, just say so."

**T**HAT—may not be for some time," Ellen said in a low voice, and he gave her a startled look, opened his mouth to ask a question, blushed, and thought better of it. Ellen was to find, as she grew to know the Reverend Jerry Brooks better, that he was rather given to blushing, as well as to a number of other endearing traits, such as deprecating his own wisdom, of which he had a good deal, invariably championing the underdog, and blurted out the truth when he was angry.

He soon learned all there was to know about George, of course. It was impossible to live in the lower town twenty-four hours and not be told of the Reverend Randolph's disappearance. But he never asked Ellen any questions. Ellen had the feeling that he was grateful for her friendship and for the things she could tell him about local relationships and backgrounds.

Mark Hilton came down from the upper town on the afternoon of Ellen's first day in the new cottage. For a moment or two they talked pleasant banalities; but Ellen saw Mark's glance traveling around the small, shabby room—around and around, hurriedly, as if hating everything on which it fell too much to linger.

"Of course the house isn't very grand," she said. "But once I get it fixed up we're going to be very happy here. You'll see."

Mark stood up abruptly and took a step toward her. He moistened his lips. "Ellen," he said huskily, "forgive me, but I've been doing a good deal of thinking about you. And I've got to ask you—my dear, won't you give all this up? Won't you let me take care of you? . . . No," he hurried on as he saw her try to speak, "of course I'm not asking you to marry me. Not now. I hope you might be willing to, some day, that's all. But whether you ever do or not—let me help you now."

As she listened, Ellen had a vision of the life he was offering her. One of safety—of comfort—and of love. Yes, Mark's love would go with it, and that was not a thing to be lightly thrown aside. But, taking his hand in both of hers, she shook her head.

"No, Mark dear. I couldn't let you do that, because I can't even tell you that I might be able to marry you some day. It's so sweet of you, but—"

With a rueful little smile, he said, "I knew it wasn't much use asking you. But I wanted to put myself on record. I won't bother you by asking again, but everything I said will still go, Ellen . . . as long as I live."

She turned away to hide the mist in her eyes, feeling the terrible inadequacy of words. If only she could tell Mark all that was in her heart!—that she loved him, but not well enough to betray the trust George had left with her, not well enough to prove herself unworthy of both his love and George's.

She was thankful, just then, to hear the door of Amy's room open. Amy came out, then stopped at the sight of Mark, and had to be urged to stay. Ever since the birth of her baby, and particularly since a bitter encounter with Claire, Amy had been shy of other people. Ellen, Mark, and Jerry Brooks were almost the only people she would see. She was growing stronger, though, Ellen was glad to see; a delicate color was returning to her cheeks.

"How's the baby, Amy?" Mark asked. "And have you picked out a name for her yet?"

Amy looked from him to Ellen and back again. A nervous little smile twitched the corner of her mouth. "I—well, yes. I thought, if you don't mind, Mrs. Randolph—I'd like to call her—Ellen."

"Ellen! Do you know," Ellen said softly, "that's the nicest thing anyone ever did for me! Thank you, Amy."

"Oh—it's nothing, Mrs. Randolph." But to Ellen, at that moment, it was everything. Enough to make up for the poor and shabby house, for the pain of refusing Mark, for the quarrel with Claire. Enough to tell her that she was doing what George would have wanted her to do.

**L**ATER that afternoon, another pleasant thing happened. Ellen acquired Agnes Fox.

Agnes, a tall, raw-boned woman in her fifties, walked into the cottage an hour or so before supper, to ask if Ellen had any work she might do for her to earn enough for a meal. Ellen offered her something to eat, and by the time night fell the older woman had briskly taken charge of washing up the dishes, putting things away, and making herself generally useful. Somehow it was taken for granted that Agnes would stay all night—and again, the next morning, it was taken for granted that she would remain, cooking, cleaning, helping Amy with the baby, cheering Ellen up with her salty comments on life and affairs.

The days flowed past. Amy grew strong and well again. Agnes Fox struck up an acquaintance with the Skipper, an aged waterfront character who had been one of George's friends in the lower town from the beginning. Bob continued his secret life, keeping his thoughts to himself. Ellen tried several times to find a job, without success. Mark offered her a position in his office, but she knew it was no more than charity, and refused it.

Then there was talk of a Welfare Board in Oakhurst, and she applied for the job of organizing it and heading it. But Mark was her only influential friend in the affairs of town, and he was not strong enough to com-



bat Corey Barrett. She realized that on the day Carl Richmond came to see her, announcing that Barrett had asked him to investigate her fitness for the position.

"This girl—this Amy Brown," he said pompously. "Is she still living with you?"

"Yes, Mr. Richmond, she is."

THE young man shook his head in a perfect imitation of Corey Barrett's pontifical gesture. "That would hardly do, you know, for the head of Oakhurst's Welfare Board."

"Have you ever met Miss Brown?" Ellen asked directly.

"Certainly not!"

"Then I'd advise you to see her and talk to her before you pass a hasty judgment," Ellen retorted. "And Mr. Barrett should do the same. . . . However, I should think that helping people like Amy Brown is very much part of a Welfare Board's job."

"There are some people who can't be helped—who have only themselves to blame for what happens to them. From what I've heard of this girl, she is one of those people."

He left soon after, and for several weeks Ellen heard no more about the Welfare Board. Then, one day, Mark sorrowfully admitted that Barrett had been able to swing the job to another woman. He did not say, but Ellen knew, that Amy Brown had been Barrett's strongest weapon against her.

Another disappointment came soon afterwards. She and Jerry Brooks had revived George's old project of a Recreation Center for the young people of the lower town. Enthusiastically, Jerry set out to secure donations from the wealthy upper town.

But a few days later, calling at the parsonage, she saw that Jerry was evasive and ill-at-ease when she mentioned the Center.

"Oh—it's just a little snag I've hit," was all he would say at first; until, in answer to her insistent questions, he blurted out:

"Corey Barrett is fighting me, Ellen. He won't donate any money himself for the Center, and he's been advising other men not to, either."

"I don't understand," Ellen said in bewilderment. "Mr. Barrett appointed you—won't he stand back of you now? I know he refused to donate for the Center while George was here—but that was only personal enmity against George and me."

JERRY picked up a pencil from his desk and regarded it fixedly. "Oh—I think Mr. Barrett will come around all right, in time."

Something about his too-honest face told Ellen the truth. "Jerry! It's because of me, isn't it?"

"You? Why should it be?"

"Didn't Mr. Barrett tell you that you'd been seeing too much of me? Didn't he warn you that unless you ended our friendship he wouldn't give you any help?"

Jerry refused to meet her eyes. "Well," he said—"yes. And I told him you were the best friend I had in Oakhurst, and I'd resign the pastorate before I'd do anything to hurt you."

Torn between an impulse to laugh and one to cry, Ellen said, "Oh, Jerry, you shouldn't! You shouldn't have said that! You can't fight Corey Barrett—George and I found that out."

"Ellen," Jerry said, "you don't have to tell me if you don't want to—but

why is Barrett so opposed to you?"

Ellen ran a nervous hand across her forehead. "I'd like to tell you, Jerry . . . but I don't know that I can, exactly. I don't really know, except that Mr. Barrett hates the idea of anyone but himself having any influence. Oh, there were things that happened. . . . He has a son, Andy, about twenty years old, whom he's frightened so much that the boy doesn't dare call his soul his own. Once Andy smashed a fender on his father's car, and I was able to help him get it fixed without Mr. Barrett knowing about it. But he found out later, and accused me of trying to interfere in his family. That started things. And he doesn't approve of what he calls 'coddling' the people down here in the lower town. Another thing—he found out that George and I knew Mark Hilton, and wanted us to persuade Mark, as chairman of the county council, to give him a permit for a roadhouse he wanted to build. Of course we wouldn't, and that was the last straw. He's been furious at us ever since, and now that George is gone, he wants to get me out of the lower town too."

"SEE," Jerry said grimly. "Well, he won't get far with me."

"But you mustn't talk that way, Jerry—or think that way! I'm not important, compared to the help Mr. Barrett can give you in getting the Center started!"

