BARBARA STANWYCK Tells Why Beauty Is Happiness

Beginning JOHN’S OTHER WIFE The Intimate Drama of a Woman Whose Husband Wanted Two Lives

SOMEONE TO LOVE Words and Music of a BEAUTIFUL NEW SONG by LANNY ROSS
ETHEL MATTHEWS, BEAUTY EDITOR, SAYS:

"Did you ever stop to consider how some Bob Pins slip and slide out of your hair into oblivion? If you were to count them, you'd be surprised. So why not be practical (as well as pretty) and buy the Bob Pins that will anchor your curls simply, effectively, invisibly. I refer to DeLong Bob Pins.

"They are finished by a new process. They never cut or pull the hair. Best of all, they just won't fall out. This statement is not just theory. A scientific laboratory test shows that DeLong Bob Pins retain their original shape without spreading after having been forced open thousands of times. All of which means that DeLong Bob Pins will keep your curls and waves in place."

Rochelle Hudson
Star of Columbia Pictures
Production "Babies for Sale"

PERMANENT WAVES
BY THE FAMOUS
NATURAL UNDINE
METHOD

June Storey
Republic Star in
"Gaucho Serenade"

DeLong Bob Pins

Won't Slip Out

What a Difference That Makes
Her "Ballerina" Beach Suit held His Glance—but Her Smile ran away with His Heart!

Peppermint candy stripes in a new cotton beach frock with shirtwaist top, flaring "ballerina" skirt.

Never, never neglect your precious smile!
Help guard its charm with Ipana and massage!

If men beg for an introduction, but never ask you for a date, it may be your smile that's turning love away!

For, alluring and smart as your clothes may be, if you let your smile become dull and dingy . . . if you ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush" . . . you lose one of the most precious charms a girl can possess!

"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning signal

If ever you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . see your dentist! It may mean nothing serious . . . but let him decide! Very likely, his opinion will be that your gums need more exercise . . . need stimulation they don't get from today's soft, creamy foods! Then, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums to health. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that refreshing "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that circulation is awakening in the gum tissues . . . helping to make the gums firmer and healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. And start now to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter, more sparkling teeth . . . a lovelier, more charming smile!
Introducing...

the loveliest thing in make-up

Chiffon

Lipstick, new, exciting, as alluringly feminine as its name—in new shades that lend soft warmth to your lips—new lips that beckon men—lips that whisper of love.

Scented with a costly perfume men can’t resist, Chiffon Lipstick is superlatively smooth in texture.

Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these alluring new shades:

Chiffon Red, Medium, Raspberry, True Red

Chiffon Powder 10¢

Does for your face what chiffon does for romance—the finest long-clinging texture—shine-proof—cake-proof—in seven high fashion shades:

Brunette
Dark Tan
Rose Petal
Rose Beige
Beige
Ruchel

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

A new, entirely different cream, the only cream you need apply for cleaning, to help clarify and soften the skin. A fine foundation. You’ll be thrilled with the silken dewy texture it lends to your face.

AUGUST, 1940

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN
Assistant Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

Beauty is Happiness
Barbara Stanwyck's easy-to-copy rules for loneliness

John's Other Wife
Fictionized by Ethelda Bedford

Beginning the intimate love drama of Elizabeth Perry

Love Incorporated
Jack Sher

The romantic story of Betty Lou Gerson's ultra-modern marriage

An Open Letter About Friendship
From Jessica Dragonette

A beloved star brings you an inspiring message

Voices
Joseph Henry Steele

The radio drama of a girl who dared not meet the man she loved

Vague But Victorious
Dorothy Spensley

There is a beautiful woman behind the daffy new comedy hit

This is Living
Jerry Mason

Lanny Ross leads a double life

Somebody to Love
Lanny Ross

This month's song hit is a tender ballad

The Man Who Wanted to be Murdered
Exclusive! A baffling Ellery Queen radio mystery

The O'Neills

A courageous mother's abiding faith leads her family to happiness

One Man's Family

Vivid pen portrait of Hazel, Father Barbour's favorite daughter

The Cooking Corner
Kate Smith

Announcing the winners of our giant recipe contest

Added attractions

What Do You Want To Say?

Day Dreams

Radio's Photo-Mirror

Photos by Vallee

Did You Have a Good Time?

Facing the Music

What's New From Coast to Coast

Hollywood Radio Whispers

George Fisher

Inside Radio—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

We Canadian Listeners

Horneace Brown

What Do You Want To Know?

Summer-Proof Beauty

Dr. Grace Gregory

ON THE COVER—Barbara Stanwyck, by Sol Wechslar

(Photographic courtesy of Paramount Pictures)
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE
IT'S AN IDEA

TALK about draining every ounce of good from something! Well I've done just that with my favorite radio publication. You see, every month I lose no time in getting my copy, and the first thing I look for is RADIO MIRROR's Preview of a Hit. The other day I started what I call my "Radio Music Scraps." It has Larry Clinton's "This is My Song," "Once In a Dream" by Mr. Swing and Sway Kaye (very singable), "So Comes The Rain" by Candid Camera Courtney, Bob Crosby's lilting "It's a Small World," and the Andrews Sisters' "Cut Our rhythm music Saturday match our several other give gold nucleus of To us, of my seldom about something similar, so why not tell us about it—Rosalind Reade, West Palm Beach, Florida.

SECOND PRIZE
THEY SAVE MONEY!

As people of modest means who seldom indulge in shows and dances, my husband and I are representative of millions of married Americans who utilize radio to the fullest. To us, radio is more than a mere means of the best in entertainment. It is the nucleus of our social life. We don't expect to inherit a pot o' gold on any Tuesday night, but we do give a silver lining to Dr. I. Q.'s program on Monday nights by inviting in several other couples with whom we match our mental strength.

We and the "crowd" get together on Saturday nights and dance to the music of Wayne King and other radio rhythm kings. As a result, we save money. We're not in debt. We're greatly indebted to radio.—Sue Stapp, Tulsa, Okla.

THIRD PRIZE
TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT

I love a Mystery on Thursday nights is too highly spiced with improbable situations, and highly colored char-

(Continued on page 80)

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 letters to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than July 28, 1940. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

AUGUST, 1940

More Women prefer Mum—Saves Time... Clothes... Charm!

Mum is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!

LEADING favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.

WIVES, girls in love, make Mum a daily habit. Mum guards charm—popularity!

Mum Every Day Guards Against Underarm Odor!

TODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that more women choose Mum! In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools... Mum is used by millions of women. For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be dainty, too... nice to be around at any minute of the day or evening!

Don't expect your bath alone to give you that lasting charm! A bath may remove past perspiration, but Mum after your bath prevents risk of future odor.

Thousands of men, too, are using Mum... it's speedy, safe, dependable!

QUICK! Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or after you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle... guards against unpleasantness.
In a town that seemed a thousand but was only a hundred miles distant his wife was visiting a friend of college days. Home that first night was a particularly lonely castle. Even the dog had deserted him. He prowled about the living room, deciding which of the dozen things he'd been wanting to do for years appealed most. Absently he switched on the radio. It was still early, plenty of time to decide on the evening's entertainment later.

The full rich tones of the Fred Waring choir came from far away, then moved up closer, then filled the room with melody. He settled back. Might as well be comfortable for a few minutes. The program went into its closing theme song. A twist of the dial and—Lanny Ross. Why did the quiet friendliness of his voice seem to mean so much more tonight? And Lanny's songs held more of an intoxicating lilt, didn't they? Then he realized what was happening. His loneliness was disappearing. He was no longer merely an over-night bachelor twiching about trying to find something to do. He was entertaining a dozen different guests of quite rare talent.

The Sammy Kaye Sensations program began. There was sweetness of melody there, too. He found a sharper appreciation of the rhythm. Twilight had subsided into the soft darkness of a summer night. The glow of the illuminated dial set a background of faint shadows for this mood of relaxation and forgetfulness.

There, on another network were Blondie and Dagwood, lost in a torrential downpour, their new homemade trailer broken away and off through the woods like a frightened animal. Then Tune Up Time, with Tony Martin. And True or False, a rough and ready, catch-as-catch can quiz veteran. And Cecil B. De Mille from Hollywood.

If he were really going any place that evening, now was the time to break away. But first, one last twist of the dial. Allee Templeton! It wouldn't hurt to wait a few minutes longer. If he weren't quite so amusing—Oh well, there's all week ahead to do those other things...

If there is any moral to this story, it's simply this: the next time you desert your husband for a few days or a few weeks, be sure, before you leave, that the radio is in perfect working order. And it wouldn't hurt as a gentle reminder, to put his pipes, or the cigarette box, on the table alongside the receiver.

When you return, you'll find he has a new hobby. Listening, without talking, to his favorite program. I know—because I'm the man in this story I just told you.

Did you ever notice:
The strange mouthing of his words from Bill Hays when he begins: "Campbell Soup Presents... Amos 'n' Andy"?
How imperceptibly but surely the Rudy Vallee program has become more enjoyable?
How sweetly Dick Powell and Mary Martin join in duets, on their very pleasant Good News program?
A new program called Where Am I From?, which stars a college professor who listens to studio guests recite a few chosen lines and who then tells the speaker what section of North America he is from, even down to the actual city?

I crashed the gate of one of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's broadcast rehearsals the other noon-hour, and came away convinced that for poise and good humor there's no radio star quite like the First Lady. With a bare twenty-five minutes to rehearse and time her script, Mrs. F. D. R.'s manner was as calm and unhurried as if she'd been to tea in the White House. Already, before coming to the studio, she'd spent the morning on a hot movie set, taking part in a "Hobby Lobby" short being made by Dave Elman; and after her broadcast she was scheduled to attend a luncheon and present a prize to a Broadway actress. But she came up alone in one of the public NBC elevators, sat down at the microphone, and sailed through her script without a quiver, while sponsors proudly ogled her from behind a plateglass window and photographers flashed their light-bulbs in her face. And when the program director in the control-room moved his hands apart as if he were stretching a rubber band between them, she nodded and spoke more slowly. She knew what that signal meant.

—FRED R. SAMMIS
Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!

Everywhere women are talking about this wonderful new Camay... finding in new Camay the beauty soap to help them in their search for greater loveliness!

And no wonder—for tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them... gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive try this wonderful new Camay... see for yourself how much its extra mildness... its more gentle, thorough cleansing... can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

Mrs. J. H. Richardson, Alameda, Cal. "New Camay is so amazingly mild!" says Mrs. Richardson. "My skin is rather delicate—but new Camay is so gentle that it actually seems to soothe as it cleanses!"

Mrs. A. H. Sherin, Jr., Schenectady, N.Y. "I don't know what delighted me most about new Camay—that lovely new fragrance or its wonderful mildness. Every woman who has sensitive skin ought to try Camay!"

Mrs. G. Anderton Burke, Alexandria, Va. "To women who take extra care with their skin as I do its amazing mildness is a tremendous help," writes Mrs. Burke. "And that enchanting new fragrance is so wonderful, too."

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

At your dealer's now—no change in wrapper.
Her coiffure—like everything else in Barbara's life—is chosen for its ease and quickness of arrangement, as well as for its beauty.

"If I hadn't done this, I wouldn't have had the time I need for the job of being Mrs. Robert Taylor."

Obviously what she said is true. Being a star means dividing your time among thousands of activities. Working in front of a camera is just a portion of it. There are public affairs, parties, business conferences, interviews. And in Barbara's case there is radio. She broadcasts, I believe, more than any other movie actress who hasn't a regular program. On the CBS Lux Theatre alone, she's made four appearances this past season, and over ten since the program began—much more than any other star.

Yet isn't beauty every woman's business? And isn't achieving it with the least loss of time and money the goal that every woman strives for?

You'll understand better how Barbara solves this universal problem if I take you into one of the rooms of the house in Beverly Hills where she and Bob Taylor live. It's a room that expresses more frankly than any confession exactly what sort of woman she is.

It is Barbara's sitting room and bedroom on the second floor, from which casement windows, draped with gay rose colored flowered chintz and criss-crossed with white organdy curtains, look out through a shelter of sycamore boughs into the quiet garden at the back of the house.

It is a feminine room, but subtly so. In sight are no dressing tables, elaborate mirrors or perfume bars. Rather, the room has the look of a very comfortable living room. Interest is centered around a white brick fire-place in which, if there is the slightest chill in the air, a bright fire is kept burning. Here are a Victorian sofa, warm and inviting, a man-sized wing chair. Here are tables with lamps not so decorative that they are useless for people who read late at night; piles of books, a stack of the current magazines, newspapers, a silver tray with the day's mail. Out of a small cupboard near the fire come all the makings for a quick pot of coffee—for both Barbara and Bob are chain coffee drinkers.

The tufted flowered chintz bed is not so formidable that it discourages loungers; in fact, the lucky few of Barbara's friends who penetrate to this hospitable heart of her lovely house respond quickly to the quiet informality of the room and relax as it is seldom possible to relax in...
is Happiness

Why take the hard way to loveliness when charming Barbara Stanwyck offers you the easy-to-copy rules she herself worked out when she became Mrs. Robert Taylor

harassed, hurried Hollywood.

Wordlessly, the room conjures up a complete picture of the woman who planned it—(for no decorator touched this room!)—a woman to whom the little things in life mean a great deal, who goes through her days and nights unhurried, content.

It explains the new confidence with which Bob Taylor has faced the problems of his profession since Barbara became his wife. It reveals so much of Barbara herself—who, though she is already in her thirties, faces each day with an eagerness and zest almost childlike, who came through the most cruelly disillusioning experiences a few years ago with none of her fundamental love of living destroyed. She has succeeded without burning her own intimate life as a human sacrifice to happiness. She has remained young in heart and body.

It is not easy, this thing which Barbara Stanwyck has done. Essentially it has been to live a simple life, accenting real values, in a town infinitely complex, where only the wise see life and love, giving and getting, in their true proportions.

Beauty, she has learned, is true happiness and happiness can be achieved only through simplicity and relaxation, the two keystones upon which she has built her life and her marriage.

The marriage itself is the first of her beauty essentials . . . for it is responsible for the serenity that underlies her beauty and gives it point.

This beauty business. It is not only in Hollywood that women spend hours of every day fussing with their hair, manicures and pedicures, facials and massage—for Hollywood has no corner on the urge of women to be beautiful. Barbara has no quarrel with this; but she insists they need not stay beautiful “the hard way.”

“I can remember when I had to have my (Continued on page 70)

She loves to sprawl on the floor, alongside her seven-year-old son, Dion, and read the funnies in the comic book.
Arranging the flowers in the lustre vase, Elizabeth's hands faltered. I bought these flowers, she had thought suddenly; I brought them, walked into the florist's and said, "A dozen roses for Mrs. John Perry, 148 Stedman Avenue." And I paid for them, out of the very generous housekeeping allowance John gives me every week.

How long was it since John had brought flowers home? Months, more than a year. But that wasn't important, really. The thing was that he wouldn't see these flowers when he came home. He wouldn't even know they were there. He wouldn't see them, any more than he saw the room, with its comfortable, gaily-chintzed chairs for summer, its windows framing the garden, its lights and tables cunningly arranged for convenience.

Perhaps he had missed Elizabeth, their small, with soft skin, brown curls and eyes of misty blue. Or any more than he would see her face.

Sometimes she wondered that he recognized her at all. She was just something that he expected to find against the background of his home. Like a chair, or a table, she was there for his casual, accustomed use, not for his thoughts.

Why, then, didn't he give as little thought to Annette Rogers? If his wife was always in his home, Annette was always in his office—no less ready to listen to him, to read his wishes, ready to talk when he wanted to talk, ready to be silent when he wanted silence.

Elizabeth shivered, and turned away from the piano—where the wine-red of the roses complemented the dark gloss of frequently-polished ebony... There was no sense, no sense at all, in letting her thoughts wander in that direction. Resentment, fear—they wouldn't help.

It was bitterly ironic when you came down to it. After the Martha Curtis business, she'd thought she was being so clever. Poor Martha—John had been a sort of god to her. She had loved him, yes, but she had revered him even more. Her own humble beginnings in life had called out to John's, had helped them to meet on a common ground. And, naturally, they both thought nothing in the world was quite so important as Perry's Department Store. Perhaps all this had brought John a kind of love for Martha—a love that was part pity.

But Martha had left the store, and John hadn't seemed to miss her—any more, Elizabeth reflected wryly, than he had missed Elizabeth herself when she stopped being his secretary to devote all her time to making a home for him.

"Home! That's going to be your career from now on, honey!" he'd said joyfully when they built their new house in the suburbs. "I
want some place I can come to at night, and forget all about the store. Some place I can relax!"

Well, John relaxed when he slept. But the amount of wide-awake relaxing he chose to do around his home lately seemed negligible.

Elizabeth straightened the magazines on a table into geometric exactness. She lifted her wrist and stared at the watch on it for a long time. Four o'clock. Just time enough to dress, catch the bus into town, and meet John a few minutes before the store closed. She would walk into his office; he would look up from his desk, frowning a little at the intrusion, but then when he saw who it was his face would clear and he'd jump up and say:

"Hello! I was just wishing you were in town so we could go out and have dinner together!" And his arms would go around her, hold her for a moment as though he were clasping his most precious possession.

—Only that wasn't the way it would be. He'd try to be pleasant and glad to see her, but he wouldn't be able to hide his feeling that she should have left him alone. He might explain that he was just going to have a tray sent up to the office—or that he'd planned on din-
ing with one of his assistants at the store, for a conference: And once again she would be made to feel that she was outside of his real life, excluded from that important life which was shared so fully by Annette Rogers.

With firm steps Elizabeth walked across the room and went upstairs. Perhaps, if she went to his office, she would be rebuffed—but all the same, she had to go. Anything was better than this inactivity, this—this lurking in the background. She dressed carefully, selecting the dusty-green suit with the peplum jacket she had bought only the week before.

It was five-fifteen when she paused in front of Perry's plate-glass windows. Still fifteen minutes before the store closed. She dawdled, looking at the window dis-

plays, glancing across the street at Henry Sullivan's store, Perry's main competitor in this busy mid-western city. Inside Sullivan's, she knew, was an all-pervading air of luxury and wealth: thick carpets, show-cases empty except for a few carefully arranged bits of merchandise, obsequious, low-voiced clerks. For until recently Sullivan's had been the store—until John had thrown down the challenge and set out to prove that he could capture at least some of the Sullivan's wealthy customers.

That had really been the reason Elizabeth herself had suggested that he hire Annette Rogers. All her life Annette had belonged to that wealthy class which rolled up to the doors of Sullivan's in sleek limousines—all her life until her father had died and left her little
but debts. That background, together with her undoubted good taste and ability to design startling clothes had seemed to make her an ideal employee for Perry's.

And Elizabeth had been sorry for Annette in the days following her father's death. She had seemed so lost, so overwhelmed at finding herself, all unprepared as she was, faced with the necessity of earning a living. It hadn't occurred to Elizabeth that Annette, once in the store, might find ways of making herself indispensable to John. Even if the possibility had crossed her mind, she'd have discounted it, trusting to Annette's gratitude and friendship.

Gratitude! Annette didn't know the meaning of the word!

Elizabeth pushed her way through the revolving doors, and down one of the aisles. She stopped to examine a pair of white knit gloves—and stiffened.

The clipped, brittle voice came from a few feet away. Annette Rogers was there, standing with her back to Elizabeth, talking to a tall man Elizabeth had never seen before.

"Oh, Elizabeth's a nice little thing. Rather the domestic type—not at all the sort you'd expect John to marry. But then, that was five years ago, long before I knew him. I don't think she'd have a good time, even if you did invite her."

Shrinking back, Elizabeth heard the man laugh and say teasingly, "And, of course, you'd hate to have her come and not enjoy herself, wouldn't you? All right, Annette—just as you say. Bring him alone, by all means, if that'll make you happy."

Elizabeth slipped behind an intervening counter and hurried to the elevator marked "Employees Only."

But then, with her finger touching the signal button, a thought struck her. It was nearly closing time; she might find herself in the same elevator as Annette, and that was something she couldn't stand now. Better to walk the six flights to John's office.

Her cheeks were burning with humiliation. How lightly, how surely, Annette had drawn in a few words for that unknown man the picture of an Elizabeth Perry who was colorless, a little dowdy, a misfit everywhere outside her own home! It had been done so expertly that it was impossible not to guess the long practice behind it—impossible not to wonder how many other times Annette had drawn the same picture of his wife for John!

On the top floor Elizabeth paused an instant to catch her breath before she went to the door which opened directly from John's office to the hall. There was another entrance, through his secretary's office, but she chose this afternoon not to use it.

She pushed open the silent-hinged door.

Annette was there before her! She had taken the elevator Elizabeth had been afraid to share with her. Now she sat in the chair at the side of John's desk, a cigarette poised in her long, perfectly-manicured fingers. She and John both looked up, surprised, as Elizabeth entered.

At thirty-five, John Perry's brown hair was brushed with gray at the temples. It lent to his appearance a worldliness which was useful in business, but deceptive. As Elizabeth knew very well, John was not a worldly man. He was frequently too innocent for his own good. As always, Elizabeth's heart responded to the sight of him.

"Elizabeth"—he began, then seeing her flushed cheeks, he added quickly, "Is anything wrong?"

All the poise she had planned on having deserted Elizabeth. "Oh—no. I was just in town shopping—and—and I thought we might have dinner together—" She saw his brows tighten, and added hastily, "That is—if you haven't any other plans—"

"Well ... the only thing is, I'd just promised Annette ..."

Annette was leaning back in her chair, a faint, amused half-smile on her perfectly molded red lips.
Annette wasn't beautiful, but she had the faculty of making other women feel bumpy and awkward and hastily put-together. Her strong features and her lithe body were always under perfect control; just now, though, she didn't speak, she seemed to be saying plainly to Elizabeth, "Aren't you rather making a fool of yourself, darling?"

JOHN went on, "Annette wanted me to go with her out to Robbin Pennington's country place for dinner. He's just returned from Europe — and since he's our largest stockholder, I guess Annette's right when she says I ought to know him socially."

"I didn't have a chance to tell you the really important thing, though," Annette drawled, the smoke from her cigarette dancing in slow spirals. "Mortimer Prince is going to be there too, John."

"Prince?" John's brow wrinkled. "Oh, you know — the millionaire — practically owns two big New York department stores. I've known him for years, and his daughter Carlie is one of my dearest friends. If you just could interest him, John, he might put some money into our store."

John tapped his teeth thoughtfully with the end of a pencil.

"I hear he's anxious to invest here," Annette pursued. "After all, this is his old home town."

John chuckled suddenly. "Annette," he said, "you're marvelous. If there's a chance anywhere, your eye spots it. I wouldn't dare think of trying to get Mortimer Prince to put money into my store when our competition is Henry Sullivan, one of his best friends, but you calmly take for granted that it can be done."

"Henry and Mortimer aren't such good friends any more," Annette said crisply. "You don't keep up on your gossip, John. Henry was going to marry Carlie Prince — but he decided a few days ago that he didn't want such a problem child on his hands, not even for all that money. I'm afraid that rather hurt Mortimer's feelings."

Elizabeth looked from John to Annette, feeling miserably that they were talking over her head, oblivious of her presence. Robbin Pennington — Mortimer Prince — Carlie — Henry Sullivan — she knew none of these people! Once she would have known — would have made it her business to know. Once, as John's secretary, she had known more of his affairs than she knew now as his wife.

Annette crushed out her cigarette. "So you won't mind, Elizabeth," she said brightly, "if I steal John — just for tonight? It really is rather important, you see."

"Why — I — " Elizabeth began, her eyes seeking John's, unable to go on.

"Here," John said, and abruptly pushed the telephone toward Annette. "Can't you call Pennington and ask if Mr. and Mrs. Perry can both come along with you tonight?"

"Don't be stodgy, John!" Annette pushed the telephone back with an irritated little laugh. "Of course Elizabeth can go if she likes. As a matter of fact, Robbin told me to invite you both. I just thought Elizabeth would be bored."

Relief and happiness warmed Elizabeth's heart. Forcing Annette to accept her company wasn't such a great triumph — but what really mattered was that instinctively John had come to her rescue, had included her in the party because he wanted her along. And though she dreaded this evening that was to come, nothing in the world would have kept her from going with them.

As they drove into the country in John's car, Annette took charge of the conversation and delivered a monologue on her favorite subject — herself. It was terribly hard, she announced, to economize and live on her salary; it was a good thing she was able to pick up a little something extra now and then in the stock market. . . .

"Annette's extremely clever in her choice of investments," John remarked, real admiration in his voice. (Continued on page 66)
Betty Lou's best known roles have been in Grand Hotel, as Connie in Arnold Grimm's Daughter, and as Julia, the leading role in Midstream.

