MADELEINE CARROLL
OUR GAL SUNDAY'S ROMANCE— Radio's Engrossing Story of a Bride Without a Groom
WHAT THE "OTHER WOMAN" TAUGHT ME— The Strange Admission of a Radio Star's Wife
Cutting cuticle is a hazardous practice to say the least! It can be painful. It can irritate or scar the sensitive surrounding flesh to an extent that the appearance of the nail is marred. It can cause troublesome hangnails. And the possibility of serious infection is always present, even when the cutting is done by an expert manicurist! Small wonder then that thousands of women are using Trimai as an aid to nail beauty! You'll say it's marvelous too, the very first time you use it.

**Use Trimai—**

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

This remarkable method of softening and removing dead cuticle is simplicity itself! It actually reduces manicuring time by one half. It's the safe way to give your nails the symmetrical, trim appearance you seek. That's why leading beauty shops everywhere use and recommend Trimai. Just wrap the end of an orange-wood stick with cotton—saturate with Trimai—apply to cuticle. Then watch the dead cuticle soften until you can merely wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed with the results. We're so sure that Trimai will thrill you, as it has thousands of others, that we ask you to try it on an absolute money back guarantee.

**TRIMAL**

(PRONOUNCED TRIM-ALL)

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

MADE BY TRIMAL LABORATORIES, INC.
1229 S. LABREA AVE., LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Her "Teddy Bear" Coat caught his Eye—
but her Lovely Smile captured his Heart!

Your smile is your prize possession—it's yours alone!
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage.

The right kind of sports coat will do things for a girl—but where are her charms if her smile is tragic, if her coat says "Stop" but her smile says "Go!"

For even the allure of a smart swagger coat is shattered if her teeth are dull and her gums are dingy. How pitiful the girl who spends time and thought on her clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Avoid this tragic error yourself! For your smile is yours—lose it and one of your most appealing charms is gone.

Never Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"
If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist. It may not mean anything serious. Often his opinion will be that your gums are lazy—that too many soft, creamy foods have denied them the vigorous exercise they need. He may suggest, as so many dentists do, "more work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to aid gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums, arousing stimulation, helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Use Ipana with massage to help make your smile as attractive and lovely as it can be.

IPA NA TOOTH PASTE

FEBRUARY, 1940
New WINX

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

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

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

"Eyes of Romance" WITH THIS AMAZING NEW WINX

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

Your lips look youthful, moist...the appeal men can’t resist! 4 tempting colors. Non-drying. STAYS ON FOR HOURS. Raspberry shade is fascinating with Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Try it! At 10¢ stores, today!
Good dinner . . . I'll see what's on the air. Crooming? No. Game? Too many ball-game programs lately. Here's a voice . . . familiar. Could it be Roosevelt? No, haven't heard of a "fireside talk" for tonight. Besides, it isn't quite the timbre, the cadence. It's pitched a little higher, for one thing. But has the same speech rhythms; the same cadences of tone. Talks like Roosevelt . . . perhaps developments abroad have brought the President to the microphone with an unexpected announcement . . . Here's the commercial. Must stay tuned in. Here he comes again. Ah! What? "Their blood will drip . . ." Never the President! No ghastly suggestions ever creep into his speeches.

This chap must be a double for Roosevelt. Who can he be?

Here comes the wind-up. All right, spill it. Who? Turn up the volume! Elliott Roosevelt! O-O-O-Oh! So that's Elliott! Well, it runs in the family . . .--Thora Thorsmark, Winnetka, Ill.

Second Prize
Just Voices?

Do you dread the time when the announcer steps in the middle of a program, to extol the merits of the fine product he sells. Not me.

Especially not, when gentlemen like Andre Baruch with his clear, crisp voice or the booming voice of Harry Von Zell do the interrupting.

I also admire the deep, rich, melodic voice of David Ross, and the jolly, convincing voice of Don Wilson.

The highly educated voice, the flawless diction, combine to make Milton Cross also one of the finest announcers the airways offer.

Let's give these gentlemen a hand for showing us how beautiful the English language can sound when properly delivered by their highly trained voices.—John Horhota, Buffalo, N. Y.

(Continued on page 83)

This is Your Page!
Your Letters of Opinion Win
—PRIZES—
First Prize . . . . . . . . . . $10.00
Second Prize . . . . . . . . $ 5.00
Five Prizes of . . . . . . . . $ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 12 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than January 25, 1940. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

February, 1940

Lady Esther's
7-Day Nail Polish

Lady Esther says
"Let me send you 12 Shades of
My New 7 Day Nail Polish
Free!"

Choose your most flattering—
your lucky nail polish shade—
without buying a single bottle
of nail polish!

Wouldn't you like to be able to take
the 12 newest, smartest nail polish
shades and try each one of them on
your nails at your own dressing table? You can
do just that . . . and do it with amazing
speed. For, in a jiffy, merely by holding
one of Lady Esther's Magic Fingertips
over your nails you can see exactly how
each shade of polish—the actual polish
itself—looks on your hands.

What are these "Magic Fingertips"?
Their are life-like reproductions of the
human nail . . . made of celluloid. Each
wears a true tone of Lady Esther 7-Day
Cream Nail Polish. You can instantly
which shade flatters your hands...accents
your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for
it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail
Polish at your favorite store. See how
this marvelous new polish gives your nails
gleaming, exciting loveliness for 7 long
days. And just one satiny coat is all
you need!

FREE! Send For Your
12 Magic Fingertips!

Clip the coupon now for your 12 free Magic Fingertips. Let your own eyes reveal the one
nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty . . . that looks
smarter, loveliest with your costume colors.
How many times have you been listening relaxed after a day’s work, to some pleasant music on your radio, only to have your ears assaulted by a voice which grated on your nerves, singing badly the melody of a simple tune that you felt you could hum better yourself?

That has always seemed to me to be one of radio’s most irritating and perplexing faults. Why should any orchestra have difficulty finding a singer who won’t aggravate the listener? Yet, let’s be honest. I can’t tune in my radio for more than half an hour before some singer’s nasal qualities or inability to stay on key has brought my listening pleasure to an abrupt end. Because dance bands prefer girl vocalists to add a dash of good looks the singer is usually feminine.

Why should it be so difficult to find singers who possess a pleasant voice? One bandleader a few weeks ago told me that he had been searching two months for a girl whose only qualifications were basic good looks and a singing voice that came quietly and decently over the air. In those two months he had auditioned perhaps a hundred girls, given two or three a week’s tryout with the band and was still without a permanent singer. He was leaving the week after he talked to me for a long tour around the country. He was hoping somewhat pessimistically that perhaps somewhere, somehow by then he would find the voice he wanted.

Yet certainly there are thousands of young people who hope some day to sing for a living, young people who have pleasing voices right now and only need professional polishing to make good on the air. Given the proper training, the greater percentage of them could become singers that you and I would enjoy tuning in, could easily bridge the gap between a promising amateur and a successful professional.

There has never been such a bridge that I know of, to cross that gap. Which is why I am so interested in the new book recently published by George Palmer Putnam. It is called “How To Sing for Money” and was written by Charles Henderson and Charles Palmer.

Charles Henderson is a music coach, probably the most successful one in radio. He is now in Hollywood and works with stars like Deanna Durbin, Frances Langford, and Dennis Day, the new singer on Jack Benny’s program. It is his job to see that these stars make the most of their talents, that their voices are pleasing to us when we tune them in. He doesn’t give two whoops for art in singing. Either the voice pleases us, the listeners, or it’s no good for radio. All that he has learned in years of being associated with singers in vaudeville, night clubs, musical comedies and radio he has put down in this new book.

“How to Sing for Money” is written in behalf of those thousands of young people whose rose-edged dreams can be turned into wonderful reality. With the right instruction and training, they can start out on the high road to success.

That is why I am publishing in Radio Mirror a series of articles taken directly from this book. You will find the first chapter on page 24 of this issue. If the publication of this series brings just one new voice to the air that will add to your listening pleasure, I will count it a success. And perhaps that voice is yours?

—FRED R. SAMMIS
She was one of those stunning, Aquarius types... tall, regal, red-haired... about thirty; of obvious means, and with a hand that showed personality, health, brilliance of mind, daring and romance. Fortune's child if ever I saw one.

Yet here she was confessing unashamedly that she'd had little luck with men and almost tearfully demanding to know why. Should I tell her... dare I tell her... that the answer lay not in her hand—but in something else* that most people do not even mention, let alone discuss.

FEBRUARY, 1940

One of the most damning faults in a woman is halitosis (bad breath)*. Yet every woman may offend this way some time or other—without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

How foolish to take unnecessary risks of offending others when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution against this humiliating condition. You simply rinse your mouth with it night and morning, and between times before engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Some cases of halitosis are caused by systemic conditions. But usually—and fortunately—say some authorities, most bad breath is due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth and gums.

Makes Breath Sweeter

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend others.

