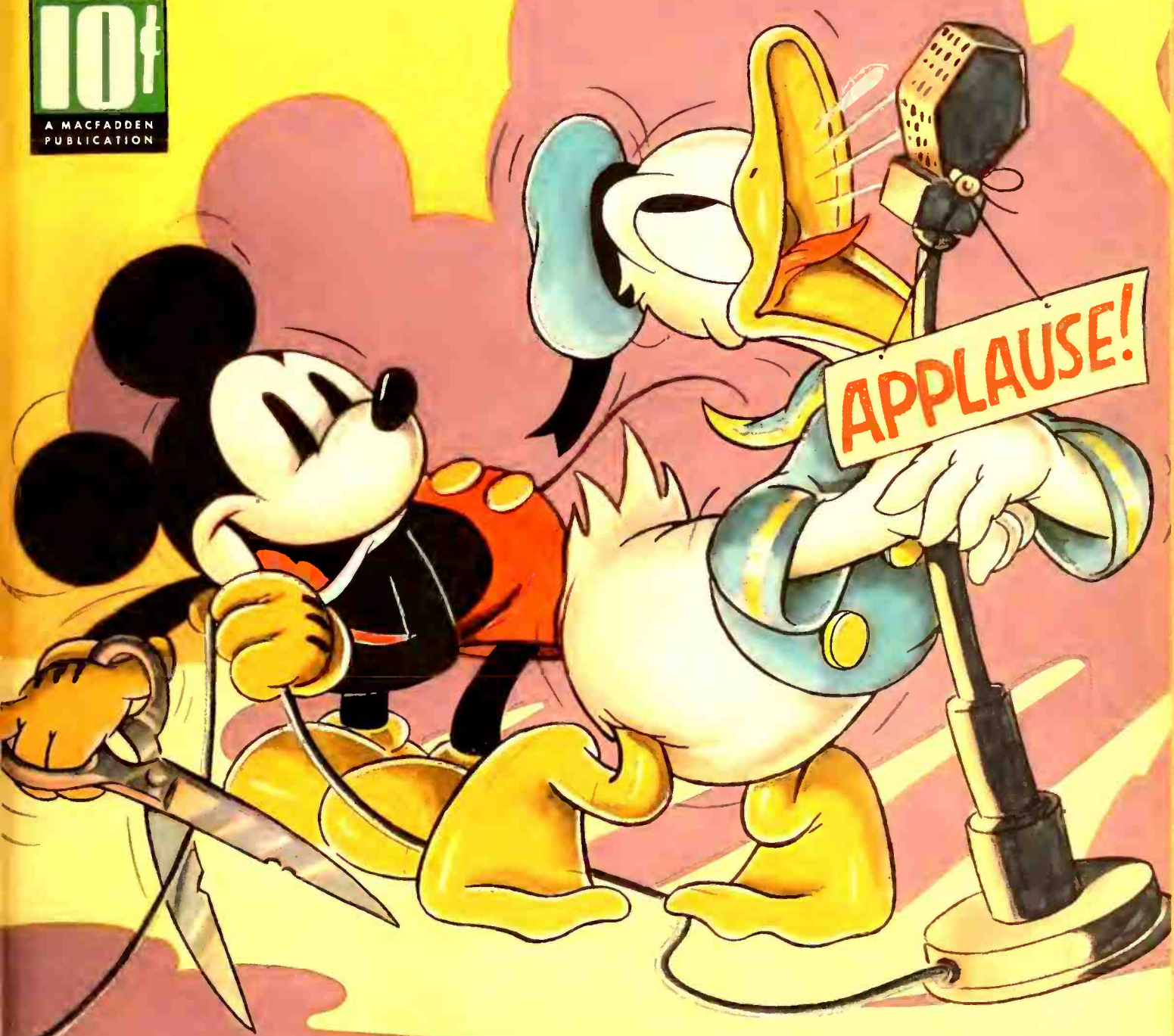


Exciting New Pages of PICTURES! See Photo-Mirror, Page 15

Radio MIRROR

APRIL



MICKEY MOUSE AND DONALD DUCK IN RADIO—SEE PAGE 32

CAN RADIO RESCUE ROBERT TAYLOR?

Well Thomas on Success • Channing Pollock on Happiness

"Excuse our backs - we're doing our homework"

THE QUINTUPLETS

WE LOVE Karo

S Y R U P



World Copyright, 1938, N E A Service, Inc.



Dr. Allan Roy Dafoc says:

Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children - Allan Roy Dafoc

Unhappy Sally! She is good-looking, good company—yet many an evening she spends alone, reading magazines! (*Men won't call the girl who has a dull, unattractive smile!*)

Only seven—but Janet could tell Aunt Sally how easy it is to have a lovelier smile! (*Janet knows more than lots of grown-ups—she's learned in school the value of gum massage.*)

Sally's life could be so happy! She'd have plenty of dates, she'd win romance—if she'd learn how irresistible men find a radiant smile! (*Sally should try Ipana with massage, for dental science teaches that gums as well as teeth need special care.*)



Does your mirror tell you—

"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"

A GAY, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so appealing. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their own good looks!

If you've seen a tinge of "pink," see your dentist. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however,

he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases,

gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.



Change to
Ipana
and Massage

Dad, PLEASE PLAY WITH ME!



Maybe you're like this father. He knew he should spend more time with his child but too often he just didn't have the energy. He was fagged out, ill-tempered, headachy. Constipation had stolen his pep and nothing he tried really seemed to set him right.

NOW HE'S SO GLAD HE TRIED THIS NEW IDEA!



What a lucky day it was for him when a friend recommended FEEN-A-MINT! He was delighted with this pleasant, easy way to take a laxative—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. More important still, he found it gentle, thorough, and trustworthy. You'll find—as he did—that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! No wonder 16 million modern folks prefer it!

Here's why you'll prefer FEEN-A-MINT



NO STOMACH UPSET—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to burden digestion.



CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.



ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and works where it should.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe or nauseate you, or disturb sleep. It's grand for children, too. They love its delicious flavor. FEEN-A-MINT is truly the laxative you should use in your family. Try it!—find out for yourself what a wonderful difference FEEN-A-MINT makes! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 59, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



DELICIOUS
Tastes like
Your favorite
chewing gum

APRIL, 1938

VOL. 9 NO. 6

Radio Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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COVER—Original color drawing made especially for
RADIO MIRROR by Walt Disney

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PROFESSOR QUIZ'

TWENTY QUESTIONS

The Professor Quiz program is sponsored by Nash Motors every Saturday night over the CBS network. Play the game of radio knowledge with him on the air and on this page.

1. In what way are your favorite band leader's shoes different from yours?

2. What feminine star of a daytime radio serial is now appearing in two Broadway shows produced by another radio player?

3. What popular radio team have often been called the "Myrna Loy and William Powell of the air-waves?"

4. From what moving picture does the popular radio song, "Heigh Ho", come?

5. Who is the Flying Commentator?

6. How old is Don Ameche's "little brother" Jim?

7. Name five radio programs that are produced for children.

8. For what new dramatic serial were 170 actors and actresses auditioned before a cast of 8 was chosen?

9. What radio actor has more lives than a cat?

10. A radio performer who is so ardent a pacifist he refuses to accept any radio roles in which violence is depicted is _____?

11. Whose popular air show recently celebrated its 150th performance?

12. What radio star is following in his grandfather's footsteps?

13. How many radio stations broadcast the Lux Theater program?

14. Who was recently voted the most popular entertainer by the Boys' Athletic League of New York?

15. Who was recently voted radio's most popular star by a nation-wide newspaper poll conducted by the Daily News?

16. What newsreel commentator and radio comedian's appeal is based on his zany accent?

17. Whose voice is always heard speaking for Mickey Mouse?

18. Name the sponsors of Dr. Dafoe's CBS talks; Those We Love; First Nighter.

19. What comedian's real first name is Benny?

20. What star makes a hobby of hobbies and makes it pay?
(You'll find the answers on page 82)

ONLY NICE GIRLS WANTED NO OTHERS NEED APPLY



Just one hint of underarm odor, and a girl misses out with men

Eleanor's got everything—at least that's what men think. And yet she's not the prettiest girl in the world...nor the very best dancer. Why then is she so popular? Why is it always Eleanor who dances every dance?

Any man could tell you one reason why! Eleanor is always *sweet*, nice to be near... Eleanor never risks underarm odor!

And Eleanor would tell you: "I take a daily bath, of course, but I never think it's enough! A bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—it can't prevent odor

to come. Underarms must have special care. So after every bath, and before every date, I always use Mum!"

Simply and surely, Mum makes perspiration odor impossible. Protect *your* charm, *your* popularity—with Mum.

MUM IS SURE! No matter how long or how late you dance, trust Mum to keep you fresh. Just a dab under each arm—and you're *safe*.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. It will not harm fabrics.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop every trace of odor. Even after underarm shaving, it actually soothes the skin!

NO WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's *SAFE* and *SURE*.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

FIRST PRIZE

Why Not Try Your Luck?

As you listen to your favorite news commentator or home-making expert over the air, do you ever think, "I could do something like that?" Did you know that there is a large welcome sign hanging in every studio for new programs, provided they are worthwhile, informative and interesting?

If there is one subject with which you are thoroughly familiar, whether it be books or fashions or house-keeping, why not try your hand at writing a radio-talk on that subject? One of the most important requisites for writing radio articles, or "continuity" as it is called in studio language is an easy, informal style of expression. When we are thoroughly familiar with our subject, however, it is usually easy to talk about it, and in radio-writing, we are merely talking on paper.

When you have a sample radio talk written out, your next step is to offer it to a broadcasting station. Your material should be typewritten, and the number of words carefully counted, for in radio every word must have its allotted time. The average allowance is 650

words for five minutes. In deciding which station to approach, remember that there is more chance of finding vacant time in a small or new station, than in a larger one. Why not try your luck?

G. G. WILDE, Unionville, Conn.

SECOND PRIZE

If It's Stimulation You Want—

What I want to say is about Mary Margaret McBride! I wait for her quarter hour as I'd wait for my dearest friend, home from a journey and bursting with news of it. Mary Margaret is sincerity and enthusiasm personified. She makes me forget I've never been east of Cheyenne, that she's really thousands of miles away at this very minute. She's right over there in the one comfortable chair, telling me all about everything! Sure she's advertising something. And we love it. I think she could talk tapioca the whole time and we'd still love it. After the wholesale monotony and cut-and-dried boredom of too many other programs, Mary Margaret is like a breath of salt from the sea, rain in summer hills, a friend indeed. (Continued on page 70)

The newsreels' beloved Dribblepuss is on the air—Lew Lehr, of the Bernie show.



Win prizes with
your letters—
see page 70



ONCE IT WAS
Empty
 - now it's full!

If there was hope for Harriet, there must be hope for you

Let's look into Harriet's life a moment. She came to the city and a fair position from a small up-state town. No beauty, she was nevertheless intelligent, full of vivacity, and above the run-of-the-mill in good looks. What happened to her?

The girls at the office were cordial enough at first. Later, their attitude changed. They seldom asked her to lunch, so she usually lunched alone.

"Just a bunch of cats," THOUGHT HARRIET

Men usually found her interesting, yet seldom invited her out. Most of her evenings were spent at home by the radio or at the movies—alone.

"I wish some man were here beside me," SHE SAID



Seeing others of her own age enjoying themselves, she was at a loss to understand why her own life was so empty, so flat. Finally, it

began to get her. She wanted friends . . . attention . . . later, a husband and children. Yet she was haunted by a vision of herself as an old maid, friendless and lonely.

"Am I going to be one of these?"

SHE ASKED HERSELF



Then one day her bored eyes came across an advertisement dealing with halitosis (bad breath) and the success of Listerine in arresting it. She could not get the advertisement out of her mind; it haunted her.

"Maybe that's my trouble," SHE SAID

Fortunately, she had hit upon the exact truth—which no one else had dared to tell her. Now she sensed a reason for the coolness with which others treated her. She made up her mind to begin using Listerine Antiseptic.

"I'll see what happens," SHE MUSED

Well, things did happen. She began to go out more . . . faced the world with new assurance

. . . made new friends. And men looked at her with new interest and began to ask:

"MAY I CALL YOU UP?"



In less than a year, the empty little engagement book her father had given her began to bulge with "dates." Life began to be the romantic, exciting thing she had hoped it would be. Each day was a new adventure.

A HINT FOR YOU . . . AND YOU . . . AND YOU

Don't assume that you never have halitosis (bad breath). Everyone offends at some time or other. The delightful way to make the breath sweeter and purer is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic especially before business and social engagements. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation, a major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Nothing but Listerine can give your mouth that priceless feeling of freshness. Ask for Listerine and see that you get it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



What's New from



KFWB's heroic Clover Kerr with Eddie Cantor.



Newest radio laughs: Fanny Brice, Frank Morgan.



WOR veterans Alfred McCann, Jr., and John Gambling.



Fink

Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor go previewing.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON, number-one tough guy of the screen, discusses a favorite topic at a New York cocktail party: "He has the finest private art collection in the country—though of course the pictures are hung atrociously."

* * *

It's-a-shame note: Nelson Eddy won't be back on the air until next August. But (for the silver-lining department) he may visit your home town on the concert tour that will keep him busy until then.

* * *

Impertinent question: Why didn't the airplane companies honor Lily Pons too when they awarded Andre Kostelanetz the title of "most air-traveled passenger"? After all, why do they think Andre flew all those miles?

* * *

Claire Trevor, who admits she's the most inefficient person in five counties, traveled without her mother for the first time on her recent trip to New York, and spent two weeks in the Big City making appointments, writing them down on two-inch squares of paper, losing the slips of paper, and missing the appointments. She's so pretty, nobody could get mad at her, though.

* * *

Dire threat: If Rudy Vallee puts any more

By DAN SENEY

Coast to Coast



of his favorite English music-hall turns on his program, we're going to take a pot-shot at our radio—not because the performers are un-American, but because they're un-funny.

* * *

Betty Reller, who left the cast of Betty and Bob a few weeks ago (she was Betty) is in New York, fired with ambition to work on the stage.

* * *

S. S. Van Dine, who writes those Philo Vance thrillers, is willing to write a series starring his famous detective-character for only \$2,500 a weekly script. NBC is looking for a sponsor, and if it finds one Van Dine will be getting the highest price ever paid a radio writer.

* * *

A comedy of errors with a happy ending went on the other afternoon in the studio where Ben Bernie was rehearsing his show. Ben suddenly got a hunch to bet on a certain horse. He was too busy to leave the studio, but he never ignores a hunch, so he called Jane Pickens, who wasn't doing anything at the moment, and asked her to go out and telephone the bet

in for him. Jane agreed and dashed for the phone. Later, Ben called to find out the results of the race. His horse had lost. But that was all right—he didn't have a bet on that horse anyway, the booking agent told him. Ben rushed back to the studio to find out why Jane hadn't placed his bet as requested. Jane

stoutly asserted that she *had*, but it finally developed that she'd misunderstood him, and had telephoned in a name almost identical to the one he had told her. Ben knew that there was a race-horse by the name Jane had understood him to say, and he also knew that if the bet had been accepted, that horse must be running somewhere. So he called the booking agent back.

Believe it or not, the horse had won, and had paid six to one.

* * *

The whole Bernie cast turned out a few days before the program went on the air at a cocktail party for the press—at which the focus of attention wasn't the Ole Maestro, as you'd think, but dialect comedian Lew Lehr. Lew, you'll be glad to know, has that same fantastic gleam in his eye when you see him in the flesh that he has when (Continued on page 68)

If a stenographer's abused hands could talk, they'd say:



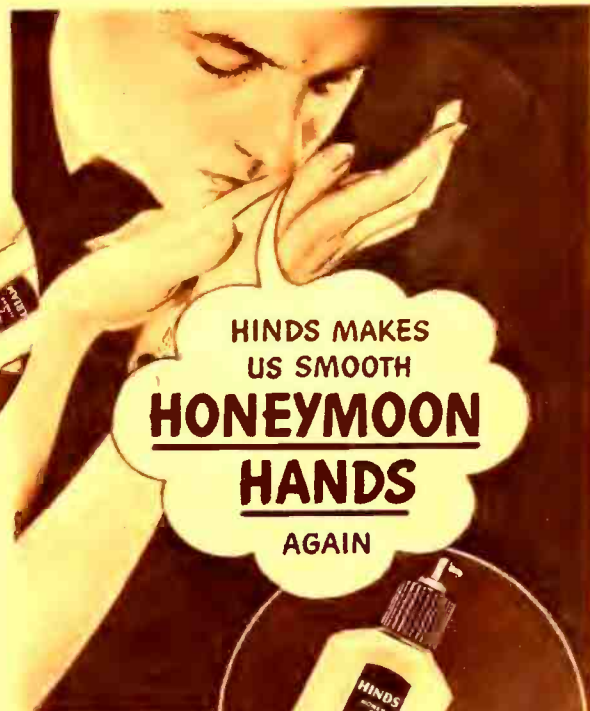
CARBON PAPER SMEARS US WITH GRIME...ROUGHENS US, NO THRILL IN OUR TOUCH!

● Office jobs are terribly hard on your hands. Typing one minute... filing the next...washing carbon smudges off your fingers a dozen times a day. Soon your skin is all dry, chapped. Rough, red, and ugly! What your hard-working hands need is quick-acting Hinds!



A GOOD THING HINDS IS HANDY IN THE DESK DRAWER. IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY... EXTRA-SOFTENING!

● Creamy-luscious, Hinds rubs in quickly. Hands feel comfortable. Not a bit gummy. Hinds helps put back softness that office work, harsh soaps, blustery winds take away. Now contains Vitamins D and A! Use Hinds for smooth, kissable Honeymoon Hands! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.



HINDS MAKES US SMOOTH **HONEYMOON HANDS** AGAIN



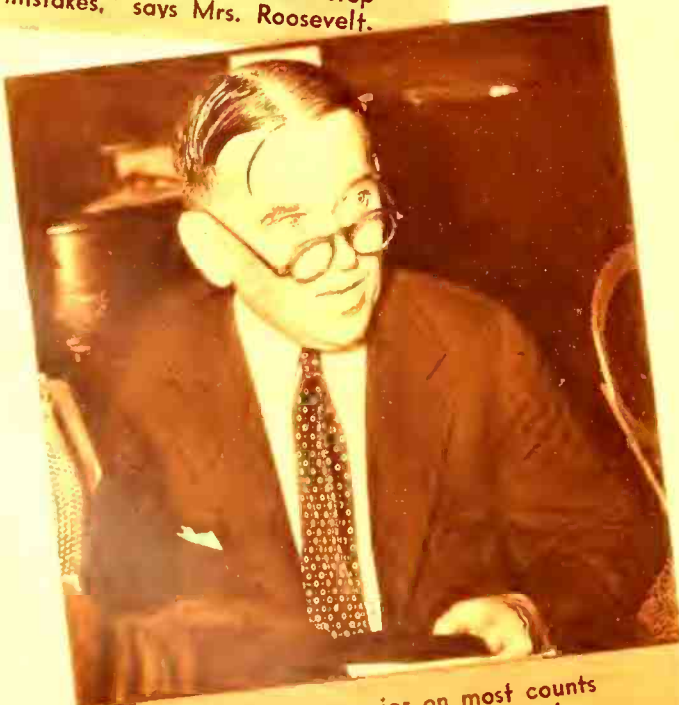
QUICK ACTING... NOT WATERY

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for Honeymoon Hands

WORDS WITH WINGS



"Women in politics must watch their step and avoid mistakes," says Mrs. Roosevelt.



"England is superior on most counts to America," says H. L. Mencken.

FEEL that we need to increase the number of women in public office.

However, I would never want a woman to take an office which she did not feel herself well qualified to fill. She will be under constant scrutiny and in addition, a greater effort will be made to use her by unscrupulous elements, and less credit will be given her for intelligence. She will be constantly proving herself and if she makes a mistake it will injure not herself alone but all women. This may seem very unfair, but we might just as well face facts.

... There are some women who have the same type of mind as men have. I remember very well hearing my uncle, Theodore Roosevelt, once say that his sister, Mrs. William Sheffield Cowles, had one of the best "men's minds" he knew. I knew exactly what he meant by that—her mind was analytical, non-emotional and objective. But there were times even with her, when emotion crept in; and I think that is the contribution which women have to make. They can at times be objective and analytical, but they can also feel things in a way that is rarely given to men to feel. They are also more adjustable, having had to adapt themselves for generations to different circumstances, and therefore can understand a variety of situations.

—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, talking over NBC on a program sponsored by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

* * *

Americans as a whole are still bound to England—and England, in point of fact, is superior on most counts to the United States. Among other things, it remains the fount of honor for Americans. No matter how swell and swagger an American woman may be, she considers it a great distinction to be summoned to the Court of St. James. And no matter how patriotic an American professor may be, he is almost paralyzed with joy when Oxford or Cambridge offers him an honorary degree. The thing certainly doesn't run the other way. No Englishman with any sense regards it as a distinction to be invited to the White House, and very few English scholars set any serious value on American honorary degrees.

—H. L. Mencken, talking on the CBS American School of the air.

* * *

Well, this is newspaper night and I feel right at home because I read a lot, in fact every day I get all the latest papers—from those baskets on the corners in New York (where it says "Keep the streets clean"). Of course, I find other things, too. You know this morning I got up about six o'clock and I slipped my little feet into my mules and I put on my ermine robe and I dashed

out into the hall and I ran up and down past the apartments singing and dancing and when I got back to my apartment—my, I was surprised. I found I had three newspapers and six bottles of milk. I guess they must have caught in my robe, don't you think? Or don't you?

And tonight we're going to have a recipe that is so popular people are just dying to get hold of it. It's called Electric Pudding—and it's free of charge—get it? Are you ready? All righty. First, go around and take out all the light bulbs. Stand on the chair and drop them on the floor. Are you getting a bang out of it? All righty. Now, sweep them up and put them in a bowl. Now add some pineapple juice and some lemon juice. You see, to make your pudding light, you must have juice. Now, get a hammer and pound it—as the pudding is light, you've gotta sock it, you see. Place in oven and while waiting for guests to arrive, keep the electricity on and put your finger where you took one of the bulbs out. I'll wait for you. . . . Now when guests say, "Why do you call this electric pudding?" just say, "Well, one mouthful and your lights go out." Now, I'll leave you as the newspaper men say when they see me—"I'd like to press you, Tizzy."

—Tizzy Lish on Al Pearce's Watch the Fun Go By, over CBS.

* * *

The world is in a very dangerous condition, going 'round in a vicious circle of pessimism, hate, and violence so that what we urgently need is a change of

mind and heart. Men have got to feel at home in the universe again, and I believe a great deal of the despair of our time is due to the fact that men have a false picture of the universe and of our destiny. Having lost religion and gained nothing in its place, too many people have come to believe that life doesn't amount to much. But actually, as Kay and Alan say in my play "Time and the Conways," "We are immortal beings engaged in a tremendous adventure." If, as I believe, we live on after death as our Fourth Dimension selves, then we ourselves establish the conditions and the quality of that future life. The heaven or hell waiting for us is of our own making.

—J. B. Priestley, author and dramatist, in an interview with Rudy Vallee over NBC.

* * *

American medical publicity would, I feel sure, amaze my English listeners. For instance, most newspapers in America carry a daily medical column written and signed by a registered physician, in which health topics, ailments and diseases are freely discussed. As a result many people in the United States have become medically self-conscious, or even a trifle hypochondriac.

On the other hand, this increase of medical consciousness probably causes the patient to go to the doctor earlier and more frequently, which is an excellent thing. It was the wisdom of the East when the Chinese paid their doctors when they were well and stopped paying them when they fell ill. This, in a nutshell, is preventive medicine.

—A. J. Cronin, talking over CBS.

Inspiration, wisdom and humor culled from radio's thousand and one programs

Strong light . . . hard on your face

"Glare-Proof" Powder

*picks up softer rays only
—softens your face*

AFTER THE MOVIE or theatre—the midnight snack. Glittering lights everywhere. Even your own kitchen light blazes hard on your face!

Does it show up faults? Sharpen your face? Give your powder that chalky look?

Try Pond's under the brightest lights. See how it softens your face. Pond's shades are "glare-proof"—blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light. Pond's Powder gives your face a soft look in any light. *And doesn't show up!*

True skin tones, uniformly blended. A shade for every type. Special ingredients make Pond's Powder cling—fresh looking, flattering for hours. Decorated screw-top jars—35¢, 70¢. Big boxes—10¢, 20¢.



"Strong lights don't bother me! Pond's Natural just never shows up powdery—keeps my skin looking soft and fresh."
MISS BARBARA WALL,
New York Debutante

FREE! 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PR, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires June 1, 1938.)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

HOW TO BE

Happy

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

Every Sunday afternoon, the famous author, Channing Pollock, speaks to you over CBS, from the editor's chair of the Heinz Magazine of the Air. Radio Mirror feels that seldom has the inspiration of his brief talks on happiness been duplicated on the air and so brings the highlights of them to its readers, to be read and treasured.

ONE of the oldest stories in the world concerns the king, suffering from melancholy, who was told that he could be cured by wearing the shirt of an entirely happy man. After years of search, the king's messengers finally found *one* happy man—but he didn't have a shirt!

Unfortunately, life isn't as simple as that. You can't be happy without a job, or enough to eat. But neither can you be made happy by having a hundred shirts, or a million dollars. The two things most destructive of happiness are having too little, and having too much. It always seems odd to me that there are so many *unhappy* people in the world—and so many reasons for happiness.

Years ago, a colored boy I'd met in Barbados landed here penniless, and spent two days walking the streets. When I asked him what he'd noticed especially, he answered, "Everybody in New York looks so mad."

Everybody—everywhere—looks so unhappy. I can't understand that because, except through the loss of those dear to me, I've never been unhappy an hour in my life. That doesn't mean I haven't been poor—even hungry—or had my share of worries and failures. It only means that, through half a century of life and a lot of experience, I've learned to give everything its true value; to realize that nothing pleasant or unpleasant lasts long; to care most for the things everybody can have; and, above all, to know that happiness comes from within one's self. Perhaps you've heard about the little girl who declared she was drawing a picture of God. "Why my darling," her mother remonstrated, "no one knows how God looks." "No," daughter answered, "but, when I get through with this, they will."




Channing Pollock, author of more than a score of plays, began his writing career forty years ago as dramatic critic of his hometown paper, the *Washington Post*.

I wonder how many of us know how happiness looks. No one, I'm sure, who expects to find it in something he lacks. For what you have isn't yours if you don't love it, and what you love can't be lost by not having it. "Those purple hills are mine," someone said; "Jones only owns the dirt and fences." The important thing is zest and enthusiasm.

I don't know how *you* feel, but I'd a darned sight rather have an appetite and no food than food and no appetite. I own a little cottage by the sea. That sea will always be there, but, when I no longer thrill at the sight of it, it will have ceased to be there for *me*.

All the things we think we need for happiness are things other people have without happiness. And so many of the commonplace, unconsidered things we value so little are things other men have



DECORATION BY BELAR

prayed for; struggled, lived and even died to get. Water, for instance. Which of us says, "Thank God," when he lifts a glass to his lips? Yet, there have been men adrift on desert or ocean who would have given all they had for a spoonful.

When I look at my sea, I remember that Schiller—one of the finest of poets—longed throughout his life for a glimpse of the ocean, and passed away without ever knowing what he called "that immeasurable happiness." Then, I think of the great host who, if the surf were breaking at their feet, couldn't see it because they are blind, and my heart sings that I have what most of us have, and that's two eyes. "The world is so full of a number of things," and most of them are good. I often wonder why we build monuments to conquerors, and ignore the man who invented the combination of ham and eggs!

A man is rich, not in proportion to what he has. Nothing you can get is worth much without something to match it in your own soul.

Just after the war, I went up to Vienna with an old friend—an Austrian monk. That was at the peak of inflation; for twenty-five American dollars I had been given millions of Austrian crowns. My companion looked at the Austrian money and said, "Why, you're a millionaire!"

I'd just paid 165,000 crowns for a sandwich, so I answered, "Yes, but the money won't buy anything."

"Neither will any other millions," my friend laughed. "Hundreds, perhaps. Thousands, yes; if you have tastes beyond eating and drinking and wearing. But millions, my friend; millions are always Austrian money."

Happiness isn't locked up in vaults; it's locked up in you. Let's open the door together, and let the sunlight in!

(Continued on page 49)

THE *Humanizing*



Nelson Eddy has never been as popular as on his recent Chase & Sanborn program, to which he returns upon completion of his concert tour.

The new Nelson Eddy takes time out on the fire escape with Don Ameche, during a Chase & Sanborn rehearsal.

THEY were all in a dither and it was Nelson Eddy's fault.

By "they" I mean Chase and Sanborn and Maxwell House (they make coffee, or haven't you heard?), Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the National Broadcasting Company, a couple of advertising firms and a round dozen lawyers. It was Nelson's fault because he really should have arranged to be two young men, each with a Voice. Then he could have sung on two rival radio programs with everything lovely. As it was, conferences raged furiously on the West Coast, the East Coast, in Chicago and elsewhere, and long-distance phone calls, telegrams and what-have-you burned up the wires.

You see, Nelson was one of the bright lights on the Chase and Sanborn coffee (it's dated) hour every Sunday evening, and is also under contract to make pictures for M-G-M,

whose weekly radio hour is sponsored by Maxwell House (good to the last drop). You probably can imagine, therefore, into what cement-like solidity the plot thickened when M-G-M, having made a picture called "Rosalie" starring Nelson and Eleanor Powell, proposed to present Nelson in scenes from "Rosalie" on the Maxwell House radio hour. Chase and Sanborn, torn by the thought of his beguiling voice Pied-Piping coffee drinkers away from their Chase and Sanborn habits and into the waiting arms of Maxwell House, promptly had a fit.

Of course, it was finally straightened out as things usually are. Nelson ultimately and legally was scheduled to endorse the merits of Maxwell House coffee by participating in the "Rosalie" broadcast. But, withal, everybody wasn't happy. As the

Fink



of NELSON EDDY

By MARIAN RHEA

morning for the first "Rosalie" rehearsal rolled around, tension still prevailed. Victorious though they were, the Maxwell House producers found their nerves pretty well shot and their tempers short. All the legal parleying had been too much of an ordeal and had taken up too much time. They were upset.

And then, into that jaundiced situation, bright and smiling and rarin' to go, walked Nelson . . . Nelson wearing an immaculate gray suit, blue accessories, shoes shined to dazzling brilliance—and a sandwich board which read:

I DRINK SANKA!

Whereupon everybody laughed, the jaundiced gloom of the occasion was routed and the rehearsal was a great success.

"That guy'll be the death of me," a friend of mine at NBC told me, reminiscing about this and other gags staged by the reputedly staid and proper Mr. Eddy. "He certainly has changed."

Changed? That is what most people think since Nelson blossomed forth with comedy on the Chase and Sanborn hour. "What has happened to Nelson Eddy?" they say.

Well, on the answer to that hangs a story. Because, you see, Nelson Eddy always has been a comedian. It is just that his clowning has been kept away from motion pictures and until recently away from radio as a dark secret to be whispered about (with chuckles) but always suppressed from a public comfortably devoted to him as a Romantic Personality ever since he made his debut as the handsome (and serious) hero of "Naughty Marietta."

Nelson's talent for funny

In his heart he always knew
what he wanted to be, but it
took a dummy to show him how



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



business kept cropping out around NBC studios, until it got before the "mike" and was featured regularly.

Of course, this development was gradual, he explained to me. It kind of "grew" like Topsy. From a single line, in fact. He doesn't remember what the line was, except that all of a sudden as he read his script in a certain bit of dialogue, the audience witnessing the broadcast was laughing, and laughing hard.

"It was just a commonplace line, at least that is what I thought," he said, "and no one was more surprised than I to see the result.

"And," he went on, "if you ask me the reason why I am funny at all, I think it is because my comedy has been so unexpected. Everybody is used to me as a decidedly unfunny individual. My screen roles certainly have lacked humor and at broadcasts, too, I always used to stand around looking solemn . . . You know, as if I were about to deliver the Gettysburg Address . . . so that when I did break loose with a little something on the humorous side, the shock was too great."

"But weren't you afraid people wouldn't like it?" I asked him.

"Well, yes, I was," he confessed ruefully, "and with a reason. At first (although they have stopped coming now) I received a good many letters complaining about all the 'monkey business' I was going in for. In fact, one earnest damsel, I remember, wrote in regularly after each Sunday broadcast quite pointedly to this effect: 'Don't try to be what you ain't.' But would you believe it? Just a couple of weeks ago I got a letter—my secretary saved it for me—which read simply and beautifully: 'I tak back what I said. You ar swill.'"

So Nelson went on, getting funnier and funnier, and having an elegant time doing it—blossoming out, in fact, until that solemn look he used to wear at times is gone forever.

"Of course, I still like the kind of pictures I am making," he told me the last time I saw him, "and I guess the public finds them satisfactory, also. I have nothing to complain of there at all. But for pure, unadulterated fun, give me a broadcast with Don Ameche, Charlie McCarthy (and Bergen, of course) and the Stroud Twins. They—well, this may be a troublous old world, my income tax may look like the German war debt and I may have picked up the measles somewhere, but fifteen minutes with that gang and you feel like a new man."

Fifteen minutes with Nelson himself, for that matter. As for an entire rehearsal and then maybe the broadcast after that, all I have to say is I wish you could see for yourself, sometime, what goes on . . . As I did not so long ago.

Arriving at the rehearsal room at the appointed hour, I found Nelson and most of the others there before me. He looked very stylish in a brown suit with pale pink shirt and red tie (it may not sound so good but the shades were right) and he seemed to be selling papers.

"Have one," he said to me. "Five cents or free if you haven't a nickel." Apparently he had said the same thing to all the others because they had one, too.

Nelson explained what it was all about. "When Bergen begins to go over his script with Charlie, just read your paper. Bergen'll think we're bored."

The orchestra played the overture and Bergen and Charlie took their places. It is Bergen's custom never to reveal any of his script to other members of the cast until all are assembled for that final Sunday afternoon rehearsal before the broadcast. In that way he can judge the average audience's reaction.

"Well, Charlie," he began to his top-hatted pal, "I'm thinking of building a house."

"Yeh?" said Charlie. "What kind of a house?"

"French Provencal."

"Ah," remarked Charlie, politely, "and I suppose your furniture will be Louis, The Pasteur?"

Bergen (and Charlie) paused, waiting for the laugh they had expected. But we were deep in our Eddy-provided newspapers.

A little disconcerted but still persevering, Bergen went on. "I'm going to have some hooked rugs, too."

Charlie looked sly. "Oh, yeh? Swell. An' say, I know where I can snatch a painting, too."

Again the pause supposed to be filled by spontaneous chuckles—a blank, empty pause. We were still reading.

Bergen tried once more. "Charlie, I have a real Duncan Phyfe!"

"Can you play it?"

For the third time, that shrieking silence from the reading room beyond the stage. Bergen set Charlie down on his stool, hard, and eyed us malevolently.

"Darn it, you so-and-sos," he yelled, "it may be bad but it's not THAT bad!" And threw his script at Nelson Eddy, who emerged from behind his newspaper the picture of injured innocence.

"Oh, you were rehearsing? I could have sworn nothing interesting was happening."

Despite all Nelson's horseplay, they finally finished the rehearsal and got through the actual broadcast, too, in fine style. Of course Nelson made a few faces at Don which weren't in the script, but in the main he was very well behaved.

Also, he got the biggest bonafide laugh of the evening when playing the role of a pseudo detective, with just two lines:

"Aw, shucks."

It wasn't what he said, it was the way he said it that rolled 'em in the aisles.

At the close of the broadcast that night, as I left the studio, I saw Nelson sitting on a divan in the foyer.

"I'm waiting," he said, "for Don."

"Don Ameche? Why, he's gone," I informed him.

"Oh," airily, "I know that. I mean I'm waiting for him to get good and mad. I've parked my car in front of his down in the lot and he can't get out. . . ."

Now I ask you, what would you do with a guy like that? Maybe the answer is to laugh at him as he wants us to do from now on, since his lighter side has reared its comic head.

Nelson has taken temporary leave of his program to go on a concert tour and there's no telling what he'll do when the mayor gives him the key to the city. But there is one thing you can be sure of—he won't be off the air longer than he can help. It's too much fun!



Nelson's probably smiling over the next gag he'll pull on Don Ameche.

Welcome back to Paul Whiteman on Chesterfield's new show on CBS, Friday nights! Below, with Oliver Wakefield — right, the Jackie Coogans.

Dramatic stories of the air told in eight pages of the month's most vivid pictures



Photos by Fink

RADIO'S *Photo*-MIRROR



Astride his bronco (same hardwood origin) Charlie shoots to kill in his Deputy Sheriff's uniform.



Above, camel's hair is the coat, French the beret, pleased the expression. Below, his mess jacket.

Even if his legs are so wobbly that he can't stand alone, Charlie McCarthy still can model a wardrobe with appropriate trimmings that's the envy of masculine Hollywood. As to colors, Charlie, true to the old sod, favors green. As to cut, the more dashing the better. Above, the slip-over sweater is the Christmas present of Dorothy Lamour.

HE'S A CLOTHES DUMMY





Charlie's so proud of that silk topper he refuses to take it off even while he's having his dinner.



Above, for quiet evenings, Charlie picks a French flannel robe. Below, the full McCarthy ensemble.



His head may be wooden, but his wardrobe is snappier than that of any flesh and blood fop who ever ogled the ladies

What you bright readers may already have spotted as a Charlie McCarthy boner isn't really an oversight—that monocle is a non-removable feature of Charlie's, hence his formal appearance when he's ready for bed. Those silk pajamas are green too, but he compromised when he came to the scarf and selected a white one.





Al Goodman, veteran radio maestro, directs the 45-piece orchestra for Your Hollywood Parade.

Rehearsals and broadcasts are held in sound stage 9 on the Warner lot—home-like surroundings for the movie guest stars. The studio audience packs itself into the barn-like structure wherever there is room.



Three reasons why radio shows are expensive: Olivia de Havilland, Gary Cooper, Dick Powell at rehearsal.



High-priced stars use the floor for their script conference: Olivia, Monroe, Bette, Basil Rathbone



Director Monroe hears the program through earphones.

The Parade script must be completed ten days before the broadcast. First rehearsal is on Monday; on Tuesday the dress rehearsal is recorded; on Wednesday the record's played back so actors can benefit from their mistakes.



Bette Davis' slacks are typical broadcast costume.

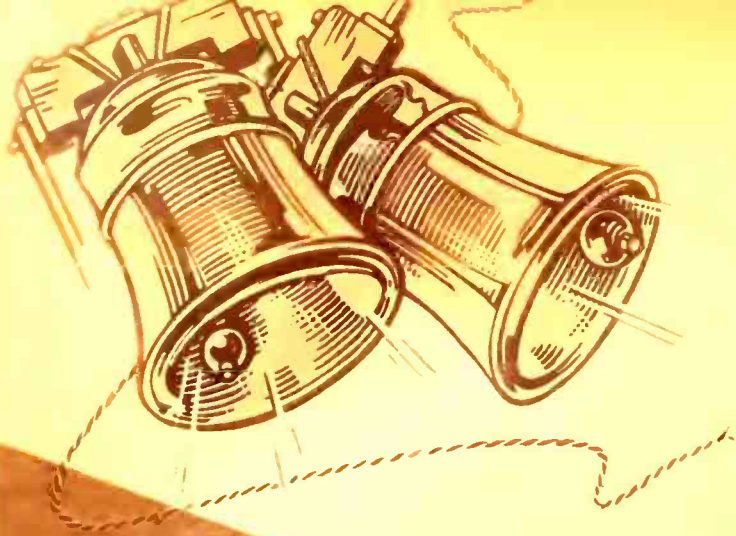


and Patric Knowles

HOW TO SPEND *\$1,000,000*

WHEN radio went Hollywood over a year ago the first thing it learned from the movie studios was how to spend money. This winter Warner Brothers and Lucky Strike collaborated on Your Hollywood Parade, at an estimated cost of well over \$1,000,000 a year. Warners built its program around Dick Powell last summer, made a record of it, and sent the record East to prospective sponsors. Lucky Strike's advertising agency, Lord & Thomas, was so impressed that it sent one of its brightest radio producers, Tom McAvity, to confer with the studio. Net result was a new program in place of Wednesday's Hit Parade over NBC called Your Hollywood Parade. Here's where most of the money goes: 60 minutes on a coast-to-coast network; Dick Powell; Al Goodman and 45 musicians; Rosemary Lane; Producer McAvity and his aides, Paul Monroe and June Nester; script writers Frank Gill and Arch Oboler; guest stars like those on these pages.