Several years ago, a young Southern girl stood in a Chicago studio waiting for her first audition. She kept clearing her throat and nervously rattling the pages of her script.

In the control room, a tall young director watched her with quiet, amused eyes. "She's a pretty kid, isn't she?" he said to one of the engineers. The young director then looked more closely at her as she turned anxious eyes toward the control room. She had an eagerness in her finely modelled, angular face. Her eyes were large and dark, her hair deep black and shining.

"She looks a lot like Hepburn," the young director said. The engineer grinned. "Working up a case?"

The young director grinned back. "Don't be silly," he said. Then, leaning into the microphone, he said, "All right, Miss Gerson, go ahead." She smiled weakly. "Don't be nervous," he told her.

The girl read. First nervously and hurriedly, then she seemed to catch hold of herself and read with proper pacing and finesse. The tall, young director's eyes widened. "She's an actress," he said excitedly to the engineer. When she had finished he came into the studio. "I think we can use you," he said.

A sort of choked up "Thanks" was all the young actress could manage.

Her name was Betty Lou Gerson. She didn't know it then, but she was thanking a young man who would someday ask her to marry him. And the young director, Joe Ainley, could hardly foresee that the nervous young girl he was hiring for a bit part would someday become the star of numerous radio shows and, not so incidentally, his wife!

Today, the Ainleys are one of the most successful and happily married couples in Chicago radio circles. Their careers and their married life are inseparable, for Joe Ainley directs programs and his wife, Betty Lou Gerson, acts in them. Betty plays the leading roles in two NBC serials. She's Connie in Arnold Grimm's Daughter, and Julia Meredith in Midstream. And in the winter, when Grand Hotel is on the air, Joe is its director and Betty Lou its star.

They own a beautiful apartment house in the suburbs of Chicago. They live in one of the apartments in the house. It's modern, large, filled with luxurious furniture, deep, cozy fireplaces, fine books, good paintings, and more than most young couples these days could dream of having.

When they are not working at the
By JACK SHER

studios, they are with each other in their home, sometimes quietly enjoying an evening alone, other times entertaining the gay, young radio crowd, that pals around together in Chicago.

They are a living proof that marriage and a career can walk hand in hand, that two young people in love can be with each other constantly—and happily.

But it didn’t all happen at once. Romances that last as long as Joe’s and Betty Lou’s take time in building. There were quite a few heartaches and separations before they became Mr. and Mrs. Ainley. Their marriage might not have taken place at all, if Betty Lou hadn’t sacrificed the opportunity of a lifetime to marry Joe Ainley.

BUT let’s go back to the beginning and I’ll tell you the story as Betty Lou Gerson told it to me.

She was born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama. Her father was an influential executive, president of the Southern Steel and Roller Mills Company. As a child, Betty made up her mind to become an actress.

Like most wealthy young Southern girls, she was sent to a girl’s seminary. There, she performed in school plays and read all the magazines she could get on the theater, on Hollywood and the radio.

“I used to listen to radio script shows by the hour,” she smiled. “My favorite program was First Nighter, and Don Ameche was a hero of mine. I never dreamed that some day I’d be playing on the same program I used to love to listen to—and opposite my favorite actor.”

When Betty Lou graduated, she made up her mind to study dramatics. She talked her parents into letting her go to Chicago, where she enrolled in the Goodman Dramatic School. She had’t been in school very long before she got an offer to go into a stock company.

She played with the stock company for three months during the summer. (Continued on page 72)
AN OPEN LETTER FROM

Jessica daggette

ABOUT FRIENDSHIP

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Many of you reading this letter I have never met; some of you have never even seen me; still I know that a great many of you are real friends of mine. Every call the postman makes brings me evidence of your friendship; in letters, cards and gifts of every description. Every time I give a concert you greet me with a tide of affection that tells me more plainly than any words could that I am among friends.

In a very important way, you who have never met me yet write me letters which begin "Dear Jessica," are the truest friends I could have. Your devotion is a kind of friendship that is unique. It has stimulated me to consider the subject of friendship in a way that I had never thought of before.

So I'm glad to write this open letter and have it published where so many will read it— for I would like to pass on to others the most precious lesson in the art of friendship which you have taught me, in the hope that it will bring to many the increased happiness it has given me.

You have made me realize that most of us don't really appreciate our friends. We expect and even demand too much of them. When they seem to fail us—we think it is their fault and are hurt. If that has ever happened to you—and I feel it has to all of us—the chances are very strong that we are at fault and not our friends!

I wouldn't be qualified to talk this way if it were not for the experience gained through your friendship.

When I stopped broadcasting on a regular weekly series of programs which had extended for a period of many years, to give concerts all over this beautiful country of ours—I, with my head in the clouds and my heart warmed by thoughts of experiences to bring you more interesting future broadcasts—never felt that I had left you at all. But actually I had been away for quite a number of months and personal friends and business acquaintances began to tell me that radio audiences forget all too quickly, that I would be obliged to build up a following of listeners anew—make air-friends all over again. I thought, how can this be with friends!

A few weeks ago I did return to radio on a regular series. Despite my preoccupation and excitement with planning and welding together the countless details necessary to making an interesting and artistic broadcast, I found the joy in the thought of broadcasting again for the audience whose warm messages in the past had been my inspiration was tinged with the fear of the unhappy warnings I had refused to heed. Perhaps I was expecting too much. My listeners owed me nothing—I owed them everything. I wanted to prove it and here was my opportunity.

I called on the Spirit of Music to help me and suddenly I felt (Continued on page 75)
A debonair pose of a debonair gentleman, singing host of NBC's Good News of 1940, and co-star with his wife, Joan Blondell, in Paramount's "I Want a Divorce." A better title would have been "Second Honeymoon," because it's their first picture together since "Golddiggers of 1937," which culminated in their marriage.
ALL RIGHT, darling. Go ahead and be stubborn. Tomorrow's another day—and I'll call again. And I'll keep on calling until you give in...."

Michael Deemer replaced the receiver, smiled a little at the silent instrument before him, and then walked to the window. From the offices of the Mercury Advertising Company on the 18th floor of a skyscraper he looked out across the city. Over the rooftops and past the city's towers his eyes singled out the Bentley Motors Building.

He looked long and wistfully at that vertical pile of gray masonry. Somewhere in its myriad cubicles there was a girl named Linda Gale. And the music of her name and the music of her voice were melodies that reached out across the thrumming city, from that distant building to this one, like an invisible aerial, and caressed Michael Deemer and made him dream tender dreams:

Three months ago Mercury had acquired the Bentley Motors account. The job involved a certain amount of publicity and he was assigned to it. Just past twenty-four, Michael was two years out of college with vague journalistic and literary ambitions. Tall and lean, hair that wouldn't yield to a comb, long arms that dangled at his sides, an inclination to be absent-minded, these characterized him. And when someone at Mercury discovered that young Deemer was working on a novel, he was immediately dubbed a "queer duck."

Then three months ago this Linda Gale affair, in all its strange facets, had its beginning, and Michael, in the opinion of his fellow-workers, graduated from "queer duck" to downright "screwy."

Now, as Michael Deemer stood at the window and watched the curtain of dusk descend upon the city, he recalled the day when first he called Bentley. She had answered the phone, and when he gave her his name she had repeated it, and it seemed to him that Michael Deemer was a name that had never previously been uttered.

He was presently connected with Bentley but the voice of Linda Gale echoed and re-echoed in his ears. Clear and gentle it was, like a whisper in the woods. And Bentley had no sooner hung up than Michael found some feeble pretext to call her back.

In days to come he had legitimate reason for calling and soon he learned her name. The sound of it coursed through him and thrilled him. Linda Gale. She would have a name like that. Like Linda Gale.

Weeks went by and his calls increased. Then one day he talked to her longer than usual. "You don't know what these talks do for me, Linda," he had said. "I live on them. But there are so many things I want to tell you about. So many things—but I want to look at you when I tell you." And Linda Gale would evade his hint of a meeting.

Late one day, when both of them were alone in their offices, he told her about himself and his work, about the things he hoped to do. He told her about the novel he was working on, even discussed the current chapter. Her reactions were intelligent and sympathetic, and all through it he clung to the phone hungrily, conjuring a vision of the Linda Gale at the other end of the line.

"You know, I'm really not a monster," he had said.

"I know it," she laughed, and...

By Joseph

A fictionization of the radio drama, performed by Luther Adler and Sylvia Sydney, on Radio...
when he wanted to know how she knew it she again slipped out of a direct commitment.

"I'm twenty-four. How old are you, Linda?"

"Twenty," she replied, simply.

"I knew it! It's in your voice—you'll always be twenty!"

And quickly he had added: "Will you go to a movie with me, Linda?"

Then her tone changed imperceptibly. "I can't. I'm sorry. I wish I could explain."

A note of hopelessness tinged her reply. She wouldn't meet him and she wouldn't tell him why. She was sorry. She had to go now. And then, she hung up.

BUT the next time he called, Michael was not to be put off so easily. "Don't stop me from talking, Linda." Something imperative in his tone startled the girl at the other end.

"But, Michael,—I have work to do...

"No excuses, Linda. Nothing's going to stop me today. You've got to listen to me. I first fell in love with your voice—and now I've fallen in love with you. I can't get you out of my mind."

"Please, Michael," she broke in, tremulously.

"Do I sound silly, Linda?"

HE NRY STEELE

Smith's CBS Friday night show, sponsored by the makers of Calumet and Swansdown

Illustration by Seymour Ball

A thrilling radio drama becomes a memorable short story—the romance of a boy who loved a voice, and a girl who dared not let him see her

"No. You're not silly. But this can't go on. You've got to stop calling."

"Listen, darling." Michael Dee-mer would not be stopped today. "I worked on my book last night. And you were beside me—whispering. When I got stuck for a line, you gave it to me. Want to hear it?"

"Yes... yes. Let me hear it." Linda's heart was pounding violently.

"The sweet sighing of Konrad's violin entered the room like a message from God." He read the line almost caressingly.

"Beautiful! Michael, it's beautiful!—and I know where it goes. During the operation on the soldier...

"I knew you'd remember! Why, half the book is yours, Linda. I've done more real writing since I've known you...

"But you don't know me," said Linda, Michael never dreaming that he was torturing her.

"You mean I haven't met you. Over the telephone I've learned all I need know about you. And, besides, we're going to fix all that this afternoon. It's Saturday and—"

A sudden terror hit Linda.

"Michael! Michael!—I must hang up now!"

"No. Wait a minute! Listen to me. You've got to listen. Look out the window, Linda. Look at those clouds hanging up in the sky. Are you looking?"

"Yes, Michael. I'm looking," she said, barely audible.

"Did you ever see such blue skies? It's Spring, Linda. Life's waiting for us, Linda. It isn't polite to keep life waiting. The whole afternoon is ours...

"I can't! I can't!"

"Why can't you? Give me one good reason why you can't meet me." Michael gripped the phone so tightly his hands were in a sweat.

"I simply can't. You must believe me."

"I believe only what I know, and I know only that I've got to see you..." And then an unexpected fear struck him: "Say! You're not married, are you?"
"No... no. I'm not married."
"Engaged?"
"No. It was like a hushed whisper.
"Holy mackerel! You had me worried for a minute. Then what's all the fuss about?"
"I'm sorry, Michael. I wish I could explain. I wish I had the courage... ."
"All right! All right!" Michael shouted into the phone. "That settles it. You quit work at one o'clock, that much I know. Well, Miss Stubborn, I'll be parked right outside your office door. . . ."
"No, Michael—you wouldn't do that!" she cried, panic-stricken.
"Wouldn't I? I'm fed up with your unreasonable reasons. When you come out of your office you're going to fall right over Michael Deemer."
"Very well, Michael." Complete resignation in her voice. "Please don't come to the office. I couldn't stand—I mean—there are so many people here. I'll meet you at the corner of the King Building at quarter after one. . . ."
Michael almost gloated. "That's the girl! Now you're making sense. Now listen—so you'll know me, I'm driving a green coupé—I painted it myself. The front right fender is missing, and it makes a noise like two cylinders. It's the only one in captivity—you couldn't possibly miss it."
"I'll remember, Michael. I—I'm wearing a. . . ."
He wouldn't let her finish it.
"Don't tell me," he said. "I already know how you look. All I have to do is pick out the most beautiful girl in sight. See you later. . . ."
And he hung up.
Two receivers were replaced and the telephone wires resumed other strange and assorted cargoes. Back in her office Linda Gale sat staring at her phone. Only her will kept the wells in her eyes from bursting. Like a wild film the memories of the past three months flashed through her mind. Her heart had told her what manner of man this Deemer was. And she knew she loved him. And that was that.
Linda Gale got up and faced an oblong mirror. She looked long and hard and steadily into that mirror. Her heart thumped viciously as she stared at the face that belonged to the bell-like voice.
The noon-day sun streaked her hair and it shone like new copper. Her eyes were round and liquid brown, her lips full and generous. Her skin was like ivory-colored velvet—that is—that part of her cheek that wasn't smeared with a purple patch. Raw and livid—this was the cross that Linda bore.
This was Linda Gale of the haunting voice. Linda, the woman. Unable longer to contain her pent-up emotions she went back to the desk, buried her head in her arms and sobbed bitterly.
The hour of her rendezvous approached rapidly, when suddenly she was interrupted by the breezy entrance of her friend, Helen Wade.
"Time to quit, young lady," said Helen. And then she saw the tears. "Hey! What's the matter with you?"
"Nothing... nothing," sniffed Linda.
"Yeah, looks like nothin'. Is it that goof that fell in love with your voice?"
"He wouldn't take no for an an-

"Another preview of a brand new popular tune for Radio Mirror readers—a song introduced by Fred Waring—in the September issue"

Helen threw her arms around Linda and held her tightly, but Linda went on:
"The only way men fall in love with me is over the telephone. They fall in love with what they imagine—and when they see me. . . ." She broke into a violent fit of crying.
"This one's serious, huh?" said Helen.
"Very. He wanted to come here but I couldn't stand the thought of the other girls watching his expression when he first saw me. And, besides, I wanted to make it easy for him to pass me up. It'll hurt less."
An odd expression came over Linda's face. "That's funny," she said. "So we'd know each other he told me what kind of car he was driving, and when I was to tell him how I was dressed, he said, 'No, don't tell me. All I have to do is pick out the most beautiful girl in sight.'"
Helen gave her an affectionate hug and watched as she disappeared down the corridor.
In the maze of a Saturday's noon-day traffic a hand-painted green coupé wended its way. Its occupant was indubitably the happiest man in the world at the moment.
Michael Deemer gave the dashboard a friendly pat and addressing his jalopy, said: "Lizzie, old girl, after today we'll have to get you a fender, new spark plugs and new brake linings. Won't you be proud?"
A the corner of the King Building stood Linda Gale. Doubt and fear and apprehension permeated her being. She had a date with Fate and knew it. Her eyes scanned the stream of traffic and sought out an old green coupé.
Michael Deemer's eyes were glued on that corner, and as he sped through the entangled traffic he narrowly missed smashing into several cars. Then suddenly he saw Linda Gale—the girl in the new black dress. That must be her! That must be Linda! Several drivers shouted words of warning at him as he spied another girl—dressed in white. Slim and smart and—dressed in white. He was sure that was Linda! Then Fate or Chance or Something took hold of things.
There was a squealing crash. Brakes screeched, cars skidded and tires slithered. Women screamed. The green coupé collapsed in a horrible mass before the impact of a big truck. (Continued on page 53)
Behind the daffy, fluttery comedienne of Sunday nights is Barbara Jo Allen, beautiful, glamorous and light-hearted.

There's very little left of the beautiful Barbara Jo Allen (above) in the slightly befuddled, gushy woman you listen to as Vera Vague.

There are several stories, all good, but only one of them true, about the birth and creation of Vera Vague, the fluttery bi-monthly guest of Messrs. Bergen, McCarthy and Snerd of the "coffee show," and a regular Sunday distraction on the Pacific Slope's Signal Carnival, both over National Broadcasting Company air lanes.

The truth is that five years ago Barbara Jo Allen, for that's La Vague's real name, was asked to think up an amusing character to bring to an afternoon radio show called Woman's Magazine of the Air, and Miss Allen—fresh from a Parent-Teachers' meeting (she has a young daughter so her presence there was orthodox)—was so impressed by a fluttery, vaporish member that she sat down immediately and knocked out an imitative first piece about a diffuse-minded dame who was later to win fame as Vera Vague.

The best story, though, and the one that Barbara Jo Allen told us, is that Vera Vague came about as the result of an inhibition. The actress always wanted to do comedy and no one would let her. It seems that for some years prior to the birth of La Vague, Miss Allen had been a dramatic actress, and she was slightly fed up with it. She had been in a stock show of "Boomerang" at Hollywood's El Capitan Theatre, and Henry Duffy, the producer, had cast her in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "The Shanghai Gesture."

"After that I screamed my way through the leads in several mystery (Continued on page 60)

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY
Lanny, casting in his trout-stream—the real reason he purchased the farm. He should get a nibble—he planted the fish there himself.

This is

Left, leading off the apartment's two-story living room is a staircase which winds up to a balcony. Right, 36 yards of material are in those window drapes.

Below, the dining room has been converted into an office for Lanny where he answers his fan mail, files his music and listens to records of his program.

The chintz-covered sofa is soft and comfortable, but hardy enough for Lanny to tussle about with his Irish Setter, Sande, given to him by the Jockey, Earl Sande.
Leading a double life is fun for Lanny Ross—in his modest, white farm house in the country or in his luxurious apartment in the city

By JERRY MASON

YOU'D never believe it to look at them, but the Lanny Rosses live double lives. From Monday to Friday, they're smart, sophisticated New Yorkers whose home is a sleek, luxurious duplex apartment in one of those Manhattan buildings sandwiched between tall, gray canyons. But from Friday to Monday, Lanny and Olive toss off the Big City gloss, the well-tailored suits and faultlessly designed dresses, and settle down to being a young, happily married couple in a little white four-room farmhouse.

If they had their way, all their days would be like those of the care-lifting week-ends. Lanny, though, is very busy singing for a living. His ten CBS programs a week for Franco-American Spaghetti (an Eastern and Western broadcast every night except Saturday and Sunday), demand that he live in the city, as close as possible to radio's center of things. As a result, he has a New York apartment which is an interior decorator's dream. The minute you step off the elevator into the bookshelf-lined foyer you see why. Stretching before you is one of the largest rooms ever put together for private use. It's not quite as big as Grand Central (Continued on page 76)
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Somebody To Love

Under summer skies you'll be humming this romantic ballad composed by radio's own popular tenor, Lanny Ross, and featured by him on his nightly CBS program.

Words and Music by LANNY ROSS

Copyright 1940 by Lanny Ross
sweet de-light of your arms placed in mine Some-bod-y to love

Some-bod-y to cher-ish; Some-bod-y to care And un-der-

stand I'm think-ing of on-ly you No-bod-y else will

do; Some-bod-y to care Some-bod-y to love.
The Man Who Wanted To Be

MONDAY
What was the strange reason Arnold Arnold tempted four people to plot his death?
Radio's famous ace detective meets his most fantastic case

TUESDAY

O Ellery Queen there was a nightmarish quality about the situation. It didn't seem possible that a man could deliberately tempt three of his relatives, as well as his doctor, to murder him. Yet that was what Arnold Arnold was doing.

Crazy? . . . wondered Ellery. But somehow he knew that this white-haired, red-faced old man, sitting there in the massive luxury of his bedroom at the exclusive Markheim Apartments, enthroned in his wheelchair, laughing, enjoying himself hugely, talking of death as if it were a horse-race—somehow, he knew this man was perfectly sane.

There was a diabolically cool and calculating mind behind that fantastic proposition he had just made.

"And so," he had said, "since my good Dr. Howell assures me I have only seven days before I must die, I'm going to have some fun, at least. I'm going to make the biggest possible bet—my entire fortune!"

Ellery glanced around at the other occupants of the room. Nikki Porter, his own personal secretary, was sitting on the edge of her chair, her shorthand notebook forgotten on her knee, fascinated by the exuberance of this strange relic of a lusty, vanished age.

For Arnold,—"Big Time" Arnold—was just that. He had lived in the grand tradition of professional gamblers. His very name evoked memories of gas-lights and hansom cabs, of champagne suppers and girls dancing the can-can, of Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliot—and most of all, of fortunes wagered on the flip of a coin or on chances even more trivial. There was nothing on which Arnold wouldn't bet, they'd said—and today he was proving it, by betting on his own death.

The others in the room had accepted Arnold's astounding suggestion according to their own personalities. Max Fisher, his attorney, at whose request Ellery and Nikki had come to this conference, looked exasperated but respectful. Dr. Howell's thin, scholarly face was all grave solicitude.

Waldo Arnold, the gambler's brother, had not changed the sour expression on his face. Perhaps, Ellery thought, Waldo had his cross to bear, in the form of feeding, clothing and bathing Big Time Arnold since his paralytic stroke two years before—but there was no reason why he should have let it permanently sour his disposition.

Arnold's niece, Cora Moore, was a buxom young woman with blonde hair, whose easy tears had begun flowing the minute she heard Dr. Howell's statement that Arnold was suffering from a heart condition that would cause his death in another week.

Arnold was the only person who was really enjoying himself. In his hands was a crystal ball about the size of a grapefruit. As he talked, he played with it, rolling it carelessly from one hand to the other, carring its smooth surface.

"I've arranged a little sporting proposition for all of you," he chuckled. "I'm betting you all that I don't die when Dr. Howell says I will. In my strong-box at the bank are gilt-edge bonds worth one million six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—my entire estate. If I die before the next seven days—but only if I die in that time—Fisher here, is empowered to open that box and distribute the money. A million dollars to you, Waldo,—since you're my brother, my nearest and dearest. Two hundred and fifty thousand apiece to my niece Cora and nephew Anthony Ross—incidentally," he broke off, "where is my loving nephew?"

HE called to say he couldn't come," Waldo said. "Too busy working out a new kind of poison gas."

"Well, it doesn't matter. The bet stands anyway. Cora, all you have to do to win that money is to live here with me for the next week. Do you accept?"

"I don't know anything about this betting nonsense, Uncle," Cora said firmly, "but I certainly am going to live here with you! You need a nurse and a dietician, and I'm both!"

"Good! As to Anthony, he can live here or not, I don't care." He gave them all a benevolent look, and turned to Dr. Howell.

"Can't leave you out, eh, Doctor? If you're right, and I die when you say I will, Fisher turns over to you one hundred thousand dollars. If you're wrong and I'm still alive a week from today, you get exactly
nothing. What do you say to that?"

Dr. Howell's voice was disapproving. "It's your money, Mr. Arnold. Of course, I sincerely hope I am wrong."

"Those contracts you've drawn up to give everyone, outlining the bet, are legal, Fisher?" Arnold was suddenly stern. "No loopholes?"

"Oh, they're legal enough," Max Fisher sighed. "Perfectly. If you die before the end of the week your bequests will all be carried out. If you don't, all bets are off and the money will be turned over to charity."

"Fine! . . . Now get out—all of you. No, not you, Queen. You and your pretty secretary stay."

But this wasn't really a bet, Ellery thought as the others filed out of the room. As an old gambler, Arnold must know that a bet required stakes to be put up by both sides. If Arnold died, the other parties to the "bet" would win enormous (Continued on page 63)
"No, you don't," said Dick Powell to Rudy Vallee, as Vallee snapped his picture. Now you see what happened. And what's more, right on Powell's own premises too—by the garden wall.

"So you want to be a success in radio?" says Benny—and here he is.

As far back as this (you can tell the date by the suit, tie and collar), Rudy was taking pictures. Here he's shown with the late Will Rogers which he snapped himself at his Maine summer lodge.

Rudy dropped into the Texaco Star Theater and caught Kenny Baker.

In sunbonnet and gingham—the lovely Alice Faye as Vallee's camera saw her before leaving New York for Hollywood movie fame. Right, Andy Devine, taking it all in while Rudy gets him in.
No star in radio takes his photography hobby more seriously than Rudy Vallee. You seldom find him without his Contax camera with which he goes about snapping odd poses of his friends and fellow-workers, often taking them unawares. Vallee's always spending money for new equipment. This is his latest acquisition, a trigger camera. The lenses are so heavy that they have to be mounted on a gun stock. Rudy's heard Thursday nights at 9:30 E.D.S.T., over the NBC network sponsored by Sealtest.

Rudy sneaked up on Tyrone Power who was waiting for his cue at a broadcast. Right, Vallee captures the famous Robinson grin in Hollywood's Brown Derby one day at lunch.
DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME?

Was that last party a flop? There's probably a good reason why, which can be avoided the next time. Here Blondie and Dagwood show you how

Listen to Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake at Blondie and Dagwood Monday nights over CBS.