In the matter of charm, your breath may often be more important than your clothes, your hair, your skin, your figure. Take precautions to keep it on the agreeable side with the antiseptic and deodorant which is as effective as it is delightful.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for HALITOSIS
NO WONDER Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of the new Super Tampax size, 30% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

Perfected by a physician, Tampax is worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. The wearer is not conscious of it, but can keep up her regular activities without fear of any chafing, wrinkling or showing of a "line." No odor can form, no disposal problems.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! Comfortable, efficient, compact to carry in your purse.

Three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters: Introductory size 20c; but large economy package saves up to 25%.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

Two of his discoveries meet—Rudy Vallee introducing Alice Faye to his new prodigy, Sylvia.

THE reports that Connie Boswell is able to walk were a little premature, but the truth is good news enough. After being confined to her wheelchair since childhood, Connie can now swim and ride horseback, and is so delighted about this that she doesn't really mind not yet being able to stand and walk by herself. As she remarks, she's making a good living for herself and the people she loves, and that's more than many a person who has the use of his legs can say.

One of radio's most happily married couples, the Del Sharbutts, will have another baby in about four months. Mrs. Sharbutt is the former Meri Bell, who used to be in radio herself until she began being a wife and mother, and Dell announces for the Ask-It-Basket, Guy Lombardo, and Hobby Lobby programs. They already have one child, an eleven-month-old daughter.

This is the saga of a hat, the most expensive one ever bought by Franklin P. Adams of the NBC Information Please program. He paid thirty dollars for it—at least five times as much as he'd ever paid before—and brought it with him to the program. While he was on the air, he laid it down alongside a few dozen other hats, and when he went to retrieve it, found it missing. The only hat left was a battered brown felt, pretty old and a size and a half too small besides. The furious Mr. Adams made the best of a bad bargain, picking up the old hat and wearing it. A few days later he met an acquaintance of his on the street, a man also connected with the Information Please show—who at sight of Adams began to scream, "Thief! Robber!" and ended up chasing the shabby old head-piece from F. P. A.'s head and clutching it lovingly to his bosom. Of course it belonged to him, and he was convinced that Adams had stolen it, darling of his heart that it was. There was a tense moment before everything was explained, but now they are good friends again, each happy to be owning and wearing his own hat.

When Edgar Bergen made Charlie McCarthy's voice come out of Mortimer Snerd's mouth on a recent Chase and Sanborn broadcast, he got the biggest laugh of the evening. But if you think the fluff was planned, you should have seen his face.

If it hadn't been for the good sportsmanship and energy of Robert Benchley and Fred Allen, the Screen Actors Guild program would have found itself in serious trouble a few Sundays ago. There were two of the guest stars on one of the broadcasts which emanated from New York: Tallulah Bankhead was the other. Miss Bankhead, though, didn't appear on the program, and here's the reason why. Several days before the broadcast the script was submitted to her. She rejected it and asked for a new one, saying she didn't like the material. The new one was written, and though she still wasn't quite satisfied she consented to appear on the show. But Sunday afternoon's rehearsal came, and the temperamental Tallulah didn't show up at all. At the last minute, Benchley and Allen had to sit down and whip up a comedy sketch to go into the time that was to have been occupied by Tallulah. What made it all the more difficult was that it was almost time for the sponsor to renew the program's contract, and a bad broadcast might have resulted in no renewal—and hence in no more money for the Screen Actors Guild charity fund. Winchell has a word for Miss Bankhead's lack of consideration.

Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf of Gang Busters is extending his sympathies to the latest of his four name-
COAST TO COAST  
BY DAN SENSENEY

sakes, Norman Kent Schwarzkopf of Bison, Kansas. The new baby, he says, can look forward to losing about ten per cent of his mail due to a misspelling of his name, having that name mispronounced by forty per cent of the people he meets, and spending fully 234,000 minutes of his lifetime spelling out S-c-h-w-a-r-z-k-o-p-f over the telephone.

Babs, of the Smoothies vocal trio, wants to get married, but she's postponing her wedding and staying with the trio until Charlie and Little Ryan find somebody to take her place—not an easy task. When the wedding happens, Delmar Sandburg, Cincinnati radio executive, will be the lucky man.

The champion gate-crasher of the Toscanini concerts on NBC was none other than Lou Gehrig, the former baseball star. He never had tickets, but he managed to get into every one of the maestro's eight concerts in the first series, and will probably repeat when Toscanini returns in March. Here's how he did it—the manager of NBC's Guest Relations department is an old Gehrig fan and always sneaked him into the studio if there was an extra seat to be found. And since the studio's a big place, there was always at least one unoccupied seat in the auditorium.

Somebody in Radio City thought up a cute idea and managed to get it put into operation. Most elevators flash white lights when they're going up and red ones going down, but nowadays the Radio City elevators use blue lights for up-bound cars. Get the idea?—NBC's Blue and Red networks!

(Turn to next page)

"For loveliness all over—try my

Beauty Soap, Camay!"

SAYS THIS CHARMING NEW YORK BRIDE

It's a treat to use Camay for my beauty bath as well as for my complexion. Its thorough, gentle cleansing makes it a grand beauty aid for back and shoulders.

New York, N. Y.
May 15, 1939

(Signed) MARIAN BROWN
(Mrs. Boyd Paterno Brown)

NOWADAYS, it isn't enough to have a lovely complexion! Back and shoulders must look attractive, too! "Why not help them to stay lovely by bathing with your beauty soap?" asks Mrs. Brown. "I always use Camay!"

Camay gives you a priceless beauty cleansing combination—thoroughness with mildness. We have proved that mildness with repeated tests against a number of other famous beauty soaps. Time after time, Camay has come out definitely milder. You'll find Camay helps keep skin lovely!

So try Camay. Notice how refreshed you feel after your Camay bath—so dainty and fragrant you know others will find you attractive! Get three cakes today. It's priced so low.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

FEBRUARY, 1940
Lili Valenti, who plays Rose on the CBS serial, "Joyce Jones, Girl Interne," has also played minor parts in the same story from time to time, and in them has "died" three times—all on the same program. The last time she "died" she walked out of the studio after the broadcast, slipped, and sprained her ankle. Lili says she's not superstitious, but she doesn't want to be in another death-bed scene, for fear something worse might happen.

That Alan Reed, announcer on Colonel Stoopnagle's "Qui Dix Doodle" show over MBS, is none other than your old comedy friend, Teddy Bergman. Teddy decided to change his name as a matter of business. The old one limited him to comedy jobs on the air, but the new one, with its added dignity, gives him a chance to be an announcer and an actor as well. Already he's playing the role of Rocky Marshall on the NBC serial, "The Stoopnagle Program." One of the finest, besides announcing the Stoopnagle program. Incidentally, he and Stoop claim to be the heaviest announcer-comedian team on the air. Together they weigh 439 pounds, of which Alan—or Teddy, if you like him better by his old name—accounts for 257.

The poet who wrote that "Man may work from sun to sun" didn't have a radio special events broadcaster in mind. Herb Flagg, special events man of Cincinnati's two Crosley stations, WLW and WSAI, knows that his work, like woman's, is never done. This is particularly true on stations like WLW and WSAI, because they pay special attention to putting news-worthy happenings on the air. Herb, who is a dark-haired youth with handsome, regular features, pursues and sometimes is pursued by celebrities of all sorts—chorus girls, movie and opera stars, aviators, politicians. Sometimes it's easy enough to get them on the air, but on the other hand he frequently has to put days arranging a single fifteen-minute interview with some person who is shy of a microphone and the listening public.

Herb's two stations have all sorts of equipment for going into the highways and byways for news and entertainment. Besides maintaining transmission lines to railroad stations, airports, and all the leading hotels and night clubs, they have three mobile units and two pack transmitters. Two of the mobile units are housed in large automobiles and the third in a midget car, while the pack transmitters weigh thirty pounds each and can be strapped to an announcer's shoulders while he threads his way through crowds at football games, parades or other large gatherings.

The worst thing that ever happened to a reporter carrying a pack transmitter, Herb says, occurred during the judging of a livestock show at the Ohio State Fair in Columbus. "Our announcer, John Conrad, was carrying the pack, when one of the bulls decided he didn't care for radio or radio announcers. He broke loose from his owner and took after John. They raced around the ring for two whole minutes before John could hand the mike to an assistant and leap over the railing to safety."

Almost as nerve-shattering was the occasion when, after days of preparation, a coast-to-coast broadcast of an Easter pageant from Marion, Indiana, was lost to the nation simply because a technician in the telephone company's control room left a repeater switch open. Or the time when a sudden storm came up just before a remote-control broadcast and tore down the lines it should have traveled on.

All these alarms and excursions have given Herb Flagg a hardened calm that nothing much can shake. He has to have it, to go through some of the catastrophes he's seen, among
them the horrors of a mine explosion and the great flood of 1937. He's been with WLW and WSAI two years, during the last of which he's been married. In spite of the demands of his work, you can sometimes find him at home, where his favorite form of relaxation is to don an apron and cook a batch of spaghetti, with meat balls to match.