Let



Above, the entrance to Town Hall, in midtown Manhattan; left and opposite page, members of the audience hurl questions—usually embarrassing ones—at speakers

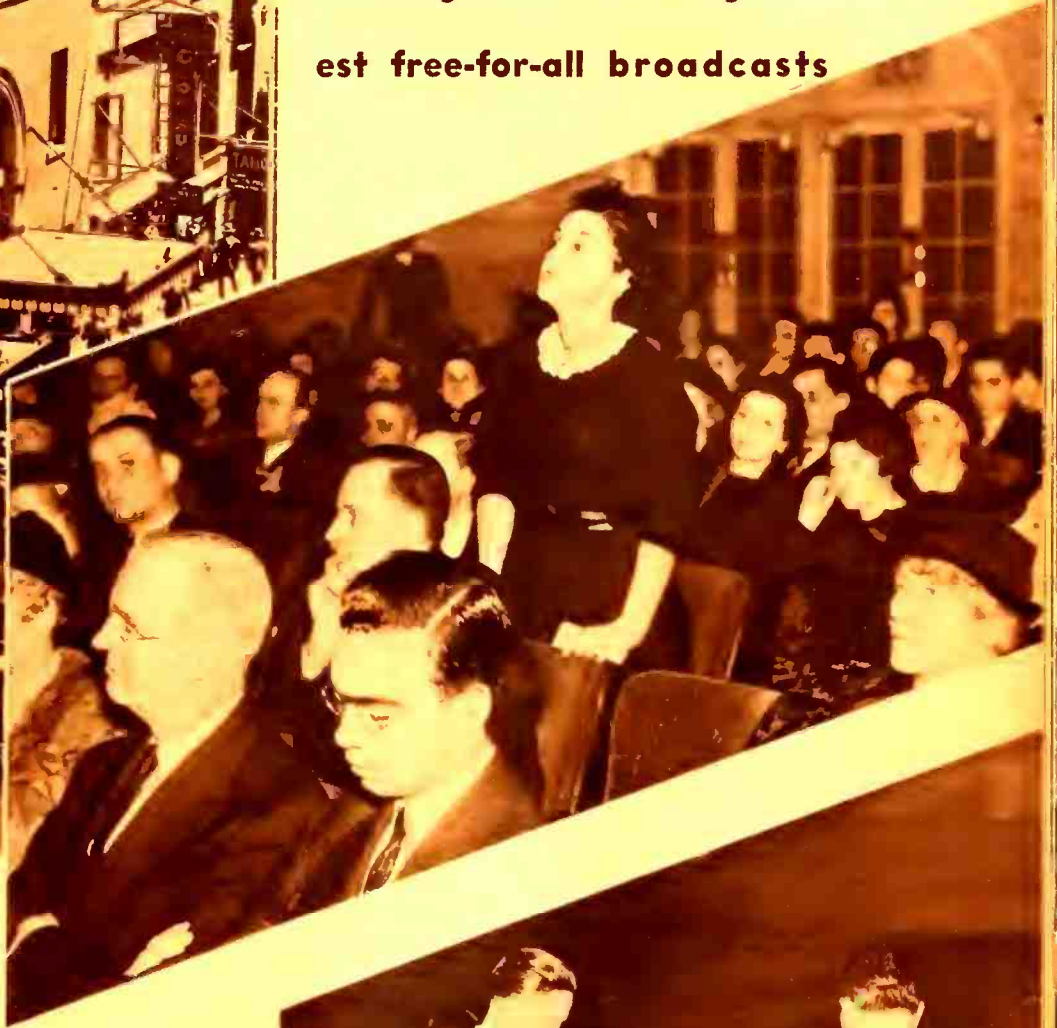
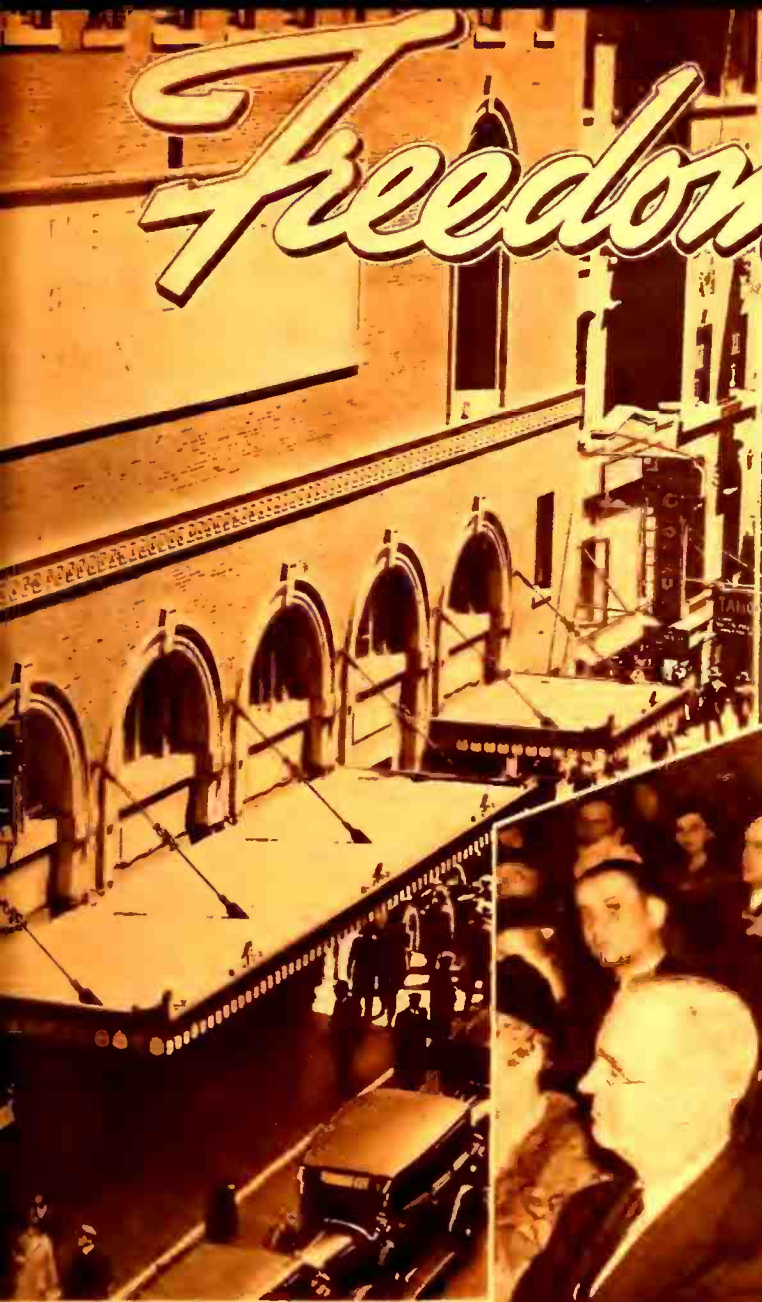


IN a day when freedom of speech is often reduced to a figure of speech, in a world where freedom of any kind is fought by isms that would tell each man what he should believe, hear, and say, America has a radio program embodying all the precious qualities dictators are busy erasing. It is America's Town Meeting of the Air, broadcast every Thursday night on NBC's Blue network.

An offshoot of the League for Political Education which operates Manhattan's Town Hall where the program originates, Town Meeting is the brain child of George V. Denny, Jr., who went to NBC in 1935 with a radical proposal—to open the airwaves to uncensored debate on current national problems. Begun as experimental broadcasts, Town Meeting is now one of NBC's most prized

Freedom Ring!

A sacred American tradition
lives again in radio's great-
est free-for-all broadcasts



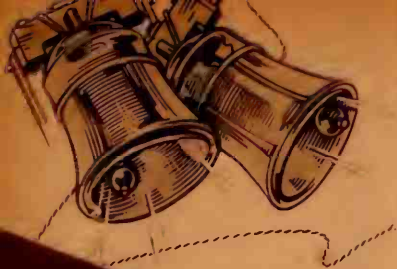
Right below, George Denny rings a bell to begin the broadcast; opposite page, Hugh S. Johnson speaks as his listeners prepare a cross-examination of his points.

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In less than three seasons, the Town Meeting has won recognition as the most accessible national forum. Throughout the country this winter people are gathering in local meetings to listen and continue the debate themselves.

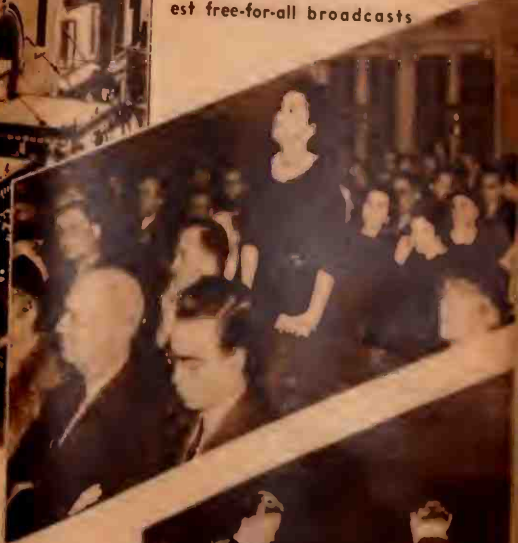
America's old time town meetings live again, with radio replacing the red hot stove and static the crunching of crackers.





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As star of *On Broadway*, Sundays on NBC, Alice must be expert in character study.

Opposite, as the Playwright, specs and all. Below, the thumb-in-soup waitress.

A picture lesson in
acting from Alice
Frost who plays
a new role
every week

MAKE UP MAKES
The
Actress



When Alice was called on to play a nightclub hostess, she imagined it this way.



Here Alice shows you how she interpreted her recent role as the demure debutante.

Costumes by Saks-34th
Street, New York
Photographed by
Ray Lee Jackson

ARE YOU ON

Speaking Terms

WITH SUCCESS?

UNACCUSTOMED as you are to public speaking, didn't it ever occur to you that you are doing yourself a great injustice?

Perhaps nobody has ever asked you to say a few words at a meeting or a banquet; perhaps, for that reason, you have never thought it was worth while to learn to think on your feet. But on the other hand, you have certainly wished you could be more successful than you are—more poised and self-assured, more confident of your own powers and—above all—more able to convince your friends and business associates that you possess those powers. And, wishing that, it must have occurred to you that there might be a secret of success that you don't know.

Lowell Thomas, successful radio star and author, news-reel commentator and world traveler, believes that he has found that secret of success! It is the ability to speak in public, to face one person or a group of people and talk to them clearly and unhesitatingly.

Nor does he believe this simply because speaking in public has become his profession. It began long before he stepped on a lecture platform, when, a new boy in school, he was elected to an important class office solely because he made a good speech in the assembly hall.

"Knowing how to express yourself in public is the key to confidence in yourself," he says, "as well as the key to inspiring confidence in yourself in the minds of others. No matter what your profession is, this ability will help you more than any other one thing, to reach the top."

But how does one learn to speak? Here, as Lowell Thomas gave them to me, are the seven rules that he considers most important. They were learned



Author, adventurer, world traveler, Lowell Thomas is heard on NBC Mondays through Fridays at 6:45, E.S.T.

By NORTON RUSSELL

**From Lowell Thomas comes
an inspiring message and a
way to get more out of life**

through years of experience, under all sorts of conditions—in a hall filled with hostile listeners, in a tropic night when giant bats did their best to interrupt both speaker and listeners, in a lifetime filled with lectures and addresses both impromptu and rehearsed. They don't represent theory, but practical fact, and if you can study them and practice them, you'll find that the thought of saying a few words to a group of your friends or acquaintances is no longer something to give you galloping stage-fright.

"Of course," Thomas said by way of preface, "these rules have the same drawback that rules for anything else have—you can break them all and still have a great speech. But if you do, you are the exception that proves the rule.

"To start with, here's the way to prepare your speech: Know your subject. If you don't, you'd better run as fast as you can to get out of talking about it. Know it so thoroughly that you're certain you're just a little bit better posted on it than anyone else in the room. There's nothing like that certainty to give you poise and confidence.

"If you have time and want to, write the speech out before-

hand. Write it out exactly the way you want to give it—and then throw away the manuscript. Don't ever, ever try to memorize your speech word for word. How do you know that when you're in the middle of delivering it a bomb won't go off outside, or somebody won't sneeze, or something won't happen that will break your train of memory and leave you with nothing whatever to say? It's much better just to memorize the outline, so that you know you won't get off the track.

"If you want to make a really effective speech, you won't use any notes either. (Continued on page 89)



A First Nighter drama in story form—an unforgettable fantasy in which life's two greatest mysteries—love and death—lead a girl's heart to happiness

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR MCGRAW

"Decide?" cried Mortens, his voice edged with panic, his hands quivering. "I've decided already—and I want to go back!"

Few broadcasts can hope to attain as loyal and appreciative an audience as that won by Campana's First Nighter program on NBC over a period of many years. Through a succession of broadcasts of unvarying listener interest, it has become an honored member of radio's family.

Beginning with this issue the editors of RADIO MIRROR hope to present from time to time these outstanding radio dramas written in colorful fiction form. If you have a favorite First Nighter broadcast you would like to read here, send us a post-card with your choice.

toward it, seventy miles an hour. On one side were the remains of the bluff; on the other a sharp drop to a gully two hundred feet below.

The train rounded a curve just below the slide. Its headlight picked out the ugly, formless mass; its whistle sounded a shrill note of alarm and its suddenly applied brakes sent a shudder throughout its length. But it was too late to stop. The engine hit the obstruction, plowed over and through it, toppled, and dragged the string of cars with it down into the gully.

Into the abrupt silence rose the screams and groans of hundreds of human beings.

* * *

The little white house looked very neat and homelike, with its lights shining out into the darkness and the rain. And the little man who opened the door—it was funny, but none of them seemed to notice whether he was young or old—greeted them cordially, with a "Good evening. Won't you come in?"

"I'm sorry to bother you," said Ronnie, "but we've lost our way. I'm Ronald Willett. This is Miss Veronica Calder and Mr. George Price."

"Yes, I've been expecting you."

A DESERT cloudburst had struck a bluff just above the railroad tracks. Furiously it had battered the weathered soil of the bluff, thrusting millions of tiny watery fingers into minute crevices, prying and tugging until the whole sodden structure had torn itself loose and crashed downward, covering the tracks with tons of debris.

The landslide lay there now, in the darkness, unnoticed and unseen, while the transcontinental flier came



RETURN TICKET

FICTIONIZED By FRED RUTLEDGE

"You have? But how . . . ?"

The little man smiled. "Well, the roads are so bad this weather that things happen. Please come in. Supper's almost ready."

The three young people stepped into the warm, brightly lighted living room of the bungalow, and their host bustled about, pushing chairs closer to the crackling fire, bestowing a passing caress on the collie who dozed in front of it, taking their damp coats and hats and hanging them up. Luckily, he didn't ask them how they'd come there. Luckily, because none of them exactly knew.

They had been in the house only a minute or two when there was another knock on the door, and the little man excused himself to admit two more guests—a sad-looking, faded woman in her fifties, dressed in black clothes, and a heavy-set man whose beard showed in dark shadows underneath his skin. They introduced themselves as Mrs. Anson and Mr. Mortens.

"Where are we, anyhow?" Ronnie asked. "Weren't we somewhere near the border between Nevada and Utah?"

"Why, yes," said the host, "you're more or less on the border. . . ."

He stationed himself with his back to the fire and beamed upon them all. "I'm so glad you could all come. By the way, I'm Mr. Noman."

"Glad to know you, Noman," Mortens said rudely. "Got a telephone around here?"

"Why, yes, over there on that table. Won't you come over nearer the fire, Mrs. Anson? It's a bad night

out and you must be cold."

Veronica Calder, stretching out her long, tapering fingers toward the fire, said, "It's fortunate this house was so close, Mr. Noman. I don't know what we'd have done otherwise."

"Yes," he said, "but then it's never very far away."

"Far away? Far away from what?"

"From where things happen, of course."

Involuntarily, Veronica shuddered. She was cold, and there seemed to be no heat in the flames on the hearth. . . . From where things happen? But what had happened? Desperately she tried to remember. She and Ronnie and George had been on their way somewhere . . . but how had they come to this little house? And why did those other two—Mrs. Anson and Mr. Mortens—seem familiar to her? Where had she seen them, and when?

She looked up, into Ronnie's eyes, and George's; and she saw that they too had forgotten, and were afraid. She wanted to rise, to get out of the house, but her will had lost the power to direct her muscles. It was as if she were bound there, helpless, in that chair before the crackling, cold fire.

Mortens bellowed angrily from the corner. "Something's the matter with this phone. I can't get any answer."

"The bad weather," Mr. Noman explained smoothly. "The wires are all down, I imagine." No one in the room believed him.

(Continued on page 80)



Into the silence Mrs. Anson's voice fell, filled with pity. "Why go back? It won't help Billy any, unless you tell them . . ."





Youthful vaudeville actors—Martha (aged 7) and Buddy Raye.

Cry BEFORE NIGHT

PEGGY HOOPER fainted at the piano on the stage of the Broadway theater in Butte, Montana, on the afternoon of August 27, 1916, and Pete Reed, her partner, stopped in the middle of his song and carried her into the wings.

Even the other actors on the bill were puzzled when a fill-in act went on for Reed and Hooper that evening. The dressing rooms back stage buzzed with comment.

"What's the matter with Peg?" . . . "I didn't know she'd been ill." . . . "Is a fainting spell so serious these days that you have to be toted off to a hospital to get over it?" . . . "I didn't think four-a-day pay could stand hospital bills; mine can't." . . . "It must be serious, though, or they wouldn't let themselves be docked like this, without even trying to go on."

If they had asked him, Pete Reed would have told them that his wife was about to have her first baby. But they didn't ask him, for Pete was down at St. James' hospital, pacing up and

down the corridor outside the delivery room door.

"Peg shouldn't have taken on this last week in Butte," he was thinking. "Crazy kid . . . plucky though. I didn't think it would be so soon. She told me those colonial costumes would fool everybody. Guess they fooled me, too. Wait'll the gang hears about this in the morning."

And then, aloud, as the doctor passed him in the hall. "How is she coming along, Doc? Is there anything I . . .?"

The doctor, hurrying by, didn't stop to answer. But there was nothing that Pete could do. In a few moments a gasping cry beyond the closed door informed him that Peggy Reed's baby had arrived safe and sound; a nurse amplified the information with news that "mother and daughter are doing well." It was just midnight.

She was a tiny, blonde and blue-eyed baby. They called her Martha.

Reed and Hooper (Double: talking, singing, piano; available split-week bookings) didn't show



So short were her friendships, Martha has forgotten this playmate's name.



At the age of one year, and . . .



As a Broadway chorus girl.

B Y P A U L I N E S W A N S O N

An upside down childhood with a hundred different hotel rooms for home and a doll for her only real friend—the engrossing story of Martha Raye

up on a vaudeville bill again for eleven days, when they caught up with their troupe in Pueblo, Colorado. It was the same old four-a-day routine after that except for minor changes: Peg looked with sudden disfavor upon her bouffant, colonial-style costumes, and appeared on the stage again in her own becoming evening gowns; Pete had to make up a second chorus to "Our Merry Oldsmobile," in order to allow Peg a minute more for her costume changes—since the top tray of her costume trunk was temporarily out of service. Equipped with mattress, pillow and a warm bottle of milk it was standing up valiantly as a crib for Martha Raye.

Martha made her first appearance backstage when she was eleven days old, when a trio of hard-boiled acrobats, two Broadway hoofers, a black-face comedian and Leonardo, the Lion Tamer forgot they were tough guys and goosed and gurgled at her until they missed their cues.

From that day, until after she was sixteen, Martha didn't know

there was any place besides a theater where a little girl could go between breakfast at noon and supper after the last show at night.

Show people *had* babies even in those nomadic days, but they sent them to their sisters and brothers on the farm, or enrolled them in theatrical nursing homes in Chicago or New York. Martha Raye, holding court every day in her trunk tray in Reed and Hooper's dressing room, was just rarity enough to be the most pampered baby in Christendom.

Peg and Pete doted on her, of course, and spent every moment they were away from the footlights dangling her on their knees or shaking rattles in her charmed and sparkling face. But they were not alone in spoiling her. Martha had the cunning of a little witch. She wasn't six months old before she learned that she had only to set up a howl to have a whole roomful of clowns dancing attendance upon her, even when her mother and father were on the stage. One whimper, (*Continued on page 59*)



Youthful vaudeville actors—Martha (aged 7) and Buddy Raye.

Cry BEFORE NIGHT

PEGGY HOOPER fainted at the piano on the stage of the Broadway theater in Butte, Montana, on the afternoon of August 27, 1916, and Pete Reed, her partner, stopped in the middle of his song and carried her into the wings.

Even the other actors on the bill were puzzled when a fill-in act went on for Reed and Hooper that evening. The dressing rooms back stage buzzed with comment.

"What's the matter with Peg?"
 "I didn't know she'd been ill."
 "Is a fainting spell so serious these days that you have to be toted off to a hospital to get over it?"
 "I didn't think four-a-day pay could stand hospital bills; mine can't."
 "It must be serious, though, or they wouldn't let themselves be docked like this, without even trying to go on."

If they had asked him, Pete Reed would have told them that his wife was about to have her first baby. But they didn't ask him, for Pete was down at St. James' hospital, pacing up and

down the corridor outside the delivery room door.

"Peg shouldn't have taken on this last week in Butte," he was thinking. "Crazy kid . . . plucky though. I didn't think it would be so soon. She told me those colonial costumes would fool everybody. Guess they fooled me, too. Wait'll the gang hears about this in the morning."

And then, aloud, as the doctor passed him in the hall, "How is she coming along, Doc? Is there anything I . . . ?"

The doctor, hurrying by, didn't stop to answer. But there was nothing that Pete could do. In a few moments a gasping cry beyond the closed door informed him that Peggy Reed's baby had arrived safe and sound, a nurse amplified the information with news that "mother and daughter are doing well." It was just midnight.

She was a tiny, blonde and blue-eyed baby. They called her Martha.

Reed and Hooper (Double: talking, singing, piano; available split-week bookings) didn't show



So short were her friendships, Martha has forgotten this playmate's name.



At the age of one year, and . . .



As a Broadway chorus girl.

BY PAULINE SWANSON

An upside down childhood with a hundred different hotel rooms for home and a doll for her only real friend—the engrossing story of Martha Raye

up on a vaudeville bill again for eleven days, when they caught up with their troupe in Pueblo, Colorado. It was the same old four-a-day routine after that except for minor changes: Peg looked with sudden disfavor upon her bouffant, colonial-style costumes, and appeared on the stage again in her own becoming evening gowns; Pete had to make up a second chorus to "Our Merry Oldsmobile," in order to allow Peg a minute more for her costume changes—since the top tray of her costume trunk was temporarily out of service. Equipped with mattress, pillow and a warm bottle of milk it was standing up valiantly as a crib for Martha Raye.

Martha made her first appearance backstage when she was eleven days old, when a trio of hard-boiled acrobats, two Broadway hoopers, a black-face comedian and Leonardo, the Lion Tamer forgot they were tough guys and goosed and gurgled at her until they missed their cues. From that day, until after she was sixteen, Martha didn't know

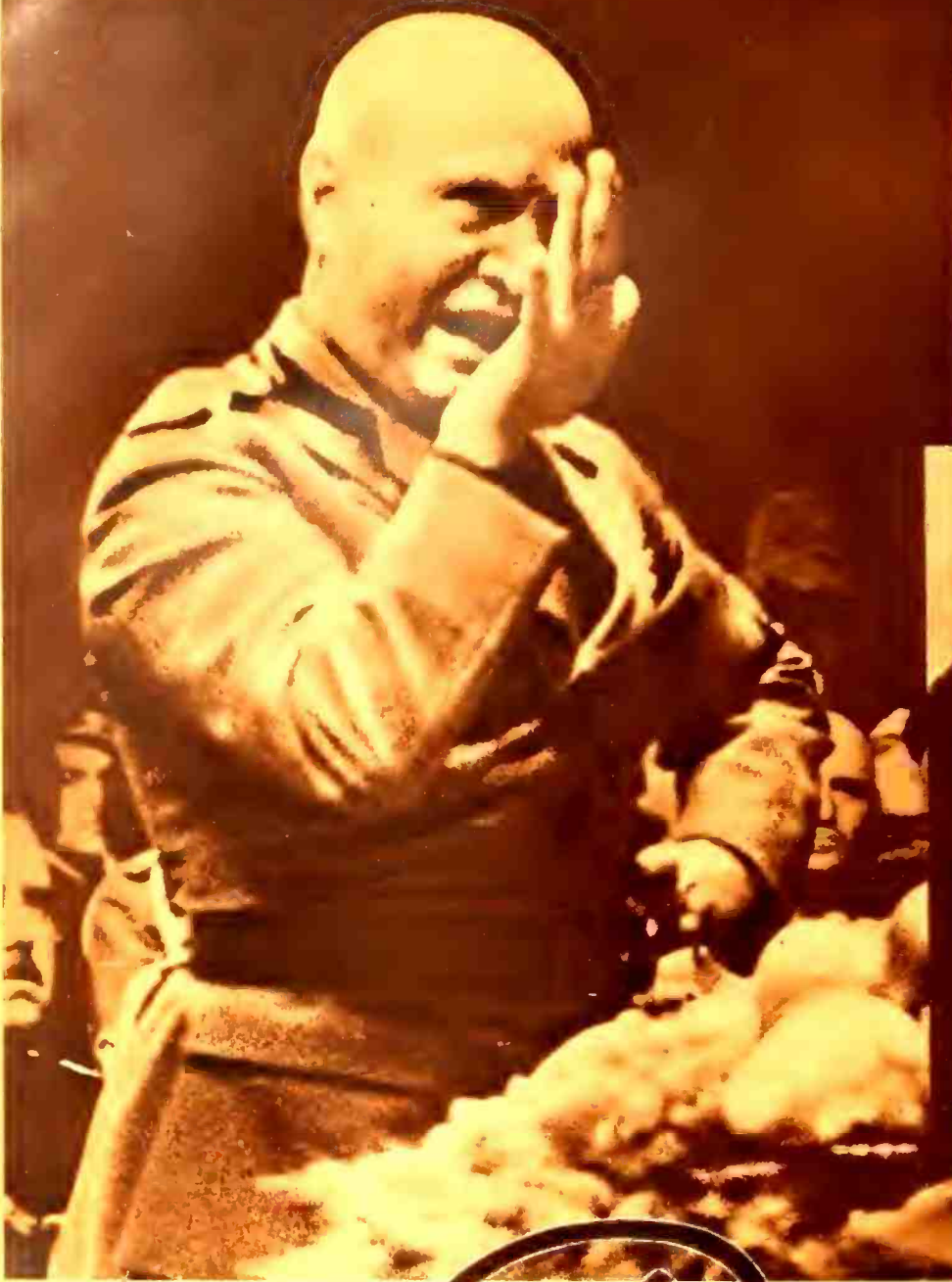
there was any place besides a theater where a little girl could go between breakfast at noon and supper after the last show at night.

When people had babies even in those nomadic days, but they sent them to their uncles and brothers on the farm, or entailed them in theatrical nursing homes in Chicago or New York. Martha Raye, holding court every day in her trunk tray in Reed and Hooper's dressing room, was just rarely enough to be the most pampered baby in Chattanooga.

Peg and Pete doted on her, of course, and spent every moment they were away from the footlights laughing her on their knees or haking rattle in her charmed and parking feet. But they were not alone in spoiling her. Martha had the company of a little witch. She wasn't a month old before she learned that she had only to set up a howl to have a whole rowful of clown dancing attendance upon her, even when her mother and father were on the stage. One whisper, (Continued on page 59)

The author of this article explains why Mussolini thinks so little of broadcasting, and why Hitler, below, is seldom heard in America, while Stalin, right, seldom broadcasts even at home.

Photos by Wide World



WHY Dictators

Cesar Saerchinger, with seven exciting and tumultuous years as CBS's European representative behind him, returned to New York to write down in "Voice of Europe" his experiences abroad arranging broadcasts (for American audiences) of speeches by Europe's rulers and royalty. Here-with RADIO MIRROR presents one of the book's most revealing chapters, a study of the men who today are fast molding the fate of Europe and the world. "Voice of Europe" published by Houghton-Mifflin will be released shortly after March first.

PEOPLE'S curiosity about monarchs is in this age equalled, if not surpassed, by their interest in dictators—those Men of Destiny who are supposed to hold the fate of nations in their palm.

It is not surprising that the eyes of the masses

everywhere should be centered on effulgent personalities like Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin, and that radio should be called upon to penetrate their defenses and expose their magnetic gifts to the world.

But it was soon found that much of the hypnotic power by which these men swayed the emotions of their peoples evaporated when only their disembodied voices were electrically transmitted in a radio receiver. The fascination of the heroic persisted only in the minds of those whose emotions were sustained by a kind of hysterical faith, by the perfervid imaginations of people already under the spell of the superman legend, looking to the political Messiah, the Medicine Man of psychic power, to cure the nation's ills. To the dispassionate listener in his own four walls, to the sceptic and the political realist the magniloquence of these prophets was just so many words. Which

By
CESAR
SAERCHINGER

Though their rules are absolute, one field is forever barred to them. Read the revelations of an American who saw how the microphone threatens their mystic sway



Fear

RADIO

accounts for the fact that none of the contemporary Dictators have taken kindly to the microphone.

Benito Mussolini made one broadcast in English from the privacy of his study. In it he assured America that the modern world was unthinkable without it, which was no surprise to the average American. He also assured them (in 1931) that without their "idealistic" help, the war could not have been won. And without America's aid, he said, prosperity could not be regained—bad news for Americans in the depths of Depression. All this was less than might have been expected from a political miracle man. Then followed his assurance that Italy would "never take the initiative in another war" (four years before Abyssinia), and an argument in favor of a deflationary policy (two years before the New Deal)—neither of which statements reflects great credit on the prophetic

qualities of Dictators. All in all, without the histrionic accompaniments, the oration was not very impressive. After this, Mussolini never made another broadcast properly speaking; though most of his public speeches were picked up and broadcast to the nation—and beyond.

I tried and tried to break this abstinence, but without success. Every time I went to Rome I would haunt the Palazzo Chigi, where the Italian foreign office was located, to try and argue the satellites into persuading the Duce. All I got out of it is a good look at the sumptuous Renaissance rooms, the gorgeous carved ceilings, the opulent tapestries and hangings.

Everything, of course, depended on Mussolini, that man of iron will and quick, inflexible decisions; the pleasure of Il Duce was law—hence nobody could promise anything. Obviously the short cut would be

to see the Duce himself. It took a long time, but at last I got my summons to the Palazzo Venezia, where the great man received his callers every afternoon. I was told to be on time—6:15 P. M.—because the periods were exactly calculated on a quarter-hour basis. I arrived punctually and waited, in a tiny anteroom, where another Hopeful was already parked. He went in after the man before him came out, about ten minutes after I, according to schedule, should have gone in. I waited altogether about a half hour, which was less than half the usual waiting time at the Palazzo Chigi, down the street.

The usual routine, which has been frequently described by others, now followed. The smiling flunky opens the door, you perceive the Duce at the other end of the long dusky room, sitting at an obliquely cornered desk, dressed in morning coat, gray trousers and the conventional wing collar and gray tie—a stocky man of rather less than medium height, of swarthy complexion and earnest, almost weary mien. He rises, greets you with outstretched arm, and holds it till you are near enough to shake hands; then you sit down, opposite him at the desk.

After apologizing for not speaking Italian, I asked what he would prefer—English, German or French?

“Let us speak . . . French—German—English!” he hesitatingly announced; so I was as wise as before and continued in English. with the usual compliments about Rome. And then, I found, I was through. He took the initiative and began to interview me, instead of the other way round.

“What is the situation in England?”

Well, it was so-so.

“What’s the situation in France?”

I decided that this was just a technique, so we wouldn’t have to talk about the weather—or the business in hand.

“What’s the situation in Germany? Who is going to win the election?”

I gave the most obvious answer—“Hindenburg.” It required no clairvoyance.

Down went the Duce’s eye-balls in that peculiar scaring manner, which to me seemed simply to indicate surprise. As one might raise one’s eyebrows. It’s a special tic of Mussolini’s; just as some people are double-jointed and others can wriggle their ears.

Perceiving that my time was nearly up I said we hoped he would broadcast to America—on Washington’s centenary, or whenever possible.

“You think that would have a good effect?” he asked, still speaking French. I assured him it would and enlarged on the great influence of radio in America. He said he would think it over. As I got up, he came out from behind his desk and slipped his arm into mine as we began to stroll toward the door. It was all very leisurely and pleasant, and pretty soon I was out, thinking I had a new pal.

I never heard any more about that broadcast; according to the minions at the Palazzo Chigi he was still thinking it over the following year. In fact, America didn’t hear Mussolini again till October 1934, when the Italian elections had once more confirmed the power of the Fascist régime and the long-awaited

Corporate State was about to be constituted. His speech, cheered to the echo by thousands of Italian throats, and relayed to the United States, gave Americans a real taste of full-blooded demagogic oratory; but after a while it palled. The excitement was provided by the background mob rather than the voice itself.

ADOLF HITLER, orator of the wounded heart, virtuoso of the fiery word, who rings all the changes of patriotic emotion until he leaves his hearers limp with self-pity and nervous exhaustion, has never deigned to face the lonely and unresponsive microphone without an audience. In the years before the Nazi coup, while he was zooming up and down the country, inflaming his followers in the manner of the hellfire-and-damnation revivalist, the German government barred him from the most powerful medium at its command. They might have been wiser if they had let him talk, had even persuaded him to parade his philosophy before the still sensitive retina of the nation’s intelligence. Suddenly, in 1932 they had a change of heart. They gave him access to the air, but it was too late. Hitler took no notice of it:

but through his (then) intimate half-American friend, Dr. Ernst (“Putzi”) Hanfstaengl

I invited him to tell the American public his woes. The answer was not a complete negative, but for some curious reason there was

to be a price, and the price was too high—especially since Hitler only spoke German.

The Party, apparently, was in need of funds. So matters drifted, and nothing came of it. I doubt whether Hitler himself knew anything about the negotiations.

In January, 1933, by Herr von Papen’s invitation, the Nazis marched into Berlin and declared that the revolution was on. Hitler was now a world figure and America was willing to pay for a loudspeaker seat. The matter was all but arranged;

the *Führer* was to fly to Cologne and address the American nation from there. But there were quarrels between members of his immediate staff and Putzi couldn’t deliver his man.

Meantime the election campaign was in full swing, culminating in the Reichstag bonfire; the voice of Hitler went forth from every station to every loudspeaker of Germany, and was twice relayed to America.

Here was the same phenomenon that had become a periodic occurrence in Italy. Listening to the cheers, the bands, the singing and shouting, and at last the clamorous Voice, rising from a liquid whisper to a clangorous Day-of-Judgment wail, one got the impression of a religious revival. Just to hear the noise was to realize what was happening. But it was the whole *ensemble* that did it; not the words themselves, whose content left dispassionate outsiders cold.

One of the many stories they tell in Germany about the Nazi triumvirate is the one about Hitler in the dentist’s chair. He was to have a tooth extracted and the anesthetician asked him to count slowly, so he would know when the patient was “under.” Hitler counted—*one, two, three* and so forth, his voice getting slower and fainter as he went (*Continued on page 83*)

**Why do Europe's iron men
shun the microphone? One who
knows them intimately tells the
amazing answer for the first
time in this great story**

ONE SMART GIRL

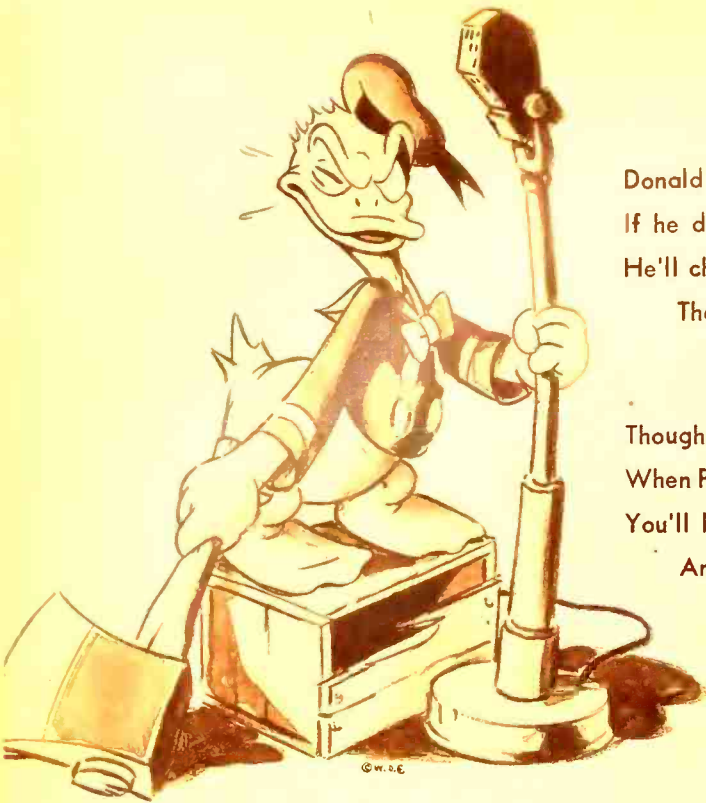
By JOHN LEROY
JOHNSTON

**Meet Nan Grey, radio's Cinderella-1938 model—a unique
Hollywood personality and star of the air's newest drama**

HEIGHT—five feet four. Bust—34 inches.
Waist—23 inches. Hips—36 inches. Dress
size—14. Shoes—6 AA. Eyes—blue-gray.
Hair—naturally blonde. Age—not quite seven-
teen. Name—Nan Grey. Importance to radio—
she is this season's youngest, loveliest and most

beautiful star. Importance to you—she is Kathy
on the new program, *Those We Love*, which inside
a year will be rivalling *One Man's Family* in
popularity.

In other words, if you are interested in comers,
want to know more about (*Continued on page 56*)



Donald Duck is chief of staff.
If he doesn't get a laugh
He'll chop the microphone in half—
The Karloff of the air!

Though Bing may mean a lot to you,
When Pluto murmurs "Boo-boo-boo"
You'll know he is a crooner, too,
And love is on the air.



**To nobody's surprise they've conquered a new kingdom! Meet the
Walt Disney all star cast in their new roles of radio rascals**



Mr.
to the

This trio, by the name of Pig,
Will entertain with song and jig.
They know no Wolf, though Bad or Big
Can catch them on the air!



Minnie Mouse, of course, takes part.
 She's the girl of Mickey's heart.
 Though she's wedded to her art
 She won't give *him* the air!

The Goof may wear a goofy smirk
 But nary a broadcast will he shirk.
 He's really tied up in his work.
 He can't get *off* the air!



Cortoons especilly made for RADIO MIRROR
 by Walt Disney. Tune in his Theater of the
 Air Sundays at 5:30 p.m., over the NBC-Red
 network, sponsored by The Pepsodent Compy.

Mouse MIKE

Twine red roses 'round the hall!
 Though he's very, very small
 He's the biggest star of all—
 Mickey's on the air!



BEHIND



Fink



When a comedian goes truckin', this is how he looks—Jack Benny (above) with Neva Lynn; above right, Julie Gibson, Joe Penner's singing star; left, the misunderstood Bob Taylor.