Look what happens when the hostess doesn't plan entertainment in advance—bored are Rodney Bell, James Blakely, Pat Van Cleve, Chuck Shuey, Jeanne Strasser and unprepared hosts Blondie and Daawood.

Don't be the pest who insists upon tuning in your favorite program when all the rest would prefer to talk or listen to another broadcast.

Invite guests of corresponding tastes—don't mix highbrows and people who like low-down fun. Now here's Pat who'd much rather dance than talk.

28
Getting the gang together in the kitchen for the latest story is bad manners on the part of any host. It's bound to make the women feel neglected.

If you want to play bridge, play bridge—don't talk to your friends while you are the dummy. Note the look Blondie is throwing at Dagwood.

"Oh, my," screams Blondie, "there's the doorbell! and my hair's not even combed." That's bad timing. Below, accidents are liable to happen, so don't use your best glassware if breakage will upset you.

Nothing makes a hostess more unhappy than to have a guest leave before she's served that special late supper. Below, uncomfortable, Rodney? A small table, conveniently placed, would have solved this problem.
“Tie—I almost wish you hadn’t asked me, Danny,” Sally said at last, her voice trembling; “I can’t marry you, dear!”
Mother O'Neill finds the answer to her abiding faith in courage and a guiding destiny, as Peggy's life is saved and Danny's wife takes a gallant risk for love

THROUGH everything that happened, the O'Neill's must stick together. That was what Mother O'Neill said to herself again and again. Yet sometimes it was hard, in the turmoil of events, not to lose sight of the importance of keeping the family united. First, there was her son Danny's engagement to Eileen Turner. They announced it on the same day that Peggy, Danny's sister, was married to Monte Kayden, and Mother O'Neill knew she should have been happy about it—but somehow she just wasn't. Eileen, she thought, was a little too flighty, too spoiled, too much the born actress, to make Danny happy. These fears were soon overshadowed by a real tragedy, though. On the very morning the bridge Danny had helped to build was opened for traffic, it was blown up, and in the explosion Danny was seriously injured. For a while it was feared he would never see again. Then, after his complete recovery, Danny was responsible for a quarrel between Peggy and Monte. If it hadn't been for that quarrel, Monte would never have become entangled with Gloria Gilbert, a night club singer; would never have left Peggy and the newly-born twins and gone to Chicago. For months Peggy had no news of him; then Sally Scott came to tell her that Monte had been living in the same Chicago boarding house as she and her parents and that he was sincerely sorry but afraid to beg Peggy's forgiveness. Peggy rushed to Chicago, and she and Monte were reconciled. Meanwhile, the O'Neill's became fond of Sally Scott, who was sweet and beautiful, but crippled and forced to walk with a cane. Peggy and Monte returned, and at first Mother O'Neill believed that happiness was ahead for them. But Gloria Gilbert, too, returned to town and attempted to renew her relationship with Monte, forcing her way into his office and being impudent to Peggy when she met her on the street. Peggy's jealousy flared up and she borrowed Danny's car to go to Gloria's roadhouse and talk to the girl. And the next morning the newspaper headlines told Mother O'Neill that Gloria Gilbert had been murdered.

The newspaper headlines were only the beginning. In less than a week, Peggy O'Neill had been formally charged with the murder of Gloria Gilbert! It didn't seem possible, but there it was, with all the grim details—Peggy in a prison cell, Monte, white-lipped and tense, preparing her defense, Mother O'Neill, praying for every last ounce of fortitude to keep herself calm and helpful in the face of this unbelievable thing that had happened to the O'Neill's. To Danny O'Neill, it seemed the bitter, tragic result of his own foolishness. After all, if he had not quarreled with Monte, had not, by that quarrel, caused the misunderstanding between Monte and Peggy that had led Monte to seek the company of Gloria Gilbert, none of this might have happened. He tried to forget all these thoughts by helping his mother, by dealing with the innumerable telephone calls, talking to reporters. Mother O'Neill said they must all go on just as usual until the trial, but that wasn't so easy to do with the thought of Peggy, locked in her cell, always present. And one night Monte told them something else—something that at any other time would have been joyous news, but now only served to make heavier the burden of anxiety upon them all. Peggy was soon to become a mother again.

"When I think that it may be born in a prison hospital—our baby —I—" Monte left the sentence unfinished, his face twisted with anguish; and soon after he left the house, to spend long hours in his office, working, thinking, trying to find some way out. It was on this same night, or one soon after, that the editor of the morning paper called up to ask Danny if he'd consent to write a series of articles about Peggy. "We'd like to get the real Peggy O'Neill Kayden," the editor explained glibly. "Tell about when you were kids together—about how she met her husband Human, down-to-earth stuff. You know," he added confidently, although Danny certainly didn't. Danny's first impulse was to refuse, but the editor told him to think it over and give him his answer the next day. Danny strolled back into the kitchen, hands in pockets, lips pursed in an abstracted whistle. "Mom," he asked tentatively, "how'd you like to have a newspaper man in the family?"

"What in the world are you talking about?"

Danny explained. "I thought at first I couldn't do anything like that," he finished, "but now—I don't know. Maybe I could help Peggy that way—maybe I could make everybody that reads the paper see her the way we do, and realize she couldn't possibly have done what they say she did. 'Course, I never wrote anything but a letter in my life," he admitted. "But I could
try and see how it works out."

Mother O'Neill laid her rough, work-worn hand on his. "If you think it's the right thing to do, Danny—why, then go ahead."

But Eileen Turner's reaction was different. He called on her the evening of the day his first "piece" about Peggy appeared in the paper, and found her with her eyes bright green, the way they always got when she was angry.

"I should think it was bad enough, Danny O'Neill, having your sister accused of murder, without boasting about it in the newspapers!" she burst out as soon as he was in the room.

"But, Eileen, I'm not boasting! I thought maybe, by writing these articles, I could help her."

"Help her! For Heaven's sake, Danny, don't you realize you're just as likely to hurt her?" She took a deep breath, tried to speak more calmly. "Of course you don't think Peggy is guilty—but I hear things around town that you don't. And a lot of people—have their own notions. Seeing her brother leaping into print isn't going to change those notions any, because that's exactly the sort of thing people don't like. I don't like it myself!"

Something about Eileen's tone had struck into Danny's brain like a knife. "Of course you don't think Peggy is guilty!" He had hardly heard anything she said after that.

"Do you think she's guilty, Eileen?"

The sudden question startled her. "Why, I—" Her angry gaze faltered, slid away from his eyes. "Of course not," she said, almost suddenly.

The lack of conviction in her words was more revealing than her hesitancy.

"I see," he said slowly. He got to his feet and stood looking down at her. "I think I'll go on home now, Eileen," he said.

"It doesn't matter what I think, anyway," she said petulantly. "Because there's something else I've got to tell you, Danny. You know for a long time I've wanted to go to New York and study dramatics. Well—next week I'm going. I won't even be here when the trial starts."

He knew, then, that Eileen had not really been so angry about his newspaper venture. She had seized upon it eagerly, as an excuse for a quarrel, to give her announcement that she was going away the point and drama her actress's soul hungered for.

"Did you ever really love me?" he asked bitterly. She turned in simulated anger. "No, don't lie to me," he interrupted. "You didn't—or if you did, it wasn't the kind of love a man could build his life on. . . . All right, Eileen. I hope you have lots of luck in New York."

"Danny . . ."

Her voice was pleading, timid; but he was already leaving the room, and he did not go back.

Walking home, he was amazed to find that he felt nothing—no real sorrow, no anger. This wasn't like the last big quarrel he and Eileen had had. Then he had been crushed, unable to think of anything but the hope that she might return to him. Now . . . why, now he didn't even care!

The trial began. Three days of wrangling between the attorneys as the jury was picked. And after that, endless hours of testifying, questioning, cross-questioning.

Chris Momanoz, owner of the Glass Slipper, his head waiter, his chef—all testified that they had seen Peggy at the road house that night, had heard her quarreling with Gloria Gilbert, had seen her leave, just before Gloria's body was discovered in her dressing room. She had left the motor of the car running, they said, in order to make a quick getaway. Even Monte's brilliant cross-examination was not able to break down their testimony.

The prosecution brought into court the pistol that Danny always carried in the side-pocket of his car—a pistol with one bullet fired from the chamber. Experts testified that Gloria Gilbert had died of a bullet fired from that gun.

As if all this were not bad enough, the District Attorney called to the stand friends and neighbors of Peggy's—Trudie Bailey, Morris Levy, little Janice Collins. Yes, they were forced to admit, they had heard Peggy threaten Gloria's life—but only as the rash remark anyone might make in the heat of anger.

Even Monte was called to the stand and forced by adroit and merciless questioning to tell the whole story of his estrangement from his wife, and of Peggy's jealousy.

It was a sad O'Neill family that gathered around the supper table the night after Monte's testimony. Try as they would, they could not overcome the feeling of despair that hung over the whole house. When the front (Continued on page 34)
With no mistake about it, her life has not flowed along uneventfully. She has moved, instead, in a cycle of infinite happiness and despair, the latter predominating. She is Father Barbour's favorite daughter, and, likewise, he is her favorite person. Those who know the Barbour family well need no explanation of the father-daughter relationship, which represents a complete coalescence of understanding.

Now in the final years of her young womanhood, she has no more than a memory of an intermezzo in Honolulu; three children, but no promises of security for them, and friends few enough to count on her fingers. But her faith is strong.

Hazel completed her schooling at the University of California a few years ahead of Claudia, but Claudia was first to marry. Claudia's elopement suddenly dramatized Hazel's plight. For several years, she had been of marriageable age, but there were no suitors.

She became vitriolic and restless. One day she told the family she felt the need of getting away from the family and Father Barbour, understanding the workings of her temperament, offered her a trip anywhere she cared to go.

She decided on Honolulu.

Paul, an able counsellor of any Barbour who is in distress, told her he wanted to have a talk with her before she left. On the voyage, Paul told her, she could hold herself aloof from fellow voyagers and new experiences, ending up by gaining nothing and being just as lonely as when she started. Or, he said, she could enter into the spirit of her new adventure, accept what came, enjoy any new emotional experience available, in which case she would probably come home a new person.

She promised Paul she would have the time of her life. Only Hazel and an itinerant portrait painter, Danny Frank, know the full story of Hazel's visit to Honolulu.

Danny Frank was a devilishly-handsome nomad who visited the fashionable watering places about the globe to paint portraits of the wealthy vacationers. Meanwhile, he kept an eye out for youth and romance which might be wandering on the beach beyond his easel.

The most beautiful girl in from the mainland during his Honolulu stay was Hazel, who fell madly in love with (Continued on page 71)
The Fiesta Danceteria in New York is the latest in dance spots—a combination of cafeteria and ballroom.

If you’re a jitterbug, you won’t miss Michael Todd’s Dancing Campus at the New York World’s Fair.

If you’re coming to New York this summer for the second edition of the World’s Fair, bring your dancing shoes.

Out in the carnival-keyed amusement area, hard by Billy Rose’s Aquacade, a young Chicago promoter named Michael Todd has constructed a block-long rendezvous called “Dancing Campus.” Admission is only a quarter and 4,000 couples can let loose shags, congas, rumbas and plain, old-fashioned waltzes, without even rubbing elbows.

Johnny Green, Van Alexander, and Clyde Lucas got the Campus off to a fast pace and more bands of that calibre are promised.

The night I was there, even a sudden rainstorm failed to halt the capers of the joyful jitterbugs. “Dancing Campus” is out in the open but they are constructing a huge awning to use when the weather gets nasty.

Another dance spot you won’t want to miss when in New York is the unique Fiesta Danceteria, right on Times Square. This enormous, popular-priced swing sanctum combines the cafeteria with the ballroom. Admission, which includes a full course dinner, is only 65 cents ($1 on Saturdays and holidays.)

28,000 square feet on two huge floors take care of the dancing needs. Jimmy Lunceford’s great band held forth at Fiesta in June and more top flight dance bands are due. The capacity is 3,000.

Judy Starr, four foot, 9 inch singer is back with Hal Kemp for his vaudeville tour. Janet Blair also remains with the band.

Bob Chester is now playing from New York’s Essex House, his first real hotel break. Kay Kyser is at Fort Worth’s Casa Manana.

Will Osborne now reaches you over NBC from Chicago’s Edgewater Beach Hotel... Lou Breese has left the Windy City’s Chez Paree for the road... Henry Busse is now in Frisco’s Palace Hotel. It was in this city that the trumpeter started his career... Ray Noble opens July 4th in Chicago’s Palmer House with a Mutual wire.

Glenn Miller won the Billboard magazine’s poll of college students... Kay Kyser and Tommy Dorsey followed him. Vocalist winners were Ray Eberle, Miller’s singer, and Kyser’s pretty Ginny Sims.


Bobby Byrne’s new theme song, reaching you from Glen Island Casino in Westchester via NBC, is...
"Meditation at Moonlight," written especially for Bob by Peter de Rose and Mitchell Parish. This pair of songwriters wrote "Deep Purple.

* * *

Jimmy Dorsey's new record, "Julia," is named for his seven-year-old daughter.

LOWDOWN RHYTHM IN A TOP HAT

From the sun-flecked cabanas of Bermuda to the lofty Rainbow Room, society's skyscraper citadel, the name of Al Donahue had been synonymous with soft, soothing dance music. But Mr. and Mrs. Radio Listener rarely tuned him into their loudspeaker.

The tall, thin Irish maestro was ever welcomed when lavish Long Island estates tossed their weekend parties. Yet he couldn't fill a ballroom in Shamokin, Pa.

Though social secretaries held his name high on the list when planning swank functions, Al's phonograph records collected dust in music stores, as the customers scrambled for the more democratic disks of Miller and Duchin.

To most of us, Al Donahue's music was farther away than an invitation to sit in the Met's diamond horse-shoe with the Astors.

Then late last year, the 38-year-old bandsman turned his broad back on the so-called smart set, after receiving their polite plaudits ever since he left his home in Dorchester, Mass., more than a decade ago.

Al quietly announced his decision to his lovely, blonde wife, the former Frederika Gallatin, of the socially prominent banking family.

"I'm fed up with this society music," he said determinedly.

"Hereafter I'm going to please the masses instead of the classes."

Frederika interrupted breathlessly, "When are you going to change, Al?"

"As soon as I finish my present engagement at the Rainbow Room." He hesitated a moment as if to prepare his wife for another shock. Then he continued, "As a matter of fact if you come to Manhattan Beach tomorrow you can hear my new band—and honey, it's hot!"

Frederika went to the sprawling seaside spot in Brooklyn. All around her were bathers rockling back and forth to the solid swing. Like a rhythmic Dr. Jekyll, Al returned, a bit sheepishly, that night to the Rainbow Room for one of his last appearances as a society maestro.

Today the band has just returned from a successful tour of one night stands. Plans were being set for a lengthy stay in New York where there would be an abundance of network wires.

I asked Al to define "society music" and why he decided to change musical oars in midstream.

"A society band is strictly for society people. They rarely use arrangements. The band is chiefly concerned with rhythm and melody and not at all interested in such exciting things as color, variation, and style that a real musician likes to bring out. Do you know that a society band can play for more than thirty minutes without once using a special orchestration?"

With that type of set-up Al employed a small brass section and three violins. Now the violins have been eliminated, including his own, and there are four saxes, three trumpets, and three trombones in addition to the rhythm section.

A L'S shrewd business acumen also was instrumental in his making the change. He knew that as a society bandleader, engagements in ballrooms and theaters were denied him. Then, too, his lucrative side practise of booking bands on cruise boats, was brutally hit by the war.

With his new band, Al gets $1,500 for a college date. His record sales for Vocalion have increased almost 100 per cent.

It wasn't by choice that the brown-haired creator of "Low Down Rhythm in a Top Hat," was labeled a society maestro. To put himself through Boston University law school, Al played violin in a flock of Boston bands. One night a booker spotted the handsome young fiddler.

"Listen, kid, why don't you whip your own (Continued on page 76)
By KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELLOR

Kate Smith, in the General Foods Kitchen, where the wonderful recipes received in the contest were tested.

The great day has arrived! In other words, the Radio Mirror Cooking Corner Recipe Contest has ended; the entries have all been checked and tabulated and we are happy to bring to you the names of the winners, together with the recipes which won the first, second and third awards.

It has been a task, although a most delightful one, to decide on the winners from among the many hundreds of recipes submitted—recipes for entrees and for desserts, for soups, salads and vegetables. However, this difficult business of judging has been facilitated for your editors by the splendid cooperation of the General Foods Corporation, which generously offered us the help and advice of its trained dietitians in making our selections, and turned over to us its beautiful up-to-date experimental kitchens for testing each recipe selected.

Throughout the contest one important truth has stood out. That is that you all, everyone of you, are cooking not only with your hands but with your minds and hearts as well, using your ingenuity to create new and appetizing dishes, cherishing with pride recipes which have been handed down for generations from mother to daughter.

Yes, the contest has been a great success, and now, with our thanks to those of you who participated in this success, and our felicitations to the winners, we present the recipes which merited our first, second and third awards.

I am sorry that we have space here for only these three recipes, but during the coming months we shall bring you other winning recipes. Just think of it—some day you may sit down to a soup from Maine, an entree from Dixie and a dessert from California—and all because of the interest you have shown in our Cooking Corner Contest!

$50 FIRST PRIZE
(Won by Carmelito Paredes from Jackson, Calif.)

Cocka Leekie Soup
1 doz. leeks
2 stalks celery
1 carrot
1 oz. butter
1 1/2 qts. chicken broth
1 cup cooked chicken, diced
Salt and pepper to taste
1 egg yolk

Wash and trim the leeks and cut them into half-inch pieces, discarding roots and tops. Chop celery and carrot fine, then fry slowly, being careful to avoid burning, with the leeks, in the butter. When brown, add chicken broth and diced chicken and simmer, covered, for two hours. Beat the egg yolk, blend with a little of the hot broth and add egg mixture, with salt and pepper to taste, to soup. Serve immediately. Makes six to eight good portions.

$25 SECOND PRIZE
(Won by Mrs. W. McKenne of Milton, Mass.)

Orange Chiffon Dessert
3 eggs
1/2 cup sugar
Pinch salt
1/2 cup orange juice

Listen to Kate Smith's day-time talks Monday through Friday...
French Chocolate Cake

1/2 cup butter
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1/2 cup milk
1 1/4 cups cake flour
1 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
2 squares bitter chocolate, melted
3/4 cups boiling water
1 tsp. soda

Cream butter well, then add sugar, beaten eggs and milk. Sift together flour and cream of tartar, and add to liquid mixture. Add melted chocolate and mix well. Stir soda into boiling water and mix lightly into cake batter. Turn into buttered 9-inch layer cake tins and bake at 350 degrees for half an hour.

Frosting for French Chocolate Cake

2 squares bitter chocolate
1 tbl. butter
1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
1/2 cup whipping cream
1 tsp. vanilla

Melt chocolate and butter. Add all other ingredients, then place mixing bowl in pan of cold water and beat with electric or Dover beater until mixture will stand in peaks. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Here's a dessert that will use up that left over sponge cake.

Soak the gelatin in the cold water until it dissolves. Beat the egg yolks, add half the sugar, together with salt, orange juice, lemon juice and orange rind and heat egg and fruit mixture in double boiler. Remove from fire, add gelatin and stir well, then allow to cool. When mixture begins to thicken, add egg whites which have been beaten with remaining sugar. Place a layer of the gelatin mixture in a mold, cover with a layer of broken pieces of sponge cake, sprinkle with grated, semi-sweet chocolate (or with shredded coconut if you prefer) and repeat until ingredients are used up. Place in refrigerator until serving time. Serve with plain or whipped cream, or with ice cream. This dessert may be made the day before it is to be served. Makes six to eight servings.

$15 THIRD PRIZE
(Won by Mrs. Peterson from Milwaukee, Wisc.)

12 noon, E.D.S.T., also her variety show Friday night, both over CBS.

French Chocolate Cake—its layers are light as a feather—and a delicious new kind of icing.
DON AMECHE is wondering uneasily if the title of his next picture is an omen. Don and Mrs. Don have three boys now, and are expecting a new arrival this Fall. They’re hoping hard for a girl—but Don’s new picture is called “Four Sons.”

A Warrenton, Virginia, preacher heard all about it from Ed Byron, producer of the What’s My Name radio program, and Maxine Jennings, RKO movie starlet. They honeymooned in Washington, D. C., before Ed had to return for his radio job.

Gracie Allen may not be elected President, but she came back from her campaign trip with plenty of loot, and it’s a cinch that no other Presidential “candidate” ever got such unique presents as some of Gracie’s: a live skunk, a live lamb, a kangaroo sculptured from coal, a balsam wood plank for her “platform,” a crate of oranges, a degree of Doctor of Funology from Midland University. George didn’t do so well. He only collected a pair of suspenders, two firemen’s badges, two cigars and a pinfeather.

Too bad, but television owners aren’t likely to see Rosita Royce do her dove dance. Her agent offered her to NBC for a television show, and NBC thought well of the idea. Everything was going along nicely, until it was realized that the heat from the television lights wouldn’t do the doves (they’re really pigeons, but let’s call them doves) any good and would probably be fatal to them.

Hugh Studebaker, one of Chicago’s most popular radio actors, has quit all his microphone roles and gone to New Mexico for a rest—doctor’s orders. Hugh had worked himself up to a position in radio of having more work than he could handle and still keep from having a nervous breakdown. He plans now on staying in New Mexico six months... So don’t ever say again that “those radio actors have an easy time of it!”

Looks like Warner Baxter will turn radio star in the fall. He’s said to have already signed a contract for a weekly sponsored program.

Radio lost one if its best-loved orchestra conductors when Josef Pasternack, director of the NBC Carnation Milk Contented Hour, died recently at the age of 59. Pasternack was just about to begin one of his program’s rehearsals when he collapsed, and died a few moments later. He’d been in radio since 1928, and had been musical director for such programs as the Atwater Kent series and the Jack Frost Melody Moments. He had been director of the Contented Hour for several years. His widow and two married daughters survive him.

Shuffle radio’s cards and some strange combinations result. Next October Fred Allen leaves his present sponsor, after an association of six years, and Eddie Cantor takes his place selling Ipana and Sal Hepatica. Meanwhile, Fred has signed up with the Texaco people, which will put him on the air Wednesday nights at 9 over CBS—in direct competition with Cantor’s program on NBC. The reason Fred and his sponsor parted company, gossip says, is that Fred wanted to keep his full-hour program and the sponsor wanted to cut it to a half-hour. Neither side would give in, so a friendly parting was arranged.

The Bill Sterns—he’s the NBC sports announcer—are expecting an heir about the time you read this.
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt as she chats informally every Tuesday and Thursday at 1:15 P.M., over the NBC-Red network.

Right, Mr. and Mrs. Don Ameche dine at Ciro's. It may be their last night out until the expected new Ameche arrives.

By DAN SENSENEY

A whole month ahead of the baby's arrival they moved into a new and larger apartment; Bill must be figuring on giving his first-born plenty of room for vocalizing in preparation for a possible radio future.

Deanna Durbin's movie bosses, Universal Pictures, are denying vigorously the rumor that Deanna has signed a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company, as printed here last month.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—A voice and an appearance that go together like corn beef goes with cabbage make up the personality of Bill Bivens, ace WBT announcer. The voice is a rich baritone, the appearance is husky, handsome and cheerful, and together they bring pleasure to many a WBT listener. Besides his air duties, Bill is in frequent demand for personal appearances.

It's only 25 years since Bill was born in Wadesboro, North Carolina, but out of those 25 years more than a dozen have been spent in radio. When he was only thirteen he owned and operated his own radio station W4BCW, and he wasn't much older when he landed a job as actor on WRBU, in the nearby town of Gastonia. Before coming to WBT in 1937 he worked for WFBC in Greenville, South Carolina, and for WJSV in Washington (where, incidentally, he was called "Baby Bill," a name certainly inspired by his youth rather than his size, since he's six feet tall and broad-shouldered).

At WBT he announces many special events, and also is master of ceremonies on his own sponsored farm program. In his spare time he's a true outdoorsman. An excellent shot, he likes to hunt, and knows so much about firearms that his friends have turned him into an amateur gunsmith. Fishing, camping, and all sorts of outdoor life appeal to him. He even has a dog that's a college graduate—a setter that he sent as a puppy to a dog training college in Georgia. The training course took eight months, but then the dog was given a real diploma, with ribbons, to prove that he's one of the best-trained hunting dogs in Carolina.

Bill isn't superstitious, which he proves by putting on a special broadcast whenever Friday the thirteenth rolls around. In front of the microphone he breaks mirrors, walks under ladders, lets black cats cross his path, steps on sidewalk cracks—and gets big heaps of fan mail.