Jerry gave her a long look. "You," he said, "are the most important thing in Oakhurst to me."

It was a moment before she caught his meaning—and then she tried frantically to reject it. Surely Jerry Brooks didn't imagine he was in love

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with her!

Feeling very humble and more than a little frightened, she left him and returned to her little house.

Bob did not come home to supper that night, and even Agnes Fox's cheerful prattle could not dispel her depression. More and more, lately, Bob had gone his own way, without consulting or telling her. He had friends in the lower town—older boys who spent their evenings in Mike's Pool Room.

She supposed she should talk to Bob, try to win him back to her, but she dreaded the task.

That night, she dreamed of George again—but this time she awoke bathed in an icy sweat of panic. She had seen George riding on horse back along a steep mountain trail, his face tense. Suddenly dim figures appeared on the trail ahead, shots rang out, and George's horse pitched forward, tossing its rider over its head to lie sprawled out upon the jagged rocks.

Then she woke—to lie for hours trying to quiet the thudding of her heart, so vivid had the dream been. Of course it was only a dream, she told herself over and over again. But it had been no less vivid and compelling than the dreams which had given her so much comfort before.

The terrifying thing was that after that night she dreamed no more of her husband.

Had there been a weird psychic thread connecting them over miles of distance? And had that thread been snapped by—she scarcely dared phrase the question in her mind—the death of George, there on that rocky mountain pass?

Burdened by a weariness which grew greater with each succeeding day, she wondered if God had heard her prayer, offered up in the little church the afternoon she had received the letter and the parcel.

Amy Brown was well again now, and beginning restlessly to make plans to leave Oakhurst and begin life over again under a new name. How she was to do this, with no money and a helpless child to support, Ellen could not imagine.

AND Bob—she realized with sick dismay that she had lost her hold upon him entirely. If she refrained from questioning him, he was sweet and affectionate, but at the slightest hint of criticism he turned surly.

"You worry too much about other folks," Agnes Fox scolded. "Now, you just let 'em go their own ways, and they'll turn out all right."

"But Bob's George's boy—he's the responsibility George left to me," Ellen argued. "I can't let him turn into a lower town hoodlum!"

"He's a good boy," Agnes said comfortably. "Just growin' up now, that's all. He'll turn out all right."

She allowed herself to be comforted by this argument, which she knew in her heart to be false—until one night when she could no longer close her eyes to the fact of how dismally she had failed.

Amy had gone to bed, and she and Agnes were sitting in the box-like living room. It was nearly eleven, and Bob was out. Suddenly there were quick footsteps on the porch, and he came in. His face was ashen, and he was trembling.

"Bob!" Ellen cried, fear clutching at her breast. "What in the world is the matter?"

He ran to her, clutching her arm with fingers whose young strength bruised her flesh. "I've got to get out of town!" he gasped. "I'm in awful trouble!"

Gradually, under her questioning, the story came out. Bob had heard, from gossip passed on by workers in the factory, that Corey Barrett was holding damaging letters about Ellen, scandalous information he was about to release.

"I—I went up to the factory to-night," Bob stammered, his voice tight with fear and stubborn defiance. "I got into the office. I thought maybe I could find those letters and destroy them."

"Bob—oh Bob!" Ellen cried. "Someone saw me at the safe—recognized me," Bob went on.

"But, Bob you shouldn't have broken in."

"I know," Bob said, then unexpectedly, "But what would you expect me to do? Gosh, all the things they're saying about you, Mother. Living down here the way we do, all the fellows kidding me. If we could've only moved up the hill, like Uncle Ted and Aunt Claire wanted you to—"

THERE was a long, tense silence. Then Ellen said dully, "I see it now. I've—I've been quite foolish."

Bob made a movement toward the porch. "I've got to get away," he said.

"No," Ellen told him. "You're not going to run away. Go to bed now, and in the morning we'll see what can be done. Promise me you won't try to run away."

"All right—I promise," he said, already a little ashamed of his outburst. He went quietly out to his porch bedroom.

For a long time after Bob had gone to bed, Ellen sat without moving, staring straight ahead, trying to fit her life into the new pattern of reality revealed by Bob's accusation. Yes, it was her fault that he was in trouble now. She had failed him, as she had failed in everything she had tried to do. Because of her, Jerry Brooks was already at odds with Corey Barrett, and the Recreation Center was still unfinished. She had accomplished none of the good she had hoped to do for the people of the lower town. She had been unable even to arrange her own life satisfactorily and decently—she couldn't find work, and she was nearly destitute.

True, she had been able to give Agnes Fox and Amy Brown a home. But Agnes was self-sufficient. She didn't really need Ellen's help. And perhaps it would have been better for Amy to have stood on her own two feet long before now.

George. Tonight she was able to face another truth. George would never return. He must be dead. It was months since the letter had come.

"I've been a silly, romantic fool," she whispered. "And now there's only one thing for me to do."

The next morning she arose early, planning to catch Mark Hilton at his home before he left. But she had some early visitors of her own—Corey Barrett and Carl Richmond.

"Mrs. Randolph," Barrett said briskly, "this is an unpleasant errand I've come on. I have to tell you that your son was caught trying to break open my safe."

"I know that," Ellen said coolly. "But isn't it a matter for the police?"

The purple of Barrett's face deep-



ened somewhat. "Perhaps that won't be necessary."

"I don't understand," Ellen said. "I won't beat around the bush, Mrs. Randolph," Barrett said. "Frankly, I don't like your influence on the people of the lower town. If I see to it that your son is not mixed up in what happened last night, I shall expect you to leave Oakhurst."

Ellen hesitated. Her impulse was to defy Barrett. But last night she had told herself she must look at things realistically. Did she have the right to stick to her ideals at the expense of Bob's future?

"I—" she began, but a stifled gasp from the kitchen door interrupted her. Amy was standing there, her eyes riveted on Carl Richmond.

The young man spun around. "Darling!" he cried involuntarily. And then the girl had thrown herself into his arms.

"Carl! Who is this girl?" Barrett thundered.

Richmond raised his head slowly until he was looking straight at his uncle. For the first time Ellen saw a will of his own in his eyes.

"SHE'S my wife," he said simply. "I didn't tell you I was married when you wrote and offered me a job in your factory, because I was afraid you'd withdraw the offer."

"You were quite right!" Barrett cried, almost apoplectic. "I would have then—and I do now!"

"That's fine with me," Richmond said. "If I'd known Amy was here— He broke off, struck by the truth. "Are you Amy Brown? Is the baby . . . ?"

Silently, she nodded her head. "And you never told me! Oh, . . . dearest!"

Ellen looked at Barrett. He met her gaze briefly, snorted, and marched out of the house. Then she slipped into the kitchen, leaving Carl and the one-time Amy Brown alone.

In spite of Bob, in spite of the decision she had reached, Ellen's heart was light as she walked up the hill toward Mark Hilton's house.

He was at breakfast when she arrived, and jumped up to greet her. "Ellen! You are up early!"

"I feel as if I'd been up for hours," she said with a smile. Quickly, she told him about Bob, about Corey Barrett's visit and the reunion between Carl and Amy. He was reassuring about Bob.

"I can get him paroled into your custody, if the worst comes to the worst," he promised. "But I don't think even that will be necessary. No real harm was done last night."

"That wasn't really all I came up for," she said. "I—"

Now that the moment had come, it was harder than she had anticipated. "Do you remember, Mark—on the day I moved into the cottage—you asked me . . ."

"Yes," he said quickly. "Yes—I remember."

"Well . . ." she hesitated. "You know I'll never love anyone as I loved George. There will always be a part of me that—belongs to him. But, perhaps someday . . ."

Mark heard no more. He looked off into the horizon, with an awakening hope in his eyes, believing his dreams might yet come true.