Here's a big banquet of news, garnished with gossip, spiced with frank opinions, served up to a King's taste by NBC's daring Hollywood reporter

THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By JIMMIE FIDLER

SOME fun at the local Lord and Thomas office, mates. This agency handles the Lucky Strike-Warner Brothers show (on which Dick Powell cavorts). Officially, the L&T lads and lassies may smoke whatever ciggie pleases their palates, but it's best all around if they prominently display Luckies. Imagine the consternation therefore when, one morning, there were dozens and dozens of empty ciggie packages tossed around the floors—and all of them were Camels, Old Golds, Chesterfields—with a sprinkling of Twenty Grands.

* * *

Fashions and me get along swell until I have to explain 'em but I'm going to try once more—on account of Claudette Colbert looked too too when she aired "Alice Adams" on the Lux Radio Theater. Brown crepe dress with a kind of hat that showed the Scotch tam-o-shanter influence. Jewelry: jade bracelet and brooch. Very fetching, that brown and green. But what amused me was that when it came time to take photos, Claudette fussed to beat the band because she had to be at the right angle—that funny chapeau dipping over one eye showed her pretty face from only one vantage point. And was Fred MacMurray amused, too.

* * *

When Marlene Dietrich bounced onto the stage for the Lucky Strike-Warner's airing the other P.M., the Earl of Warwick apparently wasn't enough for her in the way of escorts. There were three other lads tagging the glamor-gal. And did she knock the eyes out of the customers. "Limbs" Dietrich wore a mannish tailored suit—but completely in silver—even to the

slippers. . . . Not that this has anything to do with the foregoing but all hands had terrible colds and cough-drops were passed around after each number. For a time it looked like Dick Powell was going to qualify as a stand-in for Sneezzy-of the Seven Dwarfs.

* * *

Getting tickets to radio shows out here is a problem—and becoming more so each day. But a new high was reached on the initial Walter O'Keefe appearance with the Mardi Gras (Lanny Ross, Charlie Butterworth, etc). Walt took nearly three-fourths of the available seats for his friends, spent half-an-hour before the show clowning for the audience and then went to work on the airing. He's headman now.

* * *

SHORT SHOTS

That girl you hear with the South-talk in her voice on the Amos 'n' Andy programs is Madaline Lee . . . Colored comic Eddie Anderson plays the part of Rochester, Jack Benny's butler . . . Nelson Eddy amuses no end when he plays goofy parts on the Chase and Sanborn show . . . Joe Penner plays violin pretty well . . . Definition of Connie Boswell's singing: A shadow swinging on a moonbeam . . . Diana Bourbon is the Madame Lefarge of the radio biz. She's guiding light of the Hollywood Hotel show—and sits in the control-booth knitting through rehearsal and show alike.

The other day a lad asked me if Bob Burns had to belong to the Musicians' Union to play the bazooka. Maybe some of you would (Continued on page 84)

Read Fidler's open letter to Jack Oakie, below with Mrs. Oakie—and see if you agree. Below right, Bob Burns' surprise sand trap golf shot throws his opponent into a faint.

RKO Radio Pictures



OVER the air to a million listeners, these past few weeks, has come that radio program known as Goods News, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and sponsored by Maxwell House. A gay, sprightly program featuring the funny business of Frank Morgan and Fanny Brice; the music of Meredith Willson's orchestra; a guest artist or two—

And Robert Taylor as master of ceremonies.

"Bob Taylor, the new 'emcee' . . ." In Hollywood and in other places people are talking. "Not bad." "Pretty good." "Swell." Or maybe: "So-so," or "Not so good." Or perhaps they haven't decided yet just what they think about Bob, the "emcee". John Public is often slow to make up his mind.

I've made up mine, though. I am crazy about Bob Taylor as a master of ceremonies. I think he is swell. If he talked through his nose; if he used bad grammar; if he stuttered, I would still be for him. Because I think he deserves a break from all of us. Because behind his sudden appearance as the Good News master of ceremonies is a story those million fans who listen in every Thursday night don't know . . .

Bob Taylor didn't make his sudden appearance on Good News because he wanted to be a radio star or wanted the extra money the work would bring him. He went on the air because only radio could enable him to scale the same high peaks of popularity he had reached six months ago, because only on the air could he prove to the millions of moviegoers that he was still the same star they had worshipped less than a year before.

It is radio that is providing the climax to the drama Bob has been living since last summer, a drama of irony, possibly of tragedy.

That's why this story is being written—not because Bob is a new radio star but because of the electrifying story behind his broadcasts. Though he may not still be master of ceremonies when you read this, his drama's ending won't yet be decided. The test he began through radio will still be going on.

You see, Bob didn't ask to be famous. Rather, fame sought him out and changed his life. And then—But this story begins, really, five years ago when a young fellow by the name of Spangler Arlington Brugh gave an outstanding performance in a Pomona College presentation of "Journey's End" and a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout in the audience "spotted" him as a good screen bet.

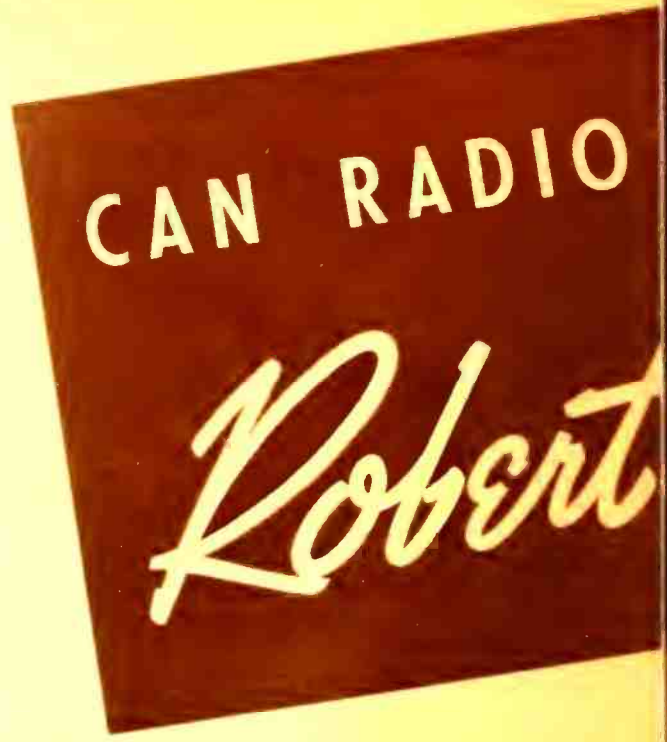
Now this young Brugh chap had no particular interest in either stage or screen. He had intended to be a doctor. But almost before he knew it, M-G-M had offered him a screen contract and he had signed it. That is the way things happen, sometimes, in Hollywood when a chap is as good looking as was Robert Taylor.

He had to learn the business of acting in pictures from the bottom up. Stardom didn't just fall into his lap. He had to "work like a so-and-so," to borrow his own words, and sometimes he thought he would never make the grade.

He studied screen technique and all its ramifications, harder than he had ever studied at school. He played various roles at the Pasadena Playhouse where many another star has served apprenticeship. He went to hundreds of picture shows, not for entertainment, but to learn from the performances he saw.

And while his studio was teaching him, it was also changing him.

First they changed his name. Then they changed his hair-cut; the way he always had parted his hair, and the kind of clothes he wore. It took three years of hard work and infinite pains. And through it all the slowly emerging Bob (Continued on page 74)



Only you can decide whether he will win the dramatic battle he has been waging before the microphone



His rehearsal with the other members of the Good News cast is something for Bob to take seriously.

RESCUE

Taylor?



OVER the air to a million listeners, these past few weeks, has come that radio program known as *Good News*, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and sponsored by Maxwell House. A gay, sprightly program featuring the funny business of Frank Morgan and Fanny Brice; the music of Meredith Willson's orchestra; a guest artist or two—

And Robert Taylor as master of ceremonies. "Bob Taylor, the new 'emcee'." "In Hollywood and in other places people are talking, 'Not bad.' 'Pretty good.' 'Swell.' Or maybe: 'So-so,' or 'Not so good.'" Or perhaps they haven't decided yet just what they think about Bob, the "emcee". John Public is often slow to make up his mind.

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CAN RADIO RESCUE

Robert Taylor?

Only you can decide whether he will win the dramatic battle he has been waging before the microphone



His rehearsal with the other members of the *Good News* cast is something for Bob to take seriously.



FOLLOW THE MOON

The story thus far:

Jean Page, wealthy San Francisco debutante, running away from a loveless marriage with Bart Reid, flies with her colored nurse, Callie, to Moonstone, her father's vacation camp in the mountains. There she finds Clay Bannister, wanted, as "The Parson," for robbery and murder. Clay draws his gun to shoot a rattlesnake about to strike Jean and she misunderstands and shoots, seriously wounding him. In remorse and a growing liking for Clay, Jean nurses him; and in the morning when Sheriff McGill and his sister (a nurse) come to visit her, she introduces Clay as her husband. The Sheriff and his sister leave, to fetch a doctor from nearby Bristow, and Jean, unwilling to let Clay be captured by the police, runs away with him to San Francisco. Just as she draws up in front of her own home, Laura Todd, a gossipy friend, drives past and stops. With Laura is Miss McGill, and Jean is forced to continue passing Clay off as her husband.

ONCE installed in the comfortable guest room of the Page mansion, Clay Bannister recovered rapidly, with the natural vitality of a man who has spent most of his life in the open. And with every day's improvement, he chafed the more at his inactivity.

"But I've got to get out of here," he sputtered to Jean a week after their return from Moonstone. "I've got you into enough trouble already—telling all your friends I'm your husband!"

For the hundredth time, Jean protested: "What else could I do, with Miss McGill standing right there beside Laura Todd? How could I know that the reason she had to hurry back to San Francisco that day was to nurse Laura's mother?"

"But suppose somebody gets onto my trail, and they arrest me here in your house? It'll all come out then, and you'll be arrested too, for helping the Parson to escape."

"Nobody's going to track you down here. And anyway—"

She looked away from him quickly, lest the sight of his strong, angular face, his rumpled mop of red hair, his shining blue eyes, should betray her into finishing that sentence the way her heart would finish it. . . . "And anyway, I don't care, because I love you."

Jean Page, the daughter of an old San Francisco family, in love with a self-confessed fugitive from the law! It was unthinkable, impossible. But it was true.

Night after night she lay awake beneath the high ceiling of her bedroom, trying to tell herself that he was a bandit, an outlaw. It was useless. She couldn't believe he had ever done anything of which either he or anyone else need be ashamed. Yet so far he had given her no explanation.

And so the merry-go-round of her mind went on its unending whirl: He can't be—but he is—he can't be—but he is. . . .

Sometimes, as she and her father sat at dinner, she thought she saw in his eyes an understanding of the problem she was facing, and sympathy. Wordless sympathy, for they knew each other very well, these two, and they trusted each other's judgment. Never in all her life had Jean's father criticized her, and this taboo had remained unbroken even when she ran away from her marriage to Bart Reid and returned with Clay. Her treatment of Bart had hurt him, too, she knew; for Bart was Page's particular protegee, and his trusted aide in business affairs. But he, too, liked and trusted

STARRING ELSIE HITZ
AND NICK DAWSON

Tragedy brings Jean a mystery to solve and love for a man whose heart is closed to her existence



By JOHN TUCKER BATTLE
FICTIONIZED BY DAN WHEELER

Clay, and had done so since they first met.

Now, as the second week of Clay's presence in the house began, she knew it would be impossible to keep him there much longer. Yet, even with that foreknowledge, her heart sank when she knocked on the door of his room one morning and entered to find him dressed and ready to leave.

If he would only ask her to go along, or give some sign that he cared for her as she cared for him! But she sensed, somehow, that Clay Bannister's heart was closed to love, dedicated to some other—some secret—purpose.

Quietly, she asked him where he would go.

"Back up around Bristow. I was—looking for some-



ILLUSTRATED BY DAUSSA

body up there." He paused in indecision, looking at her steadily. Then he said abruptly, "You've got a right to know all about me, if you want to hear it."

Jean nodded her head quickly. "Please, yes."

"All right and you don't have to believe me. My father has a big ranch down in Arizona. A couple of years ago we began having trouble with rustlers. A man named Kane was at the head of them—I know that, but I can't prove it. Kane, or one of his men, shot Dad."

"Clay! How awful!"

"He didn't die, but—well, I guess he'll never walk again. Kane ran away, and his gang with him, and I

The sheriff rattled out, "I arrest you, Clay Bannister..."

started out to look for him." Clay's eyes were steely now, his jaw set in a grim line. Jean, about to speak, looked at him and remained silent, suppressing a shudder, realizing dimly, for the first time, that revenge was the goal of his life.

"I think he was somewhere around the Bristow country when you found me in your cabin. If I'd met up with him, I'd— But you want to know about the Parson, I guess. After I left home I didn't have much money, so I got work at ranches long enough to get a stake. At one place I came along just when they were in the middle of trouble with rustlers. Matter of fact, they were burying (Continued on page 71)

FOLLOW THE MOON

The story thus far:

Jean Page, wealthy San Francisco debutante, running away from a loveless marriage with Bart Reid, flies with her colored nurse, Callie, to Moonstone, her father's vacation camp in the mountains. There she finds Clay Bannister, wanted, as "The Parson," for robbery and murder. Clay draws his gun to shoot a rattlesnake about to strike Jean and she misunderstands and shoots, seriously wounding him. In remorse and a growing liking for Clay, Jean nurses him; and in the morning when Sheriff McGill and his sister (a nurse) come to visit her, she introduces Clay as her husband. The Sheriff and his sister leave to fetch a doctor from nearby Bristow, and Jean, unwilling to let Clay be captured by the police, runs away with him to San Francisco. Just as she draws up in front of her own home, Laura Todd, a gossip friend, drives past and stops. With Laura is Miss McGill, and Jean is forced to continue passing Clay off as her husband.

ONCE installed in the comfortable guest room of the Page mansion, Clay Bannister recovered rapidly, with the natural vitality of a man who has spent most of his life in the open. And with every day's improvement, he chafed the more at his inactivity.

"But I've got to get out of here," he spluttered to Jean a week after their return from Moonstone. "I've got you into enough trouble already—telling all your friends I'm your husband!"

For the hundredth time, Jean protested: "What else could I do, with Miss McGill standing right there beside Laura Todd? How could I know that the reason she had to hurry back to San Francisco that day was to nurse Laura's mother?"

"But suppose somebody gets onto my trail, and they arrest me here in your house? It'll all come out then, and you'll be arrested too, for helping the Parson to escape."

"Nobody's going to track you down here. And anyway—"

She looked away from him quickly, lest the sight of his strong, angular face, his rumpled mop of red hair, his shining blue eyes, should betray her into finishing that sentence the way her heart would finish it. "And anyway, I don't care, because I love you."

Jean Page, the daughter of an old San Francisco family, in love with a self-confessed fugitive from the law! It was unthinkable, impossible. But it was true.

Night after night she lay awake beneath the high ceiling of her bedroom, trying to tell herself that he was a bandit, an outlaw. It was useless. She couldn't believe he had ever done anything of which either he or anyone else need be ashamed. Yet so far he had given her no explanation.

And so the merry-go-round of her mind went on its unending whirl: He can't be—but he is—he can't be—but he is.

Sometimes, as she and her father sat at dinner, she thought she saw in his eyes an understanding of the problem she was facing, and sympathy. Wordless sympathy, for they knew each other very well, these two, and they trusted each other's judgment. Never in all her life had Jean's father criticized her, and this taboo had remained unbroken even when she ran away from her marriage to Bart Reid and returned with Clay. Her treatment of Bart had hurt him, too, she knew. For Bart was Page's particular protegee, and his trusted aide in business affairs. But he, too, liked and trusted

STARRING ELSIE HITZ
AND NICK DAWSON

Tragedy brings Jean a mystery to
solve and love for a man whose
heart is closed to her existence

BY JOHN TUCKER BATTLE
FICTIONIZED BY DAN WHEELER

ILLUSTRATED BY DAUSSA

Clay, and had done so since they first met.

Now, as the second week of Clay's presence in the house began, she knew it would be impossible to keep him there much longer. Yet, even with that foreknowledge, her heart sank when she knocked on the door of his room one morning and entered to find him dressed and ready to leave.

If he would only ask her to go along, or give some sign that he cared for her as she cared for him! But she sensed, somehow, that Clay Bannister's heart was closed to love, dedicated to some other—some secret—purpose.

Quietly, she asked him where he would go.

"Back up around Bristow. I was—looking for some-

body up there." He paused in indecision, looking at her steadily. Then he said abruptly, "You've got a right to know all about me, if you want to hear it."

Jean nodded her head quickly. "Please, yes." "All right and you don't have to believe me. My father has a big ranch down in Arizona. A couple of years ago we began having trouble with rustlers. A man named Kane was at the head of them—I know that, but I can't prove it. Kane, or one of his men, shot Dad."

"Clay! How awful!" "He didn't die, but—well, I guess he'll never walk again. Kane ran away, and his gang with him, and I

The sheriff rattled out, "I arrest you, Clay Bannister..."

realizing dimly, for the first time, that revenge was his goal of his life.

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'TAIN'T FUNNY, McGEE

Tune in McGee & Molly, sponsored by Johnson's Wax, on the NBC-Red, Monday nights.



Terrific, tempestuous, tantalizing, terrifying, titillating—
another Fibber and Molly laugh riot to cure all your blues

FOR all you who have missed Molly during the recent illness which caused her to be absent from the Fibber McGee and Molly broadcasts, here's a chance to catch up on many a lost hour of laughter, as RADIO MIRROR presents another of its unique Readio-Broadcasts.

In it we continue the adventures of Fibber and Molly (played by Jim and Marion Jordan) as they head for Hollywood in their trailer, assured of immediate stardom on the strength of a letter from Nick DePopolus. At a filling station near Palm Springs, we find them just driving in and stopping with a screeching of tires:

FIBBER: Gotta get them brakes fixed. Ahem. . . . Hiyah Bud, how much is gas today, how far is it to Palm Springs, how much is oil, and where's the free air?

MOLLY: . . . And is the road good and what's the

speed limit and do you think it's gonna rain?
MAN: Eighteen cents, eight miles, thirty and thirty-five, right over there, very good, there ain't any, and it never rains here.

FIBBER: Good, we'll take some.

MAN: Gas or oil?

FIBBER: No, air!

MOLLY: Come on, McGee, let's go over to this little restaurant and get some food.

FIBBER: Okay, Molly.

(The door opens and then a tiny voice speaks)

TEENY: Hello mister.

FIBBER: Why, hello there, 'sis. What can I do for you?

TEENY: I wanna show you somethin', I betcha. See that man over there in the white coat? Hmmmm? . . . See him?
(Continued on page 76)

RADIO MIRROR •

almanac

FEB. 25 TO MARCH 24

**IN SEVEN FACT-FILLED PAGES—ONE FOR EACH
DAY OF THE WEEK—A COMPLETE GUIDE TO EVERY-
THING YOU WANT TO HEAR ON ALL THE NETWORKS
PLUS FASCINATING NEWS ABOUT THE PROGRAMS!**

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN STANDARD



All time is Eastern Standard

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
NBC-Red: William Meeder

8:30
NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
NBC-Red: Kidoodlers

8:45
NBC-Red: Animal News Club

9:00
NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
NBC-Red: Alice Remsen, Geo. Griffin

9:15
NBC-Red: Tom Terriss

9:30
NBC-Red: Melody Moments

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
NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago
NBC-Red: Madrigal Singers

11:00
CBS: Texas Rangers
NBC: Press Radio News

11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
NBC-Red: Silver Flute

11:15
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Neil

11:30
CBS: Major Bowes Family
NBC-Red: Angler and Hunter

11:45
NBC-Blue: Bill Sterns
NBC-Red: Norsemen Quartet

12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Home Symphony

12:30 P.M.
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
NBC-Blue: Music Hall Symphony
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion

1:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Red: Al and Lee Reiser

1:15
NBC-Red: Henry Busse

1:30
CBS: Foreign Program
NBC: Ted Weems Orch.
NBC-Blue: There Was a Woman
NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams

2:00
CBS: Boris Morros Quartet
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
NBC-Red: Bob Becker

2:15
NBC-Red: Malcolm LaPrade

2:30
CBS: Jean Hersholt
NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt

3:00
CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
NBC-Blue: On Broadway
NBC-Red: Radio News Reel

3:30
NBC-Blue: Armco Band
NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers

4:00
NBC: Court of Human Relations
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies

4:30
NBC-Red: The World is Yours

4:45
NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes

5:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC: Singing Lady
NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Auditions
NBC-Red: Marion Talley

5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo
NBC: The Shadow
NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
NBC-Red: Mickey Mouse

6:00
CBS: Joe Penner
NBC: George Jessel
NBC-Blue: Fishface, Figsbottle
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour

6:30
CBS: Double Everything
NBC: Tim and Irene
NBC-Blue: Music of the Masters
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today

7:00
CBS: Jeanette MacDonald
NBC-Red: Jack Benny

7:30
CBS: Phil Baker
NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson, Feg Murray
NBC-Red: Interesting Neighbors.

8:00
CBS: People's Choice
NBC-Blue: Detective Series
NBC-Red: Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, John Carter, Stroud Twins

8:30
CBS: Earaches of 1938

9:00
CBS: Ford Symphony
NBC-Blue: Tyrone Power
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round

9:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music

9:45
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich

10:00
CBS: Zenith Telepathy Series
NBC-Blue: Paul Martin Orch.
NBC-Red: Symphony Orch.

10:30
CBS: Headlines and Bylines
NBC-Blue: Cheerio
NBC-Red: Haven MacQuarrie Presents

11:00
NBC-Blue: Dance Music
NBC-Red: Orchestra

11:30
Dance Music

Motto of the Day



By
Jean
Dickenson

Forget tomorrow and yesterday if you would be happy today.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 27

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, the lady who causes long lines of people to form outside the ticket-window of the Metropolitan Opera House every time she sings there, is the guest of honor tonight on the *Ford Symphony* program—*CBS* at 9:00. You can hear her without even bothering to put on a necktie. . . . Another favorite, who's on the air at the same time as Miss F., really deserves your ears tonight for a special reason. He's Frank Munn, singing on the *American Album of Familiar Music* on *NBC-Red* at 9:30, in the interests of Bayer's Aspirin, and today is his forty-third birthday. . . . Frank's co-star, beautiful young Jean Dickenson, will someday grace the Metropolitan Opera stage along with

Miss Flagstad, or talent and determination don't mean a thing. . . . *Rosa Pauly*, soprano, is soloist with the *N. Y. Philharmonic*, *CBS* at 3:00, in an all-Strauss program. . . . It's hardly necessary for your *Almanac* to call your attention to *John Carter*, the young baritone who has taken *Nelson Eddy's* place on the *Chase & Sanborn* hour while *Nelson's* on a concert tour. You must have heard him before now, and liked him too. . . . Do you play a musical instrument of any kind? If so, why don't you join the world's biggest orchestra? It's the *Home Symphony*, on *NBC-Blue* at noon, E.S.T., and you can play along with the orchestra in the studio very comfortably if you'll only put your mind to it.



Kirsten Flagstad, Met Opera's biggest box-office hit, is guest on the *Ford* show, *CBS*.

Highlights For Sunday, March 6



Adalphe Menjou meets Charlie McCarthy on his own ground this evening of 8 o'clock.

YOUR Almanac feels a deep envy for *Feg Murray* tonight, because *Feg's* guest on his *Bakers Broadcast* show at 7:30 over *NBC-Blue* is *Madeline Carroll*. What wouldn't your *Almanac* give for a chance to interview anybody as eye-filling as *Miss Carroll*? . . . On the other hand, we pity *Charlie McCarthy*, because his guest tonight is *Adolphe Menjou*. What will happen to *Charlie* when he runs up against somebody as wise and witty as *Adolphe*? It may be a battle of wits that will leave *Charlie* bleeding sap from a dozen wounds. *Adolphe* is to have his wife, *Verree Teasdale*, on the program with him, and they'll do a one-act play as well as bandy words with the *McCarthy*.

Verree, you'll remember, is the gal who stole "First Lady" acting honors right out from under *Kay Francis's* lovely nose. . . . Like band music? Then do your listening now, while you still can, to the *Armco Band*, on *NBC-Blue* at 3:30 P.M. It won't be on the air after the end of this month. . . . *The Interesting Neighbors* series, with *Jerry Belcher*, now has one of the most strategic broadcasting periods in radio—7:30 on *NBC-Red*. Why strategic? *Jack Benny's* on the *Red* right before *Interesting Neighbors*; *Chase & Sanborn* on the same network right after. Even if the program wasn't good—which it is—it couldn't help but get a lot of listeners for the *Fitch Shampoo* people.

Highlights For Sunday, March 13

THE spook-and-shudder expert of Hollywood, *Boris Karloff*, continues his tour of Hollywood guest-star programs tonight with an appearance on *Feg Murray* and *Ozzie Nelson's* show, *NBC-Blue* at 7:30. *Mr. Karloff*, who wouldn't hurt a fly, enjoys acting monsters on the screen for two reasons—they're fun to act and they've brought him a nice comfortable income. He's used, in the course of his professional career, more beauty clay than any half-dozen women in the United States, on his own admission. But he uses it to make himself ugly, not beautiful. Most of his facial makeups are composed of this clay, and in "The Mummy" he put a layer of it all over his body. Often, he's had to breath

through straws stuck up his nostrils. On the movie lots, he can't use a stand-in, as others do, because it would cost too much in time and money to make-up another actor to resemble his weird appearance. So the *Karloff* stand-in is an upright iron rod, the same height as *Boris*, with a mask of whatever face he happens to be using stuck on top of it. . . . *Boris* says the only thing he really objects to in his fantastic make-ups is this: he can't smoke, even during waits between scenes, because one spark dropped into the mess of cotton, ether, straw and what-not which usually covers him, would burn him alive. . . . Tonight's guest star on the *Ford Hour*, *CBS* at 9:00, is pianist-conductor *Jose Iturbi*.



The screen's expert in goose-pimple roles, *Boris Karloff*, is *Feg Murray's* guest tonight.

Highlights For Sunday, March 20



Lily Pons hits a few high notes tonight as the guest of the *Ford Sunday Evening Hour*.

NOW here's a funny thing. If you live in the Mountain or Pacific Standard time zones, spring begins today for you, but if you live in the Central or Eastern zones, it begins tomorrow—and don't ask your *Almanac* why, because it doesn't know. . . . Whether your season is spring or still winter, you can listen today to plenty of good programs—*The Magic Key of RCA* on *NBC-Blue* at 2:00. . . . On *Broadway* on *NBC-Blue* at 3:00. . . . *The Heinz Magazine*, with *Channing Pollock* and guests on *CBS* at 5:00. . . . *The Shadow* (it's coast-to-coast now) on *Mutual* at 5:30. . . . *Jeanette MacDonald* on *CBS* at 7:00 (or *Jack Benny* at the same time on *NBC-Red* if you prefer good comedy to good

music) . . . *Lily Pons* as guest star on the *Ford Hour* on *CBS* at 9:00. . . . The completely unique *Zenith Telepathy* program on *CBS* at 10:00. . . . *Cheerio* on *NBC-Blue* at 10:30. . . . And by the way, have you asked your *Zenith* radio dealer yet for a pack of those Extra Sensory Perception cards he's giving away? You'll be surprised at the number of things you can see even when you're not looking at them. All pretty mysterious, and calculated to make you think there's something in this telepathy business after all. . . . A program you're apt to neglect simply because it's always dependable and seldom ballyhooed, is *Irene Rich's* dramatic show, sponsored by *Welch's Grape Juice*, on *NBC-Blue* at 9:45.

All time is Eastern Standard

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Hi Boys

9:00
CBS: Dear Columbia
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News

9:15
NBC-Red: Frank Luther

9:30
CBS: The Road of Life

9:40
NBC: Press Radio News

9:45
CBS: Bachelor's Children
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

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

10:30
CBS: Tony Wons
NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
CBS: Ma Perkins
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Woman in White

11:00
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
CBS: Carol Kennedy's Romance
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
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: Myrt Kingsley
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Betty Moore

12:00 Noon
CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

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

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Red: Words and Music

1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens

2:15
CBS: The O'Neills

2:30
CBS: School of the Air
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over

3:00
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

4:00
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

4:30
CBS: The Goldbergs
NBC-Red: Rush Huges

4:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dufoe
NBC-Red: Road of Life

5:00
CBS: Follow the Moon
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
NBC-Red: Dick Tracy

5:15
CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates

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

5:45
CBS: Hilltop House
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

6:30
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC: Press Radio News

6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Music is My Hobby
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Arthur Godfrey
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner (?)

8:00
CBS: Tish
NBC-Blue: Melody Puzzles
NBC-Red: Burns and Allen

8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat
NBC-Blue: Grand Hotel
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: Contended Program

10:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Radio Forum
NBC-Red: Public Hero No. 1

Motto of the Day

Monday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Warden
Lawes

Opportunity often knocks in the midst of hard knocks.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 28

YOU Boake Carter fans will have to get used to listening to him earlier from now on. Beginning tonight, he's on five days a week instead of his former three, at 6:30 instead of 7:45, and sponsored by *General Foods* instead of *Philco*. But your *Almanac* is willing to bet that at least a couple of Carter trademarks won't be changed—he'll still step on people's toes with his frank opinions every now and then, and he'll still be hard to understand unless you listen attentively. . . . The guest star on tonight's *Philadelphia Orchestra* program, on *NBC-Blue* at 9:00, sponsored by a group of banks, is *Lauritz Melchior*, Danish tenor who sings mostly German opera. . . . When your *Almanac* went to press, a spon-

sor was mumbling in his beard about a new show starring *Connie Boswell*, *Lou Holtz* and *Richard Himber's orchestra*, to be on the *CBS* network Mondays at 8:00 o'clock. The sponsor would do no more than mumble, though, so your *Almanac* can't promise anything. Another undecided sponsor is Lum and Abner's new one. They may be on the air tonight at their old time—and then again they may not. . . . At 7:15 *Arthur Godfrey* opens up another surprise package on *CBS*, in the interest of *Barbasol*. It's a surprise package because what will happen on any one program is always kept a secret from sponsors, control-room engineers, *Organist John Salb*, and—some say—even from Mr. Godfrey.



Boake Carter starts a series of programs for a new sponsor tonight at 6:30 on CBS.

Highlights For Monday, March 7



Helen Walpole plays leading roles in two of your favorite NBC continued serials.

PLAYING *Sylvia Bardine* in *Just Plain Bill*, on *NBC-Red* at 10:30 A.M., and *Frances* in *Lorenzo Jones*, on the *Red* at 4:00, *Helen Walpole* hasn't much time now for the stage work at which she'd already become successful a year or so ago. . . . Born in Birmingham, Alabama, on February 1, 1915, Helen (whose name is *Helen Walpole Brower*) was stage-struck when she was in school, and used to write and act in plays even then. As soon as she was old enough she joined *Eva LeGallienne's* apprentice group in New York, and took private lessons besides. . . . On the stage she has appeared with *Katharine Cornell*, *Alexander Woolcott*, *Blanche Yurka*, *Eva LeGallienne*, and *Margaret Sullavan*.

. . . She's a blonde, with gray-green eyes, and her favorite sports are badminton, croquet and swimming. . . . Do you ever wish you could make the inside of your home look different—and then give up because you don't know how to go about it? If you do—and who doesn't, every now and then?—there's a program for you to listen to today—*Betty Moore*, at 11:45, on *NBC-Red*. The sponsors are *Benjamin Moore and Co.*, who make paints and varnishes, and they ought to know how to brighten up your home if anybody does. . . . The *U. S. Navy Band* and the *U. S. Army Band* are on twice today—the first at 2:00 and the second at 6:00, and both on the *NBC-Blue* network.

Highlights For Monday, March 14

MR. DeMILLE's show is on tonight, and while your *Almanac* can't tell you exactly who will be on it, or what the play will be, it does know that during the month such stars as *George Arliss*, *Irene Dunne*, and *Bette Davis* are to emote over the air for it. *Greta Garbo* is the only Hollywood star of whom it can be said that she won't appear on the air for Lux nor money. So tune in your *CBS* station at 9:00 tonight for some satisfying drama or comedy. . . . Somewhere on the networks tonight—perhaps on the *Philadelphia Orchestra* program, *NBC-Blue* at 9:00, or on the *Hour of Charm*, *NBC-Red* at 9:30—there should be some of the immortal melodies of *Johann Strauss* being played. The

composer of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" was born one hundred and thirty-four years ago today, and if radio doesn't honor his memory it ought to—it has played enough of his music. . . . For a real brain-teaser, tune in tonight to *Lucky Strike's Melody Puzzles*, on *NBC-Blue* at 8:00. First you hear a little playlet acted out, and from the playlet you're supposed to guess the name of the popular song it represents—and it's not so easy, either. After you've given your brain a thorough work-out, you'll hear *Harry Salter's* orchestra play the tune. *Fred Uttal* is the master-of-ceremonies entrusted with the job of keeping things moving at a good swift pace, as well as reading the commercials.



Fred Uttal is master of ceremonies for the novel *Melody Puzzles* program tonight, NBC.

Highlights For Monday, March 21



Betty Lou Gerson is *Jim Ameche's* leading lady in the *Grand Hotel* playlet tonight.

WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES, who just recently sold a story to the movies, is still telling his stories of life in—and out of—prison, on *NBC-Blue* tonight at 10:00, sponsored by *Sloans' Linament*. It's interesting to know how the Warden was led to the profession of prison reform to which he has given his whole life. He was born in Elmira, N. Y., where the *Elmira Reformatory* is located. As a boy he used to watch the inmates drilling, and they didn't seem so terrible or frightening to him. As far as he could see, they were just young fellows like himself, and he decided then and there that he'd like to work with them when he grew up and see if he couldn't make life a little pleasanter for them. You

can judge for yourself how well he succeeded in his ambition, when you know that *Warden Lawes* is responsible for such reforms as giving each *Sing Sing* inmate a cell of his own, and frequent access to the recreation yard. . . . *Betty Gerson* is *Jim Ameche's* leading lady in *Campana's Grand Hotel* drama tonight on *NBC-Blue* at 8:30—and *Miss Gerson* must dash around the *Chicago* radio studios on a pair of roller skates. . . . She plays *Mrs. Frank Gardner* in *A Tale of Today*, *Mercedes Colby* in *Don Winslow of the Navy*, *Madame Henriette* in *The Story of Mary Marlin*, and *Karen Lockwood* in *The Last of the Lockwoods*, besides her role in the *Grand Hotel* plays.

All time is Eastern Standard
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 9:00
 CBS Music in the Air
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 9:30
 CBS The Road of Life
 9:45
 CBS Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00
 CBS Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS Emily Post
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 CBS Ma Perkins
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00
 CBS Mary Lee Taylor
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 CBS Carol Kennedy's Romance
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: Homemakers' Exchange
 11:45
 CBS Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 NBC-Blue: Myra Kingsley
 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
 12:00 Noon
 CBS Mary Margaret McBride
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
 12:15 P. M.
 CBS Edin C. Hill
 NBC-Red: The D'Neills
 12:30
 CBS Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS Dur Gal Sunday
 1:00
 CBS Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS Hymns
 1:30
 CBS Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45
 CBS Hollywood in Person
 2:00
 NBC-Red: Fun in Music
 2:15
 CBS The D'Neills
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
 2:30
 CBS School of the Air
 NBC-Red: Federated Women's Clubs
 2:45
 NBC Beatrice Fairfax
 3:00
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30
 CBS The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS Follow the Moon
 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
 5:15
 CBS Life of Mary Sothern
 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
 NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
 5:30
 CBS Stepmother
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
 5:45
 CBS Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:00
 CBS Let's Pretend
 6:30
 CBS Boake Carter
 NBC-Red: Press-Radio News
 6:45
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS Poetic Melodies
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS Hollywood Screenings
 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
 7:30
 CBS Helen Menken
 NBC-Blue: Dorothy Thompson
 8:00
 CBS Edward G. Robinson
 NBC-Blue: Those We Love
 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
 8:30
 CBS Al Jolson
 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
 NBC-Red: Wayne King
 9:00
 CBS Al Pearce
 NBC-Blue: Horace Heidt
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson
 9:30
 CBS Jack Dakie
 NBC-Blue: Alias Jimmy Valentine
 NBC-Red: Packard Mardi Gras
 10:00
 CBS Benny Goodman
 NBC-Red: Eddy Duchin
 10:30
 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
 10:45
 NBC-Red: Dale Carnegie

Motto of the Day



By Al Pearce

A soft answer turneth away rats.

Highlights For Tuesday, March 1

YOU Charlie Butterworth fans be sure to listen tonight to the *Packard Mardi Gras*—NBC-Red at 9:30—because the chances are that Charlie won't be on the show very many more Tuesday nights. As to whether his absence, when it does happen, will be permanent or not, your *Almanac* wouldn't venture to say. Some rumors claim it will, some it won't. . . . Meanwhile, Jane Rhodes, the very young rhythm singer on the *Mardi Gras*, is doing so well at her job she's likely to be with us for some time to come. Jane is only sixteen, but she's been singing on the air since she was seven, although she was never a fixture on a top-flight network show until last Spring. You saw her, but probably didn't realize it, in

the Katharine Hepburn-Ginger Rogers picture, "Stage Door." . . . For adventurous thrills, listen to *Follow the Moon*, starring *Elsie Hitz* and *Nick Dawson*, broadcast in the interest of *Pebeo Toothpaste* every afternoon at 5:00 o'clock. . . . *Dorothy Thompson*, sponsored by *Pall Mall* cigarettes at 7:30 this evening on NBC-Blue, is fun to listen to even if you aren't much interested in politics or world affairs. Every now and then she cuts loose with a discussion of Walt Disney and Mickey Mouse or somebody else who, while he doesn't help decide the fate of nations, is interesting to hear about. . . . And just before you call it a day hear *Jimmie Fidler* at 10:30 and *Dale Carnegie* at 10:45, both on NBC-Red.



Jane Rhodes, swing-singer on the *Packard Mardi Gras* tonight, is only 16.

Highlights For Tuesday, March 8



Nat as shy as he looks, Dick Cramwell plays *Kit* in tonight's serial, *Those We Love*.

BIRTHDAY greetings to one of today's stars—to *Claire Trevor*, co-star with *Edward G. Robinson* in the *Rinso Big Town* show—CBS at 8:00. . . . The faithful are gathering tonight at 10:00 o'clock to listen to their handiest CBS station and pay homage to *Benny Goodman*, the High Priest of Swing. Benny's concert at New York's highbrow Carnegie Hall a few weeks ago was something that staid old place had never experienced before. Instead of sitting quietly in their seats, the audience jiggled and foot-tapped all through the music. One usher even swears he saw young men leave their seats and come shaggin' up the aisle to ask for extra programs. . . . Another story has it that when they asked Benny how long

he wanted to take for an intermission, he shrugged and said, "I dunno. How long does Toscanini take?" . . . *Richard Cromwell*, who plays *Kit* in *Those We Love*, on NBC-Blue at 8:00, isn't the shy lad you'd expect him to be after seeing his unsophisticated movie performances. In his twenties, he holds the affectionate friendship of such glamorous women as *Garbo*, *Crawford*, *Dietrich*, and *Tallulah Bankhead*, and supports his parents. . . . *Those We Love* really has a star-studded cast—*Nan Grey* as *Kathy*; *Owen Davis, Jr.* as *Allen McCrea*; *Pedro de Cordoba* as *John Marshall*; *Alma Kruger* as *Emily Mayfield*; *Donald Woods* as *Dr. Foster*; *Victor Rodman* as *Jerry Marshall*; *Virginia Sale* as *Martha*.

Highlights For Tuesday, March 15

HAVE you ever wondered what the Ides of March is—or are? Well, this is it, the fifteenth of March. This was the day Julius Caesar was assassinated, in 44 B.C., which is a long time ago but we haven't progressed much because statesmen still get murdered now and then, usually with disastrous consequences for all concerned. . . . *Tizzy Lish's* sudden and undying affection for orchestra leader *Carl Hoff* on Al Pearce's *Ford* program—CBS tonight at 9:00—has prompted your *Almanac* to find out something about Mr. Hoff. . . . Even in 1910, at the age of five, he was working at music, playing a violin in a movie theater in his native Oxnard, California. All his young friends en-

vied him for this, because he got fifty cents a night, which he was allowed to keep. . . . He's been in radio since he started his own orchestra at Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel in 1934. Carl has an even, genial temperament, but *Tizzy's* case is hopeless—he's already married and has a daughter, named *Betty*. . . . Probably he's too kind-hearted to tell her—or else he's afraid if she knows the truth she'll poison him with one of her recipes. . . . After you finish listening to the Pearce hour tonight, the studio audience will go right on having a good time. Al always puts on a special show after the broadcast for the audience *The Pearce* show, incidentally, is climbing in the popularity surveys.