His popularity on the air keeps him busy filling personal appearance en- (Continued on page 74)
DICK POWELL, at this late stage, is just beginning to take piano lessons. "I've faked playing a piano so many times in pictures," he told me, "that I decided to try to learn how to play one." Dick's return to the air, I am happy to say, has given him a new lease on his screen life. He's just completed "I Want a Divorce," and goes right into "New Yorker."

The real reason Rudy Vallee is promoting that new Pirate's Den Night Club in Hollywood is to pay a debt of gratitude to Don Dickerman, who will manage it. As owner of the famous Heigh Ho Club in New York, Dickerman gave Vallee his start ten years ago. It was there Rudy climbed to fame as a band leader and crooner. It was at the Heigh Ho Club that Rudy originated the famous salutation "Heigh-ho everybody." So you can see that it's true that Rudy never forgets a friend. Dickerman had been playing extra parts in motion pictures, when Rudy accidentally ran into him at a night club. Rudy personally solicited such stars as Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Errol Flynn, Bob Hope, Johnny Weissmuller and others to lend their financial support by going into the club as partners with him. The kitty holds a nifty $75,000 to make certain it will be a success.

* * *

Does radio develop new stars? Bob Hope answered that question on his recent personal appearance tour. Last season, he took only Jerry Colonna of his radio show with him on personal appearances. This season he also took announcer Bill Goodwin and Brenda and Cobina. The popularity of the girls and of the announcer-turned-comic had shown such a sensational rise with radio fans from coast to coast that Hope decided to capitalize on it. He did—Hope broke box office records from coast to coast.

* * *

Mary Martin, who pulled that surprise marriage to Dick Halliday without telling a soul, except her mother, is a bride with three wedding rings. The first one was a friendship ring with two clasped hands. The Hallidays didn't like it well enough, so they went out and bought a big, elaborate one. It was too heavy for Mary to wear. The only answer was ring number three, which Mary does like. The first to wire her felicitations was the original daddy of the New York show that made her famous, Eddie Robbins. "I thought," wailed the daddy her heart belonged to, "that you were going to wait for me."

* * *

Irene Rich, who is definitely through with "ingenue" parts both on her broadcasts and in motion pictures, did more good for herself than even she expected. The Crossley rating of her show zoomed to a new high. Her film role of an Aryan mother of two in the Nazi picture, "Mortal Storm" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer won the applause of no less a personage than Louis B. Mayer. "After all," says Irene, "why shouldn't I be able to play mother roles? Didn't I raise two kids myself?" Irene's two "kids" are Frances, an expert sculptress, and Jane, happily married.

* * *

Some whisper columns ago we told you to expect to hear Shirley Temple on the radio following her sudden departure from pictures. This prediction was scoffed at by Shirley's mother, who flatly refused to admit Shirley's exit from 20th Century-Fox and her eventual appearance in radio. But, as predicted, Shirley will be on the air and most likely the moppet will be heard along with your regular radio diet come Michaelmas. Shirley's invasion of the ether waves is a little late. Four pictures ago (1938) Shirley could have received as high as $25,000 for a single broadcast. Now she will probably sign for 26 radio appearances for the same sum. Shirley's broadcasts undoubtedly will have a bearing upon her future film box-office draw. But whatever her film future, you can depend on Santa Claus to bring Shirley to your house on Christmas eve, and not through the chimney.

* * *

The portable radio has finally
come into its own. In Hollywood, you'll find practically every film star toting one to and from the studio, where everyone on the set crowds around to hear the latest war bulletins. Bing Crosby has about nine of these gadget sets. They're scattered in every direction. No matter where he goes, his ear is never off the radio.

* * *

Between dives into Al Pearce's new swimming pool, the popular radio star told this amusing story about his first meeting with Henry Ford, the man whom Pearce claims is responsible for his present national popularity. "Mr. Pearce," said Henry Ford, when they were ushered into his office, "do you think you can sell Ford motor cars?" "I don't know," replied honest Al, "but if you ever saw a man that needed a job worse than I need it, show him to me." "You'll need it no longer," concluded Mr. Ford. Two days later contracts were signed, and you know where Al Pearce is today.

* * *

The day Kay Francis came to Hollywood Radio City to guest star with Bing Crosby was a hot one. Miss Francis came into the studio without a coat. Not until she faced the mike at rehearsal did she remember that she gets nervous unless she can keep one hand in her coat pocket. So she borrowed one from Bob Burns—a trifle oversized but she read her lines without a single "blub".

Oscar Levant of "Information Please," was hosted by all the stars, when he vacationed in Hollywood with his former actress-wife, June Gale.

Lana Turner's completely overcome her nervous disorder and has fully recovered from her recent hospitalization. Lana, incidentally, will co-star with band-leading husband, Artie Shaw, in his next picture.

Andy Devine was bitten by a black widow spider the morning I went out to his ranch for lunch. But it didn't phase Andy one bit... He rushed to a doctor—and rushed back to cook our lunch.


Eddie Robinson, of the "Big Town" shows, owns one of the finest private art collections in the country. He will have two of his treasures on display at the New York World's Fair, and three other pictures on exhibition at the Golden Gate Exposition on Treasure Island, San Francisco. (Continued on page 79)
**SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS**

*Note: The following information is from the Tune-In Bulletin for June 30, July 7, 14, and 21.*

**June 30:** If you're interested in dance music, two of your favorite orchestras are moving today—Gene Krupa's class at Meadowbrook, where it's been playing on NBC and MBS; and Everett Hoagland's leaves the Cavalier Hotel at Virginia Beach (CBS). If you're interested in sports, the A.A.U. Track Meet is still being broadcast over NBC from Fresno.

**July 7:** The Invitation to Learning program, which is something that really good to listen to, discusses the Federalist Papers today.

**July 14:** Well, the Republicans have had their day, and now the Democrats are starting their convention. All networks will carry the opening guns tonight.

**July 21:** Al Danovich's orchestra opens at the Atlantic City Steel Pier on NBC.

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**ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Ryomo,** starring Johnny Green and his orchestra, and sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes. You'll hear it on CBS at 8:30, E.D.S.T., rebroadcast to the Pacific Coast at 7:00, P.S.T.

We don't guarantee the name of this program. When it first was announced to go on the air it was called Jings. Then its name was changed to Swing-Gat, then to Swingo, then to Ryomo-O, and finally to Ryomo. But by any name it's a pleasant thirty minutes of Johnny Green's music, with Ray Black's Swing Fourteen assisting, and interspersed with a clever idea in quizzes. Contestants must supply the last line, or last few words, of a four-line jingle, using the name of one of the songs which the orchestra plays for a clue.

Johnny Green is making his first appearance here as a master of ceremonies, and carries the job off with as much panache as if he'd been doing it all his life. Besides his three Philip Morris air programs, Johnny is branching out these days as a danceband maestro. He played at the Dancing Campus at the World's Fair, and at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City during the early part of the summer. He's pretty happy now that all through the period when his sweet swing was the fade in dance music he kept a strong string section in his band instead of juking it and putting brass in its place. Now that sweet music is on the up-grade again, that policy is paying dividends for him.

Betty Furness, Johnny's wife, should have returned to New York from a short vacation in Hollywood by the time you're reading this. Babes, their baby, is eight months old now and doesn't need so much of her mother's care, so Betty is planning to resume her acting career. Before her marriage she was doing well in Hollywood, and received critical applause for her work in the stage production of "Golden Boy" on the coast. Now, since Johnny's work keeps him in New York, she's concentrating on the stage and radio.

Johnny works hard to make Ryomo a successful audience-participation show, even using entirely different rhythms for the repeat broadcast—this in order that people who have heard the first broadcast don't get into the studio audience at the second and know all the right last lines. It's fun to think up rhythms for use on the air, and Johnny pays $5 for every one he uses, so why don't you put your brains to work and win some money? Here's a sample to get you started:

The things politicians will promise Off raise our hopes to the skies, But once these guys get in office Their vows become—(name at a song)."

The hardest thing about putting Ryomo on the air every week, Johnny says, is that professional musicians try to horn in on the fun. They know the names of all the popular tunes, so they like to come to the broadcast, hoping they'll get to be among the contestants and earn some easy money. "Little White Lies."

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**SAY HELLO TO ...**

**SIGMUND SPAETH**—the tune detective who is branching out as a literary quiz-master in tonight's CBS show, Fun in Print. Sigmund was raised to be a minister of the gospel but discovered that music was his real religion. He worked as a musical critic on newspapers, then developed an ability to trace any tune back to its origin—and this made him an expert in demand in musical plagiarism suits.
July 1: Bob Hope's scheduled to be tonight's guest star on the CBS Lux Theatre. . .

The Empire Race Track opens today, and NBC and MBS both will broadcast the excitement.

July 8: Good-bye tonight to the Lux Theatre—it bows out for the summer.

July 15: The Democratic Convention really gets into its stride today, with all the speakers jockeying around to do their stuff at night, when more people will be listening. . . For a relief from oratory, here's a suggestion: The Telephone Hour, with James Melton and Frances White, on NBC-Red at 8:00.

July 22: Two networks—CBS and Mutual—one bringing you a description of the Public Links Championship Golf play today.


There's a difference of opinion about the excellence of Paul's broadcasts—a difference that he ought to know about. Too many people object violently to his mannered, rather affected way of talking. He phrzes his sentences carefully, ending each phrase with an upward lift of the voice—as if he were uncomfortably conscious that millions of people are listening to every word he speaks. Maybe this doesn't bother you. Maybe it shouldn't bother anyone, since the news he brings you is always complete and comprehensive, and that's the main thing in a newscaster.

Paul's tag-line, "Good night and—thirty," has provoked plenty of comment among listeners too. Most people don't know what it means, and it irritates them.

He has received letters asking him what he meant by "Certy," "Curtoins," "Celtan," "Dirty," "Gerty," and "10:30." The truth is that "Thirty" is simply the newspaper's way of writing "the end." It originated with telegraph operators, who use the symbol to indicate the end of a dispatch.

Paul worked up to network radio entirely through local broadcasting. When he was an undergroute of the Benton College of Law in St. Louis, in November, 1931, he quit for financial reasons and applied at KMOX for a job as an announcer. He passed his audition but didn't get the job because they had all the announcers they needed at the station. Before that, Paul had been a bank clerk, timekeeper and chauffeur, in jobs that never lasted more than three months.

Two weeks after his audition at KMOX they hired him, and from there he went to stations in Springfield, Illinois, Cincinnati and Louisville. In the latter city he gained such fame as a newscaster that his sponsors put him on the network.

Just after he signed the contract for his network programs, last fall, Paul decided that he wanted to go to Europe. It made no difference that thousands of Americans in Europe just then were straining every nerve to get home. With Mrs. Sullivan, he boarded the Clipper and landed in Ireland on the day England declared war on Germany.

Flying is Paul's principal hobby. He got his biggest flying thrill when, piloting a plane alone, he thought he was going to faint. He didn't know what to do about it, and tried getting his head between his knees to restore circulation, but the quartermaster were too cramped for that. While he was doing this the plane just flew itself. Finally he realized he wasn't really going to faint, and flew straight for a field about five miles away, landing white-faced but intact. The experience didn't scare him off flying, though, and he has ten solo hours.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

BARBARA FULLER—one of radio's most adroit "quick-change artists," who skips from the role of Peg Fairchild in Stepmother to that of Verna in Road of Life, and then to Barbara Collins in Scattergood Baines, all in one day. It's easy for Barbara, because she's been working in front of the microphone since she was eleven. She studies singing, loves living in a city, and her nickname is "Burdy."
TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit—right—and two contestants.

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

July 2: Two new programs for you to listen to this evening—Meredith Willson's orchestra, Kay St. Germain and Roy Hendricks in a variety show, following Fiber McGee's spot on NBC-Red at 9:30... and Tommy Dorsey's orchestra pinch-hitting at 10:45 over the same network while Bob Hope takes a summer rest...

NBC broadcasts tonight's fight between Tony Galento and Max Baer at Jersey City.

July 9: Big events in sports and music. The All-Star Baseball Game comes from St. Louis on all networks, and Larry Clinton and his orchestra open tonight at Meadowbrook, broadcasting over NBC and MBS.

July 16: Have you noticed that By Kathleen Norris (the current serial story is "Mystery House") has moved to NBC-Red at 10:45 A.M.? July 23: Mal Hallett and his orchestra open at Kennywood Park, Pittsburgh, and you can hear them on NBC.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Battle of the Sexes, starring Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, sponsored by Malt Shave Cream, and heard on NBC-Red at 9:00, with a rebroadcast to the Pacific Coast at 8:30, P.S.T.

Don't be deceived by the title. There's no battle here, although teams of men and women line up to see which sex knows the answers to the most questions. Actually it's a quiz show in which Julia and Frank do their best to help each side. And if there is a battle, it's almost a draw. In the 87 broadcasts since the show first went on the air, Septembe 23, 1938, the boys have won 45 and the women 42. On points the men have another small lead, 6,478 to 6,415. Maybe the reason it's so close is that Julia and Frank are both so good-natured. If they think a question is too hard they'll hint and hint until the contestant guesses it. And they're always careful not to ask any personal questions or questions which might stir up trouble in the home and cause a real battle of the sexes.

Frank and Julia are one of the stage's most happily married couples. That they're on the air every Tuesday is a surprise to them both, because back in 1928 they bought a house near Springfield, Mass., optimistically called it "Dunravin," and decided to retire from theatrical life. Julia was to keep house, and Frank was to take things easy and be a bond salesman on the side, just to give him something to do. Julia discovered that she didn't much like to cook, and Frank found out he couldn't sell U. S. Treasury bonds to Secretary Morgenthau—but that he ever tried, but he knew he couldn't. They gave up their idea of retiring and went on the air.

They still live at "Dunravin," coming to New York every week for the program. Usually they arrive on Monday, to have a night in town for a show or other entertainment. Early Tuesday evening they come to the studio and go over the one song piece which they sing on the show, but that's all the rehearsing they do, unless you count Saturday night at which they try out questions from the coming week's script on their guests, just to see how easy or hard they are. If you compare the Battle of the Sexes you'd get up on a stage and have a placard with your name printed on it hung around your neck. This is so Frank and Julia won't get names mixed up. Contesting teams are often chosen from groups which are supposed to have a natural rivalry—maids and butlers, bosses and secretaries, men and women employees of the same company, college boys and college girls, and so on. Mothers and sons were on the show once, and Frank and Julia thought the contest would be terrific, but it turned out to be a flop. They were giving away watches for prizes and the mothers were all so anxious to have their sons win that they deliberately gave the wrong answers.

SAY HELLO TO...

KAY ST. GERMAIN—who sings tonight on Meredith Wilson's variety musical show, which is taking the place of Fiber McGee and Molly for the summer. Kay began her career with Anson Weeks, after succeeding in an audition which she took only because her friends at the University of California said she'd never dare. Kay was born in North Dakota in 1915, and traveled extensively in South America and Europe with her parents when she was a child. Even then she liked to sing. She has beautiful dark brown hair and green eyes, weighs 128 pounds, and once was rumored engaged to Edgar Bergen—but that seems all over now.
You're a very Different Girl — under the Summer Sun — and you need a different Shade of Powder!

_**AND WHEN YOU'RE CHOOSING IT**_

**BE VERY CERTAIN THAT IT CONTAINS NO GRIT!**

1. Day by day, the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! Are you still using the face powder that went with last winter's evening gown? Then, says Lady Esther, you are innocently wasting your loveliness! It's important to change to a summer shade that will harmonize with your skin as it is today — and to select a powder that contains no grit.

2. Many a romance crashes in a close-up and many a girl can justly blame her face powder. Get the right shade (I'll help you) but be sure that the powder won't give you a "powdery" look. Be sure that it is _free from grit._

3. Make my "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder passes this same test! Your teeth will find no grit.

4. Lady Esther Face Powder is smooth — why, it clings for four full hours. Put it on after dinner, say at eight, and at midnight it will still be flattering your skin. No harsh, "powdery" look will spoil your moments of magic.

_Are you using the WRONG SHADE for Summer?_

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer — a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones — and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin as it is today.

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all — every one. That is the way — and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the right shade of my grit-free powder — the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier — you will be really in tune with life.

_LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER_

_AUGUST, 1940_
Wednesday's Highlights

Helen Waren, Erik Rolf and Parker Fennelly of Prairie Folks

Tune-in Bulletin for June 26, July 3, 10, 17 and 24!

June 26: It’s goodbye for the summer to two top programs tonight: Fred Allen and Charles Boyer on NBC-Red.

July 3: Lou Abbott and Bud Costello, comedians, take over Fred Allen’s time tonight —NBC-Red at 9:00. Also on the program is Benay Venuto, one of the better songsters, to make his debut tonight on NBC-Red at 9:30.

July 10: CBS has an interesting sustaining program on at 4:00 this afternoon. It’s called Lecture Hall, and presents experts talking on various subjects.

July 17: Not a light fan in the country will miss listening to NBC and Bill Stern tonight, for together they’re broadcasting the meeting of Lou Jenkins, lightweight champ, and Henry Armstrong, welterweight champ.

July 24: For fifteen minutes of the best kind of vocal music, you can’t beat Lonny Ross, CBS at 7:15.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Prairie Folks, a new kind of serial drama, on NBC-Blue tonight at 8:00, E.D.T.

Every now and then this department likes to point out a program to you that you might miss if you weren’t told about it. Prairie Folks, is that kind of a show. It doesn’t get much ballyhoo, because it isn’t sponsored and hasn’t been on the air very long—but you’ll find it’s very much worth listening to.

It’s about settlers in Minnesota in the 1870’s. Lynne Thompson, the young Minnesota woman who writes the scripts, doesn’t get much ballyhoo, because it isn’t sponsored and hasn’t been on the air very long—but you’ll find it’s very much worth listening to.

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The cast of Prairie Folks is one of radio’s best. Erik Rolf, who plays the leading role of Torvald Nielsen, head of the Danish family which settles in Linden, is a Minnesota himself. He’s not Danish, though, but Norwegian, and his real name is Rolf Mogelsen Ylvisaker. You can see why he changed it for radio. The distinguished
Test your Hollywood Knowledge...

She can't sit down! Movie stars rest by reclining against padded leaning-boards... to avoid wrinkled skirts. And to avoid "tell-tale" bulges, glamorous women of Hollywood do just what most American women do... choose Kotex sanitary napkins! For Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show... the way stubby-end napkins do.

Save your sympathy! That skyline is a painted backdrop... that parapet only thirty inches off the studio floor! For safety of the stars is of major importance to movie makers. And your safety is of major importance to the makers of Kotex! That's why a moisture-resistant "protection-panel" is placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad.

It's nip and tuck to make the stars look slim... for the camera adds pounds to their appearance! So costume designers use folds instead of bunchy gathers. To avoid bunchiness—Kotex also is made in soft folds, (with more absorbent material where needed... less where it isn't). This explains why Kotex is less bulky than pads having loose, wadded fillers!

In Hollywood—as elsewhere—stockings come in 3 different lengths... And Kotex in 3 different sizes: Junior—Regular—Super! So you can get a size that's exactly right for you! (Or you can vary the pad to suit different days!) Get Kotex in all 3 sizes this month... and treat yourself to honest-to-goodness comfort! Why not? All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

"You scarcely know you're wearing Kotex"

- FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS... PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY... COMPARE ITS NEW FLATTER ENDS
Tune-In Bulletin for June 27, July 4, 11, 18 and 25!

June 27: Mutual broadcasts the Diamond Stakes race from Delaware Park at 5:15 this afternoon.

July 4: Of course you'll all be out celebrating Independence Day today (and it's something to celebrate thankfully, this year) but don't forget radio has its entertainment, too. All the next week, NBC will have special programs.

July 11: Woody Herman and his orchestra close their engagement at the Westwood Gorden tonight. You've been hearing them over NBC.

July 18: There's not a great deal of classical music on the air in summer, so it might be a good idea to catch tonight's concert of the Toronto Symphonic, on NBC-Blue.

July 25: For a program that will keep you excited and guessing—listen to I Love a Mystery, on NBC-Red at 8:30.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Vox Pop, starring Parks Johnson and Wolly Butterworth, on CBS of 7:30, E.D.T., sponsored by the Kentucky Club Smoking Tobacco.

Parks and Wolly don't much like to have Vox Pop referred to as a "quiz" program, and you can hardly blame them, there are so many quizes on the air. On Vox Pop it doesn't matter whether an interviewee answers a question correctly or not; he is he does get a package of pipe tobacco or cigarettes. As a matter of fact, Parks and Wolly don't know themselves, the answers to half the questions they ask. For some time Vox has been waiting to find a stenographer who can tell him the longest word that can be formed from the letters on the top letter row of the typewriter. He isn't sure, but he thinks the word is "typewriter" or "proprietary".

Vox Pop (it must be the only program on the air with a Latin name: short for Vox Populi, "the voice of the people") got its start a long time ago—1932, at KTRH, Houston, Texas. It got along right well down there, and was brought to New York as a summer replacement show in 1935. Parks Johnson, one of the originators, comes with it, and still shivers when he remembers the first New York broadcast. "We were just a couple of country boys," he says, "and we were scared to death of what some of these smart New Yorkers might say to us. So we broadcast the first time from Columbus Circle, keeping the site of the show a strict secret in advance. We thought the safest bet was taking people as they come without drawing any who come ready to stump us."

They were comforted by the way New Yorkers answered the questions. "Where is Singapore?" It took seven weeks to find someone who knew the correct answer.

Parks and Wolly together dig up the questions they ask. Parks gets by reading newspapers and magazines, and claims that the questions in one magazine will give him enough questions to last several weeks.

Occasionally they have trouble with the people they bring to the microphone. Once a bright young man asked to go on the air, and Parks brought him up to the mike. But just as the interview began, something warned Parks, and he shoved the young man away, clapping a hand over the microphone. While Wolly took over with the next interview the young man started to laugh. "How did you catch me on?" he asked. "I'm a Communist and I'm just going to spill the lid on it on the air."

Another time, when Wolly finished on interview and handed the interviewee a package of tobacco, the man remarked, "I'm a Mormon missionary and I don't smoke—but I'll take it anyway. I hear this kind of tobacco is very good for sick children," Wolly rushed him away from the mike in a hurry.

Parks and Wolly are both married, and live practically next door to each other in Great Neck, Long Island. Parks, who is the older of the two, has two children, Betty, 18, and Bill, 16.

SAY HELLO TO...

KEN GRIFFIN—The actor you've all been wanting to hear about, judging from your letters. Ken plays Larry Noble in Backstage Wife and Dr. Jim Brent in Road of Life—two of radio's drama's fattest roles. He landed in Chicago a few years ago without any previous dramatic experience and with only one dealer in his pocket and secured a $15-a-week job as an actor at the Chicago Fair. Later he took an audition that started him on his radio career. Ken's one extravagance, now that he's a success, is his slop, Rensselaer, one of the finest race horses on the Great Lakes. He's 29 years old, weighs 180 pounds and is six feet tall.
Ship ahoy, mates—aye, captains too!—did you ever see such bewitchingly beautiful fingernails anywhere—on land or sea or in the air? A striking new beauty that you've never known—your own fingernails can have it with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that has swept America because it's different, better! For Dura-Gloss goes on more evenly, keeps its gem-hard, glass-smooth lustre longer, resists chipping longer! Your fingernails—the most beautiful in the world! Go to any cosmetic counter today—no, it's not a dollar, as you might expect,—but 10 cents!—so buy—enjoy Dura-Gloss.

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

10¢

Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds
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<td>NBC, Red, What's My Name</td>
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**Friday's Highlights**

- **Budd Mulick and Arlene Francis of What's My Name?**

**Tune-In Bulletin for June 28, July 5, 12 and 19**

June 28: Another big program calls it a season tonight—Kate Smith's Variety Hour on CBS at 8:00. But Kate's continuing her noontime talks all summer... The National A.A.U. Track and Field Meet begins in Fresno, California, today; and Bill Stern broadcasts it for NBC... Also on NBC are the Allegheny Tennis Championships at Pittsburgh.

July 5: Glenn Miller's orchestra opens in the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, broadcasting over CBS... and Johnny McGee, who's been broadcasting over NBC, closes at the World's Fair Dancing Campus.

July 12: Will Osborne's band closes at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago.

- **ON THE AIR TONIGHT: What's My Name?**

  - Starring Arlene Francis and Budd Mulick, sponsored by Ovylol and heard on NBC Red tonight at 9:30, E.D.T.

  - Away back in the last months of 1937 two young radio writers named Joe Cross and Ed Byron were trying to find a program that would interest a prospective sponsor enough to put on the air. They had the sponsor all right, but they couldn't find the program. They concocted elaborate variety shows full of high-priced talent and auditioned them for the sponsor, who thought they were all swell but—well, not quite what he had in mind.