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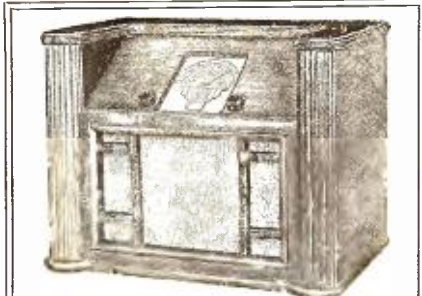
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(Continued from page 37)

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carload of my sponsor's product." It doesn't sound possible, but that's exactly what the merchants of Hickory did, when the mayor reported Russ' words to them—bought a carload of breakfast food. Russ kept his promise, the mayor proclaimed a Russ Hodges Day in Hickory, there was a special tape-cutting ceremony in the freight yards when the carload of breakfast food arrived, and Russ broadcast in the town square while thousands of curious fans watched.

Russ is proud of three things—his charming wife; his six-year-old son who is a southpaw pitcher and a rabid sports fan who won't take a back seat for anybody, even his dad; and his extensive sports library. What does Russ do on his day off? Of course—he goes to the ball game.

SALT LAKE CITY—Remember the old-time newspaper reporter who roamed from one city to another, working as he went? Well, radio has his counterpart in Emerson Sprague Smith, called "Trigger" by his friends, of whom he has plenty.

Trigger has been in radio for seven years—started in Lincoln, Nebraska, then moved to Omaha, then to Manitowish, Wisconsin, then to Dubuque, then to Reno, then to NBC in San Francisco, and last September to KDYL in Salt Lake City, where he was hired as chief announcer and in seven months advanced to his present position of Program Director.

Trigger is lean, energetic, and quick-moving—of course he'd have to be to cover so much ground. His main interest, out side of work, is collecting Chinese curios, and perhaps it was this interest in the Orient that got him the job, while he was with NBC in San Francisco, of arranging the programs for the international short-wave station W6XBE, which broadcast from Treasure Island to China and the Far East.

CINCINNATI—Up on a Cincinnati hilltop, on East McMillan Street, is one of radio's strangest broadcasting studios. It is the living room of Kay Irion, who conducts her program from her own home because she is unable to walk.

Kay, who is a beautiful girl of twenty-three, used to be the personal secretary to Josef Cherniavsky, musical director for WLW and WSAI. Two Christmases ago, traveling home on a slippery road with her family in their car, she was in a wreck. Ever since, she has spent her days in a wheel chair.

But Kay wasn't resigned to her fate, and she couldn't forget radio. As soon as it became apparent that she would not be able to return to her former work, WSAI studio officials decided to give her a program of her own. It was named The Bluebird Club, and it was designed primarily for shut-ins, like Kay herself. Since its first broadcast it has turned into one of the station's most inspiring and worthwhile broadcasts.

Every distinguished visitor to Cincinnati makes a pilgrimage to that little house on a hilltop, to be interviewed by Kay over the air. Sometimes the celebrity is appearing in a local theater at the hour of the broad-

cast, and to provide for such emergencies, engineers have installed special lines to all the downtown theaters from Kay's home so she can interview her guests by remote control.

Ted Malone, NBC star, met Kay on a recent visit to Cincinnati and was so impressed by her that he invited her to be his guest on one of his Between the Bookends programs. Perhaps you heard her then.

Over the air, Kay asks other shut-ins to write to her, and then reads their letters and poems to other listeners. Besides that, she has made herself an important agency for aiding the handicapped. On one program, for instance, she read a letter from a boy who was both crippled and blind. His ambition was to learn how to play a B-flat trumpet, but he was too poor to buy himself the instrument. The next day a listener sent The Bluebird Club a shiny B-flat trumpet which Kay presented to the boy. Listeners have donated material for making doll clothes, which Kay turned over to the children's ward of a Cincinnati hospital, stacks of books, which also went to hospitals, and many other gifts for the physically handicapped. Through Kay's efforts, many of her club-members are able to rent wheel chairs from the Shut-In Society at a cost of only one dollar a year.

Kay's most moving tribute came from Bill Robinson, the famous dancer. After he had been interviewed on her program, he invited her to be his guest at the evening's performance of "The Hot Mikado," in which he was starring. After the final act he stepped out to take his curtain call—and made a speech. It was a long one, lasting about five minutes, and it was all about Kay and The Bluebird Club. He praised Kay's work and her courage, and told the audience that his visit to her program was the most memorable feature of his stay in Cincinnati.

Several thousand spectators applauded, while Kay sat in her wheel chair in a box. She was very happy.

Marie Green, swing soprano on Al Pearce's program, doesn't smoke, but she decided she'd have to do something to please her sponsor, Camel Cigarettes, so designed a clever tan gabardine sports dress with novelty buttons—tiny Camel packages.



Working his way across the continent, Emerson Sprague Smith has finally settled down as program manager of station KDYL.



## New Fashion in Fascination

(Continued from page 11)

her if she believed that a "career woman" has a right to marry and she laughed at me.

"Why not?" she said. "In these days and times many a woman must work for economic reasons if no others. And for a husband to be so pig-headed and a wife so silly as to quarrel over such a situation seems ridiculous to me. Life is bigger than that, and more important. No—" she shook her head—"it seems to me that couples who quarrel over a wife's career just need some excuse to fight and have selected that as the simplest.

"When I marry—" she said it quietly, unselfconsciously—"I want to go on working and can see no reason why I shouldn't. I believe that work, no matter what kind, keeps a woman mentally on her toes. She may not be quite such a good housekeeper; she may have to get some dinners out of cans, but I'll bet she's more fun and more exciting. A wife who keeps up the housework and the mending is still a failure if she doesn't also 'keep up' her mind. After all, laundries do mending as well as washing and ironing these days, and canned things are 'miracles of goodness', as the radio pluggers say."

AS for herself . . . Until some Prince Charming comes along (she insists he hasn't yet!) Rosalind's bachelor girl life suits her exactly. She lives as she pleases in her white house. When she's working, she gets up at five o'clock in the morning and often goes to bed at eight. When she's not, she gads about—to nearby places in her own car.

She reads everything she can get her hands on—well, almost, she amends—the papers, a dozen current magazines, fiction and fact variety; biographies, novels. She can talk with equal authority on Alsop's and Kintner's "American White Paper," Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" and Katherine Brush's autobiography just completed.

She likes to read the cooking ads in the women's magazines; the tourist ads in the travel magazines; the personals in the newspapers. "The cleverness of modern salesmanship fascinates me," she says.

She loves good hotels and beautiful clothes and soft lights and music. She loves, equally, fishing trips, picnics—even the rough and ready variety featuring ants and mosquitos. She likes to scramble around in the hills on horseback, in her oldest togs; then come home and, bathed, perfumed and gowned exquisitely, to loll on her sofa and listen to a radio symphony.

She loves clothes—particularly tweeds and evening clothes. That is, she loves good clothes. Hers are the best, although she doesn't have nearly as many as some stars do. "And no matter what my income, I would rather have one good outfit than four of the mediocre variety," she says. "Good clothes keep up your morale."

Hers are always in perfect shape, too—buttons on, hooks and eyes on, skirts hanging right, gloves immaculate, that sort of thing. "Grooming isn't a question of money," she tells you, "it's a question of habit."

She thinks women who won't read the war news "because it is so terrible"

are something like ostriches, though perhaps sillier. "You've got to find out what is going on in order to make up your own mind about it," she insists. She hates gossip, tattling, superstition and tardiness. She speaks three languages and knows good music and good art.

And of course, she is beautiful. Her hair is fine, thick, shiny and naturally curly. Her eyes are dark and compelling; her eyelashes something like a yard long; her teeth lovely; her skin a clear, soft olive. Still, her intelligence prevents her from taking all this for granted. She believes in grooming—hot baths, cold showers, shampoos twice a week, manicures, pedicures, facials—all the rest, and she can do them for herself if necessary, and has. She believes in good cold cream and those hundred strokes of the hair brush at night and the kind of a diet that forgets most of the fats and starches.

"You not only look better when your weight is normal, but you feel better," she told me. And added, sharply: "I cannot understand a mind so barren that it must overly concern itself with food. Better, instead, read a good book or turn on the radio. Or if you can't forget your over-indulged appetite that way, go out to a movie where no pantry or ice box can tempt you!"

Another swell way to overcome undue pangs of hunger is to work, Rosalind thinks. "You'll find your stomach flatter and your mind the keener for it," she told me.