Carl Hoff, handsome maestro of Al Pearce's *Watch the Fun Go By* show tonight on CBS.

Highlights For Tuesday, March 22



Bert Lytell stars in a famous role in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, over NBC tonight at 9:30.

AFTER several months in the electrical-transcription form, *Alias Jimmy Valentine* is now a full-fledged network show, on the air once a week—tonight at 9:30 on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Edgeworth Tobacco. *Bert Lytell*, who used to play Jimmy in the movies, is still the hero, and still doing a good job. . . . Bert was born in Harlem in 1887, and went on the stage when he was fifteen. Almost immediately he became a star, and has been one ever since. His last work on the stage was in the play, "The First Legion," which toured the country, and he hasn't been in the movies for some years. Sidney Skolsky is authority for the statement that he wears pajamas in the wintertime but sleeps raw

in the summer—if you care. Also that he prefers a double bed. . . . He has one of the most prominent chins you've ever seen, and the bluest eyes. . . . For the children, CBS is broadcasting a special concert this afternoon from 3:30 to 4:30 by the *Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra*, with *Eugene Goossens* conducting. Maybe the kids won't mind if you listen in too. . . . Some good programs you might miss if your *Almanac* didn't remind you of them: *Let's Talk It Over*, on NBC-Blue at 2:15. . . . *The NBC Music Guild*, on the *Blue* at 2:30. . . . *Fun in Music* on the *Red* at 2:00. . . . *Hilltop House*, starring *Bess Johnson*, on CBS at 5:45. . . . *Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons*, on NBC-Blue at 7:15.

(See page 46 for Wednesday's Highlights)

*In this New Cream
the "Skin-Vitamin"
the substance which helps
to make Skin Beautiful*

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?



(ABOVE) Mrs. Goelet at an informal musicale.

(LOWER LEFT) In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet

Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin. "Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin. Now it's never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it *does* make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer: that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and

whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

TODAY, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin *aids in keeping skin beautiful*. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In

EXTRAORDINARY 1¢ OFFER
AT LOCAL STORES
While they last! With purchase of a regular 3½-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get for only 1¢ extra a large introductory bottle of DANYA, Pond's new-type preparation for hands.

BOTH CONTAIN THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN"

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

All time is Eastern Standard
 8:00 A.M. NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 8:15 NBC-Blue: William Meeder
 NBC-Red: Hi Boys
 9:00 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:30 CBS: The Road of Life
 9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30 CBS: Tony Wons
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45 CBS: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15 CBS: Carol Kennedy's Romance
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 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
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
 12:15 P. M. CBS: Edwin C. Hill
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 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
 1:30 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45 CBS: Hollywood in Person
 2:00 CBS: Kathryn Cravens
 2:15 CBS: The O'Neills
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
 2:30 CBS: School of the Air
 2:45 CBS: Beatrice Fairfax
 3:00 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45 CBS: Curtis Music Inst.
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafeo
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00 CBS: Follow the Moon
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
 5:15 CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
 NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
 5:30 CBS: Stepmother
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
 5:45 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:00 CBS: Dear Teacher
 6:30 CBS: Boake Carter
 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-Blue: Mr. Keen
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
 7:30 NBC-Blue: Lum and Ahner (?)
 NBC-Red: Hendrik W. Van Loon
 7:45 NBC-Red: Cheer Up America
 8:00 CBS: Cavalcade of America
 NBC-Red: One Man's Family
 8:30 CBS: Eddie Cantor
 NBC-Blue: Harriet Parsons Program
 NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
 9:00 CBS: Lawrence Tibbett
 NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight
 9:30 CBS: Ben Bernie
 10:00 CBS: Gang Busters
 NBC-Red: Your Hollywood Parade
 10:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger

Motto of the Day

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Dave Elman

Nobody who has a hobby is ever bored.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 2

IT'S Ash Wednesday, the day that Lent begins, and for all you who never can find out the date of Easter Sunday this year, it's on April 17. . . . This is also the day you can hear the *Cleveland Symphony Orchestra* in one of its weekly concerts on *NBC-Blue* from 9:00 to 10:00 P. M. . . . *Arthur Rodzinski* should be conducting it, unless he's been called back to New York to take over the *NBC Orchestra* where *Toscanini* left off. . . . *Eddie Cantor* is broadcasting tonight from Hollywood, but in another week he'll be on his way east for a personal appearance tour with most of his gang. . . . *Eddie's Mad Russian* is *Bert Gordon*, and nobody knows what he's mad about, but everybody hopes he doesn't

ever sober up. You'll be listening, of course, at 8:30 tonight on *CBS* to this *Texaco-sponsored* show. . . . A new show bowed in a few weeks ago on the *NBC-Red* network, without much advance excitement. It's heard at 7:45 P.M., stars *Henry Burbig*, comedian, and is sponsored by the *Mennen* soap people. Guest stars, burlesque dramatic playlets, and the like go to make up its pleasant fifteen minutes of listening. . . . *Hendrik Willem Van Loon*, the famous author, skips around on the *NBC-Red* network at such a pace it's sometimes hard for your *Almanac* to keep track of him, but at present you can hear him tonight and every Wednesday night at 7:30—unless *NBC* has shifted him to another time. . . .



Bert Gordon looks the part, as the Mod Russian on *Eddie Cantor's* program of 8:30, *CBS*.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 9



Francis X. Bushman stars today in two dramatic serials on two great networks.

NOT many a former matinee idol can make such a complete comeback that he's starred in two five-times-a-week dramatic radio serials. That's *Francis X. Bushman's* record right now, and it proves that he's still a good actor. In *Margot of Castlewood*, on *NBC-Blue* at 10:00 A.M., he plays *Lieutenant Stanton*, and in *Stepmother*, on *CBS* at 7:30, he's *John Fairchild*, the widower who makes a mistake, according to his children, when he marries again. Both programs are sponsored, what's more—*Margot* by the *Quaker Oats* company, and *Stepmother* by *Colgate-Palmolive-Peet*. . . . *Bushman* has been acting ever since he was nine years old—first on the stage, then the movies, and now the radio. For a

year or so, back in 1936, he retired definitely and opened up a sandwich shop in *Sawtelle, California*. But the lure of playing a part got to be too much for him, and it wasn't long before he closed the shop and came back to radio. . . . *Bushman's* life rivals any fiction story you ever read for ups and downs. A star of the early silent movie days, he got his first setback in 1918, when he married his co-star, *Beverly Bayne*. The fans, believe it or not, didn't like their romantic heroes to divorce and remarry. How times have changed! But *Bushman* weathered this storm, grew rich and famous again, and stayed that way for years. . . . *He* and *Miss Bayne* are divorced now, and he lives in *Chicago*.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 16

DON'T forget that tonight you can listen to the *Cleveland Symphony Orchestra*, playing on the *NBC-Blue* network from 9:00 to 10:00. It's giving a brief series of Wednesday-night concerts. . . . On *NBC-Red*, from 10:00 to 11:00 is *Your Hollywood Parade*, sponsored by *Lucky Strike* cigarettes, and your *Almanac* hopes by this time it has settled the internal difficulties which were hurting it badly a few weeks back. For a while there it looked as if the show might lose *Dick Powell*—which would be a major catastrophe. . . . Last Wednesday your *Almanac* told you something about *Francis X. Bushman*, who plays *John Fairchild* in *Stepmother* on *CBS* at 5:30. . . . Now for *Sunda Love*, who

acts the title role in this daily serial. She's one of *Chicago* radio's dependables in the acting line, as well as being a good bet for television—see her picture at the right. When she went to the *University of Illinois* she was elected "campus queen" by her fellow-students and first lady of his affections by one fellow-student in particular, who affixed his fraternity pin to her sweater and later married her. They have one child, almost two years old. You've heard *Sunda* before in the *Junior Nurse Corps* program and as *Frances Moran Matthews* in *Today's Children*—which is now off the air. . . . *Peggy Wall*, *Cornelius Peeples*, *Edith Davis* and *Bret Morrison* are the other members of the *Stepmother* cast. . . .



Chic Sundo Love is a *Stepmother* onbody ought to be glad to have—on *CBS* of 5:30.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 23



Stuart Allen sings on *Dove Elmon's Hobby Lobby* program on *CBS* tonight of 7:15.

TONIGHT'S your last chance to listen to *Lawrence Tibbett*, singing on the 9:00 o'clock *Chesterfield* program on *CBS* with *Andre Kostelanetz* orchestra. Too bad, too, but there's the consolation that next week *Grace Moore* begins a thirteen-broadcast series on this show. . . . Speaking of singers, you *Stuart Allen* fans may have been missing him lately because you didn't know he's a part of the *Hudson-sponsored Hobby Lobby* program on *CBS* from 7:15 to 7:45. Listen in tonight, and you'll not only hear *Stu*, but you'll hear some stories about hobbies that for sheer fascination take the cake. *Stu*, you remember, first came to fame as *Richard Himber's* vocalist on the *Studebaker Champions*

program. He's a native *New Yorker* and has been singing ever since he made his first public appearance—in a church choir—at the age of eight. He'd have had a youthful vaudeville career, too, but the cops objected when they caught him on a stage when he was ten years old, and he gave up professional work until he was older. In school, he was a classmate of *Walter Winchell*, *Mark Hellinger*, *Little Jackie Heller*, and *Ben Bernie*. . . . He likes to play golf and handball, doesn't like hats, and names spaghetti as his favorite dish. . . . He's married, and has a six-year-old son named *Morton*, in honor of the *Four Mortons*, with whom *Stu* once worked in his old vaudeville days.

(See page 48 for Thursday's Highlights)

Everything was Lovely...

UNTIL HE STRUCK A MATCH!

Life's Little Close-ups; Can Your Complexion Stand Them? It Can if You Use Luxor Powder . . . It's Light-Proof! . . . This is the Greatest Make-up Improvement in Years

● Every change of light is a challenge to a woman's complexion. Does *your* make-up flatter you one minute—and betray you the next? Then give thanks for this discovery!

Luxor face powder is light-proof. It modifies light rays instead of reflecting them.

With a finishing touch of this powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over *shine* when you use this kind of powder.

We especially invite all women who think they have a "shiny skin" to make this test and see if Luxor powder does not subdue all shine.

You can get it anywhere

Large size box of Luxor light-proof powder 55c at drug and department stores; 10c size at the five-and-ten stores. Or, clip coupon for a complimentary box free and prepaid.

Luxor powder is offered in several shades, among which you will easily find the one best suited to your own individual complexion. But more important than any shade, more important than the soft texture and fine fragrance of this powder is its light-proof quality. You will find that this powder—in any shade—will positively subdue those highlights that have always been such a problem.

Seeing is believing: Make this test

Look at the photographs reproduced here. See what havoc the light plays with unprotected make-up. See the improvement in the second picture—with light rays modified and softened by light-proof powder. A test before your own mirror will be even more convincing. Then put it to the real test of all kinds of light, day and night.

You will soon discover you can trust this powder under all conditions. It is light-proof, and it is moisture-proof. Note the complete absence of shine, with that same lovely softness at all times.

THIS is what happens with make-up that reflects every ray of light.



SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof and modifies the light rays.



LUXOR LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago:

MAC. 4:38

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.

- Rachel Rachel No. 2 Rose Rachel
 Flesh Brunette

Name

Address

P. O. State

All time is Eastern Standard

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Hi Boys
- 9:00
CBS: As You Like It
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News
- 9:30
CBS: The Road of Life
MBS: Journal of Living
- 9:45
CBS: Bachelor's Children
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
- 10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
- 10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
- 10:30
CBS: Emily Post
NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
- 10:45
CBS: Ma Perkins
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Woman in White
- 11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: David Harum
- 11:15
CBS: Carol Kennedy's Romance
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: Homemakers' Exchange
- 11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
MBS: Myra Kingsley
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
- 12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
- 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
- 1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Red: Words and Music
- 1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person
- 2:00
NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild
- 2:15
CBS: The O'Neills
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over
- 2:30
CBS: School of the Air
- 2:45
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
- 3:00
CBS: Ray Block's Varieties
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
- 3:15
NBC-Blue: Eastman Music School
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
- 3:30
CBS: U. S. Army Band
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
- 3:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
- 4:00
CBS: Science Service
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
- 4:15
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
- 4:30
CBS: The Goldbergs
NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
- 4:45
NBC-Red: Road of Life
- 5:00
CBS: Follow the Moon
NBC-Blue: The Four of Us
NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
- 5:15
CBS: Life of Mary Sothorn
NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
- 5:30
CBS: Stepmother
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
- 5:45
CBS: Hilltop House
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
- 6:00
NBC-Red: George R. Holmes
- 6:30
CBS: Boake Carter
- 6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
- 7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
- 7:15
CBS: Hollywood Screenscoops
NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
- 7:30
CBS: We, The People
- 8:00
CBS: Kate Smith
NBC-Blue: March of Time
NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
- 9:00
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
NBC-Red: Good News of 1938
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting
- 10:00
CBS: Essays in Music
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall
- 10:30
CBS: Hollywood Showcase
NBC-Blue: NBC Jamboree
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Elza Schallert

Motto of the Day

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Meredith Willson

Silence is sometimes the best answer you can make.

Highlights For Thursday, March 3

INCIDENTAL intelligence, with your *Almanac's* compliments: "The Star Spangled Banner" didn't become the United States' official national anthem until 1931. Seven years ago today President Hoover signed the act of Congress which designated it as this country's own special song. And just a few weeks ago *Vincent Lopez*, the danceband leader, took "The Star Spangled Banner" in hand and revised it so it would be easier for all us ordinary folks to sing. Seems that its music requires vocal gymnastics which nobody but a Lily Pons or a Lawrence Tibbett can carry off successfully. . . . *The March of Time* has marched backwards again. It's being heard these days at 8:00 instead of 8:30 P.M., on

NBC-Blue. . . *Victor Bay's* clever and entertaining *Essays in Music* are on CBS at 10:00 now, followed at 10:30 by the *Hollywood Showcase*, a bright and lively show from the cinema city. They're both sustaining programs, but good. . . . When you listen tonight at 8:00 on CBS to *Kate Smith's* *Swansdown* program, just remember that one reason it's so good is the loyalty and hard work of her band-leader, *Jack Miller*. *Kate's* never had a different one, since she's been in radio, and after listening to Jack your *Almanac* sees no good reason why she should. You'll find a longer story about Jack in this month's *Facing the Music* department, on page 62 of this issue.



Kate Smith's orchestra leader ever since she began her career in radio—Jack Miller.

Highlights For Thursday, March 10



Sod-faced Mischa Auer makes you lough tonight as guest star on Bing Crosby's show.

IT isn't often that *Bing Crosby* arranges for guests on his *Kraft Cheese* program—*NBC-Red* at 10:00, as if you didn't know—far enough in advance for your *Almanac* to know about them, but tonight must be a special occasion. The leading quipster tonight is *Mischa Auer*, and your *Almanac*, for one, would be willing to trade about six other comedians for one hour with Auer any day. . . . *Mischa* hasn't had a very funny life. Born in Russia, he and his mother narrowly escaped death in the Revolution, and, running away, landed in Constantinople in the midst of a typhoid epidemic. His heroic mother enlisted as a nurse and *Mischa* drove an ambulance. The plague killed his mother,

and fifteen-year-old *Mischa* placed her in her coffin and buried her himself, being unable to find anyone in the stricken city to help him but another youth about his own age. This boy brought *Mischa* to his own home. At last, friends in Florence located the orphan in his Constantinople hideaway, and brought him to Italy. They wired his grandfather, *Leopold Auer*, famous New York violin teacher, who sent *Mischa* money to come to the United States. . . . After receiving his education, *Mischa* decided to go on the stage. Now he has a beautiful home near Hollywood, and is happily married to a Canadian girl. They have a four-year-old son, *Anthony*. In the movies he used to play villains.

Highlights For Thursday, March 17

REMEMBER to put on that green tie or that green dress today—because it's St. Patrick's Day and whether you're Irish or not a little touch of green isn't going to hurt you. . . . The networks have planned special broadcasts in honor of the Sons of Old Erin—chief of which is likely to be the description of the traditional parade on New York's Fifth Avenue. The seventeenth of March is the day when the New York police always step out in all their bravery, you know. . . . Besides being a holiday for everybody with a touch of Irish Blood in his veins, it's a holiday for one of your radio band-leaders too, *Jimmie Grier*, maestro on *Joe Penner's* program, celebrates his birthday. . . . Your *Almanac* wants to

call your attention once more to the *Easy Aces*, on *NBC-Blue* today and every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 7:00. Year in and year out, the *Aces* are always funny, human, and all-around worth listening to, and just because they aren't ballyhooed much is no reason for you to forget them. . . . Tonight, at 9:00 o'clock, you'll be listening either to *Major Bowes* on CBS or *Good News of 1938* on *NBC-Red*. *Good News* has evidently settled down to using *Fanny Brice* and *Frank Morgan* as permanent comedians. *Fannie*, whose *Baby Snooks* is getting to be as much of a classic in the misbehaving youngster line as *Charlie McCarthy* is, should hit your local movie house soon in her new picture, "Everybody Sing."



Fannie Brice will be *Baby Snooks* again tonight in Maxwell House *Good News* show.

Highlights For Thursday, March 24



Roy Brower sings, as Ornamental Johnson, this morning in NBC's *Aunt Jemima* program.

MEET *Roy Brower*, ladies and gentlemen—though you probably know him better already as *Ornamental Johnson* in the *Aunt Jemima* program today and every day except Saturday and Sunday on *NBC-Blue* at 10:15 A.M. . . . *Roy's* tenor voice is an ornament of the Chicago radio studios, although he was born in New York City on October 9, 1910. His father and mother were both in vaudeville, and *Roy's* middle name is *Moulan*, in honor of the famous old-time actor, *Frank Moulan*. . . . Besides being a singer and a dancer, *Roy* has also worked at reporting on newspapers and conducted a political campaign as publicity director. He went into radio as long ago as 1927, and at different

times, between other jobs, has been a singer, announcer, program director, and author for the air. . . . He's six feet tall, fair—almost a blond—and weighs 190 pounds. . . . *The Eastman School of Music* is on this afternoon at 3:15—*NBC-Blue* is the network. . . . To learn a few things you never knew before, tune in *Science Service*, on CBS at 4:00. . . . For news and gossip, there's *Rush Hughes* on *NBC-Red* at 4:30, sponsored by the Borden Company. . . . For drama, *The Life of Mary Sothorn*, on CBS at 5:15. . . . For a novel musical treat, *Vocal Varieties*, on *NBC-Red* at 7:15. . . . For a chance to meet some interesting folks, *We the People* on CBS at 7:30. . . . For variety, *Rudy Vallee* at 8:00.

(See page 50 for Friday's Highlights)

How to Be Happy

(Continued from page 11)

The Happiness of Not Having Too Much

A few years ago, a play of mine, "The Sign on the Door," was produced in Paris by the Baron Henri de Rothschild, who was then one of the richest men in the world. My wife and daughter and I lived in a dear, funny, little hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. We had always been frugal people, who spent less than we earned, and sometimes that wasn't very much. But the play was a big success all over Europe, and we felt that we could cut loose, so, one day, I took my daughter to a famous dress-maker and bade her get whatever she liked. And my daughter was so surprised and happy that her eyes filled with tears.

When I told the Baroness de Rothschild about it, she laid her hand on the child's arm, and said, "You lucky girl, never to have had all you wanted, so that you can still be thrilled by getting things."

DID you ever stop to think that people who have nothing to wish for have nothing to live for? Because wishing is half the fun, and striving the other half, and getting is only the brass ring on the merry-go-round. Just acquiring *another something* you don't need or want very much—well, that must be about as exciting as eating your dinner ten minutes after lunch.

When I was a lad, working 12 hours a day on a Washington newspaper for \$15 a week, I wanted—and, Oh, how I wanted!—the collected poems of Kipling, but they cost more than I could afford. So I went to the Congressional Library, after work-hours, and copied the whole volume. Don't you suppose that meant more to me than this magnificent library meant to the millionaire who wrote to the publishers, *Dodd, Mead & Co.*, for \$50,000 worth of books? When someone asked what his library contained, the millionaire answered, "Dodd only knows!"

After all, as our best farce-writer observed, "You can only wear one tie, and one eye-glass in your eye, and have one coffin when you die—don'tcha know?" It doesn't take a great deal of money—even now-a-days—to provide all we can eat, drink and wear. Beyond that, most of life's joys aren't for sale—not just for money, anyway. Almost anyone can buy a book; can you buy appreciation of the book—the kind of appreciation that brings happiness? Thousands of people travel and look at beautiful things without ever seeing them. Unless you've some understanding of history, and literature, and the arts, you might just as well stay home. I've a friend who *has* stayed home—bed-ridden for years—who knows more about Europe than I do, and I've been there 20 times! I think he's had more fun, too.

The great thing is having just enough. But when it comes to what is enough, most of us are like the bibulous gentleman who was asked, "When you've had enough whisky, why don't you say, 'Sarsaparilla'?", and who answered, "When I've had enough whisky, I can't say, 'Sarsa-
(Continued on page 51)

SHE SAW A GHOST IN THE BED...



It rattled no chains and shook no bones—but there was an unwelcome ghost in Mary's guest room! It hid in the sheets, the curtains, the linens. Guests saw it with horror but didn't dare mention it—until Cousin Flo saw the ghost in the bed.

NEXT MORNING



The very next morning, Cousin Flo told Mary—"It's tattle-tale gray that's haunting your clothes. Your weak-kneed soap doesn't wash things perfectly clean. If you want to chase out that mean dingy shadow—to banish tattle-tale gray—change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

FEW WEEKS LATER



And that was the end of the ghost in the guest room. Thanks to Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of gentle naphtha, Mary now gets all the dirt out of clothes. The sheets shine so white—and everything smells so fresh and sweet—friends say it's a thrill to sleep at her house! ... Why don't you play safe, too? See how easy it is to ...

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

NEW! Try
Fels-Naptha
Soap Chips, too!

All time is Eastern Standard
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 8:15
 NBC-Blue: William Meeder
 NBC-Red: Hi Boys
 9:30
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:30
 CBS: The Road of Life
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Oan Harding's Wife
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Tony Wens
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 CBS: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 CBS: Carol Kennedy's Romance
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 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
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
 12:15
 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 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
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45
 CBS: Hollywood in Person
 2:00
 CBS: Kathryn Cravens
 NBC: Music Appreciation
 2:15
 CBS: The O'Neills
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 2:45
 MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
 3:00
 NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30
 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Oafoe
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Follow the Moon
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
 NBC-Red: Oick Tracy
 5:15
 CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
 NBC-Blue: Oon Winslow
 5:30
 CBS: Stepmother
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
 5:45
 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:30
 CBS: Boake Carter
 NBC: Press Radio News
 6:45
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
 7:30
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner (?)
 NBC-Red: Hendrik W. Van Loon
 7:45
 NBC-Red: Bughouse Rhythm
 8:00
 CBS: Hammerstein Music Hall
 NBC-Blue: Grand Central Station
 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
 8:30
 CBS: Paul Whiteman's Orch.
 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
 9:00
 CBS: Hollywood Hotel
 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
 9:15
 NBC-Blue: Howard Marshall
 9:30
 NBC-Blue: Tommy Dorsey Orch.
 NBC-Red: True Story Hour
 10:00
 CBS: Song Shop
 NBC-Red: First Nighter
 10:30
 MBS: The Lone Ranger
 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
 10:45
 NBC-Red: Dorothy Thompson

Motto of the Day

If you've never worked hard, you don't know the fun of being lazy.

Friday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
 Barbara
 Luddy

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 25

JUST about the biggest women's program ever to go on the air is being broadcast this afternoon from 3:30 to 4:00, E.S.T., over the CBS network. Under the sponsorship of the *International Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs*, this half-hour show goes all over the world to interview women who have unusual and responsible jobs. For instance, the first speaker is *Mrs. Roland Messenger*, Reeve of the town of Bungay, Sussex, England. . . . a Reeve, in case you aren't familiar with Old Saxon titles, being a mayor. *Mrs. Messenger* speaks from England. . . . Next we switch to Paris, where we hear *Mme. Albin Guillot*, head of the photographic archives of

the Department of Fine Arts of the French government. . . . Then to Canada for a talk by another woman in an unusual job. . . . Next to New York to hear the *International Federation President, Mrs. Phillips*. . . . And last of all to Washington to interview *Nellie Tayloe Ross*, Director of the U. S. Mint. . . . A field day, your *Almanac* says, for the ladies. . . . Connoisseurs of "le jazz hot"—swing to you—are tuning in to *Bunny Berigan's* debut at the *Arcadia International* in Philadelphia tonight. . . . Connoisseurs of debating are going for *Mutual's* broadcast—3:00 to 3:30 this afternoon—of a debate between the University of Pennsylvania and Leland Stanford University.



Bunny Berigan, swing trumpeter, and his orchestra start a late-night show for CBS.

Highlights For Friday, March 4



Wise-cracker and singer on the Breakfast Club, Fran Allison once taught school.

WHEN you're listening this morning at 9:00 (E.S.T.) to the *NBC-Blue Breakfast Club* program, you'll find it hard to believe that *Fran Allison* was ever a school-teacher. School-teachers ought to be serious, but that's the last thing Fran ever is—on the air anyhow. She's the girl who sings blues songs, does "Aunt Fanny" imitations, and throws a wisecrack into the proceedings whenever she gets a chance. Fran is tall, brown-eyed, dark-haired and unmarried. Born in La Porte, Iowa, she attended Cole College and went from there to the school-teaching phase of her life. In Cedar Rapids she broke into radio, and came to *NBC's* Chicago studios last year. . . . She claims that her pet aversion

is having pictures taken, but judging from the one at the left, she can hide her dislike very convincingly. . . . You also hear her on the *NBC Club Matinee* programs. . . . *Mutual* has another debate for us, if we want it, at 3:00 this afternoon. It's between the University of Pennsylvania (it's on all of these *Mutual* Friday-afternoon talk-fests) and the University of Gettysburg. . . . Incidentally, today is important for the Pennsylvania lads, because it's *Pennsylvania Day*—the charter was granted to the colony on *March 4, 1681*. . . . At 10:00 tonight, *NBC-Blue* is broadcasting the fight between *Buddy Baer* and *Gunnar Barland* from *Madison Square Garden* in *New York City*.

Highlights For Friday, March 11

THERE'S a new program for your entertainment tonight—9:00 to 9:30 on *NBC-Blue*—but your *Almanac* hasn't been able to find out anything more about it than that it's sponsored by *Nehi*, those soft-drink manufacturers. Just call it the *Mystery Program* and listen in for a surprise. . . . *NBC* has a broadcast of the prizefight in *Madison Square Garden* tonight. . . . And *Mutual's* afternoon debate at 3:00 is between the University of Pennsylvania and the University of South Carolina. . . . You'll be listening to *Barbara Luddy* twice today—first on *Margot of Castlewood*, sponsored by the *Quaker Oats Company* at 10:00 A.M. on *NBC-Blue*, and tonight at 10:00 on

the *Red* in *Campana's First Nighter* drama. *Barbara* is the leading lady in both programs, playing *Margot Carver* in the first and whoever is the heroine of the short drama in the second. . . . A few of you can listen to dramatizations of those punchy *Liberty Magazine* short short stories these days. They're on stations *WLW*, *Cincinnati*, *WHN*, *New York*, and *WFIL Philadelphia*, at 6:15 P.M. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and on *WLS*, *Chicago*, at 11:00 P.M., Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—sponsored by *Libby, McNeill & Libby*. . . . Tonight at 9:15 on *NBC-Blue* (and every Friday at the same time) internationally-minded listeners are tuning in to *Howard Marshall*, *British* commentator.



Barbara Luddy, Chicago actress, is on the air in two dramatic programs today.

Highlights For Friday, March 18



Oliver Wakefield, the comedian and master of ceremonies on the *Paul Whiteman* show.

NO telling what novelty *Oom Paul Whiteman* will have for you tonight on his *Chesterfield* program, 8:30 on *CBS*, so you'd better be sure to tune in. *Paul*, you know, is going for guest stars this season who do what you'd never expect them to do. *Paul* has an amusing master of ceremonies and comedian combined in *Oliver Wakefield*, the young Englishman who is doing his first regular network job on the *Chesterfield* show. *Oliver* was born in *Zululand*, *South Africa*, twenty-eight years ago. He won a prize for elocution when he was fourteen, and that made him decide that he wanted to be an actor. . . . At seventeen he went to *England*, where he managed to get a job with the *Ben*

Greet Skakespearean players. After several months of touring with them, he progressed to the *London* stage, where he played with *Herbert Marshall* and his wife, *Edna Best*. . . . All this time *Oliver* was a comedian only backstage. But when he returned to *South Africa* for a vacation he made all his ship-board companions laugh so much that he decided he'd better be funny professionally. . . . He came to the *United States* first in 1932, and got a start with *Rudy Vallee*. Since then he's been on a few *Vallee Hour* radio programs, and in the *Ziegfeld Follies*. . . . At 6:15 tonight on *NBC-Blue*, you hear another of *Dr. Roland Sharp's* interesting talks from *South America*.

(See page 52 for Saturday's Highlights)

(Continued from page 49)

parilla!" We all want so much more than we need, and, to get that, we give up so many really precious things—peace, leisure, companionship, time to live.

Work, yes; earn, yes; save, yes—but who wants to be the richest man in the cemetery? What's the sense of keeping up with the Joneses, or envying the Smiths?

One day, I was sitting in Riverside Park, with an old suit of clothes, and an old pipe, and an old book. The sun had covered the river with diamonds, and I said to myself, "What makes me so happy today?" Then I answered myself, "Why *shouldn't* I be happy? I've a comfortable suit, and a comfortable bench, and a good pipe, and a good book, and the sun's shining!" Suddenly, I realized: "If these things make me happy, I'm the luckiest man in the world! Because no one can take away my park bench, and my old book and suit and pipe, and the sunshine." That was my Declaration of Independence. I've been free ever since—free of the need of the things I don't need—free of possessions that possess *you*—happy in my own right, and not by the whim of those little laughing gods of fortune who deal only in fool's gold.

The Happiness of Not Having Too Little

BECKY SHARP is about the only person who ever lived on nothing a year, and she did it in a novel—called "Vanity Fair." No amount of sweetness and light can bring happiness to the man or woman who's broke, and out of work, or worried about debt, or a sick child. For that man or woman, the only encouragement is remembering the law of averages. Most of us have just so many good hours in our lives, and just so many bad hours. Sooner or later, we get out of the tunnel—if our engine doesn't break down.

Emerson, one of the four or five greatest Americans, said: "Failure is endeavor and endeavor, persisted in, is never failure." Nobody who deserves success ever goes on failing long. The blackest moment of *my* life occurred way back in 1900. I'd lost my job on the Washington Times, and came to New York with high hopes, and three dollars in money. When that got down to 35 cents, I found a job pushing a truck on the docks. I wasn't used to the work, and my hands blistered and bled. That night, I walked to 8th Avenue for a cup of coffee, because coffee cost two cents more on 6th Avenue.

On the way, I passed a skylarking group of colored boys, and one of them threw a water-melon rind that hit me in the neck—but that wasn't where it hurt. Walking back, I met Florenz Ziegfeld's general manager, and he needed a press agent, so next morning Ziegfeld engaged me to go with Anna Held at \$50.00 a week. When I telephoned that to my Mother, I cut it in half, because I knew she'd believe \$25.00, but I didn't think she'd believe fifty. "Everything comes to him who waits"—if he doesn't wait lying down!

The essentials of life are a roof, a fire, something to eat and something to wear. This is the Capital of Happiness—and all the rest is a State of
(Continued on page 53)



The charm of attractive womanhood is made up of many things. Above all, a quality not to be measured merely by birthdays... a quality of fresh, sweetly fragrant daintiness, which proper care can assure at *any* age. With more accuracy than romance, let us call it frankly... "cleanliness". It means even more than bath-and-laundry cleanliness. It means that unsullied personal immaculacy which is the most compelling charm of a lovely young girl, and of *truly happy wives*. For no husband fails to notice, and resent, any neglect of intimate feminine cleanliness. Yet too many women never realize that the freshness, which is so *natural* in youth, requires constant care as maturity advances. A cleansing douche with "Lysol" disinfectant, in proper solution of water, is the frequent and regular feminine hygiene habit of fastidious modern women. They know that "Lysol" in solution cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes—dependably. Many hospitals use "Lysol"; many doctors recommend it for feminine hygiene. Complete directions are on every bottle... at any druggist's.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

- 1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
- 2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
- 3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
- 4—Economy... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.
- 5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
- 6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.



For your cleansing douche

Lysol
Disinfectant

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.
Dept. 4-R.M., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Copyright 1933 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

TUNE IN on Dr. Dafoe every Mon., Wed., and Fri., 4:45 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network

All time is Eastern Standard

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Hi Boys
- 9:00
CBS: Roy Block
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: The Wise Man
- 9:15
NBC-Red: Sunshine Express
- 9:30
CBS: Fiddlers Fancy
MBS: Journal of Living
- 9:45
NBC-Red: Landt Trio
- 10:00
CBS: Fred Feibel
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Amanda Snow
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: Viennese Ensemble
NBC-Red: Charioteers
- 10:30
CBS: Jewel Cowboys
NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
NBC-Red: Manhattans
- 11:00
CBS: Symphony Concert
NBC-Red: Florence Hale Forum
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-Tete
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Our Barn
NBC-Red: Music and Youth
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Call to Youth
NBC-Red: Abram Chasins
- 12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Lani McIntire Orch.
- 1:00
NBC-Red: Emery Deutsch
- 1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
- 1:55
NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Opera
- 2:00
CBS: Madison Ensemble
NBC-Red: Jimmy Dorsey Orch.
- 2:30
CBS: Motor City Melodies
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo
- 3:00
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Bill Krenz Orch.
- 4:45
CBS: Four Clutmen
- 5:00
CBS: Story of Industry
- 5:30
NBC-Red: Stamp Collectors
- 5:45
NBC-Red: Al Johns Orch.
- 6:00
CBS: Chorus Quest
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Weber's Orch.
NBC-Red: El Chico Revue
- 6:30
CBS: Synecopation Piece
NBC: Press-Radio News
- 6:35
NBC-Blue: Harold Nagel Orch.
NBC-Red: Sports Question Box
- 6:45
NBC-Blue: Johnny O'Brien Orch.
NBC-Red: Religion in The News
- 7:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten
- 7:30
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
NBC-Red: Alistair Cooke
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Jean Sahlon
- 8:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Red: Robert Ripley
- 8:30
CBS: Johnny Presents
NBC-Blue: Spelling Bee
NBC-Red: Jack Haley
- 9:00
CBS: Professor Quiz
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
NBC-Red: Al Roth Orch.
- 9:30
CBS: Your Pet Program
NBC-Red: American Portraits
- 10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade
NBC: NBC Symphony
- 11:00
CBS: Dance Music

Motto of the Day

Saturday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Wendy Barrie

Don't ever expect to convince others of something you don't believe yourself

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 26

ACCORDING to the schedule, tonight ought to be your last chance to listen to Arturo Toscanini direct the *NBC Symphony Orchestra*, but your *Almanac* wouldn't be so brash as to say that it actually will be. . . . There have been rumors flying around thick and fast that the unpredictable Mr. T. will stay on for a while. After all, he's been having a much better time than he expected, even going so far as to smile at his audiences sometimes, and if *NBC* has the best interests of its listeners at heart, it won't kick up a fuss if he decides to stick around for another week or two. . . . But the rumors are just rumors, and will probably remain so until the last minute. . . . Novelty-seekers look forward to

day to *NBC's* broadcast from Santiago, Chile, at 6:15 P. M., E.S.T. Dr. Roland Hall Sharp, who does the talking on these special broadcasts from different South American countries, is a noted writer and world traveler. He broadcasts from his stop-overs on a twenty-thousand mile flying jaunt from Boston through the continent to the south of us. Besides telling what he sees on the trip, he interviews the presidents—and maybe the dictators—of the South American countries on the air. . . . *CBS* has a special event too—*Bryan Field's* description of the classic \$20,000 *Added Flamingo Stakes* (it's a horse-race) from Hialeah Park, in Miami, Florida. The time is from 4:15 to 4:45 P.M., E.S.T.



Bryan Field describes the Flamingo Stakes race at Hialeah Park today at 6:15 on CBS.

Highlights For Saturday, March 5

IF you go for the smell of the turf and the thunder of pounding hoofs, then this is your day to glue your ear to the loudspeaker—unless, of course, you're lucky enough to be at a track in person. *CBS* has two horse-races of major importance scheduled for broadcast—the *Widener Cup*, with \$50,000 added stakes, from 4:15 to 4:45; and the *Santa Anita Handicap*, for a purse of \$100,000, from 7:00 to 7:30—both times E.S.T. Joe Hernandez and Harry Breckner describe the Santa Anita event, and Bryan Field takes care of the *Widener Cup* in his usual efficient manner. Most important of all, War Admiral is scheduled to run in the *Widener Cup* event. Bryan Field, incidentally, is *CBS's*

most expert judge of horseflesh and racing authority, and he used to be known as Thomas Bryan George. . . . *Chick Webb* and *Ella Fitzgerald*, colored bandleader and singer, are closing their engagement at the Lavagis Restaurant in Boston tonight, and you'd better listen in—on *CBS*, late tonight—while you can. For swingsters, Chick and Ella are musts. Chick is the composer of many a hit tune—"Stompin' at the Savoy" is probably his most famous—and Ella, whom he discovered in a Harlem Amateur Night show, is a blues singer who is really outstanding. Benny Goodman, it's said, would like to have her with his band, but she's loyal to her discoverer.



Ella Fitzgerald, blues singer, is on the air late tonight over the Columbia network.

Highlights For Saturday, March 12

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN in New York City is the scene today of the annual *Knights of Columbus* track meet. It goes on all day—or most of it, anyway—and *CBS* is planning to pick up reports of the proceedings every now and then, whenever it isn't too busy broadcasting something else. . . . Has it ever occurred to you that if you want to you can listen to no less than six and a quarter hours of classical music on a Saturday like today? An hour from 11:00 A.M. to noon, when the *New York Philharmonic* gives its children's concert over *CBS*. . . . Three hours from 2:00 to 5:00, when the *Metropolitan Opera Company* broadcasts over *NBC-Blue*. . . . Three-quarters of an hour from

9:15 to 10:00, while the *Chicago Symphony Orchestra* plays over *Mutual*. . . . And an hour and a half from 10:00 to 11:30 (or later), when you hear the *NBC Orchestra* over both *NBC* networks. . . . You probably take this rich store of music very indifferently, without stopping to think that your great-grandparents would have traveled miles to listen to music that wasn't one-tenth as good. . . . Alistair Cooke, who does a fifteen-minute broadcast tonight at 7:30 on *NBC-Red*, commenting on things that interest him, is a graduate of England's Cambridge University. His broadcast movie criticisms have a way of being so sharp that the film companies are up in arms about him.



Alistair Cooke, English by birth and American by adaption, is an NBC at 7:30.

Highlights For Saturday, March 19

AS a rule your *Almanac* is pretty cautious and doesn't announce a broadcast or guest stars for a certain date until practically everybody concerned has solemnly sworn that the broadcast or the guests will go on the air as promised. But here's one case in which we're throwing caution to the winds, and telling you that today *NBC* is to broadcast the arrival of the famous mystery swallows at the San Juan Capistrano Mission in California. Nobody has promised us that the swallows will be there—but they haven't missed in seventy years, and that's good enough for your *Almanac*. As regularly as clockwork, for that length of time, the swallows have flown to San Juan Capistrano from the tropic

islands they use for winter refuge, always coming on St. Joseph's Day (which is March 19) and leaving again on St. John's Day (October 23). Nobody knows what calendar the swallows use, but even Leap Year doesn't fool them. . . . *NBC*, also trusting in the swallows' good faith, has a microphone all set up ready to bring you a first-hand report of Moving Day Among Our Feathered Friends. . . . The Day of the Swallows attracts many tourists to the mission—many of whom pick that day to ask Father Arthur Hutchinson to perform wedding ceremonies for them. . . . Today's is the last regular broadcast of the *Metropolitan Opera's* winter season, although there may be a short spring season.