  - Meanwhile, Ed had been listening to Professor Quit and thinking what if some entertaining radio show was that. One afternoon he met Cross, and the two of them shut themselves up in a hotel room, vowing they wouldn't come out until they thought of a game program that was as much fun as Professor Quit. What's My Name? was the result. It took them all night and most of the next day to work out the idea. In a few more days they had secured Alice Frost and Erik Rolf to do the show in an audition; and they said it to the first sponsor who heard it—not, incidentally, the sponsor they'd been trying to find a show for all along, who'd decided at that time he didn't want a radio program after all.

  - What's My Name? has been on the air since May 1938, with Pitts began on the Mutual network. For its first broadcast Alice Frost and Erik Rolf had been replaced by Arlene Francis and Budd Mulick, who are still its stars. Ed Byron and Joe Cross still own the idea and take care of putting the show on every week. It's been a profitable idea for them, and for Arlene and Budd. Arlene was a radio actress, busy but unknown by name to listeners, when she was hired for What's My Name? and now she's a distinct star personality. Along with Budd, she's responsible for much of the program's success. As for Budd, What's My Name? enabled him to make a radio comeback after he and Studio Chrapko broke up.

Week in, week out, What's My Name? has brought to the NBC network mail-room. It offers tens of dollars for every biographical question used on the program, and uses about seven or eight every week. Contestants from the studio audience get paid too, of course. They get ten dollars if they guess the name of a person from the first clue given, nine dollars if they need two clues, and so on down to five dollars, which they get whether they're able to guess the person or not.

One girl who appeared on What's My Name? got something much more valuable than money. Her mother's sister, who had run away twenty years before and married a man who lived in Cuba, happened to be listening in, and recognized the girl's name. She didn't even know her niece existed, and had thought that all the members of her family were dead. A letter to the girl, in care of What's My Name? brought about a happy reunion.

**SAY HELLO TO . . .**

**ARTHUR Q. BRYAN**—who weighs 241 pounds without his hat and is known to a careless world as "Little Man." You'll hear him tonight on Al Pearce's CBS program. Arthur Q. has been in radio since 1924, when he weighed only 150 pounds and sang on the air for the fun of it (which was about all you could get out of radio in those days.) He earned his living by selling insurance. Finally his singing got him the offer of a salary and he gave up insurance. In 1929 he turned announcer, then moved on to writing, producing and acting. Four years ago he went to Hollywood for a vacation and has been there since.
EVEN IF I'M "ALL IN" AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL WITH LUX SOAP

PAT LUX SOAP'S CREAMY LATHER LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN. RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COOL

Take Hollywood's tip—try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days

HAVE YOU FOUND the right care for your skin? Claudette Colbert tells you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL with Lux Toilet Soap. Here's a gentle, thorough care that will give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather that removes dust, dirt and stale cosmetics thoroughly from the skin—does a perfect job. Try Hollywood's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. You'll find they really work—help keep skin smooth, attractive.

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at—soft to touch. Don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin: little blemishes, coarsened pores. Use cosmetics all you like, but take regular ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

TO THE AIR TONIGHT: Renfrew of the Mounted, on NBC-Blue at 6:30. It's not sponsored now, but NBC has high hopes, because on the air on the air of a free picture of Renfrew to any youngsters who wrote in recently brought in an unprecedented flood of mail—and sponsors are always impressed by mail response.

Renfrew, the red-ribboned Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, is a fictional character, straight out of the brain of writer Laurie Y. Erskine—but all his exploits, as dramatized on this weekly half-hour program, are true experiences of different Royal Mounties. The name Renfrew really belongs to a city in Ontario, but the character Renfrew was conceived in Erskine’s mind a long time ago—when the writer was a boy, in fact. He lived in upstate New York and used to take French lessons from a lady who lived nearby. One of the reasons he seldom paid much attention to the lessons was that the portrait of a tall, handsome man, clad in a scarlet uniform, which hung on the wall. It was the teacher’s brother, who had once served in the force. Finally the lady realized Laurie wasn’t learning much French, and why; so she made a bargain with him. If his lessons was good, he would be rewarded with a story about her brother’s exploits in Canada. That’s really when Renfrew of the Mounted was born.

Laurie grew up, and when he was eighteen tried to join the Mounted, but was refused because the minimum age was twenty-two. Later on, though, he became friends with a Mountie official, and was allowed to go along on many expeditions. The things he learned on these trips put down on paper, and became one of America’s most popular adventure writers for boys. As a sideline, he studied juvenile problems and juvenile psychology, and eventually became head of his own preparatory school in New Hope, Pa.

Actor House Jameson plays Renfrew on the air—and says Erskine, looks in real life exactly like the author’s own conception of his hero. He’s tall, blond and wiry, with a clipped mustache and a precise way of speaking. The picture of him above, in Renfrew costume, shows how well he fits the part.

Most programs designed for children are discovered by grownups, but everyone, no matter what his age, seems to like Renfrew. Though it’s exciting enough to satisfy the most red-blooded youngster, it teaches valuable moral lessons. Erskine’s ability to combine good entertainment with good lessons is due to his long interest in boys and his sympathetic knowledge of how their minds work. He knows that any boy who admires Renfrew also admires fair play—for a Canadian Mountie ever draws a gun until he has been fired on; never arrests a person or searches a house without a warrant; never third-degree a prisoner or handicuffs him in a public conveyance or other public place—for according to the Mountie code a suspect is always deemed innocent until proved guilty.

ALBERT WARNER—CBS’s Washington reporter, whom you’ll hear this afternoon at 6:05, and whenever there’s important news from the nation’s capital. Warner was born in Brooklyn, and was editor of his school papers both in high school and Amherst, from which he graduated in 1924. He’s been a successful newspaperman ever since, and has covered all presidential campaigns since 1928. He gave up newspaper work last in 1939 to join CBS. By unanimous election, he’s president of the Radio Correspondents Association in Washington; and he’s a close friend of many important political figures in both parties.
Voices
(Continued from page 18)

The sound of moving vehicles came to a dead stop and a bedlam of human sounds rose above the awful collision.

Above everything there was one scream that hit the heights of despair and hopelessness. Linda Gale tore her way through the frantic crowd, crying:

"Michael! MICHAEL!"

The next morning came ponderously and painfully. Too, it came sleeplessly for Linda Gale who spent the night at the hospital, pacing a little room adjoining the operation chamber. She couldn't sleep and she couldn't cry, and periodically she would besiege the nurse with "Why don't they let me in? What are they doing to him? Why don't they tell me something?"

Then about eight o'clock the doctor came out. She rushed to him: "How is he? Let me go to him!"

The white-haired man of medicine grasped her by the arms and looking gravely into her face, said: "You must calm yourself, Miss Gale. Be assured we have done everything possible. Now you may go to him, but first you must know the truth."

Linda felt faint. "Yes," she said, as if she were far away.

"That windshield must have crumbled like powder—he'll never be able to see again..."

Linda stifled a scream and pushed past the doctor, through the door and into the next room. She threw herself on her knees beside Michael: "Michael, my darling."

He found her hand and leaned his bandaged face in her direction. "Linda," he said, "your voice—let me hear your voice..."

"I love you, darling. I love you."

"I'm blind, Linda. Blind forever. The skies will never be blue again. I'll never be able to write again. My novel will never be finished, Linda."

"You will finish your novel, Michael. And there'll be other novels..."

"But I can't see..." "Yes you can, Michael. I shall be your eyes and I shall be your fingers."

He pulled her hand to his lips and kissed it. And after an infinite second of silence, he said, "You are beautiful."

She fought back the tears and then heard him softly say, "Linda?"

"Yes, darling."

"Let me feel your cheek against mine."

"Yes, darling." Her heart raced like a turbine. She raised herself and rested her blemished cheek against his.

"There," he said, a curious contentment coming over him. "There. Now I can see. I can see things I never saw before. ..."

The END

Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Wherever you use bar soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.
Certainly...
...enjoy modern monthly protection { worn internally }

BUT SAVE MONEY, TOO!

Discover Holly-Pax—the tampon that is super absorbent yet thrifty priced. Doubly economical!

Yes! Here's extraordinary protection—amazing service per tampon at a new low cost. Holly-Pax tampons actually absorb ten times their weight in fluid. (Dip one into a glass of water—and watch this miracle!)

No fuss or bother, either. With all their absorbency, Holly-Pax are blessedly tiny and dainty—easier to use because scientifically compressed. Get a package today!


Holly-Pax
THE ECONOMY TAMPON—10 for 20c

Universal Cotton Products Corporation
Box 3196, Palm Springs, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10¢ please send me trial package of Holly-Pax, in plain wrapper, also New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene.

NAME
ADDRESS

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The O'Neills

(Continued from page 32)

do bell rang, it was like the sudden snapping of a too-taut violin string.

"Except to Monté, the sharp noise as he went to answer, "If this is only the message I hope it is . . ."

But it was the message. For, through the tiny hall, a booming voice echoed, "Monté! It's good to see you again. I came myself, instead of just sending the staff."

"This is Judge Scott," said Monté, leading into the dining room a tall, gray-haired man with beetling black eyebrows and a smile that told him that, even if they had not known him as Sally Scott's father, they would have liked him at once.

"I wired Judge Scott," said Monté, "to get me some special information about Chris Momanos in Chicago. I have a hunch Chris is behind all this, but I can't prove it. What did you find out, Judge?"

THE Judge smiled and drew several typed pages from his brief case.

"First, Monté," he began, "I found out that Chris and Gloria are both known in Chicago—as Chris Momanopolis and Harrie. Both have criminal records. Next, and better still, I located a man named Roberts. He's in the state penitentiary for a sentence for a crime that underworld gossip says was really committed by Momanos—or Momanopolis, whichever you want to call him. We'll go to the penitentiary and see Roberts—try to get his signed accusation of Momanos. That ought to do for a start. Maybe, with it, we can break one of the many cases testifying against a crime. Maybe Roberts will help me!"

But the new-found confidence, the new-found hope was shattered. For Roberts died in prison before Monté and Judge Scott were able to see him.

Again Peggy's case seemed to be lost, until Monté found a new witness, a woman named Elizabeth Rowland, who had been at the Glass Slipper the night Gloria Gilbert was killed. In talks with Monte she said that she had heard Chris and Gloria quarreling that night—after she had seen Peggy leave the place.

But, under the prosecution's cross-examination, Mrs. Rowland seemed to become confused. She stammered, contradicted herself, and ended by making such a bad impression that the jury must have been more than ever convinced of Peggy's guilt.

Nothing now remained but to wait—and hope—while Monté worked day and night with his law partner, John Barton, and with Judge Scott to prepare his summation. It was a masterpiece of jurisprudence—and devotion. The jury was charged and sent out to decide the fate of Peggy O'Neill.

Two days passed before the jury filed back into the courtroom. In the midst of a quiet as ominous as thunder, the foreman rose.

"We find the defendant, guilty of murder in the first degree!"

Peggy, hearing the words, did not falter or flinch. But a voice in the back of the room cried, "No! No!蒙’t he?"

Monté turned to bury her sobs in Danny's trembling arms.

He dared not break himself, so he led his mother quickly outside. A fierce rage burned in him, and he could feel tears against his eyelids. He cleaned his eyes for a moment, just as he pushed through the door into corridor.

"Danny!" said a voice he remembered, and he turned to see Sally Scott and her mother and young brother.

"We had to come. We couldn't leave alone now," he said. "We just arrived in time to hear the—the verdict. Don't try to talk now. We'll get your mother into a cab. Come—quickly!"

Danny was content to let her lead them into the street.

Inside the courtroom, Monté Kayden still stood, dazed and unbelieving. He watched them take Peggy away, then hurry to return her little, hopeless, patronizing smile. He had wished to speak to Judge Scott and John Barton.

"I will never stop fighting this case," he said in a quiet voice from which all emotion had been distilled.

"Monté, we did everything we could," Judge Scott tried to comfort him.

"It wasn't enough," said Monté. "We've got to do more—we've got to save Peggy's life. There's only one possible hope. Mrs. Rowland. I can't understand why she broke up under the cross-examination. She seemed so sure of her facts! I'd like to talk to her again. . . ."

But that was not so easy to do. Elizabeth Rowland had left her job and moved that very morning, her landlady reported. Said something about leaving town. No, she had not left a forwarding address.

But Monté found the envelope from a bus ticket in her room. It might just be that Elizabeth Rowland was leaving town on a bus. If one of the agents at the bus station could remember . . .

Monte was gone when they moved Peggy to the hospital at the State Prison. On what seemed to him an endless game of hide-and-seek. He had found an agent who remembered selling a ticket to Chicago to a woman answering Elizabeth Rowland's description, and without delay he set out for Chicago himself.

Chicago is a big place, though. Where, in all that sprawling mass of humanity, was he to find Mrs. Rowland—if, indeed, she was actually there at all? During the first two days, he covered over all the facts he could make himself remember about the woman. Monte sometimes cursed himself for a fool on a wild goose chase, leaving Peggy alone.

Then, suddenly, he remembered the South Side bar that Judge Scott had discovered—a bar owned by Chris Momanos. Monte had convinced himself that there was some connection between Mrs. Rowland and Chris. He had to believe in himself that he was acting like a child, without rea-
son or direction. Or hope.

He found the bar—an ordinary saloon, it would have been called in the old days, with its dingy brass rail and fly-marked mirrors. All afternoon and evening he waited. He dared not think that she might not come. But she did not—not that day, nor the next, nor the next. By this time, he was afraid of becoming conspicuous, of looking suspicious to the other customers. Surely two of the men over by the bar were watching him strangely. Perhaps he'd better go.

But he could not bring himself to give up when he had tried so hard. He turned away from those two men, glanced toward the door.

There she was—Elizabeth Rowland, walking slowly, weakly, as if she were not well. Her face was drawn and slightly flushed as if with fever. He went to her quickly.

"Mrs. Rowland..."

She looked straight at him, without fear. She felt sure she would find me, sooner or later. She smiled, weakly. "I've been ill, or I would have come before, to wait for Chris to come in, as he will do sooner or later. You are very clever to find this place, Mr. Kayden."

"Mrs. Rowland, this is the end of a desperate search for me. My wife is in the State prison hospital—right now. I think you can help her. There isn't much time..."

"I think there is not much time for me, either, Mr. Kayden. I feel that I am not going to live long enough, after all, to pay Chris Momanopolis, as I said Gloria Gilbert!" Elizabeth Rowland's confession, as she wrote it down and signed it for Monte to take back home with him, was simple.

"I am Elizabeth Roberts, wife of that same Charles Roberts who died in prison a month ago, as the result of a charge framed by Chris Momanopolis and Gussie Harrie. It was Gussie Harrie, later known as Gloria Gilbert, who lured my husband away, managed to get his money. Then she and Chris Momanopolis, with whom she worked, got him to steal for them—and die in the penitentiary for them.

"For this I killed her, from outside the window of her dressing room at the Glass Slipper, with a gun from Danny O'Neill's car which was parked outside the Glass Slipper that night. I had visited the road house many times, waiting for that opportunity. I wanted to do the same for Chris before giving myself up, but now it is too late. I am too tired and welcome the same end that overtook my husband. Signed, Elizabeth Roberts."

The joy of the O'Neill's when they read the confession was tempered by sorrow and sympathy for poor Elizabeth. Mrs. O'Neill said, "We must do something for her," said Mother O'Neill. "Perhaps the court would let you bring her here, Monte."

But Monte shook his head. "I'm afraid it is already too late to do anything for her, Mother O'Neill," he said. "She died before I left Iowa."

"God have mercy on her soul," said Mother O'Neill. And the family echoed its "Amen."

Having their Peggy home again was almost too much for the O'Neill's. They nearly killed her with attention. Her mother admitted she was neglecting her own home for the first time in her life—but she had to get over to see Peggy every day, didn't she? Trudie Baily baked one of her famous lemon pies every day for the Kaydens, until Monte had to protest that even lemon pies could become monotonous! Little Janice and Eddie Collins became the center of attention at school, where everyone was talking about the unexpected end of the famous Peggy O'Neill trial.

Danny's foray into the newspaper business had had an unforeseen result. All during the trial he had submitted a daily column of copy to the paper. Sometimes it was printed, more often it was not. But now that everything was over, he had printer's ink in his veins, and he was able to persuade the editor to let him continue. "I can't hire you just now," the editor said, "but if you'd like to rustle around town and dig up stories for me, I'll pay you for anything we print."

It was a haphazard arrangement, but Danny accepted it. He worked hard over his stories, writing them out carefully in pencil on the kitchen table, trying to make them say what he wanted them to say.

One night, when he was at work, he heard a soft, uneven footstep in the hall. He had been too absorbed to notice the doorbell, even if it had rung, and it was quite possible that it had not. For his mother had gone out and, very likely had left the door unlocked.

"Who's there?" he called.

SISTER CALLS ME CUPID!

ON ACCOUNT OF A WHILE AGO...

LOOK, SIS! WHAT YOU WANT TO GO AND BANG SCREWS ON A GOOD GUY LIKE GEORGE FOR?

TOMMIE, CUPID HAIN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST BAD BREATH!

COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...

I GOT THE DOPE, HOMER... AND IT'S A CINCH! ALL YOU GOTTA DO TO RATE WITH SIS IS SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

GEORGE SEES HIS DENTISTS

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAINS THAT AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEARED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS, AND THATS WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's easy polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! All ways use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

GOOD SECRETS FOR A LITTLE LADY

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE A DAY WILL HELP YOU KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY!
What's New in Tampons?

And Sally Scott's voice answered, "It's me! A fine welcome for a stranger in Detroit!"

He got up then, and went to help her. It came over him again how delicately pretty she was, how sweet and friendly her smile, how little, how helpless she seemed.

"Sorry to seem so inhospitable," he said, drawing up the rocker for her. "I'm working. I'm a newspaper man now, you know."

"I know, Danny," Sally said, smiling at him. "I've seen some of your pieces. Father brings them home."

It was easy to talk to Sally—to tell her why he wanted to work on the paper. "Why," he said to himself rattling on, "there's dozens of things in this town to write about—that ought to be written about, too! That guy at the factory near the Oakdale Bridge, for instance. I've heard lots of his factory hands, for- eigners mostly, telling how he cheats them. And he even takes away their citizenship papers so they don't dare kick for fear he'll have 'em deported. Of course, he couldn't, but he tells 'em he could! And—"

He cut himself short.

"Listen to me!" he said sheepishly. "Here I am, talking away, and you don't have a chance to get a word in. Why, I never even asked you what you're doing back in town!"

She smiled, and that own smile that made sudden lights come into her eyes.

"I loved hearing you talk, Danny. Don't apologize. As for me, hadn't you heard that Father's going into the law firm with Monte and Mr. Barton? We're going to live here!"

Looking at her, Danny realized how lucky he was. Without doing a thing about it, without even going out and looking for it, he had found somebody he could talk to—about all the plans he had, all the ideas that were buzzing around in his head. This was going to be something different from his feeling for Eileen. Maybe that had been just a preparation, getting him ready for a girl like Sally.

He grinned at her.

"It couldn't have been arranged better if I had done it myself," he said. "If you'll help me get two stories done tonight, maybe—well, then, maybe you'd go to the movies with me tomorrow night."

They went to the movies often, after that. It wasn't too long before they could go any night they liked, because Danny's work for the paper was so successful that the paper put him on the staff, with a column of his own. Not without an argument, of course. Danny had to convince the editor that he could write a column about things in their town—that there were plenty of things to crusade for....

Now that Sally was there to encourage and help him, he felt invincible. She had read a great deal more than he had, for her lame foot had always made it impossible for her to get about much or play or work actively. She gladly gave Danny the benefit of all her knowledge.

She was always so right, in everything she said about his work. In everything she said about anything, for that matter. Or—was it possible that he was fooling himself again? He hadn't meant to say anything about it, but one night, while his mother and he were doing the dishes, it just came out.

"Mother," he said, "I'd like to marry Sally Scott!"

Mother O'Neill finished folding the dish towel she was hanging up to dry, then she turned. "That would make me very happy, son," she said. "I can't think of a girl I'd rather have for a daughter-in-law!"

"That's fine," he said a little thickly, because he was trying to be non-chalant when he didn't feel that way. "I can't think of a girl I'd rather have for my wife!"

He hadn't felt awkward about asking Eileen to marry him. But this was different. He never did know just what he said to Sally, later that night.

He did know, however, that the look on Sally's face was something he didn't understand. Happiness? Yes. Love? Yes, surely. But that other expression? Fear? Doubt? Sorrow?

"I—I almost wish you hadn't asked me, Danny," she said at last, her voice trembling. "Or no—I ain't say that truthfully. I've been wanting you to, for ever so long. Really."
"Well then, it's all settled."

"Danny!"

Yes, that was fear. That was terror.

"Danny, don't make it any harder than it is. I can't marry you dear!"

"CANT marry me . . ." She was on the little stool at his feet; her face was turned away and he leaned forward, trying to see it. "Of course you can. Why not?"

"Can't you guess?" she asked pitifully. "Don't you see—I'm a cripple! I couldn't be a real wife to you, Dan-ny—I couldn't have your . . . chil-

ren . . ."

Danny, uncertain whether to laugh or cry, slipped down to the floor beside her, took her in his arms. His lips close to her ear, he whispered little, broken phrases of comfort and reassurance. "That doesn't matter—
not to me, it doesn't. Why—it doesn't make a bit of difference to your sweetness—your understanding—all the things you are—in yourself, I mean. And besides—there are doctors—they can help you—"

"Oh, no," she sobbed, "I've been to a doctor—since I met you, Danny—and he says there's only one chance. A very delicate operation, that could just as easily be fatal as successful.

But—I'd take a chance on that operation, Danny, for you—"

"Sally!" He grasped her by the shoulders and looked straight into her eyes. "Sally, listen to me. I was a long time finding you. I'm not taking any chances on losing you. I want you the way you are, darling—just you. Nothing else matters to me. I'd be happy just to spend the rest of my life making things easier for you. You must believe me—and you must never take any chances with your life—be-cause it's more precious to me than my own!"

As she listened to him, a grave and overwhelming joy came into her eyes. "I—I believe you," she sighed at last. "I just don't know what I've done to deserve happiness. I'm not afraid now. And I'll marry you whenever you say.

Sometimes, when they were getting ready for the wedding, Sally would come quickly to Danny and want his arms around her. They would be hanging pictures, maybe, in the new cottage. Or he would be writing and she would be stitching curtains in the O'Neill kitchen.

"Danny, hold me close," she'd say. And he would hold her close, hard.

He got the feeling that she was thinking things she did not tell him at these times, but he did not like to press her or seem suspicious. He told himself all girls were like that before they were married. Certainly Peggy had been jittery enough.

Then there was the time they went to see Peggy's new baby. Sally just stood there, looking at it, and the tears came to her eyes. She caught at Danny's hand and wouldn't let it go. He felt she was stung with a sudden regret, thinking about their children. So he stooped and whispered in her ear, "Remem-

ber, sweet, it's just you I want."

Her quick smile made him think she was satisfied.

He did not know that she locked herself in her room an hour before the wedding, fought off the tears that would redden her eyes and betray her, fought off her fears too, and prayed for courage to do what she had to do.

But everybody said there had never been a lovelier bride. And her "Some-
thing borrowed and something blue" came, for luck, from Peggy's own hand. There was nothing wrong, nothing at all.

And how could Danny think of anything being wrong when he was bringing his own bride to his own home? He would not have believed he could be so happy, that night as he sat in front of the little brick fireplace in the living room, if it were not actually true. Looking around, he could see all the things they had bought together, could touch the shiny new andirons, smell the wedding flowers in vases all over the place.

UPSTAIRS, he could hear Sally's footsteps—the strange, soft, un-
even footsteps that were so peculiarly Sally's. Soon he would go up—but meantime, he felt a peculiar sensation—

shyness. It was wonderful, but a little frightening, to think that Sally—so sweet, so slim and defenseless—had put herself and her happiness into his hands, trusting them completely.

He was leaning forward, looking into the fire, when she came softly down the stairs. He didn't hear her, didn't hear her open the hall door, inch by inch, creep out, and shut it gently behind her.

When the house was silent he went upstairs, turning out the lights, and, a smile on his lips, opened the door of the little blue bedroom where they had hung the curtains only two days ago. But the room was empty. On the night table, a square white envol

She was in the closet, alone, as he had said it must be. He closed the door of the closet, turned back to the living room, and sat down before the fireplace, waiting for her.

...
"For Danny."

He tore open the envelope.

"Dearest, please don't argue with me. If it weren't for my love for you I would never have had the courage to do it. But my cowardice is not going to stand in the way of our having the most complete kind of marriage two people can have. I have gone to Chicago to be operated on. I'm not afraid and I don't want you to follow me. Your love, yes—but that will follow me anyway and give me the courage I need so badly. All my love, dearest, until I write you to come for—your new wife."