Well, Rosalind should know. Not only is her own figure superb, but her mind as sharp as they make 'em. You ought to watch her in action sometime—at a radio rehearsal, for instance. She always knows her lines in advance but she is in there pitching anyway. And when there's nothing going on for the moment, you'll hear her off in a corner, going over her lines to herself for inflection.

"Honey, you're crying! Honey, you're crying! Honey, you're crying!" See what I mean?

AND when she gets into a broadcast, she is still pitching; still using her mind. Not that she's infallible. Everyone makes mistakes, but she doesn't let hers floor her. There was the broadcast of "Ninotchka," that she did with Spencer Tracy, for instance. Remember? She sounded so much like Garbo that people who hadn't tuned in at the very beginning of the show to hear the cast announced thought it was Garbo.

But she made a mistake in that show. She was supposed to say to Spencer: "We have the ideals; you have the climate." Instead she said: "You have the ideals—" Then, realizing her mistake, that quick brain of hers moved into fourth speed and saved the situation. Instead of going back as many a radio performer, even the best, so often does, she went smoothly on: "and you have the climate!" And nobody but the producer and cast knew the difference.

See what I mean? That Rosalind—she's quick on the trigger. Sort of nice, isn't it, to know she likes entertaining us radio fans, and is determined to do a lot more of it.

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Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
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Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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## One Man's Family

(Continued from page 33)

would wreck the other.

He extracted from Jack a promise that he would erase from his mind all such ideas as elopements until after he had finished college. Jack gave this promise—willingly,—so willingly, in fact that Father Barbour should have been suspicious.

Within the year, Jack and Betty revealed that Father Barbour had not been successful in attempting to intercept them before they reached the altar. When they were found in Reno, they already had been married more than an hour.

THE family took the news rather calmly. It had been an accepted conclusion that Jack would eventually marry Betty. She would make Jack a good wife, the family knew, and why worry about it?

He had not planned to leave school. A wife, he said, would supply the incentive he needed to become a successful lawyer, and the added responsibility would cause him to devote more time to his studies.

It has worked out as Jack predicted. He and Betty were willing to sacrifice all luxuries and even some of the necessities during the remaining years of his preparation for the bar. They would live on Jack's allowance.

Father Barbour was deeply impressed at this spirit of sacrifice. This marriage looked promising.

Voluntarily, he increased Jack's allowance to one hundred dollars a month.

The newly-weds have a small apartment near the law school at Palo Alto. Betty had been accustomed to denying herself many things and she knew all the ways to cut corners on the budget.

When the budget allows a chicken, the chicken later becomes hash and eventually soup. Her clothes are beautifully done over to last another year or two.

Jack and Betty are delighted with their life together and the sacrifices seem unimportant.

The way their eyes light up when they are invited to dinner at Sea Cliff, however, is a source of amusement and much enjoyment to Father Barbour.

They are enjoyable guests, and are encouraged to visit the Barbours as often as Jack's schooling will permit.

Father Barbour has tacitly informed the couple that if Jack needs more money or a new suit, or Betty a new dress, the money would be instantly forthcoming, but they have not availed themselves of this oppor-

tunity. They promised to live on Jack's allowance, and principles to them are important.

Betty's mother feels differently about the marriage. When she learned that her daughter had secretly married into the well-to-do and highly-respected Barbour family, she envisioned a life of ease for Betty.

In this attitude, she showed great unfamiliarity with the home life of the Sea Cliff family.

Betty, Mrs. Carter contended, was being forced to live in near-servitude, underfed and underclothed, in keeping with what she called the capricious whims of Father Barbour, who could afford to be more generous with his daughter-in-law.

Forewarned of Mrs. Carter's petition for annulment of the marriage, Jack and Betty fled to the Barbour home to escape the process servers.

Betty assured Father Barbour that she considered her mother's complaint untenable, and that she wished to remain with Jack, regardless of the outcome. She felt that the Barbours had been more than generous with her.

"If that is the way you feel," said Father Barbour, "I'll fight her with my last dollar."

He consulted his lawyer and friend of long-standing, Judge Hunter, who advised Jack and Betty to go into court and fight the annulment.

The greatest weakness in Mrs. Carter's case lay in the fact that her own daughter, whom she pretended to be defending, was against her.

WHEN Betty told the court that she had no complaint against the Barbours; that she appreciated their treatment of her, the court dismissed the complaint.

The verdict was even stronger. The judge appointed Jack the legal guardian of Betty until she becomes of age.

The legal entanglement naturally strengthened the marriage, which now has the unqualified endorsement of every Barbour.

Jack is determined that Betty shall never regret the sacrifices she has made to be his wife.

He has an interminable passion for seeing justice triumph in all matters small and large. If he retains in later life the principles of his youth, he would make a good judge.

He will not be a spectacular lawyer, for he lacks the fire and oratory often associated with the great criminal and civil trials. The same, however, may be said about Lincoln at twenty-one.

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conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

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## Fatness Isn't Fatal

(Continued from page 19)

wasn't just a question of throwing up my hands and saying I was plump and what of it. I knew there must be things I could do to minimize my bad points and to bring out my good ones and I set about finding out what they were very methodically.

There was a lot to be done to make the best possible me out of what I was. I went to work on myself, starting at the top. My hair, I realized, was too short. I let it grow into a longer bob, reaching just below my jaw line at the sides. Hanging straight, it still wasn't much of a crowning glory, so I got a soft permanent—no curls or set waves—and brushed it back simply from my face. And much as I hated to, I gave up the little hair ribbons I liked so much. Although all the girls were wearing them, I had to face myself honestly in the mirror and admit they were just no good on me.

**MAKE-UP** was the next thing I tackled. I experimented and learned how to make make-up work for, rather than against, a natural effect. I did everything to avoid a "made-up" look. I was careful to choose just the right shade of powder for my skin, neither too dark, which gives that weatherbeaten look, nor too light, which always looks a little floury. Lipstick had to be the right color for the skin, too, whether it was the latest fashionable shade or not, and delicately applied so it hardly showed at all. Mascara was out, for my lashes were dark enough naturally. My eyebrows were a bit straight and heavy, so I plucked them just enough to give them a slight arch, but not enough to make them look out of place on my face.

As for clothes, I realized that dark dresses made me look much slimmer. Gradually, I replaced the bright dresses and huge flower prints in my wardrobe with dark, simple outfits. I avoided shirring and ruffles and flounces. Whenever possible, I tried to get dresses without belts. I wouldn't wear a belted coat for anything in the world. And I lost my longing for wide-brimmed, floppy hats, when I saw how flattering tallish hats with small, or even non-existent, brims could be.

All this brought me from the top to the toe. Here I was faced with another problem. At school, everyone was wearing low heeled shoes and ankle socks. They were comfortable and practical and I loved them. But it was like the bows. Love or no love, they had to be eliminated in my campaign to cut out every possible horizontal line in my get-up. I parted with the little socks. And after some experimenting with shoe styles, I found there was nothing like the classic opera pump with a high heel to give a slenderizing, tapering-off effect to legs and ankles. Of course, changing to high heels made it necessary for me to learn how to walk all over again, concentrating on my posture and doing away with any bounce or waddle or heaviness.

When I had settled the problem of "type-casting" myself as to wardrobe, I still had something to conquer. I was no exception to the rule that most girls, when they go natural, and have a good sense of humor and a

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hearty giggle, are apt to let this department run away with them. There are lots of things to laugh at and lots of people to laugh with, but a hearty type, like myself, must be careful not to become a laughing hyena. I learned to watch that life-of-the-party complex, and I found that I had more fun with my dates when I let them shine, and cultivated the good listener in me. After awhile, I could actually settle down to serious talks and have a wonderful time doing it. There is such a thing as one giggle too many.

One thought made me reconciled to the fact that I just didn't look like a glamorous blues singer—and that was that the woods are full of glamorous blues singers who sing "straight" but that comedienness are more rare as to species. With this thought in mind, I got a fifteen minute spot, singing over a local Richmond station. I sang blues songs, sure, but I also yodelled! I went in strong for novelty numbers.