Father Arthur Hutchinson takes part in today's strangest and weirdest broadcast.

(Continued from page 51)

Mind. I know a family in New Jersey who bundle up every Sunday and go trudging into the hills, carrying a tiny portable stove, and supplies enough to make camp four or five miles from home. And I know another family, up to their ears in debt, who just bought a new car that'll go 90 miles an hour. They don't go anywhere in particular, because they've nowhere in particular to go, but they climb into the buggy Sundays, and drive 100 miles or so, and come back, without having seen anything on the way but the hot-dog-stand where they stopped for refreshments they didn't want.

I don't feel sorry for people who have little, but only for people who are miserable because they want much—People whose lives are so empty that they have to be filled up with grim-cracks. Toys for children! We all go through that. Years ago, I saw a silver-and-brass narghile in Cairo that I couldn't be happy without. Do you know what a narghile is? It's a bubble-bubble—a tobacco pipe that sits on a bottle of water attached to 20 feet of garden hose.

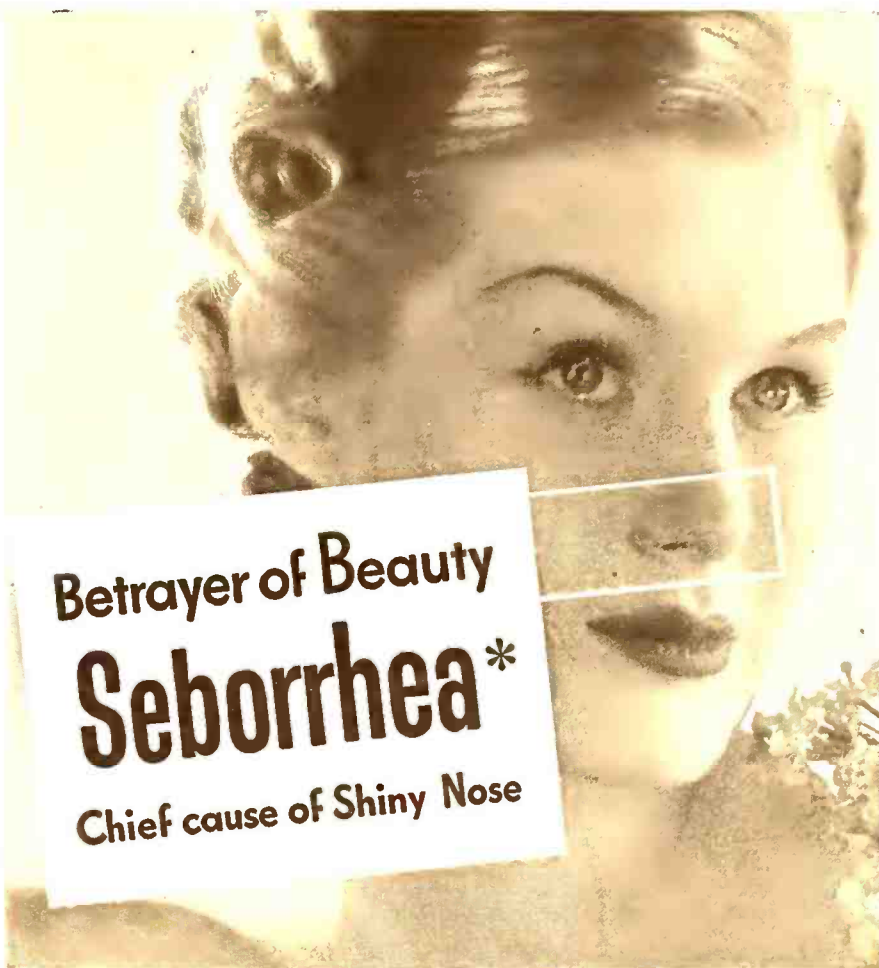
MY wife bought this one for me, and the dealer packed it in excelsior. We were so long unpacking it at Trieste that we lost the train for Venice, and, after we'd put the pipe in my trunk, we passed all our frontiers at night, and I had to get up, and dress, and seek out whiskered officials to explain, in languages I couldn't speak, that the darned thing wasn't a weapon, or a container for opium. By the time we reached Paris, I'd have given twice the price of the narghile to be rid of it. I walked up and down the streets, asking utter strangers if they'd like a narghile, and they threatened to have me arrested. When we got the contraption home, a maid fell over the hose and broke her ankle, and now the narghile's in my attic, and I hope I never see it again!

The happiness of not having too little comes of not having too little in your stomach, your mind and your heart. You can see that kind of happiness any evening along any quiet street. Little houses with warmly-lighted front-rooms—papa reading at the table, mama doing her darning, and Junior sprawled on the floor with that three dollar electric train. There are millions of those homes in America, and more happiness in them than in all the night-clubs and onyx swimming pools between Harlem and Hollywood!

Besides having neither too much nor too little, what are the other guide posts to happy life? Next month, in RADIO MIRROR, Channing Pollock, famous author and playwright, brings you another article with more inspiration and comfort.

PHOTO-MIRROR

The newest picture craze next month and every month exclusively in Radio Mirror. Watch for this exciting new photo-feature. See how radio stars get their babies. Who is the jungle princess? In the May issue.



**Betrayer of Beauty
Seborrhea*
Chief cause of Shiny Nose**

* Oiliness results in unflattering shine. Dermatologists identify excessive oiliness as Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Woodbury's Powder retards germ-growth, helps subdue nose shine.

BEAUTY editors have written reams about Shiny Nose. Every girl who owns a mirror has pleaded for longer-clinging face powder. Yet what's been done to conquer Shiny Nose? Something startling! Woodbury's Facial Powder is now germ-free and helps overcome nose shine as it glorifies your skin!

*Shiny Nose May Be Aggravated
by Surface Germs*

Dermatologists say the oiliness that makes your nose shine is often due to Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Your innocent-looking powder puff may be spreading harmful germ-life to your skin.

Now you realize the beauty need for germ-free powder that will convey no germs to puff or skin. Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's, alone, proved germ-free both before use and after contact with a germ-laden puff.

Give your complexion a seductive bloom with Woodbury's Powder, a surface loveliness that brings no aftermath of oily shine. The seven glorious shades are as natural as life and as young as you'd like to appear! Windsor Rose, for

instance, a blend of creamy-pink and ivory-peach, is becoming to almost every skin.

This flattering powder comes in the smart blue box at \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Complete your make-up with Woodbury's Germ-proof Lipstick and Rouge.



Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9788 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario
Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; trial tubes of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

FIGHT JAPAN NOW!

**By Upton Close—a shocking
broadcast every thinking
person should read now!**



Broadcasting on the weekly Town Hall Meeting of the Air, over the Blue network of NBC, on the evening of December 30th, in a debate with Charles C. Batchelder as part of a symposium on "What Would Japanese Victory in China Mean to America," Upton Close made the hard hitting, frankly realistic speech printed here.

It is with the permission of the Bulletin of America's Town Meeting of the Air, published by Columbia University Press for the Town Hall, Inc., that Radio Mirror reprints in condensed form one of the most thought provoking speeches of this winter's radio season.

YOU see a million Japanese soldiers using the most ruthless tactics of war, building empire by the sword faster than ever it has been built before. You see one of the most promising movements of national rebirth in an ancient land crushed; its schools, hospitals, government and civic centers, and greatest cities in ruins; its earnest young leaders scattered and embittered, its crops destroyed or seized, work animals seized, and by reasonable estimates twenty million of its peasantry and townsmen condemned to the horrible death of starvation before summer. You see a war machine equipped with a hair-trigger self-starter but no brakes running down Britons, Americans and other neutrals in its way.

For years now, some of us have been pointing out that Japan's mind and ambitions were driving her into fundamental clash with our world—not merely or even primarily forcible clash, but primarily clash of ideals, deep clash of opinion as to which methods are permissible in this modern world and which are to be outlawed. Here it is now—your business; and you want to know its fundamentals and what from the purely practical standpoint we had better do about it to save ourselves, our economy, and the ideals and modes of life without which life itself would be unlivable to us.

There is one consideration that we have not faced. It is high time to face it now. This: forces attacking what we consider fundamental decency

have not been fulfilling our dear wish, our wishful belief, that they will hang themselves with their own rope. Instead they have proceeded unhindered to hog-tie us with the rope so generously issued them. Britain is already hog-tied. France is hobbled. We, the United States of America, remain the only nation left that can act without drawing a noose tighter about it. We are the only democratic nation left that can possibly take leadership in action. England and France have been beaten to the draw, are looking down gun barrels.

And maybe we had better take warning from them. We are the only liberal, modern-minded nation left with freedom of action. How long will that last? It will be lost when Japan succeeds in Asia, if she does; when Japan pushes Chinese forces out of the rail-and-industrial area of China; when the surviving populace must starve or submit, and spirit-crushed leaders cooperate or die; when Japan gives her helots a doctrine of resentment against the white race, to salve their ego for resentments they dare not express. It will be lost when Nippon has succeeded in yoking boundless Asiatic and island resources to "unspoiled" oriental labor under the cracking whip of industrialism dedicated not to improvement of the laborer but to theocratic imperial glory; lost when the United States is pushed by underselling into economic hermitage—save for specialties, which will have to be carried in Japanese ships and sold through Japanese brokers, because of inability of American industry, labor, and ships to compete.

There is no future for American trade in Japan's success. In five years she will have her raw cotton from the plains of North China, in exchange for Manchurian grain, and she will undersell every competitor in the finished product. It will be similar with wool, machinery, everything.

○UR freedom of action will be hampered from within when a flood of expert Japanese propaganda now in preparation bursts upon us through publications that can be bought by advertising, and through other more elegant and subtle means. Our freedom of action will be hamstrung when American, British, and French money seeking profitable investment, as



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G-E BULBS
IN ALL HISTORY**

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bulbs or current*

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SIGHT SAVING SIZES

75 and 100 watts 20¢

150 watts 25¢

100-200-300 watt

Three-Lite 65¢

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**EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC**

money must, and finding no outlet in Western industry, begins to flow over to the enemy side in the coming battle of the standards of living. For Western industry will be beaten down by the competition of a totalitarian system that seizes its raw materials by force, keeps its cheap labor "unspoiled" and respects no patents or copyrights. That battle must concern us more than military or naval war; it is the ultimate struggle between our systems. Then, of course, anger will break out, and blind rage will rule the day, and we shall experience the logical end of our *laissez-faire*.

Pin-pricks like the sinking of the Panay or the closing of the Open Door to American trade and philanthropy should not blind us to the sword hanging over our ideals, our economy. Yet these pin-pricks should awaken us.

The Panay apology leaves us in the zone of Japanese military activity waiting for the next incident. It may be sensational, like interference with American liberty of action and policy in regions we will not admit have passed to Japan. Japan's hope of avoiding clash with us rests, upon her side, solely upon the possibility of our getting out of China—lock, stock, and cash register. Japan votes whole-heartedly for Hamilton Fish withdrawal, for Smedley Butler isolation, for Ludlow referendum.

I HAVE no time to deal with these proposals, but they are the same sort of cure as hitting oneself on the head to stop a headache. Examine them. They hold promise of disrupting our economy, compelling the replanting of the South, or driving us, too, to-

ward totalitarianism and gangsterism; but they hold no promise of peace. Our President has chosen against isolationism. He requests more armed force. Our people are not likely to repudiate him. We are not a martyr nation. We are not even a modest and retiring nation. While other peoples are asserting the right to conquest by undeclared wars, we are not likely to give up the right to peaceful residence and friendly trade. And the forces of decency in the world would merely be weakened if we did.

But we are a nation that "let's-er-slide"—up to a point—and then gets mad. As we did in 1916. Then when our "mad" passed we "let-er-slide" again. That should be the horrible example to us now of the wrong way. This time if we go out to save the world for international decency we should not abandon the maiden to the traders in flesh so soon as we have rescued her from the mailed fist. We should see it through or not act at all. But if you see as I do that letting things slide, letting the gangster nations count on American reticence, stand on American-British inability to stand together—if you see as I do that this will only result in our getting mad and acting in anger later on, you will agree with me that it is better to take our stand now, coolly and intelligently, welcoming whatever risk is involved. We could stop selling Japan munitions and airplanes—right now. We could stop being brokers of her international credit. We could—with Britain, France and Russia—quarantine her great merchant marine without major war operations or risk of serious attack. There is no ideal

action; particularly if ideal action means, as I'm afraid it so often does to Americans, running no risk—having our cake and eating it too.

THERE is risk that in going out to save what we believe in we will lose our own souls—that war would ensue and beget militarism and tyranny here at home. But there is a greater risk, is there not, that not lifting our hand will destroy our sensibilities and our souls? We soon cease to believe in what we run no risk to protect.

My Chinese friends tell me that Japan will succeed—with China's customs, railroads, mines, cotton, land, in her hands—unless the desperate policy of destroying everything while retreating breaks Japan economically, and the desperate instillation of communism gives the conquered population spiritual incitation enough to resist.

Salvation for us at the expense of a materially destroyed, communistic China would likely prove a tricky salvation. Japan's victory in China and Japan would mean to us economic quarantine, a world at the mercy of those who believe that might makes right, that contracts are to be kept while they are useful, that truth is whatever serves the purpose. It would mean irritations, anger, finally full-fledged war across the Pacific. I am forced to conclude that evil, let alone, does not destroy itself, but compounds itself. I am forced to recognize that causes, constructive or destructive, succeed in this world which are placed by their backers above property or even life. In humbleness and not without reluctance, but frankly, I offer these considerations for your thought.

ALIKE AS TWO PEAS

BUT IT'S A CINCH TO TELL THEM APART!



YES, MARY AND MARGIE LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE—BUT IT'S EASY TO TELL THEM APART THESE DAYS!

NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE BOB MEANT BY THAT, MARGIE?

FORGIVE ME, MARY, BUT I THINK I KNOW. LAST NIGHT I HEARD HIM SAY YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH

MARY, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. TESTS ALSO SHOW 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

NOBODY IN THE WORLD'S AS SWEET AS YOU ARE, MARGIE!

THANKS, BOB, BUT I'M NOT MARGIE—I'M MARY!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND MARY'S SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

One Smart Girl

(Continued from page 31)

real beauty, and like stories about charming human beings, this is for you.

Though she is receiving her first magazine write-up here and now, Nan Grey is someone you're going to remember because before the year's end she will have crept into your heart to stay—from being a radio unknown she'll have completed the jump to stardom.

And you'll remember her too, because young as she is, she has one of the most interesting and unique personalities in Hollywood, a town—as somebody must have noticed before now—where interesting personalities are as easy to find as filling stations and tourists.

I've known Nan personally ever since shortly after she came to Hollywood, four years ago. I've watched her go from bit parts in her early pictures to the juicy role of one-third of the title in "Three Smart Girls" with Deanna Durbin—followed by parts in "Let Them Live," "The Man in Blue," "Some Blondes Are Dangerous," and "The Black Doll." I've seen her bubble with delight over her new radio job. And I'm convinced there's nobody quite like her in Hollywood.

IT'S not just that she was chosen from thirty other young actresses, all of them far more experienced in the ways of the microphone than she, to play Kathy in the new Tuesday night drama on NBC, sponsored by Ponds. It's not simply because she's beautiful—although she undoubtedly is.

I'm convinced she's got what it takes to go places because, for one thing, when I asked her which she'd rather be, a glamorous movie queen or a typical American girl, she lost no time in answering emphatically:

"Glamour is something artificial and assumed."

A wise answer. Doubly wise in Hollywood, and triply wise after four years of movie-making.

Nan often gives you such evidences of her maturity—and when I say maturity I don't mean sophistication, which is a very different thing, and common enough. I like to think that it's this same maturity—that has already made her what she wants to be, a typical American girl.

It was in evidence even four years ago, when she first came to Hollywood. She didn't have the least intention of going into the movies. Her name wasn't Nan Grey, it was Eschol Miller; she'd never been out of Houston, Texas, before in all her life; and she was visiting Hollywood on a vacation trip with her mother.

Naturally, faced with the one girl in America who didn't even have a sneaking notion that it would be fun to work in front of a camera, the fates picked on Nan to catapult into a movie career.

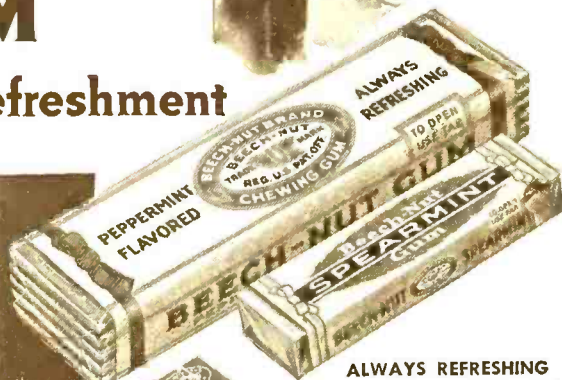
Mrs. Miller was a retired stock company actress and she had several old friends who had progressed with the years to positions in the Hollywood world—talent agents, assistant producers, character actors, and so on. Mrs. Miller wanted to visit them all while she was in Hollywood, and she did, taking her daughter along with her. One of them offered to get passes for the Millers to visit a



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WHEN WORK PILES UP
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"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier" . . . helps keep teeth clean and fresh looking.

Always worth stopping for

movie set. And the final link in this chain of incidents and co-incidents was that on the set they visited there was a director who saw Nan's blonde beauty and offered her a bit part in his next Warner Brothers film.

Nan turned the offer down. What happened next shows you how persistent the fates can be when once they get their teeth into a likely prospect. The director's interest in her brought her to the attention of talent scouts who arranged a screen test for her—a test which resulted in a part with Ricardo Cortez in "Fire Bird." Later she played the ingenue lead in "Babette" and the leading feminine role in a Tom Brown picture, "Mary Jane's Pa."

Not so bad for a girl who didn't want to go into the movies. Now that she's been working in them for four years, Nan is ready to admit that she really enjoys them. "At first I thought they were silly, and that most actresses just wanted to be show-offs. But now—" says Nan from the advanced age of seventeen-minus—"I know better. I can't imagine myself doing anything else except pictures and radio."

NAN'S radio career began a few days before 1937 slithered into 1938. Coming home late at night from dinner out and a busy evening of Christmas shopping, she found a message from her business agent telling her to hurry over to the Hollywood NBC studios for an audition. Her radio experience was limited to one appearance with Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell on the Lux Theater; and it was then almost midnight. But queer things happen in Hollywood, and Nan had been around long enough to know that the queerer they are, the more important. So she dashed for the door.

At the radio studio they told her that twenty-four experienced radio actresses had already had their auditions, with six more to come before it was her turn. It looked very much as if her business agent had sent her out on a wild-goose chase. What would they want with a little novice when they had thirty girls on tap who knew their microphones backwards and forwards?

All the same, she went through with the audition, a little nervously. They thanked her politely, and said they'd let her know. They didn't, though, not for more than a week, and being a sensible girl, Nan decided to forget the whole affair.

Then, on Christmas Eve, she was called into the legal department of Universal Pictures, which has her under contract, and told that she'd been selected to play the leading role of Kathy in *Those We Love*. Also, that starting right away her salary would be doubled. Since Nan is still too young to sign contracts legally, the studio acts as her agent in business matters.

Quite a Christmas present—particularly since at her first sight of the *Those We Love* script Nan fell in love with the part of Kathy.

"I've never felt the same about any character I've played in pictures," she told an old friend who is more a father confessor to her than anything else. "Not even in 'Three Smart Girls.' When I got that first script—" Agnes Ridgway, the author of *Those We Love*, had written a "Good luck" note for her on the first page—"I felt as if I saw life exactly the way Kathy

"FERRETS OF FRESHNESS"... Paramount's talent scouts, Boris Kaplan and Edward Blatt

They spend Fortunes to find **FRESH FACES**

O.G. spends Fortunes to give you **FRESH CIGARETTES**

FRESHNESS! It's the very life of Hollywood! Money's no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. *When a star goes stale, his light goes out!*

But when a cigarette goes stale, *it should never be lit at all!* For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of Cello-

phane on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it... but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will... in damp climates or dry. They're as good where they're sold as where they're made... and that's as good as a cigarette can be made!



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Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens from the Bottom Sealing the Top

The Inner Jacket Opens at the Top Sealing the Bottom

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tues. and Thurs. night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

NEWS FLASH!

Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

NEW YORK, N. Y.—(U.P.)—When a man looks into a woman's face the first thing he notices are her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

Courtesy: United Press and Milwaukee Journal

**NOW...
who *Dares*
be without
Maybelline
Eye Beauty Aids**



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in gold metal vanity. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline harmonizing Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline harmonizing Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, brush, dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.



Maybelline Eye Cream guards against crows-feet, lines and wrinkles around eyes.



Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

sees it. I could sympathize with her and understand her as if she were my real blood sister. It's a funny thing..."

I think she's wrong there. It isn't funny. It isn't even peculiar. You'd expect a girl like Nan Grey to feel an immediate sympathy with a girl like Kathy.

It would be different if Nan's daily life were that of a movie star, which it isn't. It's pretty much like any girl's life, in its essentials.

To begin with, she doesn't go out at night very often—not as often, probably, as the seventeen-year-old girls in your own home town. Lately, she's gone to dancing parties and to banquets with athletic Wayne Morris of the Warner Brothers lot, but she has no "steady boy friend."

Movie and radio star or not, she still attends classes at Universal's "little red schoolhouse," with Mrs. Mary West as her tutor and Deanna Durbin as her classmate. When Deanna is making a picture, classes are held in her dressing room. When Nan is at work, Deanna goes to school in Nan's dressing room. When both are working on separate pictures, Mrs. West holds morning classes for one, afternoon classes for the other.

SHE plays golf and tennis occasionally, does a few calisthenics, but would rather walk than take any other exercise. She likes candy, but eats it only occasionally; and if she could—but she seldom can—she'd take a nap every afternoon. She also likes to drink milk and to drive her new Buick. She reads a good many magazines and an average of two books a month, and she sees a few movies—usually from four to six of them a month, making it necessary to do some picking and choosing.

Once in a while the real girl in her rebels against the studio routine and she goes to the beach, where she spends a whole day riding the roller coaster, trying her skill in a shooting gallery, and screaming in the chute-the-chutes.

She has no desire, ever, as I told you before, to be described as "glamorous." But there was one recent honor that did delight her more than she'd ever let you know—and because it did, I think it tells you more about her than any further description of mine could.

It was Governor Allred's selection of her to be one of the twelve "sweet-hearts of Texas" during the recent Dallas exposition. Hollywood is all very well. But Texas, you see—that's home.

A Colossal Laugh Scoop!

Next month Radio Mirror scores again with a FRED ALLEN Radio-broadcast. The master comedian of radio, movies and stage furnishes the May issue with the cream of his sparkling gags. Jack Benny's feud, Town Hall News, a Mighty Allen Art drama. In the May issue.

Cry Before Night

(Continued from page 27)

and every actor within earshot came tearing in to make faces, stand on his head, sing lullabies to Martha, to keep her quiet until her mother returned.

They dare not let her cry, they argued. The manager would oust the whole family if the baby made a fuss. So Martha watched for her openings, and cried just enough to get everything she wanted.

There are just so many childish pleasures a backstage baby can enjoy. She can't go rollerskating, or play fireman or jump rope; children must be quiet while the show is on. But she can have toys; so Martha had hundreds of them, the most expensive ones—and collected a new one every-time her path crossed that of another trouper. She can't have a dog, or a pony, so there's no use for cowboy suits; but she can have pretty little dresses, and coats with real fur. And Martha was dressed like the little rich girl in the story books, in red velvet coat, with fur cap and mittens, and red boots, with fur around the top.

WHAT better game for a backstage baby than dressing up? When interest in her own wardrobe dulled, little Martha would amuse herself by experimenting with her mother's. Long dresses and high-heeled slippers opened the doors to a wonderful world of make-believe in which the drab confinement of dressing room life was quickly forgotten.

It was an upside-down childhood. With her parents, Martha usually slept until nearly noon. She had her breakfast when most children were eating a hearty lunch after hours of play. Her supper was at eleven o'clock, in a hotel bedroom, where Martha soon learned to be very quiet because other people were asleep. It wasn't that she didn't have enough to eat, or enough sleep. She was a healthy, normal child. But she was very lonely.

The only time she ever saw other children was on an occasional Saturday, when the towns kids would slip into the alley-way backstage to see what show people looked like close-up, and then would linger awhile to share their jumping ropes and jacks with the show people's little girl.

Even those stolen Saturday play hours soon were lost, for when she was three and a half years old Martha joined Peg and Pete in the act. A baby was expensive, when you were traveling constantly. Putting Martha on the stage for a few moments at each show boosted Reed and Hooper's popularity, and their pay checks. Soon, with Martha singing "Jada" in front of the footlights four times a day, the act gained enough renown to move from the split-week to the full-week booking bracket, and life was a lot easier for the Reeds.

There were better hotel rooms, better meals, and real ermine on Martha's next red velvet coat. But there were still no friends of her own years for the eager little girl backstage.

Martha never left the stage after that. She was a veteran trouper at six, when most children are first enrolling for school. Martha's schooling came in fat envelopes every Monday from the Professional Children's correspondence school in New York,



LOVE AT FIRST LOOK ...

but not until she found out how to correct Misfit Makeup

"Bob's brother's coming. He might be just the man for you."

"But Mary—may I be frank? Do change that misfit makeup!"

Mary took the hint... Bob says: "Now I know it's my lucky night!"



TO CORRECT MISFIT MAKEUP...



Suggests...

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

Star of Universal's "Merry Go Round of 1938," now in Broadway production "I'd Rather Be Right,"

DON'T LOSE YOUR MAN... by wearing misfit makeup—unrelated cosmetics that clash, that are wrong for your type. Correct it...with the new Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup.

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

BEAUTY EXPERTS assure you that your skin, your hair, your true beauty are revealed at their loveliest when you choose your makeup by Nature's color key, the color of your eyes. Fashion authorities endorse it. Artists agree

it's right. And stage and screen stars join the women everywhere who find new beauty with Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup.

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

If your eyes are } BLUE—wear Dresden type
GRAY—wear Patrician type
BROWN—wear Parisian type
HAZEL—wear Continental type

TONIGHT— be the girl he's proud of... in the matched makeup that's right for you!

COPYRIGHT 1938. BY RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP by Richard Hudnut



Try it!

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

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City MWG-4-38

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

✓ My eyes are Name _____
 Blue Brown Address _____
 Gray Hazel City _____ State _____

Harmonizing LIPSTICK · POWDER · ROUGE 55¢ each



Richard Arlen, now appearing in Columbia's "No Time to Marry."

Richard Arlen

DRIES A LADY'S TEARS



"ON A RECENT FLIGHT from the East, I heard a girl across the aisle confiding her troubles to the plane's stewardess . . .



"SHE HAD LOST her job — was returning home a failure. She couldn't believe that her work had been unsatisfactory . . .



"ALTHOUGH YOUNG and well dressed, she had let unsightly, rough, chapped lips spoil her looks. All men — even employers! — like to see a girl looking her best, with smooth, lovely lips . . .



"I TOLD HER, before we landed, about a special lipstick with a protective Beauty-Cream base that I've heard praised by many screen and stage beauties. The other day I had this letter from her..

Dear Mr. Arlen,
 Thanks to you for telling me about Kissproof Lipstick. I've got a better job, now! Kissproof's wonderful Beauty Cream base protects my lips from drying — keeps them smooth & nice to look at!

Sincerely,
 Ruth Golden

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . . . 50c
 Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry)
 Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades.
 Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE

SCENARIO BY RICHARD ARLEN

whose daily lessons Martha recited over the breakfast table with her mother sitting in as teacher. She didn't like to study, was impatient with books from the first, but she was fascinated with one subject—drawing. With her mother's lipstick and eyebrow pencil for crayons, she practiced daily between calls, sketching dogs and cats, and—because they were more familiar than the lazy cows and horses in her drawing book—jugglers and clowns.

By this time, there was another baby in the dressing room. Martha's brother, Buddy, was born when Martha was two and a half. The only difference between this advent and Martha's own was that Reed and Hooper lost no bookings as a result of it. The family was playing in Grand Rapids, Michigan, when the hour for Peg's second confinement came. It was December, in 1918. On the day that Peg left the stage for the hospital, the disastrous flu epidemic closed every theater in town. When they were allowed to reopen, three weeks hence, Reed and Hooper—a new baby in the trunk tray—were ready to go on with the show.

These Reeds were closer than most families. Always on the go, often making two new towns a week, they had little time to cultivate friends outside the family circle.

HER mother was teacher and class-mate, mother and chum to Martha during her early years—and she still is her closest companion and confidant even though Martha is a successful Hollywood star, surrounded by admirers and friends.

Martha tried to make friends. If she'd meet a youngster of her own age—even for a casual moment or two—during her tramping childhood, she'd cling to the child by every ruse at her command. "I'll show you the curtain lofts . . . the wings," she'd promise. "Come see my dolls." And when the inevitable parting came, she'd exact a promise to write.

These correspondences didn't last very long. The letters would come and Martha would answer conscientiously for awhile, but as time faded the children's remembrance of their brief meeting, the letters would dwindle to an occasional postcard, and finally to nothing.

There were other stage kids, but seldom on the same bill. "Variety" was the by-word in show business in those days, and every manager insisted that "one kid on a bill is enough." At one time or another, however, Martha and her brother met the five boys and girls who were famous with their parents as "The Capps Family." They also knew Eddie Quinlan's children, but saw them infrequently.

Martha says the only little girl she really could talk to was Janey, and she was a rope doll whom a shell-shocked war veteran had given her when she played with her parents at the soldiers' hospital at Ft. Sheridan, Wyoming. Janey still has a warm place in Martha's heart.

In time, of course, Buddy Reed also joined his parents' act. He was just three, but his comedy routine with his father embellished the act to such an extent that Reed and Hooper could demand the best of the road-show bookings. It was not because they were not in demand in the East that they played most of their dates West of the Mississippi, but because

stringent child labor laws in Eastern states often complicated Eastern appearances.

Pete Reed and Peggy Hooper, with Martha and Buddy, remained on the road, their original act intact, for more than ten years. The daily pattern was the same: breakfast, the theater, supper, bed. Only the backgrounds changed. This week it was Grand Rapids, the next, Chicago. Then St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver. Little by little, Martha became the star of the piece. She hadn't developed as yet the comedy flair which was to make her famous, but her singing had attracted important ears.

WHEN she was sixteen, Orchestra Leader Paul Ash wired Martha an offer to join his show. The salary proffered was better than the combined earnings of the entire Reed family. Pete and Peg agreed to take a short vacation, and Martha wired her acceptance.

There were no tears when Martha packed her bags, and prepared to leave the family group. Martha looked back upon sixteen years of experience in the theater and decided she was ready to face the world. She knew show business: its code, its people, its traditions. She wasn't afraid.

To be sure, she was just the age of most high school juniors. She had never been to school. She had never been out at night without her mother, had never had a date with a boy—didn't, in fact, know any boys other than her brother. Her only close friend was a rope doll.

Perhaps her courage was born of innocence—she might have been less cheerful when she waved goodbye to her family in the railroad station in Dodge City, Kansas, had she known what problems she soon would be facing alone.

"I'm on my own," she hummed to herself, as she adjusted her baggage in the now familiar Pullman car. "I'm on my own."

A whole new life was ahead for Martha Raye. She was sixteen, and she was on her own.

Sometimes the false courage of youth is more dangerous than honest fear—will Martha Raye find it so as she leaves her family and ventures into the unknown world of Broadway show-business? Don't miss the third chapter of Martha's meteoric career in next month's RADIO MIRROR.



Confidential . . . TO WOMEN ONLY

One-size sanitary napkin will not do for every woman. No more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides, women's personal needs are different on different days.

Only Wondersoft Kotex* sanitary napkins solve this problem for you. For only Kotex offers 3 types... Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex and Super Kotex.

Only by trying ALL 3 can you meet each day's exact needs.

Prove it for yourself, FREE! Write today for a free supply of ALL 3 types of Kotex, the Wondersoft sanitary napkin that Can't Chafe, Can't Fail, Can't Show. Address Room 1530, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Use QUEST*
with Kotex



Quest is the new *positive* deodorant powder developed especially for use with sanitary napkins. It is soothing, completely effective! Only 35c for the large size.

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

(* Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

Are you reading Radio Mirror's exciting serial fictionization of Follow the Moon? Next month, the concluding installment that brings a golden shower of wealth, a kidnapping and a wedding. Better order your May issue now.

"Raw" Throat? Here's Quick Action!



Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs *at contact!* (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT

Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold

Eddy Duchin returns from Hollywood soon to broadcast again from New York.

FACING THE MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN



Besides being Bob Crosby's vocalist, Kay Weber writes radio plays.

Keep tuned in to this page for the latest broadcasts of danceland news

MOST radio maestros have one thing in common with other entertainers. They like to see their names blaze across Broadway's giant-sized neon lights or dominate the headlines of newspapers and magazines.

But quiet, unpublicized Jack Miller, Kate Smith's efficient and unobtrusive batoneer for the last five years, prefers to keep in the background. Each time an enterprising manager or well-meaning friend has tried to woo him away with glamorous stories of a more ballyhooed career on the kilocycles, Jack has turned a deaf ear.

When questioned why he prefers to remain behind the "Songbird of the South," he has many answers.

"Kate Smith is really the perfect person to work with," he says. "Secondly, I'd rather work consistently fifty-two weeks every year than only twenty as many independent band-leaders do. Besides, under the present setup I have time to write songs."

Jack has written two smash hits. The first is his theme melody, "When the Stars Come Peeping Through." The other, "Sunrise to Sunset," sold 400,000 copies, and was featured in three different talks.

It was high-pressure Ted Collins, Kate Smith's manager, who plucked Miller from virtual obscurity. Jack

was leading a band in and around Boston when Collins discovered him. Jack used to enhance the band's numbers with a lusty baritone voice.

For two years, under Collins' wing, Jack was a featured soloist on CBS. Then the manager decided to merge the talents of his two proteges.

It's been like that for ten years now—Kate, Ted, and Jack—radio's Three Musketeers. The personal successes of the Kemps, Kysers, and Kayes hasn't turned Miller's head one bit.

There's loyalty in this band business—if you can find it.

Skinny Ennis has finally gone and done it—left Hal Kemp's orchestra. The thin, singing drummer had been threatening to make this change for the last two years. Kemp's trip to California late in 1937, sealed Skinny's fate. A motion picture executive signed Skinny to a lengthy contract.

Kemp's band returned to New York with a new drummer, Emery Kenyon, formerly with Nye Mayhew's outfit. The Mayhew band is partly owned by Kemp.

Kenyon doesn't sing, so Maxine Gray, Bob Allen, and Saxie Dowell will divide the Ennis solos.

It just seems that a band can't leave California without forfeiting some

estimable member of its organization to the wiles of talkie tycoons.

Kay Weber, Bob Crosby's lovely vocalist, heard with the band over the Columbia network several times weekly, had three signal honors conferred upon her all in one week.

Bing's brother signed Kay to a year's contract. A new tune, "Sugar Puss," written by Nappy Lamare and Bob Zurke of the orchestra, was dedicated to her, because of Kay's sweet disposition.

And last but not least, her secret ambition—to be a playwright—was realized, when the Columbia network accepted the singer's one-act radio play, for production sometime this Spring.

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

Duke Ellington was voted the favorite band of English musicians in a recent London poll. But "Facing the Music's" poll, which is still running, shows Benny Goodman neck-and-neck with Guy Lombardo, and Tommy Dorsey, Horace Heidt, Eddy Duchin, and Sammy Kaye not far behind. Vote for your favorite now. Use the coupon at the end of this column. . . . Little Jackie Heller is another vocalist who got the urge. He's organizing his own band. . . . Woody Herman is now making Clevelanders happy swinging out in the Trianon Ballroom of that city, and Emery Deutsch is drawing the dance crowds of Cincinnati to the Hotel Netherlands-Plaza. . . . Georgie Jessel has composed another tune that he thinks is better than "Roses in December." It's

entitled "You'll Be Reminded of Me," and Ginger Rogers will sing it in her next flicker, "Vivacious Lady." . . . Tommy Dorsey lost his ace drummer, Dave Tough, to Joe Marsala . . . Bert Block has replaced Eddy Rogers in the lofty Radio City Rainbow Room but Eddy will be back there in April . . . Joe Sullivan, Bob Crosby's ailing pianist is now recuperating in his home in Southern California. . . . Guy Lombardo has signed a new five year contract to play in New York's Hotel Roosevelt. He's been there five years already. . . . Mark Warnow who writes many of his own arrangements, employs an electric organ, instead of a piano. The organ, according to Mark, can imitate every instrument in the band and Mark can illustrate a chord as it will actually sound when played by the entire band. The organ is installed in Mark's new Kew Gardens apartment. So far the neighbors haven't complained . . . Tommy Dorsey is off on a long tour of one-night stands . . . Eddy Duchin remains at the Los Angeles Coconut Grove until April . . . Victor Arden has stopped playing piano while directing his orchestra. Vic says he is darned if he can play and direct at the same time. Al Goodman, Jack Denny, Frank Black and Ray Noble agree with Arden, but a series of boos is heard from Eddy Duchin, Henry King, Vincent Lopez and Nat Brandwynne.

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO:

Larry Welk and his orchestra, now playing on tour. Composed of former amateur Nebraska and South Dakota musicians, they finally made

the grade recently when heard over Mutual from the Hotel William Penn in Pittsburgh.

Helene Daniels, whose thrilling voice has helped to raise the program, "Jazz Nocturne" from average musical mediocrity.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

EDDY DUCHIN: J. D. Wade, Charles Trotter, trumpets; Moe Zadekoff, trombone; Stanley Worth, Aaron Voloshin, Johnny Geller, Fred Marrow, Milt Shaw, violins; Horace Diez, piano; Harry Campbell, drums; Al Kunze, bass; Gene Baumgarden, guitar. Vocalists: Stanley Worth. Theme: Chopin's Nocturne in A, and "Be My Lover."

BILL CARLSON: Eddie Bahr, Harry Bortner, Paul Peregrine, saxophones; Harlon Waddell, Ole Turner, trumpets; Jess Cullen, trombone; Paul Pleyte, Steve Kozera, Otto Scharf, violins; Lee Simmons, piano; Harry Pierce, drums; Joe Potzner, bass. Vocalists: Gil Rutzen and Paul Skinner.

CORRESPONDENCE

BARBARA JOHNSON: Sammy Kaye's theme song is an original composition composed by the former Ohio University alumnus, entitled "Swing and Sway." Right now Sammy is swinging and swaying in the Hotel Statler in Cleveland, via CBS and Mutual. He is single and twenty-seven years old. I doubt if he'll reach Boston until spring.

SHIRLEY SHELBURNE: Eddy Duchin has broadcast from the swank

ON THE MOVIE LOTS IT'S

"ACTION"

**ACTION CALLS FOR ENERGY—
NOT FATIGUE**

You can avoid both fat and fatigue if you eat foods which yield energy quickly. Baby Ruth is a pure, delicious candy—but it is also a concentrated food of energizing goodness. That's because Baby Ruth is rich in Dextrose, the sugar you need for energy. And Dextrose is utilized by active people as energy, when needed, rather than stored as fat. Active people need energy every day—Baby Ruth is their candy.

