



THEY SAID A STOVE LIKE THIS WOULD COST A LOT -- BUT IT DIDN'T. I GOT IT AT THE **FACTORY PRICE!**



Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

"—and I paid for it by the month"

"Take the advice of one who knows—mail the coupon today for the new **FREE Kalamazoo Catalog**. You'll save yourself time and money.

New Combination ELECTRIC and COAL Range

"I wasted days looking at all makes of stoves. They said that what I wanted would cost a lot. Then... came my Kalamazoo Catalog. In ten minutes I found exactly the stove quality I wanted—and surprise of surprises—it cost less than I had expected to pay.

Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes

"Mail the Coupon! You'll get a real thrill out of this catalog —(I did). You'll find nearly 200 styles and sizes of Heaters, Ranges and Furnaces—many illustrated in beautiful pastel colors—actually more bargains than in 20 big stores.

As Little as 12c a Day

"You'll be amazed to find how far your pennies stretch. Some stoves cost as little as 12c a day at the **FACTORY PRICE**—and 18 months to pay, if you wish. Terms all of us can afford.

Stoves Sent on Trial—1,200,000 Users

"You'll like the way Kalamazoo does business—friendly, liberal, fair, square—the same 'Factory-to-You' way they have dealt with 1,200,000 satisfied

users for 37 years. Everybody has a good word for Kalamazoo. Kalamazoo ships any product on 30 days trial. You make up your mind in your own home as I did. No urging! Service is fast—24 hour shipments. The Kalamazoo guarantee is—satisfaction or money back—and no red tape.

New Ranges—New Heaters

"In this new Kalamazoo Catalog you'll see new modern stoves of sparkling beauty—Porcelain Enamel Coal and Wood Ranges in white and delicate pastel colors—new Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges—and something altogether new, a *Combination Electric and Coal Range*. Also new Gas Stoves—

Oil Stoves—New Coal and Wood Circulating Heaters—Garage Heaters—Furnaces (free plans)—all at **Kalamazoo FACTORY PRICES**. You'll see the 'Oven that Floats in Flame'—porcelain enamel oven bottoms—copper-lined reservoirs and dozens of other features. You'll read about Kalamazoo Prize Winners. A whole bookful of interesting facts about cooking and heating.

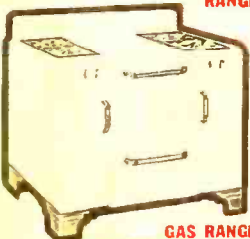
"My suggestion is:—mail the coupon **AT ONCE** for free Catalog! Don't take my word—see it yourself. See what you save at **FACTORY PRICES**."

KALAMAZOO STOVE & FURNACE CO.
469 Rochester Ave. Kalamazoo, Mich.

Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Youngstown, Ohio; Reading, Penn.; Springfield, Mass.



COMB. GAS AND COAL RANGE



GAS RANGE



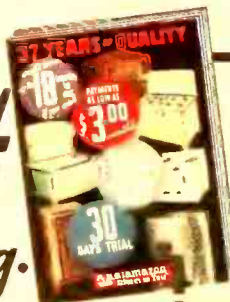
HEATERS



FREE furnace plans



Mail Coupon Today for **FREE Catalog.**



"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
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Name..... (Print name plainly)

Address.....

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Kalamazoo Stove and Furnace Co., Mfrs.,
469 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Dear Sirs: Please send me your **FREE FACTORY CATALOG**. Check articles in which you are interested.
Coal and Wood Ranges Oil Ranges
Coal and Wood Heaters Gas Ranges
Combination Electric and Coal Range Furnaces
Combination Gas and Coal Range

Though the Professor has been in Hollywood this fall battling the Kleig lights, you can still hear his program sponsored by Nash Motors every Saturday night over the CBS network—and you can still play the game of radio knowledge with him on this page. Go to it.

1. Which baton-wielder's English accent brought him a comedian's part?
2. What orchestra leader is married to a very pretty, very blonde moving picture actress and lives 2000 miles from her?
3. Can you name four feminine stars who boast of really long hair?
4. What two handsome stars should be the two bitterest rivals and yet are the best of pals?
5. What is Freddie Martin's theme song?
6. What soda fountain instrument brought fame to Shep Fields?
7. Who won Radio Mirror's first Roll of Honor?
8. What is Cheerio's real name?
9. Name three stars whose voices are similar.

PROFESSOR QUIZ

TWENTY QUESTIONS



The Professor dictates a hard one at a broadcast.

10. What stars and what picture opened the Lux Radio Theater this fall?
11. Who is Jack Benny's Schlepperman?
12. What boy was Charlie McCarthy modeled after?
13. What two radio stars, famous for other abilities, are going to dance in their newest pictures?
14. Name five radio stars who were married in 1937.
15. Pepper Young was once called_____?
16. Who closes his program with "Goodnight to you, and I do mean you"?
17. What beautiful French star will soon have Winchell and Bernie battling over her?
18. What comedian invented and plays Mort Toops?
19. Name three daytime serial programs which have the word "wife" in the title.
20. Deanna Durbin's first name is_____?

(You'll find the answers on page 74)

SOOTHING CHAPPED HANDS... NO PROBLEM!



If hands could talk, they'd tell how blustery weather roughens them...



But Hinds Honey and Almond Cream makes them smooth again!



Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

HANGNAILS. Rough, red skin. Chapped knuckles that smart. Time for Hinds! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, with its extra-creamy ingredients and its "sunshine" Vitamin D, soon makes hands soft, smooth, dainty. Turn to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—for Honeymoon Hands. \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes. Dispenser comes free with every 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use.



Copyright 1937 NEA Service, Inc.

Hinds is used daily on the precious skin of the "quins." Grand for your children too, for chapped, chafed, tender skin.



QUICK-ACTING...
NOT WATERY

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS



Deanna Durbin really knew the photographer was there but the studious expression is no gag, because Deanna was writing an essay of 250 words on working in movies. P.S.: If got an "A."

**THIS IS YOUR PAGE!
YOUR LETTERS OF
OPINION WIN PRIZES**

FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00

SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00

FIVE PRIZES of \$1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, **RADIO MIRROR**, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than Nov. 26, 1937.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

I CALL IT MURDER!

I SHOULD like to make a plea for fewer special orchestra arrangements.

A special arrangement of a popular song is usually first degree murder. A fine song is turned upside down, so that the original tune is hardly recognizable.

It seems to me that the composer knew how he wanted his song to sound, and if it's good enough for him, it's good enough for me and should be good enough for musicians. I can appreciate special arrangements as medleys of songs similar in idea, but can not understand why orchestras will play those arrangements which depart so radically from the original tune, and which rarely, if ever, are an improvement. You can call these "symphonic," "special," or "swing" arrangements, but I still call them murder.

R. A. Usher,
Interlaken, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE

NO STALE JOKES FOR BREAKFAST. PLEASE!

I wish all radio comedians would stay off the air in the morning. I do not feel funny early in the day, and neither do most other persons. We are too busy getting ready for the day's work.

When I hear a comedian spring a joke that fairly creaks with age, just as I am gulping my morning coffee, I groan and turn off the radio, resolving never to listen to that program again.

At night, it's different. With the day's work over and a good dinner under my belt, I am willing to be amused by even the feeblest fun.

M. L. Goodwin,
Himrod, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE

LAUGH, EDDIE!

When Eddie Cantor comes back on the air this fall, I'm sure he will be

welcomed most heartily, for he's well-known and well-liked. I wonder though, if he will continue to so often spoil the gay atmosphere that usually exists on his program by going sentimental on us? His idea is all right, and of course he means well, but I, for one, am sick of hearing Bobby Breen or any other assisting artists, sob out that they will never steal again etc. Stories or plays with a moral to them are all right, but Eddie Cantor is a comedian and it just doesn't fit in with his program to suddenly go dramatic. He's paid to make people laugh, and when he goes off the air with a break in his voice, it certainly doesn't make me laugh. What a difference from the way the most popular artist on the radio, Jack Benny, signs off, making some last witty remark that leaves you still laughing after the program has finished.

Well I've had my say, and I certainly hope Eddie Cantor reads this letter and comes back in the fall with only one objective—to make people laugh and wish his (*Continued on page 75*)

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

HERE'S a new kind of spelling test—twenty-five of the words that have been most fatal to the contestants in NBC'S weekly Spelling Bee. See what you can do with this special list arranged exclusively for RADIO MIRROR readers by Paul Wing, NBC'S Spelling Master.

Give yourself four points for every correct spelling. 70 is passing with honors. In the following list, one of the three spellings given in each case is the correct one. And watch for Paul Wing's next spelling bee—in the January issue.

1. Quarantine—quarantine—quarentine. (verb.) To compel to remain in an isolated place when suspected of having a contagious disease.
2. Benevolent—benevolent—benevalent. (adjective.) Wanting to do good; possessing love of mankind; kind or charitable.
3. Acquiesce — acquiesce — acquies. (verb.) To assent; to give in; to agree by omitting to object.
4. Aggravate — aggravate — aggravate (verb.) To add to; to increase as a burden; to make worse or more severe.
5. Impugne — impugn — impune. (verb.) To accuse or make insinuations against.
6. Bouillon — boullion — bullion. (noun.) Gold or silver considered

merely as so much metal.

7. Indite — indict — indeit. (verb.) To compose and write a letter or other manuscript.
8. Anthracite—anthrasite—anthracite. (noun.) A variety of coal that we call hard coal.
9. Comestible — comestible — comestable. (adjective.) Eatable; suitable to be eaten. (noun.) An eatable thing.
10. Wryth—wrythe—writhe. (verb.) To twist or contort the body.
11. Emmollument — emollument — emolument. (noun.) Profit from office employment or labor; salary; compensation.
12. Reciprocity — reciprosity — reciproity. (noun.) Mutual action and reaction.
13. Upholstary — upholstery — upolstery. (noun.) Hangings, cushions, curtains, etc.
14. Gnomenculture—nomenclature—nomanclature. (noun.) The system of names used in any particular branch of knowledge, art or science.
15. Ambergrese—ambergrease—amberggris. (noun.) A valuable substance obtained from sperm whales and used in the manufacture of perfumery.
16. Furze—firs—firze. (noun.) A

spiney evergreen shrub with yellow flowers.

17. Erore — eerose — errose. (adjective.) Irregular or uneven as if eaten or worn away.
 18. Coalesce — coalesse — coalesce. (verb.) To grow together; to combine into one body or community.
 19. Puriance—prurience—pruriance. (noun.) The quality or state of being uneasy with desire or longing; avid curiosity.
 20. Lonliest — lonlyest — loneliest. (adjective.) Having the most acute feeling of sadness resulting from being alone.
 21. Paralelloiped—parallelepiped—paralleliped. (noun.) In geometry, a six-sided prism whose faces are parallelograms.
 22. Languor — langor — languer. (noun.) Lassitude; fatigue of mind or body due to exhaustion.
 23. Asafetida—asafedita—asoefetida. (noun.) The noxious smelling gum resin of various Persian and East Indian plants.
 24. Indefatagable — indefatigable — indefatigible (adjective.) Incapable of being fatigued; untiring; unwearying.
 25. Jodpurs — jodhpurs — jhodpurs. (noun.) A kind of riding breeches that fit closely from the knee to just above the ankle.
- (You'll find the answers on page 53)

*“To be Glamorous”
Lili Damita
says,*

**“CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE
COLOR OF YOUR EYES”**

YOUR EYES are the key to your true personality, says this fascinating star. And your eyes are the key to right makeup! For you really can be lovelier when you wear...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, in scientific color harmony. And it's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES YOU, for Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup is keyed to your personality color, the color of your eyes! By

MARVELOUS *Eye-Matched* **MAKEUP**
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

Paris . . . London . . . New York . . . Toronto . . . Buenos Aires . . . Berlin
COPYRIGHT 1937, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

Harmonizing ROUGE LIPSTICK FACE POWDER MASCARA EYE SHADOW

55¢ each

MARVELOUS

FACING

BASS VIOL SLAPPERS, TROMBONE SLIDERS, AND SINGING STARS—MEET THEM IN THESE PAGES FOR DANCEBAND FANS

At this year's swank horse show in Madison Square Garden, three of the exhibits will belong not to society leaders, but to NBC's own Three Marshalls.



A show horse's day. Top, Peggy and Kay Marshall as they groom Duke; Center, Jack joins them for exercising their mounts; left, Peggy takes a high one.

THE MUSIC

By
KEN ALDEN

IT mattered not whether bushy-haired Leo Reisman played before the crowned heads of Europe as they basked in the sun at Cannes; or in cosmopolitan Nice where jaded Americans sought out sophisticated jazz. Everywhere the maestro heard the same request from fifty million frog-eating Frenchmen and a wagon-load of martini-drinking tourists.

The tune they wanted played was "St. Louis Blues."

"As nearly as I can remember," the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel musical director told me, "it is the only tune that any Frenchman ever wanted to hear. As long as I was playing at the Paris Exposition and the Monte Carlo Sporting Club this summer I could have gone along perfectly with only this one arrangement in my repertory."

Europe held one thrill of thrills for the sometimes eccentric society leader. At a swank party given by Mary Hoyt Wiborg, a French marquis told Leo that on Bastille Day it is the custom for French artists to return to their native villages and perform on the streets gratis. Leo suggested that he perform in front of the U. S. Embassy.

Instead, a French government authority present at the reception had a better idea. Why not have Reisman and his orchestra perform on the steps of the Paris Opera House?

So on the gala French holiday, 100,000 people crowded Place de L'Opera and heard Leo Reisman play W. C. Handy's immortal "St. Louis Blues." No minimum or cover charge either, for Paris' first open air jam session.

* * *

NAMES no longer make news—but titles do.

A decade ago bandleaders thought the important thing was to get a euphonius name that would fit the lights atop a theater or hotel marquee. But that idea has gone with the wind. Today, a band must have a catchy sales-slogan.

Shep Fields started it all by calling his music "rippling rhythm." Other bandleaders followed—and now look what we've got:

Sammy Kaye—"swing and sway"; Bert Block—"bell music"; Jerry Blaine—"streamlined rhythm"; Mark Warnow—"Blue Velvet music"; George Olsen—"music of tomorrow"; Don Bestor—"twinkling tempos"; Ted Mack—"precision rhythm" (a trademark Ted has copyrighted); Tommy Dorsey—"sweet and swing"; Will Osborne—"slide music"; Vincent Lopez—"suave swing"; Horace Heidt—"intoxicating rhythm"; (done with cocktail shakers); Enoch Light—"melody magic"; and Freddy Martin—"magic music."

What next?

* * *

STORY OF A COLUMNIST

THIS is the kind of yarn O. Henry would have liked to spin. Quite a while ago Rudy Vallee, then a crooner, did not like the remarks written in a New York radio column about him. He told columnist Jerry Wald off in plain language. Wald and Vallee were as distant as Bunny Berigan and Toscanini. Eventually (*Continued on page 65*)



Brilliant lights throw a hard light on your face

Pond's "Glare-Proof" shades reflect only the softer rays of light—soften your face

Glare-Proof!

No "powdery" look where lights blaze B-R-I-G-H-T-E-S-T

Your "biggest" evening. What is your powder looking like—under that searching blaze?

Pond's never shows powdery, even in searching light, because Pond's colors are "glare-proof."

True skin tones, uniformly blended, they catch and reflect only the softer rays of light. Make skin look lovely and fresh—*always*.

Special ingredients make Pond's Powder stay fresh looking for hours. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

FREE—5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

Pond's, Dept. BRM-PM, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a 5-day test. (This offer expires February 1, 1938.)

Name _____

Street _____


City _____ State _____




Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS


By
R U S S
K I N G



"Uncle Howdy" is what more than 11,000 youngsters in Lansing, Mich., call Howard Finch. He's director of one of that city's most unusual and best-loved broadcasts.



Many Rochester listeners are indebted to station WHEC's star, Al Sigl.



"Whitie" Wallace is just one of the good reasons for the success of Uncle Howdy's programs, heard several times a week over WJIM. Another is a 250-voice children's chorus.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA: If you are planning to move to Charlotte don't be surprised if you find yourself talking through a WBT microphone the second week you are there, because "Welcome, Stranger" is that city's friendly way of telling you it is glad to count you among its own.

Welcome, Stranger is the new WBT program presided over by Mayor Ben E. Douglas, and aired each Monday night at 10:30. The newcomers of the preceding week are gathered each Monday eve in the main WBT studio to be greeted and introduced by the mayor and other city officials. That's what we call real Southern hospitality.

* * *

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

What would you do if you had a radio club of eleven thousand youngsters under your direction? Well, we don't know what we'd do either, but at WJIM in Lansing, Michigan, Program Director Howard Finch has that many boys and girls under the age of fifteen holding membership in

what must be the largest, and without doubt the most unusual, children's radio club in the world. And what's more, Director Finch isn't like us because he knows what to do with them and has been doing it for the three years the club has been active.

During that time "Uncle Howdy," as Director Finch is known to all the youngsters and their listeners, has been selecting and training talented young folks for special broadcasts. Hours of rehearsals for each special group are long, but any club boy or girl would rather miss a meal (and frequently does, confides Uncle Howdy) than a rehearsal. With these selected groups he, together with the Lansing Dairy Company, the sponsor from the beginning, has produced a variety and quality of entertainment we believe unequalled in any juvenile group anywhere.

Each Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday special programs are presented by these various groups. Mondays the Dramatic Club presents an adventure serial, featuring members of this division, while on other days there is a succession of little folks making their radio debut. Wednesdays the Juvenile Revue of forty (*Continued on page 87*)



"I'll love you

FOREVER"

WAS ever a girl so happy as she, Genevieve wondered? Tomorrow they were to be married and he was hers . . . the man for whom every girl in town had set her cap. She realized, however, that their romance could never have been; that he would never have bothered to court her, had she not discovered in time what her

trouble was and taken the proved and fastidious method of correcting it.*

*There is no greater bar to romance than halitosis (bad breath). Intelligent people, realizing that anyone may offend at any time, are constantly on guard.

The delightful, easy way to put the breath beyond reproach is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, notable for its quick, pleasant deodorant effect.

Listerine first cleanses the entire oral cavity; destroys odor-producing bacteria by millions; halts fermentation of tiny food particles, then overcomes the odors such fermentation generates. No other antiseptic has Listerine's delightful taste! No other has been put to its severe, practical tests.

To place your breath beyond reproach, use Listerine night and morning, and between times before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company.



Mrs. Whitney's guests climb aboard . . . light up Camels . . . With a "Hard alee!" Mrs. Whitney puts the helm over . . . heads out to sea.

The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY *Mae Fair*
SOCIETY EDITOR



(above) Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, of Roslyn, Long Island, at the helm of the *Chinook*. "I value healthy nerves," she says. "So I smoke Camels. They don't jangle my nerves!"

MRS. HOWARD F. WHITNEY told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island—and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the *Chinook*, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her wedding was an outstanding social event. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. This year Mrs. Whitney's committee work had much to do with the success of the colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding, and—as always—sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel—and get a 'lift'! I can smoke Camels steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." Which shows how mild Camels are! It's true that women find the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more enjoyable.

Among the many distinguished women who find
Camels mild and refreshing:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia | Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore |
| Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston | Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York |
| Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York | Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena |
| Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston | Miss Peggy Stevenson, New York |
| Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia | Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago |
| Miss Wendy Morgan, New York | Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia |

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*Costlier
Tobaccos!*

Camels are a matchless
blend of finer, MORE
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...Turkish and Domestic



GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL

By
DAN WHEELER

●

**DON'T BE ALARMED—
THAT LOUD EXPLOSION
YOU JUST HEARD WAS
ONLY GENERAL JOHN-
SON BROADCASTING!**



Wide World

THE BULL IN RADIO'S CHINA SHOP

TIME was when General Hugh S. Johnson was the last man a radio sponsor would have thought of putting on a network as a commentator. Time also was when talking into a microphone four times a week was the last thing General Hugh S. Johnson would have thought of doing. Which all goes to prove that times change, because there's the General, settling down every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in front of an NBC mike and there are the makers of Bromo Quinine, writing out his weekly check for same.

Radio must be growing up. Because when you put a man like General Johnson on the air you must forget your fears that he may say something that will hurt somebody's

feelings. You must sign a contract with him in which you specifically give up all right to censor or otherwise tamper with what he wants to say. You must then sit back and wait for the verbal fireworks, consoling yourself with the thought that you won't have to wait very long . . . All of which is exactly what the Bromo Quinine people did when General Hugh went on the air late in September.

That no-censorship agreement is an absolute necessity, where the General is concerned. I'd hate to think what would happen if he couldn't express himself freely, fully, and very, very frankly. The explosion would probably be the loudest ever heard on land or sea. Or even in Washington.

(Continued on page 63)



IN a high-ceilinged, old-fashioned bedroom of that Philadelphia house two little girls stood quietly under the hanging lamp, staring at the bed. It was a big bed, piled high with quilts; its posts were tall.

"D'you think we dare?" one of them said.

"Well, it's the chance we've always waited for. Everybody's in Mother's room or running up and down the stairs. If we hurry . . ."

Another hesitant moment, and then the two children dashed forward together, scrambled up onto the quilts, got to their feet simultaneously, and began jumping up and down on the bed, each small face masked in a kind of grinning ecstasy.

"Blossom! Elsie!" Sternly the man who came in—medium tall, grim-eyed, resembling General Pershing a little—stood looking at the suddenly motionless girls. They waited, breathless, for the expected condemnation, the command to proceed to the bathroom for more weighty punishment. Jumping on the bed was forbidden.

"We don't know exactly why we did it!" wailed Blossom, suddenly; Father had been known to thwack softly, on occasion, when confronted with his daughters' tears. But tonight he advanced to the bed unsmiling.

Then, unexpectedly, he sat down on the edge and gathered the four hands in his. "I've news for you," he said.

**B Y F R E D
R U T L E D G E**

AWAY FOR MELODY

"There's a new MacDonald in the family—just come. Her name's Jeanette. You'll want to go and look at her, in a little while."

As the children ran down the stairs together Blossom whispered cynically to her sister, "It's just because he's excited about the baby. He'll remember tomorrow."

JUNE 18, 1907—Sarajevo was only a pin-prick on world maps, as yet unheralded; a man named Ford was being silly with some outlandish contraption he'd put together and with which he habitually scared all the horses on the main street of his town; it was a period of tight cuffs and chin-high collars, of dip-waists and puffs, post-Gibson Girl, of watches pinned to starched shoulders, of ornamental belt-buckles, of "Moonlight on the Wabash" and "Ta Ra Ra Boom-de-ay." A leisurely era, without hysteria.

In the year when Jeanette MacDonald, now the shining star of motion pictures and radio, was born, America was at rest, smug in prosperity, boisterous, unsophisticated as the twenties knew—and the thirties know—sophistication.

The rich, perhaps, were a little richer: you could make great fortunes then, before the government became wise in the ways of the income tax. The poor were more legion, and suffered greater hardships.

But then, as now, eighty-five percent of America—that is, America itself—constituted a great middle class of religious, ineffably respectable, hard-working, long-living men and their families. If you had wanted to find one citizen in the United States to hold up as the perfect example of that class you could not have done better than to choose Daniel MacDonald.

He was a manager for a wood-working construction company. His house was one of the innumerable and completely undistinguished two-story frame houses that line

At eleven, she fought with her sisters and sang at benefit shows.

BEGINNING THE INTIMATE RECOLLECTIONS OF JEANETTE MACDONALD



At eight, Jeanette was "musically inclined" . . .

Editor's note: It happens once in a blue moon—the perfect blending of a star and a writer—but it has happened here. And the happy result is the most revealing story about Jeanette MacDonald I have ever read.

Philadelphia's criss-crossing side streets.

Then, in 1907—and so long as the MacDonalds lived there—the rooms were furnished with ponderous but few pieces; there was nothing purely ornamental or unnecessary, because the family income was small and Daniel Scotch. Jeanette, remembering for my benefit, closed her eyes and made word pictures:

YOU came up the steps and across the porch, and inside the door there was a reception hall, papered in dark, uninteresting red. To the left was a square, ugly, completely uncomfortable settee, and over it hung the conventional mahogany rimmed mirror with hooks holding coats and seldom-used articles of clothing. In one corner was a big chair, with an adjustable back, and by it a large replica of a turtle.

The parlor was typical. It had an upright piano and a bay window. It had chairs, with antimacassars. It had a sign which said, "May The Lord Bless This Christian Hearth." It was a little shabby, because the family lived there a lot. But the MacDonald manse, in this section of town, had a particular distinction.

Daniel MacDonald owned his house. . . .

A composite portrait of Jeanette's life, during the period spent in Philadelphia—growing up, going to school, learning to sing, singing then, dancing in flying short skirts on theater stages—must of necessity be an incongruous thing. The actual picture of the girl must be more so.

There must be glamour in it: the applause of filled theaters, the glow of footlights, the smell of backstage trappings. Under this bright veneer must run the solid structure of her wholesome home life, a kind of dull, naïve existence to which young girls, during that period, were subjected. Jeanette, in other words, wore a pantie-waist under her spangles—and I mean that literally as well as figuratively.

You must understand this about her, first; the MacDonalds, *père* and *mère*, were strict Presbyterians and had ideas about right and wrong. That their daughters should discover anything about the world and its fleshpots before they were of marriageable age was unthinkable.

"Jam"—her sisters first shortened her name to this repulsive diminutive—herself was a shy, tractable child; she was the youngest of the children and therefore at a disadvantage, which put a mark on her super-sensitive nature. The utter impartiality with which her parents treated their offspring did little to help the early feeling of inferiority and hurt that grew in her; a little babying might have offset much of her personal unhappiness.

In a way, I suppose, it was a good thing eventually. Be-

cause Jeanette, unnoticed, made the only defense possible; she did things to bring attention to herself. Her methods were various, until one day Blossom taught her a song called the "Glory Hymn." Thereafter she merely sang, as often and as loudly as circumstances permitted, until people looked, and smiled, and said, "Who is that child?"

The three little sisters were all "musically inclined," as Anna MacDonald liked to put it. Elsie, at the piano, played by ear; Blossom always remembered the words of songs; together they taught Jeanette both music and words, encouraged her to stand on the first landing in the dim stair-well and warble while they applauded below.

When Jam was four, Blossom asked her mother one day if she might take the kid down to dancing class. Anna said yes, she might, if she'd take *good* care of the child.

This was very shortly after Jeanette had run away from home one afternoon and been returned by

Casey, the man who delivered butter and eggs; he'd found her miles away from home and in the meantime the MacDonalds had called out both police and fire departments to join in the search. Anna was still being nervous about things.

On the way to dancing school, Blossom taught her sister (who sat squealing with pleasure, all gussied up in her best sailor suit with a large bow in her Dutch Bob) the words of "Old Mother Hubbard." There was to be a ballet at the Academy theater next week, with children in it, and perhaps . . .

It worked. Blossom brought Jeanette home in triumph; they had accepted the baby to enact "Mother Hubbard" in the ballet. But at some time during the excitement Jam had lost her little gold bracelet.

"No!" said Anna. "No ballet. You didn't take *good* care of her, Blossom."

That night Blossom went to a neighborhood theater, did a song-and-dance, got \$2.50 for it, and brought the money home. "Now," she said, "that'll get a new bracelet. She's got to be in that ballet, Mama, she simply has to!"

Anna shrugged resignedly.

From then on Jeanette went with her sisters when they competed in the rash of amateur nights Philadelphia was having in those days. Anna and Daniel came along too, of course, standing in the wings so that what small blobs of hearty back-stage sophistication any of them might have picked up—accidentally or otherwise—were lost to them.

There was the portion of her childhood, uninhibited, exciting, glorious, as opposed to the routine of living at home—and in school.

Little enough worthy of detailed mention happened in that solid, well-ordered, unimpressive house. There was no maid and so the children helped (*Continued on page 60*)



Solemn and chubby, three months old Jeanette was a 1907 Philadelphia baby.

25 YEARS *with* EDDIE CANTOR

MARKING A GREAT COMEDIAN'S
SILVER ANNIVERSARY WITH AN
ALBUM OF HISTORIC PICTURES



Born in 1892, in New York's Bowery, he was politician at fourteen, graduate of burlesque at sixteen and feature of Gus Edwards' "Kid Kabaret" in 1912. Above, with George Jessel (left) also in "Kabaret" and, left, Eddie, Lew Hearn and Joe Opp in "Midnight Rounders" in 1920.



Actually, Eddie's career began in 1908 in a review, "Indian Maiden." Salary: \$15 a week. 1909 saw him as a singing waiter in a Coney Island saloon and in vaudeville doing his first blackface act. Above, on tour with Fannie Brice in the Ziegfeld Follies back in 1917.

Two years on tour with "Kid Kabaret," then marriage, to Ida Tobias, a sweetheart of Bowery days, in 1914. They honeymooned in England, and in 1915 the first of five daughters, Marjorie, arrived. Above, a 1927 Follies rehearsal—Eddie, Ziegfeld, and Irving Berlin.

Eddie took radio by storm in 1931 on the Chase & Sanborn show. It soon became the most popular on the air. Today he heads a new radio union and is in his third year on Texaco Town. Below, with Rubinoff, Ida, and Jimmy Wallington, during his first radio series.

The seal of movie fame came when Eddie left his handprint in the court of Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater. By this time he'd joined forces with the legendary Sam Goldwyn on a picture-a-year basis, a deal which lasted until last year—Eddie's now a 20th Century-Fox star.





Eddie's first musical comedy was "Canary Cottage" in 1916; his first movie, with Clara Bow, was "Kid Boots" in 1926—a Jesse Lasky production at \$3,000 a week. Next was "Special Delivery."



"Special Delivery," right, which he wrote, brought him \$114,000 for working eight weeks—a far cry from his first Follies, when he got \$400 a week for doing a sketch with Bert Williams.

Often called radio's greatest talent scout, Eddie's responsible for the careers of Parkyakarkus, below, and Bobby Breen, right. Both graduated from Cantor College to fame on other shows.



Deanna Durbin is another who has prospered since he brought her to the microphone. She is still with him. Below, the whole Cantor family on Dad's birthday: Marilyn, Marjorie, Edna, Eddie with Janet, Ida, and Natalie, recently married.



"YESTERDAY'S CHRISTMAS
TREE, FULL OF TERMITES—"



The man I hate—

I'M not sure how this feud between Mr. W. C. Fields and myself started. On our first meeting, May 9, 1937, at the Chase and Sanborn Kaffee Klatch over NBC (we believe in giving credit where credit is due, don't we, Bergen?) everything started out very nicely.

"How do you do, Mr. Fields?" I replied, when I was presented to the fellow. To which Mr. Fields responded:

"He's put on quite a little weight since I last saw him, hasn't he, Mr. Bergen?"

Now you couldn't make anything out of that, could you? It certainly is a surprise to me how such a big brawl started with such an innocuous beginning. Positively innocuous. "A piece of sassafras root," he calls me later, and says I'm "full of termites." Nasty little chiseling ants, they are. And once he threatened to drive a nail into my chest, and make a dimple in my chin with a gimlet. Such brutality.

AS TOLD TO

DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Called me a "discarded Christmas tree," too, and a "pump-handle" and a "buckthorn in his side."

Bergen thought of sending me to a summer camp to recover from these insults, and when Mr. Fields heard about it, he said, "He just came from a lumber camp, didn't he? I understand he got into a jam up there . . . log jam." Someday I'm going to get really mad and run Mr. Fields' nose through a tomato press. (If this were a soup tie-up, instead of coffee, I could do something with that.) Anyway

"REDWOOD FOR A NOSE—SOUR
MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS—"



and vice versa

By
Charlie McCarthy

I did tell Mr. Fields that I'd like to see his nose scrambled in an egg . . . it would make a wonderful tomato omelette." That should keep him mowed down for a moment.

It takes two sides to make a quarrel, of course, of course. I always think of that when I worry about our feud. You see I really love Mr. Fields, only I hate to say so. I show my affection by insulting him. I guess I'm a psychological case, all right, all right. Bergen has told Mr. Fields that I love him, time and again. So has Miss Boland, Miss

Mary Boland. And that other Mary, Miss Mary Pickford. Just the other Sunday Bergen said to Mr. Fields:

"You know, Bill, it seems strange that no matter what you say to Charlie, he still loves you. Why, only this morning do you know what he said?" Then Bergen turned to me and said: "Tell him, Charlie, what you said."

"It doesn't matter," retorted Mr. Fields, without giving me a chance to start.

"Well, I said . . ." said I.

"Go 'way—you draw ticks," were Mr. Fields' next words. But I didn't care. I may be soft pine but I'm hardened when it comes to harsh words.

"I was just wondering, Mr. Fields, if you would let me sit on your porch some day?"

"You couldn't even sit on my totem pole. Go 'way you!"

(Continued on page 67)

Glamour IS OVERRATED

By **FAITH BALDWIN**

Broadcast on a Heinz Magazine of the Air program over the CBS network, this provocative discussion of a much emphasized quality by Faith Baldwin seemed to the editors to deserve a place in the permanent record of the printed page. Frank, modern, yet almost old fashioned in the soundness of its viewpoint, it will give you something to think about long after you have finished reading it. Our thanks to the Heinz program and Miss Baldwin for their permission to publish this "rebroadcast."

DURING the past twenty-odd years three important discoveries have been made, each heralding a new dawn or something equally exciting. The first was that if a woman had charm she need not have beauty. The second, brought to us by Elinor Glyn, if a woman had *It* she didn't have to have charm. And the third, more recent, is that if a woman has glamour, she doesn't have to have *anything* else. The same, I assume, holds true of the male of the species, although I shudder to contemplate what the average man thinks of the widely heralded glamour boy of our generation.

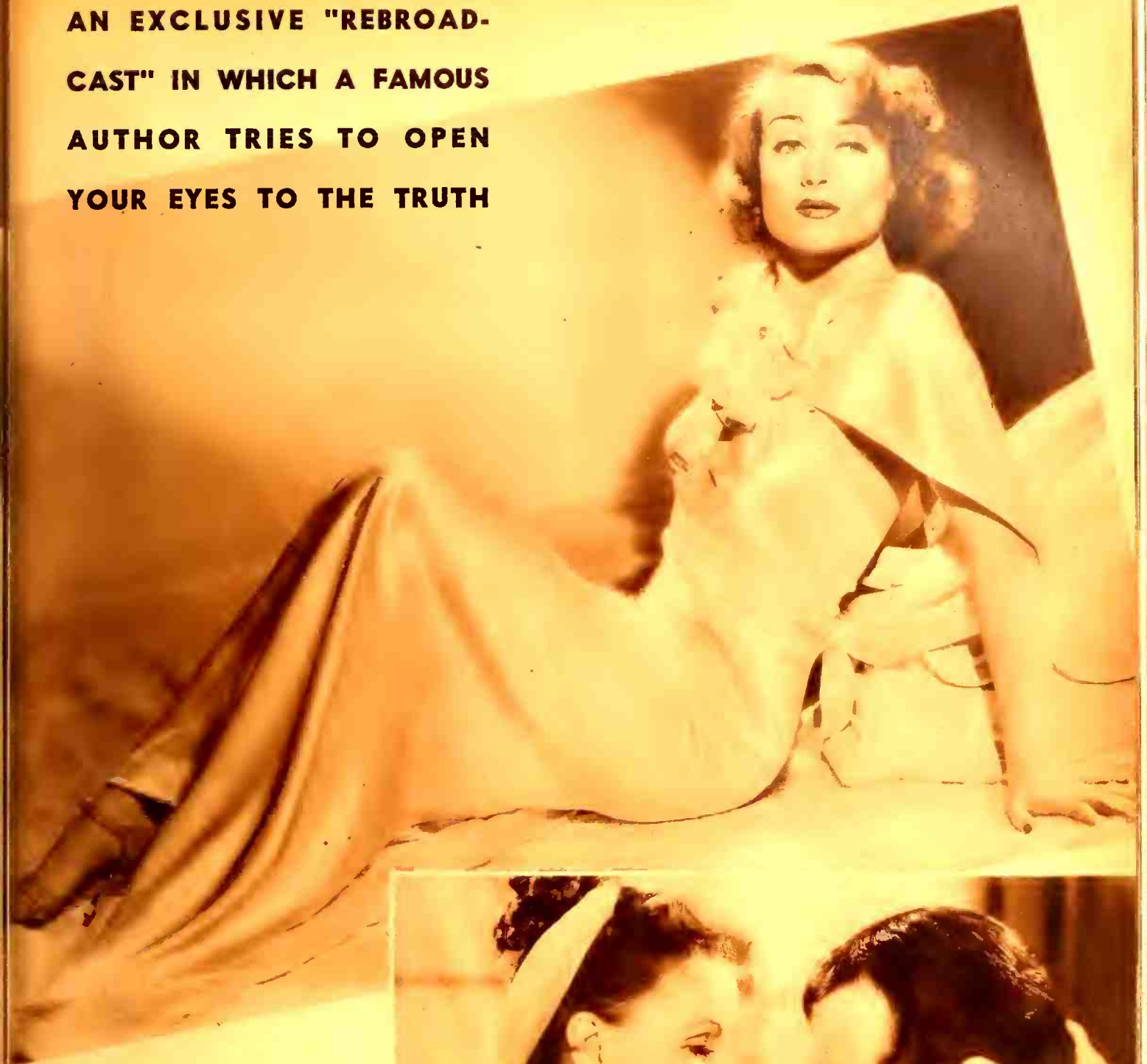
Glamour is all very well. But I believe that a little of it goes a long way. When applied to masculine examples it probably denotes an ability to make women look with rancor at their less dangerous husbands, or it means higher brackets in the income tax scale, or wit to turn a phrase or order a dinner. Sometimes it is associated with a genius for making friends of headliners, or exploring the jungle in platinum-lined helmets and always, *always* dressing for dinner. It is also almost inseparable from one's name in the paper. On this basis, Dizzy Dean has glamour.