THAT program was a lucky break for me, because it was at that station I first met Fred Waring. Some meeting! He was in a hurry to get to the theater where he and his gang were playing and he hardly looked at me. For about two minutes, I blamed his lack of interest on the fact that I had no glamour. Then I perked up. If I wasn't glamorous, I just wasn't, and I'd have to fall back on my old standby—ME.

I sat in a front row seat at every one of the performances Fred Waring and his Gang gave in Richmond. Fred couldn't help noticing me, especially after I'd giggled a few times. After the first couple of shows, Fred began working me into his patter, giving me a chance to quip back, and he and I and the audience all had a lot of fun. But nothing happened. Fred Waring's gang left Richmond at the end

of the week and all my wonderful dreams about being discovered by Fred Waring tumbled in a heap.

In desperation, I wrote to Uncle Jim Harkins, an old family friend from vaudeville days, who was associated with NBC's Fred Allen show to see whether he could get me an audition with Fred Waring. It took some time, but Fred did remember my giggle and agreed to hear me sing.

And that's how, without an ounce of the modern girl's most publicized prerequisite and plenty of ounces otherwise, I came to New York, the glamour center. You'd think that after all this, I'd have sense enough to stick to my decision to be myself. But no. For awhile, New York had me buffaloed and I decided I wasn't going to be a hick. I tried painfully to make myself over again, into a new girl who would fit in with what I thought was New York's pattern.

It took a good healthy scare to wake me up this time. Fred Waring gave it to me. When I walked into the studio for my audition, Fred just stared blankly at me. I went into a blues number with plenty of torch in it. Fred was unimpressed. I never saw such an empty look on anyone's face. I sang another number, even torchier than the first. No reaction. Then I got scared. And there's nothing so perfect for breaking through a veneer as a good dose of fright. My veneer couldn't take it. Right then, my (as I thought) nice, shiny coat of glamour got its last and lasting crack-up. I went into an operatic number and let myself go. I clowned it. Up and down the scale I went, improvising, mimicking, having fun. I didn't care any more. And then Fred's face came to life. He smiled. That was all the encouragement I needed.

And I was convinced. I was all right as long as I was myself. I was no glamour girl, and couldn't be. But, best of all, I didn't need to be one.



Amos 'n' Andy are two proud fathers. Freeman (Amos) Gosden and Charles (Andy) Correll watch their children portray a very happy family on Fathers' Day. Virginia and Freeman Gosden, Jr., play the parents while Dorothy Alyce Correll plays the part of the baby.



## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 39)

coast after playing together in ten different bands. However, Hollywood in 1932 snubbed Barnet's pre-swing saxophone solos.

When Barnet got back to New York in 1933 he organized his first band. Playing hard and fast, the band managed to get some engagements, but the public was not prepared for this solid rhythmic group, and the orchestra broke up.

Undaunted, Charlie tried again with a new personnel. But only in Harlem did the band get a warm reception.

This second crash was too much even for Barnet. The business details bored him. He could find no one he could trust. In a huff he went back to Hollywood to clean up any wild oats he left unsowed. Broadway soon forgot about this devil-may-care saxophonist. But Charlie couldn't forget that he was a musician. After four months he returned and tried for a third time. Luckily, swing had now come into its own. A good, solid band could now get work.

Only one more mishap blocked his path. Just before the band concluded an engagement in the Los Angeles Palomar ballroom, the vast auditorium burned to the ground, taking with it all of the Barnet instruments and orchestrations. The loss was estimated at \$80,000 and for the next few weeks the band played from memory on borrowed instruments.

Then into the picture, like the hero with the mortgage money, stepped Charles Weintraub, a shrewd lawyer.

Sick of financial woes, Barnet made Weintraub his personal manager. Then things began to happen.

Back east, Mrs. Marie Kramer, owner of the Hotel Lincoln in New York, wanted another new band for her Blue Room. She believed in newcomers, having helped discover Artie Shaw and Jan Savitt. Barnet got the job and that is where you'll find him now broadcasting over NBC.

Although Charlie is now straightened out musically, his social life is still unsettled.

All he talks about now is lovely Helen O'Connell, Jimmy Dorsey's singer.

Are wedding bells ringing in his ears again? Does he plan another Onyx Club elopement? Is he really in love with the blonde singer?

To these questions Charlie just winks mischievously and whispers: "Just say I think Helen O'Connell is wonderful."

### OFF THE RECORD

#### Some Like It Sweet:

The Breeze and I; Hear My Song Violetta (Vocalion 5528) Frankie Masters. Rated a sure thing is this 1940 edition of "Andalucia."

You Can't Brush Me Off; You're Lonely (Royale 1880) Johnny Green. Rich versions from Irving Berlin's new hit, "Louisiana Purchase." Don't miss the title tune as played by Hal Kemp (Victor (26592) or Jimmy Dorsey's thumping "Latins Know How" from the

same show (Decca 3176).

Haven't Time to Be a Millionaire; April Played the Fiddle (Decca 3161) Bing Crosby. Made to order Crosby and no complaints. For dance tempo I prefer Casa Loma's stylish treatment on Decca 3163.

Clear Out of This World; A Latin Tune (Victor 26599) Leo Reisman. Anita Boyer walks off with this platter.

#### Some Like It Swing:

Flight of Bumble Bee; Four or Five Times (Varsity 8298) Harry James. Miraculous trumpeting that sounds better each time played. A swing surprise.

Wanderin' Blues; Afternoon of a Moax (Bluebird 10721) Charlie Barnet. Paleface boogie woogie with some excellent ad libbing on the sax by the leader.

Never No Lament; Cotton Tail (Victor 26610) Duke Ellington. Polished tempo by one of the best.

Fine and Dandy; Cousin to Chris (Decca 3140) Woody Herman. Another creditable effort by this blues band.

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music  
RADIO MIRROR Magazine  
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by the papers that **QUEST** (the Kotex deodorant powder) positively eliminates all body and sanitary napkin odors!

## John's Other Wife

(Continued from page 25)

current of emotion that held her. "All I want is your happiness, Elizabeth. If it is John—your husband—who means everything to you, then I want to help you erase any misunderstanding with him."

"But Robbin," Elizabeth protested. "No," he said quickly, "let me finish. I must tell you all this now. Some day I hope to have a real chance to show you just how I feel about you. It's enough now to help you replace that investment you made."

He stood then and Elizabeth looked up at him through misty eyes. "I've never even thought of another man. It's always been—just John. Since high school."

"People often change. . . ." "I haven't changed, though perhaps John has. I—I must adjust myself to that if he has." She smiled and said softly, "I see what you mean about the money. It was wonderful of you. I'd like that, to put back into John's hands every cent. . . ."

THE thought drove emotion through her, shut off her voice. She walked over to the window. After a few seconds she looked up and went on. "But this house isn't sufficient security. . . . I couldn't just accept a loan—" the words trailed off hopelessly.

Her hand passed over her forehead, in a gesture of childish puzzlement. She looked at Pennington and thought what an odd time to realize a man was in love with her. And what a strange sort of love, to be free from the quality of selfishness.

He leaned forward and his voice reached out with confidence.

"We could take care of that part, Elizabeth. In New York, I closed a deal to buy the radio station here in town. There are many jobs at the studio which need you. Your voice—it's the nearest thing to music I've ever heard. If you were on the air, a little coaching perhaps—and then. . . ."

As he talked the misery of helplessness drained from her. Somehow his words had lighted a tiny flame of new hope that grew brighter, stronger as he continued.

"I'm sure it will work out. If you'll only let me!"

They were at the door now. Elizabeth smiled up at him. "You're so kind. I can't decide such an important thing now. I'm so confused. . . ."

"If you will just consider it," he said.

Elizabeth nodded. He clasped her hand, held it for a moment as though he would will his confidence to her.

"You are really my friend," she said.

"You'll let me know what you decide?"

"It's such a wild idea," she said, "but if you want me to—I'll think it over."

"Good. Call me when you decide." She promised.

When he had gone, Elizabeth went back to the living room, stood by the broad window looking out across the yard, putting off for another minute going upstairs to tell Granny that a man she had only met once before had declared his love for her, that John was back and hadn't called.