He read the note again. Then the letters all blurred before his eyes. It couldn't be true! It was some time before he was able to think again, to make his mind begin to plan. He must stop her, of course! But how? He glanced at his watch. Of course!—ten-fifteen. She must have taken the ten o'clock train. He dashed out of the house, bound for her parents'.

But the Scotts knew nothing of Sally's plan. The thought of her, keeping this to herself, planning it to make his happiness complete, taking her life in her hands—for him—caught at his heart.

It was morning before Mrs. Scott finally unearthed an old letter in Sally's room. On the envelope was a doctor's address. The letter was gone.

It was a bare chance, but Danny took it. Hastily he telephoned his mother, then jumped into his car and set out for Chicago.

The address on the envelope took him to an office that was plain and businesslike, with an air of authority about it. At least, he thought, this doctor was no quack, no charlatan. He walked past the waiting patients to the young lady in the nurse's cap at the desk.

"I've got to see the doctor," he said.

"It's about Sally Scott. She is now Mrs. Danny O'Neill—and I'm her husband. Where is she? She can't go through with this operation. I forbid it!"

The girl's unruffled calm reassured him. But her words did not.

"The doctor is still at the hospital," she said. "He operated on Miss Scott this morning."

Danny O'Neill never wanted to live through another time of waiting like that one. If only she hadn't done it! He tried not to think of her lying on the operating table, then back in her bed, gasping for breath, perhaps, her pulse slowing, needing a transfusion to keep her alive. Oh, no, no, no! The sky was deep blue velvet when they called him to the waiting room. He must be the one to keep her husband steady in the doorway. Danny was already heading for the light when the signal came. The doctor had once been when Peggy and Danny were themselves children. It would be like living all over again, watching the anxious faces around him and watching her own children. But now she had help. She was no longer alone, as she had been in the old days, when Patrick was taken away from her.

She wished that he could see them tonight. His family, grown up into the kind of men and women he would have wanted them to be.

She offered up a silent prayer of thankfulness, standing there on the stair, that she had been able to help make them so. "Thank God I was able to do it, Patrick," she was saying in her heart. And the assurance that she could hear his response:

"The O'Neills are a great family, Margot."

Their voices came up the stairs, full of joy and confidence. Yes, Patrick was right. The O'Neills were a great family.

Tune in the further adventures of the O'Neills on your radio, over the Mutual Network, Monday through Friday, sponsored by the makers of Ivory Soap.
MARRIAGE and career don't mix, you say? Nonsense! Consider the perfect blend achieved by Mrs. H. M. Aitken, happily married and with two grown daughters attending University of Toronto, who is one of Canada's best-loved and most widely known radio entertainers. Furthermore, she's the only one I know who proudly uses her married name before the microphone.

Every morning at 10:30 o'clock, EST, Mrs. Aitken's cheery voice comes into thousands of Canadian homes for fifteen minutes via CFRB, Toronto. Sponsored by Lyman Agencies' Products, who handle Tic-tex Dyes, Glyco-Thymoline, Gibbs Dentifrice, Paquins Hand Cream, Icilma Shampoos, etc., this vibrant, charming little lady is liable to hand out a cooking recipe one moment, a dissertation on the latest book or movie the next, and wind up with a dash of finely-mixed philosophy. Warmly human at all times, her fan mail is of the personal, homely kind. There is a fan, for instance, in Peace River, Alberta, thousands of miles from nowhere, who listens daily to la Aitken, and writes every month with an order of groceries. Mrs. Aitken transmits this order to the Hudson Bay's Company Store in Edmonton, from whence it is conveyed by air-plane to the Peace River fan.

Mrs. Aitken isn't the only star on the show. Horace Lapp, popular dance maestro of Toronto's Royal York Hotel, presides at the organ, and also engages in "ad. libs." with Mrs. Aitken that are a distinct feature of the program. Announcer Ross Millard has a large following, and adds to the wit of the proceedings. But, when all is said and done, Mrs. Aitken is the "show." This was proven when, after six years of sponsoring by a starch company, someone persuaded the company to drop her in favor of newspaper advertisements. A week later, flooded by protests from its customers, the starch company realized its mistake, and frantically tried to re-sign their consumers' favorite lady-friend. It was too late. Mrs. Aitken had already signed with her present sponsors. The starch company moguls are still looking for the "someone" who suggested dropping her, and I just hope they never catch up!

Mrs. Aitken was born at Beeton, Ontario. At sixteen, she was a school teacher. Love entered the picture, and a school-teacher became a bride engaged in poultry farming with her husband. Her flock of white Wyan-dottes earned her two world's records, and brought her to the attention of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. She was given lecture assignments leading to an interest in the advertising game. A fire in 1933 wiped out the poultry business and the family fortune, and Mrs. Aitken, nothing daunted, proceeded to enter radio, as a means of helping her husband and her growing family.

You'd think her daily radio program would be enough, but Mrs. Aitken seems to like nothing better than work, unless it is more work. She is now director of women's activities for Toronto's huge and far-famed annual show, the Canadian National Exhibition. This year she plans to feature a Clothes Clinic, designed to make every woman a "glamour girl." Canada's wartime effort is also getting her attention, and there will be special knitting competitions ... which should be a break for long-suffering soldiers' feet.

Mrs. A. is brown-eyed, black-haired, with just a distinguishing touch of gray in the hair. Five-foot-six and a half in height, she balances off nicely at 120 pounds. Dresses usually in attractive black, set off by exquisite costume jewelry. The way I would describe her is to say: "She has something more than mere beauty; she has an infinite charm."
plays," Miss Allen tells, wrinkling her nose in distaste for the gained recognition in some RKO shorts. Last year, after guesting with Messrs. Bergen and McCarthy, Barbara Jo's film career gained momentum. She was invited to do Vera Vague—not Barbara Jo Allen—for Republic Pictures' "Village Barn Dance" and then Paramount Pictures snapped her up on a term contract and her first film is "Destiny," the Basil Rathbone starrer.

The irony of the situation is that Barbara Jo, standing on her own slim and shapely legs, is a fine figure of a woman, very handsome, and she is able to crash films on her beauty alone. Instead, by reason of a near-hysterical voice and a zany characterization, thousands of air listeners imagine her to be a flustered, nervous fussbudget, and the films—now that she is a part of them—are helping the illusion. It is enough to wear down any good-looking woman's spirit.

Pictorially, Barbara Jo is the Kay Francis of tomorrow, a seven-foot (five feet seven inches), dark-haired, with blue eyes that are fringed with long dark lashes. Barbara Jo's real name is Marian Barbara Henschall, and she was born in New York City. Her father was an Englishman, a horse fancier, who had had seven horses, and nine. But he lived to instill a joy of life in his daughter, and to lead her through a pattern of gay days that influences her to this moment.

"My father was twenty-two when he married my mother, and she was only fifteen. So the famous Campbell Clan of Scotland," Barbara Jo says. "Daddy was English and a sportsman. He bought horses and sold them. He'd buy a race horse in England, run it once at an American track and sell it ..." she flashed a smile. "'Isn't that what is called a 'longshot'?"

There were seasons at Saratoga and in Florida and two wonderful years in Cuba before Barbara Jo was left an orphan, for her mother preceded her father in death. Barbara Jo was sent to California to be reared by her aunt and uncle, conservatives—these, living in Los Angeles, are a banker ... "I never mention their names in connection with my profession," she says.

In due time Barbara went to college. Rather, to colleges—the University of California, to Stanford, and lastly to Paris' Sorbonne. "I wanted to go to Stanford," she explains, "but it took A's to stay there and I got B-minus, usually. And I wanted to see Paris.

DEEP SEA DANGER

Working on sea bottom, salvaging cargo from the hold of a rusty wreck, this diver found his airline fouled. Helpless, death was creeping closer each second in the green gloom. You will learn what happened to Fred Wallace in his striking story, FATHOMS DOWN, GOD HEARD MY PRAYER, in the July issue of the non-sectarian magazine

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

She's still amazed by her sudden radio "break." Yvette is the appealing, new singer over NBC-Red Network, Sundays.

If you should hear a sultry kind of voice, limpid and somewhat intoxicating, coming over the NBC Red network at five o'clock, it's very likely to be Yvette, the glamorous singing discovery who began her radio career just a few months before.

Yvette arrived in New York City from her home in New Orleans to spend the Christmas holidays with her sister, and with the hope of remaining here to study art at the Pratt Institute. Fate, however, intervened.

One afternoon, a guest at the girls' apartment heard Yvette sing and was so impressed that he decided to take a hand in launching on a theatrical career, this little girl who could interpret a popular ballad with such appeal.

An audition was arranged for her with Max Gordon, who was seeking talent for a new musical comedy production. An NBC executive was to be present and was so immediately impressed that he hurried Yvette over to NBC for a radio audition. And before she could say "Where am I?"—she had a contract.

Yvette still can't believe it's true, and feels pretty much as Alice must have, looking on the other side of the looking glass into Wonderland. She's wide-eyed with amazement at the size of New York City and its activities. You'll often find her visiting the various departments at NBC, asking questions, attending broadcasts and querying page boys. But what surprises her most of all is her good luck which came so suddenly. (She very modestly says..."I've had my voice for such a long time.")

We believe it is more than good luck which has brought so many well friends and so much acclaim to Yvette. It's a charming manner, an infectious personality and a silken voice. We're sure you are going to hear a lot more about her.

Rose Frega, Bronx, New York: The theme songs of the following programs are: Woman in White—"Interlude" by Lucas; Midstream—"Serenity"; Life Can Be Beautiful—"Melody in C" by Becker.

Theresa Girard, Montreal, Canada: Dick Todd, that genial baritone, was born in your city, Montreal, on August 4, 1914. He's been on the radio since 1933, but actually his first leap to fame came on a day back in 1922 when he outsang the rest of the young fry in Montreal to get the lead role in a home talent show. The number which caused the vocal furor by the eight-year-old Todd was Here Comes the Sandman. He's grown up now to 5'11" and to 185 lbs. He's got brown eyes and is a real carrot-top. Dick has sung with orchestras, made movie shorts and an endless list of song recordings for Victor and Bluebird. For a fellow whose parents wanted him to become an engineer, Dick Todd has turned into a first-class baritone.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Betty Allard, 2755 No. 54th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is anxious to join an Orrin Tucker Fan Club. If there is such an organization, will the secretary please communicate with Miss Allard?

There's a new Jessica Dragonette Fan Club, and for all the readers who are interested in joining, we suggest you write to Mrs. Florence Brubaker, 2009 North St., Harrisburg, Penna.

Mary Martinovich, San Francisco: You can join a very active Kenny Baker Fan Club by writing to Mr. Allen L. Smith, 12 Wayside Avenue, Lawrence, Mass.

Miss Adelaide Downes, 19 E. 4th Street, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., would like to increase the membership in her recently organized Dinah Shore Fan Club. If you're interested, why not write her?
The Man Who Wanted To Be Murdered

(Continued from page 25)

suns of money. But if he lived, he himself would win nothing—except, of course, and Ellery smiled, ironically—his life.

Arnold cocked a shrewd eye up at him. “I suppose you’re wondering why I had Max Fisher bring you down here, Quee!”

“Well—rather. But first tell me something else. What’s that glass ball you’ve been playing with all this time?”

“Eh?” Arnold looked down at the crystal as if surprised to find it there. “Oh, I suppose to a stranger this would look curious. I’ve so used to it. It’s just my lucky piece. Ever since I’ve had this, Lady Luck has smiled on me. If anything should happen to it—if it should break, or get lost—my luck would change. For a moment the expression on his face was terrifying in its intensity—and it relaxed. ‘Silly, eh?’ because after all, it’s just a solid piece of glass. Worth a dollar or so.”

H E turned and tenderly placed the ball on a carved wooden base which stood on the table. “Well, no bets on those bets,” he said briskly. “As a keen-witted detective, you must have noticed that out of my $1,525,000 estate, $25,000 is still unaccounted for. That’s where you come in, Queen. You see, there are four people who now have good reason to hope I die within the week. ‘They’ll all profit handsomely if I do.’

“What a wicked thing to say, Mr. Arnold?” Nikki said in a shocked voice.

“It’s a wicked world, my dear... and I am rather a wicked old man. I like to see people squirm. For instance, I intend during the next week to play Enrico Caruso’s records over and over on that phonograph. I love Caruso’s voice, and it drives Waldo mad. It makes me love it—all the more.” Laughter bubbled up in him, making him shake all over. And is that why you’re tempting these people, Ellery asked directly. ‘To see them squirm!’”

“My dear Queen—don’t call it tempting them. I’m simply making a little bet, and if I win, I’m making a bet with you, too. I’m betting twenty-five thousand dollars that you can’t prevent my being murdered before the week is out!”

“Do you think he’s crazy, Max?” Ellery asked some thirty minutes later, as he and Nikki and Max Fisher drove downtown in a cab, bound for the chemical laboratory maintained by Arnold Arnold’s nephew, Anthony Ross.

“Nooo—not exactly crazy. He’s always been eccentric, and he’s always been a gambler. He loves excitement—and he’s devilish enough to like making other people uncomfortable.”

“I think it’s a perfectly terrible idea, tempting four people to murder him!” Nikki cried.

“It is terrible, but it’s legal,” Fisher replied dryly, as the cab drew to the curb and stopped before a building that looked suspended. As it sailed by a wide variety of smells, they made their way through dark hallways and up creaking stairs until they reached a door marked only by a thumb-tacked card “A. Ross.” Fisher opened it without ceremony. They looked into a little room where Bunsen burner and retorts bubbled, and gas fumes made the air stifling.

A young man, black-haired, heavy-lidded, dressed in a much-stained rubber apron, looked up, glared at them, and then returned to the chemical apparatus.

For a few minutes they stood quietly, waiting in vain for him to acknowledge their presence. Then Fisher cleared his throat. “Mr. Ross,” he began.

Anthony Ross said irritably, “Wait a minute, can’t you? I can’t stop playing with the apparatus. For your researches?” Ellery asked quickly.

“Of course. Those fools at the Foundation!” His voice grew bitter. “They said I couldn’t do it—but I have. Just a little more time—and money—and hard work—”

“What are you working on, Mr. Ross?”

“Poison gas. The most potent ever made by man—it will revolutionize modern warfare.”

“What valuable work!” Nikki sniffed.

ROSS ignored her. “One smell of it causes instant death. It’s odorless, dissipates quickly, and leaves no trace in the body—” He broke off, “...” he muttered. “I don’t know why I’m telling you all this. Who are these people, Fisher?”

“Just friends of your uncle’s, Mr. Ross,” Max Fisher said evenly. “We’ll be going now.”

Outside in the grimy, dark hall, Nikki shuddered. “Ugh! What a nasty man that fellow is!”

“Not nasty,” Ellery corrected her gravely. “Dangerous.”

Ellery did not take up residence in Arnold Arnold’s apartment until three days before the end of the week. He conjectured, and correctly, that if any attempt were to be made on the life of Arnold, it would not take place until the seven days were almost up.

When he did move in, he wished he hadn’t; for Big Time Arnold was carrying out his announced intention of playing Enrico Caruso’s records incessantly. Before long, Ellery felt as if his head were about to split in two, but still, from behind the closed door of Arnold’s bed-sitting room the golden voice continued to shake the wall.

And nothing happened. Nothing except this continual nerve wracking suspense. One day in the room suspense took hold of him so that a man who had wagered over a million dollars he would be dead in less than a week, a man who had practically offered four different peo-
people a fortune to kill him. And here, pacing up and down the hall outside—waiting—seemingly helpless to prevent whatever crime the old man was bent on, was Ellery Queen.

Waldo went glumly about his business, dressing for bed. Cora Moore bustled around, carrying with her an aura of irritating and patently false cheerfulness. Ellery decided he liked her less than either Waldo or Anthony Ross. At least, they didn't try to hide their bad tempers.

The days went crawling by, minutes stretched interminably into interminable hours. Nor was there any sign that Arnold with his bedroom was any closer to leaving this earth than the first afternoon Ellery had met him.

Then finally it was the seventh of the scheduled days, the last day Arnold had given himself to die—in reality, the last day he had given his doctor, his nephew, and his brother to collect over a million dollars.

The morning passed in the same monotonous routine. In the afternoon young Ross came in to see Arnold. They banished Cora to her own room and held a long conversation. When Ellery listened conscientiously at the door. But Caruso's voice, going full blast, prevented him from hearing anything.

Nikki dropped in a few minutes after Ross had left, during Dr. Howell's daily visit to his ward. Ellery was recounting his woes and general boredom to her when Waldo entered the room.

"That man's here again," he announced. "The same one that came this morning, Smith."

"The insurance agent?" Ellery asked.

"Yes, but he didn't leave."

"Well, I'll see him myself," Ellery decided. "I'm rather interested in this fellow Smith—I caught a glimpse of him this morning, and he looks less like an insurance agent than anyone I ever saw."

NIKKI had to agree when Waldo shot a glance at the man. Mr. Smith was short and tubby with a red face, a dented nose and flashby clothes. His words, when he announced that he didn't believe Arnold Smith was really sick, came out of the side of his mouth which was not occupied by a black cigar.

"Did you say you sold—insurance, Mr. Smith?" Ellery inquired after Waldo had backed grumpily out of the room.

"Never mind what I sell. Do I see Arnold or don't I?" A burst of Arnold's laughter sprayed over the music from the piano. "Hey—that Arnold! Now I know he ain't sick! I'm goin' in!"

The bedroom door swung open. Dr. Howell stood there looking at the little group inquiringly. He closed the door behind him.

"Who is this man?" he asked.

"Mr. Smith spluttered in fury. "Never mind who I am! Pullin' the sick gag, is he? Lissen, that fat chiseler's no sick'ns am—and you can tell him that he's gonna see me tomorra—or else!"

"Mr. Arnold is seriously ill—you can take my word for that as a physi-" Mr. Smith rumbled. "I absolutely forbid you to disturb him. Any shot at this stage of his illness would be fatal. Excuse me."

He passed them, walked down the hall toward the back of the apartment.

Mr. Smith's tiny, deep-set eyes shifted suspiciously from Ellery to the two following. Obviously, he was only half convinced. And from the room beyond the door these men had been working up to its stirring climax. For a moment even Ellery was held by a glorious sustained high note.

And then, intuitively, he knew something was wrong. Without thinking, he leaped to the door, pounded on it frantically. No answer. He tried the knob.

In the throbbing pause after the high note, they heard a dull sound, as of a heavy body falling to the floor. "Help me!" he snapped.

"We've got to break this door down," Together they rammed their shoulders against the wood, the lock snapped, and they almost fell into the room.

Stretching out on the floor was the body of Big Time Arnold.

WELL, " said Inspector Queen glumly, "anybody could have killed him. A fine watch dog you are, son."

"I know, Dad," Ellery admitted. "I'm afraid I'm better at solving murders than watching them."

The Inspector an men from the Homicide Squad had been all over the apartment, the Medical Ex-aminer had come and taken all that was mortal of Arnold Arnold. The routine examination of the premises had been completed. And now Ellery and his father and Nikki with the assistance of Sergeant Velie were going over the few facts they had discovered.

"Only two doors into the room," Ellery murmured. "One into the hall, the other, unlocked, leading into Waldo's bedroom. But there's that terrace outside, with its open French windows. It runs all around the apartment, and it's possible, impossible, the a back door. . . ."

"The fire-escape. . . . so anyone could have come in here, from outside, to the hall with Nikki and—or Mr. Smith."

"Mr. Smith?" Inspector Queen grunted. "I told you Ellery, that guy's a professional gambler and thug, and I know him well. Recognized him the minute I saw him."

"Yes, Dad," Ellery murmured absently. "I know—but Mr. Smith is such a beautifully inappropriate name for him. He wandered aimlessly about the room. One thing missing," he observed. "Poor old Arnold's glass ball. He gestured at the empty wooden base on which it had stood. "Ball Snake," Sergeant Velie said stolidly. "See these splinters of glass on the table?"

"They didn't come from Arnold's crystal," Ellery said. "They're not large enough—they're pieces of a glass bubble, wafer-thin. And Arnold's ball was solid. I handled it myself. It's fake."

"Say!" said Velie. "How do we know Arnold was murdered? Maybe he had backed grumpily and hit his head against the andirons in the fireplace when he fell. He was lying right next to them when we found him."

"Maybe," said Inspector Queen, "But—"
Max Fisher hurried in. He had been summoned by telephone and he carried Arnold's strong-box, taken from the bank. But when they looked into it, expecting to find securities worth $1,625,000, they had a new surprise. There was nothing there but a $100,000 life insurance policy, naming Dr. Stephen Howell as beneficiary—and a note which read:

"Dear Waldo, Cora and Anthony:
Take my advice—don't bet on sure things. Also, don't bet with a professional gambler. But if you have to bet, make the other fellow cover. The joke's on all of you, I'm afraid. To Mr. Ellery Queen I bequeath an interesting case. Happy hunting, Queen!"

The double-crossing old humorist? Ellery groaned. "Velvet" shout Inspector Queen. "Get Doc Prouty to rush an autopsy report on Arnold's body! I'm going to crack this joke right now!"

The next morning Ellery was with his father in the latter's office at headquarters, the medical report spread out on the desk before them. It stated that Arnold Arnold had been murdered, had died from a heavy blow on the skull with some hard, heavy object—and that,

Dr. Howell came into the office. He looked as if he hadn't slept and his eyes were red-rimmed.

"Dr. Howell," Inspector Queen said directly, "my son tells me you insisted Arnold was about to die from a heart ailment. Yet the autopsy report here says that his heart was as sound as a dollar! Not a sign of heart disease in any form!"

There was a long silence. Howell seemed to wilt. At last he said in a low voice, "Yes. That is true. Except for his partial paralysis, he was perfectly healthy."

"And not only that, but he left a brother, a niece and a nephew—yet his insurance policy, his entire estate, is made payable not to them, but to—-a stranger!"

"I may as well tell you the whole truth," Howell said wearily. "Arnold Arnold was my—father. I can prove it, although it's been kept a secret from everyone, even Uncle Waldo. No one knew my father had ever been married. He kept it a secret because he was afraid his profession—gambling—would hurt my career. He always wanted me to be a physician."

"Um. That explains why he made you his beneficiary—but not why you said he had a bad heart condition."

"He made me. He was in trouble—owed a hundred thousand dollars to a gambler named Louie Mott."

"Oh, so that's where Louie comes in," Inspector Queen remarked.

"Yes. Mott was threatening to kill Father for welching on the debt, and he had to keep out of Mott's way, so he asked me to help him rig up a serious illness.

"But why did he make those crazy bets?"

"I think I can answer that. Dad," Ellery put in. "Arnold was afraid Louie would kill him. But how would Louie get the money if he did? Probably he knew of the insurance policy—remember, he was posing as an insurance agent—and he intended to force Arnold to change his beneficiary—to make the policy payable to Louie! Consider Arnold's position—flat broke, at the sorry end of a long life. All he had was his insurance, and it was worthless until he died. His only thought must have been to keep Louie Mott from getting that insurance, so his son could collect."

"You mean he—wanted to die?"

"Yes, Dad. And he was too healthy to die naturally for many years; suicide was out of the question because the policy was less than two years old and the company wouldn't honor it if he killed himself—so he planned his own murder."

"Good Lord!" murmured Howell. "No wonder he was so tight-mouthed with me! I thought it was just a crazy whim!"

"And," Ellery went on, "he called me in because if his plan didn't work—if none of the three people he tempted did murder him—he was ready to kill himself in some fashion that would make his death look like murder. And he wanted me on hand to substantiate the fact that he'd been done away with."

"Well, his plan worked all right," Inspector Queen growled, "and it looks as if the murderer was getting away with it."

When Howell had gone, Ellery murmured, "I can't figure out that business of the glass ball! The one Arnold had was solid—yet after his death it was gone and all we found were the remains of a broken glass bubble. Somebody substituted that for the solid one—and if we only knew who, and why, we'd have the murderer."

"Anybody could have done it," Inspector Queen reminded him. "Waldo, Ross, Cora Moore and Howell himself were all in Arnold's room a few hours..."
before the murder."

A detective came in with a paper which he laid on Ellery's desk. The Inspector looked at it, and handed it to Ellery. "Just a list of the clothes Arnold was wearing."

Ellery glanced at the paper—cursory at first, then with sudden interest. "Only one sock! Is this right? Was Arnold wearing just one sock?"

"That's what the report says," Ellery groaned. "And I never noticed it! I must be losing my grip. Why it's practically junk, Dad! I know who killed Arnold! God! everybody together and I'll tell you!"

Inspector Queen was a little piqued by Ellery's temperament, and the rest of the day he did some heavy thinking. Then he called Nikki and Sergeant Velle in and talked things over with them. And finally, they were sure they had the solution.