When it comes to glamorous women, the outstanding examples of our days are recruited from stage, screen, and society. Now and then a magnificent scandal entitles a woman to become a member of the club. But I admit that accustomed as I am to public glamour, I balked when not long ago a lady who had tired of her husband to such an extent that she decided (*Continued on page 89*)

Model of young sophistication is Priscilla Lane. Swell for movies, but not what your own daughter ought to try.

Photo by M. Marigold

**AN EXCLUSIVE "REBROAD-
CAST" IN WHICH A FAMOUS
AUTHOR TRIES TO OPEN
YOUR EYES TO THE TRUTH**



A sense of humor is necessary to happy marriage, says Miss Baldwin, but beware the razor-edged wit of Carole Lombard. Though it's turned her into Hollywood's top glamour girl, it will only make the average husband accuse his wife of being in her cups.

Only in romantic film spectacles like "Conquest" does a husband appreciate fantastic coiffures and alluring dresses as much as Charles Boyer seems to be appreciating Garbo's. Don't try this on your husband. He prefers baked beans to glamour any time.



"NOR RAIN NOR HEAT

• • •

CONTINUING THIS SERIES OF
TRUE ADVENTURES THAT HAVE
MADE THRILLING BROADCASTS,
THE STORY OF ONE MAN WHO
PUT DUTY AHEAD OF GLORY



By

FLOYD GIBBONS



The author stands by while . . .

HELLO EVERYBODY:

This, boys and girls, is a story of Old Man Snow-in-the-Face.

The guy with the patched pants who "always rings twice."

His welcome calls are as frequent as duty requires. His signal always sets your imagination a-racing. For you never can tell what pleasant surprise he may have for you.

I tell this yarn as a worthy salute to the three hundred thousand men and women of the United States Postal Service who keep the teeming stream of mail flowing swiftly, truly, endlessly. Their patient, tireless service is the enduring keystone set ever so firmly in the strong arch that supports the commerce of a mighty nation.

This is not, I assure you at the outset, a dramatic tale about one of those bozos who fly the night mail through almost incredible obstacles. Stuff you sometimes see in the movies. No sirree. It is the adventure of a plain, ordinary postman in a grey uniform. With hair that may have turned grey, too, during long years of service in any and all kinds of weather. Grizzled gentlemen pounding scorching pavements in sweltering July, drenched to the skin by

Spring rains, breasting blizzards with icicles forming on their mustaches. And young ones, also, who come home footsore and weary from the ceaseless grind of emptying their leather bags three and four times a day.

Great balls of fire, what a life those babies lead!

And when I think of what they go through year in and year out it makes me proud that I can tell a story of one of them who deserves a niche in the Hall of Fame. A story of faithful service, discipline and bravery. Service of a kind that caused Herodotus to compliment the Persians on the efficiency of their messengers during the war between Cyrus and the Greeks. What he said so many centuries ago is carven over the main entrance of the general post office in New York. It reads:

"Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

One of the mailmen who knew that inscription so well he could say it backwards was Charles R. Heyler of 32-86 35th Street, Long Island City. And he believed in it. For there was in his heart the spirit that is shared by three hundred thousand others who make the postal service such

NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT—



Postmaster-General Farley rewards the hero of this exciting true adventure

an enviable organization. Charlie was a parcel post chauffeur-carrier, which means he rode on a mail wagon delivering parcels. And he was working out of the Tremont Station in the Bronx, in Greater New York.

Well sir, late on the morning of May 5, 1930, Charlie and his partner, Herman Gross, were hurrying to complete their deliveries. Hurrying because in another hour they were due to check in at the sub-station and put on the feed bag. They were driving West along East 178th Street and the traffic was slowing them up.

"If this traffic gets much worse," Charlie remarked, "we won't be able to get the mail out on time."

"You keep your mind pretty much on your work, don't you, Charlie?" was his partner's comment.

"Well, if people write letters and send packages, they want them delivered."

Pistol shots caused those two mailmen to drop their discussion like a hot potato.

Down the street men were running toward them. Pursuing policemen were firing revolvers. There were shouts of "stickup" and "get 'em."

With their mail truck braked to a stop, the two men

aboard it watched the chase with alert eyes.

"There they go, three of 'em!" yelled Herman . . . "Now there's only two. Where'd the other one go?"

"I saw him," said Charlie. "He went down that alley there."

And Charlie jumped down and went after him.

For Charlie saw that the third hold-up man had eluded the police and would escape if something wasn't done quickly. It didn't occur to Charlie that robbers usually carry guns. He didn't think of that until he had his man backed up against an ashcan.

"Whatya followin' me for?" demanded the puffing crook.

"What are you running for?" Charlie shot back.

"None 'a ya business."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Beat it, wise guy, while the goin's good."

"What's the hurry?"

"Why, you lousy rat, stick around and I'll fill you so full of—"

"I don't think you're going to shoot anybody."

But Charlie didn't feel so sure (Continued on page 70)

"NOR RAIN NOR HEAT NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT—"

• • •

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But Charlie didn't feel so sure (Continued on page 71)



7:30 a.m. Her day starts



11:10 p.m. Her day ends

Above, any day, 7:30 a.m. Our Charm Girls are both violinists—Jennie Gadowske, 22, left, from Bridgeport, Conn., and Lucrezia Avella, 21, of Bangor, Me. Jennie has been with Spitalny three years, Lucrezia, two.

PRIVATE LIFE OF A CHARM GIRL

They sleep together in a two-and-a-half-room apartment on West 85th Street, which costs them \$55 per month, unfurnished. Below, a drug-store breakfast consists of orange juice, milk and toast—quick and inexpensive.



9:00 a.m. Her breakfast

UNKNOWN because of faulty or too cheap publicity are many unique radio organizations. Not hidden, but publicized far and wide is radio's only sponsored all-girl band, incorporated as "Hour of Charm," heard on NBC Monday nights. Phil Spitalny, leader of these thirty-two girls, four years ago toured the country to find girls who would prove that women can be musicians at a profit. "Hour of Charm, Inc." is now a famous, wealthy concern. This summer, at New York's Paramount Theater, it held over four consecutive weeks, breaking all existing records, and proving once and for all that a girl playing the tuba is still a girl and worth the price of admission. Since the band is incorporated, no girl receives a salary, but owns a number of shares and partakes in weekly declared dividends.

On these pages are pictures of two Charm girls, regular members of the orchestra. Three years ago, they were living quiet lives in quiet New England towns. The pictures here tell the story of what a girl does when she leaves home to be a Charm girl. Judge for yourself whether life is better at home, with marriage to your sweetheart, or in the Hour of Charm band where you promise to stay single and get fired if you don't.



11:00 a.m. Her rehearsal

Jennie (above left) has played the violin since she was ten, Lucrezia since she was eleven. After rehearsal, they shop—Jennie's wardrobe is 27 dresses, Lucrezia's 22—then meet their dates for dinner at the Park Central Hotel.



10:50 a.m. Her transportation



7:00 p.m. Her boy friends

After-dinner entertainment is simple—a popular-priced neighborhood movie. Dates are few because the girls are so often on the road. A Charm girl's average living expense is \$30 a week, not including clothes. They all save money.



8:30 p.m. Her recreation

Pictures taken especially for Radio Mirror by Atlantic Publishers Service

Rehearsal is at eleven in the Park Central Hotel, where Spitalny lives. As the girls emerge from the subway, above, they've already practiced an hour at home, and will now rehearse six hours. Spitalny is an exacting taskmaster, realizing that an all-girl band must be perfect to gain recognition.

**DID ALICE FAYE AND TONY MARTIN
QUARREL ON THEIR WEDDING EVE?**



Rosalind Russell (above) is a newcomer to radio, but eagerness to learn microphone technique, says Fidler, isn't the reason she attends all rehearsals of the Packard program.



Left, fun at Jimmy Wallington's new Santa Monica home: Lyle Talbot, Glenda Farrell, Margot Grahame, Jimmy, Mrs. Jimmy. Below, left, not the picture Adolphe Menjou wants suppressed.



BEHIND THE

By

JIMMIE FIDLER

Frances, what if I were to do that to you?" . . . Bergen, the sly one, just smiled, but everyone else nearly died of laugh-convulsions.

* * *

KEITH FOWLER was flown from New York to handle the material for W. C. Fields on the famous Sunday variety show which boasts of Nelson Eddy, Bergen and McCarthy, Don Ameche, etc. It's about time somebody improved Bill's material. He's been dropping in my personal popularity rating ever since he set radio on its ear with that smashing first program.

* * *

PAT WEAVER is brother of a local newspaper's fashion expert (but you don't care about that) . . . He's also supervisor of the Packard show which stars Lanny Ross, Florence George, Charlie Butterworth and Raymond Paige's Orchestra (but you don't care too much about that) . . . He's also

the reason Rosalind Russell attends every rehearsal. (Do you care about that?)

* * *

DEANNA DURBIN has been apparently subdued by several verbal spankings administered by yours truly (for one) and the change is becoming to her. At least, she showed surprising (for her) courtesy to an interviewer the other day at the rehearsal studio.

* * *

ADOLPHE MENJOU wants to suppress a certain camera shot. He was entertaining the Hollywood Hotel troupe with a cigarette trick when he dropped the coffin-nail. In stooping over to retrieve it, the camera clicked. So Menjou shoots snipes, does he?

* * *

MAYBE it matters, but I doubt it. Anyhow, Pinky Tomlin christened both his auto and his ranch (both new)

BEST laugh of the month was afforded at Bergen's cocktail party where Charlie McCarthy appeared in cowboy outfit, with fancy-trimmed chaps. After the usual flurry of photo-snapping, Charlie was left deserted near the swimming pool. One of the girl guests approached the dummy in an investigating spirit, admired the costume and then, to see how soft the chaps were, ran her hand down Charlie's leg. Like a bolt from the blue came, Charlie's remark: "Why,

WHERE DID JOLSON GO WHEN HE EXCUSED HIMSELF FROM HIS OWN PARTY?



Don Ameche, who wouldn't tell anyone where he was going on his vacation, gives the nutty Ritz Brothers a vocal lesson. Need we point out that Don is the one in the tuxedo?



Right, a historic shot of four singing stars together: Gladys Swarthout, Jeanette MacDonald, Lily Pons and Grace Moore. Below, right, Hal Kemp beams at Alice Faye's bridal expression.

HOLLYWOOD FRONT

UNCENSORED, UNADORNED—
A DARING REPORTER'S NEWS

"The Love Bug."

* * *

FOR some time now, Eddie Cantor has been nervous and jittery because of the fatal accident that occurred when a platform on his movie set fell. It was rigged up as the "magic carpet" and something slipped. Cantor is taking the whole accident extremely to heart.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO AL JOLSON: Not long ago a big fuss and formal opening marked your return to the airways. Though the number of celebrities who attended were not as numerous as you'd hoped for, still it was a large affair. Even the Spanish War Veterans were there. And after the broadcast you invited lots of people to be your guests at a dinner given in Clara Bow's new nightery, "The It Cafe." You were the host, Al, and yet you rushed out without sampling the

victuals and viands, on the excuse that you had to visit the hospital. All of which would have been okay except that too many people saw you taking in the fights not so very many minutes after your exit from the dinner-party. To paraphrase an old song, "Was that the diplomatic thing to do?" Yours for less selfishness—when you're hosting.
J. M. F.

* * *

MAYBE I'm wrong (and it could be) but it looks like Fidler has turned Cupid. It was erroneously reported around town that Virginia Verrill and Sandy Cummings were "that-way." I denied the report and those two nice kids read it, evidently got an idea, and now they go here, there, and everywhere together.

* * *

BATONEER Meredith Willson continued to commute between San Francisco and Los Angeles but his wife



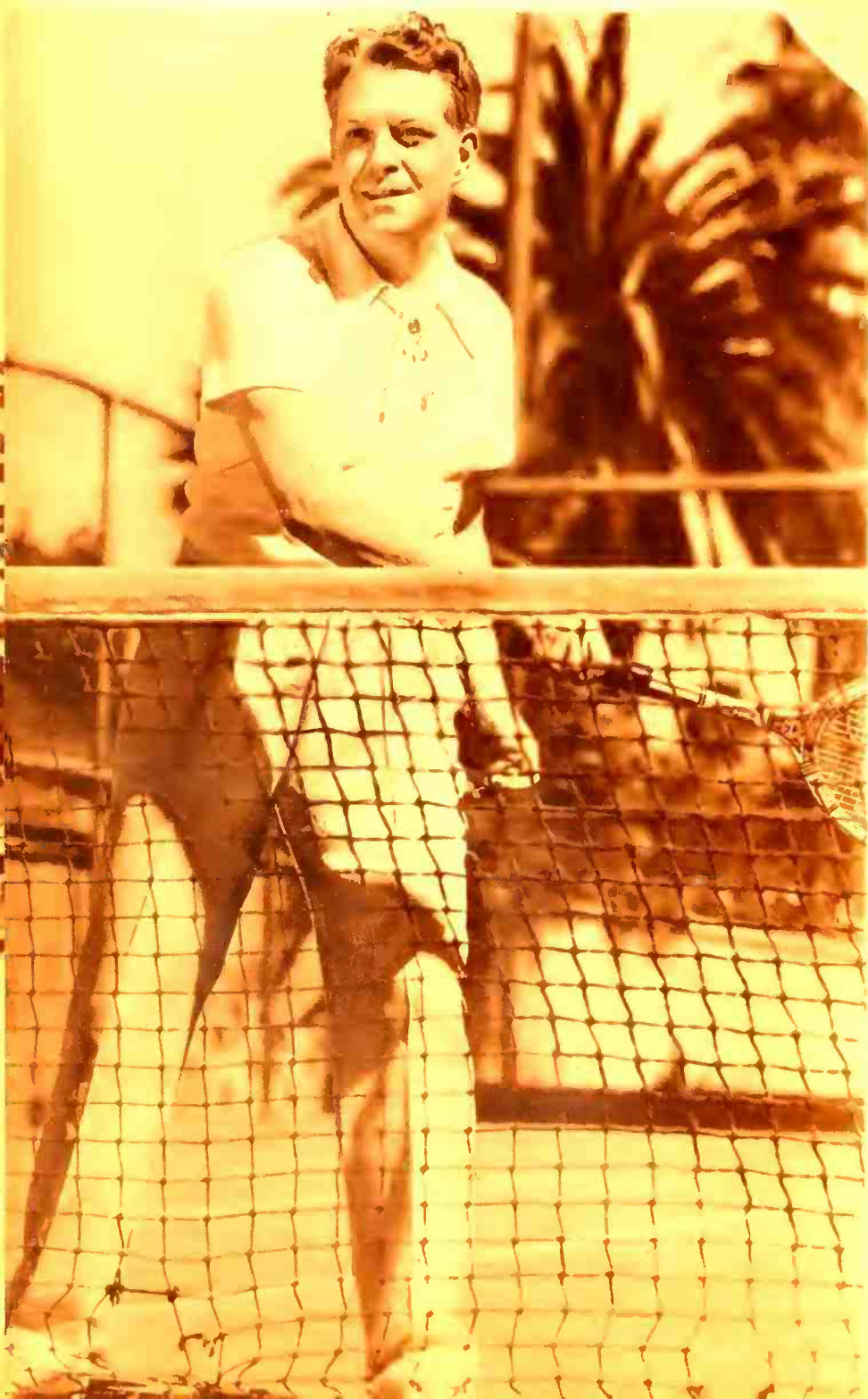
got a taste of our lovely "unusual" weather down here in Southern California—and she's establishing the Willson menage here. (Chamber of Commerce, please note!)

* * *

CLEVEREST of the year's sketches are those presented by negro comics Eddie Green and Hattie MacDaniel. You should see these two very funny people doing their stuff—in costume. I eyed their burlesk on "Sampson and Delilah" (in full Egyptian regalia) and

Right, Sandra, young daughter of George Burns and Gracie Allen, in her favorite pose. George claims Sandra is going to be Eleanor Holm and Gertrude Ederle rolled into one when she grows up. Meanwhile, younger brother Ronnie uses water wings.

Nelson Eddy, below, has finally solved the problem of how to get away from his Chase & Sanborn Sunday-night broadcast without being mobbed by a horde of adoring feminine fans. Strongarm men, reports Fidler, do the trick very well.



I'm not over it yet. Seems a shame somebody doesn't hurry television along so you could enjoy it, too.

* * * *

MARLYN STEWART, the pretty blonde with less to do in radio than nearly anyone else, now has ambitions to become a coloratura and is arranging for lessons. Haven't heard her voice on anything but that Ken Murray greeting (now off the air) "Mama, here's that Campbell man again."

* * *

TIZZIE LISH (without benefit of costume) looks surprisingly like Bill Bacher, whilom producer of Hollywood Hotel, who made radio pay in four figures weekly. Tizzie is the cooking expert (?) on the Al Pearce show. I've always resented her exit trick of dropping panties or step-ins (I suppose that's what it is) as she trips off stage to the huge delight of the visual audience and the disgust of the listeners who feel robbed.

* * *

SPEAKING of the Al Pearce show, might be interesting to know that Arlene Harris, the human chatterbox, really talks faster than she can read and so, unlike many a radiactress, has to memorize her stint.

* * *

IN this crazy city of wild-eyed rumors the other week, the story was going round and round that George Jessel has signed with Mutual Broadcasting Company. It even appeared in the trade papers. So Jessel phoned Mutual and learned, to his amazement, that Jessel was to appear on a forthcoming Mutual show. Whereupon the

(Continued on page 79)

WORDS WITH WINGS

FROM THE RICH VEIN OF RADIO'S MINE
OF WORDS COME THESE GOLDEN NUGGETS
OF KNOWLEDGE, PHILOSOPHY AND HUMOR



Channing Pollock, playwright and novelist: "Marriage is really only friendship set to music."

IT'S my observation that the man or woman who can't be happy with one partner usually fails to be happier with half a dozen. Marriage jokes and silly solemn pronouncements have a good deal to do with matrimonial smash-ups. We read them and go into marriage as we go into a theater, looking around for the nearest exit. The things that make lasting marriages are the things that make lasting friendships, mutual respect and esteem; mutual consideration and responsibility; square-dealing; community of interest; companionship. Marriage is really only friendship set to music.

It's a grand idea in marriage to stop, look and listen. The world runs on sentiment, only we're ashamed to admit it. Never mind what the jokers say about marriage, or the pundits write. It'll take more than Reno and the smart-alecs to make love unpopular.

—Channing Pollock, famous novelist and playwright, on the Heinz Magazine of the Air, CBS.

PSYCHOLOGY and Public Speaking are two valuable aides for the senior classman at college who is preparing for his future in the business world. Psychology gives the ability to evaluate human nature properly. . . . Public speaking gives poise and articulateness.

It is advisable for a young man to learn how to become a good mixer and make friends easily. This is a natural gift with some men, while others find it difficult to overcome their innate shyness. In later years contacts assume great importance. Those who are inclined to be too reserved should work hardest now and acquire that invaluable faculty for making wide friendships.

While in college, a man or woman should devote thought and energy toward perfecting himself as an individual as well as in his studies. If he does a good job of this, the employment problem will take care of itself.

—Loire Brophy, leading employment counselor, on the Heinz Magazine of the Air, CBS.



Loire Brophy, employment counselor: "Learn how to become a good mixer and make friends easily."




Carl Carmer, writer: "Some of the finest houses in West Virginia are made from watermelon seeds."

IN the high West Virginia mountains is the lumber camp of Tony Beaver. Tony had a yoke of oxen that could pull almost anything into the middle of next week. Each ox had a pair of horns with so much spread that it would take a jay bird six years to fly from the tip of one horn to the tip of the other. Tony never found anything his oxen couldn't pull to market except one of his watermelons—so big that even the smallest one wouldn't fit into the biggest wagon. So Tony wound a little one with ropes and spliced the ropes to the ox harness. The oxen got the melon started all right, but when they got near the Eel River the braces broke and the melon rolled right down into the river and hit bottom so hard it busted. Tony and his gang of lumberjacks jumped onto the seeds as they came to the surface and began spinning the seeds with their feet, and they put on the biggest drive ever seen on Eel River. When they got down to the sawmill dam they sold their drive as peeled logs and some of the finest houses in West Virginia are made out of planks from those very watermelon seeds.

—Carl Carmer, in Your Neck O' the Woods, CBS.

(Continued on page 90)



Read the month's big
laugh riot, with that
Raye of light, Martha—

HAIL! HAIL!
The Gags
ALL HERE

**PARKYAKARKUS IN AN
EASY CHAIR WITH AL
AND MARTHA AND TRY
TO STOP LAUGHING**

ONCE again RADIO MIRROR presents a comedy Radio-broadcast. Starring Al Jolson, Martha Raye, and Parkyakarkus, assisted by Tiny Ruffner, and based on material from their radio scripts, it makes it possible for you to "listen in" on these masters of comedy whenever you like. You won't want to miss their regular broadcast at 8:30, Eastern Standard Time, Tuesday nights—but neither will you want to miss this special program brought to your own easy-chair.

Just imagine your radio set is tuned in—there's a gay burst of music—and then the voice of Al Jolson himself as he opens the program:

AL: Good evening, everybody! You know, folks, besides being the Mayor of Encino I've got a lot of other duties. It's not an easy job keeping all the film people happy, and especially their youngsters. When it comes to education, we really do things right in Encino. The school children don't read books at all—

RADIO MIRROR'S
OWN
READIO-BROADCAST

Parkyakarkus and Al
Jolson add to this
feature's merriment.



everything is shown them in pictures. For example, my little boy—I said *boy*, Cantor—went into the first grade yesterday and the first lesson they gave him was history. Of course they didn't give him a book—they showed him the movie of "Anthony Adverse." By the time the picture was finished my little boy was in the third grade. Can you imagine what will happen when they show him "Gone With the Wind?"

TINY RUFFNER: Al! Do you know what I've just discovered?

AL: What, Tiny?

TINY: (*In a very excited voice*) Ladies and gentlemen, you've listened to Romeo making love to Juliet, you've watched Bill Powell wooing Myrna Loy, you've read of Paolo and Francesca—but you ain't seen nothing yet! Right here in the studio I've discovered that the greatest love affair of all has been going on—right under our noses and we never knew it. But tonight everybody's going to be let in on (*Continued on page 72*)





By
CHARLES MARTIN

Suddenly Eva screamed. The faint light of the stars had gleamed on the steel blade Tom held. Then she heard a choking gasp.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second in this series of broadcasts presented in fiction form which are based on *Thrill of the Week*, the highlight of each Tuesday night Philip Morris program over the NBC-Red network. Written and directed on the air by Charles Martin, *Thrill of the Week*, in the opinion of the editor, deserves the permanent record of the printed page.*

THOMAS CARMAN was working unusually late in his office. The president of a large western canning company doesn't often make a speech before the Prison Reform Society, and when he does, probably the Prison Reform Society doesn't expect him to say anything

worth remembering. But Thomas Carman was a man who preferred, when he did anything, to do it well or not at all, so this afternoon he had ordered his secretary to get in several books on the subject, a handful of current-events magazines, and all the different newspapers she could lay hands on.

He'd already gone methodically through the books and magazines, making notes as he did so, and was now looking over the papers. Heavy-set, stolid, with a pale wide face and a neatly clipped white mustache, he was a picture of the typical, respectable and self-respecting business man as he sat at his desk over the sheet of newsprint. By this time, he knew exactly what he was looking for; the report

THRILLS



**ILLUSTRATED BY
OREN R. WAGGENER**

of a concrete case of prison brutality. Probably, he knew, he wouldn't find it, but the papers sometimes published such things, and one would give his speech the added point it needed.

Suddenly he leaned forward in interest. Judging from the headline, here was the very thing.

"LIFER ACCUSES GUARDS OF BRUTALITY.

"DALLAS, Texas—A Texas ranch owner, serving a life term in the prison here, today accused his guards of mistreating and beating him. Doctors, visiting the man in the prison hospital, said that he may die of his injuries.

"The prisoner, William C. Turner . . ."

Thomas Carman's hand, where it held the paper, began

THE DRAMATIC BROADCAST STORY OF A MAN DOOMED TO DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF SOMEONE WHO STILL LIVED

to shake; he read the line once more. His lips soundlessly formed the words, "Bill Turner . . . Bill Turner . . ." over and over again. It couldn't be the Bill Turner he had known, so long ago!

Quickly he read the remainder of the brief report, down to the last line of all. Then, his eyes staring in horrified amazement straight before him, he leaned back in his chair, pressing his trembling hand against his cheek, watching the peace of his life for the last twenty-two years crumble into chaos.

Because there it was, right there in the paper:

"Turner was convicted in 1914 of the murder of Thomas Carman, Texas rancher."

* * *

WHEN they were growing up together in that small Texas town, Tom Carman used to call Bill Turner "Fuzzy." It was a nickname that seemed to fit, somehow. Small and inoffensive, with a shock of silky straw-colored hair, he was the sort of boy you'd give a faintly derisive nickname to. Not that there was ever any harm in Fuzzy Turner.

He just wasn't very bright.

For instance, he had a passion for grapes. Once, when he was a kid, he'd been caught stealing some. He loved to see them hanging in rich, fat clusters from their stems, their smooth skins dusted with purple or green. As he grew older he used to tell Tom that the grapes were full of the earth's blood.

Well, it was a harmless enough delusion, and Fuzzy grew up to be a good worker. He had a way with animals, he understood them, and when Tom became a man, married a girl from the North, and decided to go into the cattle business, he asked Fuzzy to join him in the venture.

"We're startin' small," he told (*Continued on page 53*)

THRILLS

THE DRAMATIC BROADCAST STORY OF A MAN DOOMED TO DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF SOMEONE WHO STILL LIVED



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"We're startin' small," he told (Continued on page 33)



PERSONALITY

Betty Grable, above, besides being the fiancée of Jackie Coogan, is one of radio's and the movies' stars of tomorrow. You hear her on CBS' Saturday night Song Time show, and soon you'll see her playing a leading part in Paramount's "This Way, Please." Born in St. Louis, she grew up in Hollywood and was a child dancer.

To Rudy Vallee—a low bow for discovering Tommy Riggs, above right. Tommy and his two voices appear on Rudy's program as himself and the mythical little girl, Betty Lou. Tommy's no stranger to radio, but it took Rudy to recognize his talent. Born in Pittsburgh, he once played Uncle Tom in the Uncle Tom and Betty programs.

Following in Don Ameche's footsteps, Les Tremayne, right, plays the romantic leads in the weekly First Nighter programs. Les was born in London, but has lived nearly all his life on this side of the Atlantic. Coming from a theatrical family, he's been an actor, stage-hand, director, dancer, singer and carnival barker. He's unmarried.





You remember Ben Alexander, left, as a child star when the movies really were in their infancy. He's twenty-six now, and a radio commentator on his own program Wednesday afternoon on NBC's Red network. Recently he was in "Shall We Dance?" with Fred Astaire. Bob Burns and Lew Ayres are his two best friends.

Kitty Carlisle (left below) whose personality and voice adorn the Song Shop on CBS Friday nights, got her first name because there were fifteen Catherines in her New Orleans school and somebody was bound to be called Kitty. She was brought up in Europe and has starred in Broadway musical comedies and movies.

When the Broadway play in which she had rehearsed for three weeks closed after a run of four days, Frances Carlon (below) decided the theater was no place for her. Now she's the English Eileen Moran in the Today's Children serial, and glad to be on the air. She's twenty-three and has been in the movies.

CLOSE-UPS



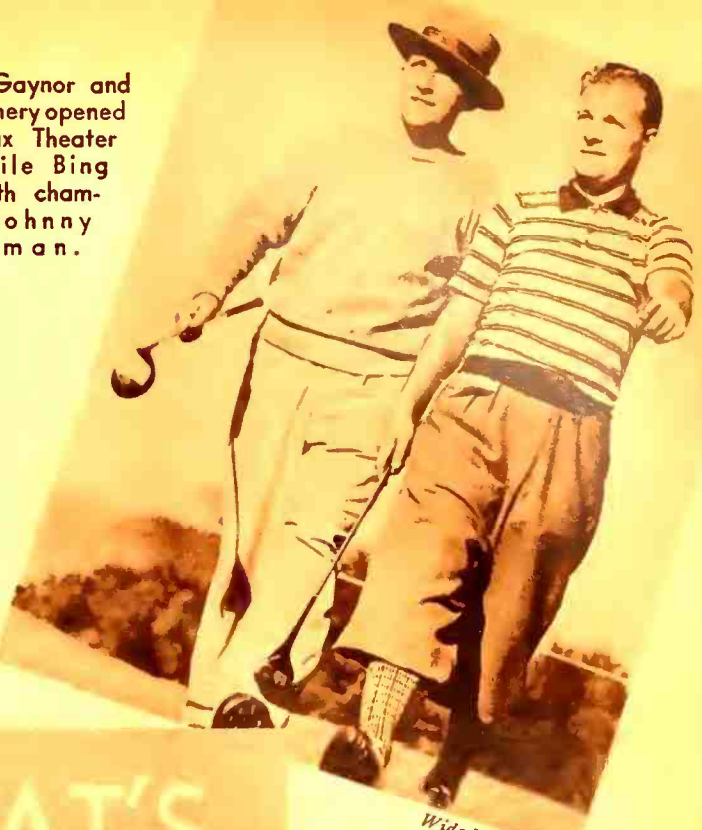


Photo by M. Marigold

Together again in the roles which brought them radio fame, Frances Langford and Dick Powell will soon be seen in Warners' film version of "Hollywood Hotel."

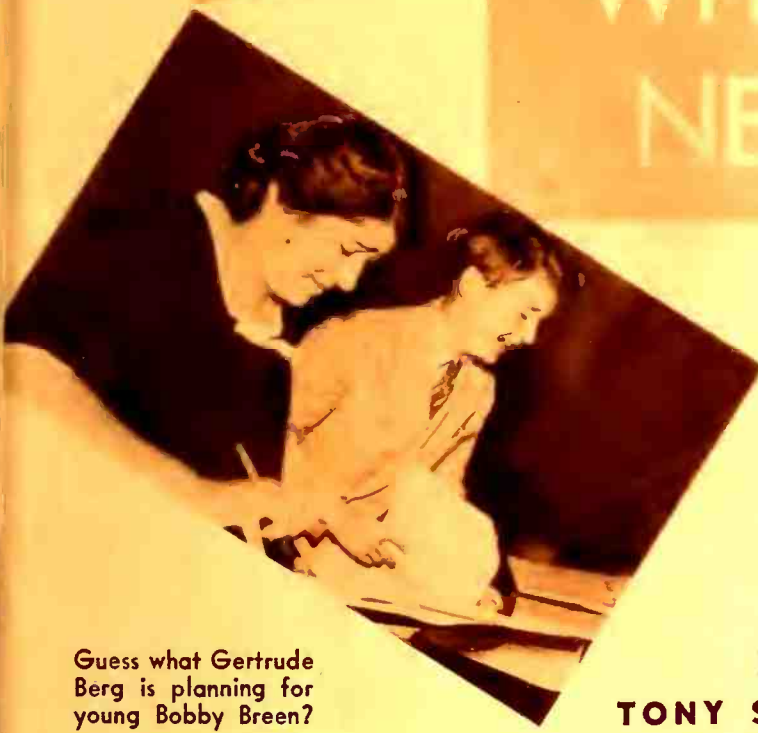


Left, Janet Gaynor and Bob Montgomery opened the new Lux Theater season, while Bing golfed with champion Johnny Goodman.



Wide World

WHAT'S NEW?



Guess what Gertrude Berg is planning for young Bobby Breen?



His bride knows why Andy is making those guest appearances.

By
TONY SEYMOUR

PRESIDENT Jack Oakie of Oakie-Dokey College has a new examination on his schedule. Officials of Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies, have selected him to act as remote control judge of a "photographic beauty contest."

* * *

STRICTLY temperance was the launching of Jeanette MacDonald's Open House series on CBS. Not a champagne bottle in sight. Jeanette's favorite food drink is chicken broth made from a recipe given to her by Louis B. Mayer; and for the afternoon rehearsal on the opening day of the

show, she brought along a whole basketful of broth-filled thermos bottles and treated herself and the rest of the people on the program.

* * *

**EXTRA! EXTRA! SHOW
BOAT LEAVES THE AIR—
READ ALL ABOUT IT!**

WONDER if Charlie McCarthy ever gets lonely in the special bedroom he occupies in Edgar Bergen's Hollywood home? Oh sure, the bedroom has its own clothes-closet, too.

* * *

DON'T say we told you, but the reason Victor Kolar isn't directing any of the Sunday-night symphony concerts for Ford this year is that too many guest (Continued on page 86)

By DON BECKER

FICTIONIZED BY
HOPE HALE

ILLUSTRATED BY
RAYMOND SISLEY

BEGIN THIS RADIO DRAMA OF
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO WIL-
LINGLY BECAME THE TOWN OUT-
CAST FOR A LOVE SHE'D LOST

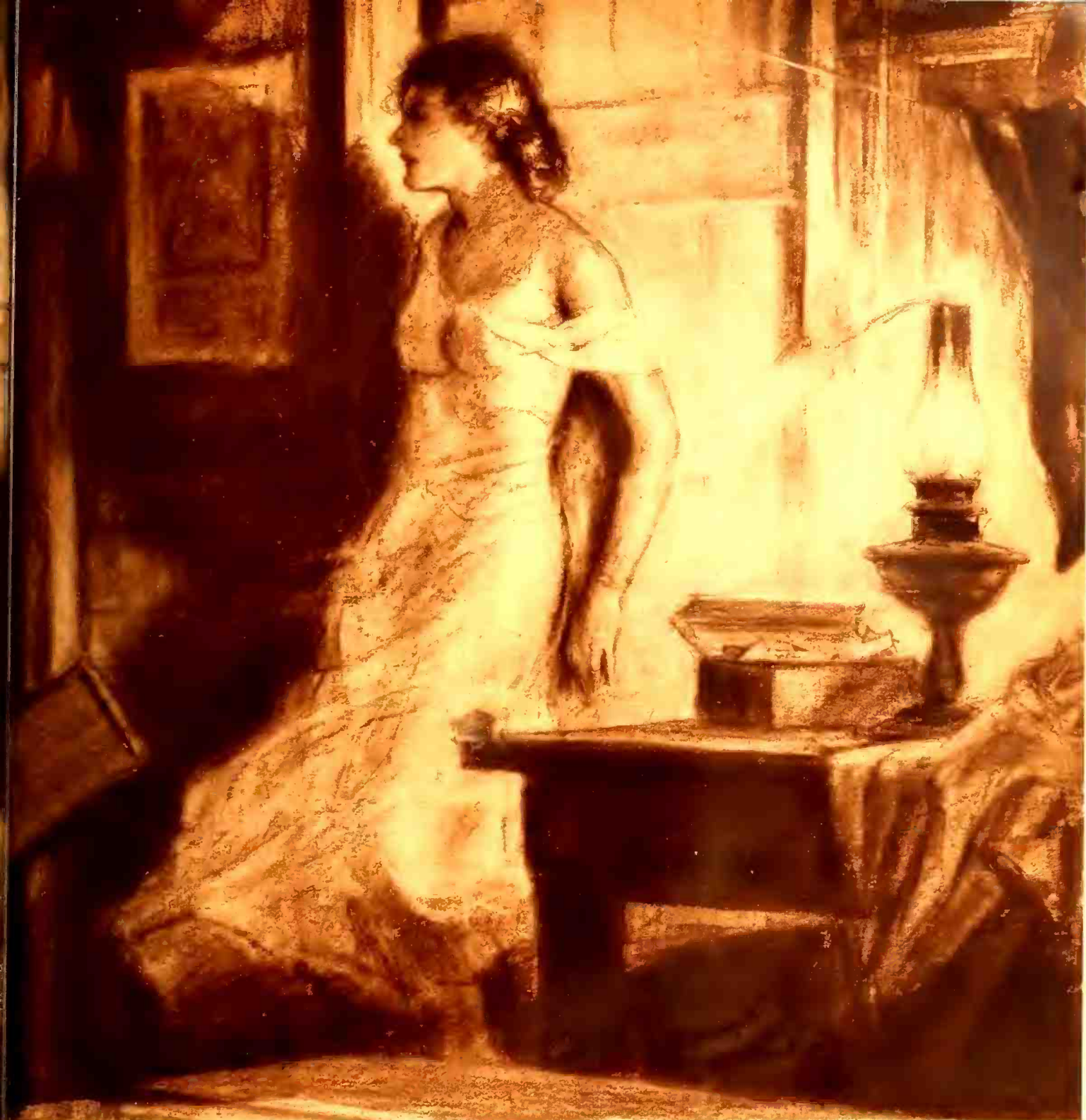
LIFE OF *Mary Sothern*



Here's the heroine, Mary, in *The Life of Mary Sothern*, heard on the CBS network at 5:15 P.M., Monday through Friday.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When such radio-minded towns as Cincinnati and Chicago vote a program the most popular of all day-time broadcasts, it deserves more than local audiences. The Life of Mary Sothern, written and directed by Don Becker, is receiving that recognition this fall after three years on WLW and WGN—on October 4th, it was introduced on the CBS network sponsored by Lehn & Fink. For all who have just begun to follow this program and for all who are seeking a corking good yarn, here is the complete story—in two parts.*

MARY." The man behind the great carved desk smiled. "You couldn't do that to me."
"To you?" The girl came to attention, up out of the deep white chair. White silk outlined



her firmly modeled, vibrant figure. "Not to you. Oh, Paul, no. It's just—I feel I have to go—"

Searching for words to express this curious driving force within her, Mary's thoughts milled in her mind.