For the third time that morning—the shrill insistency of the telephone cut into her thoughts. Absently she

lifted the receiver and there was no animation when she spoke.

"Hello, Mrs. Perry speaking."

"Elizabeth!"

"John—John, you're back." He had called her! The warm vibrancy of his voice was an electric current through her, buoying her up, releasing her.

"Elizabeth," he was saying, "I've great news. Mortimer Prince has decided to come in with us. We've got the money we need to meet the competition of Sullivan's."

"It's wonderful," Elizabeth exclaimed and there was no need to force the joy into her voice.

"I'll be home in a short while. Give you all the details then. Terribly rushed here."

"Of course," Elizabeth said. "But hurry. You don't know what it's been like without you."

"What?" John asked. "The other phone is ringing—I can't hear. . . ."

"I said," Elizabeth began again.

"I've got to hang up now," John said. "Be home in about an hour. Oh—and Elizabeth, I'm bringing my new assistant with me. Dinner for three, okay?" And he had hung up.

Somehow she had managed to wait ten days to hear his voice again and now, in an hour, she would be in his arms, would be able to look at him, ask him to forgive her. There had been so little time that afternoon. Could he have really meant it when he told her it was all right, what she'd done?

He must forgive her, must know she had learned, had paid the bitter price of learning. It was easier, having resolved that. Elizabeth became aware of a dozen things to be done before John returned. It had been days since she had paid any real attention to her makeup. Instinctively she glanced at her nails and saw that the polish had cracked, felt without looking in the mirror, that her rouge and lipstick had done their work carelessly. With quick steps she went about the living room, re-arranging the flowers and emptying the ash trays.

SHE was at the hall window, paused a moment to drink in the autumn sunset of hazy purple, when a cab drew up in front. Bags were being piled out—then there was John, paying the driver. John, in a new camel's hair coat, a soft brown felt hat, John helping a girl climb from the taxi.

Elizabeth looked more closely, her interest caught by something familiar about the loose blonde curls, the long slim legs of the girl. Then she remembered. Carolyn Prince. John's new assistant.

The last rays of the sun struck the rich tones of her fur jacket as she walked up the steps, her head back. Then Elizabeth's glance swung back to John. He was smiling, looking up at the house as though he were anticipating the pleasure of being home again. Elizabeth dropped the curtain from trembling fingers and hurried down the stairs.

The door opened and she was in his arms, clinging to him. "John, you're back!"

"Of course I'm back, you silly kid," he joshed. His arm stayed around her as he said, "Elizabeth, this is Carlie."



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Elizabeth clasped the gloved hand and smiled at the bright eager face. How young she was!

"Oh, what a beautiful home!" Charlie exclaimed.

"Drop your things there on the hall table. Molly will put them away." She took John's left arm and Charlie's right. "Let's go in the library. There's a fire and as soon as John will get to work, there will be cocktails."

"A fire—and cocktails. Perfect end to a perfect day," John said.

Outwardly, Elizabeth thought, this is a perfectly natural scene. An oblique glance at John told her nothing. She could detect in his expression no sign of any memory of the afternoon just ten days ago when he had rushed home, haggard, shot through with worry.

"John, help me with the cocktails?" Elizabeth said. "If you'll excuse us, Charlie?"

In the pantry, with John busily freeing the ice cubes from their frosty trays, Elizabeth found all pride drained from her. She put her hand over his, made him stop a moment and look at her.

"John, is everything really all right?" Her fingers in his tightened.

"Absolutely, Elizabeth. Prince has come in with us, and with his money, I don't see how the store can lose."

"I don't mean about the store," Elizabeth faltered. "I mean—about us, John."

"Us?" John asked. "Elizabeth, what are you trying to say?"

"I'm trying to ask if you forgive me for what I did. That's what I've wanted to know every day . . . every hour since you left."

"Oh," John smiled. "Is that all?" He wrapped a napkin around the gleaming silver shaker. "Of course I forgive you, though there's really nothing to forgive."

"But John—" Elizabeth began. "It was your money," he went on. "I know you wanted to help. I know all that—" he hesitated a moment, frowning.

"But what?" Elizabeth persisted. "Nothing, darling, except I still don't see why you did it without telling me. It wasn't like you to do something as important as that without letting me in on it."

"I know," Elizabeth's eyes wrenched free from his. There was really no reason for that tiny lingering doubt. No reason at all. She caught up the tray with the glasses, leaned across to kiss John lightly on the lips and went out to the library.

It's all right. He's forgiven me, she whispered again to herself and all through the cocktails, through the dinner, through Charlie's explanation of how she became a pilot and began to fly her own plane, Elizabeth pushed away from her consciousness the worry that her conversation with John had left.

In the living room, the three of them on the sofa, with their coffee and liqueurs, Elizabeth lost her thoughts listening to Charlie's animated conversation.

"Elizabeth, if only you knew what being in a home like this means to me. I tell you all about my plane, my new car, because I cannot tell you about my home. I've never had a real one, never known what it was like to sit before my own fire and let my heart open and warm. Mother died—even before I can remember . . . and Dad never knew what a little girl's



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heart was like. Camps in summer, schools and travel in winter. . . ."

The words tumbled out and Elizabeth felt strangely compelled to comfort this girl who had so much and yet so little. She caught Carlie's hand. "It's all going to be different now. You'll be working for John at the store and whenever you aren't busy you will be here, with us. This will be your home, Carlie."

"Definitely," John added, "and since I'm going to be in charge of you for a whole year, will you look on me as a father?"

They all laughed at that. Everything was becoming brighter, gayer now to Elizabeth. Didn't she have reason for happiness for the first time in so very long?

That night, lying in her bed there was no weight of loneliness pressing down on her and the light from the street lamp filtering through the boughs of the old elm tree outside flickered on her and the other twin bed and Elizabeth could see, as well as sense, that John was really back.

With the new happiness, the new lease on hope, days and weeks were devoured. Even in the store, when Elizabeth went shopping, she caught a sense of renewed vitality. There were more customers responding to the stimulus of the advertising campaign John could afford with Mortimer Prince's backing. A hum of prosperity filled the building, seemed to infect the sales force, energizing them to greater effort.

THE effect on John was no less real. Working at top speed, his was the vital force that was responsible for Perry's success. Elizabeth could see the animation glowing on his face when he would hurry home, long after hours, for a late dinner. Often they were rather quiet meals, for once in the sanctity of his own home, John would relax completely, listen to Elizabeth's account of her day with a half amused smile, answer her in monosyllabic phrases.

Not that she minded. It was heaven just to have him there, to be able to ask his advice about furnishings for the new playroom downstairs she was anxious to arrange. "We can entertain so much better than, John," she explained. "Perhaps we can even install a little bar. And a ping pong table. We'll really have grand times."

"Go to it," John encouraged her, "but I'll have to leave it all in your hands—at least until things settle down a bit more at the store. That new 'white' sale has tripled business, Elizabeth. I just can't believe it myself."

There were long evenings when the fire blazed up and then crackled down to a red glow on the hearth and John would slump deeper down in the oversize chair and Elizabeth could tell by his regular breathing that he had quietly fallen asleep, exhausted.

When the phone rang one morning and a resonant voice said, "Elizabeth? I thought you were going to call me," she couldn't for a moment remember what Robbin Pennington meant.

"Well, are you going to work for me?" he asked.

Elizabeth smiled. "Robbin, I'm ashamed of myself, after your kindness. I should have called you weeks ago. My only excuse is that I've been so busy—and happy."

"Oh—I see." He paused a moment

and Elizabeth realized what her words probably meant to him. "I'm so glad," he said simply. "Of course, you're going to refuse my offer then of making you a great radio star?"

She responded to his raillery. "You forgot to tell me I was going to be a star. That might have made a difference."

They both laughed. "Well, remember, Elizabeth, the offer still goes. I mean—if anything should ever happen."

"Thanks, Robbin, but I'm sure it won't. And it was sweet of you to call. Can a bachelor spare an evening some time to have dinner with a boring married couple?"

"Any time you say. And goodbye. I'm so glad everything has worked out for you and John."