**SOPHISTICATED LADY**

Five feet, five inches of scintillating personality—a voice with soft, mellow depths and a soothing quality—red hair (though she insists it's auburn)—a creamy complexion. In short, an eye-full. That's Olga Vernon, the Sophisticated Lady of Song who appears with Bob Sylvester and his orchestra on a hand-picked network of Southern stations.

You can hear her every Tuesday night at 10:00, E.S.T., over WJSV, Washington; WRAV, Richmond; WBT, Charlotte; WGST, Atlanta; and WAIP, Birmingham, in a program sponsored by the Lanec Company and originating in the WBT studios in Charlotte.

Olga studied voice at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago, and got her professional start singing with Charlie Agnew's orchestra. Then came a number of appearances on various Chicago radio programs, in which she built up a reputation which reached the ears of Jan Garber. Jan lost no time in signing her up as his radio songstress.

Now Olga's present boss, Bob Sylvester, enters the story. He'd heard her singing with Agnew, and liked her voice, but he never met her until one day they were introduced by a music publisher. At that time Bob was Hal Kemp's arranger, and it was through his influence that Hal heard her and hired her away from Jan Garber.

Five years ago, Bob became ambitious for a band of his own, and when he left Kemp and organized his own group Olga went with him. The ups and downs of the band business left them stranded, at last; the band broke up and Olga went on the musical comedy stage on Broadway while Bob returned to arranging. He didn't give up his dream of having a band of his own, though, and eventually tried it again—this time profiting by the mistakes he'd made before. Once more Olga gave up her job—which then was singing on a network sustaining program in New York—to go with him.

The Cavalier Beach Club at Virginia Beach was the new band's first stop, and since then it has climbed steadily.

Olga has a soft, deep alto voice that blends aptly with the original and distinctive style of the Sylvester arrangements. It's a combination that should prove a best bet on anybody's dial.

(Continued on page 51)
ALL my life I've been beautiful. I've grown used to hearing conversation falter when I entered a room full of people; and then begin again on a changed note; to having men's eyes follow me on the street. I've known and accepted admiration since I was a child, until I came to think of it as my right.

And when I married Roger I knew that he and all his friends considered him a lucky man. If I must tell the truth, I thought him lucky too.

And yet, a few days ago, I woke abruptly to the knowledge that I had lost him.

I was listening to him on the air when the realization came. Roger is a radio actor, and although I'm usually too busy, I occasionally listen to his programs. This particular one was a daily serial, and since I was home alone and didn't have anything else to do, I tuned it in.

Roger and the leading lady were playing a love scene. "Oh, darling," the girl's voice said, "I've missed you every minute of every hour . . . I'd wake up in the mornings, and even before I opened my eyes I'd think, 'Maybe this is the day he'll come back to me.'"

"All those precious moments when we might have been together—all of them wasted," my husband whispered. "Dearest, dearest . . . It hasn't been living, without you."

I smiled. It always amused me to listen to one of Roger's love scenes on the air. He didn't really do them at all well—at least, I didn't think so, although everyone else did. But then, I had had the opportunity of listening to him in real life love scenes—the autumn afternoon he asked me to marry him, the moonlit nights in Bermuda on our honeymoon, the day I told him that the baby was coming. Then, his voice had had a vibrancy that he could never counterfeit—something intangible and beautiful whose only name must be sincerity.

It came from his heart, not his brain. Roger was a good actor, but he wasn't good enough to put this glorious quality into his voice in a play-acting part. That went beyond good acting—

Unconsciously, as I listened, I stopped smiling.

"Your sweet lips," he was saying now, "the way you smile, with your head tilted back a little and your mouth turned up at the corners—and the way your hair frames your face—such a funny little face . . . I think I must love that funny little face more than anything in the world."

It was really beautiful—that deep, masculine voice, with its undertone of romance, awakening in me emotions and passions I'd forgotten I ever knew. For a split second an unbearable thrill of delight ran
Why did his voice, as it came over the air, carry that thrilling note of passion she remembered from long-ago honeymoon nights?

through me, a sensation of pure exaltation. It was entirely instinctive; the next moment, as I realized what it meant, I was weak and shaking.

The love-note was there, in Roger's voice—now! He was playing a love scene in a radio studio, with a girl I'd never even met—but he was not pretending! This was the real thing. I, who knew every intonation of his voice, could not escape the shattering knowledge that Roger was in love with another woman.

I stood up and with shaking hands turned off the radio. I thought I would scream if I heard once more that long-forgotten timbre in my husband's voice.

My first reaction was one of fear. Then came a deep, burning anger. What I had thought was an ideal marriage wasn't ideal at all. It was no more than a shell, pleasing to the eye but hollow inside. When Roger came home at night and kissed me, his thoughts were with another woman. I felt insulted, humiliated.

Because I knew I wasn't mistaken. For ten years, ever since our marriage, I had listened to Roger on the air. I had heard him play innumerable love scenes—and never once had I caught the unmistakable ring of passion that had been there today. It was as certain a betrayal of his feelings as a love-letter in his handwriting.

Who was the girl? Desperately I tried to think back to what Roger had told me about the program. A month or two earlier they had brought in a new actress to take the leading lady's part. That much I remembered. Her name was Judith—something—Judith—Judith Moore. A newcomer, a girl they'd brought on from Chicago especially for this role.

Some cheap, obviously pretty little thing, of course, I thought. Her voice had been sensuous and slightly husky over the air. And poor Roger was probably proud of his conquest.

I remembered things that had happened in the last few months, things I hadn't paid any attention to at the time. Perhaps it was partly my fault, I admitted. I'd thought our marriage had settled down to a quiet, friendly affair, with sex and love relegated to their proper place. But Roger, after all, was a man, like other men, and probably I'd been foolish to forget that.

Well! I was back to my senses at last. I had beauty, too, the same beauty that had made Roger fall madly in love with me in the first place. Neither marriage nor the arrival of Bruce, our little boy, had blurred that beauty. With it I could hold Roger, win him back to me—and I would—I must! Even if I had to play the strumpet to do so!

It's easy now to see how wrong I was, how false my reactions. Perhaps, if I could have been present in the studio that afternoon, and could have seen Roger and Judith Moore after the broadcast, their scripts forgotten, silently repeating with their eyes everything they had just said with their lips... perhaps, then, I would have understood a little better. But I don't know. Probably not. I was so vain, so used to thinking of my own loveliness as the most precious thing in the world, and therefore the most powerful, that I don't think there was room in my mind for anything else.

It was the last straw when, a few minutes later, the telephone rang.

(Continued on page 77)
DON'T like his looks," said Jackey firmly. "Sunday, you keep away from that galoot."

"But—" Sunday began, and then stopped—because Arthur Brinthrope had warned her not to tell Jackey or Lively that he was going back to his home in England, and wanted her to go with him.

A tiny frown of worry appeared between her violet eyes. Of course, she was only eighteen, and Jackey and Lively were so much older, and they were always right—had been, ever since she could remember—but they couldn't be expected to understand how she felt about Arthur.

"What's the matter with Bill Jenkins?" her elderly guardian grumbled now, chewing bitterly at the ragged fringe of his sandy mustache. "Fine a young feller as any you'd find in the state o' Colorado."

"Oh—Bill!" Sunday sighed. "Bill's all right, but—but—"

"But you've known him all your life, and he lives right here in Silver Creek," Jackey finished for her. "Yep—grass is always greener in the other feller's back yard. Well now, I tell you, Sunday—"

"But Jackey darling, you don't even know Arthur!" Sunday expostulated.

"Don't need to know him. I know his kind, all right. And I don't want him fussin' around you. Told him so, too, yesterday when I caught him comin' up the trail." And with this parting shot, Jackey marched out of the cabin.

So that, Sunday thought, was the reason Arthur had waited for her down in the pine grove by the river, instead of coming up to the cabin—and the reason, too, why he had asked her to meet him there at sunset today. She was conscious of a brief pang of regret—a shadow on her mind, nothing more—that he hadn't defied Jackey and come to

This is a fictionization of the CBS serial, Our Gal Sunday.
the cabin anyway. But of course it was only because he wanted to spare her any unpleasantness.

Did she really want to marry him and go to England to live? It was so hard to decide! England would be lovely, of course—the great Brinthrope manor Arthur had told her about, and the gay times they had there, and Arthur himself always at her side, handsome, polished, devoted. But it would mean leaving Jackey and Lively—and worse than leaving them: running away from them. It would be just like leaving your father and mother, because, hard-bitten old miners that they were, they'd been father and mother to her since long before she could remember.

The sun was out of sight already, behind the tall pines that surrounded the cabin. In a few minutes it would be touching the peak of Old Baldy, and Arthur would be at the river, waiting for her answer—an answer she didn't have. If only she didn't have to tell him right away! If only she could talk it over, sensibly, with Jackey and Lively, without running into their stubborn conviction that Arthur was a "no-good, smooth-talkin' galoot!"