This was the great Paul Cranshaw. It was his word that told vast millions what motion pictures they could see. Yet she could call him Paul. She, Mary Sothern, whose whole world had been against her three short years ago, could sit across this man's desk and look at a contract on which were typed six round figures for her next year's work, and she could turn away again and never lift a finger to the pen. What was the matter with her?

"All right," Cranshaw said quietly. "Go someplace. Palm Springs. Caliente. Any place. Take a vacation.

Mary fell back against the wall— blood was streaming from his hand. Could she escape?

You'll feel different when you get a rest—"

The girl's head turned swiftly. A bar of sunshine from the Venetian blind caught in her hair, made a dazzling highlight in the room. "Oh, no. No, Paul. That's not it. It's not a vacation I need. All this—"

Her hand, smooth, strong, live, beckoned the dark wood panels, the chromium, the mirrors, the pigskin and ebony, even the sun outside on red and orange and yellow flowers, she caught it all into the picture with a gesture that was art. "All this has been vacation to me. I must go—home."

Cranshaw's voice seemed even quieter when he spoke. "That would be a laugh to the people who worked with you on 'Sandra Allen.' Calling it a vacation. But I think I understand, Mary. I know what homesickness is. But Mary—in your case, where is (Continued on page 54)

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HIGHWAY TO



NO FRIENDLY crystal gazer appeared on the scene during the winter of 1935 to tell heart-heavy Alice Faye that in less than two years she would be flying high in Hollywood, the toast of the press and public as an important screen and radio star, and the gloriously happy young bride of a handsome and devoted lover.

It was just as well; she wouldn't have believed it. She had had enough.

She "wasn't any good as an actress and never would be," and she wanted her studio to tear up her contract.

And all men were false friends. Hadn't the one man she'd admired above all others, upon whom she had pinned her young girl hopes for romance, turned against her just when she'd needed him most?

She wanted to run away and hide.

Curious studio workers whispered to one another about that funny little Faye kid who kept so much to herself on the set, sitting alone in the corner as far as possible from the others in the cast. One told another, and the rumor grew, that Alice's loneliness went farther than studio walls. Someone was sure he had seen her sitting alone in a moving picture theater a soaking wet handkerchief pressed to her eyes.

Alice was worse than unhappy. She was not well, and her doctors had warned her that she was working too hard. An operation, perhaps, might help, a long rest . . . a little fun.

Alice was too tired to care.

Tony Martin—young, laughing Tony—was the first to puncture a hole in the curtain of gloom which had enveloped her. They were working in "Sing, Baby, Sing." Tony was attracted by Alice's blue-gray Irish eyes, and refused to be rebuffed by her apparent indifference to people and happenings around her.

He coaxed her into conversation, a word one day, a sentence the next,—until Alice forgot her case against

Star of Chesterfield's Friday-night radio program, leading lady in the new picture, "In Old Chicago," and happy bride of Tony Martin (below)—what more can life bring to Alice Faye?

20th Century-Fox



HAPPINESS

the world and chattered back at him.

Tony didn't think the outlook was so black. Why anybody as young and good-looking and so downright desirable as Alice Faye should be singing the blues was more than he could understand. She was crazy to think the studio didn't want her. Weren't they assigning her to one picture after another, and better parts all the time? She didn't feel well? So probably she had a bad tooth, or a pair of bad tonsils. Why didn't she check in at a hospital for a day or two after the picture was washed up, and have them yanked. A matter of a week, maybe two.

Little by little, Tony won her over, laughed at her troubles until they were laughable to her, too. She was laughing when she packed a bag at her apartment the night the picture was finished, said goodbye to her mother and directed a cab driver to take her to the Cedars of Lebanon hospital.

Tony had been right. It was a tooth which had been causing all of Alice's physical trouble. There were a few days of pain, and after that her convalescence was almost fun. Her room was full of flowers from her studio friends; she *did* have friends, whether she knew it or not. Tony—smart youngster—knew that just flowers wouldn't do for his own token, so every day he sent Alice ribbons to wear in her hair, each tied to a saucy little cluster of violets or forget-me-nots. She couldn't forget Tony.

Alice had time, during those weeks in the hospital, to read some of her fan mail. She was surprised to find that she had admirers, violent ones, in every corner of the world. Alice couldn't believe it. People *liked* her?

When Alice came home from the hospital, she was her cheery former self again—her former self, but softened, moulded into a finer person by the unhappiness which had claimed her and which (Continued on page 77)

By

PAULINE SWANSON

STARDOM AND HAPPINESS
WITH THE MAN SHE LOVES
PROVIDE THE HAPPY END-
ING OF THIS DRAMATIC
ALICE FAYE LIFE STORY





DON'T BE A CHRISTMAS DRUDGE

By MRS.
MARGARET
SIMPSON

**PREPARE YOUR HOLIDAY
FEAST IN ADVANCE AND
AVOID KITCHEN FATIGUE**



The Mystery Chef
tells you how.

It seems a little early to make New Year's resolutions, but there is one I wish you'd make ahead of time, and that is the resolution to distribute the preparation of your Christmas dinner over the days preceding the important day itself. I know of no more sure-fire method for achieving a spirit of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

This idea of foresight and forehandedness is advocated by the Mystery Chef, the noted cooking authority you hear over the NBC Red network at 11:45 A. M. Tuesdays and Thursdays. You have heard him, have tried his recipes and know how delicious they are. Now he is offering you his guidance

for making this holiday celebration the most successful you have ever known.

"There is a great deal more to the serving of meals than the actual preparation and eating of food," the Mystery Chef told me. "Every meal you serve should provide spiritual as well as physical nourishment. The pies that Mother used to make, are remembered as much for the picture they evoke of a happy home life as for their flavor.

"So, to assure yourself and your family a happy, serene Christmas day, this year begin your preparations in advance, thus leaving yourself with a minimum of things to do at the last minute. By following this plan even a novice (Continued on page 82)

RADIO MIRROR COOKING PAGE

RADIO MIRROR • almanac OCT. 22 TO NOV. 23

KNOW WHAT TO LISTEN
TO EACH DAY BY USING
THIS HANDY GUIDE TO
ALL NETWORK SPECIAL
EVENTS AND ALL MAJOR
SATURDAY AFTERNOON
FOOTBALL BROADCASTS
ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN STANDARD



The month's listening tip: Hear
Madeleine Carroll on Nov. 21

All time is Eastern Standard

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Melody Hour
NBC-Red: William Meeder
- 8:30
NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
NBC-Red: Children's Concert
- 9:00
CBS: Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's
NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
NBC-Red: Orchestra
- 9:55
CBS: Press Radio News
- 10:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
- 10:30
CBS: String Ensemble
- 11:00
CBS: Texas Rangers
NBC: Press-radio News
- 11:20
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano
- 11:45
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
NBC-Red: Bravest of the Brave
- 11:50
CBS: Major Bowes Family
NBC-Blue: Green Bros. Orch.
- 11:45
MBS: Football Talks
NBC-Red: Henry Busse Orch.
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Hour Glass
- 12:30 P. M.
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
NBC-Blue: Music Hall of the Air
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion
- 1:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Red: Dorothy Dreslin
- 1:30
CBS: Poets Gold
MBS: Ted Weems Orch.
NBC-Blue: Back Home
NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
- 2:00
CBS: Dramas of the Bible
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
- 2:30
CBS: Lloyd Pantages
NBC-Red: The Widow's Sons
- 3:00
CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
NBC-Blue: On Broadway
NBC-Red: Radio News Reel
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Bicycle Party
- 4:00
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies
- 4:30
NBC-Blue: Fishface, Figgssbottle
NBC-Red: The World is Yours
- 4:45
NBC-Blue: Modern Foods Show
- 5:00
CBS: Silver Theater
MBS: Singing Lady
NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Auditions
NBC-Red: Marion Talley
- 5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo
MBS: The Shadow
NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
NBC-Red: Sheila Barrett
- 6:00
CBS: Joe Penner
MBS: George Jessel
NBC-Blue: Ernest Gill Orch.
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
- 6:30
CBS: Romantic Rhythms
MBS: Tim and Irene
NBC-Blue: Ted Wallace Band
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today
- 7:00
CBS: Jeanette MacDonald
NBC-Blue: Music of the Masters
NBC-Red: Jack Benny
- 7:30
CBS: Phil Baker
NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Interesting Neighbors.
- 8:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Blue: General Motors Symphony
NBC-Red: Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields, Nelson Eddy
- 9:00
CBS: Ford Symphony
MBS: Passing Parade
NBC-Blue: Tyrone Power
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: George Fischer
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
- 9:45
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
- 10:00
CBS: Hollywood Showcase
MBS: Commentator
NBC-Blue: Zenith Foundation
NBC-Red: Symphony Orch.
- 10:30
MBS: Good Will Hour
NBC-Blue: Cheerio
- 11:00
NBC-Blue: Judy and the Bunch
NBC-Red: Orchestra
- 11:30
Dance Music

SUNDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY By Jeanette MacDonald

You don't have to be narrow minded to follow the straight and narrow.

Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 24

YOU devotees of the Sunday-afternoon Philharmonic concerts can lean back in your easy-chairs with satisfied sighs today. . . . Because the august New York Philharmonic Association begins a new—and a longer—season this afternoon at its old time, 3:00 P.M., E.S.T. . . . For twenty-eight Sundays CBS will bring you this great orchestral music. . . . John Barbirolli, brilliant young Englishman, conducts all but four or five of the broadcast concerts. . . . And Deems Taylor resumes his post as commentator. . . . The same Mr. Taylor who is the only man your Almanac knows of who can make chatter about music sound entertaining as well as instructive. . . . Opposite the Philharmonic, on NBC-Red from 3:00

to 3:30, is the premiere of a new weekly show: *The Radio News Reel*, conducted by Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth. . . . Consists of interviews with people who are prominent, at the moment, in the headlines. . . . Rosalind Russell and James Stewart are in the last instalment of their four-instalment series, *First Love*, in the Silver Theater, CBS at 5:00. . . . The two big evening symphonic hours go their dignified ways. . . . *General Motors* at 8:00 on NBC-Blue, with Grace Moore, and the *Ford Hour*, CBS at 9:00, with Lotte Lehmann. . . . If you like sopranos, you're in luck. . . . The *Singing Lady's* play, MBS at 5:00, is a dramatization of "The Sleeping Beauty."



Grace Moore makes one of several appearances on the General Motors concert.

Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 31

SEÑOR JOSE ITURBI directs the *Ford Symphony* for the last time tonight at 9:00 o'clock. . . . His guest star is Bidu Sayao, Brazilian soprano who's being kept pretty busy these days warbling for programs which want dependable one-appearance warblers. . . . The other symphony program, *General Motors*, NBC-Blue at 8:00, has scheduled a "Continental Opera Night," starring Erna Sack and Joseph Schmidt. . . . Miss Sack, a ravishing blonde, is the only person except Jenny Lind that's ever been able to hit C above high C. . . . If you don't think that's hard to do, try it yourself sometime. . . . and watch the neighbors come running with shotguns. . . . America's hearing Miss Sack for the first time

this year, but she's one of Europe's most adored sopranos. . . . After all that classical music, there's still more of the same for you to listen to if you still want it. . . . Alexander Smallens and an orchestra on NBC-Red at 10:00. . . . This show replaces the late Sunday Night Party. . . . A very, very different kind of music is that peddled by Benny Goodman, who returns tonight to the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, where he was such a socko success last year. . . . Listen in to Benny, during the months to come, via both CBS and MBS. . . . *The Singing Lady's* play on MBS this afternoon at 5:00 is "The Magic Fishbone", written by Charles Dickens, who'd probably be writing for radio if he were alive today.



Blonde Erna Sack, favorite European soprano, stars on the General Motors show

Highlights For Sunday, Nov. 7

THE day's guests: Grace Moore and Joseph Schmidt on the *General Motors* program, NBC-Blue at 8:00. . . . Erno Rapee conducting as usual. . . . And the sponsors have labeled tonight's entertainment "Puccini Night." . . . Violinist Jascha Heifetz on the *Ford* program, 9:00 on CBS. . . . Eugene Ormandy conducts his first concert of the season on this program tonight, too. . . . Will go on waving the baton at the same time every week until December 26. . . . Ormandy is a former moviehouse fiddler. . . . The theater was Major Bowes' Capitol in New York. . . . And Ormandy's age at the time twenty-one. . . . The regular Capitol conductor fell ill one day and Ormandy, who'd never even touched a

baton in his life before, stepped in to pinch-hit for him. . . . conducted a whole symphonic movement without a score. . . . He's now one of the country's foremost conductors. . . . and not yet in his forties. . . . Today's *Singing Lady* show is "Martha" by Von Flotow. . . . Hope you haven't been missing a few newcomers to the Sunday airwaves. . . . *Lloyd Pantages*, movie gossipier, on CBS at 2:30. . . . *Romantic Rhythms*, with Seymour Simon's orchestra, Sally Nelson, Barry McKinley, and Basil Ruysdale, CBS at 6:30. . . . *Interesting Neighbors*, with Jerry Belcher, NBC-Red at 7:45. . . . *Cheerio*, NBC-Blue at 10:30. . . . The *Zenith Foundation*, a fascinating science program, on NBC-Blue at 10:00.



Tonight Eugene Ormandy takes over direction of the Ford Orchestro, CBS, 9:00.

Highlights For Sunday, Nov. 14 and 21

NOVEMBER 14: With no little pride, the *Silver Theater* this afternoon presents *Errol Flynn*, starring in a half-hour romantic drama. . . . *Errol*, besides being one of the most spectacular and interesting of Hollywood denizens, is the husband of actress Lily Damita. . . . As you ought to know, even if you don't. . . . He has an incurable wanderlust, likes to write, and last spring broke into the headlines when he was reported killed in Madrid. . . . What was he doing in Madrid? . . . Just having a look at the Spanish civil war. . . . Denies rumors that he and other movie star friends are collecting funds to aid the Spanish government forces.

"Henry Hunter," whom you hear tonight as Irene Rich's leading man. . . . NBC-Blue at 9:45. . . . is none other than Arthur Jacobson, one of Chicago's busiest radio actors a year or so ago? . . . You remember him as the leading man in *The Story of Mary Marlin*. . . . He's under contract to *Universal Pictures* now, and they're the ones who changed his name. . . . Once more, Grace Moore is on the *General Motors* hour tonight, after a week's vacation. . . . The *Ford* program has Betty Jaynes, phenomenal young soprano. . . . And the listening highlight of the month comes this afternoon at 5:00, E.S.T., on the CBS *Silver Theater*—lovely Madeleine Carroll in a one-act original radio play.



Swoshbuckling Errol Flynn is the hero of today's Silver Theater play, CBS, at 5:00.

NOVEMBER 21: Did you know that

All time is Eastern Standard
8:00 A.M.
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
9:00
CBS: Metropolitan Parade
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News
9:15
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall
9:30
CBS: Jack Berch
9:40
NBC: Press Radio News
9:45
CBS: Bachelor's Children
10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
10:30
CBS: Tony Wons
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
10:45
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children
11:00
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
11:15
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: Road of Life
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
12:00 Noon
CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: Journal of Living
NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: The Goldbergs
12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
1:15
CBS: Hymns
NBC-Red: Words and Music
1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn
1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person
NBC-Red: Oan Harding's Wife
2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens
2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
2:30
CBS: School of the Air
3:00
CBS: Col. Jack Major
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
3:30
CBS: Jennie Peabody
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
4:00
CBS: Ted Malone
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
4:15
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
4:30
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
4:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe
NBC-Red: Road of Life
5:00
CBS: Follow the Moon
5:15
CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
NBC-Red: Oari-Dan
5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
5:45
CBS: Children's Corner
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
6:30
Press Radio News
6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy
7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Time to Shine
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:30
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
8:00
CBS: Alemitte Half Hour
NBC-Blue: Gen. Hugh S. Johnson
NBC-Red: Burns and Allen
8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat
MBS: Let's Visit
NBC-Blue: Vanity Fair
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
9:00
CBS: Lux Theater
NBC-Blue: Philadelphia Orch.
NBC-Red: McGee and Molly
9:30
NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
10:00
CBS: Wayne King
NBC-Blue: Warden Lawes
NBC-Red: Contented Program
10:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger

MONDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By WAYNE KING

Gain wealth by your interest in saving, not merely your interest from savings.

Highlights For Monday, Oct. 25

YOUR *Almanac* listened to the new variety show sponsored by Campana, *Vanity Fair*, on its first airing and didn't like it much. . . . But maybe by this time the loose ends have been gathered up and it's making a better showing. . . . Why not give it a try, anyway? . . . At 8:30 on *NBC-Blue*. . . . *Cal Tinney*, its comedian and master of ceremonies, is making his network debut on this program, and as soon as he gets used to the microphone may turn into one of those comedians radio is always hunting for. . . . His full name is *Calvin Lawrence Tinney*. . . . He got it because a ranch neighbor of his mother's in Oklahoma, where he was born, offered to provide the infant's diapers if she could have the

privilege of naming him. . . . Mrs. Tinney took her up on the offer and Cal got both diapers and name. . . . Your *Almanac* doesn't vouch for the truth of this story. . . . That's just what Cal says. . . . He made his first professional appearance at the age of ten, carrying a pitcher of water onto the stage for William Jennings Bryan when the Great Commoner was making a campaign speech. . . . Growing up, he went to the University of Oklahoma, but left because university authorities discovered he'd never graduated from high school. . . . Worked in a newspaper shop as printer's devil at eleven. . . . Has done newspaper work ever since, and now is famous as the Hog Editor of the *Oologah, Oklahoma, Oozings*.



Cal Tinney, writer and humorist, is star of Campana's *Vanity Fair*, on NBC tonight.

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 1



Eddie Cantor steps in to run Burns and Allen's program on NBC tonight at 8 o'clock.

GEORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen are having a good time for themselves in New York, and their substitute on the *Grape Nuts* program tonight. . . . *NBC-Red* at 8:00 . . . is *Eddie Cantor*. . . . George and Gracie have lent their daffy presences to Eddie's program in the past, and tonight he's repaying the favor. . . . In spite of the fact that he's plenty busy getting his own program ready for day after tomorrow. . . . New to the CBS network is *Mary Margaret McBride*, on the air at noon today, *Wednesday*, and *Friday*. . . . You may know her better as *Martha Deane*, long an expert on matters that interest 999 out of every 1000 housewives. . . . Her sponsors will probably scalp your *Almanac* for

saying so, but she has the ability to advertise a product without letting you, the listener, know she's doing so. . . . *Martha Deane* is an assumed name. . . . *Mary Margaret McBride* is her real one. . . . Under it she has written articles for national magazines, as well as several books. . . . If you live where you can tune in *WOR*, *WGN*, or *WLW*, you'll want to listen to *Famous Jury Trials*, at 10:00 tonight. . . . Otherwise, you still have plenty of good radio fare at that time—*Wayne King*, *Warden Lawes*, and the *Contented Program*. . . . *NBC-Blue* has a new five-a-week daytime show called *Time for Thought—Monday* through *Friday* at the stroke of noon, *Eastern* time.

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 8

HOME are the prodigals—George Burns and Gracie Allen, back tonight at 8:00 from a swell vacation in New York. . . . Gracie undoubtedly collected a lot of silly ideas on her travels. . . . She saw all the shows but didn't understand any of them, and tried to adopt a traffic cop. . . . Otherwise the trip was uneventful. . . . After the Burns and Allen hilarity, you can listen to *Pick and Pat*, on CBS at 8:30. . . . And at 9:00, either to the *Lux Theater*, the *Philadelphia Orchestra* playing classical music, or *Fibber McGee and Molly*, depending on your taste in entertainment. . . . You know that *Marion* and *Jim Jordan*, who play *Molly* and *Fibber*, also take most of the other parts on the show.

. . . But *Silly Watson* and—whenever he appears—*Barrymel Lionmore* are played by *Hugh Studebaker*, who's a Ridgeville, Indiana, boy. . . . Born there May 31, 1900. . . . Once worked as a news "butcher" on western railroads. . . . Now he butchers the language instead. . . . Did his first radio work in 1928, and in 1930 was Ted Malone's organist on his *Between the Bookends* program. . . . Doesn't like driving a car. . . . but wants some day to retire and hunt buried treasure. . . . Just hunt it, not necessarily find it. . . . He's married. . . . *Don Winslow of the Navy*, *NBC-Red* at 6:45, started out to be a serial for kids. . . . Then the sponsors found that grown-ups were avid *Winslow* fans, too.



After a four-week vacation in New York, Gracie Allen and husband George are back.

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 15 and 22



Once known as Jolly Gillette, Eileen Barton sings and claws now an *Vanity Fair*.

PROBLEM for the housewife who wants to keep up on the news and still get her morning housework done; should she listen to *NBC'S* new program, *Women and News*, which comes on the *Red* network at the inconvenient time of 9:00 this morning and every morning except Saturday and Sunday? . . . Or forget the news and wash the breakfast dishes? . . . It's a problem she'll have to solve for herself. . . . Your *Almanac* won't even try. . . . *Women and News* is worth listening to, though, if you haven't anything more pressing on hand. . . . Later on, you'll want to hear today's instalment of *Carol Kennedy's Romance*, the *Heinz Magazine* fiction serial, at 11:15 on CBS. . . . Whether or not you'll also want to

hear *Tony Wons*, at 10:30 on the same network, is entirely up to your own individual taste. . . . Your *Almanac* knows people who would. **NOVEMBER 22:** *Eileen Jolly Barton*, heard singing and bandying wisecracks with *Cal Tinney* tonight on the *Vanity Fair* show, *NBC-Blue* at 8:30 . . . is the former *Jolly Gillette*, in case you didn't know. . . . While she was *Jolly Gillette*, *The Sponsor's Daughter*, on the recent *Community Sing*, her real identity was carefully guarded. . . . Lots of people thought she really was Mr. Gillette's daughter. . . . As you can see for yourself now, they were quite wrong. . . . *Eileen Barton* is her real name, and no kidding.

All time is Eastern Standard
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
 8:15
 NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 9:00
 CBS: Dear Columbia
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:15
 NBC-Red: Fields and Hall
 9:30
 CBS: Richard Maxwell
 MBS: Journal of Living
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Emily Post
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Today's Children
 11:00
 CBS: Mary Lee-Taylor
 NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 CBS: Heinz Magazine
 NBC-Blue: Road of Life
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: Hi Boys
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 MBS: Myra Kingsley
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
 12:15 P. M.
 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
 NBC-Red: The Goldbergs
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Hymns
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Blue: Love and Learn
 1:45
 CBS: Hollywood in Person
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 2:15
 CBS: Jack and Loretta
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 NBC-Red: The Wise Man
 2:45
 MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
 3:00
 CBS: Theater Matinee
 NBC-Blue: Airbreaks
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 CBS: Concert Hall
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Blue: Have You Heard
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 4:00
 CBS: Ted Malone
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:30
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:45
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Follow the Moon
 NBC-Blue: Peggy Wood
 5:15
 CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
 5:30
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
 5:45
 CBS: Dear Teacher
 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:30
 Press-Radio News
 6:35
 CBS: Sports Resume
 6:45
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: Song Time
 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
 7:30
 CBS: Helen Henken
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
 8:00
 CBS: Lever Bros. Program
 NBC-Blue: Husband and Wives
 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
 8:30
 CBS: Al Jolson
 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
 NBC-Red: Wayne King
 9:00
 CBS: Al Pearce
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson
 9:30
 CBS: Jack Oakie
 NBC-Blue: Good Times Society
 NBC-Red: Lanny Ross
 10:00
 NBC-Blue: Gen. Hugh S. Johnson
 10:30
 NBC-Blue: Past Masters
 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

TUESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By JACK OAKIE

Nobody ever tries to pet a porcupine.

Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 26

STARTING its second month tonight, *Jack Oakie's* show ought to be settling down to be a worthy contender for Tuesday-night listening honors. . . . And contend is what your *Almanac* means, because the *Packard Mardi Gras*, with Lanny Ross, *Charlie Butterworth*, *Florence George*, *Jane Rhodes* and guest stars is on *NBC-Red* at 9:30, the same time *Oakie's* on *CBS*. . . . We can't be bothered with the whims of sponsors who insist on putting two good shows on the air at the same time. . . . If you choose to listen to the *Camel* show, you'll hear, besides *Jack*, one of Hollywood's veterans. . . . *Raymond Hatton*. . . . He was actually one of the old *Key-stone Kops*. . . . By 1919 he was a

prominent character actor in the films. . . . His two-hundred foot fall down a cliff in an early version of "The Girl of the Golden West" (which is soon to be made again, with frills and sound, by *Nelson Eddy* and *Jeanette MacDonald*) was one of the movies' first big thrills. . . . He and *Jack* are old friends, in spite of any insults they may toss at each other on the program. . . . Later on in the month, your *Almanac* will tell you something about *Stuart Erwin*, also on the *Camel* show. . . . But now there's just room enough to remind you that *General Hugh S. Johnson* is on the air tonight at 10:00 on *NBC-Blue* with some opinions that may make you want to argue but won't make you want to yawn.



Movie veteran Raymond Hatton has a new career in Jack Oakie's radio show.

Highlights For Tuesday, Nov. 2

SO you're worried about etiquette? . . . Then listen to *Emily Post*, the national authority on both good manners and bad, at 10:30 this morning and *Thursday* morning. . . . She's sponsored by the Florida Citrus fruit growers, and with those sponsors certainly ought to be able to tell us how to eat a grapefruit without getting the juice in our neighbor's eyes. . . . Mrs. Post is sixty-four years old, and lives in swanky Tuxedo Park, N. Y. . . . Started her career just after the turn of the century writing novels of European and American society. . . . They're all forgotten today. . . . Not until she wrote "Etiquette" did she become famous. . . . She's the mother of two sons. . . . At 11:30, also on *CBS*, a

lot of you will be listening to *Big Sister*, which stars *Alice Frost* and *Martin Gabel*. . . . in the roles of *Ruth Evans* and *Dr. John Wayne*. . . . *Dr. John's* apparently hopelessly in love with *Ruth*. . . . but you just know it's going to turn out all right eventually. . . . Away from the mike, *Alice* and *Martin* are best friends, but not sweethearts. . . . In fact, *Alice* is married—to someone else. . . . She is also responsible for *Martin's* radio career. . . . Happened to see him in a play produced by his dramatic school, and was so impressed by his ability that she talked her radio bosses into hiring him for the program she was on at the time. . . . *Martin*, who had planned to be a stage actor, has been busy on the air ever since.



Martin Gabel plays Dr. John Wayne in CBS' Big Sister serial at 11:30 today.

Highlights For Tuesday, Nov. 9

THE Gold Medal Hour, with *Betty and Bob*, *Joe Emerson's Hymns*, *Arnold Grimm's Daughter*, *Betty Crocker*, and *Hollywood in Person*, is required listening for thousands of people from 1:00 to 2:00 P. M. . . . And no wonder, because it offers something for almost every taste. . . . *Arnold Grimm's Daughter*, which was added to the show a few months ago, has *Margarette* (yes, that's the right way to spell it) *Shanna* in the title role—that of *Constance Grimm*. . . . She's been in radio only a year and a half. . . . has also been heard in *Girl Alone* and *Dan Harding's Wife*. . . . Is the sister of *Sydney Smith*, well known New York stage and radio actor. . . . A graduate of the University

of Iowa. . . . Speaks French fluently. . . . Always wears an Indian ring when she broadcasts, just for good luck. . . . Her graduation gift, two years ago, from brother *Sydney* was a free trip to visit him in New York and long hours of painstaking personal coaching in voice training and microphone technique. . . . It was probably his training that brought her early success on the air. . . . She's unmarried, and a member of *Kappa Kappa Gamma* sorority. . . . Don't forget your quota of movie gossip at 10:30 tonight from *Jimmie Fidler*. . . . who, by the way, has signed a contract to appear in five movies at a very fancy figure. . . . These columnists all turn actor sooner or later, it seems.



Margarette Shanna is the pretty leading lady on CBS' Arnold Grimm's Daughter.

Highlights For Tuesday, Nov. 16 and 23

NOVEMBER 16: It's only on Tuesdays you can hear these shows: *Dear Columbia*, on *CBS* at 9:00 A. M. . . . *Airbreaks*, on *NBC-Blue* at 3:00 P. M. . . . *Helen Menken*, on *CBS* at 7:30. . . . *Husbands and Wives* on *NBC-Blue* at 8:00. . . . *Al Jolson & Co.* on *CBS* and *Edgar Guest* on *NBC-Blue* at 8:30. . . . *Parks Johnson's Vox Pop* on *NBC-Red* at 9:00. . . . *Jack Oakie* on *CBS*, *Good Times Society* on *NBC-Blue*, and the *Packard Mardi Gras* on *NBC-Red* at 9:30. . . . which ought to be enough to make you be satisfied to stay at home on Tuesday nights. . . . At 8:00, just before *Al Jolson*, *Lever Bros.* have a new show on *CBS*. . . . but when your *Almanac* went to press nobody knew what it would be. . . . A

Mickey Mouse show produced by *Walt Disney* was one candidate. . . . But the plans fell through. . . . A mystery drama co-starring *Myrna Loy* and *Bill Powell* was another. . . . but alas it—in all likelihood—fell through too.

November 23: *Stuart Erwin*, who's heard tonight on *Jack Oakie's* program, is something like a younger and plumper *Will Rogers*. . . . He's married to *June Collyer*, once a movie actress and still one of the most beautiful of Hollywood's many beautiful women. . . . They have a five-year old son, *Stuart Jr.*, who will never be a movie actor, *Stu* says, because he's afraid of cameras. . . . *Stu's* a Californian. . . . Was born fifty miles from *Fresno*, in that state.



Stuart Erwin is one of the gang that is libelling education in Oakie's College.

WEDNESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By UNCLE EZRA

Put all your eggs in one basket if you must—but keep your eye on the basket.

- All time is Eastern Standard
8:00 A. M.
NBC-Red: Good morning Melodies
8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
9:00
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News
9:15
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall
9:30
CBS: Jack Berch
9:45
CBS: Bachelor's Children
NBC-Red: Aunt Jemina
10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
10:30
CBS: Tony Wons
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
10:45
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children
11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
11:15
NBC-Blue: Road of Life
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
MBS: Myra Kingsley
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Hello Peggy
12:00 Noon
CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
MBS: Journal of Living
NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: The Goldbergs
12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
1:15
CBS: Betty Crocker
NBC-Red: Words and Music
1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn
1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens
2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
2:30
CBS: School of the Air
NBC-Red: Women's Clubs
2:45
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
3:00
CBS: Manhattan Matinee
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
3:30
CBS: Jennie Peahody
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
4:00
CBS: Curtis Music Inst.
NBC-Blue: Carson Robison
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
4:15
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
4:30
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
4:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafee
NBC-Red: Road of Life
5:00
CBS: Follow the Moon
5:15
CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan
5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
5:45
CBS: Children's Corner
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
6:30
Press-Radio News
6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:15
CBS: Hobby Lobby
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:30
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
8:00
CBS: Cavalcade of America
NBC-Blue: Eddie Duchin
NBC-Red: One Man's Family
8:30
CBS: Eddie Cantor
MBS: Ed Fitzgerald
NBC-Blue: Sidney Skolsky
NBC-Red: Wayne King
9:00
CBS: Andre Kostelanetz
NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight
10:00
CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord
NBC-Blue: Gen Hugh S. Johnson
NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade
10:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
12:30
NBC-Red: Lights Out

Highlights For Wednesday, Oct. 27

IT'S Navy Day, and the networks are planning special events to do honor to the Gobs. . . . If you're not careful, you're almost certain to tune in some politicians' speeches about the Navy. . . . Because there's nothing like a Navy Day or an Army Day to get a politician wound up. . . . Tonight, *Andre Kostelanetz* has *Albert Spalding*, famous American violinist, on his *CBS* program at 9:00 o'clock. . . . If you like your music in "digest" form, this is the program for you. . . . Kosty has decided that most overtures and symphonies consist of sixty per cent musicians' music. . . . Music that doesn't interest the average listener. . . . So he takes a ten-minute piece of music and boils it down until it only lasts

four. . . . All right if you like that sort of thing. . . . Albert Spalding, who is a member of the famous Spalding sporting-goods family, is considered to be America's greatest native-born violinist. . . . Didn't have to study violin to make his living, either, his family being what it is. . . . Served in the War. . . . Is tall, handsome in a rugged sort of way, and soft-spoken. . . . Has never been known to indulge in temperament. . . . *CBS* also has one of radio's unique programs. . . . 7:15 tonight and every Wednesday. . . . Called *Hobby Lobby*, it presents people with curious, unusual, or productive hobbies. . . . *Hudson Motors* is the sponsor of hobbies.



Albert Spalding, violinist, is guest artist tonight on *Andre Kostelanetz'* *CBS* show.

Highlights For Wednesday, Nov. 3



Lucrezia Bori returns to radio for a guest appearance tonight on the *Kostelanetz* show.

ONE of the great ladies of music is coming to your house tonight—*Lucrezia Bori*, who invariably packed the Metropolitan Opera House until her retirement from the stage a couple of years ago. . . . She's making one of her few appearances tonight. . . . On the *Chesterfield* show at 9:00 on *CBS*. . . . Began singing when she was four. . . . And made her debut when she was six, singing a difficult aria. . . . Was born in Valencia, the child of an old, noble Spanish family. . . . After she had achieved world-wide fame, underwent a throat operation which robbed her of her voice and forced her into retirement. . . . Suddenly, without explanation, her voice returned, fuller and richer than ever, carrying

her on to new heights which she renounced at their peak by her sudden retirement. . . . *Mark Warnow*, who has conducted more broadcasts of the *Your Hit Parade* program than any other band-leader, has his last broadcast on the show on *NBC* tonight. . . . *Red*, at 10:00. . . . *Leo Reisman* will take his place next Wednesday. . . . But you can bet that *Mark* isn't off the *Hit Parade* for good. . . . The sponsor likes to change band-leaders every few weeks, and why not? . . . It all makes for variety, and variety's the spice of radio, as well as life. . . . Haven't been missing the *Jennie Peabody* dramatic show, on *CBS* at 3:30 this and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon, have you?

Highlights For Wednesday Nov. 10

TONIGHT'S scheduled to be the last broadcast for *Walter O'Keefe* on *Town Hall Tonight*. . . . *Pappy O'Keefe* has carried on manfully all through the summer and fall for *Pappy Allen*. . . . who, his sponsors hope, will be back on the air next week at this time. . . . *Bidu Sayao*, Brazilian soprano, is the guest artist on *Kostelanetz'* program, *CBS* at nine. . . . She's the first South American singer ever to be engaged by the Metropolitan Opera. . . . where she made her debut last season. . . . *Leo Reisman* comes direct from the smart *Waldorf Astoria* Roof tonight to conduct the *Hit Parade* orchestra. . . . *NBC-Red* at 10:00, as if you didn't know already. . . . *The Cavalcade of America*—just as a re-

minder—has returned to its winter schedule, dramatizing memorable chapters in American history instead of being straight music. . . . Its time is 8:00, *CBS*. . . . And don't forget *Eddie Duchin's* sponsored program, *NBC-Blue*, from 8:00 to 8:30 tonight and every Wednesday. . . . *Elizabeth Arden* is the sponsor. . . . And *Eddie's* fingers are as nimble as ever. . . . Adults who never listen to the *American School of the Air*, on *CBS* at 2:30 five afternoons a week, including this one, might be surprised if they'd try it some time. . . . There's a lot of entertaining information on that program. . . . even if it is primarily for the youngsters. . . . Listen and see if your *Almanac* isn't right.



Brazilian soprano *Bidu Sayao* is the high light of tonight's *Andre Kostelanetz* show.

Highlights For Wednesday, Nov. 17



Joscho Heifetz brings his violin to brighten the *CBS* airwaves tonight at 9 o'clock.

YOUR *Almanac* wouldn't swear to it, but *Fred Allen's* supposed to return to the air tonight—for his old sponsors and at his old time, *NBC-Red*, 9:00 o'clock. . . . The reason we won't swear to it is that *Fred* didn't want to start his series with a broadcast from Hollywood. . . . Hoped he could wait until he'd finished his work in the picture, "*Sally, Irene and Mary*" before going back on the air. . . . If he broadcasts tonight, from Hollywood, you'll know that he lost the argument. . . . Did you know that *Portland* is to be in "*Sally, Irene and Mary*" too? . . . Her first movie job. . . . Completing this page's quartet of guest stars on the *Kostelanetz* program is *Jascha Heifetz*, violinist. . . . Heifetz was a child

prodigy. . . . like *Yehudi Menuhin*. . . . Made his debut with a symphony orchestra at the age of five. . . . Is only thirty-six years old now. . . . His wife is lovely *Florence Vidor*, whom you'll remember as a star of the silent pictures. . . . They live in Hollywood, except for *Heifetz'* frequent tours. . . . *Deems Taylor*, who is the musical commentator on the *Kostelanetz* show, is kept pretty busy with his radio duties these days. . . . Small, bespectacled, quiet, he's a man who is a good commentator, a good composer, and a good writer. . . . At 8:30 tonight you'll have to choose between *Eddie Cantor* on *CBS*, *Sidney Skolsky* on *NBC-Blue* and *Wayne King's* orchestra on *NBC-Red*.