Glad? But that was such a weak word to describe her feelings, Elizabeth thought, replacing the phone on its cradle. That was the trouble with words. What you really felt deep within you, you couldn't ever describe satisfactorily.

The last week of October slid by in a golden haze. There was the pungent smell of burning leaves to remind Elizabeth of the fall day five years ago when she and John had married. It was a week when the blue of the sky deepened in Indian summer intensity and the nights were blessedly cool.

It was Friday noon—later she would remember everything she had done that morning—that John called her.

"Hello," he said, "I've got to leave town for a couple of days. I'm coming home for the car in a few minutes. Would you mind getting out that new Gladstone bag, a few shirts and the rest? I'll tell you about it when I get there."

Then, the only feeling Elizabeth had was of slight disappointment because they'd planned a celebration—a double celebration really, their anniversary and the store's new success—for Saturday evening, and Elizabeth had bought a new evening dress.

When he got home and she was helping him, she said, "You couldn't postpone this trip, could you? I mean—because of tomorrow night?"

DARN!" John exclaimed. "I'd forgotten. Afraid I can't, darling. It's really terribly important. You see, I got a message this noon from Mortimer Prince that he wants to discuss some plans of his for expansion of the store! How do you like that?"

Elizabeth gasped. "Expansion? Already? John, that's wonderful."

"Yes," John went on. "Prince is up at his lodge, near Lake Bemidji. Wants me to join him up there tonight. Guess he can't wait until next week to tell me what he has in mind. I'm really sorry—I mean, about your date tomorrow."

"I'm taking a rain check on it," Elizabeth smiled.

She walked into the garage with him, helped him stow the luggage into the trunk. The afternoon sun shone on the gleaming metal of the sleek car.

"Be careful," she admonished him. "Just because I'm not along, don't think you can break every speed law in the state."

"I'll drive just as though you were in the back seat," he jibed.

She stood in the driveway, waving, until he had turned the corner, then



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she went back into the house. She had gotten chilled out in the yard. She shivered a little and rubbed her bare arms to speed up circulation to warm herself.

It was a luxury Saturday to stay in bed until all hours. No good reason to get up at the accustomed time. Besides, Elizabeth hated eating alone. It was more fun to go without breakfast than to sit at the table by herself, uncomfortably, conscious of the emptiness of the room.

In the afternoon, with last night's frost dried from the browning grass, Elizabeth went into the garden to tend the dahlias. Perhaps because they were nature's last colorful stand against encroaching winter, Elizabeth loved these flowers best of all. She picked an enormous armful and went back inside, dividing them into two huge bouquets on either side of the living room.

After dinner, with two logs blazing in the fireplace and friendly shadows dancing across the room, Elizabeth sat reading, a program of dance music from the radio serving as a melodic backdrop to her mood of quiet happiness.

So much had happened to make her thankful, so much that might have turned out another way!

The book she had been reading had slipped half down from the chair, her eyelids were pressed shut against the firelight. At first she didn't notice that the dance music had ceased abruptly. It was the harsh, excited voice of an announcer which brought her back to reality with a start, which confused and frightened her.

WE interrupt the coast-to-coast broadcast of Guy Lombardo's dance music to bring you a special news bulletin of importance to residents of this town and nearby communities. We have just heard that the Crane Hotel in the resort town of Lake Bemidji is on fire, a blazing inferno. There is no count yet on the lives that have been lost. Several guests registered there are missing but the state police hope they may be found alive and safe later.

"Among those registered and missing at this moment are John Perry, president of Perry's department store of this city, and Carlie Prince, daughter of the internationally famous financier, Mortimer Prince.

"We will bring you further developments as soon as possible. Keep your radios tuned to this station."

Before Elizabeth could cry out, before she could jump to her feet and switch the radio, the soothing dance music had begun again, mocking her with its light-hearted rhythms.

No, she whispered to herself. There must be some explanation. That could come later. But was John safe . . . was he alive?

Frantically she went to the front closet—grasped her coat and ran to the garage.

*Will Elizabeth Perry find John? And what explanation will he have to still her pounding fear? Read next month's exciting instalment of a beautiful wife's struggle to hold her husband's love—in the October issue.*

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# Head Start ON BEAUTY



By DR. GRACE GREGORY

■ For a lovely head of hair, follow the perfect cleanliness routine, says Arlene Francis, mistress of ceremonies on What's My Name show.

THE vacation months are hard on beauty, there's no denying it. When we pick up the ordinary routines of life at the end of summer most of us need to do some reconditioning. For one thing, our hair needs attention. It has probably been a bit neglected in the casual summer days, and the sun and wind have had their way with it.

Arlene Francis, the altogether delightful Mistress of Ceremonies on the "What's My Name?" program (NBC Red Network, Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E. D. T.), has a clever way with the clouds of dark hair that give her face its perfect setting. It falls in waves as natural and unstudied as a child's. Yet it always looks perfectly groomed. She keeps it at the peak of condition by frequent shampoos (at least every ten days, she says) and vigorous brushing.

Arlene Francis comes from Boston. Her father is an Armenian artist, and her mother English. She says her story follows all the conventions set by fiction writers. Educated in a convent—stage struck at an early age—parental opposition—daughter finally has her own way—gets a small part on Broadway—then bigger and better parts—radio discovers her.

But Arlene Francis can not be summed up in any such simple formula. It leaves out that warm, rich voice of hers with its exquisitely trained modulations, and her fine sense of showmanship. Those who remember her in the theater—in "All

That Glitters," with George Abbey, or in "Danton's Death" with Orson Welles, for instance, realize that this Mistress of Ceremonies is a seasoned and accomplished actress, in spite of her youth. She loves the theater, and this summer left radio for a little while to play the Katharine Cornell part in "No Time for Comedy."

Miss Francis believes that the first requisite for beautiful healthy hair is perfect cleanliness of the hair and scalp. That means not only frequent washings but a carefully chosen shampoo. There are a number of excellent ones.

A shampoo every two weeks may be enough for a head that is entirely healthy, but if there is any trouble to be corrected—hair too dry, too oily, or any indication of dandruff—shampoo much oftener. All these conditions are essentially disorders of the tiny oil glands at the base of each hair. Whatever the trouble is, the first step in treating it is to keep the scalp always perfectly clean.

A hot oil massage before a shampoo is an excellent treatment for dry hair. It also stimulates the scalp. But for real scalp stimulus there is no substitute for vigorous daily brushing. Never let the thought of your wave keep you from frequent recondition-

ing shampoos and fifty to a hundred strokes daily.

Just because dandruff is so common we are apt to forget how serious it is. It is infectious. When treating it the hair, scalp, and also the combs and brushes must be disinfected as well as cleansed. It is a good idea to begin the shampoo by massaging the scalp with a reliable antiseptic solution.

Brushes and combs should be carefully cleaned after each shampoo. A little of your shampoo liquid on a nailbrush is one of the quickest ways to get a comb clean. After washing thoroughly, rinse the comb and brush in the antiseptic solution you used for the preliminary scalp massage, to avoid reinfesting yourself.

## A FRAGRANT TOUCH

BY way of a fragrant touch, use a little toilet water on the hair before it is quite dry. Just a sprinkling, combed in, will add a subtle charm.

Most women do not half appreciate the uses of a good toilet water. It is a sort of informal perfume that gives a subtle fragrance not so strong as that of your favorite perfume, but having the same blended tones.

Toilet water may, of course, be used as you do perfume—behind the ears, on the wrists, on a bit of cotton tucked in the hat band, on the handkerchief. It will not last so long, and should be applied more frequently. Because it is a weaker solution it is better adapted to some special uses—sprinkling on your undies, for instance.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★  
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## Reunion

(Continued from page 9)

tear away from her own.

"I told you the tree's pretty old now, Bobs," his father warned him and Aunt Ellen made her own voice sound very crisp and practical when she spoke.

"I'm afraid I've maybe lost the knack of wishing."

"Mother had it," Bobs insisted.

"Yes, your mother had it." Aunt Ellen agreed.

"Do we get to the forest pretty soon?" Bobs asked.

"Well, now," Aunt Ellen looked at his father as if imploring his help. "If you just look when we go around this turn in the road. . . ."