Still undecided, she went down through the sweet-smelling woods to the grove by the river; and, as she had known he would be, Arthur was there waiting for her. At sight of him she felt a tingle of excitement. He was always so clean, so well-barbered—not at all like the Silver Creek men, who shaved only for special occasions. Not Bill, of course—but Bill would be as bad as the others, given another five years in Silver Creek.

Arthur Brinthrope heard her light step and jumped down from the rock where he had been perched.

"Sunday darling," he said tenderly, "I was afraid you weren't
DON'T like his looks," said Jackey firmly. "Sunday, you keep away from that galoot!"

"But—" Sunday began, and then stopped—because Arthur Brinthrope had warned her not to tell Jackey or Lively that he was going back to his home in England, and wanted her to go with him.

A tiny frown of worry appeared between her violet eyes. Of course, she was only eighteen, and Jackey and Lively were so much older; and they were always right—had been, ever since she could remember—but they couldn't be expected to understand how she felt about Arthur.

"What's the matter with Bill Jenkins?" her elderly guardian grumbled, now, chewing bitterly at the ragged fringe of his sandy mustache. "Fite a young feller as any you'd find in the state o' Colorado."

"Oh—Bill!" Sunday sighed, "Bill's all right, but—but—"

"But you've known him all your life, and he lives right here in Silver Creek," Jackey finished for her. "Yep—grass is always greener in the other feller's back yard. Well now, I tell you, Sunday—"

"But Jackey darling, you don't even know Arthur!" Sunday expostulated.

"Don't need to know him. I know his kind, all right. And I don't want him fussin' around you. Told him so, too, yesterday when I caught him comin' up the trail." And with this parting shot, Jackey marched out of the cabin.

So that, Sunday thought, was the reason Arthur had waited for her down in the pine grove by the river, instead of coming up to the cabin—and the reason, too, why he had asked her to meet him there at sunset today. She was conscious of a brief pang of regret—a shadow on her mind, nothing more—that he hadn't defined Jackey and come to the cabin anyway. But of course it was only because he wanted to spare her any unpleasantness.

Did she really want to marry him and go to England to live? It was so hard to decide! England would be lovely, of course—the great Brinthrope manor Arthur had told her about, and the gay times they had there, and Arthur himself always there, and Arthur himself always at her side, handsome, polished, devoted. But it would mean leaving Jackey and Lively—and worse than leaving them: running away from them. It would be just like leaving your father and mother, because, hard-bitten old miners that they were, they'd been father and mother to her since long before she could remember.

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"Sunday darling," he said tenderly, "I was afraid you weren't..."
coming! I'm so happy you came."

It was good, but somehow a little frightening, to feel the hard young muscles of his arms around her, and the firm touch of his lips on hers.

"You've got my answer for me, Sunday? You're going to come with me to England?"

"I—I—" Gently she freed herself and sat down on the rock, hands braced at her sides, her long hair, the color of the gold-tinted clouds in the west, falling down straight behind her. "I don't know, Arthur. Couldn't we be married here, first, and then go?"

"No, that wouldn't work out," he assured her quickly. "Darling, I don't think you quite understand. We can't be married, you know. . . ."

"We can't be—married? But what—" She stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"No—you see, I come from a very old family—I may be the Earl of Brinthrope some day—and I couldn't—well, it wouldn't be right for me to marry you, Sunday. But I love you, darling, and we could have such wonderful times together!"

Eagerly, he tried to take her once more in his arms.

"No, no!" she cried. "Don't, Arthur! Please! I couldn't—"

"Brinthrope!"

It was Jackey's voice. He stood just behind them. And Sunday screamed when she saw what he held in his hands. The scream mingled with the sharp whine of a bullet, and Arthur fell to the ground.

"Come back to the house, Sunday," Jackey said in a tense voice.

"Jackey!" she whispered. "You've killed him!"

Jackey's expression did not change. The shaggy brows were still drawn down over the old eagle eyes; deep lines were still carved between nose and mouth. "Figured to," he said. "No man can say what he said to any gal of mine and get away with a whole skin. Come on back to the house."

She began to edge around the rock, keeping as far as possible from the still figure on the ground, whimpering with fright.

"Oh, Jackey—what are you going to do now?"

"Ain't quite figured that out. You leave him be, now. I'll come down after dark and get rid of the body, somehow."

"They'll find out though, Jackey—somebody will find out!"

"Maybe I'll give myself up, gal," Jackey told her. "We got to figure all that out later."

But events moved so swiftly that there was no time for Jackey to do what he called "figurin'."

That night, when he returned to the pine grove, Arthur Brinthrope's body had disappeared, and in the morning, when he inspected the spot more closely, he found wolf-tracks. . . .

"Maybe he's not dead!" Sunday cried at first, grasping at the straw of hope offered by his disappearance.

"Not much chance," Jackey answered gloomily. "Be pretty hard for a feller with a bullet in him to get very far away—even if there wasn't them wolf tracks around. And there ain't nobody down in Silver Creek seen him since yesterday."

Lively hadn't been told of the shooting, and he pottered uneasily about the cabin, fretting at the secret he knew Sunday and Jackey were sharing. But Jackey, for the
first time in their long friendship, couldn't confide in Lively. This was a secret that spelled danger for everyone who knew it.

"Just promise me," Sunday begged Jackey, "that you won't—won't do anything until we know for sure whether Arthur is dead or alive."

For Jackey now wanted to go to the Silver Creek sheriff and make a clean breast of the whole affair. Reluctantly, he promised Sunday at last that he'd wait at least until the body had been found.

And that was the situation when Lord Henry Brinthrope, Arthur's brother, arrived unexpectedly in Silver Creek—to find that Arthur, with whom he had intended to discuss the local Brinthrope mine holdings, had disappeared without leaving a trace behind.

It was only a day after his arrival that his inquiries led him up the trail to Sunday's cabin. She watched his long-legged fig-

ure climbing the steep trail with a sense of panic. And yet there was no use in running away. Her only hope was to meet him, answer his questions directly and apparently with honesty, and do her best to keep him from interrogating Jackey. Bill Jenkins had already told her Lord Henry was in town. She'd known this moment was inevitable.

Drawing a deep breath, she went to answer his knock.

He wasn't at all like Arthur, she saw when she opened the door. He was taller and a year or so older, and there was a strong line to his chin that Arthur hadn't had. Most striking difference of all, though, was in his eyes. They were direct, honest, friendly, and they told her at once what Jackey had meant when he said he didn't like the look of Arthur. Jackey would like the look of Arthur's brother.

"I'm Henry Brinthrope," he said. "And you must be—well, you must be Sunday. I'm sorry, but down in the village I can't remember that anyone ever mentioned your last name."

"It's Smithson," she said blushing. "But everyone calls me Sunday."

"No wonder—it suits you perfectly." He had an English accent too, like Arthur's. "It's probably impertinent—but how did you get it?"

"I was an orphan, and I was left on Jackey's and Lively's doorstep on a Sunday. So—they just called me that."

"Logical enough," he smiled. "They said in the village that you know my brother, and I thought perhaps he might have told you where he was going."

"No," she said quickly. "No—he didn't. Did he know you were coming?"

He shook his head. "I wanted to surprise him." No need to tell this lovely child just why he had wanted to surprise Arthur: that funds were strangely missing from the Brinthrope Mines, and it was more than likely Arthur could, if sufficiently frightened, explain their disappearance. "Well," he said lightly, "it doesn't really matter. Arthur's always making up his mind to leave a place overnight. He'll turn up, I suppose."

But when he had gone back down to Silver Creek, he wired a firm of private detectives in Denver, asking them to send one of their best men to see him.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and Bill Jenkins was paying his weekly call on Sunday. (Cont'd on page 66)
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"They'll find out though, Jackey—somebody will find out!"
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But events moved so swiftly that there was no time for Jackey to do more than call him "sir".
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For Jackey now wanted to go to the Silver Creek sheriff and make a clean breast of the whole affair. Reluctantly, he promised Sunday at last that he'd wait at least until the body had been found. And that was when the situation was intensified. Arthur, arrived unexpectedly in Silver Creek—to find that Arthur, with whom he had intended to discuss the local Brinthrope mine holdings, had disappeared without leaving a trace behind.
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THE WOMAN OF TOMORROW

By Eleanor Roosevelt

If idealism, but with realism too, the First Lady of America paints an inspiring word-picture of the future's most important person—the woman you hope to be

I T'S hard to say what the role of a woman in the world of tomorrow will be, but we can at least say what we hope her role can be.

Today, because we live in a very serious world, a very terrible world to many of us, we have to think very seriously of the position of women. I think I will try to draw for you a portrait of what I hope the woman of tomorrow may be because of the seriousness of her responsibility. I think the woman of tomorrow, in this democracy at least, must be a responsible citizen: one who takes a keen interest in her own environment, in all the people of her community and of her country, who studies conditions as they really are and tries, so far as she is able, to formulate plans which will better whatever she finds not good in her community.