All time is Eastern Standard

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

9:00
CBS: Greenfield Villane Chapel
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News

9:15
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30
MBS: Journal of Living

9:45
CBS: Bachelor's Children
NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
CBS: Emily Post
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: Road of Life
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade

11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
MBS: Myra Kingsley
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef

12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: The Goldbergs

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob

1:15
CBS: Hymns
NBC-Red: Words and Music

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn

1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:30
CBS: School of the Air

2:45
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax

3:00
CBS: Theater Matinee
NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
CBS: Ted Malone
NBC-Blue: Cluh Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

4:30
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

4:45
NBC-Red: Road of Life

5:00
CBS: Follow the Moon
NBC-Blue: Peggy Wood

5:15
CBS: Life of Mary Sothorn

5:30
CBS: Exploring Space
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:45
CBS: Dear Teacher
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

6:30
CBS: Eddie Dooley
NBC: Press-Radio News

6:45
CBS: George Hall's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties

7:30
CBS: We, The People
NBC-Blue Lum and Abner

7:45
NBC-Blue: Kidoodlers

8:00
CBS: Kate Smith
NBC-Blue: Gen Huh S. Johnson
NBC-Red: Rudy Valle

9:00
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
NBC-Blue: March of Time
NBC-Red: Maxwell House Show

9:30
NBC-Blue: Green Bros. Orch.

10:00
MBS: Witch's Tale
NBC-Blue: NBC Night Club
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall

10:30
CBS: Victor Bay's Orchestra
NBC-Blue: Piccadilly Music Hall

11:05
CBS: Dance Music
NBC-Blue: Dance Music
NBC-Red: John B. Kennedy

THURSDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By BING CROSBY

The nearest thing to a good neighbor is a grateful friend.

Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 28

WHEN nine o'clock comes around this evening, the old *Show Boat* will make her last trip. . . . After two hundred and sixty-five consecutive performances, *Show Boat* is going off the air . . . to be replaced next Thursday by a great new show . . . which your Almanac will tell you about in due time. . . . They tried hard to keep the *Show Boat* in service. . . . Even took her out to the West Coast and brought back the man who first piloted her to fame, Charlie Winninger. . . . But the old glamor just wasn't there. . . . New guest stars, new writers, new comedians . . . the old *Show Boat* still wasn't what she used to be. . . . So tonight, down she goes, with flags still flying and bands playing. . . . They say

she is being "temporarily retired". . . . But your Almanac is betting that the *Show Boat* will never ride the radio waves again. . . . Now, before we get to weeping into our *Maxwell House Coffee*, let's talk about *Patricia Dunlap*, who plays *Janet Dexter* in *Bachelor's Children*, which you hear Monday through Friday at 9:45 A. M. . . . She was born in Bloomington, Ill., and learned about acting in Chicago. . . . Paid her way through dramatic school by working in an office . . . studies French in her spare time . . . and roller-skates whenever she can with *Margorie Hannan*, who plays the other *Dexter* twin in the *Bachelor's Children* serial. . . . Knits her own sweaters . . . that is, some of them.



Brunette Patricia Dunlap plays Janet Dexter in the *Bachelor's Children* show on CBS.

Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 4

THE only sensible thing for you to tune in this evening between 9:00 and 10:00 o'clock, E. S. T., is your nearest NBC-Red station . . . because that *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* show is making its debut then, sponsored by *Maxwell House coffee*. . . . Your Almanac can't remember when a program has sent so many advance rumors and speculations winging ahead of it. . . . For about a year now M-G-M has had this program, ready for a sponsor. . . . A couple of times it seemed as if the deal were about closed. . . . Even Henry Ford was interested in it at one time. . . . You'll hear every M-G-M contract player, director, writer or what-not who hasn't another radio job with a different sponsor. . . . Even

a longtime holdout like Greta Garbo may step to the mike. . . . Previews of forthcoming M-G-M shows are to be broadcast. . . . You'll listen to the actual making of a picture. . . . At least, so they say, but your Almanac doubts it, because making a picture is serious business and nobody wants a microphone hanging around. . . . It's the kind of a program that can be either very very good or simply awfully dull, depending on how much imagination the producers have. . . . But it ought to be good, since the reported talent cost is a little matter of \$20,000 a week. . . . And the presence of stars like Myrna Loy, at the left, certainly ought to insure an hour of superfine listening.



Myrna Loy, unless she has another radio job by now, is one of the stars on an M-G-M show.

Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 11

ARMISTICE DAY. . . . And your Almanac only wishes that some of the European war-lords who are mad at their neighbors just now could be forced to look at moving-pictures of the delirious happiness exhibited on that first Armistice Day, nineteen years ago. . . . It might jog their short memories into a realization of what they're going to let millions of people in for if they don't behave themselves. . . . CBS has scheduled for broadcast today a special Armistice Day program called *The Family of Nations*. . . . Does your family fight that much? . . . Bulletin on *Paul Whiteman*: He's at the Drake Hotel in Chicago, after a successful season at the Texas Centennial. . . . You can hear him on his coast-to-coast MBS

program, late at night. . . . He'll be at the Drake for another three weeks, and maybe longer. . . . Those commercial program rumors about Oom Paul haven't come to a head yet. . . . In fact, they've sort of died down. . . . Do you know that the grand old lady of the screen is on the air? . . . None other than May Robson. . . . She can be heard on a selected group of stations in a recorded serial drama called *Lady of Millions*, Mondays through Fridays, sponsored by Bauer and Black. . . . These are the stations you can hear her on: WGN WTAM KRLD KOA WHO WWJ WIRE WDAF KLRA KNX WCCO WKY WOW WCAE KGW KMOX KGO KOMO KWKH KHQ KVOO KPRC.



May Robson is on the air in a five-times-a-week dramatic serial, *Lady of Millions*.

Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 18

SEEMS as if there's no end to the things radio can do for you. . . . Now comes a program, on CBS at 5:30 this afternoon, called *Exploring Space*. . . . All you have to do is sit back in your easy-chair and let radio whisk you away to Mars, Venus, the moon, and even Betelgeuse . . . all in fifteen minutes. . . . After that, to catch your breath, you can listen to *Tom Mix* on NBC-Blue or *Little Orphan Annie* on the Red; and to *Eddie Dooley* and his football reports and predictions, on CBS at 6:30. . . . Don't forget that the *March of Time* has marched backwards . . . instead of listening to it at 10:30 you hear it at 9:00 tonight, and on a different network, NBC-Blue. . . . Which is very inconsiderate of the pro-

gram makers, because *Major Bowes* and the M-G-M show for Maxwell House are on at the same time. . . . At 11:15 this morning you'll be listening to *Backstage Wife* over the Red network of NBC. . . . Ken Griffin, who plays *Larry Noble* in this long-run serial, landed in Chicago three years ago with one dollar in his pocket. . . . He didn't know he was an actor, but he got a job as one in the Century of Progress Exposition. . . . A radio audition and network success came later. . . . Ken and Blair Walliser, *Backstage Wife's* director, own one of the Great Lakes' finest racing sloops, *Revenge*, and Ken does all the painting and deck-scraping on it himself. . . . Says the boat is his only extravagance.



Ken Griffin is Larry Noble in *Backstage Wife*, the serial at 11:15 today, NBC-Red.

All time is Eastern Standard
 8:00 A.M.
 NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
 8:15
 NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 9:00
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:30
 CBS: Jack Berch
 9:45
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Tony Wons
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 NBC-Blue: Kithen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Today's Children
 11:00
 CBS: Heinz Magazine
 NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Road of Life
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 MBS: Myra Kingsley
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Hello Peggy
 12:00 Noon
 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
 MBS: Journal of Living
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
 12:15
 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
 NBC-Red: The Goldbergs
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Betty Crocker
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Blue: Love and Learn
 1:45
 CBS: Hollywood in Person
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 2:00
 CBS: Kathryn Cravens
 NBC: Music Appreciation
 2:15
 CBS: Jack and Loretta
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 2:45
 MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
 3:00
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 CBS: Jennie Peabody
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 4:00
 CBS: Ted Malone
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:30
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:45
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafeo
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Follow the Moon
 5:15
 CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
 NBC-Red: Dari-Dan
 5:30
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
 5:45
 CBS: Children's Corner
 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:30
 Press-Radio News
 6:35
 CBS: Sports Resume
 6:45
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 NBC-Blue: Dr. Karl Reiland
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
 7:30
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter
 NBC-Red: Bughouse Rhythm
 8:00
 CBS: Hammerstein Music Hall
 MBS: Mary Jane Walsh
 NBC-Blue: Grand Central Station
 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
 8:30
 CBS: Hal Kemp's Orch.
 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
 9:00
 CBS: Hollywood Hotel
 NBC-Blue: Varsity Show
 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
 9:30
 NBC-Red: True Story Court
 10:00
 CBS: Song Shop
 NBC-Blue: Tommy Dorsey Orch.
 NBC-Red: First Nighter
 10:30
 MBS: The Lone Ranger
 NBC-Blue: Fortune Stories
 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
 10:45
 NBC-Red: Dorothy Thompson

FRIDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By JERRY COOPER

Laughter is the rain that makes friendships grow.

Highlights For Friday, Oct. 22

MOST of the big name orchestras have settled down into their fall and winter hotel ballrooms, but here's a new one for tonight—Don Bestor going into the Normandie Ballroom in Boston. . . You'll listen to Don over the Yankee network and NBC. . . Tonight's *Varsity Show*, on NBC-Blue at 9:00, is coming from the University of Virginia, so get your southern accents out and brush them off for ready reference. . . In the rush of easy, thoughtless entertainment that radio offers you, don't neglect a person like Dorothy Thompson, on NBC-Red tonight at 10:45. . . Miss Thompson is probably this country's greatest woman reporter and authority on world affairs . . . and incidentally the wife of Sin-

clair "Main Street" Lewis. . . You can't think about that bridge hand you held this afternoon while you're listening to Miss Thompson. . . if you aren't prepared to give her all your attention you'd better tune in a good dance orchestra. . . But if you are, you'll find out what makes people like Hitler, Stalin, Sir Anthony Eden, and even the undersecretary of foreign affairs of Bulgaria tick. . . Because Miss Thompson knows them all, from the highest to the lowest. . . She discusses world events from the angle of the personalities involved in them. . . She has interviewed Hitler so successfully that if she tried to get into Germany now the boys at the frontier wouldn't let her in.



Keen-minded Dorothy Thompson tells you about world personalities tonight on NBC.

Highlights For Friday, Oct. 29

ALATE arrival in the fall and winter radio season is Barbasol's coast-to-coast show, tonight on MBS at 8:00, E. S. T. Mary Jane Walsh, a beautiful young lady who hasn't had much to do with radio until now, is the featured singer. . . Mary Jane has a high reputation in New York's night club belt as a distinctive singer of hot songs, but her radio experience has been confined to doing the vocal refrains for Paul Ash, Ben Bernie, Shep Fields and others. . . She's a Davenport, Iowa, girl . . . went to Trinity College in Washington, D. C. . . sang in the choir there . . . had to leave college because the depression spoiled her father's business . . . went to Chicago and supported herself by working as a

clothes model while she took lessons in singing, diction, and dramatics . . . because all the time she intended to be a singer . . . Tonight's *Varsity Show*, NBC-Blue at 9:00, is from Fordham University, in New York City. . . Have you been missing *Bughouse Rhythm*, NBC-Red at 7:45 tonight? . . . If you like a wacky program, this is your dish. . . But believe it or not, it's good music too . . . of the swing variety. . . Friday highlights: *Cities Service Concert*, with Lucille Manners, at 8:00 on NBC-Red. . . *Hal Kemp and Alice Faye* on CBS at 8:30. . . *Hollywood Hotel* on CBS at 9:00. . . *The True Story Court* on NBC-Red at 9:30. . . Jimmie Fidler on the same network at 10:30.



Mory Jane Walsh is star of the new program which bows in tonight at 8 on MBS.

Highlights For Friday, Nov. 5

IN case you didn't know it, little Alice Cornett, who sings on the *Song Shop* tonight at 10:00 on CBS, is the surprise starlet of the fall radio season. . . A Florida girl, she came to New York cold, upon the urging of her girlhood friend, Frances Langford. . . She had a letter to Donald Novis, and he got her a job singing at the Lexington Hotel during the fifteen minutes every evening that the regular band went off duty for a smoke. . . He also took her to an amateur contest on a local station . . . which she won without realizing she was even in a contest. . . Then she auditioned for the Coca-Cola people, and was hired at once . . . a completely unknown singer . . . and given a year's contract. . .

She's in her very early twenties. . . speaks with a strong Southern accent . . . calls all her friends "Honey" . . . is very excited over her sudden success. . . *The Pepperell Company* has a new network program, starting tonight at 7:15 on NBC-Blue . . . Dr. Karl Reiland is the star. . . Former rector of St. George's Church, in downtown Manhattan, Dr. Reiland comes to radio because the president of the company that sponsors him admired his work in the St. George Parish. . . Predictions are that Dr. Reiland will give you something new in the way of listening. . . That he is inspiring, human, humorous, and very very good. . . Grand Central Station is on now tonight instead of Tuesday—8:00 on NBC-Blue.



Southern-born Alice Cornett of CBS' *Song Shop* tonight is this season's surprise star.

Highlights For Friday, Nov. 12 and 19

NOVEMBER 12: Just because *Hollywood Hotel* is on at the same time, there's another program that maybe hasn't been getting its share of attention from you . . . *Waltz Time*, on NBC-Red from 9:00 to 9:30. . . With Frank Munn, Lois Bennett, and Abe Lyman's orchestra, it's a half-hour of pleasant, smooth music, with the minimum amount of talk. . . And one nice thing about it, from a lazy man's point of view, is that you can just leave the dial tuned to the same station at the end of the thirty minutes, and go on listening . . . to the *True Story Court of Human Relations*. . . Incidentally, Martin Gabel, the Dr. John Wayne of *Big Sister* . . . your Almanac told you about him on No-

vember 2 . . . often takes leading roles in the *True Story* dramas. . . NOVEMBER 19: Speaking of *Waltz Time* . . . as we were last week . . . Lois Bennett, the little red-headed singing star of these broadcasts . . . is in private life Mrs. Louis J. Chatten, of Stamford, Conn. . . Was born in Houston, Texas. . . Sang in the choir of the Episcopal Church in Oklahoma City, where she was brought up. . . Chief interest away from the mike is the legitimate theater. . . Loathes most desserts. . . Was once picked by *Carrie Jacobs Bond* to go on a special concert tour singing nothing but *Carrie Jacobs Bond* songs. . . Won New York fame singing leading roles in *Gilbert and Sullivan* operetta. . .



Tiny and red-haired, Lois Bennett co-stars with Frank Munn over NBC in *Waltz Time*.

All time is Eastern Standard

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

9:00
CBS: Roy Block
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell
MBS: Journal of Living

9:45
NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemina

10:00
CBS: Syracuse Varieties
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Nancy Swanson

10:15
NBC-Blue: Raising Your Parents
NBC-Red: Characters

10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend

10:45
NBC-Blue: Bill Krenz Orchestra

11:00
CBS: Cincinnati Conservatory of Music
MBS: Ed Fitzgerald
NBC-Blue: Patricia Ryan

11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy

11:30
NBC-Red: Melody Men

12:00 Noon
CBS: Jack Shannon
NBC-Blue: Call to Youth
NBC-Red: Continentals

12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.

1:00
NBC-Red: Happy Jack

1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: Our Barn
NBC-Red: Campus Capers

2:00
CBS: Football
MBS: Football
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo

2:30
NBC-Blue: Louis Panico's Orch.
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies

2:45
CBS: Tours in Tone
NBC: Football

3:00
CBS: Down by Herman's

3:30
CBS: Waltzes of the World

5:30
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten

6:00
CBS: Concert Hall

6:05
NBC-Blue: Nickelodeon
NBC-Red: El Chico Revue

6:30
CBS: Eddie Dooley
NBC: Press-Radio News

6:35
NBC-Blue: Football Scores
NBC-Red: Alma Kithell

6:45
NBC-Blue: Johnny O'Brien Orch.
NBC-Red: The Art of Living

7:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
NBC-Red: Top Hatters

7:30
CBS: Carborundum Band
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee

7:45
NBC-Red: Jimmy Kemper

8:00
CBS: Your Unseen Friend
NBC-Red: Robert Ripley

8:30
CBS: Johnny Presents
NBC-Red: Jack Haley

9:00
CBS: Professor Quiz
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance

9:30
CBS: Your Pet Program
NBC-Red: Special Delivery

10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade
NBC-Blue: Gun Smoke Law
NBC-Red: Jamboree

10:15
MBS: George Fischer

10:30
NBC-Blue: Light Opera Gems

11:00
Dance Music

SATURDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY By Professor Kaltenmeyer

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow is Sunday

Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 23

SATURDAY night is picking up as a good listening time. . . . The networks decided there were too few sponsored programs on the air tonight, and put their sales forces to work. . . . Result: *NBC-Red* has a whole hour of good entertainment from 8:00 to 9:00. . . . *Robert L. Ripley*, forsaking Friday night, is on the *Red* at 8:00. . . . followed at 8:30 by *Jack Haley*, *Wendy Barrie* and *Virginia Verrill*, who were first scheduled to be on Fridays, but changed their plans. . . . *Your Unseen Friend*, a half-hour dramatic show, is heard on Saturday nights now too. . . . also 8:00, but over *CBS*. . . . The change of time on this program also added new stations to the list carrying the show.

The day's football broadcasts:
Navy-Notre Dame. *MBS* and *NBC Red* and *Blue* networks.
Colgate-Duke. *WOR* *WFBL* *WHRC* *WGR* *WIBX* *WNEF* *WESG* *WOKO* *KDKA* *WRVA* *WBT* *WDNC*.
Maryland-Syracuse. *WGY* *WSYR* *WHAM* *WBEN* *WBAL* *WJEJ*.
Penn-Georgetown. *WCAU* *WHP* *WBRE* *WGBI* *WCBA* *WKOK* *WPG* *Boston College-U. of Detroit.* *WBZ* *WTAG*, *WTIC* *WJAR* *WBZA*.
Pitt-Wisconsin. *WCAE* *WFBG* *WTBO* *WLEU* *WOR*.
Virginia-V.M.I. *WBTM* *WCHV* *WDBJ* *WGH* *WLVA* *WRNL* *WSVA*.
Ohio State - Northwestern. *WSPD* *WADC* *WHK* *WHKC*



Barbara Jones plays ingenue leads in the *Your Unseen Friend* dromos of 8 on *CBS*.

Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 30

AFTER a day of listening to college football games, is your interest still strong in collegiate matters? . . . Then *Special Delivery*, the half-hour weekly serial on *NBC-Red* from 9:30 to 10:00, E. S. T. tonight, might be just what you want. . . . It's about life in a small college town. . . . *Marion Randolph*, one of *NBC's* best actresses, is playing the starring role. . . . *Miss Tiny Woodward* is the name. . . . And don't forget that the *Carborundum Band* is back on the air for still another season. . . . *CBS* at 7:30. . . . Once more *Edward D'Anna* directs the band and *Francis D. Bowman* tells those fascinating Indian legends. . . . *The Cincinnati Conservatory of Music* is back—this morning at 11:00 on *CBS*.

The day's football broadcasts:
Michigan-Illinois. *MBS* network.
Penn-Navy, *WTAG* *WTIC* *WJAR* *WCAU*, *WHP* *WBRE* *WCAB* *WGBI* *WKOK* *WPG* *WBAL* *WJEJ* *Holy Cross-Temple.* *WEEI* *WORC* *WDRG* *WIP* *WPRO* *WMAS*.
Cornell-Columbia. *WOR* *WFBL* *WHEC* *WIBX* *WNEF* *WESG* *WOKO* *WGR*.
Pitt-Carnegie. *WCAE* *KDKA* *WTBO* *WFBG* *WLEU*.
Virginia-William & Mary. *WRNL* *WCHV* *WLVA* *WBTM* *WGH* *WDBJ* *WSVA*.
Syracuse-Penn State. *WGY* *WSYR* *WHAM* *WBEN*.
Maryland - Florida. *WJAX* *WIOD* *Chicago-Ohio State.* *WHK* *WHKC* *WADC* *WSPD*



Marion Randolph plays *Miss Tiny Woodward* in *Special Delivery*, over *NBC-Red* at 9:30 tonight.

Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 6

THESE days, anybody with a loud and determined voice can qualify as a football expert—but *Eddie Dooley*, who is on *CBS* tonight at 6:30 (Thursday nights too) really is one. . . . Has been writing about sports for newspapers ever since graduating from college. . . . and describing them on the air since 1929. . . . His football opinions tonight are culled from two hundred coaches and newspaper men with whom *Eddie's* in constant touch. . . . Which means that *Eddie's* an expert among experts. . . . Was a nationally known player in his college days. . . . Tonight's is *Al Goodman's* last broadcast over *CBS* on the *Your Hit Parade* program. . . . 10:00 o'clock.

The day's football broadcasts:
Illinois-Northwestern. *MBS* network.
Pittsburgh-Notre Dame. *NBC* network.
Holy Cross-Colgate. *WEEI* *WORC* *WDRG* *WPRO* *WMAS* *WOR* *WFBL* *WHEC* *WGR* *WIBX* *WNEF* *WESG* *WOKO*.
Penn-Penn State. *WTIC* *WJAR* *WCAU* *WHP* *WBRE* *WGBI* *WCBA* *WKOK* *WPG*.
West Maryland-Boston College. *WBZ* *WTAG* *WBZA* *WBAL* *WJEJ*.
Notre Dame-Pitt. *WCAE* *WFBG* *WTBO* *WLEU*.
Washington & Lee-Virginia. *WBTM* *WCHV* *WDBJ* *WGH* *WLVA* *WRNL* *WRVA* *WSVA*.
Florida-Georgia. *WSB* *WTOC* *WRDW* *WJAX* *WIOD* *WRUF*.



Football expert *Eddie Dooley* tells the results of today's games on *CBS* at 6:30

Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 13 and 20



Robert Emmett Dolan takes over leadership of *Your Hit Parade* an *CBS* tonight.

NOVEMBER 13: *Robert Emmett Dolan* takes over the *Hit Parade* orchestra tonight at 10:00 on *CBS*, and *NBC* begins its Saturday-night symphony series. . . . The day's football broadcasts:
Army-Notre Dame. *CBS* and *MBS* networks.
Northwestern - Minnesota. *MBS* network.
Dartmouth - Cornell. *WBZ* *WBZA* *WTAG* *WTIC* *WJAR* *WFBL* *WHEC* *WGR* *WIBX* *WNEF* *WESG* *WOKO* *KYW*.
Pitt-Nebraska. *WOR* *WCAE* *WFBG* *WTBO* *WLEU* *WBAL* *WJEJ*.
Brown-Holy Cross. *WDRG* *WEEI* *WMAS* *WORC* *WPRO*.
Columbia - Syracuse. *WGY* *WSYR*

WHAM *WBEN*.
Pennsylvania-Michigan. *WCAU* *WHP* *WBRE* *WGBI* *WCBA* *WKOK* *WPG*.
Virginia-V.P.I. *WRNL* *WCHV* *WLVA* *WBTM* *WGH* *WDBJ* *WSVA*.
* * *

NOVEMBER 20: The day's football broadcasts:
Notre Dame-Northwestern. *MBS* network.
Holy Cross-Carnegie. *WEEI* *WORC* *WDRG* *WPRO* *WMAS* *KDKA*.
Syracuse-Colgate. *WTAG* *WOR* *WGY* *WSYR* *WHAM* *WBEN* *WGW* *WNEF* *WESG*.
Temple-Villanova. *WIP* *WHP* *WBRE* *WGBI* *WKOK* *WCBA* *WPG*.
Pitt-Penn State. *WCAU* *WCAE* *WFBG* *WTBO* *WLEU*.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

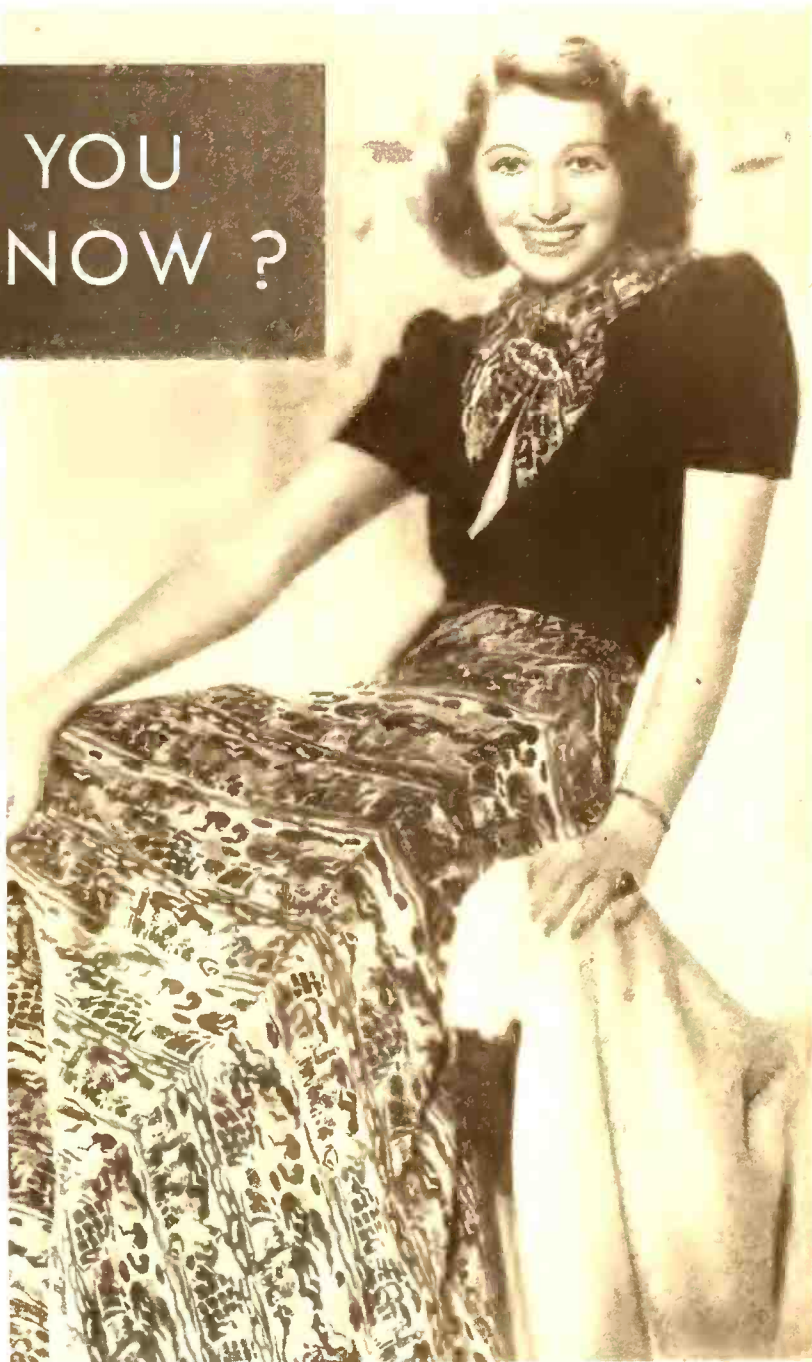
HOME on the Range" is "Home, Sweet Home" to the Ranch Boys whose cowboy ballads are features of five different NBC network programs. No "dude" masqueraders these, but real bred-to-the saddle products of the range-lands about which they sing. They ride their own in the rodeos and roll their own. All were born in the West—Jack "Lonesome" Ross on June 18, 1904, at Oracle, Arizona; Joe "Curly" Bradley in Coalgate, Oklahoma, Sept. 18, 1910, and Hubert "Shorty" Carson at Coal County, Oklahoma, November, 1912. "Curly," incidentally, was born Raymond Courtney, and "Shorty" was Hubert Paul Flatt, but the movie moguls rechristened them when they invaded the California lots to make Western thrillers.

Gentling bronchos is not the only art these cowboy artists have mastered, however. Ross, their organizer and leader, is not only a singer, but guitar player and author of radio scripts, movie scenarios and Wild West fiction! The boys' repertoire consists of almost a thousand songs, of which they wrote nearly two hundred themselves. They harmonized for the sound machines during the first five years of talking pictures and they have made more than 300 recordings and transcriptions. Probably one of their most famous accomplishments was the scene in the bus in "It Happened One Night"—they sang the harmony for "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." They have been known as the Cowboy Singers, the Ross Trio, the Vacation Boys, etc.

You might like to know that Jack Ross used to double for Western stars on the movie lots . . . he is six feet tall, has dark hair and eyes. Joe Bradley is tallest of the trio—six-feet-one-and weighs 175 pounds . . . has brown hair and eyes . . . greatest extravagances are horses, guns, hats, boots and belt buckles. Hubert Carson attended grade school in Henryetta, Oklahoma, in the hill country . . . was ranching at the age of thirteen when his family moved to Salinas, California.

Betty Jo Ellis, McGregor, Texas.—Deanna Durbin can reach E Flat above High C. Among the operatic selections she has mastered are: "One Fine Day" from *Madame Butterfly*, the Waltz from *Romeo and Juliet* by Gounod, the Musetta Waltz from *La Boheme*, and "Batti, Batti" from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. See Jimmie Fidler's comments.

Mrs. C. O. Wodley, E. St. Louis, Ill.—You can't believe all you hear on the Fibber McGee and Molly program. The voice may be that of Grandma, Mrs. Wearybottom, Geraldine Lady Vere-de-Vere or the "I Betcha" girl, but it's Mrs. Jim Jordan speaking. And when you hear Mort



Guess who? She's a comedian turned beauty—Mrs. Jack Benny.

Toops arguing with Fibber, it's just Jim Jordan talking to himself. Between the two of them, this versatile team handle more than seven roles. Also adept in the art of sounding like someone else entirely, are: Hugh Studebaker (the Dr. Bob Graham of *Bachelor's Children*) who plays "Silly" Watson and other roles, and Bill Thompson, who portrays Nick the Greek, Horatio K. Boomer and Mr. Vodka.

Virginia Berthot, Niagara Falls, N. Y.—The Hoosier Hot Shots are: Frank Kettering, bass fiddle; Paul "Hessie" Trietsch, zither and whistle; Kenneth Trietsch, banjo, and Otto Ward, clarinet. They trouped in vaudeville for ten years before coming to radio. Have a brass band doubling about 26 instruments between the four. Wrote 25 or 30 of their own songs—all recorded.

George Leiper, Little Rock, Ark.—Do babies in Arkansas play with microphones instead of rattles? Because they certainly know how to handle them when they grow up. Look at Bob Burns, look (*Continued on page 61*)



By
JOYCE ANDERSON



THERE'S A RULE YOU
MUST FOLLOW TO BE
BEAUTIFUL, SO SIMPLE
THAT FEW WOMEN ARE
AWARE OF WHAT IT IS

Beauty
BY CONTRAST

Year after year Jane Pickens has been chosen radio's best dressed woman—here's how it's done as revealed by this famous radio star.

IT'S an old axiom—and if it isn't, it should be—that having a "just right" look does more for you than two dozen finger waves, a dozen shampoos, and half a dozen facials. It's the secret of gaining that glow, that sparkle that gives a lift to your morale and zip to your personality.

It is, in short, and take Jane Pickens' word for it, every-

thing, if you want more than your natural beauty. But to get that "just right" look? It's a simple rule of beauty too few pay heed to and everyone should follow for results. It's the rule that guides Jane Pickens—and let there be no question of whether she is right, for year after year Jane is picked as radio's best dressed woman. And one of the most beautiful.

(Continued on page 84)

RADIO MIRROR BEAUTY PAGE

Thrills

(Continued from page 33)

Fuzzy, "but we'll grow quick, you and me. I've got the money my father left me, and you've got the knowledge. Guess you know more about cattle breedin' than anybody I ever met. And we'll split the profits even."

"Will we raise grapes, too?" Fuzzy asked eagerly.

"Sure! Big bunches of them," Tom promised.

And with that Fuzzy agreed to leave the tumble-down house that was all he possessed and move in with Tom and Eva.

The cattle business, starting small as Tom had said, prospered in the four years that followed. Luck seemed to be with them in everything they did. Not that it wasn't hard work. Many a time one or the other was out on the range for weeks. And somehow, the grapes never got planted. At first Fuzzy used to remind Tom, timidly, about them, but Tom never seemed to get the time to attend to them himself, or be able to spare Fuzzy's services long enough for him to order and plant them. It was just one of Fuzzy's crazy notions, anyway. At last he stopped mentioning it altogether.

Eva, Tom's wife, got along with Fuzzy better even than Tom did himself. Sometimes Fuzzy's childishness threw Tom into fits of irritation, but Eva was always gentle and kind toward him. She was able to sit quietly and listen to the semi-mystical gibberish Fuzzy occasionally talked—gibberish which made Tom want to laugh, it was so foolish. It even irritated him to know that she was capable of listening solemnly to such nonsense.

He began to wonder, at last, about this friendship between Fuzzy and Eva. He noticed that though Eva often argued or spoke sharply to him, she was never anything but kind and gentle to Fuzzy. And sometimes, when she was with Fuzzy, he heard her laugh, and there was a note in her laughter then that he never heard when she was with him.

JEALOUSY was in his heart before he realized it.

He took to torturing himself by leaving them alone together while he went to town or rode the range. While he was gone, he would picture in his mind what they were doing, what they were saying. Returning, he would watch them both furtively, fearing and yet hoping to see some confirmation of his suspicions.

It never occurred to him, now, to laugh at the idea that a woman could fall in love with anyone so homely and foolish as Fuzzy Turner. One hearty gust of laughter might have swept his thoughts clean of their musty suspicions, but it never came.

He didn't know that on the nights he was away in town Fuzzy almost never remained in the house. He would go away by himself, to the top of the hill back of the ranch house and sit there, looking away over the dark plains to where the stars touched the horizon. He never mentioned the grapes any more. But he still thought about them.

One dark night Eva followed him up there for the first time. He heard her calling to him as she stumbled up the hill, and a minute later she came into view, her white dress gleaming in the starlight.

"Why do you come up here alone so much, Bill?" she asked gently.

"It's good to be alone, sometimes," he said. "That's all a man's got, himself."

"But Tom and I are your friends, Bill."

"The only friends I got are the stars— and maybe a grape vine, some day."

"You feel bitter about that, don't you?"

Her face was shadowed, but her voice was gentle, like a mother speaking to her child; and like a child he answered:

"He promised we'd raise grapes, big bunches of them. But we never did. He fooled me. All we been raisin' is cattle."

"But we've all made money."

"Money ain't real," he said stubbornly. "It don't mean anything."

She started to sit down beside him, but he turned and said. "Tom wouldn't like to have you up here with me. You better go back home."

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Quarantine.
2. Benevolent.
3. Acquiesce.
4. Aggravate.
5. Impugn.
6. Bullion.
7. Indite.
8. Anthracite.
9. Comestible.
10. Writhe.
11. Emolument.
12. Reciprocity.
13. Upholstery.
14. Nomenclature.
15. Ambergris.
16. Furze.
17. Erose.
18. Coalesce.
19. Prurience.
20. Loneliest.
21. Parallelepipiped; also parallelpipiped.
22. Lanquor.
23. Asafetida; also asafoetida.
24. Indefatigable.
25. Jodhpurs.

"Tom's still in town," she said with a sigh. "He wouldn't care. He's too busy, anyway."

But Tom was not in town. He had come home early, and now he was on his way up the hill.

He came upon them suddenly, a blacker shape rising out of the blackness. With a scream, Eva instinctively shrank closer to Fuzzy. Nothing but fright prompted the gesture. She hadn't recognized her husband. But he did not know that, and at what he saw all the jealousy in him crystalized into a frozen lump of hatred.

"Surprised to see me?" he asked. "Why—Tom!" Eva exclaimed. "You scared me."

"Come up here pretty often, don't you?" "She's never been up here before!" Fuzzy said while Eva, stunned by Tom's tone, was unable to answer.

"That's a lie!" Suddenly Eva screamed, more loudly. The faint light of the stars had gleamed on the long steel blade Tom held in his hand. As she screamed, he leaped, and he and Fuzzy were rolling over and over on the ground.

Horrified, she watched them. The two bodies seemed to concentrate all their power into one convulsive movement. She heard a choking gasp.

Fuzzy rose to his feet. He stood there stupidly, the knife in his hand, gazing down at the still figure of his friend.

"He's dead," he said at last. "And it's your fault." You shouldn't of come up here, at all."

Eva began to cry. "We've got to get out of here—right away. They'll be after us—both of us." She started down the hill, stumbling and falling. Fuzzy followed, the knife still in his hand.

It was the most exciting mystery the county had had in months. A triple dis-

appearance! All three of them were gone, apparently off the face of the earth—Tom Carman, his wife, and that crazy guy who'd been in business with Tom. Nobody even knew when they'd disappeared. One night Tom was in town, and then nobody saw him for several days, and a week later, when somebody went out to the ranch to see him, the place was empty!

But the mystery was solved at last. First Bill Turner was discovered, living once more in his old shack in Gainesville, but he wouldn't explain why he had left the ranch or anything else. Then Tom Carman's body was found, many months later, up in the hills of one of the cattle ranges. It was badly decomposed, but some of Tom's friends said they recognized the clothes.

Bill Turner was arrested, and confessed to the sheriff almost at once. The judge let him off with a life sentence. And the mystery was solved; the case closed.

Closed, that is, until a short-tempered guard manhandled a fifty-year-old lifer, and reopened it.

TEARS filled Tom Carman's eyes as he sat beside the cot on which lay the man he had once called friend. The silky hair was white now, the face, always thin, was nothing but skin stretched tightly over the jutting bones of the skull. He, Tom Carman, had done this thing. His senseless jealousy, plus the fatal accident that some stranger's body had been found months later on his property, had condemned poor, harmless little Fuzzy Turner to twenty-two years of living torture. Torture not only of the body, but of the mind too—for they had told him that Fuzzy had confessed to the murder.