THERE was no need to finish the sentence. They had come to the turn and there it was, a grove of trees to some, a magic forest to those others whose eyes have the gift of seeing beyond reality.

"Ooooooh! The magic forest!" Bobs voice came in an awestruck whisper. "And there's the tree too. Aunt Ellen, couldn't we stop here and I can go and see if I can make a wish?"

His father broke in quickly before Aunt Ellen could answer.

"Hadn't you better wait till after luncheon, Bobs?"

"Let him go, John," Aunt Ellen said gently. "He's waited for this a long time and besides after lunch the little girl next door's coming over to play with him."

"It's all right if I go then?" The boy asked. And with his heart lifting to the eagerness in his eyes his father couldn't do anything but agree.

"I suppose so," he said hesitantly. "Now listen, Bobs, the house is just on the other side of the grove, the forest, I mean, and when Aunt Ellen calls you, you come at once."

"Yes sir!" Bobs promised jubilantly. "Aunt Ellen, you wouldn't have a bow and arrow, would you?"

"A bow and arrow? I'm afraid not," Aunt Ellen said. "You see it's so long since. . . ."

The man's eyes cautioned her to silence.

"You wish for one when you wish for the giant, Bobs," he said practically. "But whatever you wish for remember the tree's pretty old now and you mustn't be disappointed."

"Aw Dad, you don't believe in the tree that's all the matter," the boy protested. "You know if you don't believe in it the wish won't come true no matter how hard you wish."

Bobs' thoughts kept pace to his eager feet as he ran towards the tree.

"Isn't it wonderful! It's just like mother said . . . but I better hurry if I have to come when they call me . . . now . . . ooh, what a tall tree . . . it goes right up and up . . . this must be it . . . now . . . quick . . . shut your eyes . . . turn around three times . . . one, two, three . . . and wish hard!"

He closed his eyes and then he waited for what it seemed must be an eternity before he opened them.

"And now my wish'll come true," he promised himself.

At first there was that sinking feeling, the almost unbearable disappointment. Then he looked at the trees again and somehow they seemed to have changed, to have grown taller and wider and stronger.

"Ooh, what big trees," he said aloud. "I know," his voice lifted. "They're giants . . . giants' legs in brown buckskins. And. . . ."

At first he thought the sound he heard was the wind singing through the trees.

"Bobs, Bobs, wait for me." It called.

Then he turned and saw it wasn't the wind after all. A little girl was running towards him.

"Wait Bobs!" She called frantically.

She was such a little girl, no taller than himself and her long yellow curls blew in the wind and she was wearing a gingham dress covered with a frilly little pinafore tied in a huge bow behind her waist.

"Aunt Ellen said you weren't coming until this afternoon," Bobs said. He didn't mean to sound rude but he had wanted so to be alone in the magic forest. This first time anyway.

"I couldn't wait," she said breathlessly. "I came over as soon as I knew you were here."

"But I'm going giant hunting!" Bobs objected.

"Well, I can hunt giants too." She looked so gentle for all that she was so insistent, standing there, smiling.

"Not as good as a boy!" Bobs pointed out to her.

"Well I could carry your bow'n'-arrow." She saw his empty hands then and went on eagerly. "If you haven't got any you can have mine. I keep them in the hole in this tree."

"Oh, swell," Bobs said as she pulled them out and gave them to him.

"Now can I go?" she asked.

"I GUESS so," he agreed reluctantly.

He was beginning to like her better than he had ever liked a girl before. Still it didn't do to be too nice to any girl. They had such a way of taking advantage of a boy's good nature, tagging around after him and making nuisances of themselves. He hardly looked at her as he lifted the bow and took aim. The arrow flew to its mark. But Bobs felt no elation. For in that moment it hadn't seemed like a giant at all. Just a tree.

"Oh, you've got him!" The little girl cried jubilantly. "Right in the leg!"

"You don't think that's only a tree trunk?" He asked hesitantly.

"I should say not," the little girl said indignantly. "It's a giant's leg. People think they're tree trunks but we know they're giants. Look, he moved!"

And at her words faith came back again and the forest was alive with giants and he was a mighty hunter strong enough to kill all of them. He wasn't at all sorry she had come now. It was wonderful having her there with him. He felt so happy and he found himself laughing as he hadn't done for a long time now.

"Come on," he shouted taking her hand. "Let's go get more giants. What shall I call you?"

"I'll pretend I'm a boy too," she laughed. "Call me John."

"That's my father's name, John." Bobs looked at her. "You sure wear a funny dress," he said. "I never saw one like that before."

"That's a pinafore," she explained, her small hands smoothing down the froth of ruffles. "We all wear them in school."

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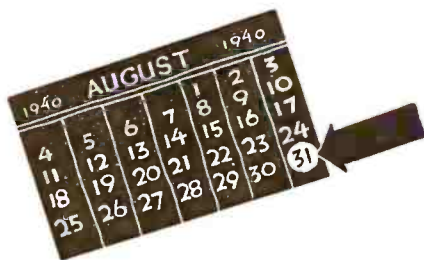
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"It's kind of old fashioned, isn't it?" he asked. And then he was afraid he had hurt her feelings because she looked at him so startled. "But it's nice," he said quickly. "Do you come to the forest here often?"

"Oh yes," she whispered. "I come and stand under the tree and wish for something wonderful."

"And do you always get your wish?" Bobs asked.

"Always," she said emphatically. "It's an enchanted forest!"

"Dad says the tree's old now and doesn't like to grant wishes," Bobs said.

"That's because he doesn't believe in it," the little girl said quickly. "I'm glad you and I believe in it, aren't you?" she asked.

She stopped suddenly as they heard Aunt Ellen's voice calling Bobs.

"You'd better go," she whispered.

"Well," he hesitated, hating to leave. "Will you be here tomorrow?"

"If you just stand under the tree and wish for me I'll be here," she said.

**W**ISH for you!" He looked at her in amazement. "But I wished for—"

"Run Bobs, please," she interrupted as they heard Aunt Ellen's call again.

"Oh, go, please, please. . . ." And she started to run away.

"I'll be back," Bobs promised, starting to go too. Then suddenly he turned and called after her. "I forgot something . . . wait . . . wait . . . what's your name? Your own name, I mean."

"Margaret!" she called and the wind caught the word and swept it against his cheek so that it was almost like a kiss.

He turned then, for the little girl had vanished beyond the trees and Aunt Ellen and his father were coming up the path behind him.

"Why didn't you answer when I called?" his aunt asked. "Elizabeth came over this morning instead of this afternoon. Who were you talking to? Giants?"

"No, the little girl," Bobs said, his eyes still searching through the trees where he had last seen her.

"What little girl?" His father asked.

"We went giant hunting, Dad, Bobs said excitedly. "I forgot to wish for giants but they were there too and the little girl. . . ."

"What little girl are you talking about Bobs?" his aunt interrupted.

"Why the little girl you said was coming over to play with me," he explained.

"Elizabeth? She's in the house now."

"She is?" Bobs looked at her perplexed. "Then this was some other little girl," he went on. "Her name is Margaret. She says she plays in the forest all the time."

"Bobs." His father's voice was shaken and he looked wonderingly at Aunt Ellen. And Aunt Ellen looked queer too, with her eyes staring at him in that bewildered way. "What did you wish under that tree?"

"Aw," Bobs looked away from them. "I wasted my wish, Dad," he said slowly. "I was thinking about Mother, and I wished she was here to go giant hunting with me."

The man and woman looked at each other and the man's hand trembled as he took her arm. And in that instant it was almost as if they had been there too and had believed as a child had believed. For who shall say what the eyes of a child may see in an enchanted forest, things denied to those of us who refuse to believe in the magic of simple faith?



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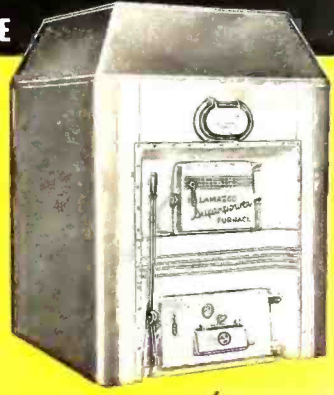


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