I hope that this woman of tomorrow can have a gay side, too. The world is so serious that we must keep a certain gaiety and a sense of humor always, no matter how sad our surroundings may be. But I hope that she is going to feel primarily one great responsibility. For if we do not find a way to preserve peace, then I think we might as well make up our minds that civilization is slowly going to disappear.

We’ve talked a great deal about what we should do to bring peace into the world. We’ve hoped that individuals would change, that they would will peace. We have hoped that there might come to the world the spirit of Christ. We have hoped that everywhere there would be enough people in every nation who long for peace so that we could solve our difficulties without resorting to force. We know, however, that in a world where there are people who are predominantly bent on using power and force, the rest of the world, no matter what their ideals may be, probably will have to use force too for a time.

If that is so, very well. Then we must be very careful, we who want peace. We must watch ourselves and never allow that force which we must have to take complete possession of us.

So far our people have had so much that they never felt the compelling desire to go out and take something from somebody else. That is something that we have to remember and watch in a world where force is still supreme. As women, we must go about our whole problem without any bitterness, with the feeling that human beings everywhere are deserving of respect and are to be pitied when life is hard, with the realization that we can only hope to be of use if we can keep a kindly spirit to deal fairly and realistically with situations as they arise.

My portrait of the woman of tomorrow would not be complete unless I added that I am setting up for her an extremely difficult role. It will be almost impossible for people who are actually at war to think and plan a just peace. So my woman of tomorrow (in this country, I hope, and in many other countries) will school herself to remember that men perhaps would find it even more difficult than she does to think of conservation, to think of preserving the values in the world and in everyday existence. It does require unselfishness! It does require vision! It does require that we shall think of all people as our brothers.

Perhaps the responsibility is greatest on us because of all the nations today we have suffered least. We are strong. We have a chance still to think and grow and to be at peace. I hope that in this world of tomorrow all the women of this country and of South America and of other countries as well, will be able to join together to make peace their great crusade! I can think of nothing else which will save civilization.

I realize that if we are going to do this we must be practical. We must realize that people have to live. You cannot drag them down and expect them not to try to get the things which make life worth living.

We’ve done that over and over again. We’ve taken away from people the things that really made it worthwhile to stay at peace. And then we expected that they would adjust themselves to that. Instead, they would suffer and fight. I think

The Woman of Tomorrow is a talk delivered by Mrs. Roosevelt over CBS for the Women's National Radio Committee
It's up to you to help the nation and its people make a better future.

we women in America have got to be more realistic in the future. I think we have got to realize that here at home we begin our job. We must begin by proving that we can solve our domestic problems in a democracy. So that when peace does come, we can at least show that free people can govern themselves and can face their problems and meet them and solve them, no matter how difficult they are and no matter what changes they require in our usually accepted form of life.

Changes are hard, but changes have to come. Perhaps we are facing a more co-operative womanhood! But no matter what we are facing, we have got to make it our first duty to acknowledge what is before us—when we do not know the answer to say so—to say that we will make it our business to try until we find the answer!

That is the only way we can preserve our freedom. That is the only way that we can be worthy of being at peace. And this will take great sacrifice, for you cannot destroy without eventually having to build up again. We don’t seem to have learned a great deal from the destruction which we’ve been through before. But it will come to us in time. For what you destroy, you have to build again.

And if we are fortunate enough to be at peace, it will be our job to give; to give of ourselves, give of what we have. And I believe that it’s the woman of tomorrow who has the responsibility of making herself the kind of person who can help her nation and her people to make a better future.
SHE is feminine perfection, as exquisite and symmetrical as a bit of Sévres porcelain, as vibrant as the plucked string of a violin. Her allure is that of irresistible beauty—a beauty which strangely combines the freedom and naturalness of a wind-swept English moor with the sophistication and smartness of Monte Carlo.

Loveliness like Madeleine Carroll's is such a precious thing, you think when you see her, that there's no wonder it is also rare—a gift of the gods bestowed only on the favored few.

Yet Madeleine Carroll had to learn to be beautiful! There was a time, short years ago, when she appeared in films and made not a ripple on the surface of the public's attention. If you saw a few of those early motion pictures of hers you must remember (if you remember her at all) that her beauty was nothing to bowl you over.

How she changed—what she did and continues to do for her beauty—is an exciting story, exciting because it is a revelation of what you or any woman may do to benefit herself.

So often it is just the opposite—the world's incontestably beautiful women refuse to share their secrets. But the same charm and generosity
to look at

By MITZI CUMMINGS

With the freedom of naturalness and the sophistication of smartness, Madeleine Carroll has the allure of irresistible beauty. The secret of how she gained such perfection now can be yours too!

which, caught by the microphone, make Madeleine radio's favorite Hollywood guest star, make her a really gracious person as well—willing to talk frankly about subjects that must vitally interest every woman.

There was no hedging, then, when Madeleine and I sat down in a booth at the Beverly Brown Derby and began to talk about that most fascinating of all feminine topics—how, in a word, to be beautiful.


I asked her to explain.

"First, the basis of all beauty is good health. Add another commandment to the original ten: 'Be good to thyself.' Take care of your body. Give it rest. Give it circulation. And never let up on either. The results? Vitality. Poise. Tolerance. Good nature. The importance of these cannot be underestimated. For the more visible assets: good health gives lustre to your hair, a glow to your skin, makes your nails and teeth strong, and your eyes sparkle. No man alive can resist these points of natural beauty, whether the woman has lovely features or not."

"Naturalness, however, goes beyond these things. No affectations. No obvious ego. Forget yourself. If you have good health, you are able to relax in the presence of men, particularly if you keep in mind that they prefer a relaxed woman. And if you wear a pleasant expression, they consider you charming! "Keep yourself simple in dress. That's another must. Above all, don't fuss! If a curl is out of place, or your collar doesn't sit right, pay no attention. First of all, don't present yourself unless you are perfectly groomed and immaculately clean. A man notices only the general effect, not details, so why call attention to a stray curl?"

"Do you think women dress to please men?"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you."

She smiled. "I dress to please other women. In so doing, it also turns out that I dress to please men."

A bit subtle, but I got the point.

"How about a few fundamental rules to go by?"

"Well... black dresses for simplicity and smartness. Large, but simple, hats for femininity. No excess jewelry. Wear pieces that, if they aren't real, don't pretend to be. Wear simple, well-made shoes that keep their shape. And men, don't forget, abhor too-red fingernails and plucked, exaggerated eyebrows."

By this time, of course, I'd taken a good eyeful of Madeleine herself. Her dress was black, with touches of radiant blue (her favorite color, with the exception of black). Her hat, crownless, and showing..."
gleaning gold hair, also filled the
description. Her quiet hands were
tipped with rose-pink nails, and her
eyebrows were long, sweeping ones,
unplucked, medium heavy.

I wanted to know something
about what she thought of per-
fumes, and she thought enough to
make an interesting little commen-
tary to hand over to you.

"They are more effective on
the skin than on your clothing. Touch
your scent lightly where the heart
pulse is nearest the surface, like the
temples, behind the ears, the inside
of your wrists, and in the palm of
your right hand."

SHE knows what to do, but she
doesn't often do it! Out of her
array of perfume bottles, squat ones,
slender ones, modern ones, quaint
ones, she uses only a soupcon of fra-
grance, something light, something
floral, something feminine. But she
has mixed herself something special,
something she wears on important
occasions, which she won't tell
about. It is a combination of several
perfumes, and is so completely hers
that the fragrance in the air says
"Madeleine Carroll has been here."

For her bath (she likes showers
but rarely) she occasionally goes
lushly luxurious. A milk bath, not
from a cow but from a formula, or
crystals, or scented oils. Afterwards,
a sparkling cologne to tingle and to
scent. Yet lots of times, none of
these at all! And lots of times she
turns out the bathroom lights and
sink into a restful doze right in the
tub. Her hair is tied up, cold cream
is probably on her face. If it is, she
finishes up with some splashes of icy
water, either after she removes the
cream, or when it's still on.

Sun and circulation, these are
Madeleine's preachments. For the
former—to acquire a golden glow
on your skin, take her advice and
use plenty of oil. Leave in it, and
when you're through with the sun,
take a nice, warm bath with pure
castle soap, and a hardy rub with a
heavy towel.

Her teeth are perfectly beautiful.
She brushes them frequently, when
she isn't using paste or powder,
with a mixture of salt and bicar-
bonate of soda which gives you
more cleanliness, more lustre, and
eliminates acid. She keeps the mix-
ture always ready on her bathroom
shelf, and once in a while uses milk
of magnesia instead, which serves
the same purpose. The dentist
cleans her teeth twice yearly, but
no more, because she thinks so
strenuous a cleaning, if done more
often, would harm the enamel. She
has her teeth examined, however,
every other month.