E VERYONE connected with the case was in Arnold's apartment that night at eight. If Ellery had not been so full of his own solution he might have noticed that his father, his secretary and Sergeant Velle were looking uncommonly like cream-fed cats.

Cora Moore, Anthony Ross, and Waldo Arnolde, at taking the fact that Arnold had left nothing but the insurance with bad grace. Howell still looked sincerely grieved. Louise Mott, alias Smith, was haggardly relieved that his presence in the hall with Ellery at the time of the murder afforded him a cast-iron alibi.

Ellery stepped forward to begin his dissertation. "I've asked my father to get you together tonight in order that I may explain..."

"Hold it, son," said Inspector Queen. He was smiling. "I'm doing the explaining tonight."

For a moment Ellery was flabbergasted. Then he smiled, too.

The Inspector barked—"We know someone substituted a hollow glass ball for Arnold's solid one, sometime during the day of the murder. Now, mark this—when Ellery and Nikki heard Arnold fall dead in his bedroom, there was no crash record playing in that room. Remember, Ellery, you told me that just before you sensed something was wrong. Caruso's voice hit a long, sustained high note?"

Ellery nodded.

"Well, it's an established scientific fact that a very high note from a powerful singing voice will produce such strong vibrations that it will shatter a wine glass!"

Inspector Queen looked about him triumphantly. "What happened was that Caruso's voice shatter the thin glass shell the murderer had put in place of Arnold's glass pack. Started, Arnold tried to get out of his wheelchair, but in doing so, he slipped, and fell, striking his head on the andirons in the fireplace."

"I see," Ellery said thoughtfully. "And why did you substitute glass?"

"That hollow, thin glass bubble was filled with—poison gas! A new type of gas—odorless, deadly, a kind of gas that was described years before the emergence of Nikki Porter by its inventor—Anthony Ross."

Sergeant Velle grabbed Ross by the arm. "That dark-visaged young man began to sputter angrily."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ross," Ellery said in the tone of a politician. "I'm afraid my father owes you an apology. I know you aren't guilty—and so will Dad in a minute."

And an instant quiet, when everyone turned toward Ellery.

"You see," he explained calmly, "there's a flaw in Dad's reasoning. Since Arnold was pulled up from the waist down, it's extremely unlikely, if not absolutely impossible that he could have thrown himself out of the chair with such force as to fall and strike his head a fatal blow on the andirons... though the real murderer hopes upon reason just that way—that we'll figure it out logically that the head wound came from falling after the gas had escaped from that described earlier to the Caruso record. But there's still another clue that Dad overlooked..."

Inspector Queen smiled. "And what clue is, Ellery said, "that you looked for a complicated, clever solution—and ignored the obvious. The glass slices were planted by the murderer, just to make us believe Arnold was killed by a hollow ball filled with gas. In other words, pin the crime on Anthony Ross. The murderer had his reason for ignoring the obvious—because in this case, the guilty person is the obvious one!"

"No one moved. "What happened to Arnold's missing sock? That is the other clue that Dad forgot. There were two things missing from the room when we found Arnold's body—his jacket, and the heavy glass ball. And we know now that Arnold was struck over the head with the ball. What was that weapon? Put a heavy ball into a man's sock, push it down as far as it will go, and use the top part of the sock for a handle, and you have a deadly weapon—one that can kill as swiftly and surely as a hammer!

"Nikki screamed. "Oh—I know!"

"That person who walked with the person to whom he stood cost most—he thought—"from Arnold's death? Who had easiest access to Arnold's room, because of the room adjoining? Who habitually dressed and undressed Arnold, and so would be the only person able to make socks? Dad? He was alive—under the pretext of getting him ready for bed? The obvious suspect—Arnold's brother Waldo?"

John's Other Wife

(Continued from page 11)
NEURITIS

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What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment. Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

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You'll like the dramatic shades of "Sub-Deb" Lipsticks! Newest of many grand shades is MAGNET RED . . . very dashingly, very red.

MAGNET RED

Whatever uses a "fashion plate" with rough, chapped lips? Smart lips must have the smooth sheen of glossy red silk. So don't risk Lipstick Parching! Take advantage of the protection offered by Coty "Sub-Deb." This amazing Lipstick actually helps to soften . . . while it brightens your lips with the season's ultra-smart, ultra-brilliant colors!

ANNETTE was telling us in the car that you sometimes give her stock market tips, she said.

"Meaning, that's strange behavior for a man who says he doesn't like Annette?" he asked with a smile. "It's sheer self-protection on my part, my dear. Annette is less of a man to you when you give her what she wants. But you'll notice I don't loan her the money to play those tips. She has to raise that somewhere else. It's a matter of fact, I think she was able to borrow some today. About ten thousand dollars.

Elizabeth looked at him quickly. He refused to meet her glance. But in that instant, she knew! "I have to borrow money. . . . And I was . . . there, too!" That was what Annette had meant in the car. John had let her have ten thousand dollars to put in the stock market!

An unseen hand began slowly to constrict her throat, until she had to breathe deeply and hard in order to get enough air. For a moment the people, the objects in the room receded until they were tiny, crystal-clear and somehow horrible to contemplate; and the murmur of voices around her turned into a vicious humming sound.

Then this sensation passed, and she thought only of Urgent-3. She couldn't understand, now, why she had forced John and Annette to bring her home.

"I'm very tired," she said abruptly. "I wonder if it would be too terrible of me to leave now?"

"Won't you let me drive you home?" Robbin asked.

At any other time she would not have dared to tell John that she was leaving. but he must, she would have a good time and follow when he was ready. But tonight she made her excuses neatly, not even bothering to look at John's face to see if he were surprised, displeased, or unhappy.

In the car, sitting silently beside Robbin Pennington, with the warm summer air rushing past them and the radio going softly, she realized that she was coldly, tensely angry. How dared John drive her money to that calculating, greedy little schemer, Annette Rogers? This proof that Annette had an even greater hold on her husband than she had suspected should have frightened her, she supposed; instead, she was conscious only of an overmastering desire to fight at Annette's side. When Robbin stopped the car at her own door she turned to him. "Will you give me the same market tip you gave Annette? And the name and address of a broker? I have some money of my own I'd like to invest."

He stared at her, then silently took out a card and wrote on it. Cooperative Oil Refineries. Atchinson Dobbs, 3 Pine Street.

Elizabeth read the strong, black handwriting in the dim light from the dashboard. For an instant she saw the situation in a new perspective, one that tempted her to tear the card. But the stress of the past day had been broken, and resolution hardened in her. This was the only way she could fight Annette Rogers—with Annette's own weapons. "Tell him to telephoned Atchinson Dobbs, and Dobbs let me have a ready—whatever—... "Oh, yes, I understand perfectly. . . . There's one other thing I should tell you. Annette has been seeing a good deal lately of Henry Sullivan—rather too much, I'd say, for an employee of Perry's."

He saw her to the door, then turned and went back to his car.

She hadn't expected to sleep at all, but the stress of many emotions had made her feel as though she did not even hear John come in.

BEFORE breakfast she telephoned Atchinson Dobbs for an appointment, and at eleven o'clock she was in his office, bringing with her the $20,000 worth of bonds which she had bought before being satisfied to let him use as his own. But they belonged to her, and were in her name.

Atchinson Dobbs, the square-faced man with oily dark hair. His eyes and skin were darkish and even though he was well dressed and immaculate, she had the feeling that his skin was oily. He seemed to know his business, though. He nodded approvingly when she named the stock she wished to buy.

"A very good stock. And you wished to invest how much, Mrs. Perry?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

Once more he nodded, and made figures on a pad of paper. "Of course you'll buy on margin?"

"Why—no," Elizabeth said. "I'd rather just buy the outright."

Mr. Dobbs could not entirely approve of that procedure, it seemed. But he nodded, and Elizabeth understood that your profit won't be as great. And since the market is merely speculative—there's no use kidding ourselves, Mrs. Perry—why not speculate in a way that makes good odds?"

"Well—I don't know. . . ." Elizabeth said doubtfully. "You'd be able to purchase much more stock, and your profit will be proportionately greater,"

he urged.

Elizabeth felt lost, confused—very like a housewife suddenly atra in an alien world. And this feeling brought her to a decision. She would not be the sort of woman who hung back, pondering, letting opportunity slip by! She would be the sort who made quick decisions. She would do it. She shut her mind. "Very well," she said. "I'll buy it on margin."

Realization brought the enormity of her gamble, and she shuddered. It wasn't really until she was home that she recognized her own reckless daring.

Twenty thousand dollars! If she had acted earlier, she would never have gone through with it—even though it was the only way to hold John, to prove to him that she...
was still worthy of all his love and respect. Alone in the study she sorted out the just thoughts whirling in her mind. She had gambled, yes. But so had John, with money loaned to Annette. All her thinking kept pivoting back to that point.

It was two weeks before she heard from Atchinson Dobbs again. Two weeks that became a duel between her impatience, her worry, her fear, and her overwhelming desire to show John how capable she really was. Unwillingly, she bought out the back pages of the paper, ran a finger down the stock listings until she found Co-operative Oils. There was nothing more of a point of difference in the quotations.

Then, late one afternoon, Dobbs called and said cheerfully, "The market broke a bit today, Mrs. Perry—I'm going to have to ask you for a little more money."

"More money?" But I—I haven't any more money.

Dobbs sounded hurt when he said, "But I thought you realized, Mrs. Perry—just look what you buy on margin and the stock goes down, you must be prepared to—"

"How much money do I have to give you?"

"Ten thousand dollars. Oh, it's nothing to worry about, Mrs. Perry; the market is a bit bearish just now, that's all."

Annette was clear: she had bought more money. Hands clenched into small fists, Elizabeth leaned forward. "I understand, Mrs. Perry; I—you—that you were only marrying Henry Sullivan because you tried to save poor John and let him reach himself by losing his money! And Sullivan's second-best!"

Annette had risen, was backing away from Elizabeth's fury. She tried to be brazen. "Oh, stop it! I'll give John his precious money back some day."

"You'd better go now, Elizabeth," said Elizabeth. "Quickly!"

Elizabeth heard the taxi leave, heard another car drive up and stop in front of the house. Annette Rogers stepped out.

When Elizabeth met her at the door, Annette smiled sweetly. "Elizabeth, darling, I hope you're happy—"

"I usually am," Elizabeth said. "As you know, I spend most of my time at home."

A tightening of Annette's face showed that she caught Elizabeth's meaning. But she said nothing more until the boys were gone.

"I came to bring you some news," she said. "I wanted you to be the first to know—because I'm sure you'll be happy. You're going to be married—"

"To Henry Sullivan! I—I hope you'll be terribly happy." Amazement and relief swept over Elizabeth. But then came suspicion. Why had Annette hurried to tell her this news? Why, after so obviously pursuing John, had she suddenly decided to marry someone else?

She withdrew the hand she had impulsively outstretched. "I—I can't pretend to you, Elizabeth," she said. "Surely you know why I'm marrying Henry. Isn't it the best way out of an intolerable situation? Believe me," she leaned for-ward with an air of great frankness, "John will get over me. By thinking between you will be as it was before I came along. And I—I'll be happier with Henry than I would be with John—knowing that I had ruined a home."

In the long silence that followed, the telephone rang sharply. Her eyes still on Annette, Elizabeth answered, "Yes?"

"Atchinson Dobbs' voice was thick and oily. "Mrs. Perry, I've bad news. Unless you can raise more money to cover, I'll have to sell you out."

"I—can't. Nothing whatever," Elizabeth said in a low voice.

"Co-operative Oil was a great disappointment. You're not the only one, Mrs. Perry—"

"Not the only one..."

She hung up the receiver. She whirled on Annette.

"For a minute you almost had me fooled!" she cried. "Fooled into thinking John loved you, wanted to divorce me so he could marry you! Now I know you were lying! You lost money in Co-operative Oil too, didn't you? John's money! Does he know it?"

**ANNETTE'S face had gone white.**

"What—are you saying?

"I thought! So that was enough for him—he saw through you at last. But you weren't satisfied to leave that. You had to have it! You tried to ruin our lives by making me believe you loved what you were only marrying Henry Sullivan because you tried to save poor John and let him reach himself by losing his money! And Sullivan's second-best!"

Annette had risen, was backing away from Elizabeth's fury. She tried to be brazen. "Oh, stop it! I'll give John his precious money back some day."

"You'd better go now, Elizabeth," said Elizabeth. "Quickly!"

Elizabeth heard the taxi leave, heard another car drive up and stop. She ran in, threw her hat on the floor like a man in a daze.

His hands reached out to her, caught her shoulders, as though in touching her face she'd be given courage. His eyes were tragic.

"Elizabeth, I need money—need it badly. Sullivan's has declared war. Their summer sales will put us out of business if I can't buy as much advertising space and promotion as they have. The bank won't help—"

"The—bonds?"

"She faltered, her mind racing, a mass of swirling thoughts. How could she tell him what she had done? And if she did —how could she ever tell him it was the only way she'd known to hold him?"

She felt his hands tighten on her shoulders, but all she could hear now was the question in her tortured heart, "Have I lost him, after all?"

### What will Elizabeth Perry do now? What will be the outcome of this wife's courageous struggle to hold her husband's love? Read how she faces her problems in next month's instalment of John's Other Wife in Radio Mirror.

---

**Freckles**

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*Sold in over 60 foreign countries—that's another.*

*Over 30 million jars sold.*

*That means something.*

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If Stillman's Freckle Cream doesn't keep your skin clear-smoother softer—give you a lovelier complexion, we will refund your purchase price.

![Stillman's Freckle Cream](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

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**Radio Mirror**

**August, 1940**
hair set every day. I was wearing lots of curls. Now I choose the simplest style possible. I have my hair shampooed weekly, in a style which will stay! I brush it nightly, a few brief rounds. Bob likes it better—because it looks natural.

"Manipulated hair added to the same once-a-week importance. My nails are done while my hair is drying. I keep identical shades of polish at home in case of accidents. I match my jewels, and colorless. So—Another three hours a week for fun."

Barbara is one of the fortunate few whose skin never needs pampering beyond soap and water, perhaps her tendency to be natural has helped to keep it so. She doesn't rush the simple beauty routine she observes at home. She doesn't have to, after freeing herself from the bondage of the beauty shop. In the morning, before work, a shower will do, but she revels in warm tub baths. Before dinner nightly she pulls off her daily clothes, just the party gown into a tub scented with gardenia oil, piled round with bath crystals, brushes and enormous towels. She emerges sparkling, herself feminine, hostess gown to go down to dinner fresh, fragrant and relaxed. Never will she go into dinner before this beauty bath. Her servants know the rule is adamant. If Barbara is an hour late in arriving home from the studio, dinner is served at nine or even eleven. And Barbara and Bob face one another across the table happily removed by their leisurely homecoming from the hectic hours of the workday.

The chore of keeping thin is daily drudgery for many Hollywood stars. Barbara can write reducing off her time-schedule, having lost fifteen pounds during her legal difficulties two years ago which she has never regained. She weighs 106 pounds.

LIKE every wise motion picture player, she takes a certain care in diet and exercise for granted. No woman can eat starches, a quantity sticky pastries, and stay glamorous enough for the cameras. If such weakness did not show up in her figure, it would pop up as "nerves.

Knowing that, Barbara avoids potatoes, bread and desserts unprotectingly—as she would avoid poison—and though she has a small appetite, she forces herself to eat generous portions of the foods which are permissible. Steaks two inches thick, green vegetables with butter, salt and pepper, and salads with meat, milk and always coffee. Gallons of coffee. She never go on those strenuous four-day to eighteen-day diets which leave the reducer weak, irritable and distinctly unglamorous. She knows how much of her natural attraction is due to a flow of healthy energy—she wouldn't take chances of cutting off that flow. So, for breakfast, she has stewed fruit, toast, jelly and coffee. For lunch, a large salad, prime ribs or cold roast with vegetables. Her evening snack is tea at four o'clock with chocolate cookies for the necessary last-minute push before her escape to the comfortable privacy of her home. For dinner, an hors d'oeuvre, lean meat, heaps of vegetables and a dessert of fresh fruit or an occasional custard. Plenty of energy in such a menu—for beauty's sake—but no avoidurops.

As a result, Barbara has the athletic figure which makes no clothes problems. She loves clothes. She is not, as an unfriendly biographer once inferred, either untyndy or careless about her dress. She is glad to let down the informality of very casual clothes when she is with Bob at the ranch, or in the country for occasional week-ends. In town, however, she is as style-conscious as any girl of her generation; only she refuses to give her life to it.

She likes simple, well-made clothes, good fabric and line, so shopping is easy. For the studio and day-time engagements she likes tailored suits. She chooses the fabrics herself, but the suits for suits, tweeds for topcoats. She is sure that her first suit from a new tailor is perfect. After that she can replenish her wardrobe by selecting new cloth.

HER afternoon and evening clothes are as characteristically simple. Having found an expert designer in Monte Carlo, she drapes the evening gowns, dinner gowns in prints, hostess gowns (Bob and Barbara do not dress for dinner at home unless there are guests and afternoon dresses, usually black.

Occasionally she will find a dress which pleases her in a shop, but before she wears it, every furrow below the mark, she feels a rational fash- tionist disappears—clips, buttons, bows, belts. Simple and unadorned, except for the ruby jeweled which Bob Tal- lor has chosen for her, the dress becomes a background for its wearer. Too many women, Barbara believes, are too hard to accept the formula in the reverse.

Two other pitfalls are common in Hollywood marriage. Bob and Bar- bara have decided they are an over-emphasis on work, and too much social life.

"Bob and I learned through experience," she told me, "that we can't have the sort of marriage we think we will work, and at the same time keep up with all the thousands of activities peculiar to Hollywood and the motion picture business.

"So we simplified our routine of living from the start. Both of us made concessions. Bob gave up the lazy ranch life he loves. We moved to Beverly Hills to save the two hours each day of travel from the studio. We want to spend those two hours together. I cut down, as I mentioned before, on the time I spent in beauty parlors and with dressmakers.

"We love to go out, and we love to entertain—but we decided that we could afford the time for only a few dress-up occasions, for a few simple little dinner parties at home. When either of us is working even those few sprees go immediately off our calendar."

"As a result, even when we're both working we have leisurely, uninterrupted hours together—days of the week devoted to each other and have fun!"

The Taylors are absorbed in their business, each intensely interested in the other's career. But they refuse to
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The Kind That Are Never Forgotten!

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

One Man's Family
(Continued from page 33)

him. In a voice that soothed and lulled any storms, she told Hazel he was in love with her.

Some weeks later, she left Honolulu, and wondered how she could live until Danny Frank fulfilled his promise to visit the mainland.

She arrived home completely happy, told the Barbours about Danny Frank, his mischievous and loving ways, what he said to her on the beach, and under the cocoanut tree; and his coming visit to San Francisco.

As the weeks went by, she pretended it was unimportant that he had not written her, but the Barbours observed that she spent more and more time alone in the garden.

Soon, her old restlessness had returned.

Then, by chance, Paul introduced her to one of his old war-time flying comrades, Bill Herbert, but Hazel was no more than cordial to him.

Paul and Bill had been through quite a lot together in the war. Bill had been shell-shocked, but Paul, considering this of no import, did not mention it so much as he now appeared normal again.

Bill encountered considerable difficulty in fitting himself into the post-war economy, and had purchased a dairy ranch down the peninsula from San Francisco, was struggling to get it going, and needed the friendship of someone like Hazel, as badly as Hazel needed someone like Bill.

Eventually, she consented to marry him. But a few hours before the wedding, Danny Frank sent her a flipper cable. "So you couldn't wait?" it said.

Hazel came within an inch of calling off the wedding. But, recalling Danny's irresponsibility, she went through with it.

It was obvious to the Barbours that during the first eight months of her marriage, Hazel had not been happy, but no one considered the possibility of a separation.

A few weeks later, Danny Frank arrived in her pennies.

Nevertheless, to Hazel, his old charm returned and she found herself deeply intrigued by his presence. She saw all of his short-comings, but she found it difficult to send him on his way.

Ultimately, Danny forced a showdown. Hazel must decide between himself and her husband.

Assuming that Danny Frank meant she must decide which man she wanted for a husband, she listened. Soon it became apparent that Danny's demands did not include marriage.

Disappointed, she decided to stay with her husband.

A year later, Hazel showed no outward signs of remembering Danny Frank, with his diligent assistance, the dairy ranch was beginning to prosper and the indebtedness was disappearing.

The Herbert twins, Hank and Pinky, were born. They are now seven years old.

Around the time of the first birth-
In Chicago just one year when she decided to audition for NBC. "It seemed to me like a wild idea," Betty said. "I never thought it actually put me in a show."

The radio script indicated that Joe Ainsley hired her for a show called "Talkie Picture Time." She worked like a trooper to justify her faith in her talent. She knew that the first meeting wasn't a case of love at first sight for Joe. He admired her talent, thought she was lovely, but he was a busy young director bent on making a hit of his play. For quite a while he was just a little friend.

"That wasn't my fault," Betty Lou said. "The second time I talked to him I knew I was in love with him. There were other girls, of course," she smiled, "but I had made up my mind and persistence finally wore him down. After a few months, he asked me to dinner."

"But what a dinner that turned out to be! Joe had been invited to dinner by Madame Schumann Heink, an old friend of his whom he loved dearly," Betty Lou said. "Bring a girl," the famous singer had said. So Joe brought Betty Lou. He had even talked to Madame Schumann Heink before he was bringing. The place card at the dinner table read, "Joe's girl!"

"I got very little attention on that first date," Betty Lou laughed. "But then, I had terrible competition. Joe hadn't seen Madame Schumann Heink like that in a long time and he spent most of the evening talking to her. He made up for it, though," she added, "by asking me out again."

For a year, Joe and Betty Lou went "steady." It wasn't all smooth sailing. Betty Lou was a fiery creature, hot-tempered and quick to speak her mind. She was driving to get ahead in her career and making progress, but here and there she was making enemies by flaring up and losing her temper.

"We can postpone our marriage," Joe said.

"But I don't want to do that," Betty Lou answered.

"Well," Joe said, "maybe you ought to get away—make sure you feel the way you think you do about me. Besides, I said wisely, these long distance marriages don't often work out."

They talked and talked about it.
Finally, Betty Lou decided to go to the Coast with the First Nighter show—on Joe's advice. He went to the train with her. She almost didn't get aboard, for the train pulled out, Joe, waving from the platform, wondered whether or not he had made the mistake of his life. And Betty Lou, on the train, was miserably unhappy.

Hollywood is exciting. In the dizzy whirl of the movie capital, a girl can forget what has happened in the past in the glamour of new things. If the foundation Joe and Betty Lou had built was going to crumble, surely it would crumble here.

But it didn't. The postman rang twice. Once every day at Joe Ainliney's apartment in Chicago, once every day at Betty Lou Gerson's place in Hollywood. And in every letter they wrote, they talked over their plans for marriage. Every letter was another strong link in the chain that would encircle them and bring them back together again.

AMECHE clicked. If one radio star was movie material, then why not another? Lou Gerson, for example. Warner's offered her a tempting contract. Possible stardom. All the things a young actress battles for desperately, for there are so many career-minded girls like Betty Lou Gerson.

Two years ago, when she had first met Joe, she might have taken the offer without thinking. But, alone in Hollywood, she fought a battle with herself. Was there the hidden fame in Hollywood, or a life in Chicago radio with success, perhaps, and Joe Ainliney, for certain?

Reading over one of Joe's letters, she found her answer. She not only turned down the movie offer, but quit her job on the First Nighter program and wrote Joe she was coming home! They were married almost as soon as she got off the train. They hurried to a small chapel, picking up their witnesses on the way. There were no friends or relatives. They wanted to get married simply and quickly. The way people do when they know for certain what they mean to each other. For a few short days they were blissfully happy. Then, Joe had to go to New York to direct the Edwin C. Hill show. It was necessity this time, so Joe went. For twenty-six weeks, he flew back to Chicago every Monday night. The honeymooners would have Tuesday and half of every Wednesday together.

They worked hard. Betty Lou worked on script shows, determined to do her share toward building herself a career in radio again. The First Nighter show came back to Chicago, but a fine little actress, Barbara Luddy, had firmly entrenched herself in Betty Lou Gerson's starring role. Joe was given the job of directing the First Nighter program.

Betty Lou hammered away until she won three starring roles for herself again, in Arnold Grimm's Daughter, in Midstream, and in Grand Hotel. Two years after they were married, Joe and Betty got around to taking their honeymoon. Because their work was so demanding, it could only be for two weeks. "It was incredibly, though," Betty Lou said. "But then," she added with a smile, "home is pretty nice, too."