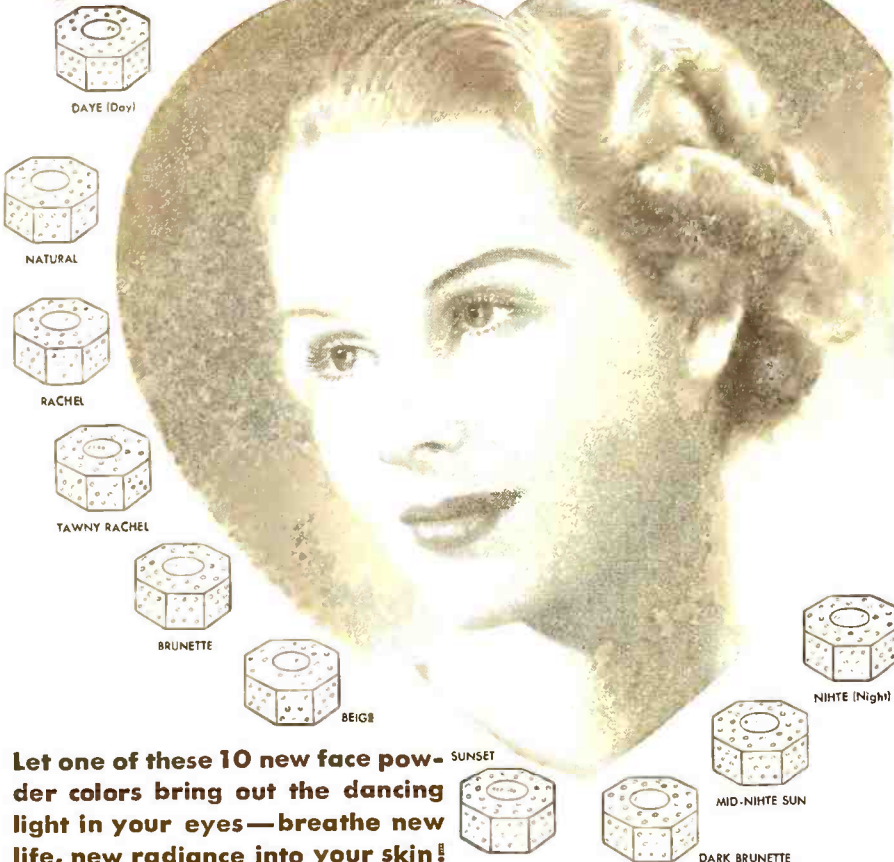
"IT'S HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE CANDY"

DIRECTOR

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

Baby Ruth CURTISS
MADE IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY
5¢

ARE YOU THE TYPE THAT'S *Lucky in love?*



Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion... win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited... I know, because I've seen it happen... Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise and a more radiant personality?

But to do all this, *and more*, you must find your one and only lucky color. That's why I want you to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades... so you *will* find the one that can "do things" for you.

For *one certain color* can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin... give it flattering freshness... make it vibrant, alive! Another color that *looks* almost the same in the box,

may fail you horribly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color!

I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you all ten of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are my gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the *only color* that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes... the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (41)

Lady Esther, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name

Address

City State

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

Hotel Plaza over Mutual but at present is on the West Coast. He'll return to New York and the Plaza in Spring.

IRENE ARMBRUSTER: Freddy Martin moves to sunny climes, albeit, the Los Angeles Biltmore Bowl before you read this. Freddy's pianist Terry Shand has been striving for years to write a real best-selling tune. He finally made it with "I Double Dare You."

ROBERT MAYOH: Your club can engage most of the outstanding dance orchestras by writing to Music Corporation of America, Consolidated Radio Artists or Rockwell-O'Keefe. All have their main offices in New York.

JULIUS RICH: Foremost in the minds of ambitious young musicians is to lead their own band. Wide-awake Leighton Noble is no exception to the rule. He is at present on tour with his new band, which features the style of his former bosses, the late Orville Knapp, and George Olsen. Olsen is now playing in La Conga in New York, although he owns a part interest in the International Casino.

ELANOR RUSSO: Ozzie Nelson won't leave Hollywood until he can bring his wife, Harriet Hilliard, with him. And Harriet is as busy as a bee on the RKO lot.

Freddy Martin expected such intricate steps as Truckin' and The Big Apple to be executed by the younger set, who often find it difficult to afford a soda after tripping the light fantastic in the local ballroom. And Freddy thought the cafe society set preferred the slower tempos of the waltz.

But lo, and behold, when Freddy's magic music played in the mammoth, block-long Aragon Ballroom in Chicago (admission 50c a person; gentlemen must wear their coats when dancing) the crowd clamored for three-quarter time, and Freddy gulped. He had prepared an evening's repertoire of swing tunes.

A month later Martin was engaged to play in the swank Ritz-Carlton in New York (cover charge \$2.50 a person, formal dress obligatory). Here the dancers, many well past the prime of life, ignored the waltz sets and insisted on performing, not only The Suzi-Q and The Shag, but Peckin'.

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

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

My favorite orchestra is

..... and I want to know more about the following:

.....

.....

Name

Address

.....

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

HOW are you progressing on your spelling? Here's another list supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of the NBC Spelling Bee.

Only one spelling is the right one. Mark the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 79. It's harder than the others but you should be ready for more difficult words by now.

If you aren't already a Spelling Bee fan, listen in on Mr. Wing's broadcasts, Saturday evening at 8:30 E.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.

1. Disbursment — disbersement — disbursement. (noun). The act of paying out or distributing, usually referring to money.

2. Spiracle — spirecal — spiracel. (noun). The breathing apperture of certain insects and fishes.

3. Spirae — spiraea — spyraea. (noun). A large genus of shrubs with clusters of white or pink flowers.

4. Fuscous—fuscus—fuscous (adjective). Brown or grayish black; darkish.

5. Amorette—amourett—amourette. (noun). A trifling love affair.

6. Tumulus—tumulose—tumulous. (adjective). Full of small hills or mounds.

7. Parallax — parralax — parelax. (noun). The apparent displacement of an object as seen from two different points.

8. Animalculus — animalculous — animalcolous. (adjective). Pertaining to the minute animals, nearly or wholly invisible to the naked eye, which are known as animalcules.

9. Verasious—veratious—veracious. (adjective). Truthful.

10. Anomaly—anomely—anomaly. (noun). Deviation from the common rule; irregularity.

11. Vitiate — vishiate — visheate. (verb). To make incomplete, faulty or defective; to debase in moral standards; to render ineffective.

12. Concomitant — concomitant — concomitent. (noun). That which accompanies, or is collaterally connected with another; an accompaniment.

13. Brogham—brougam—brougham. (noun). A form of light, closed carriage.

14. Obeisance—obasance—obiesence. (noun). A gesture in token of respect or submission.

15. Flagallant—flagelant—flagellant. (adjective). Lashing, scourging.

16. Resusitative — resuscetative — resuscitative. (adjective). Revivifying, esp. from apparent death or unconsciousness.

17. Ziz—sizz—zizz. (noun). A sound expressing the noise made by a body proceeding at high speed, a wheel rapidly rotating, etc.

18. Hiddenness—hiddenness—hidenness. (noun). The quality of being concealed.

19. Camaraderie — comaraderie — comaradere. (noun). The spirit of good will that exists between comrades; good-fellowship.

20. Hypochondria — hipocondria — hypochondrea. (noun). The state of a person who imagines himself constantly ill.

(You'll find the answers on page 79)



They Still Talk Behind Her Back

BUT NOW THEY SAY:

"What a Lovely Skin!"

SHE is "Miss Popularity" of her set because she knows the value of a beautiful complexion. She is the glamour girl who keeps her skin looking youthful with the help of the Linit Beauty Mask.

Why not try this gentle, quick-acting facial treatment which helps to stimulate the skin, and eliminate "shine".

Here's how quickly the Linit Beauty Mask is prepared. *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that

is so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

You will enjoy pleasant facial smoothness after the Linit Beauty Mask treatment. It leaves a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base and heightens the allure of make-up. Your grocer sells Linit.



*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.



4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.

**TWO THRILLING
TRUE STORY
Broadcasts Each Week!**

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A. L. ALEXANDER'S



**TRUE
STORIES
Formerly
COURT OF
HUMAN
RELATIONS**

Every **FRIDAY** Night
NBC Red Network

City	Station	Local Time
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Hartford	WTIC	9:30 PM EST
Providence	WJAR	9:30 PM EST
Worcester	WTAG	9:30 PM EST
Portland, Me.	WCSH	9:30 PM EST
Philadelphia	KYW	9:30 PM EST
Wilmington	WDEL	9:30 PM EST
Baltimore	WFBR	9:30 PM EST
Washington	WRC	9:30 PM EST
Schenectady	WGY	9:30 PM EST
Buffalo	WBEN	9:30 PM EST
Pittsburgh	WCAE	9:30 PM EST
Cleveland	WTAM	9:30 PM EST
Detroit	WWJ	9:30 PM EST
Richmond, Va.	WMBG	9:30 PM EST
Indianapolis	WIRE	8:30 PM CST
Chicago	WMAQ	8:30 PM CST
Minn.-St. Paul	KSTP	8:30 PM CST
St. Louis	KSD	8:30 PM CST
Des Moines	WHO	8:30 PM CST
Omaha	WOW	8:30 PM CST
Kansas City	WDAF	8:30 PM CST
Memphis	WMC	8:30 PM CST
Atlanta	WSB	8:30 PM CST
Birmingham	WAPI	8:30 PM CST
New Orleans	WSMB	8:30 PM CST
Denver	KOA	9:30 PM MST
Salt Lake City	KDYL	9:30 PM MST
San Francisco	KPO	8:30 PM PST
Los Angeles	KFI	8:30 PM PST
Portland, Ore.	KGW	8:30 PM PST
Seattle	KOMO	8:30 PM PST
Spokane	KHQ	8:30 PM PST
*Cincinnati	WLW	6:30 PM EST

*Sunday

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**TRUE STORY COURT
OF HUMAN RELATIONS**
Every **SUNDAY** Afternoon

New York	WOR	Minn.-St. Paul	WDGY
Chicago	WGN	Kansas City	WHB
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Detroit	CKLW	San Diego	KCB
Pittsburgh	WCAE	Stockton	KGDM
Cleveland	WHK	Montorey	KDON
St. Louis	KWK	Santa Ana	KVQE
	El Centro	KXO	

4 p.m. E.S.T.
3 p.m. C.S.T. 1 p.m. P.S.T.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Presenting the cast of Carol Kennedy's Romance: Left to right, Dr. Owen Craig, Kathy Prentice, Dr. Peter Clark, Carol, and Randy.

If you've wondered about the real life girl who portrays the title role of Carol Kennedy on the Heinz Magazine program, the photo at the top of this page will answer your questions, not only about this modern Cinderella but about the other characters who share her air adventures. There is Gretchen Davidson, who plays the title role, and Carleton Young, who portrays the young surgeon with whom Carol is secretly in love. Vivacious Mitzi Gould is Kathy Prentice on the air—glamorous cousin of Carol and, as fiancée of Dr. Craig, barrier between the heroine and the man she loves. In Gene Morgan you see Gary Crandall, bored young-man-about-town, who chooses to play fairy godfather to Carol. Also in the photo are Edwin Jerome, the Dr. Peter Clarke of the story, and Ted Reid who is Randy.

I hope you've noted the above, Mrs. William J. Phillips of Coraopolis, Penn., because it's a special request performance for you. One person you can't see in this picture but who is a very important personage in any play is—the author. She is Marie Blizard, former newspaperwoman, who has been feature editor, fashion director, director of dramatic programs, and now, serial writer.

Frank P. Brown, Roxbury, Mass. — Charlie Henderson is now doing musical backgrounds for motion pictures. Write him in care of Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Paul Whiteman can be reached in care of the sponsors of his Friday night radio program. Subscription price to RADIO MIRROR for two years is \$2.00.

Constance MacNeal, Montreal, Can. — You forgot to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, so I am answering your questions in the column. Houseboat Hannah comes from Station WOR in New York City. Kenneth Carpenter was born in Avon, Ill., August 21, 1900. He is married to his college sweetheart and has one son, age 7 . . . William Farnum was born

July 4, 1876 in Boston, Mass. He still plays supporting and extra roles in pictures, his last appearance being in "Maid of Salem" and "Public Cowboy No. 1." He is a brother of Dustin Farnum. He had one daughter by his first wife, Mrs. Olive White Farnum. His second wife was Mrs. Isabelle Lunds Major.

Miss Edith E. Silver, National City, Calif.—Credit Nashville, Tenn., for the famous southern drawl of Phil Harris. The actor-singer-bandleader spent his boyhood in the southern capital, although he was born in Linton, Ind. on June 24, 1901. His father taught him the fundamentals of music, and Phil started his career as a drummer, playing with the Dixie Syncopaters as a student at Hume Fogg Academy. Ruth Stonehouse of motion pictures heard the Syncopaters and thought they deserved a larger audience. After a nine-months' tour under Miss Stonehouse's sponsorship, Harris left for an engagement at a Honolulu theater. Later, he toured Australia, where he met and married Marcia Ralston, actress. Pinch-hitting for a vocalist who had fallen suddenly ill, Phil was rewarded by inspiration for forming his own orchestra. In motion pictures, Phil has been seen and heard in "So This Is Harris" and "Melody Cruise." On the air, there's been the Jarman Shoe program, and then the Jello hour with Jack Benny.

Antonia Caro, Albany, N. Y.—Russ Morgan climbed to his present popularity from a Scranton coal mine. His dad was a mine foreman in the Pennsylvania anthracite fields, and Russ, in turn, wore miner's cap and dungarees before he donned top-hat and tails. But his father was also a musician and, with the boy's mother, encouraged Russ in his ambitions. Morgan's first job was that of pianist in a Scranton movie. Philadelphia, with a job in Paul Specht's orchestra and marriage, followed. Detroit was next, where Morgan walked into a job when

the musical director in a house where he was engaged walked out twenty minutes before program time. Next come a position with a local radio station, where "Music in the Morgan Manner" began to be talked about. In addition, Morgan made recordings with Joe Venuti. Coming to New York on recording business, he decided to talk things over with Manhattan radio people, who advised him to form a band of his own. He was an arranger for both Victor Herbert and John Philip Sousa. Now is featured on the Johnnie Presents (Philip Morris) program, as you know. . . . Morgan was born in Scranton, April 29, 1904. He is six feet tall, has brown hair, and hazel eyes.

* * *

Miss Irene Toniatti, North Adams, Mass.—Joe Marlin out of the studio is Robert Griffin, who entered radio as a baritone in 1925 after several years of stage experience. He appeared for three years in sponsored playlets over KFWB, then as Bill in Eileen and Bill over CBS, and as the Traveling Troubadour on WOR. He has taken parts in 45 Minutes in Hollywood, March of Time, Roxy Hour and many other shows over the three major networks. He is married to Margaret Fuller, also a radio player. He weighs 180 pounds, has black hair, and misses being a six-footer by just a quarter-inch.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Other circles may be shaken by rumors of recession, but where the fan clubs gather there is only report

of soaring memberships. And this month brought news of the following groups—all looking for more members, even as they try to catch up with the present roll call.

The Jerry Cooper-Frank Parker Harmony Club is well into its second year with over one hundred members. It is a member of the Fan Club Federation. This club publishes "The Tabloid" with club news six times a year. Bessie Shreiar is president, and her address is 45 Barclay Street, Worcester, Mass.

The Ray Heatherton-Jimmy Farrell Bantam-Y Club is over two years old, and is a brother organization to the Cooper-Parker group. Annette J. Shreiar, of the same address as her sister, above, is president.

C. Wilson Maxwell, Commander of the Junior Birdmen of America, is president of a Deanna Durbin Fan Club at Elkins, W. Va.

Nine years old but still welcoming new members is the Rudy Vallee Rooters, 446 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dorothy Yosnow is president, and there is a club paper (monthly) called "Rudyments."

A club in honor of the former page boy who is seeing his ambitions realized is the Bob Gibson Fan Club. Would-be members write Jean Remlin, secretary, of 542 West 48th Street, New York City.

There's a Lulu Belle and Scotty fan club out in Indiana for fans of this popular radio team. Miss Louise Conrad of General Delivery, Gary, Ind., will be glad to hear from prospective members.

Those interested in a Frances Langford Fan Club, write Ed Lally, presi-

dent, of 123 Gore Street, Perth, Ontario, Can.

"Dream Cargoes" is the appropriate name the Ralph Kirbery fan club has given its paper. This club is just one year old, but is growing with each month's anniversary, report is. Its president is Eileen Bushman, Gettysburg, Pa.

The Barry Wood Fan Club has just made its first steps, but Shirley Haberman, president, of 1381 East 98th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., predicts it will be making real strides as it gains in age.

The Jessica Dragonette Club can boast of a 10,000 membership! "We have no dues—the only requirement is support and loyalty to our favorite," says President Mary Galumbus of 1301 Harrison Boulevard, Gary, Ind.

A Valentino-Columbo Memory Club is being formed by Diaz Marinari, 249 Tyler Street, Trenton, N. J. He will be glad to hear from anyone who would like to join him in a memorial group for Rudolph Valentino and Russ Columbo—"two of the greatest stars of all time" in Mr. Marinari's own words.

A Myrt & Marge album is the interesting hobby of Mrs. E. Derickson, 558 West 87 St., Los Angeles, Cal., and she would like to receive a card from all fans of these popular stars . . . just a penny postal, telling her you are a Myrt & Marge fan.

The Don Ameche Fan Club, which is subject of so many inquiries, is still non-existent. Latest letters from fans say attempts have been made to start such a group, but official consent cannot be obtained.

Good luck to all of you—and may this year bring a double offering of success to your stars.



IF IT'S LOVE SHE WANTS...

A girl is mighty foolish to risk "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

NO WONDER BOB STAYS SO IN LOVE WITH YOU! YOUR SKIN'S ALWAYS SO SMOOTH AND LOVELY, EVEN IN ALL THIS COLD. LOOK HOW ROUGH THE WIND MAKES MINE!

MAYBE IT'S NOT JUST THE WIND! PERHAPS YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! BEFORE I CHANGED TO PALMOLIVE, MY SKIN WAS TERRIBLE... DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING. I HAD "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

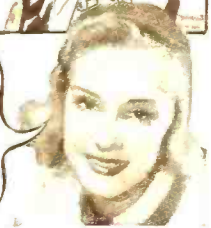
PALMOLIVE SOAP? HOW COULD IT MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. ITS GENTLE LATHER CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO! LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY CLEAR!

SO THAT'S YOUR SECRET! I'M CHANGING TO PALMOLIVE TODAY!



YES! I'M GUARDING MY HAPPINESS! THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)



You'll Attract Men

—with the natural glow that Tangee gives! Men detest painted lips...but thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips. Tangee contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies individual coloring.

Tangee looks orange in the stick...but changes on your lips to warm blush-rose—exactly your shade. Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, no cracking, no chapping. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and \$1.10. For a natural matched appearance, use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.



Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.



Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test. Check Shade of Flesh Rachel Light Rachel Powder Desired

Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ MA48

you see him in the newsreels. It was said gleam which attracted all the attention to him and away from Ben.

* * *

CINCINNATI—Red-heads are always getting into the news, but to WSAI listeners, there's only one—Red Barber! And it's on Red's account that radio service men in the Queen City and vicinity are working overtime these days. Baseball's in the air, and Red will be at the mike for the Cincinnati Reds' opening game.

Red came north from Gainesville, Florida, four years ago, to join WSAI on a purely trial basis. By the end of the first ball game he announced, he'd made good with fans, ball players, and station, and there was no more talk of trials. He's drawn the baseball assignment every year since.

Not only local fans, but national ones, get a chance to enjoy Red's announcing now and then. In 1935 he was one of two who shared the World Series assignment for the Mutual system; in 1936 and 1937, Red called the plays for NBC.

* * *

Clarence Nash, the quiet young man who takes the hysterical role of Donald Duck on the air and in the movies doesn't have much to do around the Disney studio when he isn't recording his voice, so he usually gets the job of escorting visitors through the plant. He shows them the sights, commenting on them in a gentle voice, and being so self-effacing that probably not one visitor in a hundred takes a good look at his face. Then, just as the visitors are leaving the studio, he shouts "good-by" after them in Donald's voice—shutting the door quick so they won't run back and mob him. A quiet young man—but a wag.

* * *

NEW YORK—WOR wouldn't be WOR without a young man who is a station institution—and a vastly popular one, too. Alfred W. McCann, Jr., is only twenty-nine years old, but he has completed more than eleven hundred sponsored hours on the air—all over WOR, Mutual's key station in New York.

McCann was a student at Georgetown University when his father died on January 19, 1931. In spite of his youth and inexperience, he stepped into his father's shoes as head of the McCann Laboratories and as the speaker on the radio program that the elder McCann had already made popular locally. Since then he's been on the air continually, except for brief vacations, doing a full hour period four days a week on WOR.

His program is something homemakers don't want to miss, for he broadcasts the results of experiments on food products, and answers listeners' questions about food. Right now he has twenty-two different sponsors, but before he'll accept the sponsorship of any of them their products must go through more rigid analyses than any others that come to his laboratories.

Just as fixed a fixture as McCann is his announcer, John B. Gambling, whom he calls "Uncle John." Uncle John has been his announcer through-

out the seven years he's been on the air, and he was his father's announcer before him.

* * *

NEW YORK—The Help Thy Neighbor idea is spreading—and that ought to be good news to everybody. You already know, probably, about Hal Styles' Sunday program on KHJ in Los Angeles, in which he interviews unemployed people on the air and gets jobs for them from the listeners. Well, Ruth Gold of New York has the same kind of program, with a different slant.

On WINS, every morning except Sunday from 7:00 to 7:30, Ruth conducts the Employment Agency of the Air. Starting off with a little talk on "The Human Side of Life," she then presents each day a dramatization of some everyday event, designed to inspire new hope in the hearts of the unemployed men and women listening in. But the meat of the program comes later, when she reads the want ads from that day's edition of the newspaper which sponsors her. The paper itself won't be on the streets for several hours, and listeners to the program have the chance to be first on the scene in applying for the jobs—which is the explanation for the broadcast's slogan: "Get tomorrow's job today."

* * *

LOS ANGELES—There's something wrong with you if the story of Clover Kerr doesn't make you feel that the world's a better place to live in after you've read it.

Clover Kerr is the originator and star of Bridge Builders on KFWB. She is young, charming and intelligent. Ever since last March, when she was in a dreadful accident, she has had no legs and no right arm. Yet she says she is one of the happiest young women alive—and looks it.

Before her accident, Clover had no intention of being a radio star. She was a photo colorist in a Los Angeles studio, and happy in her work. Then came the night when a speeding automobile and a freight train took their toll.

Lying in the hospital, Clover took stock of her future. She could let it lick her, or she could lick it. She chose the latter course. She refused to look ahead with horror in her heart. Instead, she told herself that now, for the first time, she had something really big to live for—the opportunity of proving that even with her handicaps she could still carve out a useful and happy life for herself. In a few short months, that is just what she has done.

Her radio work came about by accident. A KFWB star visited her in the hospital, and out of that visit grew the idea that she might go on the air and try to pass on to others some of the courage and cheerfulness that made life possible for her. Now she writes and presents a daily quarter-hour called Bridge Builders, an inspiring program of youthful philosophy, wit and wisdom. She is already sponsored, at a comfortable salary which makes it possible for her to continue to be self-supporting. Her gravest worry, at first, was that she

might be a burden upon her parents and brother.

Before her accident, she played the piano—and she still plays, with one hand. There are many great compositions written for the left hand alone, and Clover hopes to master them all. Every night she writes her program, working often until two o'clock in the morning.

* * *

Just about the proudest achievement of Cincinnati's WLW is the fourteen-voice choir which sings for the Vocal Varieties program you hear on NBC-Red every Tuesday and Thursday at 7:15. It isn't a pretentious show, this Vocal Varieties, but you'd go a long way to find another that's as unique.

William Stoess, WLW musical director, and Grace Raine, vocal director, lead these fourteen human voices which blend so perfectly that no musical instrument is ever used on the show. Musical authorities would say that it's impossible to blend the three distinct groups which make up the choir—and perhaps they'd be right, except that the Vocal Varieties singers rehearse twenty hours for each fifteen-minute broadcast.

The Varieties singers imitate the sounds of different musical instruments, but they do so with words, rather than with syllables, as the Mills Brothers used to do. In this unusual vocal "orchestra," the de Vore sisters take the place of violins and reed instruments; "The Smoothies"—Babs, Charlie, and Little—are the "hot" section of the orchestra which supplies all the embellishments; and

eight masculine singers imitate saxophones and brass.

* * *

Yasha Davidoff, who pops up every now and then as guest soloist on your favorite classical-music broadcasts, is an American who four years ago, couldn't speak English. Born in New York, this young basso went to Russia with his parents when he was five. The revolution sent the family out of Russia and into Harbin, China. Yasha grew up, determined to make a home for himself and his parents in the United States, and four years ago he landed in Seattle broke and unable to speak English. In three days he had a job singing on a Seattle station.

Through sheer determination, he got to New York, singing in each town he visited long enough to get money to move on to the next. In New York, he sang at the Metropolitan, and then returned to Los Angeles for an appearance in "Il Trovatore" at the Hollywood Bowl, last summer, getting rave notices from the critics.

* * *

This month's Show-must-go-on story comes from the direction of Al Pearce. For several weeks Al continued to put on his show in spite of the fact that he was suffering from something that was a lot worse than an ordinary cold. Wouldn't go see a doctor, because he was afraid he'd be sent to bed. Finally his eyes began to smart, and one Tuesday afternoon he had to visit a doctor whether he wanted to or not. It was a good thing, too, because the flu, or what-

ever it was, had attacked his eyes, and the doctor told him if he'd waited another two or three hours for treatment, he probably would never have been able to see again. Al appeared on his show that night, but paddled off to bed right after it.

* * *

So many people are finding it impossible to forget "Resurrection," which Boris Karloff read on a Rudy Vallee program, and which RADIO MIRROR was extremely proud to publish last month, that we asked its author, Horace Brown, to write his autobiography for us. Here it is—to quote his own words, as much of his life as he would care to see in print.

"Born in Cobalt, North Ontario, in the middle of the 'Silver rush,' September 28, 1908. This made me a 'Silver Baby,' but it's not the reason I have been sometimes called 'Small Change.' . . . Name? Horace Brown. There's another Christian name, but it's so un-Christian I never use it. . . .

"Occupations? Eight years a newspaperman, in which time I managed to get fired off some of the best papers in Canada. Wandered into radio four years ago, and it's still got me in its clutches. Am now script editor for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. . . . Hobbies? Playing with eight-months-old baby, Myrna, and trying to prevent wife, Lorraine, from removing said Myrna from all danger of being squeezed to death. . . . Remarks? So many people ask me about 'Resurrection' I would like to answer as follows: It was written during a lunch-hour, but it had been running through my mind for three weeks previously."

23



and no sign of "middle aising"?

23



DON'T LET THE BEST YEARS FOR MARRIAGE SLIP BY!

Here are some suggestions...

No matter what your age, remember: romance comes to girls with charm. If it seems to pass you by, you may be neglecting charm's first essential . . . remember it is *daintiness* that wins.

Avoid Offending

Just one hint of "undie odor" is enough to spoil any romance. Don't risk it! Lux undies every night!

Lux takes away all odor—protects your daintiness. Saves colors, too. Avoid soap with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. These wear out delicate things too fast. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Protect daintiness—Lux lingerie daily

Best years for marriage:

Figures based on 60,000 marriages show that most girls marry in their early 20's—58% before they are 24. However, women who are truly charming can marry at any age.



What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 4)

She makes the fifteen minutes away from housewifery truly the pause that refreshes.

IRENE GERHART, Pocatello, Idaho

THIRD PRIZE
It's Getting Her Goat!

I've always enjoyed the daily episode sort of programs, but lately announcers are spoiling it for me by the "home-work" assignment they always make at the end. After every episode, regardless of whether it's adventure, pathos or comedy, the announcer invariably exclaims, "Well! What will So-and-So do now? Will the villain throw him out of the house? Or will little Janie pay off the mortgage in time? Listen in tomorrow," etc., etc.

I have heard this spiel so often lately, from morning until night, that it's getting my goat. Who decided the American public needs a schoolboy's assignment to keep alive our interest, anyway?

MRS. ANDREW RABNERR,
Doylestown, Penna.

FOURTH PRIZE
We've Missed You, Molly

When a radio star is absent from a Class A program for several weeks, that absence is really felt by us listeners. Molly McGee has not been heard for some time with Fibber on their program, each Monday night, and, gosh, I for one miss her. Fibber must be given lots of credit for making their programs truly enjoyable during Molly's absence, but just as soon as she returns, everything will be back to normal. Her characters are missing—those she alone created—and not hearing them has taken a little of the spark away.

Please, Molly, as soon as possible, return to your program. We've all missed you.

IDELLE KAPLAN, St. Paul, Minn.

FIFTH PRIZE
We Take a Bow

I have read all kinds of opinions on radio broadcasts but as yet have seen

nothing in regard to "radio broadcasts." I think they're great, especially for the fellow who hasn't a radio. However, they're very interesting even if you have a radio. So here's hoping for more "radio broadcasts."

C. C. MANNING, Sask., Canada

SIXTH PRIZE

Do You Know Your Alphabet?

He's got what it takes from A to Z. My favorite comedian he'll always be. A brilliantly clever, delightfully entertaining fellow—

Generous, humble, idealistic. Journalists knowing

Lovable Maestro notify omnipotent public quizzically,

Romantic sophisticate talks urbanely, volubly, with

X-uberantly youthful zeal.

Who?—why, BEN BERNIE, of course!

ELEANOR MERRIAM, Chicago, Ill.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Less Ballyhoo, Hollywood!

Hollywood should be congratulated for its effort to bring via the airwaves first class entertainment into the homes of countless millions. It is a pleasure to listen to topnotch actresses and actors go through their paces. But the cinema people made one big mistake. They could not overlook the golden opportunity to plug their stars and forthcoming stupendous-supercolossal pictures. If not overdone, this would not be objectionable. In fact, it could hardly be avoided entirely. When radio becomes a bandwagon for Hollywood ballyhoo instead of a medium of entertainment, things have gone too far.

CHESTER BORKOWSKI, Cleveland, O.

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 Feb. 28, 1938.

FRANCISKA GAAL IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE BUCCANEER"
A CECIL B. DE MILLE PRODUCTION



PARAMOUNT'S NEW STAR
Franciska Gaal
CHOOSES THIS
MAKE-UP

LIKE famous screen stars, you, too, will find that the color harmony shades of face powder, rouge and lipstick originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, will bring amazing new beauty to you. Note the coupon for special make-up test.



★ THE POWDER...

Created in original shades to beautify screen star types, this face powder will impart a lovely satin-smooth make-up that will be unusually flattering to your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder...\$1.00.



★ THE ROUGE...

Rouge must be the right red... a harmonizing shade that is lifelike. So Max Factor created color harmonys for blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead... to dramatize each type. The Rouge... 50¢.



★ THE LIPSTICK...

In Hollywood, lip make-up must look perfect for hours, so you can depend upon Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick to withstand every test. It's moisture-proof, too. Max Factor's Lipstick...\$1.00.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

★ Mail for POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK in Your COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood
Send this Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sample in my color harmony shade, also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 36-page Illustrated Instruction Book "The New Art of Sensy Make-Up" FREE

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Very Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Very Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>

25-4-37

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____



Kay and Buddy Arnold are brother and sister and have been on the air for two and one-half years. You hear them on New York's WMCA.

Follow the Moon

(Continued from page 39)

one of their cow hands when I showed up. I read the service for him, and they called me the Parson because of that.

"I don't blame them for being suspicious. They didn't know me and my red beard made me look pretty villainous, I guess. But, they gave me the dead man's job. I'd been working there a few days when I ran into the rustlers at work. I was riding range by myself, and I caught them branding one of our steers. They ran when they saw me, and I got off my horse and had just picked up their branding iron when a bullet whizzed past me. I looked up, and there, up on the bluff, were a couple of the men from the ranch, shooting at me. They thought I was one of the rustlers, of course. They weren't in any mood to argue, so I jumped on my horse and beat it. And that was how the Parson business started."

BUT wasn't there any way to clear yourself?"

"There would have been—except that a few days later, before I'd had a chance to explain, a fellow that looked a lot like me held up some mail near the California state line and killed the clerk. When I walked into a postoffice to mail my letter the first thing I saw was the poster advertising a reward for me, with the picture of me. I got out of that place as fast as I could."

"But Clay—why didn't you go to the authorities and tell them the

truth? It was the only thing to do." "Who'd have believed me? I didn't have any alibi. Nobody knew where I was when the mail coach was held up. I don't have any faith in courts and lawyers—all they want is to get a conviction. No, the only thing for me to do was keep out of the way. And that's what I'm going to do—until I catch the man that shot my father."

JEAN started to protest. But there was something happening in the hall, outside the door. She heard the murmur of excited voices, hurried steps. The door flew open, and Callie burst into the room.

"Miss Jean, Miss Jean—come quick! It's yo' daddy! They just brought him home from the office—he done had a stroke!"

In the dreadful week which followed, Clay—who in the face of her troubles said no more about leaving—was Jean's only bulwark against a world which had suddenly turned upside down. Fred Page lived only one day after he was brought back to his home. Thanks to Clay, it was not until later, when the shock of her father's death had become a numbness in her heart instead of a tearing pain, that Jean learned the full details of the tragedy.

Bart Reid—the man she had been about to marry, the man her father trusted—had for months systematically been embezzling funds from all the Page business interests. All the

money he stole had gone to profitless ventures in the stock market. At last the day came when he could no longer conceal his theft from Page. Overwhelmed by the knowledge that his friend had betrayed him, realizing that what remained of his fortune must go to pay the investors from whom Reid had stolen, Page succumbed to a heart attack. Reid, to escape arrest, committed suicide.

It was two days after the funeral, and Mr. Tetlow, the manager of the Page bank, had just left, after telling Clay and Jean the full extent of the losses. One thing Jean was insisting upon—the business associates and the investors who had entrusted their money to Fred Page must be paid in full; and once that was done, she would have only a few thousands left.

WELL," she said, trying to smile, "that's that."

"I'm sorry, Jean," Clay said, "—for everything. I wish there was something I could do."

Something he could do! Jean thought with a sudden pang of longing. He could take her in his arms, kiss her, comfort her. But she put the thought resolutely aside. Clay didn't love her. There was only one purpose in his life—to find the man who was responsible for his father's crippled condition. She said only:

"You've done so much already—these last few days—"

He made a gesture of dismissal.



"GIRLS CAN LEARN from our movie romances", says BOOTS MALLORY, Star of Grand National Pictures—"hands are important. Though the cold tends to roughen a girl's hands, I keep mine smooth and soft for my 'big' scenes."

"SOFT, SMOOTH HANDS ARE ROMANTIC" ... says Boots Mallory
(Grand National Pictures Star)



BOOTS MALLORY with ERIC LINDEN in "Here's Flash Casey"—a Grand National success

Why Lotion that GOES IN soon overcomes Roughness, Redness and Chapping

WIND, COLD AND WATER DRY the beauty-protecting moisture out of your skin. Then your hands easily roughen, look old and red. But you easily replace that lost moisture with Jergens Lotion which effectively goes into the parched skin. It goes in best of all lotions tested.

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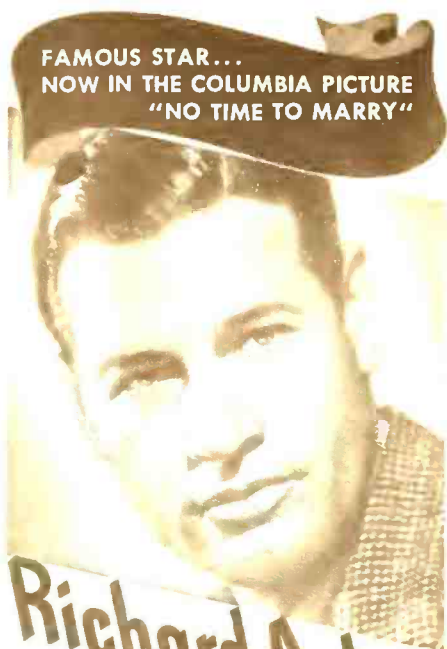


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NOW IN THE COLUMBIA PICTURE
"NO TIME TO MARRY"

Richard Arlen

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Moths starve to death on Larvex-sprayed fabrics. That's why a thorough spraying with Larvex is the safeguard advised by scientists and used in famous movie studios.

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GET THE DIRT... THEN
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SPRAY LARVEX
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G-E CLEANER
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DEALER IS
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Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions with proper care. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 15 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated booklet: "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." O. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 580, Providence, R. I.

"What are you going to do now?"
"I hadn't thought. I'll close this house, of course, and sell whatever I can at auction. And then—I still have the Moonstone. I hope I don't have to sell it." Her eyes filled with tears. "Dad loved it so—better than any place in the world."

For a few minutes they sat silently staring into the embers of the library fire. Outside, though it was midsummer, a cold San Francisco fog blanketed everything in its clammy folds.

"There's one other thing," Clay said abruptly. "Do you remember the hour or so, on the night after they brought your father home, when you left me to watch him while you rested? As soon as you left the room he asked for a pencil and paper. He said he wanted to write you a letter, for me to give to you after—after everything was over. He—didn't have strength enough to finish it. But here it is."

HE produced a folded piece of paper from his pocket and held it out to her. Tears blurred Jean's eyes as she read:

"My darling Jean: The heritage that I had hoped to pass on to you, has been wiped out. I can only take comfort from the knowledge that you will always have the love and devotion of Callie and the splendid friendship of Clay Bannister. Without fear, I entrust you to them. Now, for what may turn out to be my only important legacy to you. At the bank you will find a safety deposit box in your name. It contains, among a few other items, a deed to the Moonstone Ranch. It is well named, Jean—as you will discover if you follow the moon. No matter what sacrifices you have to make—never give up the Moonstone, for there, with the information and instructions that I now set down, you will find—"

She looked up. "But he never finished it!" Clay took the sheet of paper and read it rapidly.

"What could he have meant?" Jean asked when he had finished.

"There's just one thing it can mean," Clay said. "There's something up there at the Moonstone that only your Dad knew about—a mine, or something of the sort—and in order to find it we have to—"

"To 'follow the moon'—whatever that means! Clay—I'd like to try to figure it out!"

With satisfaction Clay saw that for the first time in a week Jean had stirred from the lethargy of sadness which had gripped her at her father's death. "If only—" she began, and stopped. Then she threw aside her resolution to let Clay go his own way. "If only," she said, "you'll help me."

He reached over and gripped both her small hands in one of his. "You know I will," he said simply.

In a week they were installed at the Moonstone, with Callie and Wing, the Page's wizened little Chinese house-boy. As "Miss Jean's" husband, it was safe enough for Clay to be seen in Bristow, and after he had set up a pair of tents for his use and Wing's, he spent several days in town, listening to the gossip of old-timers in the country in the hope of discovering a clue to the Moonstone's secret. For several days he was completely unsuccessful, but at last he stumbled across an old prospector named Jim Turtle, who had been a friend of Briz Thompson, the owner of the Moonstone before Page had bought it.

Jim was a laconic and reticent character, but he took a liking to Clay, and finally admitted that old Briz, dead now for many years, had occasionally hinted that the Moonstone was more than it appeared to be on the surface. More than that, though, he either could or would not tell.

CLAY returned to the Moonstone in discouragement. But the sight of Jean's shining face, as she greeted him at the door of the cabin, told him that something important had happened in his absence.

"I've found something!" she cried. "Callie and I were cleaning out all the junk that's been piled up in the shed—and I found this!"

She held out a tattered old notebook, its corners chewed by mice, its green leather cover faded and discolored. Clay stared at it uncomprehendingly.

"It's Briz Thompson's old notebook!" Jean said in triumph, "and it's simply filled with things he wrote down. I haven't had time to read it all yet, but I'm sure there must be something in it that will tell us what



Good Gulf and Jello Again, in person. Not to be outdone by Phil Baker's accordion playing, Jack Benny makes it a duet with his violin.

to do next towards solving the mystery."

But an hour later, after they had carefully read every word in the book, Jean's happy excitement had faded. After all, the book was worthless—filled with records of expenditures for food and supplies, remarks on the weather, memoranda of bets old Briz had made with other prospectors—all quite commonplace and ordinary.

"Maybe," faltered Jean, "there just isn't any secret of the Moonstone. Maybe we're on a wild-goose chase."

And Clay could think of no words of reassurance.