She drinks coffee, which she
loves, but she takes it without
cream. She also eats practically
anything she wants, with judgment,
and choice, because proper food is
necessary to good health. Every so
often she goes on a diet. One of the
main items of this diet is avoidance
of liquids. Liquids, you know, are
done to put on weight, so don't feel
virtuous when you take a glass of
orange juice, or a cup of coffee be-
tween meals. You're defeating your
own purpose.

If you want to keep your fitter
the Madeleine Carroll way, include
a lot of tomatoes and grapefruit,
or grapefruit juice with every meal.
Do it for four days a week; then eat
what you will the following three
days. Then go back to it for an-
other four days, and you're through.
You can have spinach, two lamb
chops and saltine crackers in lieu of
bread. And the last day, which is
the fourth, you can substitute
broiled chicken or broiled fish for
the lamb chops. The wisest way is
to eat your biggest meal at noon, so
that if you go to bed early there
isn't a lot of food lying in your
stomach during the night. This, in-
cidentally, applies to anyone, any
time. It's conducive to good diges-
tion. And make your breakfasts,
when you are on this diet, light
ones. A sliced orange, or half a
grapefruit along with plain coffee.
And don't forget—no liquids be-
tween meals.

As for make-up—she wears prac-
tically none, during the day. Only
lipstick. And for the three hours or
so that we sat in the Derby, she
didn't even use that. It was a little
mystifying how, without retouch-
ing, her mouth remained scarlet,
smooth and satiny. She explained
that she put her lipstick on, in the
beginning, with a maximum of care.
Edges were meticulously gone over
and outline. When her lips were
completely rouged, she waited a
moment for her mouth to "set," then
blotted the surplus on a tissue. Then
she went over it again. This kept
her lips perfect until eating dis-
turbed them.

With nothing but her lipstick to
remove at bedtime, and a face that
has been washed several times dur-
ding the day, she doesn't need to in-
dulge in any complicated routine of
make-up removal. Soap and water
and a little cold cream do the trick.

At night, her make-up includes
face powder and a little mascara.
This very slight gliding of the lily
is a far cry from the days when she
first arrived in Hollywood. Then
she believed that she must emul-
tate someone great if she wanted to
be a success. She picked out her
"someone great" in the person of
her screen heroine, Marlene Diet-
rich. She did her face like a snowy
mask, tricked up her eyes to look
enigmatic, kept the eager, vital, in-
terested lights out of her face—and
became expressionless.

But as time marched on, Made-
leine was neither too happy nor
too successful in Hollywood. She
returned to England and to herself.
She made "The 39 Steps" with Rob-
ert Donat, and "I Was a Spy," and
was splendid in both. Then she was
recalled to Hollywood. She made
her re-entry a wiser and more
beautiful girl. No longer was she
a copyist. Off came the Dietrich
mask and out came her own radi-
ance, her own natural personality.
Boom! She was a success!

"Don't you do anything besides
diet occasionally for that beautiful
figure of yours?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Ballet.
Three times a week. Not because I
want to reduce, nor because I want
to be a dancer, but for the exercise,
and above all, because it gives me
a good figure."

And now it was time to end our
beauty talk. But there was one more
question, and I asked it:

"Look, I said, "how about the
girls who weren't born beautiful?
What can they do?"

"They," she said, "can try as I
try. And they can remember the
advice my mother always drummed
into me when I was a little girl.
'Madeleine Carrol,' she'd say . . .
'Be beautiful if you can—
Be witty if you must—
But be amiable if it kills you!"

"And that's why," she added with
a smile, "I have such a good dis-
position!"
I wonder how he felt when he picked up a newspaper that November afternoon and saw the front page headline: "ARTIE SHAW PAYS OFF HIS BAND AND GOES TO MEXICO FOR HIS HEALTH." That was just before he pulled out in his car. The reporters said he was heading for Mexico. But maybe he wasn't. How could they say that when he wasn't sure himself? He was news. Big news. He was the kind of man for whom newspaper ink was made. The thing was incredible—nothing like it had ever happened before. He was well on his way to earning a million dollars with that black clarinet of his yet he said to the devil with it. He had charm and personality and good looks. There were women and love waiting for him. There was one in particular. Blonde, lovely Betty Grable. She was waiting in Boston but

**He had fame, riches, a romance with beautiful Betty Grable—and yet he gave all this up, for an amazing reason**

By JUDY ASHLEY

Artie turned his back on love. He threw it all away. He didn't want any part of it. I wonder if he smiled that peculiar one-corner smile of his when he read that he was going away for his health. They all printed that story. But they didn't know Artie Shaw. They didn't know why Artie had kicked everything away. It wasn't because he was physically sick. If he was sick at all, it was an emotional illness. Not something a doctor could put his finger on and say this is a result of that sickness you had in Hollywood.

I know why Artie quit. If you can forget all the misleading facts which have been printed, try to remember a few characteristics of one of the most talented musicians ever to catch America's fancy. Remembering them, you, too, will be able to make sense out of a situation which has rocked the entertainment world.

To begin with, Shaw is sincere. That's a simple word but it can mean paragraphs. In Artie's case it does because it implies a complete lack of hypocrisy and half-meanings. He has few good friends, for instance, only because he refuses to associate with people and things he doesn't like wholeheartedly. There's a second important key to Shaw's character: he is honest. Honest in every single thing he does—in his work, in his thinking, in his love. Most importantly, he is honest with himself. There, in a sentence, lies the clue (Continued on page 54)
The Day Before Yesterday

Another new tune for Radio Mirror readers—this time composed by the "King of the Clarinet," Artie Shaw—written just before he left music-land—perhaps forever!

Words by
REES MASON

Music by
ARTIE SHAW

Copyright 1939 by Artie Shaw, New York
I tried to find romance But it was just play, 'Till you made my heart dance. THE DAY BEFORE YESTER-DAY Is it really true?

Are you really you Or something I dreamed. THE DAY BEFORE YESTER-DAY?

DAY?
Deanna Durbin Says:
"After the hours of personal instruction I've had from Charles Henderson I loved reading this. Everything he ever taught me is in it and so much more that I don't see how any popular singer can do without it."

SHOW business! A kaleidoscopic world with streets of gold, peopled with inhabitants of unreal beauty and charm, bathed in a mist of glamour. To the outsider, that is. To the insider, it's another way to make a living—a world of contradictions, of drab hours and breath-taking moments, of hokum and honest art, of generous friendships and knives in the back, of heartbreaking failure and skyrocket success, of monotonous mediocrity and flashing inspiration. The most exhausting and well-rewarded work in the universe, and—the hardest gate to crash.

But it can be crashed, and it's worth crashing. Even if it weren't, I wouldn't waste good typewriter-ribbon trying to argue you out of it. You want to sing for your supper—and a good deal more than your supper—and it's my hope and intention here to show you how.

For this article, and those which will follow it, are messages of hope. Thousands of you sing a little, for your own pleasure or for that of your friends. You'd like to turn that modest little talent of yours into something that would work for you and make your living—but you don't know how to go about it, and so, until now, you've done nothing. I'd like to show you the right road—tell you how to get a start, how to audition, how to find the songs and the styles that will fit most naturally into your own personality, how to meet and conquer all the problems—some of them big, some little—that stand in your way.

And even if you're pretty good, as a singer, I think you'll find some things here that will be useful to you. You see, most singers don't know their business. They know that a song goes over or flops, but they don't know why. More, they don't realize that singing for money is a selling job, and a two-level one at that.

The singers aren't entirely to
blame for this. How can they learn? Only by digging the knowledge out of the solid rock for themselves, or by taking a chance on an expensive vocal coach. And how can they learn what goes on inside the minds of talent buyers? Only by the bitter experience of losing out on jobs they wanted desperately to get or hold.

I'm going to try to do something constructive about it: to shortcut this bitter period for the beginning singer. If you want to be a singer and don't know how to start, I'm going to try to show you. If you are determined to be a singer, and had started before you opened the pages of this magazine, I'm going to try to help you avoid mistakes and difficulties that still lie ahead in your unguided path.

Before we begin, let me point out something that has, perhaps, never occurred to you. It's just this: the technique of singing for money has turned completely upside down in the very recent past. There is now, and always will be, a demand for glorious voices in opera and on the concert stage, yet 99 per cent of the singing which the average American hears and enjoys comes to him through the agency of a microphone, in one or another of the streamlined forms of modern entertainment which are here to stay. The accent today is on intimacy, and gone is the old exaggeration of gesture, the bellowing that was necessary a few years ago.

At last! In an absolutely unique series of articles that cut straight through all the old taboos, Hollywood's most successful vocal coach tells how you too can become a star writers on the subject have ignored these changes. So did the buggy builders.

As the professional singer, you will be in the business of furnishing entertainment. Baldly, to get money from your customers, the listening public, you must give them what they want. Here I'll give you as artistic a training as the public taste will permit, but when the a number. You don't need a big voice nowadays: the "parlor" voice of light but even volume throughout its effective range, free from objectionable breathiness, is actually better suited to the microphone. You should have a comfortable range of an octave plus two or three whole notes (Their register doesn't matter, because you can choose the key in which you will sing.) Even less range will do in a pinch: Ruth Etting got along with just an octave.