They decorated their new apartment together. "Joe's bed is seven feet long," Betty Lou laughed. "All his life he's wanted a bed that would be long enough for him. You see, he's six feet four inches tall." Betty Lou isn't domestic and she admits it. "I can't cook or sew," she said. "But I am a good chess player—and that's Joe's favorite game."

Once a week at the Ainlineys is chess night and once a week is music night, when Joe, who plays the fiddle, invites a group of musicians in to make music until the wee hours of the night.

"The landlord can't complain any more," Betty Lou laughs, "because, you see, we're the landlords.

And the tenants, it must be said, are quite proud of the happy, celebrated couple to whom they pay their rent.

MORE WINNERS OF THE KATE SMITH RECIPE CONTEST

50 PRIZES OF GENERAL FOODS SPECIAL GIFT PACKAGES

Mrs. Helen Ashley, Hartville, Ohio
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USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

IT'S Whiptext for the Weather: a Joysfull, New, pulse-stirring red that's a fitting ac-

ceptance for candie stripe fashions, per-

fect with pastels, divine with white! Whip-text to be softer, smoother, non-drying.

Lipstick keeps lips lovelier longer, because it stays on longer! Complete your make-up with Candy Strip Rouge and Powder.
HAIR FREE
IN JUST FIVE MINUTES
THIS PLEASANT WAY
Razor stubbles gone at last
Just wash off hair JIFFY FAST!
A mere five minutes and every bit of disfiguring hair can be off your legs, arms and underarms. And so simple, too! All you do is apply
perfumed X-Bazin directly from the tube—leave on for a few minutes—then wash off. Leaves skin daintily smooth. No bother—no razor stubbiness! Not when you use X-Bazin! At department, drug and 10¢ stores.
OVER 12,000,000 TUBES SOLD, IT MUST BE GOOD

Cash Reward
SHOW NEW CHRISTMAS CARDS For Sale
50 for $1.00 and $2.00
In WATCH BASED CARTON
With EVERY RING
ORDERED NOW, Choice of Pouch or Box.
New, guaranteed, Modern, West Virginia FIREFOX, assorted gift with every card placed in a silk-lined, simulated Diamond, ordered now. A wonderful value found in any plant, address and size: Satisfaction guaranteed on day trial. (1000 card size only $2.50) Pay 50c for each additional card.

WATCH Guaranteed West Mattie
10 Wrist Watch Fit for Girls
Only $2.50
Desirable and Beautiful—\$8.50 value. Write today as this offer is limited.
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 355-P, Jefferson, Iowa

Tired Kidneys
Often Bring Sleepless Nights
Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or fillets which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don’t work right in the darkest days people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don’t neglect this condition and let valuable, restful sleep escape you.
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause swelling backache, rheaumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, pulliness under the eyes, headaches and a dozen more.
Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Dean’s Pills, use as directed on the package for only 48 cents. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dean’s Pills.

What’s New From Coast to Coast (Continued from page 39)
She later played the lead in a Broadway dramatic show, and then went to work for a newspaper writing a column of verse called “Mother Goose Quacks Wise.” Her hilarity managed to keep even Stella entertained for two whole years, but then she got interested in radio and gave up newspaper work, although she writes frequently for magazines, and recently finished a book on politics.
In radio she upset the tradition that only men can broadcast sports events. Sports radio reporters laughed when she took charge of the Lou Little Club of the Air, but she soon proved that she knew her stuff.
Stella got an early start on marriage. She was seventeen when she became the wife of Dr. Louis Unger. He too rates as an unusual person, since he is one of the few men in

NEW YORK CITY—A feminine dynamo who refuses to do anything the way other people do it is Stella Unger, who broadcasts over New York’s station WEAF three times a week for Borden Products—Stella Unger.

America who knew the famous Lawrence of Arabia, having accompanied that now historical figure on several of his breath-taking expeditions.

Artie Auerbach, who plays Mr. Kitzel on Al Pearce’s CBS programs, must be the most cautious person in the country. Six years ago he was an inquiring photographer on a New York newspaper. He got a chance to try radio as a comedian, and took it; but he didn’t know whether he’d be a success or not so he played safe by asking for a leave of absence from the newspaper instead of resigning. He’s been in radio ever since, doing all right, but he’s never formally given up the newspaper job. Theoretically, at least, he could go back to work tomorrow as an inquiring photographer.

Out in the Finnish Pavilion at the New York World’s Fair there’s a sculptured bust of Jan Sibelius which was presented to Fred Waring by its sculptor, Yueca Salamanich in honor of Fred’s radio broadcast of Sibelius’ most famous composition, “Finlandia.” Fred has loaned the bust to the Finnish Pavilion until the Fair is over; then he’ll take it back.

She’s The Hollywood News Girl, heard over New York’s station WEAF three times weekly for Borden Products—Stella Unger.

Watch the NEW CHRISTMAS CARDS See them at your local station today.
myself on the top of a hill made up of all the songs I had ever sung. This curious combination of musical notes, musical instruments, composers, faces, audiences, microphones—was moving incessantly—and out of this ceaseless activity I made the new song more glorious than any I had ever sung before: martial music to rally the mostabis ter rate; persuasion music to woo the distracted; tender music to awaken memories of loved ones; rollicking music to beguile; thieving music to comfort those in sorrow.

I sang to win my friends anew with every persuasion of mind and heart.

But there you are, all you, as always, waiting to pick up the golden thread of friendship where we left off, as your countless messages testified.

I MARVEL at the quality of true friendship, symbolizing all of you, some of whom have never even seen me, and yet go on being my friends.

Your friendship is genuine and completely undemanding. You do not even ask that fundamental need of friendship—that you meet and talk. You understand and forgive when I cannot answer all your letters. We are friends without any thought of personal gain. You ask nothing more than that I sing to you the songs you love to hear. You give me every opportunity to express myself as I will. It is as if you say to me—"So you want to sing, Jessica—by all means, go right ahead and sing to your heart's content—and we'll be listening and applauding!"

So this amazing thing happens—your friendship which asks so little of me becomes the most powerful force in my life! Your friendship has kept me working, dreaming, hoping to be the best singer ever—for only the best is good enough for you. In a more practical way, your friendship has meant more to me than I can ever tell you. When I began broadcasting on Hour it gave me the feeling of coming home to people who know and love me.

As I continue to meditate on this rare friendship, I feel that most of us do not realize how much we owe our friends. Isn't it true that we usually think of what they owe us? In one way or another, we set standards and patterns for our friends which we ourselves could not match. We expect them to have in abundance all the good qualities which we, perhaps, lack.

When we're depressed we want their cheerfulness, when we're in trouble we demand their sympathy. When we're alone we expect their steadfast loyalty. We seek their company when we want companionship and expect them to leave us alone when we want solitude. Unconsciously we pile up grievances against our friends for imagined slights as if they had real obligations toward us.

The result of these demands on friendship will disappoint us sooner or later because the pattern we have cut for them is not theirs but our own, and their personalities cannot be expected to fit our pictures.

How much wiser to reverse the process! Demand nothing of our friends, but everything of ourselves! We don't know exactly what happens when we are first attracted to certain people. We only know that there is a spark, a feeling of sympathy, between us and the person who becomes our friend. With time, acquaintanceships ripen into friendships. Companionship reveals mutual interest and fine character traits. We feel friendly with someone in the same things we are, who work at the same kind of job—know the same people, and sometimes just because we find some people amusing and entertaining.

These attractive qualities, so near our own ideals, sometimes lead us to demand perfection of our friends. It seems a human desire to seek perfection in what one loves. However, it is wise to realize that this demand can be a dangerous instrument, fatal to friendship. If we remember to apply these same standards to ourselves, we will not fall into this error. The higher standard you set for yourself, the closer you will bind your friends to you. To have a friend, one must be a friend! Don't expect your friends to be thoughtful for your sake; be thoughtful for theirs. Don't expect them to do anything for you; do things for them.

"But what good is a friendship if it is all giving and no receiving?"

The friendship I've just described isn't that kind by any means. Because of it, you are receiving the most precious thing of all: human understanding. And you receive other good things. You are being molded into a finer person. You are happy in knowing that you are loved and respected by those who know you.

T HIS is the happiness you, my friends, who listen to me on the air, give me. Every letter you write, every handclasp sent across space, tells me that you are with me, thinking me well, spurring me on to work harder to become more the person you want to know. May you experience the same beautiful friendship in all your daily lives.

You have made a living reality of Longfellow's familiar lines which say so beautifully what I've tried to tell you about friendship:

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Always faithfully yours,
Station—but almost. Statistically, it is 30 by 20 feet. The distance from floor to ceiling measures 24 feet.

Any housewife would automatically wonder how in the world to make such a room seem livable. Olive, though, is a very clever young housewife and has solved that problem admirably. Once you're in her living room, you forget all about the wide-open spaces surrounding you. The chintz-covered sofa is a soft, comfortable thing, fairly crying for a tired body. Chairs and lamps and tables are scattered around with wonderful convenience and good taste.

One huge wall is almost entirely covered by well-thumbed books of every kind. Over in one lovely corner is a 200-year-old secretary which Lanny picked up in a Cape Cod junk shop. There's a grand piano and a specially built radio-phonograph combination. Five aged scatter-rugs are placed judiciously on the wide-plank, dark-stained floors.

The walls and ceiling beams are painted a cool, restful blue. That same color is carried over to the colorful drapes framing the gigantic 20-foot windows. Those drapes were one of Olive's biggest problems: each of the two windows required 36 yards of material! Leading off the two-story living room is a staircase which winds up to a balcony and the upstairs rooms. Downstairs, the dining room has been converted into an office for Lanny, where he can answer his fan mail, file his music and script records. So the large balcony landing became a flower-papered dining alcove.

The apartment is placed in an open, Colonial break-front cabinet, is the Rosses' precious collection of early American china and some of their antique glassware.

Lanny's own room, with its simple, modern furniture, is the sort of den that every man at some time or other has dreamed of: it smells of pipe tobacco; there are furniture drawers where shoe heels were slapped down; books and papers and Lanny's stamp collection and records of his programs are scattered around.

The apartment is luxurious and smart—but it still feels like home. And, if you do forget that, say Sande. Sande, an Irish Setter pup given to Lanny by Jockey Earle Sande, roams upstairs and down as if he owns the place. Just once did he have serious trouble, and that was when he started to sit on the pillows of the chintz sofa.

But all three of them have more fun up on the 400-acre farm, two hours away. Lanny bought it because it has a stream which delights his trout-fisherman's heart; woods which make for perfect smoke-scented hunting; fertile acres where Olive plants her flowers and trees and he tries his hand at a little bit of vegetable planting. They toil down the old, battered farmhouse and, within three days, were living in their new house. That happened because he cured that simmering fire catalogue and sent away for a portable home. Between Friday and Monday the house was completely equipped with living room, two bedrooms, two baths, a kitchen, oil furnace and a beautiful fireplace. The house itself could be placed—with plenty of inches to spare—in the living room of the Ross apartment.

They have brought nearly all their priceless antiques up to the country. Both Lanny and the collectors who buy nothing but products of Colonial times. They're proudest of their rare collection of ruby thumbprint glass. Yet Olive doesn't hide it away in tight-locked closets. One of the largest collections in the country, it gets every-day use. What were once sauce dishes are now fingerbowls. A butter dish holds fruit and nuts; a celery holder is a flower vase; a crystal dish is a plant pot. Running off and on, three of them are up on the mantelpiece.

Yet, time, from Friday to Monday, means nothing. No worries about the 7:15 show or the 11:15 re-broadcast to the West Coast. But early Monday morning they head back for the city, where they play good host and hostess at least twice a week—between shows—or where, on one of the nights, Lanny, the Rosses, and Lanny stoically passes last acts in favor of a return trip to the studio and the repeat broadcast.

Far from money and the strain of life, but the Rosses are one radio family who have discovered how to make it strike a perfect balance.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 35)

(Facing page 35)
CASH FOR YOUR LETTERS ABOUT ADVERTISED PRODUCTS

Undoubtedly you use many of the products advertised in RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR. Look through all the ads in this issue, and pick the product you like or dislike most. Then write us a letter telling why. You needn't be roomy. We want frank, but helpful letters—letters that tell how you use the product, perhaps some unusual or new use, or how it could be improved. Fancy composition is not important, originality and helpfulness is important. So write, whether side of the street is plenty. Macfadden Women's Group will pay $2.00 for each letter accepted. Address your letter to

Readers' Forum
MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP
Dept. RF-1,
122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

MACFADDEN Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Romances Treasures, True Love & Romances, Movie Mirror, and Radio and Television Mirror. These five publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

The colorful little island gave Al more than just a fat bank-book. It also provided him with a wife.

The Donahues reside in a big, rambling house of 15 rooms at Manhasset, L. I., with their two children, Al junior, six, and Nancy, two.

Since Al's transition from society to swing, he has had only one set-back. Paula Kelly, his pert, black-haired, childlike wife, left the band to have a baby. She is married to Hal Dickinson, a member of The Modernaires Quartet.

After many unhappy conditions, Al picked Margie Stuart who used to have her own all-girl band, and twins Mona and Lee Benton. Phil Brito is Al's male vocalist.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Latin Know How; It'll Come to You (Victor 26579) Leo Reisman, Irving Berlin's latest hits from "Louisiana Purchase" with expert deliveries by Anita Boyer.

Tonight; Fools Rush In (Decca 3119) Tony Martin. The first has a rumba beat; the other well has its all-girl band, and twins Mona and Lee Benton. Phil Brito is Al's male vocalist.

USE Mercozolz Wax Cream to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakess off the dudles, darker, older superficial skin in 24 hours. Invisable particles. Your skin is thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercozolz Wax Cream.

Use Phelalone Depilatory

REMOVES superficial facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Try Saxolite Astringent

SAKOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. De- lift, Nightly pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

SOLD at all Cosmetic Counters.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. 25c per photo extra. Send small photos with 4x5 inch enlargement. If your original photo is a color photo, copies will be in black and white. If your photo is a black and white photo, copies will be in color. Send copies of all photos for exact reproduction of original photo. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for return of negative when desired.

SALON 3 for $1.00

SEND NO MONEY for small photo copies. Mail your small photos with 4x5 inch enlargement and have your original photo reproduced in black and white or color as you desire. Send copies of all photos. We will send you a general description of this amazing offer now. Send four small photos. Be sure ours is washed.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS

113 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1900-M Chicago, Illinois

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You' ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks puny.

It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10c and 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Brush Away Gray Hair

Brush Away Gray Hair

...and Look 10 Years Younger

...and Look 10 Years Younger

...and Look 10 Years Younger

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...and Look 10 Years Younger
The hot months give the most searching test to personal loveliness. If you can be charming in the dog days, when the thermometer soars and everyone fairly wilts with perspiration, then you have mastered the secrets of daintiness.

Genevieve Rowe is my pet example of a woman who is lovely under all circumstances. I have seen her under the most unprepossessing conditions—in all weathers—and she was just as entrancing as she is when she sings for you on the Johnny Presents show on Tuesday nights over WEAF, or as a feature on Joe Howard’s Gay Nineties Revue. In- nate fastidiousness makes her attentive to the fundamentals of charm; so, hot or cold, Genevieve is herself.

Genevieve is unselﬁsh. She hardly thinks of herself as pretty (although she is one of the most beautiful women I know). But the point is not worth arguing, because her personality, her gay humorous friendliness, her bright courage, are so heartwarming that you hardly notice the expressive brown eyes, the warm, well-shaped mouth.

Genevieve Rowe brings to her radio audience an unusual background of musical education. Her father was the head of the Music Department of a college in Ohio which is noted for its sound scholarship. From the beginning her remarkable musical genius and her lovely voice were under capable guidance.

In 1929 she was the youngest soprano to win ﬁrst prize in the Atwater Kent National Auditions contest—$5,000 and two years of study. The prize money, supposedly in safe investments, vanished in the crash, and Genevieve made her way by singing in churches, in vaudeville, and wherever she could. In 1932 she won the MacDowell Music Club Contest, and next year the highest award in the National Federation of Music Clubs contest. She made her debut in Town Hall, and slowly but inevitably, by sheer merit, she attained her present high place in radio.

I said summer is a trying time. It is necessary to health that we should perspire—literally, a quart or so a day. Frequent baths with plenty of good soap are necessary. But for complete personal daintiness at all times, they must be supplemented with a good deodorant. There are a number of excellent ones from which to choose. There are liquids, creams, and powders, each having its own special uses.

Some deodorants actually check perspiration where they are applied locally. Many women use them not only for under-arm, but also to relieve the discomfort of clammy hands and perspiring feet. Other deodorants, without checking perspiration, remove all possibility of offense. It’s just a matter of personal choice.

There are little saturated pads to be used on the underarm which give ﬁve day protection. And now there is even a deodorant stick made to carry in the purse so that you will never be taken by surprise.

Fastidious women are taking full advantage of the amazing recent progress in developing effective and harmless deodorants for every purpose. They keep a supply of all kinds on hand and take no chances.

Added Swimming Charm

Another thing to be careful about in summer is the problem of superﬁduous hair. Bathing suits are very revealing. Here again, thanks to recent progress in perfecting depilatories, we have a varied assortment of excellent ones from which to choose. They are quite safe if used according to directions. There are creams which may be used on limbs and under-arm and on the face. They are very satisfactory, and it has been my observation that they do not cause a noticeable coarsening in the regrowth. They are far more effective than a razor, leaving a smoother surface and a more lasting result.

For the face, there are waxy preparations which you warm and spread on the surface to be treated. A quick jerk, and the wax is off bringing the hair with it, literally out by the roots. It is not in the least painful, because the jerk is so quick one has no time to feel it. And the hair does not return for a long time. If the hair on the limbs is a light growth, sometimes one of the good bleaching rinses will make it unnoticeable. But that is not sufﬁcient, get a good depilatory and see to it that you are ready to look charming in a bathing suit.

Genevieve Rowe who sings on the Johnny Presents show, is an example of feminine loveliness—hot weather or cold.
Frances Langford will sing in her new picture appearance after all. The Star Theater songstress originally was signed for the leading feminine role in the new Lum and Abner picture, "Dreaming Out Loud," to appear in a dramatic role. However, the title of the picture was too much for Sam Goodson, who makes his debut as a motion picture producer as partner of Jack Votion. The title of the picture now becomes a song and Langford will sing it in the film.

From a private source, and a very confidential one, I hear Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes have phft. No longer sweethearts, in other words.

Don't you agree it's a lucky land, indeed, in these perilous times, that has nothing more to worry about than what Charlie McCarthy is going to say next?

Pat Cavendish, the pretty and quiet young singer who was discovered by Jan Garber, while he was in Hollywood, has been placed under contract to RKO and is being groomed as RKO's threat to Frances Langford.

No matter how badly Gene Autry is faring on the radio, his film future is definitely assured. He signed this week for one more year and six pictures with Republic Studios.

Film stars are besieging Tommy Lee "Daddy of Television" on the Pacific Coast, for television sets. Tommy builds them for the stars at cost.

Orson Welles, former playhouse director, who plans to return to the CBS Airlines next fall, has just organized a west coast stage group known as United Productions, a western edition of his Mercury Theatre project. "New York Welles," in partnership with John Houseman and Herman J. Mankiewicz, plans to present five shows a year in the Los Angeles area starting next October. He also will provide his eastern group with two plays which he will direct and produce. It's rumored his first Los Angeles show will be "Julius Caesar." These plans will in no way conflict with Welles' radio activities or RKO film commitments.

Dick Powell, singing star of Good News of 1940, has a new interest. With his wife, Joan Blondell, he has assumed national supervision over the film career of a 6-year-old actor, Mickey Kuhn. Powell says he is convinced the lad "will win the heart of movie-goers as no youngster has since Jackie Coogan."

A horse race pulled William Boyd, the screen western star, into the ranks of NBC radio personalities. Boyd, hero of the Hopalong Cassidy film series, staked a guest appearance on the Kraft Music Hall against a nice cash outlay from Bing Crosby on the outcome of the Kentucky Derby. Boyd took Bimelichi, gave Crosby the field. A few minutes after Gallaher crossed the finish line, the NBC crooner was on the telephone, asking for the pay-off. The guest spot Boyd filled with Crosby, however, meant more to Boyd than paying a derby bet. It also marked Boyd's radio debut.

Comedian Benny Rubin, frequently featured on the Burns and Allen broadcasts, says the most ironic incident in his radio career occurred two years ago when, in a burst of Christmas spirit, Rubin organized and staged a charity broadcast guaranteeing food and clothing to 600 needy families. Rubin got all the clothes he needed—but the cash came in small sums. Benny, after buying the food he had promised to 600 families, was actually broke for two months before he got his accounts in shape again.

Ray Noble, was reminiscing with Band Leader Will Bradley, a former member of Noble's orchestra, about former members of the Englishman's band who had graduated to baton wielding duties. The list included Glenn Miller, Claude Hornhill, Charlie Spivak, Bud Freeman, Toots Mondello and Nick Draper, all of whom formerly played instruments under the Noble banner.

Floria Jean, 12-year-old film star featured by Cecil B. DeMille on the recent Lux radio theater broadcast of "The Underpup" was given the most secluded dressing room at the Music Box Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. Reason was that Miss Jean, privately tutored, has to carry on her studies, broadcast or no broadcast and throughout the four days of rehearsal and broadcast. Miss Jean went right on in the dressing room with readin', writin' and arithmetic.

For two years Tony Martin has been singing a song that he never once completed. It's his catchy signature number on the "Tune Up Time" show with Andrew Lenas and his orchestra. So many requests were received for the melody in its entirety that composers Don Raye and Bert Berns had to go ahead and complete a melody they originally composed for a few bars of "fill-in." It's now complete with music and lyrics for the first time in two years, and now Tony sings it often on his programs.

Frank Parker almost missed the special train carrying Gracie Allen and her party to Omaha for the surprise party convention. His Cocker Spaniel, Lovie, underwent a brain operation and hovered between life and death while George Burns held the train ten minutes for Parker. At this writing, dog is still alive.
Attractive Summer Offer

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Make July your big month. This year we are offering handsome bonuses in addition to our liberal straight purchase rate for better-than-average true stories submitted July 1st to July 31st. Following our regular policy, we are discontinuing true story manuscript contests during the summer months. Under this special offer if, during July, 1940, you send in a true story suited to our needs that is better than average, not only will you receive the regular straight rate of approximately 2e per word, but in addition you will be granted a handsome bonus that may range as high as 1e additional per word for every word that your story contains. And in the event that your story is outstandingly better than average, your bonus may be increased to an additional 2e per word, or about double our regular straight purchase rate.

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What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

actress to appeal to those who don't require so much excitement.

Let Carleton E. Morse write mysteries, but let him make the situations more matter of fact. The stuff will be just as dramatic, if Mr. Morse writes it without jungle settings and dining religious fanatics.—J. A. Roberts, Hartford, Conn.

FOURTH PRIZE
A TRUE AMERICAN

The feature that I enjoy most of all on the radio is the fifteen minute Kate Smith chat. Her encouraging words and her honest, wholesome outlook on life convey an uplifting, happy thought that stays with one throughout the entire day. Her loyalty to America makes us all glad that we, too, are Americans.—Mrs. Ethel Aylor, Los Angeles, Calif.

FIFTH PRIZE
FOOD FOR THE SOUL

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the General Mills, makers of Gold Medal Flour, for their most interesting program, "Light of the World." It portrays man's faith in God. At this point, it is very interesting—Nash and his son building the Ark for his family's safety, when the earth and everything in it shall be destroyed by water.

I suggest for the program who do not have time to read the Bible, to listen in every day, Monday through Friday at 2 P. M. for a program I know you will enjoy.—Mrs. Nora Schaller, Hamilton, Ohio.

SIXTH PRIZE
A DISGRUNTLED CANADIAN

Information Please must be in such high feather after receiving that approving pat from the "Saturday Review of Literature" and that big hand from the Hobos as to be able to stand a disapproving croak from a disgruntled Canadian.

Here it is. The sponsor's product may be a fault of the Dominion, but the country of its origin does not figure so prominently in Information Please. The mention of a Canadian city or town in conjunction with the name of the sender of a question in this program is so rare as to bring the feet off the fire-guard with a bang. So my question for the Board of Experts is "What famous beverage pleases Canadians although its Information Please doesn't?" No prizes! Incidentally, will U. S. A. readers please refrain from rushing off a letter that there was a question from Toronto recently. It was that one that brought my feet off the fire-guard and put a pen in my hand.—S. B. McClean, Montreal, Canada.

SEVENTH PRIZE
OH, THAT MUSIC!

Fibber McGee is good. Molly is a darling. The little girl that appears on the program is Molly "I betcha." She is a scream; but I can not understand with all the wonderful music in the world why they can not have a better theme introduction to announce them instead of one sounding like a tin pan serenade.—Mrs. L. B. Mayes, Crystal, Michigan.

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*NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

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