THEIR gloomy reverie was interrupted by a sudden scream of rage from the kitchen, followed by the eruption of Callie. In her hand she held a large ham—or rather, half of a large ham, for it had been cut in two lengthwise. She brandished it at them like a war club.

"Dat heathen Chinaman goes, Miss Jean, or Ah goes!" she shouted. "He done stole half of a blueberry pie yesterday, an' now here he's gone an' taken half of mah ham—plumb ruined it, too! Nasty, thievin' little tyke!"

Wing, summoned to the house, stoutly maintained he had had nothing to do with the disappearance either of the pie or the ham.

He glanced at his mistress out of the corners of his slant eyes.

"Mebbe so Fan-quai take pie, take ham," he suggested softly.

Callie snorted in disgust. "Fankay! Fankay Wing, dat's who took 'em!" "What's Fan-quai, Wing?" Clay asked. "A turkey buzzard?"

"Fan-quai Chinese ghost," the little man told him. "Fan-quai live in hills

back of cabin. Wing see him."

"Nonsense, Wing," Jean said sharply.

"Oh yes, Missy Jean," Wing assured her. "Wing see him."

When Callie and Wing had gone, Jean turned to Clay and laughed nervously. "It's all nonsense, of course," she said, "but—do you suppose there can be somebody near here that we don't know about?"

"I don't know," said Clay gravely, "but I'm going to find out."

But Clay was not to carry out that promise, for the next morning, as they sat at breakfast, Sheriff McGill came up to the Moonstone and arrested Clay for robbery and murder.

At first Jean was stunned. It had all happened so suddenly. They had seen the Sheriff riding toward the cabin, and she and Clay had gone out to greet him; and after a few embarrassed words of greeting, just as she was beginning to realize something was wrong, he had suddenly rattled out, "I arrest you, Clay Bannister, alias the Parson, in the name of the state of California." And almost before she knew what had happened, the two of them were riding off down the trail to Bristow.

LATER, shock gave way to the deepest remorse. What fools she and Clay had been to suppose that he was safe from arrest, simply because he was posing as her husband! Or had she been the only fool? In a flash of intuition she realized that Clay had known all along the risk he had been running, and had said nothing because he wanted to be near her and help her.

She had almost no money, but

somehow she must get Clay a lawyer. It was inconceivable that an innocent man could be found guilty—but on the other hand, the evidence against him was strong, and he would need a good lawyer to see him through.

She went straight to Bristow to Judge Roberts, her father's old friend, and told him the whole story, holding back nothing, not even the fact that she and Clay were not married. That, she knew, would come out in the trial anyway. When she had finished, the white-haired old judge said without hesitation: "Orin Barkis's your man. Best lawyer in town, and if you and Mr. Bannister can convince him Bannister's innocent, he'll take your case."

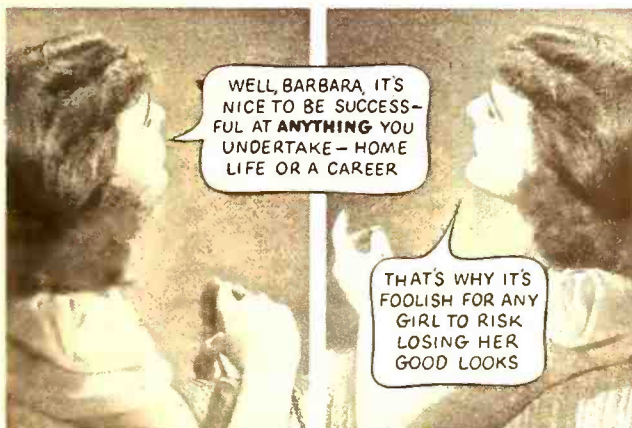
WHEN she called on Barkis in the hardware store he owned and operated, she felt a sudden sinking of the heart. Barkis certainly didn't look like a good lawyer. He was old and soft-spoken and kind, but he admitted that the practice of law was just a sideline with him, and that the last case he'd tried had been in 1918.

"Mostly when a man's put up for trial, he's guilty," he explained, "and I won't defend a man that's guilty. That's the reason I ain't practiced much lately. But if this boy of yours is innocent you don't need to worry any more."

And there, despite Jean's misgivings, the matter rested. She brought Callie and Wing down to Bristow, and the three of them stayed there in the hotel, waiting for the trial. Justice in Bristow was not slow in getting started, but the two weeks before the trial began seemed endless to her. Every day she went to



—said pretty little Barbara B. **HERE'S WHAT MADGE EVANS REPLIED**



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The quick, convenient way to make the fluttering curls you admire. No heat... no lotions... no skill necessary. Just a few minutes and a few Solo Curlers.



RED TOP 5c EACH

SOLD AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

see Clay, in the jail, trying desperately to cheer him up, but it was a hopeless task. Locked up in a dark cell, all of Clay's courage seemed to have left him. He tried to put a brave face on matters, but in his mind he had already been convicted and executed.

"All any judge wants is a conviction," he said once, bitterly.

"Clay!" she said, holding out her hands to him. "There is such a thing as justice! I believe in you, and..."

Her words trailed off into silence as she looked into his eyes and saw there such a loneliness, such a despair, that she turned faint with pity. Justice! She knew, in that instant, that he was thinking of his father, and of how his injury would go unavenged if the jury brought in the verdict of guilty.

A moment more, and he had dropped his eyes and turned away.

BY the time the nightmare of a trial began, Jean was pale and thin from sleeplessness. She knew now that Clay meant more to her than anything in the world—and she had unwittingly been the instrument of his destruction!

The prosecution took three days to present its evidence, and long before those three days were ended, Jean had lost what little confidence she had in Barkis. He made no effort to cross-examine witnesses—simply sat in his chair, whittling on a piece of wood. He had an assistant counsel, who was worse than he was—a young man, little more than a boy, who was just out of law school.

The morning of the fourth day, when the defense was to open its case, dawned hot and sticky. Jean could scarcely drag her feet up the worn steps of the courthouse. The courtroom was already crowded, but her seat had been saved for her. She sank into it and looked around for Barkis just as the bailiff rapped for order and the judge entered.

Barkis was not in the room.

Incredulously, she heard the stammering words of the young assistant counsel, as he rose and informed the court that Barkis had been called out

of town on business, and that he himself would continue the case. The boy was so frightened he could scarcely talk. He turned to the jury and made an attempt to outline his defense, but he was obviously so fumbling and incompetent that nearly every word he spoke sent a ripple of laughter around the room.

All that terrible morning Jean sat huddled in her chair, watching the already slight chance that Clay would be acquitted dwindle away to nothing. The trial had become a farce, a ghastly, tragi-comic farce. Even Clay's appearance on the stand, his brief recital of the truth, carried little weight when it was placed against the background of that dreadful boy's incompetency, his halting speeches, his mumbled words of defense.

White-faced and trembling, she watched Clay step down from the witness stand, contemptuously dismissed by a prosecuting attorney who knew that none of his questions could be more damning than the evidence already presented.

Now it seemed that counsel for the defense had no further witnesses to call. Nothing in substantiation of Clay's story, no one to contradict the witnesses who had identified him as the man who held up the mail coach.

"Since the defense has no further witnesses, let the prosecution proceed with its summation," said the judge.

JEAN watched the prosecuting attorney rise to his feet, saw him smile at the jury as if to say, "You and I know this case is really over now," saw Clay's tense face, his eyes turned away from her. She saw all these things. But back of them all, rising against the sky until it blotted out the sunlight, she saw high gray walls of stone and steel—prison walls, for Clay.

Is Jean losing Clay without even the chance to learn if he loves her, because the law demands recompense—even, if necessary, from the innocent? Read the final instalment's dramatic answer, in the May issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Can Radio Rescue Robert Taylor?

(Continued from page 37)

Taylor, dazed by his good luck and not quite believing it; awed and impressed by all that was being done to and for him, obeyed orders without question or protest.

He got to be a star. It came suddenly. He made "Society Doctor," "Magnificent Obsession," "Small Town Girl"—and he was made, himself.

I don't think he realized it, back there in the early part of 1936, when the box office began to tell its story of this new "find." Recalling something that happened one morning while he was working in "The Gorgeous Hussy," quite a while after M-G-M had torn up his old contract and had given him a new, four-figured one, I am sure of it.

It seems he wanted to use a telephone and was inquiring around on the set as to where he could find one.

"Haven't you a phone in your dressing room?" a publicity man asked him.

He looked surprised. "Why, no." The publicity man was laconic.

"Crawford has one."

"Of course. But she's a star." The other grinned. "So are you, my lad. Haven't you heard?"

I shall never forget the sheepish, pleased, incredulous look that came over Bob's face. Of course he had thought about this miraculous thing that was happening to him. Of course he knew he had done pretty well for himself. But I don't think until that moment he realized its whole significance.

Shortly after this, though, it must have been brought home to him with a vengeance. He began to be mobbed in public, at previews, premieres, the races and such. He went to Washington with Jean Harlow, to attend the President's ball and almost had the clothes torn off him one night in New York.

Yes, Bob probably thought he was sitting on top of the world last August. But maybe he didn't have his fingers crossed, because—

He went to England, via New York,

and the New York press had its Roman holiday at his expense.

Bob, who had never known anything but friendliness and respect from the Los Angeles newspaper boys and was therefore entirely unprepared for what happened, was fair game for the New Yorkers.

THEY let him have it with both barrels. The fact that it was they and not he who had sought the interview meant nothing. The handsome, dashing Robert Taylor had come to town and they were going to show him they weren't impressed. They pounced upon him like buzzards. They asked him if he had hair on his chest. They asked him how it felt to be handsome. They asked him if he adored his good looks. They asked him what kind of pajamas he wore. They were sharp and nasty.

They should have been punched in the nose. But Bob had been told by his studio to be decent to the press. And there was the devil to pay.

Imperceptibly, but surely, almost before he had docked in Southampton, that fickle friend known as public opinion began to change toward him. True, he was mobbed by fans at Waterloo station and other places in England. True, the English press (and with far more dignity and consideration than their New York brothers) sought him out and "put his name in the paper." True, people—at least some people—still went to see his pictures. But the box office, that great and ultimate gauge of a screen star's popularity, began to look askance at young Bob Taylor.

It wasn't his fault. It was just one of those things.

What could he do? Nothing, except what he did do. . . . Go ahead according to plan and make his English picture, "A Yank at Oxford" and afterward see some of the sights of Europe as anyone would want to do on his first trip overseas. . . . And then come home to face a situation neither he nor anyone could fully analyze. Six months before he had been a top star. Now—no one knew just where he stood.

I talked to Bob shortly after his return. "I'm going to do some broadcasts," he said, "on the Good News program."

That was all, but he squared his shoulders a little, as if accepting a challenge—and now I know he was. . . .

I attended the first broadcast on which he "emcee-ed;" heard him do his stuff before the microphone; saw him engineer the countless managerial details which are an "emcee's" chore. I could see he was nervous—no, scared. His clear, alert voice was taut, his face white. And his hand, as he shifted his script, sometimes trembled. I wondered about that. He had done many broadcasts before this. Strange that he was upset now.

But, you see, I didn't know everything. A day or so later I saw a little piece in a trade paper.

"Ed Gardner," it said, "producer of the (Good News) air show is planning to use Robert Taylor as emcee. . . . to nullify the recent injudicious publicity that has adversely affected his pull at the box office. Gardner will . . . let him disport in a fashion to repudiate the stories of his 'pretty boy' proclivities. Those who know Taylor say he's regular all the way and Metro is eager to have him dispel all other popular impressions. . . ."

So that is the reason he was upset at the Good News broadcast. He was on trial, perhaps with his future at stake. And that is the story of the broadcast with Robert Taylor as "emcee." The story of a young chap who didn't ask to be a screen star in the first place and then, when he got to be one anyway, was pushed out of his high place by a set of circumstances which were no doing of his. . . .

AND who is trying now to prove, in spite of appearances, that he really is a person you'd like if you met him. Who is trying to prove that—through radio, because it offers the only way he can talk to people. In the movies, he always plays a part. The newspapers have already made up their minds about what sort of a guy he is. But in radio he can be himself. He can come into your home almost as he would in person.

Radio, the most democratic of all the modern arts, has given Bob the chance to step down off that hateful pedestal of injudicious publicity, and be himself. Which is all he wants to be, or needs to be, to make his detractors forget their prejudices.

Not that he is through with pictures. He will go on, of course, no matter how his "emceeing" turns out, and will no doubt continue to do well enough, because he is conscientious and capable and talented. Except that well enough in the case of a star as big as Robert Taylor, just isn't well enough. Through radio, he can make that "well enough" so much finer and better—besides gaining the deep inner satisfaction of proving that he can take it, and come up smiling. Here's to his new career!

New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin" does More than Ever for your skin

TODAY something new is possible in beauty creams! A thing not dreamed of only a few years ago!

One of the vitamins has been found to be a special aid to the skin. This vitamin is now known to heal wounds and ugly burns—quicker! It even prevents infections in wounds!

And this "skin-vitamin" you are now getting in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

You have always used Pond's Vanishing Cream for melting away skin flakiness and making skin smooth for powder. Now this famous cream brings added benefits.

Use it as you always have. After a few weeks, just see how much better your skin looks—clearer, fresher!

In Pond's Vanishing Cream,

this precious "skin-vitamin" is now carried right to the skin. It nourishes the skin! This is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin beauty.

Same Jars . . . Same Labels . . . Same Price

Get a jar of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream tomorrow. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Women who have tried it say they're "just crazy" about it.



Melts Roughness
Holds Powder



"Always a grand softener and powder base . . .
NOW A
NOURISHING
CREAM, TOO!"
The Countess de la Falaise

The Countess de la Falaise

says: "I've always felt I couldn't do without Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and overnight. Now, it's simply magical. In 3 weeks it has made my skin seem finer, livelier!"

SEND FOR THE
NEW CREAM!
Test it in
9 Treatments

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

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BISSELL

The really better sweeper
Grand Rapids, Mich.



'Tain't Funny, McGee

(Continued from page 40)

FIBBER: Sure I see him.
TEENY: He's the man that sells the ice cream bars, I betcha.
FIBBER: Well, what about him, sis?
TEENY: Hmmm?
FIBBER: I say, what about him?
TEENY: He sells 'em for a nickel, I betcha.
FIBBER: Well, what of it?
(Silence)
TEENY: Hmmm?
FIBBER: (Yelling) I sez. WHAT OF IT? HOW DOES IT AFFECT ME?
TEENY: If it affects you like it does me, we'd both have one, I betcha.
FIBBER: Ahem! Okay sis, it's black-mail, but I'll pay. Here's a nickel for you. Now run along and don't bother me anymore.
TEENY: Thanks mister. (Voice fades in distance) Hey look kids, a nickel. I found another sucker!
FIBBER: Ahem. Er . . . witty little tyke, Molly. Nothing I like better'n a battle of wits.
MOLLY: That's generous of you, seeing as how you're practically unarmed. Come on, here's the restaurant.
(We hear the door open and close)
FIBBER: Hello sis. Will you take our order?
WAITRESS: Sure, what'll you have?
FIBBER: What's good?
WAITRESS: Ham.
FIBBER: The sign sez ham and eggs. . . .
WAITRESS: . . . You asked me what was good!
FIBBER: Oh. How's your coffee?
WAITRESS: That all depends . . . How's your stomach?
FIBBER: Make it root beer.
MOLLY: Quiet McGee. I'll take some ham and eggs, dearie.
WAITRESS: Okay. . . . And the same for your grandfather?
MOLLY: Granfa . . . ? SAY, that's me husband!
(And Ted Weems and his boys cut in to play "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen")
Now we find Fibber McGee and Molly just entering a building in Palm Springs. Molly has gotten an idea that. . . . But let's hear what they're saying.
FIBBER: I tell you Molly, I ain't sick and I ain't goin' to no hospital.
MOLLY: 'Tain't no hospital, McGee. It's one of them health buildin' places. If yer goin' in pictures ye gotta look fit, and this here's where all the movie stars come. I read the advertisement.
FIBBER: But what started all this?
MOLLY: That waitress, thinking yer wuz me grandfather. And no wonder. Look at ye, ye look like you had a spare tire around yer middle!
FIBBER: Shucks Molly . . .
MOLLY: And yer shoulders. From the back you look like a pop bottle. Why, yer hips is twice as wide as yer shoulders.
FIBBER: Well, I don't sit on me shoulders! . . . ahem. I sez. . . .
MOLLY: 'Tain't funny, McGee. Come on, here's the doctor.
FIBBER: Hello Bud, you the croaker? I mean, you the doctor?
Doc: Yes, you need an operation! Step right in please.
FIBBER: Hey, wait a minute. You ain't even examined me yit.
Doc: If I examine you before I operate on you, the fee will be two dollars more.
MOLLY: Listen mister, me husband

Relieve Baby's Cough

the
Moist-Throat
Way!



WHEN you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough. Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out

their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief



USE MERCOLIZED WAX
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don't want no operation. He's just a little run down.

Doc: Hmmm. Looks more like he's been run over and wrecked. I advise you to sell him for junk or trade him in on a new one.

FIBBER: Hey, what is this, a used car lot?

Doc: Oh, pardon me . . . Used to be in the business . . . quite forgot myself. Let's see . . . examination. What's your circulation?

MOLLY: Daily or Sunday?

FIBBER: Quiet Molly. What say, Doc?

Doc: How's your pulse? . . . Let's see. Oh yes, very irregular.

MOLLY: That's his watch! Try the other wrist!

Doc: Oh yes. Where were you vaccinated?

FIBBER: In Peoria.

Doc: No. I mean, on the arm or on the leg?

FIBBER: If I remember right, doc, it was on the cuff.

Doc: Hmmm. Open your mouth please, I want to look in.

FIBBER: Ahhhh.

Doc: Wider.

FIBBER: Ahhhhhhh!

Doc: Wider!

FIBBER: Ahhhh . . . AWKKK . . .

Gulp! . . . Hey, do you wanna look in . . . or climb in?

Doc: Oh yes. Now I'll measure your chest.

MOLLY: If ye can find it.

Doc: Yes. Let's see, normal chest, 29 inches. Now expand please.

FIBBER: (Taking in air) Ugggle . . .

Doc: Now I'll measure again . . . Hmmm, that's funny.

MOLLY: What's funny?

Doc: Now it's only 28 1/2!!

FIBBER: Well, I expand on the inside Doc. Never wuz one to show off.

Doc: I don't think you know how to breathe.

FIBBER: I ought'a. I've been practicing for 49 years.

Doc: I see. Do you smoke much?

MOLLY: Oh no. A couple of packages of cigarettes a day. And maybe a dozen cigars. The rest of the time he smokes a pipe.

Doc: He doesn't need a doctor . . . He needs a chimney sweep!

FIBBER: Ahem . . . What's that you got hangin' around yer neck, doc?

Doc: That's a stethoscope.

FIBBER: Can you get Ted Weems and his orchestra on it?

Doc: Sure.

(And the boys play "You're a Sweetheart," with Perry Como on the vocal)

Well, Fibber and Molly finally got away from the doctor and we find them now, rolling along the highway just outside of Hollywood.

MOLLY: Heavenly days, McGee, do you realize we're almost there?

FIBBER: Yep Molly. This trip is costing us all our money, but it'll be worth it. I figger we'll have just about thirty-three cents left when we get through payin' our hotel bill.

MOLLY: We have spent a lot of money, McGee. But just think, we'll be movie stars. You know, me Uncle Dennis was an actor. He played in "Three Men on a Horse."

FIBBER: What was he, the harness?

MOLLY: No iggernuts, he wuz a "bit" player.

FIBBER: Ahem . . . 'Tain't funny, Mrs. McGee. You know, Molly, I ought'a practice up some real dramatic speech to give 'em.



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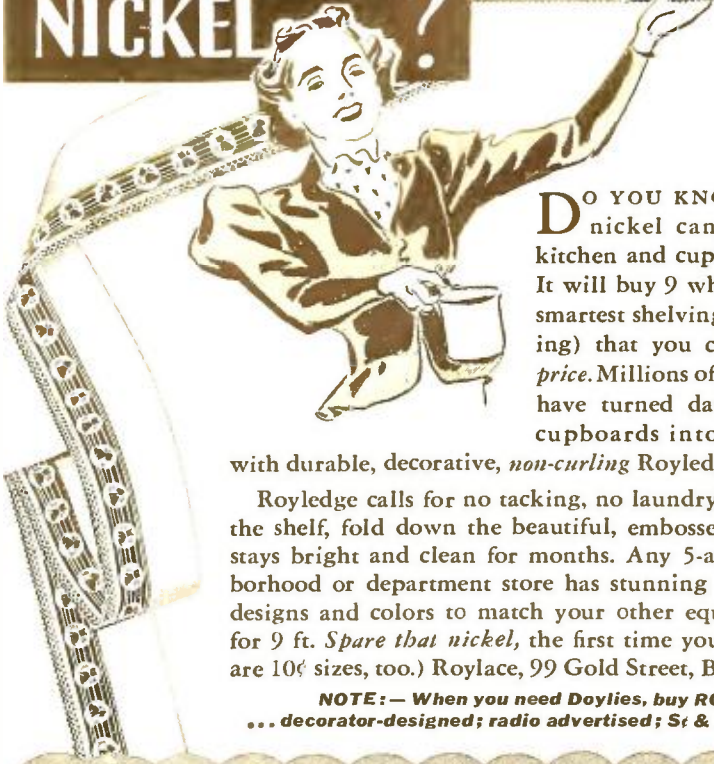
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"FEEL THE EDGE"

MOLLY: How about Napoleon's farewell address to his men?
 FIBBER: That sounds good. How does it go?
 MOLLY: "Men, Farewell!"
 FIBBER: Ahem. I see I'll have to write me own speech. Say, do you think they'll want us to do any dancin' in our first picture? You know, like Astaire and Rogers.
 MOLLY: They may want it like Astaire and Rogers, but they won't git it.
 FIBBER: Shucks Molly, I'm an authority on dancin'. Have you heard about the new Spanish Dance?
 MOLLY: Spanish Dance? How does it go?
 FIBBER: Simple. First you swing to the left, then you swing to the right . . . then you start a revolution! Ahem. Say Molly, look! There's the city limits and . . . look at all the policemen. They musta heard we wuz coming and are givin' us a police escort.
 MOLLY: Heavenly days. Stop the car McGee, one of 'em is pointin' a gun at us!
 (We hear the screech of brakes)
 COP: Okay, you two, don't start any shootin'. Put your hands up and come out peaceful.
 FIBBER: Say Bud, what is this?
 COP: Don't give us that. We know you're Fanny and Canny, the trailer bandits. Handcuff 'em men, they're desperate.
 MOLLY: Heavenly days!
 COP: Come on, we're taking you to see the captain.
 MOLLY: Oh dear . . . McGee, wott're you smilin' for?
 FIBBER: I was thinkin', Molly. We won't have to pay no 'hotel bill to-night!
 They've got Fibber and Molly in a little room in the police department and the captain is giving them the third degree.
 CAPTAIN: So, you won't admit you robbed that filling station man in Compton?
 FIBBER: Shucks Bud, you got it backwards. I didn't rob him, he robbed me.
 CAPTAIN: Okay, I know how to get the truth out of you.
 MOLLY: If you do, I'll give you a medal!
 CAPTAIN: Joe, bring the lie detector!
 MOLLY: The lie detector? Heavenly days, don't put it on him.
 FIBBER: Shucks Molly, why not?
 MOLLY: Because with you it's an eye for a lie and a tooth for the truth.
 FIBBER: Don't be silly. Lemme take a wack at it.
 CAPTAIN: Silence! Now here, I'll put this around your arm and pump it up.
 MOLLY: Sure, and it's just like taking yer blood pressure.
 CAPTAIN: Now, every little beat of the heart registers on this graph here.
 MOLLY: I always heard the police department was full of it.
 CAPTAIN: Of what?
 MOLLY: Graph.
 FIBBER: Dat rat it, quit kibitzin'. will you. Go on, Cap.
 CAPTAIN: When you tell a lie the needle jumps and makes the gong ring.
 FIBBER: Do I hear the gong ring?
 CAPTAIN: Sure, that's how you know when you're lying. Now, for instance, I'll ask you a question and you give me the wrong answer. Er, what's your name?
 FIBBER: Johnson's Wacks.

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(Clang)
Say, that's pretty cute isn't it? I could'a used one of them when I wuz chief of police back in Pennsylvania.

(Clang)
CAPTAIN: Oh, so you were a policeman?

FIBBER: Sure. (Clang!) Ahem In Pottsville. Peacock McGee, I wuz knowed as in them days. (Clang) Peacock McGee, the Peerless Paragon and Perfect Pistol Performer of the Pennsylvania Party of Plainclothes Pavement Pounders in the Pottsville Protection Platoon. (Clang! Clang! Clang! . . .) Hey, shut that dat ratted thing off, will ya?

CAPTAIN: Hmmmm. When was this?
FIBBER: Well sir, that was way back in 1889 . . . (Clang) or no, 1890. (Clang) or was it 94 . . . (Clang) . . . 95? (Clang) . . . 96? (Silence) (Clang . . . Clang . . . Clang . . . Boom! Crash!)

MOLLY: Heavenly days, you've busted the machine, McGee. Oh dear. Now Captain, I suppose you're convinced.

CAPTAIN: Yep. Convinced he's the biggest liar in forty-eight states. Release 'em sergeant, that's Fibber McGee alright.

(Now Fibber and Molly are free again and on their way to the studio.)

MOLLY: Go slower, McGee, so's I kin read the numbers. Heavenly days, this is an awful looking part of town . . . nothing but a lotta small stores.

FIBBER: There it is, Molly. Right ahead. See the sign?

MOLLY: Paramount Studio. . . . McGee!

(We hear the screech of tires)
FIBBER: Gotta get them brakes fixed. Ahem. What is it Molly?

MOLLY: That sign! Paramount Studio Cleaners!

FIBBER: Well, I'll be . . . And here comes Nick.

NICK: Hello Fizzer. Hello Cuppie. How for are you?

FIBBER: Listen here Nick, dat rat it, what's goin' on? You wrote us you had a big opportunity.

NICK: And you are hearing right Fizzer. I am cleaning three suits for one dollar. What an opportunities!

MOLLY: And you said you'd fix a spot for us.

NICK: Cuppie, you are taking the words from my slogans. A spot I am for to be fixing on your clothes like there is nothing there. And Fizzer, I can newspaper your pants like nobody's buzzness.

FIBBER: Newspaper? . . . Press me pants!

MOLLY: Heavenly days, McGee, I think I'm goin' to cry. We spent all our money and traveled two thousand five hundred miles just for this.

FIBBER: Well Molly, ahem . . . That's what I call really going to the cleaners!

MOLLY: McGee, that ain't funny!



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Return Ticket

(Continued from page 25)

"I'll try the next house, then," said Mortens, striding to the door. . . .
"Say, who locked this?"

"You really couldn't get anywhere in this storm," Mr. Noman assured him. "Besides, I don't think there's another house for miles!"

"What are you trying to get away with, Noman?" he growled. "I suppose you've got that other door locked too?"

"No, it isn't locked," Mr. Noman said. "It leads into a garden. But I wouldn't advise you to go there—yet."

"No? And why not?"

"Because you wouldn't come back." Ronnie laughed suddenly—a short, convulsive giggle with an undertone of hysteria. "He doesn't seem to want to come back!"

George, who was standing by the door into the garden, peered out through one of the glass panes.

"What's it like out there?" he asked softly. "It looks all hazy to me."

"Not when you're in it. It's really a very lovely garden," Mr. Noman said.

THERE was a sound Veronica should have been hearing. She strained her ears. Rain! That was it—she should be able to hear the sound of rain, and wind outside, beating against the walls and windowpanes. Instead, it was utterly silent. She tried to force her weary brain into remembrance. There had been a dusty window she looked through, to see a panorama of darkness and scudding rain . . . she thought it had been a train window.

The little old lady in the black dress spoke for the first time in a gentle, piping voice. "But where are we, please, sir? I'm frightened."

"You're all on the border line, Mrs. Anson," Mr. Noman said. "Between—between things."

And then Veronica remembered. It had been a train window, and the train was wrecked, and that was why they were here. It was on the train, too, that she had seen Mr. Mortens and Mrs. Anson. Mortens was a gangster or something of the sort, and Mrs. Anson was the mother of that poor boy who was going to be executed in California tomorrow for murder. . . .

"Between what things?" she asked. "Do you mean between life and—

and—"

"No use trying to say it," Noman told her. "You see—you're all here to make a choice."

"But are we alive or are we—are we—?"

"You're in the fraction of a second between. I'm so glad you could come here. Most people pass by. Only a few have time to stop and consider . . ." He paused and looked around the circle of white, strained faces. "To consider whether they'll finish the journey or take a return ticket," he concluded.

Suddenly they were all talking at once, babbling in a frightened murmur. Ronnie held one of Veronica's hands, George the other. Just as it had been all their lives, she was depending upon them equally for support, loving them equally.

"Yes, you love them both," said Mr. Noman, though she had not spoken her thoughts aloud, "and they



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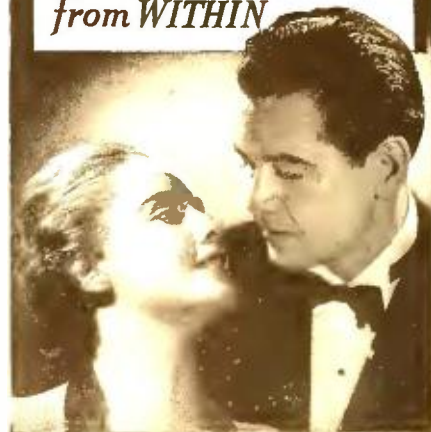
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both love you."

"If I could only choose!" she exclaimed. "If only something would happen that would help me choose!"

"Maybe something has," Mr. Noman said.

"Excuse me, sir, but I really must hurry."

It was Mrs. Anson, trembling but determined. "I did so want to see Billy once more before he . . ."

"You will, Mrs. Anson," Mr. Noman assured her. "That is—if you choose to return."

"I can't delay too long, sir."

"I WISH I could make you understand," Noman said. "Since the wreck, not one-hundredth of a second has passed. You can all take as long to decide as you want to."

"Decide?" cried Mortens, his voice edged with panic. "I've decided already. I want to go back—I want to go back, do you hear?"

Mr. Noman gave him a long look—at the quivering hands, the shifting eyes, the pale lips. "I think myself," he said, "it might be better to finish your suffering on earth."

"Suffering? What suffering?"

"You know. Call it conscience, if you want to."

George's grip on Veronica's hand had grown stronger, more insistent. Now he whispered, "Vee—let's go back—let's get out of this."

But she shook her head. "Wait," she said.

Mortens was steadying himself with a grip on the back of a chair. He tried to make himself sound scornful as he said, "I think you're crazy. My conscience doesn't bother me."

"Yes it does, and it will be worse

after tomorrow," Mr. Noman said. "After Billy Anson has been executed for a murder you committed."

Mrs. Anson cried out, but there was no pain in her cry—only joy.

"How did you know?" Mortens whispered.

Into the silence Mrs. Anson's voice fell, filled with pity. "Why go back, Mr. Mortens? It won't do any good now. It won't help Billy any, unless you tell them he didn't do it."

"Don't you hate this man?" Mr. Noman asked her.

"It's queer—I can't hate him for what he's done. Maybe it's being in this house, or maybe I've just been hurt so terribly I'm all numb inside." She turned toward the door to the garden. "I'm so . . . tired. I wish I could go out there and just wander among the trees and the flowerbeds. But I can't. I've got to go back and see Billy, just once more."

"I'm going into that garden!" Mortens exclaimed. "You're right. I don't want to go back and have to live with the knowledge I sent an innocent man to the chair."

HE went to the garden door and laid his hand on the knob. But he drew back without turning it.

"Will I see—him—out there?" he asked.

"Billy Anson? Why yes, I guess you will," Mr. Noman nodded. "But you won't be able to speak to him. He wouldn't understand anything you tried to tell him."

Mortens flung himself away from the door in agony. "Where can I go?" he cried.

"You could go back and confess that you committed that murder."

Mortens stood there a moment. Then he took a deep breath and seemed to draw himself upright. "Okay. I'll do it. I've been pretty rotten all my life, and I guess I'm lucky to have a chance to square things." He looked at Mrs. Anson and smiled for the first time. "You'd like to go out into that garden and rest, wouldn't you?"

"Oh yes, I would!"

"Well, now you can—and you won't have to worry about your boy. He's going to be all right. . . . That door to the outside still locked?"

"NO," Mr. Noman smiled. "It's open now."

"Well . . . so long, folks!"

Mrs. Anson's face shone as she watched the door close behind him. "Please," she said then to Mr. Noman, "can I go into the garden now?"

He nodded. The door, when she opened it, disclosed only billowing rolls of fog, which wrapped themselves gently around her figure, hiding her from view. The door slowly swung shut.

"Well!" said Mr. Noman cheerfully. "That's fine! And now what are you three young people going to do?"

"I—I think," Veronica said, "I'd like to go out there into the garden."

"If you do," Ronnie said, "we'll go with you."

"Of course we will. We couldn't go back without you," George seconded him. "But she wants to go back too."

"You see," Veronica explained to Mr. Noman, "we've always been inseparable, since we were children. We always used to be so happy together—and then we grew up and things

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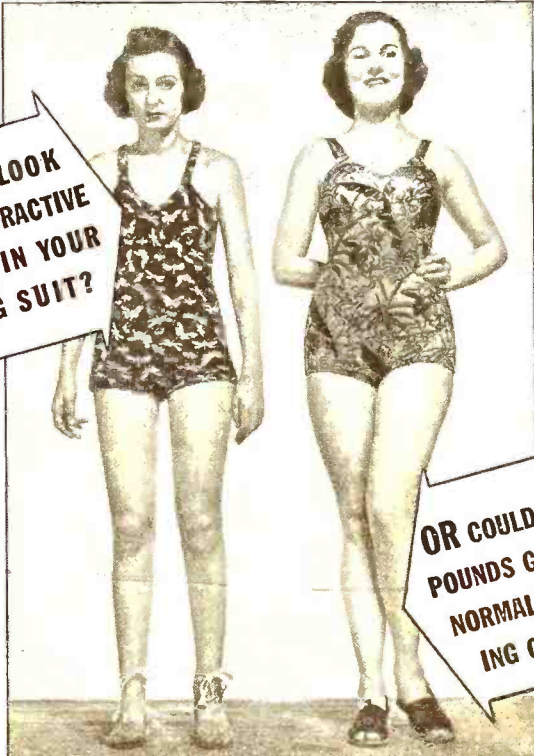
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weren't quite the same any more."
"I know," he said. "George and Ronnie wanted you to choose between them, didn't they?"
"Yes—and I—I just can't! I love them both so, and they—"
"They both love you, too," he assured her, "even if not in the same way, perhaps."
"Come back!" George urged. But Ronnie said nothing.
"You could all go out into the garden," Mr. Noman suggested, "and everything would be as it used to. The three of you could be happy together—with the same childish happiness. Would you like that?"
"Yes," Veronica said. "I think I would."
"Wherever you are, dear, I'll be happy," Ronnie said.

GEORGE jumped to his feet. "Veronica! You mustn't!" he exclaimed. "We're going to take you back with us. Can't you advise her, Mr. Noman?"
Noman shook his head. "No. She's the one who must decide."
"Don't do anything until you're sure, darling," Ronnie begged.
"But he said we'd be happy," Veronica urged.
"Like children, playing!" George cried, grasping her hands. "We'd never know life at all!"
"Do we want to? All its disappointments, sorrow—and pain?" she said. "I'm not sure I do."

George dropped her hands. "Well, I am. I want what's left of my life. Forgive me, Veronica. I do love you. I love you more than anything in the world—except life, I guess. But I don't want to go out there."

Now it was Veronica who took George's hand. "Then you must go back, George. That's the right thing for you to do. And I understand."

"Goodbye, dear," George said. The door to the outside world closed behind him.

Veronica went toward the other door, the door to the garden, with Ronnie at her side. She laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"I won't let you go with me, Ronnie. You don't really want to go out there any more than George did."

He smiled, but it was a slightly tremulous smile. "I know I don't,

Vee. I'm scared, and I'd a lot rather go back. But wherever you go, I'm tagging along. Come on, let's go."

"I don't want you to come with me if you're frightened."

"I'd be a lot more frightened at the idea of going back without you."

Veronica tucked her arm into his and raised her head. "All right, then. Let's go on."

Ronnie's hand touched the door-knob, was turning it when Mr. Noman spoke.

"Veronica . . . Haven't you found out what you wanted to know?"

"Why . . . yes, I guess I have," she said wonderingly. "Ronnie loves me—really loves me—doesn't he?"

She whirled, away from the garden door.

"You can still have those return tickets, you know," Mr. Noman suggested. "Do you want them?"

"Yes!" she cried exultantly. "I do want life—with Ronnie. You and I together, Ronnie. Loving each other, growing old together. That means so much to little people like us!"

"Now you'll never have any doubts," Mr. Noman said.

His voice was growing fainter. He wavered and faded before her eyes, and she was conscious, all at once, of a burning pain in her shoulder. The door to the outside world swung open, and she and Ronnie were swept through it, through the darkness, at a speed so great their minds lost track of time and space, and their eyes were pressed shut by the rushing of the wind.

HER shoulder was still paining her. Something was lying across it, pinning her down. All around her were the sounds of escaping steam and hurrying feet and crying men and women.

"Ronnie!" she cried. "Ronnie! Where are you?"

"Here, Vee," she heard him answer. "I'm trying to get this board off you. Are you hurt?"

Then she was in his arms, laughing and crying all at the same time. "Hold me tight, Ronnie. I know now it's you I love. I'm sure . . . I don't quite know how—but I am sure."

THE END

Listen to First Nighter Friday nights, NBC-Red network, 10:00 EST.

Answers to PROF. QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. His right shoe-bottom is worn more than his left, because he keeps tapping it in time to the music.
2. Alice Frost (Big Sister), playing in Orson Welles' (The Shadow) Julius Caesar and Shoemakers' Holiday.
3. Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, of Follow the Moon.
4. Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."
5. Kathryn Cravens.
6. Twenty-three.
7. Dear Teacher, Let's Pretend, Our Barn, Music for Fun, The Singing Lady.
8. Those We Love.
9. Ed Prentiss, who recently died for the 13th time on the air, as Dallas Tremayne in Arnold Grimms' Daughter.
10. Arthur Peterson (Dr. Rutledge in The Guiding Light).
11. Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.
12. Ted Hammerstein, who produces the Hammerstein Music Hall. His grandfather ran a Hammerstein Music Hall during the gay nineties.
13. 86 CBS stations.
14. Joe Penner.
15. Charlie McCarthy.
16. Lew Lehr, the dialect comedian on the Ben Bernie program.
17. His creator, Walt Disney, who never lets anyone else do this work.
18. Lysol; Ponds; Campona.
19. Jack Benny (Benny Kubelsky).
20. Dave Elman, originator and conductor of the Hobby Lobby program.

Why Dictators Fear Radio

(Continued from page 30)

on. At thirteen it was all but inaudible and the dentist got his forceps ready. Then suddenly came fourteen—and the voice went up: "Fourteen years of shame" it shouted and Hitler, instead of getting his tooth pulled, was making his regulation speech. That little story illustrates why the speeches of Hitler aren't rebroadcast more often abroad. To the finely attuned Nazi ear he may be saying something new; to the infidel he is making the same speech.

It is the same with all the Dictators, and would probably be the same with Joseph Stalin, if he were to use the radio to any extent. But, strange to relate, Stalin does not allow his speeches to be broadcast except on rare occasions, and no foreign broadcasting organization has yet been permitted to rebroadcast his voice. Is it because he knows by instinct that Dictators should be seen and heard, or only seen? Or is he sensitive about his Georgian accent, which is said to fall strangely upon Russian ears?

The rest of the political supermen are too remote to figure in western imaginations to any extent. Kemal Attaturk and the late Marshall Pilsudski were military leaders whose merits as *pater patriæ* are unchallenged, whatever the outside world might think of them. Neither of them is or was a demagogue; both maintained the legend of their heroism by dwelling in remote seclusion from the mob. Admiral Horthy, who is said to harbour dynastic ambitions, lives in the stately privacy of his royal palace in Budapest. Like a king, he speaks only on formal occasions, maintaining a lofty detachment on questions of politics. In 1932, on my invitation, he addressed the American public in excellent English, and once again when he welcomed the Boy Scouts to the world jamboree, his words were wafted to the outside world.