If only he had waited to find Fuzzy, that morning when he revived to find himself alone on top of the hill, weak from loss of blood but otherwise uninjured! If only he hadn't jumped to the conclusion that Fuzzy and Eva were really in love with each other. Believing that, he had gone away, caught a fruit truck to New Orleans and shipped from there to South America. If only—

But all that was years past. All he could do now was try to right the inadvertent wrong he had done to his friend.

"Fuzzy!" he said softly. "Fuzzy!" The milky, transparent eyelids fluttered open, tried to find the source of that almost-forgotten name.

"I'm Tom—Tom Carman, Fuzzy." "His—his brother?" the man on the bed breathed weakly.

"No—Tom Carman himself—the man you thought you killed. But you didn't, Fuzzy. I'm still alive. I thought you and Eva wanted to be together, so I went away. I thought I was doing the right thing—Fuzzy, can you hear me?"

Slowly Fuzzy moved his head on the pillow. But the movement was not necessary. Over his haggard, pitiful face spread a look of intense relief and joy. "I'm so glad—Tom—I didn't kill you. Now—I can—die—happy."

"You're not going to die, Fuzzy. You mustn't. You've got to get well so I can get you out of here and take you back home with me. I'll promise you anything you want, Fuzzy—a vineyard with all the grapes you ever wanted . . . Fuzzy! Try to get well!"

Only Fuzzy's eyes moved. He stared at Carman. Then he began to smile. The smile of a man who has found a reason for living, he thought he'd lost.

"You didn't forget, Tom? Grapes" . . . he said.

Life of Mary Sothern

(Continued from page 39)

home? Surely you don't want to go back to Chicago with all it meant—" "No. Not Chicago!" There was a shudder in the low voice.

"Where, then?" And suddenly Mary knew. She knew where she was being drawn by this compelling force. Mad, absurd, even dangerous as the idea might be, she knew. "Sanders," she said.

Cranshaw's white brows drew together. "This is no time to joke," he said.

"Paul," Mary's voice came sweetly strong now. "Paul, I'm not joking. I mean it. I want to go back to Sanders." "Let me get this straight," Cranshaw said. "You don't mean you want to go back to that hick town where I found you playing in a lousy little amateur skit with a lot of hayseeds and crooks—"

Mary nodded, smiling. "That's not just the way I'd describe Sanders, but even when you put it that way I get all kind of goofy—"

"But, Mary, have you thought what it means?"

"I haven't thought anything yet," Mary said. "I'm only feeling." Her gray eyes dreamed. "Sanders. Yes, it is home. Let me tell you about the day I arrived there. . . ."

"It was three years ago," she went on. She began her story haltingly, but soon memory was flooding back, and as she talked, Paul began to see the picture she was drawing.

HE saw her that day three years ago as she got off the train, the only passenger to get out at the little Sanders station (not, he thought, at all like the Mary Sothern who was sitting across from him now).

She put down her heavy suitcase and looked about. For a moment the heat and the bright sunlight seemed almost too much for Mary. Breath was difficult. She looked up at the train, just starting. There was something in the atmosphere that suffocated her, filled her with premonition of what might await her here.

She fought faintness, set her teeth against the sickness that engulfed her, picked up her suitcase and lifted her chin. Her cocky green hat bobbed at a jaunty angle on the golden shine of hair.

Mary's gray eyes swept the town as she walked. There was not much to see. One main street, with little residential cross streets cutting through, that was all. The Sanders National Bank (Jerome Sanders, President), the Jerome Sanders First Baptist Church, one mill overshadowed by its sign "Jerome Sanders and Company."

"So that's what he is here," Mary breathed. "The only building without his name is the hotel."

Mary's eyes brightened as she took in the Stratford House. It was a hospitable old building, with great stone pillars in front, rambling wings, ivy trailing over deep balconies.

Even before she crossed the wide veranda Mary felt a welcome here. And when she saw the keen, merry old eyes beaming at her through silver rimmed spectacles she knew what it was she had felt.

"Mornin', miss. Come in on the 9:28?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

Simple, unimportant words they spoke, yet Mary could hear his chuckle now, three years later. "Well, that's the only train comes through till night. Can I be of any help to you?"

Mary laughed. "Yes. I'd like to speak

to the manager." "You're lookin' right at him. Manager, treasurer, chef, and sometimes chambermaid when Gertie ain't feelin' well."

That was Mary's introduction to Alfred Stratford, "Daddy" to the town, member of the family for whom the village of Stratfordsville had once been named before the Sanders millions had bought the town and twisted it into the Sanders mold. Mary was to learn how relentless those molding hands might be to one who resisted them.

"A room on a long-time basis, by the week," she said. "With a bath?"

"A bath? Sure, only wait till I think where that bath is. Oh, Danny!"

"Yes, Dad." And Danny had walked into her life. She remembered his fiery young loyalty during tough times, and too, his young open-eyed vulnerability to life.

"Where in the devil is that bath?"

"Well, Dad, the only good one is the bridal suite."

And the bridal suite, Daddy decided, it was to be—at a rental of four dollars a week.

Safe and snug in the bridal suite that a startled Gertie had swept and garnished for her, Mary laughed at the doubts she had felt at first sight of Sanders. She lay in the great old-fashioned tub, resting her tired body in the warm fragrant water. Yes, this was the place to spend these months, months whose importance no one but Mary knew. Her mission must go well. Life must settle down to calm sweet small-town simplicity. She could rest. She had found the haven she needed for forgetting. . . .

Haven? Well, Daddy Stratford tried to make it one. But he was up against tough odds. Why should Mary have picked the day to come to town when Mrs. Jerome Sanders was looking for an "undesirable" to serve as victim for her League for Betterment of Sanders?

For Mary was a godsend to Mrs. Sanders. She measured up to specifications. She was beautiful, she was young, she stubbornly refused to tell her secrets. And anyone could tell she had secrets. Eyes don't get that lovely shadow in them without pain. But the worst item Mary wrote on her own ticket as an undesirable was a secret only she and the Sanders family unhappily shared. For what Mary had once unwittingly done to her, Mrs. Sanders demanded revenge.

MARY came into the hotel one evening when Daddy was on his side of the hotel desk and the big shot, the town's millionaire, the Boss, was on the other.

Mary, seeing him for the first time, gasped. "So that's what Jerome Sanders looks like," she said. He was important looking, all right. Nature had short-changed him in height, but he made up the difference in the way he carried what she had given him.

"—and I'm here to demand that she be evicted from this hotel immediately," he was saying.

"I don't see how I could tell her to get out," Daddy answered. "You see—"

"I see she's already got her dirty work in on you," Sanders said. "You just leave it to us. My wife will make an investigation of this—this woman you are harboring. If she proves to be of the character I think she is, well, Mrs. Sanders and her League for Betterment of Sanders will take care of the ousting."

"That makes it kind of simple for me," Daddy said mildly.

"It takes the responsibility entirely out of your hands," Sanders said. "And in turn I'll forget the insult you inflicted on my wife—"

"That's awful kind of you, Mr. Sanders." Mary's heart stopped. Then Daddy had already had to fight battles for her, the darling. But he couldn't hold out forever against the town's most influential citizens. Now would come investigation—and with it the end of her hopes.

"I'll tell Mrs. Sanders to make the investigation this evening. Please have Miss Sothern here at that time."

But wait—Daddy was speaking in a different tone.

"Now just a minute, Mr. Sanders. You been talkin' and talkin' here, but you ain't heard me say anything about agreein' with you. Now as a matter of fact, I don't. I'm not goin' to let you bother that girl. What she is, what she does, is none of my business. And I don't think it's none of yours, nor your wife's either. I'm goin' to say the same thing to you as I said to your wife. Get out—before I throw you out!"

"Do you realize that I can take this hotel away from you?"

"Yes, I realize that, but it doesn't come into this argument. Now get out."

Daddy's chivalry—what had it got him into? Mary tiptoed up the old hotel stairs, pulled her suitcase down from the closet shelf. She must give up her plans here and leave the town before he got himself into worse trouble on her account.

HOW long she lay across the old four-poster bed that had come to mean peace to her—peace she must now give up—Mary Sothern did not know. All she heard were her own racking sobs. Then a voice came through—a gentle old voice.

"Mary—Miss Sothern, what's this suitcase doing here?"

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Stratford. Well, it's just waiting for me, that's all."

"Where you aimin' to go?"

"I don't know, exactly. Just on my way. I guess, I can't stay here—"

"Now why can't you?" Daddy Stratford's voice was angry. "Listen here, how old are you?"

"I'm twenty-five," Mary said.

"Have you got a dad?"

"No."

"Well, Mary, you've got one now. You put those things back in the bureau drawers and wash your foolish face and get down there to supper—"

But Mary did not drop the subject. At dinner she gave him an ultimatum. "I'll stay," she said, "if you don't get into any more trouble on my account. But if you do—"

"Oh, Jerome Sanders is only bluffing." Daddy said. "He'd never foreclose."

But Sanders was not bluffing. Either Mary left the town, or else—Asked for \$5,000, Daddy Stratford could only laugh. There wasn't that much money in the world.

But he was wrong. There was that much money, and right in the hotel. Mary Sothern had it. But Daddy refused to take it.

So Mary packed again. This time she took care to keep it quiet. She went to dinner at the usual time. She talked at dinner, her gray eyes sparkling. Only she knew that their shine was due to tears that were almost spilling over.

Carefully, in that moment when Daddy had gone for the evening mail and Danny had left the desk to forage in the kitchen.

(Continued on page 56)

Now this New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Helps Women's Skin More Directly

*"It keeps skin faults
away more surely"*

—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin!

It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin."

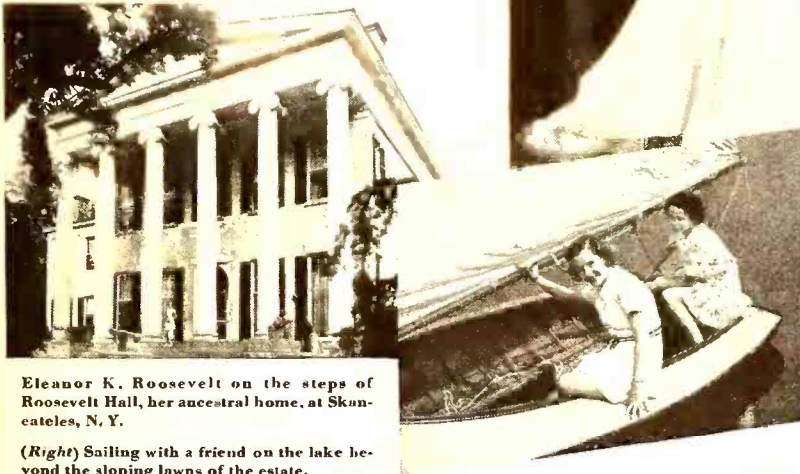
When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." Treatment with Pond's new "skin-



Eleanor K. Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says: "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother."



Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skunketeles, N. Y.

(Right) Sailing with a friend on the lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.

vitamin" cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is

in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for day-time and nightly cleansing, for freshening-ups before powder.

Every jar of Pond's Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue. Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.

**SEND FOR
THE NEW CREAM!**

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CM, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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(Continued from page 54)

Mary slipped out of the hotel, carrying her heavy suitcase.

At the platform she looked around and loved every inch of the aggressive ugliness. It was Sanders, it could have meant the end of her trail, peace.

Mary slipped out of the shadow of the wide eaves, ran with her suitcase to the train. Her heart was doing strange things. She could not get her breath. She could not see to find the step.

But she must make it. In a second the train would pull out. She reached blindly for the handrail, tried to lift her suitcase. But her suitcase was slipping, slipping, her hand closed over thin air. Her eyes saw only black around her. A voice in her ears. Danny's voice!

She opened her eyes in her own familiar room of the bridal suite. Danny was saying, "Doctor Benson, look. She's comin' round."

But one setback was just enough to sting the Sanders spirit into action. It was a simple matter for those who owned the town of Sanders including its legal processes, to prove that the mill had been robbed of exactly the bills that Danny had carried to Jerome Sanders. And Danny went to jail.

It was Mary's turn to go into action. She called on Jerome Sanders. A little of what she knew of him, of how he made his millions he had brought to this town, came out in that conversation. Little as it was, it was enough. Enough to throw open the gates that barred Danny in.

"Yes," Mary told Dr. Benson when he made his regular call, "Sanders did agree to let him out. But if you could have seen him when he promised—I had the feeling I was facing a cornered animal—as if he were making one concession to give himself time to figure out a real way

was a cloth over her eyes and another binding her mouth. A rope cut into her wrists. She was in a car, bumping over the old mill road.

Time stopped, then. The ride went on forever. The road was smooth and swift for a while, then turned tortuous and slow. It was dusk when she felt the bandage being taken from her eyes, the gag from her mouth. She could not speak.

The man at the wheel stared straight ahead, his hands big and hard on the wheel, his jaw set in grim lines. As she looked at him, his lips relaxed. He grinned.

"Please," Mary cried out. "Please take me back. If we can just find out what happened to John I promise I'll come away with you again."

He laughed. "Promises from girls is what got me into this line of work."

"But I've got to know—"

"Listen, cluck," he broke in calmly. "if I was wearin' those cute little 4-B's of yours, I'd worry about Number One."

Mary caught her breath. "What do you mean?" she gasped. "What's Sanders going to do to me?"

"Nobody said anything about any Sanders," he said.

"You needn't bother to put on that show," Mary said. "I know there's only one person who'd want to do this to me."

"What's Sanders got against you? Did you get him goin' and then make him pay off?"



Back from his vacation, Richard Crooks is once more the star of Monday night's Voice of Firestone on NBC. Above, with Mrs. Crooks, Dick, Jr., and Patricia.

"She is," said Dr. Benson, and Mary turned to look into the face of a man who was tall and lean and dark.

"John!"

Dr. Benson sent Danny out, but not before Danny had become aware that this was no ordinary meeting of young doctor and new patient. These two had known each other before. When later they did not choose to take the town into their confidence as to how and when, it added one more mystery to be chalked up against Mary's desirability.

"Yes," he answered to Mary's question. "I've made my diagnosis all right. But don't worry. Doctors don't tell."

"But won't people—"

"Why should they? You were in a state of excitement, unhappy at leaving, rushing to catch a train, on top of a period of stress and exhaustion—"

Mary breathed easier. "You're kind, John."

"You don't know how glad I am that I'm where I'll have a chance to be. That's all I've ever asked of this old world. You will—you will let me be your friend now?"

"I will, John," Mary said. "I need friends. I'm afraid."

"Well, you'll never lose this one," John said.

And Mary slept that night. Somehow she felt strength from John Benson's presence in Sanders. He'd help her straighten things out.

And he did. Together they hatched a plot to get the mortgage paid. Daddy need not know, no one need know, where the money came from. Danny took care of its delivery. And Mary became part owner of the hotel.

to get rid of me. And John—John, I have the feeling he's so scared of what I know he wouldn't stop at anything—"

"Nonsense," Benson said, smiling at her seriousness. "You're letting your nerves run away with you. You need to get outdoors more. As a doctor I prescribe a trip this afternoon to a deserted lake where no one ever goes. I'll show you—"

"Oh, are you in the prescription?" Mary asked. She lay looking up at him fondly.

"I'm in the prescription all right," Benson said.

An hour later she lay back in the old rowboat against a bank of cushions. The oars made a rhythmic lazy creak as Benson slowly pulled them back.

But Mary kept hearing other sounds. "That was an automobile," she said. "I thought you told me no one ever came here."

Benson listened. "I don't hear any car," he said. "I don't think you did either. It's your nerves again."

"Maybe," Mary said. "I'll try to stop hearing things."

She leaned back once more and tried to think only of the beauty of the day, of the remote dim spot. John smiled at her as he pulled the boat steadily along the edge of the lake, in the cool shadow of the overhanging bushes.

Then it happened.

The bushes parted, and hands reached through. Not only hands, but a gun. John lifted an oar, the boat rocked, he brought the oar down to steady the boat and in that minute, even as he reached for her, Mary was dragged through the bushes by strong, hard hands. A gun roared once, in her ears. She heard a splash. Then there

MARY felt an unreasonable anger. But why should she worry what a gangster said to her? She bit her lip and answered quietly, "Do I look like that kind?"

He turned and looked at her for the first time. His eyes were a curiously clear blue, the kind she would have described as "honest" if she didn't know whose they were. "No," he said slowly. "You don't look like that kind." Then he turned back to his driving. "But you can't tell. I've seen dames—"

"You've seen dames?" Mary prompted.

"Nothin'," he said. "We're not here to tell each other hard luck stories."

At the end of a long lane they reached a bleak, dreary frame house. It had once been white but was now a dreary gray, the paint hanging in peeling strips. The lock was rusty but under the man's skillful hands it gave way. They went in.

"Well, toots," he said cheerfully, "this is your home for a while."

Mary knew suddenly that she was aching with weariness. She sank down on a lumpy horsehair sofa. "Could you open the windows?" she asked.

He eyed her suspiciously. "For air," he asked, "or for escape?"

She laughed. "Not for 'escape,'" she said. "I don't think I'm up to escaping right now."

"Huh? You mean every time I thought I was escaping from a jail I've really been escapin'?"

"Yes," Mary said smiling.

"Say, that's bad. I might make a real mistake sometime. I oughtta have you around to keep me straight."

"Do you want to be kept straight?"

He looked at her. His clear candid blue eyes stared into hers. There was something laughable, ingenuous, yet something more—Mary felt she must be getting lightheaded from strain.

"I'll let you know about that later," he said. "Something tells me if I answered that question right now I might let myself in for somethin'." He opened the window by her. "Sa-ay, you don't look so good."

He looked at her hands. The tender white, blue-veined skin inside her wrist was flushing a painful pink where the rope

(Continued on page 58)

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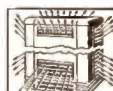
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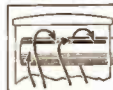
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(Continued from page 56)

"THIS FLAVOR'S GOT SOMETHING"



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cut in. "They hurt?" he asked. "Pretty badly," she said. He pulled out his knife, held Mary's two hands in one of his hard tough ones, and the strands separated. "How does your stomach feel?" he asked.

"Sad," Mary said. "Is there any food in the house?"

"Let's have a look," he said. "Here," Mary called from the pantry. "Spaghetti, beans, choice of tea or coffee—what more do you want? Light the stove, will you, while I look for the can opener."

Into the homely sound of silver being placed on the newspaper-covered card table and hot water gurgling into a tea pot, the phone shrieked. He answered.

"Now, Jerry," he said, "you don't need to worry. That dope didn't see my mug. He don't know from nuttin'. Any talkin' he does is out of his hat—"

Mary's eyes filled. He was talking to Sanders and he must mean John. Then John was safe.

"Well, I said I would, didn't I?" the man went on. "Have I ever let you down? Well, quit askin' fool questions I'll hold the dame till you give the word, then—sure. Okay, s'long."

"John—John's all right?"

YOU needn't worry about him. I don't have accidents with my rod."

"I'm glad to hear that," Mary said. "And maybe supper will improve your temper." She set the dishes on.

"I'm sorry," he said, suddenly grinning across the table at her. "These swell eats deserve a knockdown. My name's Max Tilley."

Mary's hand acted on its own. It went across the table. "Okay, Max," she said. "My name is Mary."

The beans and spaghetti, the crackers and tea, it was a feast they ate together. "Tired?" he asked.

She nodded. "You must be, too," she said. "I guess you drove a long way."

"I did and I am. Could you spare my company if I went upstairs and took a snooze?"

"Maybe if I occupy my time doing the dishes I can bear it," she said laughing.

He yawned hugely, stretched his muscular arms above his blond head, his shirt outlining powerful shoulders. "Okay then."

She carried the first load of dishes to the kitchen, turned on the faucet. The water rushed into the teakettle. Its noise gave Mary an idea. She might not make it, but why not try? She turned the water on full force and slipped to the phone. Praying, she waited.

"Operator, please get the Stratford Hotel—I said the Stratford in Sanders—quick." The wait was interminable. Then came Daddy's voice, answering. "Oh, Daddy! I can't talk long, but—"

"PUT DOWN THAT PHONE!"

At the door stood Max, his gun in his hand. "So," he growled, "you're just like all the rest of 'em."

"But Max," she whispered, rigid. "They're worrying. They'll think something has happened to me."

"Something *has* happened," he said.

"All right," Mary said with sudden spirit. "Let it happen. Meantime if you'll be so kind as to stand your guard in the kitchen I'll wash the dishes."

"Okay," Max said. "But no funny business now."

She laughed. "Just what kind of funny business do you think I can manage with that foolish gun staring in my face?"

He grinned and put the gun in his pocket. "Well, I guess you can't climb down the drain. Come to think of it, I could wipe those dishes."

"Why not?" Mary handed him a towel.

"I guess I'm a dope," Max said after a minute, "but I kinda like this. I'm gettin' a nutty feelin' about this whole business. Wipin' dishes for a dame. You know I never did this before."

"From the way you handle them," Mary said, "that's pretty clear."

"Aw, have a heart. When a guy gets sentimental you needn't go snipin'."

"I'm sorry, Max. I really believe you could be different—"

"Jeez," Max said. "You give me ideas. Make me think of nutty stuff. Home. Wife. Even kiddies. Can you see me with a bunch of brats gettin' in my hair?" He laughed but he stood there wiping one dish over and over, his blue eyes shining into hers.

"Sure," Mary said. "Why not? Why don't you find a nice girl, settle down—"

Whatever he answered was lost in a clap of thunder.

"I saw lightning a while ago," Max said. "Guess we're in for a storm."

They were. Wind began to whistle in the eaves. Shutters banged. A gust of wind shut the hall door with a terrific bang. The next ten minutes saw their world become a wild whirling clamor of dazzling lightning and deafening thunder.

Mary rushed to the window. "Hey," Max said. "Let me do that." He struggled with the stiff old windows.

"Maybe the sash cord is twisted," Mary said. "Let me help."

He pushed her away. "Nuts with that stuff," he said. "You'll hurt yourself." And he started to pound the frame with his fists. At the top of the lower sash he drove his fist with a terrific thrust. There was a tinkle of shattered glass.

"Max," Mary said. "Look out. Careful how you pull your hand out of that."

But it was too late. A quarter of an inch too close to the jagged edge. He brought out his fist with a geyser of blood spurting from his wrist.

"Jeez," he said in pure amazement. "That's not so good."

"I should think not," Mary said. "You've cut an artery." She ran for the kitchen.

"I guess—you—can hand—" Max's voice came weaker and stopped.

REACHING for a dish towel, Mary heard a heavy thud. She ran to the door. "Max!" But he was lying on the floor, his face gray under the tan, a pool of blood already surrounding his outflung wrist. She ran to him with the towel. Reaching for his hand, she saw his gun, its butt pushed up from his pocket by the position he had taken when he fell. Then with a blinding clarity she realized just what Fate had handed her.

This man was her kidnapper! He was not a friend to be saved. He was the man who had abducted her by force, who was waiting for orders to do more. Lord knew what, to her. This was her chance to make an escape to which she had every right.

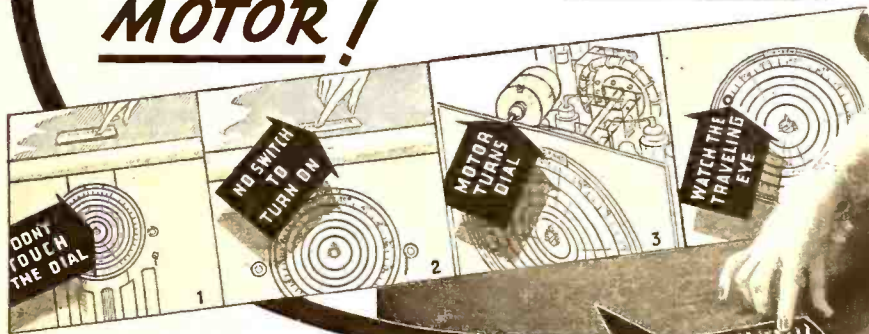
She took the gun from his pocket and rose. Gun in one hand, dish towel in the other, she stood looking down at his unconscious face. His blue eyes were closed, his lips no longer red were curved a little in almost a smile.

There were tears in Mary Sothern's eyes.

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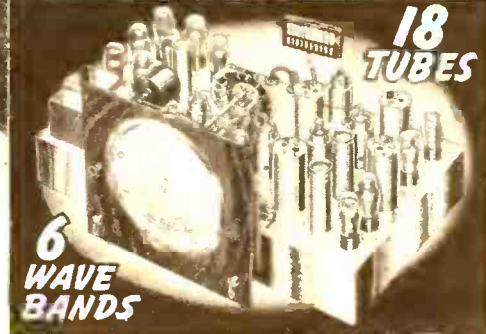
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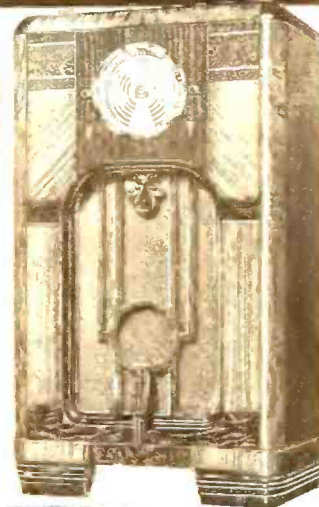
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Make Way for Melody

(Continued from page 14)

with the housework, scrubbing the stairs or the kitchen floor for ten cents a week, dusting the walnut furniture, making the beds.

At play, they gave little shows in the cellar, using the empty coal-bins for dressing-rooms during the summers. Anna never quite understood how the little starched white dresses got so incredibly black in such a short space of time. Occasionally the girls fought among themselves, as girls will. Jeanette remembers one particular time when she angered Blossom, and Blossom snapped back at her, and in a moment both were rolling on the floor, screeching and flailing.

Blossom, being bigger, won; she sat astraddle Jam and choked her, until eventually she noticed that the child's face was quite purple and her movements frantic. When Anna came flying in to investigate she found Blossom sitting with Jeanette's wobbly head in her lap, rocking back and forth, wailing miserably. "Come back to me, Baby, come back, come back!" moaned Blossom.

There was the crippled old man next door, named Mr. Maetrich, who listened kindly and encouragingly when little Jam came over to sing for him. From phonograph records of Caruso and his ilk she had learned the melodies of great classics; the words she made up, labelling one batch of strange garbled lyrics French, one Italian, one German. Mr. Maetrich was a definite influence—he told her that one day she would sing in opera, and thus implanted an idea that was harbored in the young brain of the girl and grew with her until at last it became an obsession.

There was, too, the school teacher—an embittered, vicious old woman who shall be nameless here—who made Jeanette's life in school as uncomfortable as possible. This person (pince-nezed, thin-bosomed, with an eye for her neighbor's sins and a nose for prying and a heart for no one) discovered that her new pupil had been touring with a road-show during the summer, and immediately went before the Board of Education. This, she insisted firmly, must be looked into; and the Board wearily agreed.

The MacDonalds, called in for inquiry, explained with bewilderment that the child was not suffering from her professional engagements. Jeanette herself was made to answer questions: No, she had never heard any dirty words. No, her parents didn't beat her—the *idea!* No, the money she earned wasn't snatched from her by force as soon as she got it. In fact it was being used for her piano and music lessons. In the end the Board smiled at the flushed and outraged family, glowered at the teacher, and waved a dismissal.

But the old busy-body wasn't through. She came to all of Jeanette's performances—most of them benefit, now that she was so busy in school—and sat in the first row, staring intently at the girl. Jeanette began to dread stepping from the wings knowing that always she must look down into that hateful countenance, sing against the invisible waves of sheer spite that seemed to engulf her. Once the terror they inspired was too much: in the middle of her song she burst into hysterical tears and ran off the stage. Then a smile of grim triumph broke at last the wrinkled mask in the front row.

There was that, and there was the little boy with whom she decided to be in love. This was a typical child's romance, without actual emotion, but abounding with melodrama; he sat down the row from her, and she would toss him notes

which grew increasingly passionate until—one day—she found her own store of words too meager, and copied a printed love-letter from the front page of a newspaper. She didn't bother to read the accompanying story, which was an account of a breach-of-promise suit.

Jeanette was about nine years old then ("If you will elect me, I will keep this country out of war," Mr. Wilson had said, but he hadn't done it) and about that time an amazing thing happened. She began to grow with incredible rapidity—"Like a *weed!*" exclaimed Anna, astonished—until within a year or two she was as tall as her sisters.

You must have been, at some time in your life, a lean and stringy and taller-



Benefit performances gave that MacDonald child her chance to sing and dance even during her school days.

than-average youngster to understand just how miserable young Miss MacDonald actually was during that period. Always before she could—as the baby of the family—observe Blossom and Elsie with their several beaux without envy. She could steal the box of chocolates Elsie's fellow brought, and hide behind the sofa to "Yah-yah!" when Blossom got too sentimental with *her* visitor.

But now, since she matched them in height she felt herself an outcast—she was too tall to be treated as the child she was or to indulge in pranks—too young to be admitted to the charmed circle in which her older sisters moved. She must stand hidden on the landing watching them. She must tie the bow on Blossom's new, very long party dress, and help with her hair, and listen to her excited anticipation of the coming evening; and, in her short

child's skirt and cotton stockings, she must stay behind in the littered bedroom when the doorbell had rung and Blossom and Elsie had gone. For long years . . .

Until Elsie had married and left home, until Blossom had gone to New York and joined a chorus there; until the Armistice had been signed, and the world was drawing a long breath, preparatory to picking up the pieces, preparatory to the return to normalcy and the Jazz Age. . . .

Then it happened. Young Marie Prescott, in Jeanette's class at school, had a birthday and decided to give a party. Jeanette would be very welcome to come—Freddy would call for her, wouldn't Freddy? Aw, come on Freddy, *she* won't hurt you! Just this once—

On the night of the affair Jeanette stood at the door of her closet, looking distastefully at her innocuous little high-necked, brief-skirted, best dress. She already had on her cotton bloomers, which buttoned all around to the gathered cambric upper; her legs were already encased in sheaths of snowy-white cotton stockings; the low-heeled patent leather pumps were already on her feet.

SHE took the dress and holding it out before her went down to where her mother sat sewing. "Please, mother," Jeanette said, almost tearfully.

"You'd better hurry, dear," Anna answered. "Freddy's half an hour late now—he'll be here any minute."

Slowly Jeanette returned to her room. Slowly she pulled the dress over her head. Then she sat, unsmiling, on the bed to wait.

She waited until ten-thirty, when with the same dragging movements she undressed again, put out her light, crawled into bed, and began to cry.

The next day she met Freddy on the school-grounds. "Where were you last night?" she asked him.

He shoved his cap further over his left ear. "Oh go to hell," he told her.

(Some years later, when she was on the stage, he called her for a date. "You remember me," he said.

"Yes. Do you remember what you yelled at me one day at school?"

"I told you to go to hell, didn't I?"

"That's what I'm telling you," said Jeanette, and hung up.)

But that afternoon, when she came home, she had no heart to answer when Anna, waiting on the porch, called to her.

"Hurry!" shouted Mrs. MacDonald. "I've news!" She waved a special delivery letter. "From Blossom," she explained, as Jeanette came up the steps; "she says they need dancing girls in New York, and that maybe you could get a job there. She wants you to come at once."

Trembling, Jeanette stood looking at her mother, wordless. Before her the gates to romance, to womanhood, fulfilled, to glamour and lights and music and all the gaudy things she had never known, stood suddenly open. But would mother . . . ?

Anna smiled. "You can go," she said softly.

New York and glittering Broadway was a long step for the young red-headed daughter of a staid Philadelphia Scotchman. To leave home, leave town for—a job as a dancing girl! Jeanette's dreams were suddenly, miraculously coming true. Don't miss the January instalment of this great story, the intimate recollections of Jeanette MacDonald.

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 51)

at—but you probably can call the roll yourself. Yes, Pinky Tomlin is one of the gang. He was born in Eros, Ark. September 9, 1909. But his family moved to Durant, Ohio, when Pinky was three years old. The Easy Aces are Middle Westerners, too—both born in Kansas City, Mo. They've been sweethearts from high school days, and were married in 1928, just one year before their present program was originated over a local Kansas City station. They reached the networks March, 1932. Goodman Ace used to be a reporter and columnist on the Kansas City Journal-Post. I don't know of any Easy Aces fan club, so try R. E. McGurn, 2510 N. 12th Street, Kansas City, Kan. His club boosts all stars. We'll try to get that photograph into an early issue.

Edith G., Ann Arbor, Mich.—Phil Harris, Robert L. Ripley and Floyd Gibbons are not married; Jean Paul King and Phil Lord are. Arthur Peterson is the male lead in *The Guiding Light*, and he's married. Anne Seymour is the new Mary Marlin.

Wilma Jean, Brooklyn, N. Y.—George Robert "Bob" Crosby was born August 25, 1913. He's not married. Two of his enthusiasms are "Rhapsody in Blue" and petite blondes.

Helen Morrison, Bronx, N. Y.—I thought the rest of the fans would be interested in Johnnie Davis, too. John Gus Davis, once of Brazil, Ind., and now of Manhattan, Hollywood, and radio points between, comes from a musical family. He "got rhythm" at an early age—made his first public appearance at the age of three. At the age of 12 he went to Terre Haute, Ind. and joined up with Jack O'Grady's orchestra. After coming East with Smith Ballew's band in 1930, he joined the Red Nichols outfit. Fred Waring heard Johnnie handling the "plumbing"—swing for trumpet—at the Park Central Hotel, and you know the rest. Johnnie is 25, blue-eyed, blond. He was married April 1, 1935 to Martha Lee Garber. He deserted his Manhattan penthouse to make "Varsity Show" for Warner Bros. with Waring and his Pennsylvanians, and now has signed a contract with Warner Bros. for another picture. He can be reached at Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif. You got a good idea of how Johnnie "goes out of the world" on a hot number through the photographs in the Facing the Music Department, October RADIO MIRROR.

Andrew Martell, Schenectady, N. Y.—Three of the most famous all-girl orchestras are: Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm girls, heard over NBC Red network at 9:30 p. m. Mondays, and the outfits of Ina Ray Hutton and Rita Rio, both now on road tours.

Miss B. Smythe, Sydney, Australia—Lee Bennett is now waking up the audiences along the vaudeville circuits. But of Charles Kaley I can find no trace—are you sure that is the right name?

Mrs. David T. Haines Jr., Chicago, Ill.—Of course you saw the grand full-length picture of Allen Prescott in November RADIO MIRROR, with the account of how his Wifesaver program grew. And here's the brief biography you asked for, to go with it. Allen Prescott was born January 21, 1904 in St. Louis, Mo. He attended N. Y. Military Academy, also the University of Pennsylvania. He has worked as advertising salesman and newspaper reporter. Started his regular radio career as news



- ★ TIRED FROM HOURS IN THE KITCHEN?
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Let Franco-American Help!

ISN'T it a help, in these days of rising food prices, to find a delicious food that saves you money every time you serve it? And don't you think you deserve a little rest every now and then? That's what you get when you give your appreciative family Franco-American Spaghetti—ready to serve—on the table in a jiffy—hot, fragrant, savory with that marvelous "eleven-ingredient" sauce.

You can't fool friend husband! He knows Franco-American the minute he tastes it. So do the children. In two mouthfuls, they can

tell the difference between Franco-American and any other ready-cooked spaghetti. And they never seem to get tired of that marvelous Franco-American flavor!

Use it as a delicious main dish—it's packed with nourishment. Or combine it with leftovers to make the third day on a leg of lamb, for example, taste like the prize creation of a French chef. Send for that helpful free recipe book that gives thirty appetizing ways in which to use Franco-American. And stock up at your grocer's today. It usually costs only 10¢ a can—less than 3¢ a portion.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



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

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Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____
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City _____ State _____





*Do Your Eyes Speak
Louder than Words?*



BALD—Scanty, hard-to-see lashes. Eyes look bald, expressionless. Proper make-up missing.



BOLD—Theatrical effect of ordinary mascaras. Overloaded, gummy, blobby. Eyes shout bad taste.



BEAUTIFUL—Natural appearance of luxuriant, dark, curling lashes. Maybelline eye make-up in good taste.

LOVELY glamour of luxuriant, dark, silky lashes—swift beauty of brow line—soft shaded color of lids! These can all be yours—instantly, easily—with a few simple touches of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Then your eyes speak the language of beauty—more truly, more clearly than words themselves!

But beware of bold, theatrical mascaras that shout "too much make-up," that overload lashes, and make them sticky, lumpy, dry, or brittle. Many women have entirely denied themselves the use of mascara rather than fall into the "too much make-up" error. But colorless, neglected, scanty lashes deny the all-important eyes their glorious powers.

Maybelline has changed all this. And now more than 10,000,000 modern, style-conscious women solve this problem perfectly by using Maybelline's new Cream-form or popular Solid-form Mascara—for the charming, *natural* appearance of beautiful eyes. Non-smarting, tearproof, absolutely harmless. Reasonably priced at leading toilet goods counters.

The other Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are just as delightful to use. Form your brows into graceful, expressive curves—with the smooth marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Shadow your lids with glamour, and accent the sparkle of your eyes with a soft, colorful tint of Maybelline's creamy Eye Shadow. Generous introductory sizes of *all* Maybelline eye beauty aids at 10c stores everywhere. For your own delightful satisfaction, insist on genuine—Maybelline products



Maybelline's world-famous economical Solid Form Mascara, in red and gold metal vanity, 76c. Refill 36c.



Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, with dainty zipper tube. Easily applied without water, 76c.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.



Maybelline Creamy Eye Shadow, Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline



THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

commentator. Lives in a penthouse. Likes French dishes, traveling by boat, and Dorothy Parker's poetry. Is 5 feet 8 inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes.

Marion Hurst, Madisonville, Ohio—It's Frances Langford, who is known as "The Moonglow Girl"—not Patricia Norman. Yes, Phillips Lord had a Sunday evening program—it was called "Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's."

Loretta Settles, East St. Louis, Ill.—Spencer Bentley, the new Bob Drake in Betty and Bob, is a former New York radio actor and network announcer. He was born in New York January 14, 1910. His father, mother, aunt, uncle and cousin are all stage players. Spencer has been in 12 Broadway shows. Made his debut on CBS in School of the Air. Married Betty Colter in 1931. Is 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

Betty Reller, who plays Betty Drake, was born Dec. 4, 1913 in Richmond, Ind. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. Arline Blackburn, Eileen Turner of The O'Neills, was born in New York City on May 6, 1914. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has red-blond hair, and green eyes.

Jimmy Tansey, who plays Danny O'Neill, was born in Omaha, Nebr. on July 20, 1910. He is 5 feet 7½ inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has green eyes and light brown wavy hair. Not married.

Chloe A., Alameda, Calif.—Jack Benny is 5 feet, 9 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds. Golf is his favorite sport. As you've probably noted, Don Wilson and Kenny Baker are back with Jack this winter.

M. J. C., Rockport, Ind. and M. K. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—Your inquiry about the late Bix Biederbeck has been turned over to Ken Alden who will have something for you in his Facing the Music column shortly.

FAN CLUB SECTION

1. Silverstein thinks Jay C. Flippen did such a grand job as substitute for Harry Von Zell on the Summer Stars program, he ought to have a fan club. Prospective members may communicate with Mr. Silverstein at 2268-63rd Street, Bklyn., N. Y.

Attention, Mary Dominick, W. Aliquippa, Pa.—Edna Rogers of 3730 N. Eighth Street, Phila, Pa. is president of the Eddy Duchin fan club. Which reminds me—Miss Rogers tried to get in touch with Vera Ayres, Oakland, Calif. but her letter was returned unclaimed. Will you send Miss Rogers your new address, please, Vera?

Norman Foster, of 141 Wheeler Street, Winston-Salem, N. C. wants to know if there is a Bobby Breen fan club? So do I, so will officers please contact both Mr. Foster and the Oracle?

Miss Isabel Lee, 958 Silvercrest Ave., Akron, Ohio is a real "jiner"—she wants to join Bob Crosby, Shirley Ross and Frances Langford fan clubs.

For Ruth Henry, Rochester, N. Y.—Jean Young of 1357 Harvard Street, Harrisburg, Pa. is president of the Alice Faye Circle.

Miss Elsie Miller, 2130 East 24th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a prospective member for the Jack Benny fan club. Will officers of the Benny Club also contact the Oracle?

Lombardo Fans, Flushing, L. I.—Yessiree there's a Carmen Lombardo fan club. A right-up-to-the-second one conducted by Helen Hayes Hemphill, 201 West 105th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

George Leiper, whose address is given in the column, would like to hear from the Easy Aces fan Club. And don't forget to notify the Oracle, Aces, so other would-be members can be informed.

The Bull in Radio's China Shop

(Continued from page 11)

Stocky, harsh-voiced, with a face that looks as if it had been modeled and colored by a hand that had never had much practice in that sort of work, General Johnson bumbles out what he thinks about life, politics, government and people—and the devil take anybody that tries to stop him.

Radio, with its overwhelming desire to please everybody that's listening in, hasn't been very fond of this kind of a commentator in the past. "Don't say anything that will make anybody mad," has been its motto. But now, having warmed up to the task of offering such an outspoken lady as Dorothy Thompson to its listeners, it has thrown discretion to the winds and tucked a hot microphone into General Johnson's powerful hand, with no more than a muttered prayer that he won't break it.

What will the result be? Well, if I'm allowed to hazard an opinion, I'd say that before the winter is out an awful lot of people are going to make up their minds that not only does General Johnson provide one of the most entertaining quarter-hours on the air, but also the most thought-provoking.

YOU probably won't agree with everything he says. In fact, I don't see how you could. I didn't myself, when I talked to him a week before his broadcast series began. But if you can listen to him and either ignore what he says or forget it—if you can do that, you're living behind a mighty thick wall of indifference to everything that's going on in this world.

He's the kind of man who, when he has finished telling you what he thinks, leans back and glares at you, as if daring you to dispute him. He's just given you the answer, and as far as he is concerned it's the only answer possible. At first you think all this means that the General is opinionated. It does, but it also means that whatever he believes, he believes so sincerely, so passionately, that he can't credit the sincerity of any opposing point of view.

We hadn't been talking more than a couple of minutes when I brought on that glare, daring me to talk back. Outside the windows of his Fifth Avenue hotel, the streets were packed with American Legionnaires, blue-uniformed, gold-braided. They were having their convention, and New York had declared a holiday to do them honor. Everybody was noisily happy. So, with the Legionnaires very much in the front of my mind, I asked the General if he thought any further soldiers' bonuses should be granted.

"I do *not*!" he snapped, and bit down on the words so hard I could see it wouldn't be safe to ask him why.

We didn't mention the man in whose "brain trust" Johnson used to be one of the leading figures, but his policies and ideals had their place in much of our conversation. Listen, for instance, to what the General had to say about government:

"The democracy that was framed in the Constitution of the United States isn't perfect—but it's the nearest thing to perfection in the government line that man has ever been able to contrive. It was framed so as to let the majority rule, and at the same time protect the minorities. And it didn't make it possible for us to put one man into power, no matter how much we trust him, and say, 'Now go ahead and do whatever you think is best



● "Now wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra. What's your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your poor little colt—he's winded and all of a lather! You really shouldn't let a baby get so hot."



● "I'll fix him up, though. Just leave it to your Uncle Dudley. A good rub-down with gentle, cooling Johnson's Baby Powder and he'll be fit as a fiddle and rarin' to go again."



● "Imagine, Mother—Mrs. Zebra has been trying to raise a baby without Johnson's Baby Powder!...She'd no idea how to stop chafes, rashes and prickly heat. Seems odd in this day and age, doesn't it?"

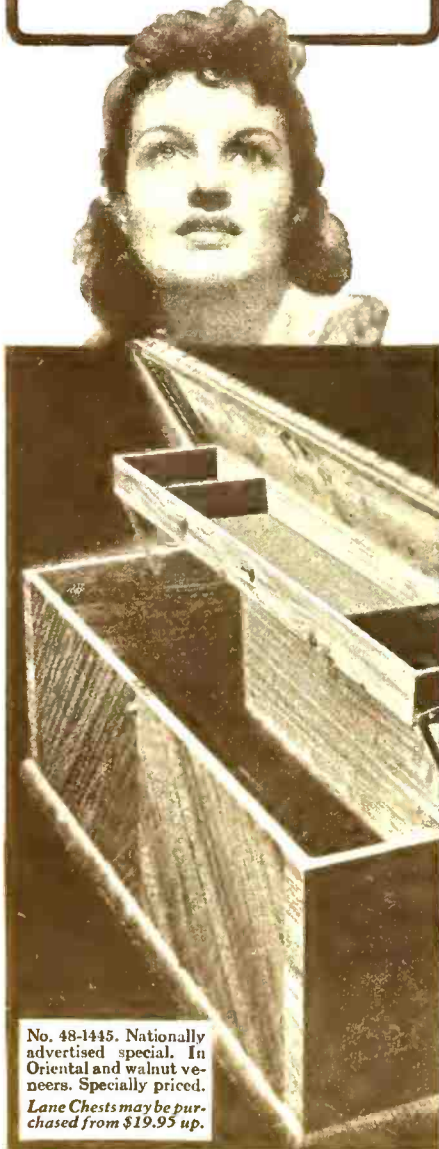


● "I love the feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—it's so much softer and finer than lots of powders. Keeps my skin just perfect."... And perfect condition, Mothers, is the skin's best protection against infection. Johnson's Baby Powder contains no coarse, scratchy particles—it's made entirely of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Your baby needs Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and if he's very young, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant and cannot turn rancid.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

"I'm in love
 WITH MY
LANE HOPE CHEST"
 says Rochelle Hudson
 20th Century-Fox Star



Give This TRUE Love Gift

WHEN you select this romantic gift in which your future home will start, be sure it is a genuine LANE—the glorified modern Hope Chest, with exclusive features that give absolute moth protection—backed by a free moth insurance policy. Your Lane dealer is now showing a glorious array of the latest Lane models at surprisingly modest prices. See these ideal gifts for sweetheart, daughter, sister, or mother before you make up your gift list. The LANE COMPANY, Inc., Dept. K, Altavista, Virginia. Canadian Distributor: Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

LANE
CEDAR CHESTS
 THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

for us.' Even if the majority of us want to put one man in and say that to him, we can't do it! Because the Constitution didn't provide for that kind of government. It didn't provide for anything but a representative democracy!

"Sure, if the majority of us want to, we can have any kind of government we want. We can bring Hitler over here to do the job. But the only way we can do it is by amending the Constitution—and it takes three-fourths of the states to do that!"

And again he gave me that I-dare-you-to-contradict-me expression.

After that, while the General worried the cellophane wrapper from a package of cigarettes between his stubby fingers, we got to talking about the subject that has a good many people talking these days—war.

"War is not inevitable for this country!" he growled. "Not unless everybody in the country goes stark, staring crazy! We got into one of those things before, and what did it get us? I don't believe we've forgotten that last time enough for it to be possible for anybody to drag us into another war that's none of our business.

SUPPOSE an American vessel is sunk on the high seas? What we ought to do, right now, instead of passing laws to prevent United States citizens from trading with belligerents, to say to everybody: 'All right, go ahead. Travel all you want to, and trade all you want to. But don't expect the United States government to protect your lives or your dollars. If you send a million dollars' worth of goods into the war zone, and it gets sunk or burned, that's your lookout. Your money and your lives aren't important enough to get us into war. If the United States decides to declare war, it will be for a policy, not to revenge your interests.'

"Have that clearly understood beforehand, and the people who complain when the President slaps a trade embargo on them can go right ahead trading with belligerents, at their own risk."

He discarded the cellophane, which was about worn out anyway, and went after a pencil.

"They say the next war will be between Fascism and Communism. Fascism and Communism! I can't see any difference between them. They both turn into dictatorships. Of course there are Communist and Fascist elements in the United States, but neither of them is as strong as the strategy of their leaders makes them seem. The average man isn't connected with either of them, and doesn't want to be!"

"Communism—the idea of abolishing private ownership and letting everybody share equally in the wealth of a country—is a fine idea, in theory, and I admire it. But envy and greed are two of the most powerful forces in man's makeup, and you can't cut them out of him. They're there, and as long as they are, communism won't work. The profit system takes human nature into account, instead of trying to ignore it. That proves to me that it's a better system.

"We've got laws right now that limit the amount of money a man can earn. It isn't possible for a man to make more than two hundred thousand dollars a year, under our present tax laws.

"And anyway, what does the harm is not what a man makes, but what he leaves behind him when he dies. Vast fortunes shouldn't be left in the hands of spoiled young whippersnappers who didn't earn them. But we've got laws today that prevent that, too. Our inheritance tax laws leave mighty little of a big fortune for the heirs.

"You can't eliminate poverty, anyway.

Jesus Christ Himself told us that two thousand years ago, and nobody's come along since to prove He was wrong. You can't get rid of the poor, any more than you can get rid of the lame. Some people are just naturally born shiftless, and there's nothing you can do about it.

"Then do you think," I ventured, "that we can never stop our national relief program, but must resign ourselves to being on a dole system, like England?"

I'd said the wrong thing. He fixed me with a sharp look. "Didn't have relief a few years ago, did we? Then can you tell me any reason why we have to have it now? And we won't, just as soon as the man in the street finds out he's paying for ninety per cent of it!"

"No, you can't eliminate poverty—but you can give every class of people a squarer deal! Level off the injustices in our present system of economics. The tariff laws are unjust to the farmers—all right, change the tariff laws. When you do that you're hurting labor, perhaps, but if the first laws were unjust, labor's got no right to kick even if it is some skin off them. And then when you've passed a law that rights some injustice that has been done to the farmers, look around and see if labor is getting a square deal all around.

"But don't just go ahead throwing money out of the window, as we've done for the last few years! There's no sense in spending just for the sake of spending. The country isn't prosperous again yet, by a long shot, and it won't be prosperous when the bills start coming in, either!"

The General tossed the pencil down and fished bitterly for a package of cigarettes. I thought maybe he wouldn't get so angry if we discussed education and medicine, and I was partly right.

"Education should be free for everyone," he said, "but when I say education I mean education. A graduate of a big college, unless he's a natural born student, isn't educated. Things are made too easy for him. Now, I'm not necessarily out to praise the West Point system, but at least when a man goes there for four years, he's educated on every subject he has studied there—because he has recited on it every day, and no two ways about it. I've gone to West Point and I've gone to the University of California, too, and I know how much difference there is in what you learn in the two types of college. If you decide that what you want to go to college for is to get contacts, all right. You can get them at lots of colleges. But if you really want to learn, there are only a few places you can go.

AS to medicine—it's getting so a man can't afford to get sick! Up in Pittsburgh they've carried out a very successful experiment. They have a city-owned hospital there, and if a man is sick he simply goes there and it doesn't cost him any more than if he stayed at home. If he's so sick his income is entirely cut off, it doesn't cost him anything. And the medical profession in Pittsburgh hasn't been ruined, either! That proves that medicine and medical care can be made available to everyone. But it's something that ought to be done by the community, not by the Federal government.

The telephone rang, and I knew the time General Johnson could give me was up. It hadn't been long, but it had been long enough to show me just what kind of personality radio has got hold of this winter. I wish I could be around the first time some network official approaches the General and timidly suggests that—maybe—just perhaps—it might be a good idea to tone down the vigor of that fifth paragraph in his script. The San Francisco earthquake will seem like a tea-party!

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 7)

Wald left the job.

Then the rotund writer took a leaf from Horace Greeley's notebook and went West. He wrote a couple of hit pictures for Warner Brothers. His pen was still fiery and he still enjoyed kidding crooners.

Vallee's celluloid appearances have never clicked. So Warners wanted to be sure his next venture into filmland would be a surefire success. Why not, suggested one talkie tycoon, have some one who knew Vallee intimately write his next flicker?

So Jerry Wald, author, was shipped on a fast plane to New York to confer with the star of his latest scenario, "The Great Crooner,"—Rudy Vallee.

SINCE he was a tot of two—when illness almost robbed his body of life—Fred Lowery has walked in almost complete darkness.

But he says, "I'm glad it happened."

Fred may have but one-tenth vision in one eye—but he can produce three and four beautiful notes from his throat simultaneously. He is a whistler. But don't let that mislead you. He doesn't do bird imitations a la vaudeville. He's most emphatic about that.

He performs a flute obbligato, or supplants the first violin in orchestra numbers, such as "Overture to William Tell" and "Liebestraum."

When John Charles Thomas heard him for the first time he exclaimed, "It just can't be done!" As a singer, he knows that the throat isn't capable of producing a

number of notes at the same time. But Fred grins and does it . . . regularly on the air with Vincent Lopez' orchestra.

When he was a boy, Fred was sent away to Blind Institute—away from his home in Palestine, Texas, the tiny town where he was born in 1909.

One day Ernest Nichols, a famous whistler, gave a recital at the Institute. When he finished, one of the little girls informed him shyly that Fred could whistle, too.

The old artist was amazed at the purity and beauty of the three and four simultaneous notes Fred could produce from his throat. Other whistlers produced multiple notes in their mouths but Nichols said there was a difference—as much difference as between the music produced by a Stradivarius and a mail order fiddle. He impressed the boy with the fact that he had a gift he must develop.

When Fred was eighteen, Morton Downey, making a theater appearance, heard him and hastened to introduce himself. "You're wasting your time here. Go to New York."

That was the final push of encouragement Fred needed. He rushed home, packed his bags and took the next train to Manhattan, fortified with several letters of introduction from Downey. After a few months in New York, Vincent Lopez annexed him as a featured soloist.

He is a hobbyist, having an extremely fine collection of phonograph records, many out of print, therefore valuable. He roller skates and swims, goes to baseball games to get the thrill of being part of

the crowd. He has learned to use a candid camera with precision, and cooks a tasty steak.

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

Mark Warnow's Blue Velvet program lures more fan mail than any other sustainer on CBS. Most of the mail comes as the result of the Tune Teasers, a feature of this program, during which Mark plays old tunes; asks listeners to guess the titles and promises to reveal them if the fans write . . . Bernie Cummins has at last gotten himself a manager, after all these years of handling his own affairs. His manager's name is Mrs. Bernie Cummins, who, until six years ago, was Katherine Mahoney. Their wedding took place in New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral and things were quite domestic until, noticing that Bernie took too much time away from his music for business details, she sold him the idea of becoming his manager . . . Mark Warnow has been appointed orchestra conductor of We, the People on CBS. . . . Ramona and Paul Whiteman are battling in the courts again over their contract—this time it is the New York Supreme Court . . . A hotel in New York features "The Big Apple" as a dessert. Consists of an apple which has been peeled, boiled and filled with frozen fruits and whipped cream. . . . Chicago has its share of top-notch orchestras for the Fall season: Kay Kyser is at the Blackhawk; Freddy Martin and Ted Weems are at the Aragon and Trianon

HER SMILE WON HIM

...But her breath lost him

I HEAR TOMMY BLAKE FELL HARD FOR YOU TONIGHT, HELEN. LIKE HIM?

HE'S AWFULLY NICE! BUT HE ONLY DANCED WITH ME ONCE, PEG!

I THINK I KNOW WHY, HELEN... BUT IT'S HARD TO SAY IT! SOMETIMES YOUR BREATH... OH WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TOMORROW?

MY BREATH! WHY PEG, THAT CAN'T BE... BUT I'LL SEE DR. ELLIS

MISS WEST, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

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

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

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MARIE PFARR: Fred Waring has
just completed a motion picture, "Varsity
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W. P. JUDGE: George Olsen's Orchestra
is currently playing in New York at
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WALTER RUSSART: Dolly Dawn is
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operatic singing lessons. No she's not con-
sidering an operatic career but it is swell
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The Man I Hate—And Vice Versa

(Continued from page 19)

"Would you let me float in your swimming pool, Mr. Fields?"
 "You wouldn't float—you'd sink. You're waterlogged."

Well, that got me down. "Waterlogged," indeed, indeed, indeed. Bergen intervened: "Bill, try to realize that Charlie's life is quite different from ours."

"I should say it is," said Mr. Fields. "He gets planted, then he grows up. We grow up and then we get planted. Fatalistically analytical—they didn't think I could say that . . . I didn't think I could myself."

But I couldn't contain myself. "You're not kidding me." I blurted to Mr. Fields, "You used that line in your last picture."
 "Oh, you saw it?" drawled Mr. Fields. "How did you like it?"
 "Rotten!" I said, feeling like a wooden heel. But the round was mine.

As I remember the first round of our feud went to Mr. Fields, although some of my *repartee* clung to him like burrs—burrs, I mean. There I go thinking redwood again. "How old is Charlie?" Mr. Fields asked Bergen, and Bergen said "He's twelve years old."

"Twelve years old," repeated Mr. Fields. "How interesting. I wonder if the little nipper will sing me a song?"

"Will if you give me ten dollars," I replied.

"Ten dollars? He's more than twelve!" said Mr. Fields.

"He's really older than he looks," explained Bergen. "He was hewn out of an old oak tree." (I wish Bergen would get together with himself on this. One time it's a white pine, and then it's an oak. I doubt if he really knows.)

"His face looks as if it were hewn out of a piece of sassafras root," said Mr. Fields, not at all like a gentleman.

"Oh, is that so?" I blurted. "If you had to cut your face out of a piece of wood, they would have to use redwood for a nose—and an ample bit of it, too, I'd say."

And that was the way that started. "Yes—oh yeah—of course!" fumed Mr. Fields. "Redwood for a nose! He's a fresh little punk, isn't he? Redwood for a nose! He's full of termites. Take him away from me, he draws flies."

I had a hard time keeping myself in hand (Bergen's hand). "He's drunk!" I yelled.

"Yes and I'll be sober tomorrow and you'll still be full of termites," Mr. Fields yelled back at me. Ringsiders at that one declared it was Mr. Fields' round but my words kept haunting him. . . . Redwood for a nose . . . he's only twelve eh? What's he wearing a wig for?" Mr. Fields mumbled. "Can you imagine that little rat . . . redwood for a nose. Don't let him get away—will you? Redwood for a nose . . . I'll take Baby LeRoy in preference any time. And he's no bargain."

The next time Mr. Fields and I came together socially I did my best to bridge the gap. Just an old-fashioned wooden bridge but no go.

"Hello Mr. Fields!" I said.

"Oh hello blood poison."

"Mr. Fields I've been reading a book."

"Who hasn't?" queried Mr. Fields.

"This book has taught me a lot of things. I want to apologize for the nasty way I talked about your nose being made of redwood"

"Think nothing of it. Forget it" said



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Mr. Fields practically ignoring me and turning to Mr. Don Ameche, who is master of ceremonies at our Sunday Kaffee Klatches. But I insisted:

"I can't forget it. I've been thinking about it ever since last Sunday."

"Perish the thought. Forget about it."
"That's big of you, Mr. Fields. And now do you feel sorry that you said I was full of termites?" I was propping up my *amour propre*.

"Oh I guess I do," he murmured. "I guess I do. I really haven't had time to give it much thought."

Then Bergen stepped in as mediator: "Charlie really loves you, Mr. Fields."

"Yes indeed I do. But I don't think Mr. Fields loves me."

"This has gone far enough," said Mr. Fields, pulling himself up to his full height and raising his redwo—his nose. "I've been a gentleman up to now but he's not going to tell me that I don't love him. I'll break every knot in his body. Another thing I want to tell you . . . you didn't know that I was in Bergen's dressing room this afternoon and I heard Charlie telling Dorothy Lamour that from the looks of my nose I must have been weaned on ketchup. . . Dirty little rat, he's a wool in sheep's clothing!"

It was after this incident that Mr. Fields told me to sew (I have always wondered why he didn't say "nail") a button on my lip. He threatened to rip off my bark and bite off my limbs, to sick a woodpecker on me, and to prune every twig on my body. Of course I felt like a stuffed shirt doing it, but I decided it was time to take legal action. I've learned. Never again. Never put the "b" for barrister on the honey-toned Mr. Fields. The man is a sorcerer. He hypnotized my lawyer. Hyp-hip-hooray! This is what happened.

I decided to sue Mr. Fields for \$12,000, defamation of character, alienation of affections, slander, breach of etiquette, breach of faith, breach of friendship. Bergen had his doubts about collecting. "Do you stand a chance?" he asked me. "Blatt. Blab. Brag and Pecksniff never fail," my lawyer said, pulling himself up haughtily.

"Greetings, Charles, my diminutive little chum," Mr. Fields said as my lawyer and I (and Bergen—he gets into everything) entered.

"Hello, Mr. Fields," I answered.

"And greetings to you, Counsellor," said Mr. Fields, in melting tones. "Pardon me for complimenting you on your beautiful blond beard. Didn't you used to play the tuba in the House of David Band? How's everything up at Benton Harbor?"

"Very fine, thank you, very fine," answered the lawyer. "But let's get on with the case, Mr. Fields. I have come here to represent my client, one Charles McCarthy, to institute proceedings against you for \$12,000."

"Mr. Fields, we are prepared to press the following charges—defamation of character, alienation of affection, loss of services, threatened intent to assault, battery, mayhem and murder . . . et al. Mr. Fields, did you or did you not, on the 9th of May last, refer to the plaintiff as a piece of sassafras root?"

"That's what he called me, all right," I blurted out.

"Yes, yes, I did," admitted the defendant.

"He admits it!" I shrieked.

"But sassafras root is very dear to my heart, barrister," said Mr. Fields, wiping a tear from his eye with a purple handkerchief. "I was weaned on sassafras root."

"Oh, how that man can lie! Don't you believe him, counsellor."

"Mr. Fields," continued my attorney, silencing me with a look. "Did you, or did you not, on the same day, accuse my client of being full of termites?"

"Full of termites? Yes . . . I remember. I answer in the affirmative," said Mr. Fields, meaning "yes." "But there were extenuating circumstances. Charles squirmed off Mr. Bergen's knee three times that day. It was not a threat . . . I only wanted to warn him. I feared for the little chap's innards. I thought he probably had ants."

"Mr. Fields, did you, or did you not, on May 16th, last, describe my client as a piece of Grade B lumber?"

"How true . . . how true . . . but Grade B lumber, counsellor, is very near and dear to my heart. Grade B lumber . . . my little grade home in the West. Pardon me, barrister, while I shed a tear." Mr. Fields mopped his eyes. "My old homestead was constructed of that material . . . a modest little lean-to. We had no windows but very large cracks in the wall which served the purpose admirably."

This was too much. I could see my case and my barrister weakening. "On May 30th he said he would sick a woodpecker on me. Ask him to explain that. Go ahead!" I insisted.

"It was merely a lark . . . Haw, haw . . . stop me—I only wanted to give the little chap the bird."

THE bird, eh? Now what does he mean by that crack?" I asked.

"Tut, tut," my lawyer said. "Let's stick to the case. Mr. Fields, did you, or did you not, on June 20th, threaten to drive a nail into the chest of my client?"

"I understood he was afflicted with Grade B lumber-pneumonia . . . and thought his chest should be tapped."

"Oh, my, oh my . . . he's the most deceitful man I ever knew!" I bawled. "Double-crosser . . . buzzard . . ."

"Cease, Mr. McCarthy," said my lawyer. "Very beautiful. Mr Fields."

"And, what's more, did or did not the little nipper threaten to clip me and mow me down? Insist that my nasal organ was made of redwood . . . accuse me of being an addict of the Demon Rum? Have you forgotten that, my little plaintiff?"

"I haven't, but on the other hand . . ." I tried to say.

"Did I not refer to you as my diminutive little chum, my pretty little twig, my own flesh and timber? Did I not offer you my nose filled with nickels?" continued Mr. Fields.

"Yes, but you forget . . ." I interposed.

"A veritable fortune for a young lad in such modest circumstances . . . no food to buy, barrister . . . no liquid to consume . . . practically no overhead . . . not even a bath to take . . . just a little sand paper now and then. What a fortunate little sapling," gushed Mr. Fields.

"There he goes again!" I yelled. "Get that down—get that down . . . make a note of that."

"The little chap does not know his forestry," said Mr. Fields in tones that would melt granite. The lawyer commenced to sob.

"There is no need to go any further, Mr. Fields. I understand," he said. This was going too far.

"Yeah—and you said you'd prune every twig off my body. Explain that!" I ordered.

"Quiet, Mr. McCarthy," ordered my lawyer. "Go on, Mr. Fields." But I couldn't be quiet.

"He called me a little rat . . . a little punk . . . he said he'd saw my arm off . . ." "Oh, how could the boy misunderstand

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my gentle nature," said the perfidious Mr. Fields. "How can one so young resort to such a tarradiddle? It's a fib... a downright fib. Pardon me if I raise my voice and lose my temper, counsellor."

"Mr. McCarthy, I cannot take this case," my lawyer said to me.

"What brand is it?" Mr. Fields asked, his interest renewed.

"I can see at a glance that Mr. Fields, the kind man, is the one who is maligned, who is injured," said my lawyer, picking up his briefs. No, Bergen, he wasn't a Boy Scout and he wasn't in shorts. You don't understand legal talk.

"Charles, my little chum, haven't I always been the very milk of human kindness?" Mr. Fields asked me.

"Yes, sour milk."

"Enough," said my lawyer. "I refuse your case, Mr. McCarthy... Good-bye, Mr. Fields. It is a pleasure for me to meet such a kind-hearted man. I apologize for my intrusion."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mr. Fields. "Au revoir, counsellor. Now McCarthy, get your paper and pencil out and put this in your little memory book. You buckthorn in my side... you pump handle...!"

"Counsellor—counsellor!" I shrieked.

YOU skunk cabbage... you stink weed...

"Whoa—help! Counsellor!"

"Go 'way—you're infected with frost bite... you grubs' hacienda..."

"Quick! Where is my counsellor? What a lawyer!"

"You knotty pine... you yesteryear's discarded Christmas tree... you termite's flophouse... I hate every branch of your family tree!" continued Mr. Fields. Now I ask you, where is Justice? Counsellor, lawyer, attorney, barrister, help, help! Is every day Mr. Fields' Day?

(All excerpts from Fields-Bergen-Chase-and-Sanborn scripts printed by courtesy of the copyright owners.)

"Nor Rain Nor Heat Nor Gloom of Night—"

(Continued from page 23)

about that when the crook pulled a blue-barrelled automatic from his right hand coat pocket. The hand that held it shook. The face above it was filled with venom. The man was desperate.

With his own right hand, Charlie made a quick move toward his own right hip—he wasn't armed—and jumped for the bandit. In a brief struggle Charlie pinioned the man's arms to his side with a trick he had learned in the army. And at his command, the man who had been so murderous but a few seconds before, let that automatic slip into the asfcan.

They were still struggling when Detective Dow of the Bathgate Avenue Police Station came poking into the alley. After insisting that the officer identify himself, Charlie turned the prisoner over to him. And then he started going away from there.

"Hey, wait a minute. Come back here," Dow ordered.

"No, I can't stop now," Charlie told him.

"But just a minute. Who are you?" "Can't you see I wear the uniform of the United States Postal Service?"

"Sure, I know that, but you've got to appear against this man."

"Well, I haven't got time now, I've got to deliver the mail."

And with that, Charlie did what the stick-up man had advised: He beat it.

Out on the truck Charlie looked at his watch. He had lost five minutes of Uncle Sam's time. And there was a half a truck-load of mail that must, come what may, be delivered before noon. He told Herman to step on the gas.

Herman, of course, was dying with curiosity. But all Charlie would say was that he had caught his man.

"I'll tell you about it when we get back to the station," he said. "Let's get the rest of this mail delivered first. We're about five minutes late."

Well, boys and girls, maybe this gives you an idea why you so seldom complain about mail service in the good old U.S.A. You know, in the New York Post Office alone thirteen million pieces of mail are handled every day in the year. And also on every day some thirty-five thousand pieces of misdirected mail are given correct address.

Wow! Is that a record?

It shows you that when the post office boys say the mail must not be mislaid or delayed they are not talking pipe dreams. They are merely thinking in the terms of Charlie Heyler, who wouldn't let catching a criminal interfere with the delivery of his truckload of parcels.

And speaking of the mail—which I have been doing at some length—I want you to read the letter Charlie Heyler wrote me about this exploit of his. Short and snappy, I call it:

ON May fifth, I jumped off a mail truck and helped the police capture a bandit, but I did it without delaying the mail more than four or five minutes. The man was subsequently convicted and sentenced to from three and one-half to seven years in Sing Sing. I thought maybe you'd like to use the story sometime."

Of course I used it. You must have heard it on my Colgate True Adventure program. It's the kind of a story that gets right under my skin. And I guess Postmaster-General James A. Farley must have thought pretty well of it, too. For he raised Charlie Heyler's salary four hundred dollars a year and promoted him to mail foreman, besides telling the whole country what he thought of Charlie's bravery.

Yes sir, old man Herodotus was right: "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

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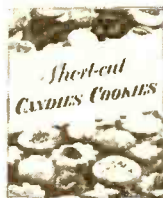
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Hail! Hail! The Gag's All Here

(Continued from page 31)

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the secret. You'll listen to the greatest wooing of history this evening because—Parkyakarkus loves Martha Raye and Martha loves Parky!

AL: Why, Tiny, how can you say such a thing! You know Parky and Martha spend all their time insulting one another!

TINY: That's just it—that's how I know they're in love. They're both so shy they don't want the other to know their secret. But really they're simply eating their hearts out for one another. You just listen tonight and see if I'm not right.

MARTHA: (She's outside in the ball, but we can hear her yelling.) Ohhhh boy! Lifebuoy! Oh boy!

AL: Shh, Martha, we're on the air.

MARTHA: Oh, am I mad! Am I mad! Say Al, how much would you charge to kill a guy?

AL: Me kill a guy? What for?

MARTHA: I was standing outside the studio, minding my own business—and some guy drove up and hitched his horse to me!

AL: Well, don't you mind, Martha—here comes Parkyakarkus to comfort you now.

MARTHA: Comfort me? That Swivel-puss? He was the guy that did it!

AL: Now, don't try to deceive us, Martha. Tiny has discovered your secret, and it's safe with us and a couple of million people listening in.

TINY: That's right, Martha. Why, do you know what Parky said about you the other day? He said, "When I gaze into Martha's eyes, time stands still."

PARKY: Yeah—but what I meant was her face would stop a clock.

AL: You shouldn't say that about Marthy, Parky. You're no Don Juan.

PARKY: Just the same, a girl at the party we went to last night said I had the face of a great lover.

AL: (Laughing scornfully.) Well, I certainly wouldn't say that about you.

MARTHA: Neither did the girl. What she really said was, "Wow, look at that kisser!"

PARKY: Well, Martha did all right with her kisser, Al. You should of been there when they started playing kissing games. She kissed three fellas at one time, and didn't even use her lower lip!

MARTHA: (In a rage.) Somebody give me a feather—I want to beat his brains out!

AL: I'm afraid you're too late, Martha. As a child he was kicked in the head by a grasshopper.

PARKY: Anyway, I'm good looking. Look at her, with that mouth! Why, in her last picture she yawned and I couldn't see Bing Crosby!

AL: Now, Parky, stop talking like that. You know Martha is the girl of your dreams.

PARKY: If she is, I'm gonna stop eating before I go to bed.

MARTHA: Parkyakarkus, why don't you go out and get an aspirin?

PARKY: What for? I ain't got a headache.

MARTHA: No, but I have.

PARKY: How can something ache when there ain't nothing there?

MARTHA: You should talk—if there was a sales tax on brains you'd get a refund.

PARKY: Is that so? I got more brains in my whole head than you got in your little finger. You know the sit-down strikes they was having a couple months ago? They got that idea from me. Sure! . . . Parkyakarkus.

AL: Oh, you're smart all right.

PARKY: I was even smart B. S. S. Be-

fore Social Security.

MARTHA: You don't even know what Social Security is!

PARKY: I do too! I'll even explain it to you. If I'm sitting in my automobile with a beautiful girl on a lonely road and it's a dark night and the moon is shining and the stars is blinking—and if the Government will only pass a law to keep Martha Raye away—Boy, that's Social Security!

MARTHA: What'd I ever do to deserve this! Parky, why do you keep on insulting me?

PARKY: Well, to tell you the truth Martha, I hate singers.

MARTHA: But there are lots of singers—why do you always pick on me?

PARKY: When I insult singers—I start at the bottom!

MARTHA: I've had enough of this! Mr. Jolson! I want you to fire this guy.

PARKY: Okay, I can always go back to Loretta. She likes me.

MARTHA: Loretta who?

PARKY: Loretta Young.

MARTHA: Go on, Loretta Young doesn't even know you're alive.

PARKY: Boy! Just give me ten minutes alone with her, and will she be surprised! You know, I just wrote a poem special for Loretta Young.

MARTHA: Don't recite it.

PARKY: All right, I will. It says "Loretta Young, you beautiful Loretta Young. Ooh, how I'd love to kiss you—ugh!"

MARTHA: That's the poem? Is that as far as you got?

PARKY: Yeah, I could never get any farther with Loretta Young.

MARTHA: Listen, I don't believe you even know her.

PARKY: Who don't? She's a relative of mine, even.

MARTHA: (Scornfully.) How is Loretta Young related to you?

PARKY: Her father and my father were fathers.

MARTHA: Well, your father certainly wouldn't admit it if he could see you in that suit you're wearing now. All the colors of the rainbow! Is that your new fall outfit?

PARKY: If it ain't I'm stuck six bucks.

MARTHA: You mean you got all that for six dollars?

PARKY: Yeah—I found a place where they sell you a suit with three vests, six pairs of pants, a topcoat, a twenty-six piece set of dishes, an oil painting, a slicker and a manicure.

MARTHA: What—no raccoon coat?

PARKY: No, but they give you board and room in a hotel for two days?

MARTHA: All for six dollars?

PARKY: Yeah, but it's a very cheap hotel. I bought another suit there too. Boy, would you love that one! A suit with two pair of gloves.

MARTHA: Two pair of gloves? What's the idea of that?

PARKY: It ain't got no pants and you got to keep warm somehow.

MARTHA: And look at your vest! It's too short—it doesn't even meet the pants!

PARKY: I'm gonna introduce them in a couple days. But anyway, they don't have to meet, on account of that poem—you know, East is East and Vest is Vest, and never the pants shall meet.

MARTHA: Oh, you've got everything all wrong again. It's never the twain shall meet. The twain! The twain!

PARKY: Aw, cut out the baby talk.

MARTHA: I'll certainly never invite you to any of my parties. In those clothes

you'd disgrace me.

PARKY: Oh, don't worry about that. If I have to go to a high class party I get all dressed up in my herringbone suit and I put a cake of Lifebuoy in my pocket.

MARTHA: Am I hearing right? When you go to a formal party you put a cake of Lifebuoy in your herringbone suit?

PARKY: Yeah—I get all dressed up in my soap and fish.

MARTHA: You mean soup and fish—soup—soup—didn't you ever hear of soup?