Is your voice free from the quaver of a faulty vibrato? The vibrato is primarily a pulsing variation in pitch; an emotional quality of natural beauty in some voices, but a cultivated one of doubtful attractiveness in others. Is yours a waver over which you have confident control, or a quaver which gives the effect of uncertainty?

Do you sing in tune and in rhythm? Do you stay on pitch without too much difficulty, and is your attack sure and true? If you sing along with phonograph records, do you stay in tempo with them easily, or do you find the orchestra constantly getting out of line?

If the answers to these questions are honestly favorable we are ready to go ahead, at least on songs of average voice requirements. But if you feel that your voice, our raw material, is not yet up to these standards there is another question which you will ask. That is: Should you engage a voice teacher?

Now, the only purpose of voice training as far as it affects getting started in the popular field is to see that your tone is true, that you breathe naturally and sing without visible strain, that you have the ability to keep time, and that your voice has a pleasing quality.

However, some instruction on voice culture (Continued on page 70)
DEAR DIARY: So many times lately I've thought I didn't have the courage to write down the things that have happened to me—
and yet, when I have confided in you it has always brought me a measure of strength to go on. You are my only intimate, my only con-
fessor.

What is a young widow to do? I always thought she had the right to love again, to give her children a new father. When I met Grant Cummings, he was everything I'd ever hoped to find in a man. It seemed right, then, that we should marry. It had been nearly three years since that terrible day when I lost my first husband, Richard Williams. He had been driving, it was a wet night, the car skidded and Richard lost control. He died without regaining consciousness.

Three years as a widow in the little Montana town, struggling desper-
ately to earn a living for myself and Dick and Fran—such sweet, adorable children—and then ... the day I met Grant Cummings. He was from New York, wealthy, so-
cially prominent, charming. When he asked me to marry him, I couldn't refuse. I loved him, and he could give my babies so much more than I could.

It wasn't that easy, though; and that is why I say perhaps a widow has no right to love again. We went back to New York to live, and soon I began to see that Dick and Fran resented Grant, while he in his turn was jealous of my affection for them. Mimi Hale, Grant's cousin, was another problem. She had grown used to running his home and even his life, and now she was bitterly disappointed at his unex-
pected marriage.

Mimi took advantage of times when I felt I must be with the chil-
dren, to undermine Grant's love for me. Jealousy was like a disease with Grant, and it wasn't long before Mimi had him believing I was un-
faithful to him with Kenneth Stevens, his best friend. I managed to convince him he was mistaken, but the shock of knowing how little he trusted me left a scar that hasn't healed yet—may never heal.

Only a few days ago we were all on our way to Montana, for a long
vacation—Grant, Dick, Fran and I. But we had hardly unpacked our bags when a wire came from a New York lawyer named Slemp, telling us that Richard, my first husband, was alive!

Grant and I took the first plane back East, leaving the children to follow by train, intending to con-
front Slemp and demand to see the man who said he was my first hus-
band. It didn't occur to me, when I boarded that plane, that I was taking the first step toward losing Grant.

Yes, I've lost him, and the brief happiness, too, that I thought would always be mine. Mimi has won. Fran, Dick and I are living in an unspeakable New York boarding house. Night and day the heat is stifling and filled with thick smells. Tonight we tried to sit on the fire-
escape. But we had to come in and close the window. A man and wife who live across the court were say-
ing things to each other which stripped them of all decency, all pride. They loved each other once, I suppose. Well, I've saved Grant and myself from an ending like that. . . .
CONTINUING, IN THE INTIMATE DIARY OF BRENDA CUMMINGS, THE DRAMATIC STORY OF SECOND HUSBAND, STARRING HELEN MENKEN, AND SPONSORED BY BAYER ASPIRIN—HEARD TUESDAY EVENINGS ON CBS

FEBRUARY, 1940
Loneliness, at least, is clean.

It's hard to believe that the events of the last five days, since we went aboard the plane in Montana, have really happened. They've come so fast, with such kaleidoscopic frenzy.

The air, as we neared New York, was bumpy, but I had no idea we were in any danger until, suddenly, the plane gave a sickening lurch and plunged to the ground. Unbelievably, I was not injured, but Grant was white and still in the wreckage. He was still unconscious when they got him to the hospital, and the doctor, though he tried, was unable to give me much hope.

I battled back frenzy to think what I must do. Even with my mind full of Grant, I knew I must not forget the reason we had come to New York, and as I waited for some change to come in Grant's condition they brought me a telegram at the hospital. It was signed "Richard"—and it instructed me to meet him that night at eight o'clock in the Olympic Hotel.

I'm not very clear about what happened after that. Of course I was tired and overwrought, but I do remember telephoning the hospital and learning that Grant would not regain consciousness before morning. And I remember that Mimi gave me a bromide at dinner, "to calm my nerves." I suspect it did more than that.

I got to the Olympic at eight. The desk clerk told me to go to Room 310 and wait, that Mr. Williams would be back shortly. He had, the clerk said, already registered for both of us.

I went to Room 310. And the next thing I knew Edwards, our butler, and a hotel detective were standing over me and it was four o'clock in the morning! That was when I suspected that Mimi had given me something stronger than a bromide.

But the horrible thing was that the doctor had been wrong. Grant recovered consciousness while I was sleeping in the hotel. And when he opened his eyes it was Mimi who sat beside him.

He soon found out, the next day, how Edwards had found me at the hotel—and about the damning way the register was signed: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Williams.

I tried to explain how things really were. But suddenly, overpowered by Mimi's viciousness and Grant's willingness to believe her, I couldn't go on. Words just wouldn't come.

A man either trusts his wife, or he doesn't. Grant doesn't trust me. And that is why I am living here, in this boarding house, away from him. But I'm miserable.

August 29th...

I have a job! I'm to design dresses. Model them too sometimes. Pierre, the owner of the shop, even has given me a contract. And he's paying me thirty dollars a week.

Now I can rent a little house in the country. And eventually, if Richard really is alive, I'll hire a lawyer to get me a divorce. Then perhaps life will be good enough at least. Without Grant I don't expect to be happy.

September 1st...

What was Mimi doing in Slemp's office today? I'd better watch out!

She was surprised to see me. But I must say it didn't take her long to pull herself together and explain she naturally was interested in Grant's marital status.

I told Slemp—with more courage and conviction than I felt—that I didn't believe his "Richard Williams"—if indeed there really was such a person—was my husband.

"I'll call upon you tomorrow at this same time," I said. "And if Richard isn't here I'm going to sue you for blackmail!"

I think Slemp was frightened.

September 2nd...

I've had a show-down with Slemp and I've won!

I have a paper, signed by him, which testifies no one named Richard Williams exists—to the best of his knowledge and belief! And he has a paper, signed by me, acquitting him of any responsibility in this matter. He wouldn't name the person who involved him but I know it was Mimi.

When Richard wasn't in the office I demanded a detailed description of him at least. Slemp put me off until he had made a telephone call. Then he described "Richard Williams" as a man resembling Gary Cooper. Richard didn't look anything like Gary Cooper but little Dick always thinks of him that way.

And when I reached home I learned from the children that Mimi had met them at their play-school, taken them for ice-cream, and questioned them about their father!

That's all I need to know!

Ben Porter was right about Mimi from the start. She's madly in love with Grant and she'll go to any lengths to get him. Well, I'm certainly out of her way now.

Saturday, September 3rd...

Women are strange. When I first left Grant I resented the messages he sent me. I prayed he would leave me alone so I might go my own way and make a life for my children. But since his messages have ceased I've been miserable. A woman's independence seems to diminish as her loneliness increases . . .

Monday, September 5th.

We're home again. I've had Grant's (Continued on page 61)
HOLLYWOOD "inside" has it that the Burns Mantle portions of the Star Theater program will be dropped. The full hour, with Ken Murray, Kenny Baker, Frances Langford and Dave Broekman, will then originate entirely in Hollywood.

The Bob Hopes are telling friends they want five kids: but want none of their own. They'll adopt four more, one each year.

Ken Murray is telling those jokes to Nancy Kelly in private. But insists it's no joke that she's to become the leading lady in his new home!

M-G-M is dickering with Ray Noble for a musical.

Charlie McCarthy, in his new picture, "McCarthy Detective," has a wig made of real red hair.

PREACHER MATERIAL: Jack Carson and Kay St. Germaine—as soon as the divorce between himself and his wife becomes final.

By GEORGE FISHER

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

One reason that Edgar Bergen is pushing Mortimer on the air is said to be to popularize his comic strip!

Ed Sullivan declares in his column that "the best comedy on the air recently was Winchell's message to Atlantic ships to look out for two men who fell overboard."

Hollywood is all ears when Drew Pearson and Bob Allen spout their "very exclusive" Washington gossip on "Listen America," over Mutual. This network is certainly hitting the big time.

PREACHER MATERIAL: Skinnay Ennis, the band leader, and his singer Carmine Calhoun have finally set the date: Christmas.