WONDER how many people realize, when they listen to the voice of some ruling nabob, some world figure whose name is writ large in contemporary history, that they are listening to words produced by obscure bureaucrats, public relations experts or "brain-trusters," whose names never appear in print?

It is not possible, of course, for a harassed public man to think out and prepare all the things he has to say in his official capacity. Nor is it supposed to be good policy to have them do it. A statesman in office commits not merely himself but his government; and his advisers are there to see that he makes no mistakes. Most public speeches are synthetic products, sketched by "experts" and written by grandiloquent hacks, checked by department heads and under-secretaries—permanent officials who thus wield a power out of proportion with their weight and ensure what is known as continuity of policy.

Is there not something pathetic in the aspect of eminent and respected figures, who under the pressure of public office become little more than the mouthpieces of some "brain-truster" whose mind works for them and whose written rhetoric they faithfully enunciate? Introducing such men to a radio audience, while knowing the facts, as the creators of what

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 Here's a clever new craft. Make colorful novelties! You'll dash off decorative objects at next-to-no-cost—for all you need is a cardboard box and Dennison's "Very-best" crepe. 50 rich shades at Department and Stationery stores. Write for FREE leaflet "Home Spun."

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Dennison's CREPE

they are about to say always seemed to me a pious but distasteful fraud. Surely it would be difficult to imagine the really great statesmen—the Lincolns, the Gladstones and Bismarcks—mouthing the words prepared for them by others. There is, of course, a middle course for the man in office whose crowded schedule forbids the writing of all the speeches he has to make. Sketched in the rough, elaborated by others, and finally "distilled" through the speaker's personality, they can be regarded as his own.

Those whose business it is to arrange for the broadcasting of speeches by public men often have no means of knowing who is the real author. It is not until the great man is in the studio that the difference between the real and the "ghosted" speech is revealed—and not always then. There is a technique which makes anything sound convincing; but I venture to say that the radio listener, with nothing to distract him, discovers humbug more often than the speaker thinks.

If radio is merely a super-megaphone to the predatory demagogue, it is a magic key for the leader whose method is reasonable persuasion and who appeals to the mind as well as to the heart. Even among sincere democrats there are those who use specious methods, on the assumption that the means justifies the end; but they are less successful than those of their calmer colleagues whose chief assets are logic, simplicity of statement, sincerity and a happy choice of words. No instrument so lends conviction to sincerity as the microphone, none so readily exposes an intellectual fraud. Radio for that reason has become a potent aid to democracy, for by eliminating the more superficial appeals of "personality," it lends fresh power to persuasion and gives a better chance to independent judgment, uninfluenced by the reactions of the crowd.

Despite the radio public's demand for Big Names, whether they belong to dictators, legitimate leaders, or just "stuffed shirts," the greater influence has been wielded by the people who rule by argument rather than force.

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 35)

like to know that he does. For their purposes, if an iron pipe makes a sound, it's a musical instrument.

Jose Iturbi was on a recent program. He was jamming around on the piano (imagine Iturbi playing hot licks) when Connie Boswell showed up, asked who he was. "Joe Turbey," she repeated, puzzled. "Who's he?"

PREDICTION DEPT.
 Two good-looking lads who have unusually fine voices are my choices for coast-to-coast recognition this year. Bill Roberts, just signed to a Paramount contract; Jimmie Newell, heard on the Coast with David Broekman's very fine orchestra.

Jo Stafford, who supplanted Sugar Kane on the Jack Oakie show, recently married a member of a chorus in which she sang at KHJ. She's now doing her first big-time solo work.



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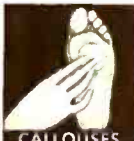
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If you recognize yourself in this picture, you should follow closely Mrs. Margaret Simpson's food columns in RADIO MIRROR. There you will find glamorous dishes that will not only dress your table, but are grand eating and oh, so economical.

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Keep an eye on this gal. She's got the Boswell sob in her voice.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO JACK OAKIE

Just a few years ago, Jack, you were right on top as one of the screen's best comics. You've done corking good work in pictures and when you moved into radio, I felt that your distinct personality would take you far in that new medium. During the first thirteen weeks, you worked pretty hard at the radio show but lately something has happened. I'm well aware, Jack, that you're up against pretty stiff competition in the Hollywood Mardi Gras (which airs at the same time on the other network) but you had competition in pictures, too.

A man in your spot—with the entire cast of the radio show depending on you—has a responsibility aside from that to himself. Do you think you have been carrying that responsibility as you should? I have been listening lately and it doesn't sound as if you had.

Yours for the success your show deserves, JMF.

* * *

Igor Gorin left Hollywood January 9 for a personal appearance tour throughout the country. He'll be heard on Magic Key and on the Ford Sunday evening Hour—two spots which should boost his stock after the M-G-M-Maxwell House Coffee show boop.

* * *

Watching people perform for the mike is amusing. Jeanette MacDonald, who will have none of a studio audience, goes to town on the histrionics when she sings. A Spanish number has her clicking her fingers and swaying tamale-style; whilst a French song puts the pretty star into shoulder-shrugging and facial grimaces. Cute, too.

* * *

Have you noticed that the Tyrone Power dramas have gone up in the national ratings? The later hour helped—but I think the prime reason is that Tyrone is catching on—in radio.

* * *

You can believe this if you want to: A Jane Rhodes fan, in Africa, sent her four hairs out of an elephant's tail. He said it would bring her plenty good luck—so she had 'em woven into a bracelet. P. S. They look a lot like horse-hairs to me.

* * *

POST CARD TO CANTOR

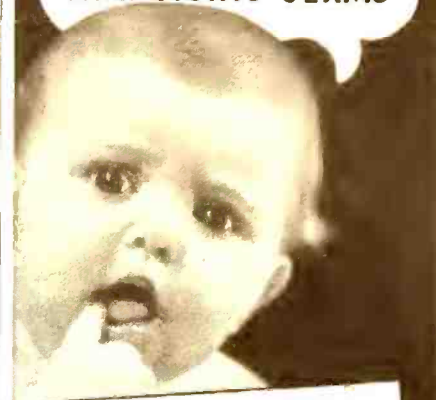
Dear Eddie: You're still up there on top but there's a heck of a lot too much applause on your programs—to say nothing of the mugging and face-making at the studio audience. This is intended as a note of warning. So help me, Cantor—if you don't cut it out your professional life is liable not to be much longer than another 25 years. And I do mean you. JMF.

* * *

LET'S VISIT JACK HALEY

So we're talking in Studio A at NBC and Jack Haley says, "We have a lot of fun on this show." It looked

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RADIO MIRROR



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MARY T. GOLDMAN
3322 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

it. Every one was clowning and skyscraper Don Cope the producer (he must stand 6-6) didn't fuss too much. Virginia Verrill came up, when Jack went over to rehearse a skit, "I've got something swell coming up at M-G-M," she confided. I hope she gets it. I liked the way she looked in Wanger's "Vogues of 1938" when she sang that number in the night club—with the slinking black gown and the long red gloves. Her hair was black then; it's reddish now. Later she told me she'd been underweight for that picture. "I weigh 114 now," she said.

Later, Jack and I were talking about Walter Winchell. "How he keeps from dropping dead, is a mystery to me," I said. "Yeah, he does drive," Jack replied. "It's nothing now to the way it used to be with him, though. What really beat him down was when he was living in a single room in back of a noisy tavern—a room with a window that looked out on a wall. I knew him in those days. He was writing for the N.V.A."

CUT CUT CUT CUTAWWWW!

You've heard Clara Cluck in the Disney Silly Symphonies; maybe you've heard a chicken on the Haley Show, the Penner broadcast and a few others. Who does it? Well, here I go trying to compress a paragraph, searching novel into a paragraph. It's a story!

Florence Gill was born in England many years ago and studied to be an opera star. She had a beautiful soprano and it served her well in light opera. She hoped to graduate into grand opera, trained too zealously, fell seriously ill and didn't sing for several years. Then her voice was gone. She could sing but she couldn't trust that voice to carry her through difficult passages and onto high notes.

One day she was humming as she did the house work and she started, for no reason she can remember, to cackle like a hen. It amused her. She thought it might amuse others. And it did. The idea of a hen trying to sing grand opera! So now she's under contract to Walt Disney—but once in a while she does a hen on a radio show... And she's happy she made a job out of a misfortune. For here is a woman who studied at London's Royal Academy of Music. Oh yes, she's been in the U. S. for nearly 18 years and now she's taking out her first papers. She likes it here. P. S. Did you see her with Kenny Baker in Mr. Dodd Takes the Air?

One of the worst shows of the season: The Shaw and Lee effort for Wrigley's called "Double Everything." It's amazing how anyone could let such a piece get onto the coast networks.

Fannie Brice's "Baby Snooks" appears in a picture called "Everybody Sing." And a song has been written about the *Enfant Terrible*, by Harry Ruby and Bert Colmer. How about introducing Charlie McCarthy and Baby Snooks? A love match, maybe.

Don Ameche and Bing Crosby—who came to fame via the ether—are billed together in films for the first

Don't pare corns — they come back BIGGER-UGLIER unless removed Root* and All



Old-fashioned home paring means risk of serious infection and it only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the root to come back bigger, more painful than ever. So don't take chances with dangerous paring methods or unknown remedies. Remove corns root and all with the new, double-action Blue-Jay method that ends pain instantly by removing pressure. Then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Thetiny medicated Blue-Jay plaster is safe, easy to use. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

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time. They're co-starred in Bing's next for Paramount, "Harmony For Three." They haven't decided on the third, yet.

Frances Langford is managed by the guy who is crazy about her: Ken Dolan. Now he's taken Jerry Cooper under his managerial wing.

You asked about Rosemary Lane, now getting a swell build-up for cinema fame: She's 5-4, 108, violet eyes, rusty blonde hair (so she calls it), plays piano, harmonica, likes clothes designing, studies voice.

VIA WIRE—Lanny Ross celebrated his 32nd birthday (Jan. 19th) with his wife Olive and friends by losing every bet he placed on the bangtails at Santa Anita . . . Walter O'Keefe worked 16 hours without sleep on taking over the emceeship of Hollywood Mardi Gras . . . Raymond Paige in a dither: his boat ran aground . . . Give credit to Edgar Bergen's tall, stately secretary, Miss Hanrahan, upon whose lap Charlie McCarthy is unceremoniously dumped after his stints on the Chase and Sanborn program; who handles the multitudinous Bergen affairs capably; who sees that the proper script is in front of the maestro at every airing . . . Radio rose to the Stroud Twins for better material lately and for including other members of the cast in their routines. It tends to speed and pep up their work. Both boys and Don Ameche play each Sunday afternoon at a buck a game, that baseball machine in the Melrose Grotto next to NBC's Hollywood studios . . . George Arliss, at rehearsal of Lux Radio theater, scowling at the waggish actor who came to work wearing a monocle . . . Saturday night at the Vine Street Brown Derby: Don Ameche and producer Dwight Cooke stewing over Sunday's script; Jack Haley and his writers Hal Fimberg and Eddie Davis (one-time taxi driver) feverishly repairing the night's airing; Phil Baker penciling the back of a menu and of course you knew that his mysterious Beetle answers, off the mike, to the name of Ward Wilson . . . Odd friendship is that of Groucho Marx and Lewis Browne. Former is comic on stage-screen; latter is writer-commentator. Groucho is a learned, serious, earnest man in private life, Browne is a learned, clowning comical fellow in private life. (Me, I'm very whimsical on the golf course and over an avocado salad) . . . The M-G-M-Maxwell House stage is done entirely in white with blue leather seats and backs to the orchestra chairs. Very pretty . . . Eddie Cantor did three shows recently, leaving the hospital with a strep throat, slumping off state, doing his turn without a slip, dashing back to the hospital afterward. He was really pretty sick . . . Killer Gray, bodyguard par excellence to George Raft, did a radio stunt on Feg Murray's Seen' Stars show—and was scared into a cold sweat. As soon as the show was over, he was found stuffing nickels into the phone to see how the boss liked his work. And apparently George gave him a clear bill of health . . . Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck danced two complete numbers the night Phil Harris opened the local Palomar Palace de Terpsichore. But then the crowd recognized 'em—and they scrambled unceremoniously . . . A song did it, mates. Anniversary for Wilbur Evans and his cute blonde wife—whom he won three years ago with a very personal singing of "Thine Alone". Try it on the girl

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 Dear Sirs:

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 3 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 chanked my mode of living. Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun-back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm looking forward to Spring. 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 feel so well, too, and my friends are 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.—Mrs. F. H. Candon, Me.

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 As a standard through

friend in your best baritone . . . Jeanette MacDonald, in forthcoming tome—"Leading Women of America" is only star to get billing both as movie and radio luminary . . . Kenny Baker, fast climbing to the front as ace popular canary, is going in for flamboyant attire. Now shows up at air show with Jack Benny and company in polo shirts, noisy sports coats, checked slacks and no cravat. (It's a tie if it doesn't cost over \$3) . . . Morey Amsterdam, one-time burlesque comic and cello player, has turned writer on the M-G-M-Maxwell House Show — while blonde wife Mabel Todd is hitting in pictures and radio. Warning to the damsel, however: She's snubbing too many people now that she's on the way up again . . . Meilza Korjus, the new Viennese soprano, is taking the town by storm. She travels everywhere with a femme bodyguard, wears flame colored tulle around her hair and a turned-up collar on her sealskin coat while rehearsing. Lost 20 pounds her first month in Hollywood, photographs excellently. M-G-M has signed her. Watch her picture career . . . Beryl Carew, the 14-year-old thrush from Canada, has been signed to a forty-nine-week contract by NBC's Signal Oil Company carnival. . . . Despite fact that Gloria Youngblood (the Injun gal) and Rudy Vallee vehemently deny any romance, she was on stage for his first Hollywood broadcast. Directly afterwards, photogs wanted Rudy and June Knight to pose for pictures. They did—but during entire proceedings, Miss Y's eyes never left the couple's faces and her expression was far from a happy one . . . Lanny Ross sings his own composition "Music in the Evening" as his theme song on Mardi Gras . . . Phil Baker's "Beetle" did a guest shot on Jack Benny's show, finished at 4:22 P. M., dashed into a car, pell-melled from NBC studios on Melrose to Vine Street Theater opposite the Brown Derby, rushed into theater and spoke first lines of the Phil Baker show at exactly 4:31 P. M. Some ghost . . . The boys are hawking radio tickets around town, so great has the demand become. Jack Benny and Chase and Sanborn tickets have brought as high as \$2 a piece . . . Mardi Gras snapshot: Ray Paige clowning with his orchestra at rehearsal—the boys in the band doing a ra-ta-ta-rala-ta-rah and a kerplunk on the drums as Ray tossed a spit-ball at Ken Niles but which hit Lola Lane instead. Confusion . . . Niles buys that loud tweed material he gets made into sports coats in Tia Juana, below the border—duty free . . . Dick Powell's return to Hollywood Hotel for a single broadcast. Sitting in the corner by himself—without attention. So much work to be done by the others they paid him no notice for nearly twenty minutes . . . Meredith Willson is flute virtuoso. (Or am I being too abrupt?)

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 and DON AMECHE**

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 of a boy who was afraid and
 an older brother who knew
 how to help him—in the May
RADIO MIRROR

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 Read the fascinating secrets of how to do it in the May issue of
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 An enchanting, exotic seductive tantalizing concentrated genuine essence of irresistible charm, clinging for hours like lovers loath to part. Just a few drops is enough. Full size bottle. Directions how best to use and mix. Also OHTAL POWDER. Both \$2 each with order. No C.O.D. HE-MO CO., SUITE M.G.-5 Church St. P. O. Box 835, N. Y. C.

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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.

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No Need Now to Let
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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.

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Are You on Speaking Terms with Success?

(Continued from page 23)

Now, many speakers do use notes, but there aren't many who can get away with it without breaking the thread of attention between them and their listeners. I've used them myself, but I don't like to. But if you do use them, don't try to hide the fact—because you can't, and the audience will resent your attempt.

"Rule number two comes along just as you get up and start to talk. It's this: before you plunge into your subject, find some way of disarming your audience. There are several methods—a startling statement, a funny story, a few grateful words. Whichever you choose, try to make your hearers settle back into their chairs with the comfortable feeling that they're in for an interesting half-hour or so.

"Here are a few examples. The first time I lectured in London about Lawrence of Arabia, I started off with something like this: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I never expected the British public to be listening for the first time to the story of one of their great national heroes, told through the nose of a Yankee.' That got 'em. They liked the little slam at myself so much they roared, and liked me at once.

SOMETIMES you just have to put the audience in a good mood, or you won't be around there any longer. In the days when I was still lecturing in the British Isles about Lawrence, the Black and Tan rebellion was going on in Ireland. I'd scheduled a lecture in Dublin, and when I got there I learned that the whole city was up in arms against me. The firebrands were claiming that my speech was an attempt to cram British propaganda down their throats, and they said if I tried to appear they'd break up the lecture.

"I walked out on the stage into a dead silence. It's the only time in my life I've ever had that feeling of walking into a wall of dislike, and I'll admit I was frightened. I started by saying that I was going to talk about heroism, that I admired heroism myself and knew they did too. And then I pointed out that some of the heroes I was going to tell them about were English, and some were Irish, and some were Arabians—but their nationality didn't count. What did count were the wonderful things they had done.

"I didn't know how it would go over, but I didn't know anything else to try. And honestly, I've never had a politer, more attentive and friendly audience in my life.

"Rule number three is—don't let yourself get flustered or lose your temper. It's one of the hardest rules to follow, and I know because I've been in plenty of upsetting spots. Once, in Penang, I was lecturing on some moving pictures. It was very hot, and all the windows were open, while immense fans, like airplane propellers, buzzed in the ceiling. Suddenly a swarm of bats invaded the room, attracted by the light of the projector. They weren't just ordinary bats, either—they were Malay bats, with a wing-spread of two feet. I spent the next ten minutes or so

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ducking and trying to continue the lecture, until one of the bats got tangled up in one of the fans, and then they all left as unexpectedly as they'd come.

"Another time, in Ceylon, I lectured in a room which had a sliding roof to let the air in. Some monkeys got up in the palm trees above the building and listened a while, but I guess they didn't like what they heard, because they started to throw coconuts down on me.

"Things like that are hard on any speaker, but if you can learn to weather them and keep your temper, you can weather almost anything. A common irritation, for instance, that throws many speakers off their stride, is an unsatisfactory introduction. They get angry because the men who introduce them mispronounce their names, or wear out the audience with long speeches, or something else. I never mind. My name is easy to pronounce, and if the introducer wants to wear out his welcome, that's his business, not mine. Whenever I can, I stay off the stage until the introduction is over. Then, if it lasts forty-five minutes or so, I can always have a smoke while I'm waiting.

AN audience can make you lose your temper too, if you're not careful—sometimes with disastrous results. One very well-known writer was almost mobbed in one town because he got angry. In his audience there was one man with a completely blank face. It stood out from that sea of faces in the auditorium like the the Empire State building in New York City, and before long it got on the speaker's nerves. He found himself talking to this one man, tossing all his witticisms and climaxes at him. Nothing doing. The face showed never a ripple of interest or even of intelligence. At last the speaker lost all control, stopped his talk, and pointing at the offending member of the audience, said, 'If that man doesn't leave, I can't go on.'

"The audience was so furious it was ready to run him out of town, because the blank-faced man was a well-liked member of the community who unfortunately suffered from some physical or mental disability which made it impossible for him to respond to the speaker with a show of interest.

"Another lecturer I knew once lost his temper in a rather spectacular way, but this time the rule worked the other way—it increased his popularity. As I said, that's the trouble with rules. This particular man was talking about explorations in the Arctic regions, and for some time he was annoyed by the coughs and barks of a man in one of the front rows. Finally, when he could stand it no longer, the speaker walked to the footlights, leaned over, and said confidentially but clearly, 'And speaking of sea-lions, if you were one, you wouldn't make that much noise!' He couldn't have said anything that would have made the rest of the audience happier.

"If you'll only look at them sensibly, many things that you'd expect to fluster you and throw you off your stride are really blessings in disguise. A few weeks ago I inadvertently said "Theodore Roosevelt" when I meant Franklin. If I'd been smart enough, I'd have said it on purpose, because it was certain to get a laugh—and nothing pleases an audience so much

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

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BUT, if you are cross and lifeless and always tired out, men won't be interested in you. Men don't like "quiet" girls. Men go to parties to enjoy themselves. They want girls along who are full of pep.

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."

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND



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as to be able to laugh a little at a speaker.

"Years ago, in London, I was talking on India just at the time Gandhi was campaigning against the salt tax. In the midst of my speech, one night, a woman in the audience stood up and began shrieking, 'Down with the salt tax! Down with Lowell Thomas!' over and over again. She kept it up for several minutes and then sat down and I went on with my talk. The next day, she did it again, and the next and the next. But on the fourth day my manager happened to drop in to hear the lecture, and he was horrified. He sent for the police and she was arrested. As soon as I could I went down to the station and got her out. If I could, I'd have paid her to make the disturbance every night! You've no idea how it electrified the audience and made them aware of what I was telling them about India.

"The next rule—number four—is really very simple, but it takes a lot of practice. Watch your posture and your movements. Don't stand with your hands in your pockets, or leaning on a chair or table, or with your feet wide apart. Be sparing of your gestures. In fact, don't do anything that will take the attention of your audience away from what you are saying and center it on yourself.

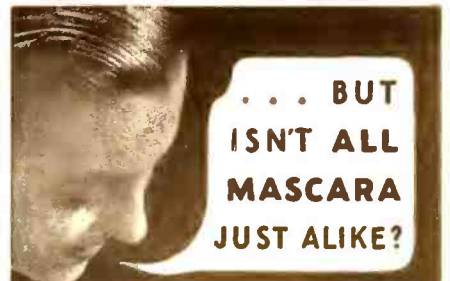
I'M not sure that rule number five isn't the most important of all—always stop talking about ten or fifteen minutes before your audience expects you to. Too many inexperienced speakers think that a short speech sounds like a poorly prepared one, when the truth is exactly the opposite. I remember a banquet I attended once. There were too many speakers to begin with, but the last one was the worst. He was a senator and he stood up there, reading his speech from manuscript, for a full hour. The people at the table got so sick of listening to him that at the end of each paragraph they actually stood up on their chairs and waved their napkins and cheered—and he'd bow and smile, and go right on!

"On the other hand, the most effective seconding speech at the last Democratic convention was made by a delegate who got up and said, 'My state (naming it) seconds the nomination of Franklin Delano Roosevelt!' All the other seconding speeches had been long and windy, but this delegate, who was a trained speaker, knew the best way to arouse enthusiasm—and he did it.

"Rule number six has a lot to do with number five, but it's so important that it deserves a place by itself. It's this—always know your last two or three sentences by heart! If you don't you'll find yourself groping, stalling, talking on and on long after you've said all you wanted to say, simply because you can't think of a graceful way to stop.

"The last rule of all isn't anything I discovered myself. It was given to me, many years ago, by one of the most brilliant speakers I ever knew, Congressman J. Adam Bede of Montana. I asked him for his recipe for effective public speaking, just as you asked me, and what he said impressed me so much I've always tried to follow it above everything else. I may break the other rules now and then, but never this one. This is what Congressman Bede told me:

"I always buoy my philosophy on a sea of humor."



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I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it." Cream Stick
Check shade: Light Medium Brunette Sun-Tan
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\$25,000.00

25 GRAND PRIZES OF \$1000.00 EACH FOR TRUE STORIES YOU CAN WRITE

TRUE STORY will pay \$1,000 each for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Thursday, March 31, 1938. This is a truly splendid offer bursting with opportunity.

We conducted a similar contest a few months ago and it was an unprecedented success. The fact that all prizes were equal and of magnificent proportions had an almost irresistible lure and appeal.

And so it is now. History is repeating itself! Opportunity knocks again! Here is your chance to receive a large sum of money for a simple account of dramatic, tragic, or soul-stirring life episode that you may have lived or observed.

In order to be paid \$1,000 your story does not have to be the best sent in nor the tenth nor the twentieth. If it falls within the best twenty-five you will still receive a check for \$1,000. What a pity it would be if you, knowing such a story, should not cash in on it!

The rules on this page are complete and if you observe them carefully your story will be eligible to compete for one of the magnificent cash prizes. In your own best interests, however, we recommend that you immediately sign the coupon and send it in for a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which, in former contests, has proved to be most effective in writing true stories. Also be sure to read the important notice in the box beside the coupon.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter

whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then, after you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the contest rules, write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

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

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of \$1,000.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

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

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

CONTEST RULES

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

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

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Put on **FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL** otherwise manuscripts will be refused. **ENCLOSE RETURN FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN SAME CONTAINER WITH MANUSCRIPT IN A SEPARATE ENVELOPE.**

Send material flat. Do not roll. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper. At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHTHAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE AND SIGN YOUR FULL NAME AND LEGAL ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING AT FOOT OF THE LAST PAGE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

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

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest if postage is enclosed.

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

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

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

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

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

This contest ends at midnight, Thursday, March 31, 1938.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to True Story Manuscript Contest, Dept. 34C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

We want YOUR story, written in YOUR own way.

Many persons have sought to take advantage of writers of True Stories by offering— for a price—to "edit" or "revise" them; some falsely representing that because of "connections" they can help have your story accepted.

There are no persons or agents acting for "TRUE STORY" Magazine in the purchase of stories. No agents are able to aid you in selling your story to us. Any "revision" or "editing" by any such persons will only *injure* your story.

DO NOT DEAL THROUGH INTERMEDIARIES. SUBMIT YOUR STORIES DIRECT.

Advise "TRUE STORY" Magazine if anyone offers to aid you or represents themselves as being able to so aid you.

NO FEES NEED BE PAID TO ANYONE IN CONNECTION WITH THE SUBMISSION OF A STORY TO "TRUE STORY" MAGAZINE.

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

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TURN YOUR
Eyes
 TOWARD BEAUTY

Jane Pickens makes her eyes attractive with care and makeup.

By JOYCE
 ANDERSON

JANE PICKENS, whose melodious voice has won countless numbers of radio fans, and who is now heard singing on the Ben Bernie program at 9:30, Wednesday nights on CBS, has another claim to fame—her beautiful eyes. Yet, Miss Pickens gives a generous share of credit for her beautiful eyes to eye make-up. What's more, she quite frankly tells how it is done.

"It isn't really necessary (though it helps!) to be born with lovely eyes," she confides. "With a little patience and ingenuity, eyes can be made to appear lovelier and, though appearances may be deceiving—they certainly attract attention!"

"Mascara and eyeshadow, for example, can do wonders in improving the appearance of the eyes. Although I think mascara and shadow should be used sparingly for daytime wear, in the evening and onstage they are irreplaceable. At night, I prefer to use brown mascara over black because the black by itself looks too artificial for fair-skinned blondes. And here's a little trick in mascara make-up when you want your lashes to look extra long and thick and dark: Coat the lashes once, lightly; now take your powder puff and pat it lightly over the lashes. This forms an excellent base for a second layer of

mascara—and that's all you will need, for your lashes will then have as thick a coat of mascara as you desire—depending upon the amount of powder you apply.

"Rather than use an iridescent eye shadow, I prefer to use a definite color. I first apply a bit of gray (only on the upper lid, of course) and extend it about a quarter of an inch past the corners of the eyes. Over the basic gray, a slight touch of blue, and then just the faintest bit of vaseline for that limpid look. The idea of using a basic color eyeshadow with another shade on top, produces interesting results. A blonde with blue eyes for example, might use the gray foundation, with blue or violet. A brown-eyed girl will find that dark green used on top of brown is an unusual combination. And the color and depth of hazel eyes are intensified when dark blue is combined with gray.

"Eye make-up is really fun because you can obtain such gratifying results with so little effort. But, of equal importance, is the necessity of

keeping the eyes clear and rested and guarding them against strain."

That, indeed, is the very essence of eye beauty. It means, first of all, that we must get enough sleep and that we ought to use a reliable eye lotion or drops regularly to soothe and refresh them. Too much night life, reading, or exposure to sun, dust and wind will cause dull and red-veined eyes.

THERE'S a story told about a radio star who refuses to open her eyes in the morning until her bottle of eye lotion is brought to her bedside. Not until she has bathed and refreshed her eyes can she gaze upon the morning serenely. In contrast to this are those who persist in reading their morning newspapers under the dull flickering lights of the subway; those who spread out their sewing on the dining room table where lighting is unsuited to this kind of work.

Good lighting for almost every thing you do, is essential. You can keep your eyes prettier by giving them good lighting to help keep them rested. Be sure that the light under which you work and play is of the right quality, smoothly diffused and without glare. If there is any doubt in your mind about the lighting in

(Continued on page 96)

RADIO MIRROR
 HOME AND BEAUTY



For health and flavor, try these delicious Apple, Nut and Raisin Buns.

HERE'S GOOD *Health!*

HAVE you ever stopped to think how much you have in common with Eddie Cantor? Possibly not, for your life may be vastly different from his, busy as he is with radio and screen activities. But you really share with this hard-working star one important need, the need for foods, and combinations of foods, that will maintain health and energy.

If we seem to talk a great deal in this department about energy building foods, remember it is because that is the function of food—to provide an abundance of vitality for this strenuous business of living. For this reason at Eddie's suggestion we have collected some recipes which make use of foods containing in high proportion the energy building elements.

APPLE, NUT AND RAISIN BUNS
(Illustrated)

- 2½ cups sifted flour
- 4 tsps. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

Take Eddie Cantor's tip and get energy from your meals

- ¼ cup shortening
- ¾ cup milk
- Filling*
- 2 tbs. melted butter
- 3 apples, diced
- ½ cup nut meats
- ½ cup raisins
- 2 tbs. sugar
- ¼ tsp. cinnamon
- ¼ cup New Orleans type molasses

Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Cut in shortening, and add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Knead, on floured board, for 30 seconds, then roll out half an inch thick. Spread melted butter on dough, then sprinkle on apples, nuts, raisins, sugar and cinnamon, and about half the molasses. Roll as for jelly roll and cut in half-inch slices. Place rolls in greased pan about one inch apart and pour over remaining molasses. Bake at 400 F. for 20 minutes.

CORN PUDDING

- 1 egg
 - 1 tbl. flour
 - 2 tsps. sugar
 - ¼ tsp. salt
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 tbl. melted butter
 - 1 can corn
- Beat the egg, then beat in the dry ingredients until smooth. Beat in milk, then melted butter. Add corn, and transfer to buttered casserole. Bake

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WAKE UP

YOUR LIVER BILE

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. 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. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

in moderate oven (350 F.) until firm (45 minutes). At the end of the first twenty minutes, stir well.

BAKED BEAN CROQUETTES

1 can baked beans
2 medium onions
Cracker crumbs
Mince the onions fine and cook until tender, but not browned, in a little butter. Mash the beans, add the onion and mix in cracker crumbs until the mixture will hold its shape. Form into balls, using a tablespoonful of the mixture for each ball, roll in cracker crumbs, and fry in deep fat (390 F.) until brown.

FRUIT FRITTERS

1 cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
¾ cup water
2 tbs. olive oil
1 egg white
Sift together flour and salt. Add water and beat smooth, then add oil and beat smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Small fruits, such as raspberries or cherries (halved and stoned) may be mixed with the batter. Larger fruits, such as orange sections, pineapple slices, peach or apricot halves should be dipped into the batter. Cook in deep fat, 360° to 370° F., 5 to 7 minutes for fresh fruits, 3 to 5 minutes for canned.

OLD FASHIONED RICE PUDDING

½ cup rice ½ cup sugar
½ cup raisins ½ tsp. salt
1 quart milk Pinch of nutmeg
Wash thoroughly both the rice and the raisins, then mix them with the remaining ingredients. Transfer to buttered casserole and bake in slow oven (300° F.) until rice is tender, about 2½ hours, stirring every 15 minutes during the first hour.

CHOCOLATE RENNET DESSERT

1 rennet tablet
1 tbl. water
1 qt. fresh milk
¼ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
2 sqs. chocolate

Break up the rennet tablet and dissolve it in the water. Melt the chocolate in 1 cup of milk, bring nearly to boiling point, stirring until smooth, then allow to chill. Combine with remaining milk and heat to lukewarm (98° F.) in top of double boiler, being careful that temperature does not go higher. Stir in thoroughly the dissolved rennet tablet and the vanilla, and pour into serving dish or sherbert glasses. Let stand at room temperature until mixture thickens, then chill. Serve with whipped cream.

COCONUT RENNET DESSERT

1 rennet tablet
1 tbl. water
1 qt. fresh milk
¾ cup sugar
¾ cup shredded coconut
1 tsp. vanilla

Dissolve the rennet tablet in water as directed above. Add the coconut to the milk and allow to stand for 30 minutes. Heat milk and coconut in top of double boiler to 98° F., then proceed as directed in first recipe. Serve with shredded coconut on top.



SLEEPLESSNESS

Steals Beauty

Lack of sleep frequently etches needless lines into beautiful faces. Needless, because sleeplessness is often caused by constipation, as are also loss of appetite, mental dullness, nervousness, the aggravation of skin blemishes.

Keep regular. Don't let more than a day go by without proper elimination. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This famous laxative has been the choice of millions of people during a generation. It does not shock the intestinal system. *It stimulates the liver's secretion of bile, without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.* Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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Jane Pickens first applies a bit of gray shadow and extends it past the corners of her eyes. Over the basic gray, she blends in a bit of blue, and then a faint touch of vaseline for shiny lids.

Mascara is brushed up from the roots to the tips of the lashes. After it is applied, Jane goes over her lashes with a dry brush to remove excess mascara and which separates each eyelash.



(Continued from page 93)

your home, you will be interested to know that utilities everywhere have a free service which makes it possible for you to have your home lighting measured with a little measuring instrument called a light meter.

Most of us strain our eyes, one way or another. If the March winds have blown more than your share of dust into your eyes, try this little treatment. It's a grand pick-up if you are going out in the evening and want to be a bright-eyed beauty. Lie down for ten or fifteen minutes and place warm lotion-soaked cotton pads over your closed eyes. After you have rested, remove the pads, splash with icy cold water and proceed with your make-up.

ONE of the first places to show eye-strain, and fatigue, is in that thin sensitive area of skin around your eyes. Even very young girls will notice that fine lines and wrinkles are etched there, almost overnight. The reason for this is that the tissue under the eyes and on the eyelids is exceedingly delicate and loses its natural oil more quickly than any other facial area. Then the least strain shows in tiny lines which multiply and deepen. An eye cream of rich blended oils will ward off those wrinkles and lubricate the sensitive skin around the eyes. Use a small quantity of cream on the third finger of each hand and smooth it on the eyelids. Now look upward and "fingerprint" the cream beneath the eyes and out toward the temples lightly. Eye cream should be used before retiring and left on overnight.

"Eye exercises" sound rather strenuous, but actually they are very relaxing. Try, for instance, staring at some object in the distance. Keep your eyes fixed upon it for a minute or two without blinking.

Another exercise that relaxes the eyes is to cup your hands over your eyes, keeping the fingers close together so that all light is shut out. Hold your cupped hands over your

closed eyes for three to five minutes and do this often during the day.

A third exercise is to follow a large imaginary circle on the wall. Move your eyes slowly around this circle ten times without moving your head. May I hastily add, however, that you

practice these eye exercises only when you are alone? It might be embarrassing to be discovered staring into space, peering from behind your fingers, or rolling your eyes in circles.

Let's move away—but not very far—from eyes, for the moment, and consider eyebrows. The trend is very definitely toward thicker, more natural looking brows. Those thin, plucked wispy brows, denoting an over-zealous use of tweezers, are as obsolete as the dodo bird. Eyebrows today must be well-brushed, well-groomed and lightly accented with color. Of course you will remove those hairs that straggle over the bridge of your nose and those that spoil the natural curve. If your brows are scanty or colorless, use your eyebrow pencil to shape and define them. Follow the curve to the end of the brow and extend the line a trifle, if necessary. Soften by blending with your fingertip.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR GOOD GROOMING

You've all heard of Tobe, who is a well-known and famous stylist. I asked her for her New Year's Resolutions on Good Style Grooming, and I find them so sensible that I'm going to quote them to you.

1. "I will never let my stocking seams be crooked, or my heels run down.
2. "I will have a wave and a manicure once a week, and will give myself home grooming daily.
3. "I will change my hair style at least once during the year.
4. "I will get dresses large enough to cover my hips and shoulders without strain.
5. "I will wear comfortable shoes, remembering that there never was a smart woman whose feet hurt.
6. "I will choose a definite color scheme for my wardrobe each season, and plan my accessories around that color.
7. "I will make two dresses do the work of three, and spend the difference on better hats, shoes, bags, gloves and other accessories.
8. "I will dress to please the man I have or the man I want.
9. "I will wear black, brown or navy three times to every one time I wear a color, because I know that dark colors are smartest.
10. "Once a year I will go completely haywire and buy something I don't need, can't afford, but cannot live without, because a dash of madness gives spice and interest to a too-perfect wardrobe."

—Alice Hughes, talking on the Daily Information Service over the Mutual Broadcasting System

WHILE gray and brown are strong favorites in eyeshadow, blue and green have become very popular. If you have difficulty in putting on your eyeshadow so that it will not smudge, try this for better results: Dip your fingertip into the shadow and then rub almost all of it off on the palm of the other hand before applying it to your lids. Use the smear on your palm as if it were a palette and take up your supply of shadow from there.

Mascara is brushed on from the roots of the lashes to the tips. Use just a small amount of mascara on your brush at one time, applying one or two coats until the desired color is obtained. Brush up from the roots to the tips of your lashes and curl as you color. Then, go over them with a dry brush to remove excess mascara and to separate the lashes.

So, turn your eyes toward beauty and if nature has not bestowed beautiful eyes upon you, don't be dismayed. With constant endeavor and the aid of those little bottles, boxes, brushes and pencils, you can do a very clever job of eye beautifying yourself.

Are you powdered to your satisfaction—
—and his?



YOUR POWDER! What would you do without it? Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or it may even be chalky, making you look older instead of younger. Still you must use powder.

Be sure of this—Once you try Princess Pat powder—with its soft, caressing almond base—you will say, *not* that you couldn't get along without face powder, but that you couldn't get along *without Princess Pat*—the almond base face powder.

Just the beauty you longed for. It's every woman's dream to discover a face powder that will velvet the skin, give patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, visioned its perfection! But have you found it? *Yes*, if you've used Princess Pat powder: *No*, if you haven't.

How, you may ask, can *one* powder be so different? Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; the expensive imported powders are not like it.

Almond base the real difference. Almond base is a Princess Pat powder discovery—that's why no other powder can claim it. Millions of women know that Princess Pat powder is more soothing, more clinging. It

conceals pores from sight—cleverly hides the complexion's tiny imperfections—smooths out uneven skin color—makes even a poor complexion take on marvelous beauty—and yet never gives that chalky powdered look.

Guard against coarse pores and blemishes. You select face powder for immediate beauty. And this Princess Pat powder gives you. But, in addition, the almond base is *good for your skin*. Remember, some face powders can parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat powder, on the contrary, *soothes and softens*, preventing coarse pores—and blemishes.



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TUNE IN—"A TALE OF TODAY"—real life story—NBC Red Network, Sundays 6:30 P. M. Eastern Time

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Co-starring in Paramount's
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"



From Laughs to Tears in 30 Seconds

CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells how the throat-strain of emotional acting led her to Luckies

"Emoting to order" is a real strain on the throat. That's why an actress thinks twice before choosing a cigarette. Miss Colbert says: "After experimenting, I'm convinced that my throat is safest with Luckies."

Ask a tobacco expert why Luckies are so easy on the throat. He'll undoubtedly explain that the choice tobacco Lucky Strike

buys, makes for a light smoke. And he may add that the exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in *all* tobacco.

Here's the experts' actual verdict... Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts not connected with *any* cigarette manufacturer, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

*Sworn Records
Show That...*

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST- IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