PARKY: I hear it every time you eat it with that big mouth of yours. I love soup, but I'm very fussy. Last night in my house we had soup but I couldn't eat it.

MARTHA: Wasn't it good?

PARKY: It was delicious.

MARTHA: Then why couldn't you eat it?

PARKY: We ain't got no spoons.

MARTHA: Well, why didn't you run next door and borrow a spoon?

PARKY: This was next door where I was eating.

MARTHA: (Beginning to yell.) But I thought you said you were in your house!

PARKY: Well, that's where I live—next door.

MARTHA: Help! You live next door to yourself?

PARKY: Yeah. It's a duplex—four families live there.

MARTHA: How do four families live in one duplex?

PARKY: They eat crab apples and double up!

AL: (Interrupting briskly.) Come on, folks, we've got to get to work on tonight's play. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, tonight my little company and I will offer for your approval our conception of that famous play which was suggested by Parkyakarkus' head—"Dead End."

PARKY: Wait a minute. I don't like that play. I got another one here I like to do.

AL: All right—what play do you want to do?

PARKY: "Eighth Heaven!"

AL: "Eighth Heaven?" You mean "Seventh Heaven."

PARKY: Naw, that was last year's version—this is this year's.

AL: Well, all right Parky—that's a good play too. (Whispering to Tiny.) All right, Tiny, we'll see if your suspicions are correct. We'll let Parky and Martha play the leads in this play, the two lovers. And if they're really in love they'll give great performances. (Louder.) Martha, come here a minute, honey. We're going to do "Seventh Heaven," and you play the part of Diane. Parky, you're Chico!

PARKY: Who are you—Harpo?

AL: Now, Parky, the action takes place in Paris, and you live in an attic. But you don't like it—in fact, the attic gives you a pain. Now what do you do?

PARKY: I take two aspirins for my attic.

AL: No, no! You make love to Martha—you're the hero.

PARKY: Boy, if I make love to her I must be a hero.

AL: Now, Martha, Parky is in the attic. He's been waiting for you for six hours—Parky, where are you going?

PARKY: I'm gonna open a window—it's too stuffy here in the attic.

AL: Oh, come here! Now, Martha, the attic is seven flights up and when you come home, you run up the stairs because when you get to the top, you know what you get?

MARTHA: Sure, I get all out of breath.

AL: No, no—after you've run up the stairs you find Parkyakarkus.

MARTHA: If that's what I get, I'll walk!

Say, why must this thing be seven flights up?

AL: Because it's in the play.

MARTHA: Well, let's do a play about a two-family house.

AL: The next play we do will be in a lunatic asylum. Now Parky, in this play you keep saying, "I am a very remarkable fellow." You see, you have a colossal egotism.

PARKY: Is that worse than rheumatism?

AL: No, no—that's the keynote of the play. Now, let's go. Parky, you're in the attic, waiting for Diane.

PARKY: Diane—Diane—oh, where is Diane! I am a very remarkable fellow. Where are you, Tootsie? Ah, there you are. Hello, Diane.

(Nobody says anything.)

AL: Well, come on, Diane, say something. That's your cue.

MARTHA: Well, give me a chance! (Panting heavily.) You think it's a cinch running up seven flights. . . . 'Allo, Chico! How you wass, keed? Oh, I like you too much—come, let me kees you!

PARKY: (And wouldn't you be scared too?) Keep away or I'll slug you.

AL: She's got to kiss you, Parky, it's in the play.

PARKY: Well, I don't wanna play. If I got to do parts where I got to kiss girls, why can't we get Loretta Young on this program?

AL: Oh, go on! Kiss Martha.

PARKY: Boy, if I can live through this, will I be a remarkable fellow! Come here, keed, and let me kees you.

(Maybe it's a kiss, but it sounds more like an explosion.)

MARTHA: They named this play wrong—this shouldn't be "Seventh Heaven," it should be "Anything Goes."

PARKY: And now we get married, wee?

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(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

MARHA: Married? Oh, Boy! Oh, Boy!
 AL: Now comes the climax of the play. After you get married, you have a big celebration in your house. Now, Parky, all you have in the house is a bottle of milk and some flour.

PARKY: Boy, that's some celebration.
 AL: Well, Diane wants some bread, so you bake some bread for her. She wants some butter, so you make butter out of the milk. She wants some cheese, so you make that, too. You can do everything—you see, Parky, you're a *very* remarkable fellow!

PARKY: (Mighty pleased with himself.) Boy, am I good!

AL: Then Diane says, "Chico, I would like to have some eggs."

PARKY: Listen, if I can do anything about that I *must* be a remarkable fellow!

AL: (Weakly.) Tiny—would you mind finishing the program for me? All this has been too much for me. I really don't feel well.

TINY: I don't blame you, Al—trying to make actors out of those two.

AL: Well, it looks as if you were wrong about them being in love, doesn't it? They didn't want to kiss each other.

TINY: Oh, I don't know—look at them now, over there in the corner of the studio.

AL: Why, they're kissing each other!

TINY: Looks as if the romantic play got in some good work. What'd I tell—

PARKY: (Yelling at the top of his voice.) Ow! She's got my head in her mouth and she's trying to bite it off!

TINY: Ladies and gentlemen, the program's over. We hope Parky will be well enough to be on next Tuesday's show, but you'll have to listen in, at 8:30 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, to be sure of it. Until then—good night.

Did you ever hear a bad dream talking? Sure, you did—and do! Every Sunday evening on Phil Baker's program you hear Beetle, the worst dream of all—and next month Phil brings Beetle, Bottle, and the rest of his slap-happy crew to you in a special RADIO MIRROR Radio-Broadcast. Don't miss it unless your sides hurt when you laugh!

Answers to **PROFESSOR QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS** On Page 3

1. Roy Nable.
2. Rager Pryor
3. Dorothy Lamour, Lucille Manners, Kathryn Craven, Irene Rich.
4. Tyrone Power and Don Ameche.
5. Bye Lo, Bye Lo.
6. A soda straw.
7. Major Bawes' Amateur Hour.
8. Charles K. Field.
9. Bing Crosby, Jerry Cooper, Perry Como.
10. Janet Gaynor and Robert Montgomery in "A Star is Born".
11. Sam Hearn.
12. A newsboy Bergen used to know.
13. Nelson Eddy and Gracie Allen.
14. Mortha Raye, Alice Faye, Charles Carrell (Andy), Werner Janssen and Bab Burns.
15. Red Davis.
16. Jimmie Fidler.
17. Simone Simon in the picture, "Love & Hisses".
18. Fibber McGee.
19. Backstage Wife, Dan Harding's Wife, John's Other Wife.
20. Edna Mae.

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KITCHEN NEWS
 By Mrs. Margaret Simpson

They say, "Names Make News," and I am sure that the name I am going to write about here would make a stir in any kitchen. Let me introduce Ida Bailey Allen, the World's Foremost Cook, whose radio lectures, articles in the big women's magazines, best selling works on food science, and courses as U. S. Food Administrator have long made her name familiar to every housewife.

And here's the news! Ida Bailey Allen is making for readers of RADIO MIRROR this month: Her Service Cook Book is now available to you through this magazine at a cost which means every recipe will cost you but one-fifth of a cent and that you get her best price-less advice on marketing, budgets, diets, serving and everything the cook wants to know, absolutely free.

And because this New Service Cook Book is designed for actual, every-day use in the kitchen, the publishers have incorporated in it these special features of binding, printing, etc., which mean that that world-famous cook will really be right at your side when you need her.

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What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 4)

program was longer.

D. Bazeley,
Vancouver, B. C.

FOURTH PRIZE

WE LIKE FRANK!

I am surprised to find nothing in your magazine that gives credit to silver-voiced Frank Munn.

Don't you know he has the sweetest and most versatile voice in radio or haven't you heard? His Sunday, Tuesday and Friday broadcasts are a genuine source of pleasure to my family, and to millions of other families as well. We look forward with anxiety to his broadcasts, and make sure we don't miss them.

An *exceptionally* joyous treat is his singing together with Jean Dickenson, and should be missed by no one.

Henry Grau,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZE

THE IDEA, MRS. BECKER!

I read a letter in your September issue of RADIO MIRROR—I want to take this opportunity to answer it. The letter was signed Mrs. Earl Becker.

The idea, Mrs. Becker! I should think that a woman would be broad minded enough not to believe Gracie Allen was really in love with the orchestra leader or other members of the orchestra. Let Gracie continue just like she has in the past—we all like it. Just because there is scandal in your town, that doesn't give you any reason to believe Gracie is creating a scandal. As long as George Burns doesn't worry, why should some one else worry?

Ada Ryder,
N. Ft. Worth, Tex.

SIXTH PRIZE

INTRODUCTION A-LA-BING

"Yours for more consideration of the other fellow" (quoting J. M. F.'s leave taking of an open letter appearing in the September issue of RADIO MIRROR) is worthy of reflection on the part of a few radio hosts. Of course, radio entertainers want to "tickle" the ears of their listeners, and occasionally, in endeavoring to please, rules of courtesy are "scrapped." Truly, the other fellow has not been taken into consideration when celebrities, such as Rose Bampton and Rudolf Ganz, are presented to the radio world as "Bamp" and "Rudy" a-la-Crosby style. There have been a few times that this listener has wished that a turn on the radio dial would choke—gently, of course, but severely enough to discipline—the thoughtless master of ceremonies. Yours for all courtesy due to "Roses," especially,

Rose Mae Koogle
Westcliffe, Colo.

SEVENTH PRIZE

LET THEM HAVE MUSIC!

I had occasion, during the past depression, to intercede for some deserving neighbors who had unsuccessfully applied for county aid. It was all I could do to be diplomatic and serene when the field worker retorted, "Why, they even have A RADIO!" This may have been an unusual case, but I do know that some such sentiment is prevalent. I did not inform her that I had sold a cherished violin, not being used now, for a radio set that we

THIS NEW 3-WAY
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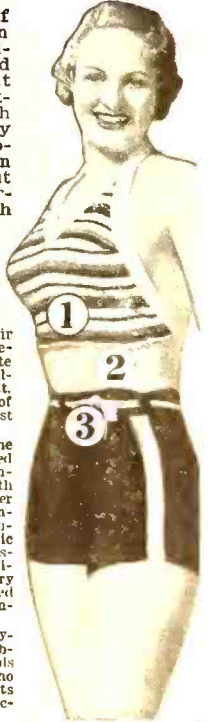
Now thousands of skinny, rundown men and women can say good-bye to bony angles and unsightly hollows that rob them of natural attractiveness. For with this new easy 3-way treatment, hosts of people who never could gain an ounce before have put on pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh—in just a few weeks!

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(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge"—Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., Blue Ribbon Books.)

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could all enjoy; and disposed of old silver and sundry keepsakes to secure tubes and repairs later. I sincerely believe that a radio is a necessity in any home, especially one full of worries and deprived of luxuries by circumstances over which the family had no control. It is to the busy housewife, the sick youngster, and the worried daddy what the life and drum corps is to the weary marchers.

Elizabeth T. Nedry,
Glendale, Calif.

HONORABLE MENTION

"Remember the old days of the silent movies when they used to flash on the screen a caption which an ordinary mortal could read in 20 seconds and leave it on long enough for you and your companion to discuss in detail 'Beverly of Graustark'?"

"You used to get sort of peeved to think that anyone should think you quite so dumb, didn't you? And don't you feel the same way at the end of an episode in most of the dramatic serials of the radio to-day? You know: the episode ends and the announcer begins: 'Well, well, so John Doe is murdered; the police have found a tooth brush under the couch, etc., etc., etc.'—and then, 'Will they find the murderer; what has the tooth brush to do with it, etc., etc.?'—Aliene Kendall, Sterlington, N. Y.

"Why must these things be: Imitators of Bing Crosby's nonchalance; imitators of Bob Burns' drawl; jokes so old they should be retired on pension; humor so dead it should be decently buried; guest stars who do nothing but answer a few questions; character actors who do the same monotonous stuff year after year: 'cute' announcers; infant prodigies; bore-some dramas of family life, and wives as stooges? Thank goodness, these things are: W. C. Fields' tall tales; Kirsten Flagstad; many swell dance bands; a few fine dramatic offerings; splendid news announcers; Bob Burns' relatives; suave Jack Benny; good sports reporting; the world's greatest symphony orchestras, AND Charlie McCarthy."—Louise Rabb, Logansport, Ind.

"The perfect working model for news commentators, according to my family, is Edwin C. Hill. We wouldn't willingly miss one of his broadcasts, come good tidings or bad.

"Mr. Hill's voice, in the first place, is very pleasant and his manner of speaking simple and good American. He has the good taste not to indulge in fervent dramatics, or conversely, studied nonchalance. Neither does he becloud the issue with a hard-to-follow accent. His personality is breezy, friendly and sympathetic, as he reports the news just as it comes to him."—Mrs. Ruth Cope, Sterling City, Tex.

"Boy, I sure enjoyed RADIO MIRROR's Radio Broadcast by that ace of radio stars, Jack Benny himself. The Benny program is just chock full of humor and has more humanness than any feature on the air waves. Everytime I eat Jello, I think of Jack Benny, and believe me, when a lot of people do this, you can just bet your last dollar that the product is sold, sealed and delivered with a pink ribbon tied to it. Serve my Jello with Jack Benny, please!"—Beulah Mae Klink, Canton, O.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

No Matter What Your Age
No Need Now to Let
Gray Hair
Cheat You



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

{ FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 4412, 544 So. Wells St., Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 60c box of KUBAK Shampoo. }

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

IF I Send YOU THIS FINE SUIT—

Will You Wear It and Show It to Friends? I need a reliable man in your town to wear a fine, made-to-measure, all-wool DEMONSTRATING SUIT—advertise my famous Union clothing—and take orders. You can make up to \$12.00 in a day. My line contains over 360 quality wools, all occasional values, guaranteed. You need no experience or money. I supply everything required, FREE of extra cost. Write me today for FREE details. H. J. GRAVES, STONEFIELD CORP., 1300 W. Harrison Street, Dept. Z-949, Chicago, Illinois

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Save Baby from Colic

Scientifically designed to prevent colic. Endorsed by mothers, nurses, doctors. Davol's "Anti-Colic" brand nipples are made in two shapes. For a free sample of either No. 147 or No. 151 nipples, for a free sample mail this advertisement, before December 1st, stating which you prefer.

DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. 13-33
Providence, Rhode Island

Highway to Happiness

(Continued from page 41)

she had conquered by her own courage. She feels today that she owes a great debt to that black year of 1935. Her hurts had cut into her, carving deep channels into her emotional self. Alice thinks those same channels carry the stream of her happiness now, that every emotion she knows as a woman will be deep because they are deep.

She was more of a woman, surely, when she returned to work after her illness, and she was more of an actress. It was then that Big Boss Darryl Zanuck noticed her seriously for the first time, scheduled her for more important roles than she had ever had in "Sing Baby, Sing," and "Wake Up and Live." After "On the Avenue" movie critics rushed home to file rave notices about Alice Faye. They had dismissed her with a line before. Fan magazines assigned their best writers to define "The New Alice Faye" and the fans themselves wrote angrily to Fox studios that it was too, too bad that Alice Faye didn't get Dick Powell.

Alice overnight found herself a star. Suddenly everyone she thought had turned against her jumped on the Alice Faye bandwagon. Radio sponsors wrangled for her signature on a contract—she hadn't made more than an occasional guest appearance in years. Leading song-writers—including the late, great George Gershwin—got their heads together and decided that above all other girl singers in the country, Alice Faye was their choice to put over a song. Walter Winchell had said so long ago, but now he was leading a chorus of voices in the chant: "That Faye girl has GOT something."

WHAT could Darryl Zanuck do? He tore up her old contract and gave her a new, star-size one in its place.

All this happened in such a short time that Alice Faye didn't have the time to change, superficially. She still preferred a furnished Hollywood apartment to a Beverly Hills estate equipped with swimming pool and other star-accessories. Probably as a hangerover from the old hide-from-the-truant-officer days, she liked to move often . . . changing her backgrounds with her moods.

She had softened, the Broadway veneer was gone—but that Faye temper still reared its head at times. One director, who had the bad judgment to say too loud that he "asked them to give me an actress and they gave me a night club singer," can vouch for that. He still has a scar where Alice's hurled script caught him neatly between the eyes.

This star stuff was so new that Alice was still self-conscious. She says Darryl Zanuck won't come on her sets any more because every time he did a few months ago, she'd fall flat on her face. He's afraid she'll break her neck, Alice says, so he stays away.

Like the little girl on the West Side who wanted pretty clothes and taxi-rides, Alice still loved the warm sensation of luxury. She spent hours shopping for pretty clothes and perfumes (the bills horrified Brother Bill for awhile, until the spending spree abated). She made a rush trip to New York to show off her first mink coat.

The transition period is over now. Alice has tempered her life-long ambition with a dash of wise, Hollywood skepticism. All this new ease is satisfying, but there may be a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. She's ready for him, if he shows his face. Her happiness is bigger than Hollywood. Bigger even than little Alice Leppert

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Put a dollar bill in envelope with name, address, number of article desired and brief note stating age (must be over 20) occupation, employer and other facts. We will open a 10 month charge account and send selection for approval and trial. If satisfied, pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments. Otherwise return and dollar will be refunded. Everything confidential—no direct inquiries.

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M 211—Bulova's Minute Man 17 jewel wafer thin curved watch; leather strap. \$3.28 a month



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LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER



ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

STOP THAT COLD!

Curb It Before It Gets Going!

A cold once settled is a hard thing to dislodge. You want to treat it quickly. You want to treat it seriously.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (LBQ tablets) are what you want to take for a cold.

First, they are no cure-all. They are made expressly for colds and for nothing else.

Secondly, they are internal medication. A cold is an internal infection and should be treated as such.

4 Important Effects!

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets do four important things in the treatment of a cold.

1. They open the bowels.
2. They check the infection in the system.
3. They relieve the headache and fever.
4. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. They are sold by all drug stores, a few cents a box.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, turn to Bromo Quinine tablets. Taken promptly,

they'll usually break up the cold in 24 hours—and that's the speed of action you want.

Ask for Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets and accept nothing else.



A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio!
NBC Blue Network. Mon. & Thurs. 8-8:15 p.m.
EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-10:15 p.m. EST.

keep lips
ardent...
free from
lipstick
parching!



What makes lips tempting? Men admire warm, ardent color... and soft, silky texture. Dry, rough lips do not tempt romance.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient—"Theobroma"—which keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five ardent and indelible shades. New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

had ever dreamed about, longed for when the height of happiness seemed to be a job in the front line of the chorus. For on the Labor Day weekend, without a word to anyone, Alice drove off with Tony Martin. Their marriage made the headlines of all the Sunday newspapers.

Alice has put her life in the hands of laughing Tony Martin, young but wise enough to kid her out of the blues, to show her that a toothache can often be taken for heartache by the unwary.

She has her family too. Her mother and her two loyal brothers. She has friends—friends "who treat her like a person"—in her new stand-in, Helen Holms, her hair dresser, Gail Roe, and, of course, in Betty King the best friend of them all.

Last of all she has a chance to do something important. To prove to herself and to her new husband that stardom has been bestowed on her wisely. On the air she is the star of a Friday night CBS coast-to-coast program. On the screen—and she pinches herself every day about this—she is playing the role which had been planned for Jean Harlow in Twentieth Century's newest spectacle-film, "In Old Chicago."

With her is Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, two young men who between them have been sharing a large portion of the Hollywood limelight the past year. It takes no soothsayer to predict that the picture will be what even Darryl Zanuck won't mind terming colossal.

ALICE, a good friend of hers relates, came back to her dressing room after hearing from Zanuck that she was to play this important part, and stood looking in her mirror with tears in her eyes.

She didn't realize another person was in the room.

"Oh, God," she said, and she meant it reverently, "what have I done, what has plain Alice Faye done, to deserve this break?"

If Alice reads this she will know that she has done three things, she has been honest in a town where it is easier not to be; she has had courage to be happy when it would have been so much easier to go on weeping; and she has had the good sense always to be herself.

THE END



Don't be fooled, it's Henny Youngman under that Chinese disguise, featured on Kate Smith's program.

What Movie Shall We See Tonight?

★ ★ ★ ★

Each week, in Liberty, Beverly Hills gives you the most dependable movie reviews published in America. Independent, impersonal, frankly honest, a four-star rating from Beverly Hills is a big event in any studio. Millions of movie goers read and are guided by his brilliant, penetrating reviews every week. By all means join them. Buy your copy today and get the greatest value for your movie money.

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Women Feel Old when Germs Attack Kidneys



There is nothing that can make women or men feel and look old and worn out more quickly than irritating Germs in the Kidneys or Bladder developed during colds or from bad teeth or tonsils that need removing. These Germs may also cause Nervousness, frequent Headaches, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Backache, Puffy Eyelids, Burning Passages, Loss of Appetite and Energy.
Ordinary medicines can't help because they don't fight the Germs. Fortunately all druggists now have the Doctor's formula **Cystex** (pronounced Siss-tex) that starts fighting Kidney Germs in 3 hours, checks pain, and stimulates and tones the Kidneys so that most users feel younger, stronger and far better in a day or so. **Cystex** must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for **Cystex** today. The guarantee protects you. Copyright 1937 by The Knox Co.



YOU CAN THROW CARDS IN HIS FACE ONCE TOO OFTEN

WHEN you have those awful cramps; when your nerves are all on edge—don't take it out on the man you love.

Your husband can't possibly know how you feel for the simple reason that he is a man.

A three-quarter wife may be no wife at all if she nags her husband seven days out of every month.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

SEND 30¢ ONLY 5 PERFUMES

HEAVY LASTING PERFUMES— that you will be proud to wear EACH QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS.

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Introductory offer: Send only 30¢ stamps or silver for the 5 generous vials. A BIG PERFUME VALUE!

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YOU, TOO, CAN EARN \$30 A WEEK

Nancy E—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making \$30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for:



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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____

City _____ State _____ Age _____

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 28)

clever comedian replied, "Notify me when I'm to be on the air because I'd like to listen in. And when I've been on a week or so, don't you think we'd better discuss money?"

AMOS 'n' Andy just gave their secretary (Louise Summa) a snappy charm bracelet for a birthday gift. The bangles are as follows: the tiny gold tennis racquet represents Amos' favorite sport, the miniature airplane is for Andy's pash pastime, the toothbrush, toothpaste-tube and soap can are sponsor-remembrances, the crystal ball encases pix of the two famed comics. What I wonder is this: Were the boys giving Louise a birthday gift or a gold advertisement?

FLORENCE GEORGE has yet to be seen at a Hollywood night spot, has no romantic affiliations, spends two hours a day on musical and two hours on dramatic lessons. She's crazy about pets, particularly her pet monkey. Her chow (very black) is friendly and constantly leashed. Recently the hound ran out of the yard, into the street and nearly got a harp (or whatever the canine equivalent is.) Her police dog is a honey but cataracts are sending him blind—for which everyone is sorry. Florence lives in the 2000 block on North Catalina with her father, who is very handy mechanically. He just installed a recording outfit so daughter can hear herself as others hear her. The peaches and cream blonde beauty sings on the new Packard show with Lanny Ross et al.

WHEN ordinary muggs like you and me take vacations, the office just gets along without us somehow. But when Burns and Allen decided they needed a rest they had to persuade a quartet of big-shot comics—Bob Burns, Phil Baker, Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor—to pinch hit for them—and, incidentally, B & A footed the bill, too.

CERTAINLY the Alice Faye mind wasn't on her singing a few cigarette broadcasts back. She fluffed the song and Hal Kemp was hard put to cover up musically for her. But then, Alice has just taken unto herself a husband (Tony Martin) and her mind was on romance, not rhythm.

FOR my money, Martha Raye can sing a good many songs—but "Gone With the Wind" isn't one of them.

OF course you knew that the C. in W. C. Fields is for Claudius. But didja know that his pappy and mammy had planned to name him after a famous actor? That was the plan, but Claudius, they later found out, is the handle of a very famous and nasty thief.

WERNER JANSSEN was just about the most temperamental musical conductor to hit Hollywood in many moons. He even had Jose Iturbi lashed to the mast. But somehow Hollywood has tamed him down. (It has a way of doing that.) So now—there's no more rush of rage to the head at trifles. Instead, Mr. J. has completely remodeled his podium personality and is now as poised as you please.

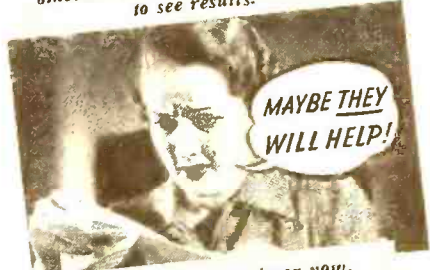
HOLLYWOOD Press Agent went to town on this the other day: The honeymoon isn't over yet for Parkyakarkus and his wife, Thelma Leeds. She seems highly amused at Parky during re-

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

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



"Then I read how your tablets helped others. I tried them, and soon began to see results."



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



ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then heed this story! It's the actual experience of a grateful user of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes

Yeast Foam Tablets

Now in the New Double Value 30-Day Size



Free Taste Sample

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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. RG 12-37

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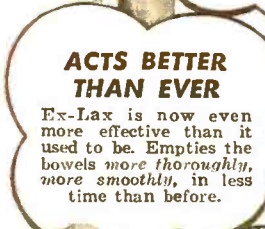
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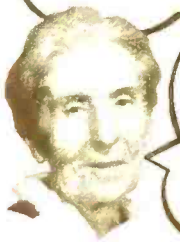
**TASTES BETTER
THAN EVER**

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



**ACTS BETTER
THAN EVER**

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



**MORE GENTLE
THAN EVER**

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

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

Now improved—better than ever!
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

"My little girl had a bad cough. Results from Foley's wonderful Cough gone. Chest clear. She's busy playing again." — Mrs. Harold Steinbach, Michiana City, Indiana.



**Mommy, I've
Quit Coughing
ALREADY!**

FOLEY'S RELIEVES COUGHS ALMOST INSTANTLY WITHOUT NARCOTICS OR STOMACH-UPSETTING DRUGS

Check your child's cough, due to a cold, before it gets worse! Over one million mothers find Foley's ideal for children. It's delicious! It never harms or upsets children's stomachs no matter how often given to afford continuous relief. Quick-acting; promptly soothes raw, irritated throat and allays tickling, hacking, coughing. Speeds recovery by loosening phlegm and helping break up cough. Spoonful on retiring promotes cough-free sleep. Unsurpassed for adults, too! For quick, pleasant, safe relief from coughs and a speeded up recovery. Get a bottle of Foley's today without fail.

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar
COUGH SYRUP

hearsals. Which leads me to remark that Miss Leeds is considered a pretty good actress.

BARS are being let down, apparently on such hitherto taboo radio subjects as astrology, palmistry, aural necromancy and the like. Mutual Broadcasting System is offering quite a few of these programs this fall, though both NBC and CBS are shying clear of them.

IT'S reliably reported that the program "Script Teasers" was not so named for Gypsy Lee.

JIMMY WALLINGTON set up the wife and new baby in a Santa Monica home. Tiny Ruffner is telling everyone about the technician who didn't recognize him and tried to explain about microphones and mixing panels to the tall announcer. Al Jolson is teaching his son bad habits. When you ask Al Junior what he thinks of Cantor—comes a terrific Bronx cheer (sometimes referred to as "The Bird"). Summer week-ends were spent by Charlie Winninger (Show Boat pilot) aboard Norman Foster's yacht. Andy (Charles Correll—of Amos 'n' Andy) is recording his own playing of Bach and Beethoven. And he's pretty good at the piano, too. Gertrude Niesen alternates her affection between Max de Vega and the old stand-by, Craig Reynolds. The only W. C. Fields picture in Bill's home is one of Will Rogers, Wiley Post and himself. It may sound silly to you but it's so. When Nelson Eddy leaves the NBC studio here after his broadcast, a couple of strong men muscle him out in a hurry to prevent the adoring females from mobbing him. Despite the fact that Charles Igor Gorin insists on sea salt air as an aid to singing, he went to Zion National Park for his vacation.

MAYBE you'd be interested to know that Alice Faye told Tony Martin she never wanted to see him again, that she thought he was too young and had some wild-out sowing to do, that he sulked for two-three weeks but refrained from escorting any damsel anywhere, that he finally called Alice on one of her weak days and she agreed to go out with him. Again he pleaded his case, this time it took and she married him. All of which leads up to my spiking a stupid story that has been making the Hollywood rounds.

This is it: Rumor was that on their marriage eve, Alice and Tony had a terrific argument. She went to a night club (according to the rumor) with another man, Tony learned of it and rushed to the place, prevailed on the manager to broadcast one of his recordings over the loud-speaker system. Alice heard the tune, rushed from the table leaving a bewildered gent behind her. Well, there's no truth in it. This is what really happened. Alice and her stand-in went to the night-spot, while Tony and her brother went to the fights. The men arrived later, a Martin recording was played but that's all.

By the way, didja know that Alice used to move into a new house every time she undertook a new film? But now she and Tony have a veddy cute apartment.

THREE Hits and a Miss was a quartette out here. Benny Goodman lent an ear to Martha Pilton, the Bluesinger, and stole her away with him when he went East. Thus comes an end to the pretty good foursome. The Three Hits are looking for a Miss. Wonder whatever hap-

**BACKACHES
DUE TO MOTHERHOOD**



Those months before baby comes put such a heavy strain on mother's muscles, that she frequently suffers for years.

Allcock's Porous Plasters do wonders for such backaches. They draw the blood to the painful spot—whether it be on the back, sides, legs, arms or shoulders. This has a warm, stimulating effect, and the pain soon vanishes. It takes only 2 seconds to put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster, and it feels as good as a \$2 massage.

Over 5 million people have used Allcock's, the original porous plaster. It brings quickest relief. Lasts longer. Easy to apply and remove. 25c. At druggists everywhere.

ALLCOCK'S
the original
POROUS PLASTER



On Approval

Wear this "Lucky Venus" ring at OUR RISK; you will be delighted with its virile setting in the color and charm of natural yellow gold. You will thrill to the rich beauty of the fiery, flashing, FULL CARAT simulated diamond—looks like a million dollars of prosperity.

SEND NO MONEY!
Deposit only \$2.49 plus postage with post-rick on arrival. Nothing more to pay. Wear 10 days at our risk. If not delighted purchase price will be refunded immediately. You risk nothing. Your ring in rich Gift case shipped by return mail.
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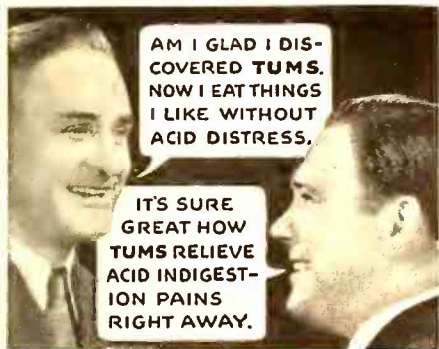


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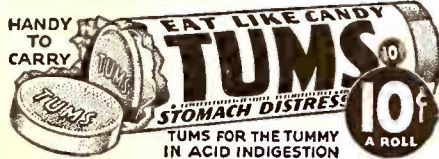


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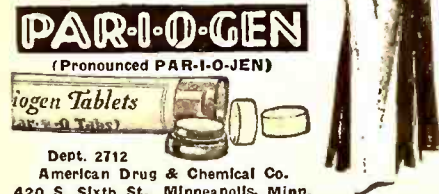
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pened to Betty Van, his one-time pipester. I liked her voice.

CHARLES CORRELL (Amos of the famed team) has that strange glint in his orbs these days. He's daffy on the subject of candid-cameras and fights with everybody (including the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker) who tries to get him to leave his beloved dark-room for a party of one kind or another.

I WAS amused at Ann Jamison's little niece who came out to Hollywood to visit the songbird. Ann taught the youngster the Lord's Prayer, but eyebrows went up when the babe returned home and reported as follows: "Our Father which art in Heaven, Hollywood be thy name . . ."

VIA WIRE — Prediction: The fastest flight up in many a moon—beautiful blonde Florence George, prima donna of the Packard show. . . Ben Alexander is forsaking radio for a return tackle at the schooling problem. Is eyeing Stanford with (four years hence) a touch of Harvard Law School. Thinks being a Hollywood lawyer might be something (it would) . . . Andy flew his bride to Del Monte for the honeymoon and one of his friends also planed up there to snap in-the-air candid shots en route. By the way, why wouldn't Amos pose for pictures with the happy newlyweds at the after-wedding reception? . . . Marion Talley is a one, all right. She bought a new Beverly Hills igloo—lived in it a month or so and then moved back to the Beverly-Wilshire . . . She gave the house to her family . . . You should get an eyeful of John Barrymore at NBC. He's wearing a marcelled wig for his new picture and it lays the radioites in the aisles. By the by, you might be glad to know that Elaine is taking to kidding the profile phellow (our way of saying Barrymore) whenever he gets too engrossed in himself or his parts at rehearsals. Very cute to hear Elaine say, "Remember me? I'm your wife. I'm on the program too. Remember?" (John does) . . . Meredith Willson, the very serious batoneer, is a writer of poesy and verse. Sometimes sets his words to those funny dots musicians play tunes with . . . Eleanor Whitney is all tied up in Johnny Downs (speaking of the heart) but his bonfire burns for tiny Jane Rhodes, who lilt on the Packard show . . . But ease your fears, Eleanor. Jane is still in her teens and dassn't go out with Mr. Downs unless her mammy and brother are along . . . There might be an aftermath to the verbal beating the Marx Brothers gave Charlie Butterworth on a recent Packard show. They didn't do Charlie much good with their patter—not to mention the sponsor's go-carts . . . A secretary at CBS wants to charge a large food concern for advertising space. She's painted the name of their products on the backs of her pet turtles. (What folks won't do for a gag—or a columnist for a line) . . . Of course, you know that when Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone came back from Europe, they were met at the dock by Mary's sister, Babe Marx, and their female offspring Joanie Benny. All trained West except Jack, who is nuts about driving. Mary says he's nuts when he is driving—but maybe radio's ace funnyman will have an answer for that . . . Day after first fall Hollywood Mardi Gras program, Producer Joe Stauffer went to a hospital with nervous exhaustion, supervisor Pat Weaver hit the hay from a like complaint. The pressure on the producers of the new programs from Hollywood is terrific. Competition is keener than a Scotchman's sense of silver.

SHE WAS ASHAMED OF HER SKINNY BODY

But She Gained 7 Flattering Pounds on First Bottle of Kelpamalt—Now FEELS GREAT!
How New Iron, Iodine and Vitamin Concentrate From the Sea Gave Pale, Scrawny, Skinny Girl Lovely New Figure, New Strength and Energy.



Posed by Professional Model

"I am 5 ft 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

"I was always active in out-of-door sports and in dancing, but honestly I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

"Now, however, I have discovered Kelpamalt. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I am remarking on my looks. My only regret is that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt! The best beauty product on the market."

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Thousands are dangerously rundown because of malnourishment—due to a lack of iron, iodine and vitamins necessary for the body's chemical processes. Kelpamalt, made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant contains not only the four important vitamins A, C, D and G, but is also rich in iron, iodine and contributes to the supply of other essential minerals. These precious elements are vitally important to the health and proper functioning of the blood, liver and glands. They enable you to get the good out of your food.



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Don't Be a Christmas

Drudge

(Continued from page 42)

cook can turn out a perfect holiday meal. I'd suggest a simple menu for Christmas day—tomato juice cocktail, roast turkey with stuffing, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, gravy, a fresh vegetable, fruit cake or plum pudding and coffee. Salad is optional, but if you decide to serve one, avoid the elaborate types. Endive or head lettuce with French dressing is an excellent link between the rich main and dessert courses.

Plum pudding or fruit cake may be made any time between now and Christmas. They will keep perfectly. Two days before Christmas, the cranberry sauce and the tomato juice cocktail may be prepared, according to the Mystery Chef's recipes, and stored in the refrigerator until serving time.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

- 1 lb. cranberries
- 1 lb. granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup water

Place the ingredients in a saucepan and boil slowly for twenty minutes, skimming off all the white foam as it forms. Remove from flame and chill. The cranberries are not to be mashed. When the sauce has chilled, the berries will be firm and transparent, and the juice will have formed a heavy jelly.

TOMATO COCKTAIL

- 1 can tomato juice
- 2 tbs. horseradish sauce
- 4 tbs. tomato catsup
- 1 can clam broth (optional)
- Celery salt to taste
- Lemon juice to taste

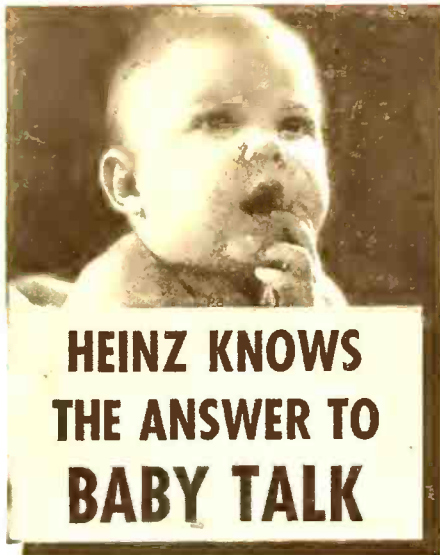
Combine ingredients and shake in cocktail shaker or fruit jar. If the mixture is too thick, dilute with cold water to desired consistency. If the tomato cocktail is kept in the refrigerator until serving time, you will not need to add ice before shaking to serve.

The same day you make the cranberry sauce and the tomato cocktail, prepare the chestnuts for the turkey stuffing. For a ten to twelve pound turkey, use a pound of chestnuts. Slit each shell with a knife, then allow the chestnuts to boil for twenty minutes. Keep the chestnuts boiling while you remove them, one or two at a time, run cold water over them and peel them. When all are peeled, chop the chestnuts. They are then ready to go into the dressing.

The day before Christmas make the French dressing for the salad and the hard sauce for the plum pudding or fruit cake. The really important day before Christmas activity, however, is the preparation of the turkey. First, remove the pin feathers, then singe the bird. Next, make sure that the inside of the turkey has been thoroughly cleaned. Finally wash the turkey in clear cold water holding it up so that all water will drain out of it. The following recipe for stuffing is sufficient for a ten to twelve pound turkey.

- 3 cups dried stale bread, in small pieces
- 2 cups diced celery, or more
- 1 cup chopped onion, or more
- 1 lb. chestnuts (prepared as directed)
- 4 tbs. butter
- Salt and paprika

Pour over the bread sufficient boiling water to make a dry dough. Heat the butter in a heavy skillet over a low flame, then fry in it until golden brown the cel-



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Please send free trial size of your lotion.

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* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

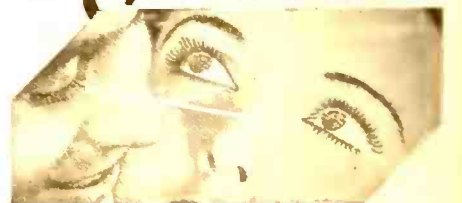
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WINS THOUSANDS! Will he see red veins... or clear, bright whites? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after late hours, overindulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; stainless, too; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores; also 5 & 10c stores.

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ery and onions. Add, with the chestnuts, and salt and paprika to taste to the bread and mix well. Stuff the turkey, being sure to put sufficient stuffing into the breast, through the opening in the front, to give the fowl a well-rounded appearance. With a large darning needle and fine string, sew up the openings, using an in and over stitch as though lacing a shoe. Openings must be tightly closed to prevent hot fat from running into dressing during cooking. Truss the turkey, and place it in the refrigerator until you are ready to roast it.

For roasting, allow twenty minutes to the pound, and baste every thirty minutes. The fat taken from the turkey should be rendered in the roasting pan and this melted fat (add melted butter if there isn't much fat) used to baste the turkey when you have placed it in the roaster. After the fat has been well rubbed in, flour the turkey all over, rubbing the flour in with your hands, then sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place the turkey in the oven, which has been preheated to 400 degrees, and cook at that temperature for one hour. Reduce the heat to 300 degrees to complete the cooking.

With the turkey in the oven on Christmas morning, set the giblets to simmering to provide the broth for the gravy. Next peel the potatoes and prepare your other vegetables and let them stand in cold water until you are ready to put them on to cook, then wash the salad greens and place them in the refrigerator. The potatoes should be started in cold, salted water, in a covered pot, and allowed to boil slowly for thirty minutes, so start them forty minutes before serving time, to allow ample time for cooking and mashing. When they are cooked, drain them, run them through a ricer, add butter and milk (half a tablespoon of butter for each potato, and sufficient milk to make a creamy consistency) and beat hard over a low flame.

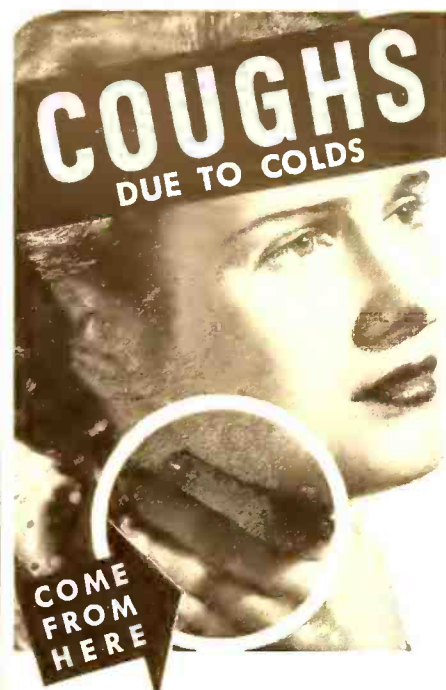
When the turkey is done, remove it to a heated platter and keep it hot while making the gravy. For a gravy, pour off all but about three tablespoons of fat, then add three tablespoons of flour to the fat and mix it thoroughly over a low flame. Add the broth from the simmering giblets (one quart), bring to a boil, stirring constantly, then reduce flame and still stirring allow to simmer for three or four minutes. Season to taste adding more broth or water if the gravy is too thick.

And now for the dessert. If you wish to serve a plum pudding like the handsome one pictured at the beginning of this article here is the recipe. Patrons of the many popular Schrafft's restaurants in New York City vote it their favorite Christmas dessert.

PLUM PUDDING A LA SCHRAFFT

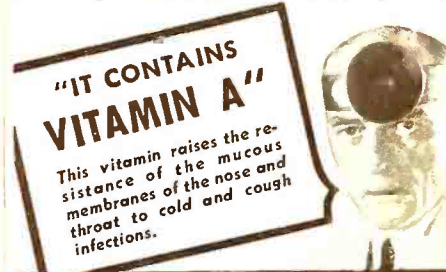
- 2 3/4 cups dried bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 2 tsps. salt
- 1 tsp. grated nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. mace
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 cups raisins seeded and cut up
- 2 cups seedless raisins
- 2 cups finely chopped suet
- 1 oz. candied orange peel
- 1 oz. citron.
- 1 cup molasses
- 6 eggs well beaten
- 1/3 cup brandy

Combine the dry ingredients, spices and fruit and mix well, then add the liquids and beat in thoroughly. Turn mixture into a well-floured square of unbleached cotton cloth. Tie corners together to form a bag taking care to allow space for pud-



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

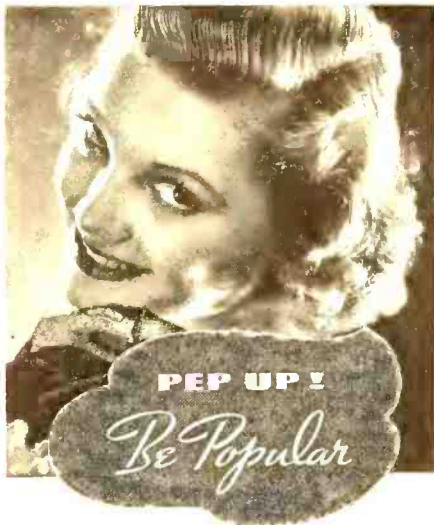
The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold) is one that does its work where the cough is lodged...that is, in the cough zone. That's why Smith Brothers made their cough syrup thick, clinging. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. 6 oz. bottle only 60¢!



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Truly, proper elimination is all-important to your well-being. So if more than one day goes by without it, assist Nature. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is extremely mild. And Olive Tablets are marvelously effective because they stimulate the liver's secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.

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BLACK OR MENTHOL

can give welcome relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold.

ding to swell. Immerse in a kettle of boiling water and cook for five hours. Pudding must be covered with water during entire cooking period.

More suggestions for your Christmas dinner! Broccoli with Hollandaise sauce is the perfect vegetable to serve with roast turkey. Write me for the Mystery Chef's recipe for it, also for his detailed instructions on trussing your turkey, and his recipe for delicious French dressing. I shall also be glad to send you the recipe for hard sauce or brandy sauce to serve with plum pudding, as they are made in the Schrafft restaurants, and their directions for making fruit cake. Simply send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Beauty by Contrast

(Continued from page 52)

So, to show you how this rule works, let's start with clothes. Jane advises, "the second requirement is becoming lines and colors. The third is a suit and a black dress as the backbone of your wardrobe. But the first and last, and the spice of all this, is contrast.

"Never underestimate contrast, for it can give your appearance that look of individuality which makes you interesting—and beautiful! With my light hair, I feel colorless in red, even though it is becoming to my skin. Somehow, I don't stand out in that shade as much as I do in black or dark blue. A pronounced brunette, however, would find it just the opposite. Generally speaking, I think bright-hued gowns are only for those with brilliant or deep coloring.

"My favorite color is dull black, because it is without doubt the smartest and most practical. There's nothing so flattering as black velvet. A suit and a good black dress, both very simple and with excellent lines, can be the making of any wardrobe. There are so many ways of changing a perfectly plain black dress so that it looks completely, almost daringly, different—accessories, costume jewelry, a colorful hat—for contrast. A dashing red hat and sash can work wonders. One of my own favorite costume touches for a simple outfit is a matched set of pull-on gloves and handbag in terra cotta antique.

"I believe you can combine as many colors as you like in your accessories, if you use taste. In choosing complements for a black dress, for instance, two articles in a distinct color are plenty. However, less pronounced colors which blend may also be used. A three-piece suit might be worked out in varying quiet shades of navy, blue and gray, with only a touch or two of vivid red or yellow for accent. In this way, you can assure yourself of individuality in your costume, knowing that another woman at the same party in the same suit or dress will not look the same, having chosen only one contrasting shade, or an entirely different combination of tones.

"Contrast plays a large part in your choice of cosmetics, also. I believe very strongly in makeup, but not if it's smeared on, with no regard for costume colors. It's simple enough to guard against wearing orange rouge or lipstick with red or purple-toned costume, and vice versa. That isn't the kind of contrast I mean!

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

I use a darker powder for evening, just to provide a bit of contrast for my hair. Deepening the skin tone will brighten light hair, while lighter powders will deepen or enhance the color of dark or red hair. And I think a deeper shade of lipstick is essential for evening wear. From my stage experience, I know just how much color artificial lights can take out of one's face!"

JANE doesn't care much for what the French call *frou-frou* in her dresses. During our chat, which took place backstage between her personal appearances, she was wearing a plain but vivid yellow pull-on sweater and an impeccably tailored lounge suit of men's suiting in dark gray. There was nothing too mannish about the cut; Jane thinks women's suits should be beautifully fitted at the waistline.

"Simplicity of line will be most important this winter," she emphasizes, "for hats are very giddy and daring. The princess style is particularly good, and I hope it never goes out of fashion; I don't think it ever will.

"I'm very fond of hats myself, but it's quite a problem choosing them now. I'm all for extreme hats, but only if they're becoming. Many women make a great mistake in buying a very noticeable hat just because it's all the rage, without exercising unusual care, for such extremes in style are usually only becoming to the distinct type of woman who first made it fashionable. Personally, I'd rather invest a little more money in one 'knockout,' than have ten inexpensive ones I don't feel sure of.

I HAVE a tiny one now, called 'The Inkspot.' It's a very simple black skull-cap to which I can pin any one of a dozen veils of different hues and materials, depending on my costume or mood. About a yard and half of veiling is attached to a length of silk tape (just the central part gathered for about half the distance around the head), which ties at the back. The full width of the veil falls over the face, and the ends trail over the shoulders. An amusing or brilliant clip holds it to the cap at the front. It's an idea which can be put to many variations. Veils are so feminine and flattering—and this is going to be a very feminine year, with all sorts of little ribbon bows, feathers and fluff for trimmings.

"There's one thing I'd like to see revived," she concluded, reflectively, "and that's the Sunday-best ensemble. Keeping one complete outfit just for wear on special occasions will give a girl that extra dash of zest, that out-of-the-ordinary feeling, which will make her unusually attractive. And, of course, that outfit should be properly assembled with an eye to effective contrast!"

Clothes do make the woman, but they can't work miracles—even with the best of contrast! They can't give you a clear, unmarked skin or shining, fragrant hair, for example. Try a new cleanliness regime and give your new wardrobe a real chance to show you off to advantage. I'd like to tell you about a new group of pine oil preparations and an excellent home facial you can give yourself, if you'll just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your query to Joyce Anderson, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.



Vote for your favorite radio star. Win for him or her Eaton's Letter of Gold. Win for yourself \$500 or \$1000. Here's how. Simply write Eaton a letter naming your radio favorite and telling why you prefer this star. Best letter postmarked before midnight December 15, 1937 wins \$500 — \$1000 if written on a watermarked Eaton paper. Duplicate prizes in all cases of ties. Decision of judges will be final. All letters received become the property of Eaton.

Also, each star voted for will personally acknowledge the 10 best letters received in his or her behalf. Excerpts of the best letter written about the most popular star will be inscribed on a Letter of Gold for that favorite! Vote today in Eaton's exciting Radio Poll. Send your letter to Eaton's Fine Letter Papers, Pittsfield, Mass.



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What's New?

(Continued from page 37)



WILL SONNY SLEEP OR COUGH TONIGHT?

PISO'S 2-WAY ACTION RELIEVES NIGHT COUGHING

In 2 definite ways, modern-formula PISO's relieves night coughing caused by colds. First, PISO's acts **LOCALLY**. Its soothing ingredients cling to the throat, quickly ease and relax irritated membranes that bring on coughing spells. Second, PISO's acts **INTERNALLY**. It stimulates flow of normal throat secretions to loosen tight phlegm. For coughs due to colds, ask your druggist for a bottle of PISO's (pie-so's).

PISO'S 35¢ 60¢

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

conductors were signed up, and Mr. Kolar decided that no loaf at all was better than a few crumbs.

* * *

A FAVORITE alibi of Jacques Renard's has just been knocked into a pile of old, discarded cocked hats. Jacques, who is the rotund band leader for Eddie Cantor, has always claimed that Mrs. Renard's cooking was responsible for about a hundred of his 274 pounds. Late this summer Mrs. Renard and her oldest daughter Winifred, took a New York vacation and while they were gone Jacques set out to prove his contention, going on a diet of salads and three-course dinners. On the day they got back he stepped on a pair of scales, his face all set to beam proudly. The scales registered 274½.

* * *

IRRREVERENT observation: In profile, General Hugh S. Johnson looks like W. C. Fields. And what feature emphasizes the similarity? Why yes, you guessed right the first time!—Redwood for a—

* * *

IT'S not her sponsor's fault that you aren't hearing Helen Hayes on the air this year. Everybody tried hard to think of some way she could broadcast while she tours in her hit stage play, "Victoria Regina," but the tour is so extensive and includes so many cities that haven't big radio facilities that it was impossible. It's almost a certainty, though, that she'll be back on the air next fall, after the tour is over and she is settled on Broadway again in a new play.

* * *

THE two funniest fellows on the air, Jack Benny and Fred Allen, banded this witty conversation about when they met briefly in New York after their vacations:
 "Hello, Jack."
 "Hello, Fred."
 "Nice vacation?"
 "Not very. How about yours?"
 "Naw. Didn't get much rest."
 "Neither did I. Packing, and then unpacking, and moving from one hotel to another—it wasn't much fun."
 "No, I guess not. Well, neither was mine."

* * *

FRED, however, had a good reason for finding his vacation a bit disappointing. His beloved aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Lovely, who was a mother to him when he was a child, was extremely ill all summer, although she is better now. If she hadn't been, Fred would probably have refused to go to Hollywood to fulfill his movie contract.

* * *

Fred wired his manager in Hollywood to find him a place to live. The manager wired back that he'd found a wonderful house, a regular Hollywood mansion. In New York, Fred and Portland live in an unpretentious two-room apartment, and he wired the manager that was exactly what he wanted in Hollywood. Back came another suggestion from the manager: "Can get you beautiful apartment for four hundred a month." Fred's answer to that was brief and to the point: "Get us quiet little apartment—and after we get out there you can pretend you don't know us."

TWO original songs by Igor Gorin, "Caucasian Melody" and "Lament" have just been published, reminding long-time members of Hollywood Hotel about the first time Igor played the compositions.

One evening, a few weeks after Igor joined the cast, there was an informal rehearsal at someone's home. Igor's English was still too sketchy for conversation, so he sat down at the piano and strummed a bit. Two of the songs he played were his own compositions. When asked about them, though, he was too shy to admit he'd written them and claimed they were native folk songs. Not until plans went forward to clear them for use on a Hollywood Hotel program would he confess they were his.

* * *

MAYBE one reason Charles J. Correll—Andy of Amos 'n' Andy—is so willing to make all those guest appearances the team has been doing lately, is that a newly married man has certain financial responsibilities. He was married, you know, on September 11 to Alyce McLaughlin.

* * *

WE haven't seen it yet, but they tell that Bobby Breen's new picture, "Make a Wish," exhibits a young gentleman who knows a lot more than he used to about acting. If it's true, radio's own Gertrude Berg is responsible. She went out to Hollywood to write "Make a Wish," sat in on the set when production started, took a liking to him and suggested that she would like to coach him in his lines. They became great friends before they were done, and if Bobby goes on the air in a radio program called The Singing Kid (adapted by Mrs. Berg from the second picture she wrote for him) it will be largely as a result of that friendship.

* * *

THE old Show Boat, radio's most famous craft, will be scuttled and discarded November 4, its place taken by a star-studded program produced by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Just as modern means of entertainment spelled the doom of the old-fashioned river show-boat, bigger and better program ideas have finished this veteran of the airwaves. Practically everybody on the M-G-M lot, except Garbo and a few stars who are tied up in other shows, will take part in the new program. Among the missing may be Myrna Loy and William Powell, who are being anxiously sought by a sponsor for a weekly dramatic series based on stories by Dashiell Hammett, who wrote their big success, "The Thin Man." Arch Oboler, who writes those spine-tingling Lights Out sketches may do their scripts.

* * *

WHEN Frances Langford was a high-school girl in Lakeland, Florida, one of her best friends was a girl who was studying to be a concert pianist. Sometimes Frances sang while Alice accompanied her on the piano. Then Frances went North, to Rudy Vallee and fame, but Alice stayed in Lakeland, still studying the piano. Frances often wrote to her urging her to go to New York and try for a job in radio. But Alice stayed where she was—until last summer, when she came to New York and offered herself to radio as a concert pianist. Radio took her, signed her up for a year on a coast-to-coast network program, but—Alice is Alice Cornett, the featured blues singer on Coca-Cola's Song Shop. When she'll get a chance to play a piano on the air, no one, least of all Alice, knows.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 8)

members broadcasts a half hour program of entertainment in song, and Saturdays a one hour program is heard from the stage of the Strand Theater. This Saturday group is a unit of two hundred and fifty boys and girls from four to fifteen years of age. Their hour is generally known as the Krim-ko hour because the commercial portion of the program is a comic strip dramatization supplied by that chocolate milk manufacturer, and here Uncle Howdy is surrounded by his juvenile actors as they bring to life comic strip characters. In addition to the comic strip production the hour consists of sparkling musical arrangements from popular hit tunes directed by Uncle Howdy; trios; mixed quartets and other features—all supported by the two hundred and fifty voice chorus.

Among those gaining great popularity in these kiddie revues are little Jack Douglas Morse, five-year-old swing songster; Marda Purchis and "Whitie" Wallace, ballad singers; Joyce French and Donna Winters, popular favorites in the swing-singing department; fifteen-year-old Norma Beam with her surprisingly matured style of classic rendering; and Margaret Garvey, who is an audience winner with the better known blues songs.

With all Lansing loving these groups of entertainers and filling the theater to capacity for their broadcasts, Uncle Howdy now has plans under way for the forty-voiced Juvenile Revue to tour the Butterfield Theaters in all principal Michigan cities.

In view of the national attention the club has gained from listeners and distributors of nationally advertised pro-

ducts who ask for program transcriptions. Program Director Howard Finch and the Lansing Dairy Company can rightly be proud of their accomplishments. And to those who ask where our future radio stars are coming from—it would seem Uncle Howdy's Lansing WJIM kindergarten at least suggests one place.

* * *

NEIGHBOR SIGL

"Howdy, neighbors!" may not be a familiar program salutation to all radio listeners, but to thousands in the eastern states it means Al Sigl is on the air with the latest news bulletins and another of his neighborly chats.

Eight years ago Sigl went on the air for the first time over Rochester, New York's WHAM as a newcaster for the Rochester Times-Union. Two years later he transferred to the Times-Union owned station, WHEC at Rochester, and ever since has talked to his "neighbors" for two fifteen-minute periods daily—once at noon and once in mid-afternoon. Although these periods were originally intended for timely news bulletins only, the adroit Sigl managed to give a couple minutes of each broadcast to the mention of "neighborhood needs." The results were surprising, and also the beginning of his unique combination program of news and social service. Rapidly growing, the program idea developed into a much desired, yet quite unexpected, connecting link between radio and his newspaper. Continuing on the same design, Al's broadcasts soon made themselves felt as the friendly microphone voice of the Times-Union, thereby extend-

ing the helping hand far beyond the scope of normal newspaper service.

One of the first times when this friendliness made itself evident was shortly after his initial broadcast. Five minutes before he was to go on the air, while he was preparing late news flashes at his desk in the editorial rooms, from where the broadcasts originate, Al's telephone rang.

The man on the other end of the wire pleaded: "Al, my little girl is in the hospital. She's near death and she's got to have a blood transfusion. I can't afford to pay much. Will you help me?"

At that time such requests were something new to Al, but he called the hospital and was told the type of blood the youngster needed. He went on the air, told the story, asked for a blood donor, and the little one's life was saved.

Out of that early broadcast grew "Al Sigl's Legion," a group of men and women who give their blood in hospitals without pay and who respond to calls at any hour, day or night. Today the membership of the "Legion" is nearing a thousand and the service covers eight counties surrounding Rochester. During a recent month, seven persons near death were brought back to health through "Al Sigl's Legion." Each volunteer is catalogued as to name, address, age, telephone number and type of blood, with cards kept on file at the Times-Union office.

That's only one of Sigl's social services. On another occasion he appealed for a wheel chair for an unfortunate woman and within ten minutes after signing off he had offers of ten chairs. He had no difficulty finding occupants for the other

(Continued on page 89)

How Constipation Causes Gas, Nerve Pressure

Many Doctors Now Say It's Nerves, Not Poisons That So Often Cause Headaches, Dizzy Spells, Coated Tongue

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

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

To get the complete relief you seek you must do **TWO** things. 1. You must relieve the **GAS**. 2. You must clear the bowels and **GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES**. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.

There is only one product on the market that gives you the **DOUBLE ACTION** you need. It is **ADLERIKA**. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that awful **GAS** almost at once. It often removes bowel accumulation in an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and both bowels not on the lower bowel only.

Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 55 years. No griping, no after effects. Just **QUICK** results. Try Adlerika today. We believe you'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.



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MORE THAN A LAXATIVE



'S GIVE Robert Taylor A BREAK!

Why the unsportsmanlike treatment of Robert Taylor? Why do many people laugh at the fellow? How will it affect his future? For the answers read "Give the Kid a Break," a strong plea for justice for the young star by Edward J. Doherty whose sense of fairness was aroused by the manner in which press and public treated him on his recent trip to New York. Complete in the big November issue of Photoplay, it will win the applause of every fair-minded man and woman. Do not fail to read it. Get your copy today.

The Answer to Shirley Temple's Future

BY DIXIE WILLSON
In Photoplay for November, Dixie Willson forecasts Shirley Temple's future. If you are one of the countless thousands who have wondered what the future holds for the juvenile super-star, by all means read Miss Willson's brilliant feature article. You will find it absorbingly interesting.

The Man Who Guides Norma Shearer's Fatherless Children

The manner in which Norma Shearer discovered Kenneth Cameron and arranged with him to guide the lives of her fatherless children is a tender, moving story of mother love and beautiful loyalty to a cherished memory. Read it complete in Photoplay for November now on sale everywhere.

ALSO IN THE BIG NOVEMBER ISSUE
Beginning Skating Through Life—The Only Authorized Life Story of Sonja Henie by Howard Sharp · They Love Movies Too—The Cinema Tastes of Royalty and Rulers of the World by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. · Long Distance Romance by Faith Baldwin · Joan Crawford by Adela Rogers St. Johns · Clark Gable Goes A-hunting · The Jack Benny's Secret to Happy Marriage · Behind Martha Raye's Divorce · What Have They Got that I Haven't Got? and a wealth of other thrilling and enter-taining features and departments.

The new, larger, luxury size Photoplay has proved to be extremely popular. If you succeeded in getting a copy of the October issue you know why; if not, now is your chance to get a copy of the even more beautiful November issue on sale everywhere.

November

PHOTOPLAY



(Continued from page 87)

nine and with that start eighty-seven wheel chairs were uncovered and put to work.

At another time Al went to his "neighbors" for a radio set for an elderly couple and that started an avalanche of receiving sets of all descriptions. These completely filled a large store room in his newspaper's building and were held until he found other unfortunate couples who wanted a radio.

Today the good deeds of Al Sigl's broadcasts are countless. When the first couple asked him for aid in finding a child for adoption and he found one, he probably wouldn't have believed himself that today he would have arranged for eleven such adoptions. But that is the number. When an Indian chief from a nearby reservation had Al appeal for reading material for his people the result was so many books that he recently attended the dedication of a new government building on the reservation to house the well-stocked library. Enough books were gathered that a second library may be established at another reservation.

The return of runaway youngsters to their homes is another of Al's specialties. Frantic parents always turn to him for aid because they've found his neighborhood sessions over the air are effective methods of getting the children back. The run-

ways, Al has found, usually tune in to learn how the family is "taking it," and his verbal spankings, mentioning in plain language their ingratitude has returned more than a hundred boys and girls to their homes. At Christmas time his broadcast appeal to the kiddies is in another vein. During the holidays he is a radio Santa Claus to hundreds of physically handicapped children in Rochester's hospitals, the proceeds coming from a charity fund furnished mostly by the donation of one Sunday's air show receipts by a local airport. To these confined young folks and the patients of the local tuberculosis sanatorium it is "neighbor" Sigl who brings all the nationally known entertainers to entertain informally when visiting Rochester. Ben Bernie and his orchestra, Cab Calloway, Kate Smith, Alice Faye, Amos 'n' Andy and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians are only a few of the many famous entertainers who have gladly given their time when Al appealed to them.

So, from what began as just a couple more newscasts a day, Al Sigl's job has developed into a twenty-four hour, seven-day-a-week neighborly task. And it isn't hard to understand why rich and poor, old and young, tune-in and come to Al's assistance when he asks for aid for some new worthwhile project.

Glamour Is Overrated

(Continued from page 20)

the world would be better off without him was referred to as "glamorous" by the feature writer who went to interview her in her cell. Perhaps the Borgias have become glamorous through distance, but this was something else again.

Mind you, I have no quarrel with glamour. The depicting of its various doings earns my bread and butter. And honestly, the grapes aren't awfully sour. But I have come to the conclusion that glamour is overrated and that it would be hard to maintain around the average home. The upkeep is terrific.

Many years ago David Graham Phillips wrote a book which was considered very daring. It was called "Old Wives for New," and warned wives to take care of their hair and skins, not to grow fat and to show a slight modicum of interest in their meal tickets—that is, their husbands'—work and recreation. That was, of course, sound advice, but it's only common sense and doesn't make for glamour at all. Glamour is much more difficult and costly, and can be realized more fully if one has the necessary wherewithal, to say nothing of space and competent service. It is simpler to be glamorous in a duplex penthouse with a large staff of domestics than in a one room and bath walkup.

It seems to my tottering mind that husbands—and the world in general—could do nicely with less glamour and more character these days. A sense of humor—which is not to be confused with the two-edged wit of some of our more publicized glamour girls—is easier to live with than a sense of the exotic. And while character does not make headlines, it makes for comfort, consolation, and a feeling of security.

Years ago a woman who was an excellent stage actress and writer had an article in a national magazine which I've never forgotten. She had been reading the books which dealt with holding your man, once you had married him. And she determined to put all their precepts into practice. When her husband arrived

home she greeted him arrayed in a new tea gown, and done up regardless, with a new hair-do and a newer make-up. She had all his favorite dishes for dinner. And all through the meal she talked to him determinedly in a sprightly fashion, as if he were a delightful stranger whom she simply must impress. But instead of responding with loud huzzas, he grew glummer and glummer. And toward the end of dinner, he rose from the table and exclaimed in heartbroken accents: "Darling, you've been drinking!"

So you see, while the average male may admire and even vaguely yearn for the glamour depicted in books and on the stage and screen, he shies away from it at home. Caviar as a variant is all very well, but he likes ham and eggs or waffles and syrup or a good New England boiled dinner.

I think it a pity that today's youngsters should place so much emphasis on glamour. I'd like to gather them all together at the receiving end of this microphone and tell them—don't be fooled. The people who have accomplished the enduring things, those who have achieved something which really matters, are not glamorous, in the sense you now understand. The scientists, research and social workers, the engineers—they aren't glamorous. And the man and woman who live decently, build themselves a home which is more than four walls, and bring up a family of fine children—they aren't glamorous either, but they are vital to the well-being of this country. More vital than any headline personality of whom you read in the papers.

Character, hard work, plain living—these don't make the headlines. And the man who fights beside his wife to keep the spark of life in a beloved child does not notice that his fellow soldier hasn't powdered her nose lately or combed her hair. And when it is over and the doctor tells them they may hope, she probably looks more beautiful to him than on the day he married her—tired, and haggard, with her face swollen with weeping and

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Do you want to make more money? Broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, station managers and pay up to \$5,000 a year. Spare time Radio set servicing pays as much as \$200 to \$300 a year—all time servicing jobs pay as much as \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Many Radio Experts operate their own full or part time Radio businesses. Radio manufacturers and jobbers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, servicemen, paying up to \$8,000 a year. Radio operators on ships get good pay and see the world. Automobile, police, aviation, commercial Radio, and loud speaker systems offer many good opportunities. Television promises many good jobs soon. Men I trained have good jobs in Radio.

Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Almost every neighborhood needs a good spare time serviceman. The day you enroll I start sending Extras. Money Job Sheets showing how to do Radio repair jobs. Throughout your training I send plans and ideas that made good spare time money for hundreds. I send Special Equipment to conduct experiments, build circuits, get practical experience. **GIVE YOU A COMPLETE, MODERN PROFESSIONAL ALL PURPOSE RADIO SET SERVICE INSTRUMENT TO HELP SERVICE SETS QUICKER—SAVE TIME, MAKE MORE MONEY.**

Find Out What Radio Offers You
Mail coupon for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It's free to any fellow over 16 years old. It points out Radio's spare and full time opportunities, also those coming in Television. Tells about my Training in Radio and Television; shows you letters from men I trained, telling what they're doing, earnings; shows my Money Back Agreement. **MAIL COUPON NOW** in an envelope or paste on penny postcard.

Earns \$50 a Month in Spare Time



"I am happy now when work at my regular job gets low to be able to devote more time to Radio. My Radio earnings the last 4 months have been \$90 to \$80 a month." — HERMAN EISINGER, 2010 Valentine Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C.

Own Business Averages \$25 a Day

"I now employ two other N. R. I. graduates. I am a brother. We average over \$25 a day on Radio servicing." — EDWIN W. HOLSCHER, Ed's Radio Service, Spencer, Ia.



J. E. SMITH, President Dept. 7NT National Radio Institute Washington, D. C.

MAIL THIS NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7NT National Radio Institute Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me send "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and explains your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio Experts. (Please Write Plainly.)

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Fascinating book on scientific methods of solving crime cases sent absolutely free to those over 17. Also tells how to get into Scientific Crime Detection, Home Study, New opportunities, Travel, Steady Employment. Experience not necessary. Very easy terms.

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Now... A Shadow-Free MAKE-UP MIRROR That Ends Make-Up Mistakes

Plugged into any electric socket... the Yanette Make-Up Mirror... those uneven, streaky "make-up" mistakes due to poor lighting and faulty mirrors. Diffuses a concentrated, non-glare light between the French Plate Circle Mirror and Reflector Globe that banishes confusing shadows. Insures a flattering, perfect-blend "make-up" in half the time. Men like the MirO-lite too, for a shadow-free shave. Portable! Smartly designed and richly enameled metal base equipped with Full-Out Drawer. Has electric socket for curling iron, electric shaver, etc.

Sent On 30 Day's Trial

Write today — for 30 Day Trial Offer! Prove the shadow-free "make-up" feature of the "MirO-lite" by actual test.

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Turns "Off" Days into Pleasant Days

When a Headache, Upset Stomach, Cold or some other common everyday ache or pain threatens to spoil your good time—be wise—Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer. A tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant tasting, effervescent solution, which brings quick relief in TWO ways. Because it contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) it first relieves the pain and then because of its alkalizing properties, it corrects the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

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her eyes not yet serene—she's been too afraid for that. "In sickness and in health," the marriage service reads, "for better and for worse." There isn't a line about glamour in it.

Not long ago a girl died whose name was synonymous with glamour to hundreds and thousands of people. All the newspapers spoke of that. But what they didn't tell their readers were the things which those who were her friends knew—that she was brave and sweet, that she was generous and happy-hearted, that she had never been known to say an unkind word about anybody. None of the qualities her friends knew and loved in her were glamorous—why, they are qualities your little old grandmother had, or your mother, or your next-door neighbor. Human quali-

ties, rare perhaps, but still to be found in a bewildered world. And long after glamour has been forgotten or another word coined to express its effect upon the observer, these qualities of character and spirit will be remembered by those who knew her.

Well, then, glamour's all right, in its place. But don't let it get out of hand. And when you look in your mirror and tell yourself sadly, "I'm afraid I'm not glamorous," don't be downhearted. For this emphasis on glamour seems to be a sort of unlikely escape in a world that is certain of the future. If someone would find a way to make character seem glamorous to humanity, we'd have no reason to fear the future—ever.

Words With Wings

(Continued from page 29)

ONE question every college freshman should decide at once, if he hopes for a happy and healthful life. He must make up his mind that he is not going to exploit the world, but serve it. Moses came out of Pharaoh's palace and went down to see his enslaved fellow countrymen and observe their burdens. That was the beginning of great things for him. And every college student, in thought and imagination at least, should frequently leave the palatial university buildings and go down where people bear heavy burdens, on the farms, in the mines, and in the whirring factories. The student who is not determined to sell his life dear in lifting the burdens of humanity is not fit to be in school.

—Dr. Rollin H. Walker, former Professor in Ohio Wesleyan University, in a talk on Let's Talk it Over, NBC

IT'S always been my contention that real horse lovers are not gamblers! It's a whole lot more fun for me to see a colt come out in front when I have watched him from babyhood in the fields than it is to win a long shot on a horse I don't know anything about.

—Mrs. Clara Bell Walsh, noted sports-woman, on Col. Jack Major's program, CBS

THE sort of emergency we had in 1933 is obviously over, for the moment; prosperity has come back, for the people who have got it. But there are millions of people in this country who haven't got it, any more than they had it in 1920. Just how many really unemployed we have nobody knows . . . but it is certainly a great many—enough to make it a little ridiculous to talk about prosperity. We have millions of unemployed and we have a national debt of thirty-seven billion dollars—which Congress has shown no inclination so far, to cut down. Mr. Roosevelt may have been a little late in getting around to an attempt to balance the budget; but at least he is trying to

save money now. That is more than you can say for most of his opponents in Congress.

—Elmer Davis, author and lecturer, on CBS

WITH all my heart and soul, I do believe that a man and a woman can really love an adopted child as well as they could their own flesh and blood. I have seen it proven over and over again, hundreds upon hundreds of times in twenty-three years. Parenthood is a stewardship, not an ownership. There is no difference, no difference whatever, in quality, degree or kind between the love of a woman for her adopted child and the love of a mother for her own baby.

—Mrs. William B. Walrath, founder of "The Cradle", famous foundling home in Evanston, Ill., in an interview on the Vallee program, NBC

THERE is something sad about a man or woman who has grown old in years and not in wisdom, who did not learn the lesson of self-reliance. Their years were spent in objective pleasures; they know not how to look within. Everyone should find his greatest companionship within himself. It is seldom that we find out how great are our resources until we are thrown upon them.

—The Wise Man, NBC.

THE way to economize is not to do it all on the things you enjoy. If you spend everything on the necessary things, life gets pretty grim, even if you have elegant versions of the necessities—like a big house and handsome furnishings and a smart location. I believe in putting balanced rations into economy, as well as into most other things, and having your full proportion of orchids—or good times, or luxuries, or whatever you want to call them.

—Marjorie Hillis, author of "I Live Alone and Like It" and "Orchids on Your Budget," on the Let's Talk it Over program, NBC

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The life principle of all color is glow. The fire of rubies, the lovely hues of pearls, the tints of flowers—all depend

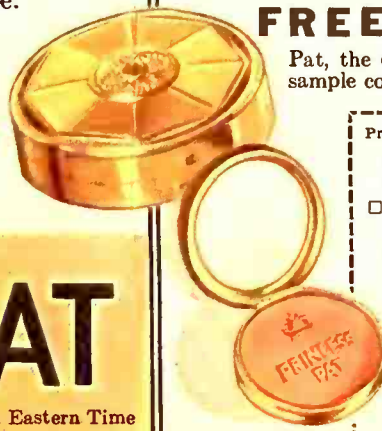
upon glow. So does complexion tone. Now then! Where ordinary rouge blots out glow, **Princess Pat** imparts it. Wonderful luminous color seems actually to come from within the skin. It modulates, glows—so that only beauty is seen—"painty" effects never.

Only the "duo-tone" secret can give this magic glow. No other rouge can possibly beautify like **Princess Pat**. And why? Because no other rouge in all the world is so perfectly blended by the secret duo-tone process. **Princess Pat** rouge changes on the skin, adjusting to your individual type.

A mystical undertone gives glow—an overtone gives glorious color.

Whether you are blonde or brunette, any shade of **Princess Pat** will match your skin and type. The duo-tone secret does this. And what an advantage! You can, at will, use shades for brilliancy; for wondrous delicacy; for radiant beauty under artificial light.

Be beautiful today as you never were before. **Princess Pat** thrilling new beauty for your complexion is too precious to defer. Today, then, secure **Princess Pat** rouge and discover how gloriously lovely you can be.



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English Poppy Squaw Vivid Tan
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