Gertrude Niesen spent two months in Hollywood without singing at one nightclub and without signing a film contract.

Your reporter was host to Andrew Jergens (Winchell's boss) for his yearly visit to Hollywood. "Andy" met most of the film stars and spent the remainder of his time in Hollywood's "After Dark" spots, with glowing praise for Earl Carroll's show palace.

Jim (Fibber McGee) Jordan and Mrs. Jordan (Molly) spent a few anxious hours after learning of the sinking of the British ship Sirdhana off Singapore. Jim's sister, Josephine Jordan Hugo, was a passenger, with her husband, Charles Hugo, business manager of the Nirola dance troupe, also aboard the vessel. Jordan cabled the U. S. Consul at Singapore for word of her fate to relieve anxiety, but before a reply could come, NBC learned Mrs. Hugo was among the survivors, and relayed the happy word to Jim.

The "I Want A Divorce" program is trying to help couples stay married by dramatizing some domestic situation that might easily lead up to the divorce courts for lack of a common (Continued on page 73)
It's charming, this beautiful white Monterey home, with the first floor rooms opening onto the terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jordan (really our good friends Fibber McGee and Molly) firmly believe in love at first sight. They'll tell you this miracle has touched them twice. The first time when, as shy youngsters of 17 and 16, they met one eventful night at choir practice in their home town of Peoria, Illinois, and immediately fell in love. There followed a storybook romance and, after they had grown up a bit, they were married.

Years of troup ing, of living here and there, had been warmed by the dream that some day they'd have a beautiful home of their own. Again and again, they talked about (Continued on page 53)
If he's not in his workshop, then you'll find Fibber, in his den, a real man's room with huge comfy chairs. Below, the swanky living room, with a huge fire-place and baby grand piano.

Outdoor living in the true California manner—romping with the family dogs before leaving for their Tuesday night broadcast at NBC's Hollywood studio—only nine miles from the McGee home.

Molly's bedroom is in the softest shades of peach and green. Right, Jim Junior poses at the swimming pool.

The McGees are proud of the huge oak tree shading the garden and the barbecue pit for picnicking.
The Story Thus Far:

FIVE years in a convent school were poor defense for Tamara Todhunter when she met Mayne Mallory, handsome, unprincipled film actor. To her dazzled eyes, he symbolized everything she loved and wanted. Instead of the shoddy existence in her mother's apartment, Mayne offered her glamour, romance, beauty. Only afterwards, when he left San Francisco and returned to Hollywood, leaving her to bear his child in secrecy, did she realize what an easy conquest she had been.

The Mother Superior of her school helped her by finding her refuge with Mary Hutton, an old friend who lived on a ranch south of San Francisco. Mrs. Hutton took Tam into her home, and in the days that followed the girl regained some of the pride and self-respect she thought had been lost. When the baby came—a girl—she named it Mary, after Mrs. Hutton, and then returned to San Francisco to pick up her life once more. During her association with Mayne she had done a little stage work, and now it was to the stage that she returned.

For seven years she worked, devoting all her energies to making a living, until she was a moderately successful star. Every week end she would run down to visit little Mary, who was accepted in the community as Mrs. Hutton's niece.

Then she met George Davis, a handsome but dissolute young lawyer. Through her influence, he stopped drinking, and eventually she realized she was in love with him. By an accident, she also discovered that George was the long-lost son of Mrs. Hutton, and one afternoon she brought mother and son together again. Before she agreed to marry George, however, she told him the truth about little Mary's father. George refused to allow this to make any difference in their love, and they were married. But on returning from their honeymoon, Tam found a sinister letter waiting for her—addressed in Mayne Mallory's sprawling handwriting.

Copyright 1934-1935 by Kathleen Norris—Originally Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.
"Either you do like I want you to," Mayne said, "or tomorrow morning the papers'll have the whole story."

Instantly roused the whole place. She was lying in the bathroom, dead, with her head beaten in.

"He did it, eh?" George asked.

"What duck soup for Mullins!"

"Mallory was indicted day before yesterday," the elder Mary said.

"They didn't find a gun or stick or anything in the bathroom?"

"He had a walking stick with a metal head, but it wasn't bloody."

"Any blood on him? There was probably plenty of it."

"The floor was a pool, and the walls were spattered. But the blood on him might have been because he knelt down and caught her up in his arms and tried to revive her."

"Looks bad," George mused. "It'll be short shrift for him."

"I suppose so. But he has money to fight. She was rich, and she left everything to Mallory."

"Tam was very quiet. She ate nothing. It was late in the evening, and Mary and her Gran had gone upstairs to bed before she began quietly:

"George, we're in trouble."

"Who's in trouble, infant? This," George said, luxuriating in firelight, with his wife half on his knee and half on the arm of his chair, "this doesn't seem to me like trouble."

Silently she put a crumpled sheet of cheap hotel letter paper into his hand. He leaned back and jerked on a light to read it.

"My dear old Tam," he read, "I am in pretty bad shape for something I never did. I want to see your husband, and I want to see him mighty soon. Someone has got to see me through this like he did the Elliot case. Get in touch with me..."

The formless, blustering writing ended with the signature "Mayne."

"What's he to you?" George asked, staring at her, completely at a loss.

"That's just it. That's what I didn't tell you when we first talked. That's what you said you didn't ever want to know. He's Mary's father."

After a long time George said: "Well, what of it? I suppose he wants me to defend him. I'll tell him I can't. And that'll be that." "But then if that made him mad," Tamara said apprehensively, "what could he do?"

"Exactly nothing, Tam. The day has gone by when the—what was it?—the lightest breath of scandal against a woman's name was enough to damn her in decent society."

"He thinks you don't know," Tam surmised shrewdly.

"I suppose that's it. I suppose he saw your whole life in his power. Well, he's in pretty deep water now."

"It's only on Mary's account that I'm afraid," Tam said suddenly. "Does he know about Mary?"

"I wrote him once. I wrote him that I must see him, that 'something had happened.'"

"And what did he say when you saw him?"

"I never did. He didn't write. I've never seen him, since..."

"Ha!" George said. "So you don't know whether he knows or not?"

"No. But he may have my old letter—would he have kept it, George?"

"Probably. He wouldn't have written you as he did if he hadn't some evidence of some sort."

"Well, you see, if he has heard of Mary—He might tell her!"

"I don't see how," George pointed out reasonably. "He can't really know of her existence. If he suspects it, he must think that you gave the baby away for adoption. You had six or seven years playing in stock, with no talk of a baby, no story of adopting a baby. All we have to do is sit tight until they hang him."

"You think they will?"

"Well, it looks that way."

But she wondered if he was a little more concerned than he chose to let her suspect when he went away early the next morning, and she knew that matters had taken...
woman in love

by kathleen norris

the story thus far:

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illustration by curt walter

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Listen to Woman in Love, by Kathleen Norris, Monday through Friday on CBS at 5 p. m., E.S.T., sponsored by Wheaties.

"Either you do like I want you to," mayne said, "or tomorrow morning the papers'll have the whole story."

"I never did. He never wrote. I've never seen him, since."

"He's an hollywood actor, isn't he?"

"George?" mrs. hutton answered.

"But it seems they were remarried and adopted a child together. They came up to san francisco last week and gave some parties, and they say there was a quarrel. The next day he says he woke up about nine and instantly roused the whole place. She was lying in the bathroom, dead, with her head beaten in."

"He did it, eh?" george asked.

"What duck soup for mussin?"

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"Well, it looks that way."

"But she wondered if it was a little more concerned than she chose to let her suspect when he went away early the next morning, and she knew that matters had taken
some sort of unexpected turn, when he telephoned her about four o'clock to come into town and have dinner and stay the night. He had to see "a man" and was not coming home.

He looked tired when she met him in the room he'd taken at the Fairmont Hotel; but he brightened at the sight of her. After a moment he said:

"I've seen Mallory."

TAM'S healthy mountain brown faced a trifle. "You've seen Mayne?"

"Yep. He's here in the city jail. I talked with him for about an hour."

"Why did you see him?" Tam asked, in a light, frightened voice.

"Well—it looks as if I'll have to defend him," he confessed. Then, rapidly, he explained the tangled skein of circumstances which was dragging him into the Mallory case. His own candidacy for the district attorneyship, and the necessity for defeating Oscar Mullins, the incumbent who would naturally prosecute Mayne. Pressure from old Martell, the head of George's own law firm, and from Warren Hunter, one of the partners. Both felt that the case would be invaluable publicity for George, particularly if he could get any other kind of verdict beyond a flat "Guilty." And in the meantime, George said finally, Mallory had written the firm, asking that George handle the case.

"I didn't see," he finished, "what else I could do but say I would take it. In fact, the firm had practically committed me to the job before I knew anything about it."

Tam's eyes were far away. "Oh, it is strange!" she said, under her breath.

"Yes—it is strange."

"Can you make any sort of case for him, George?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. I think they'll hang him. Poor fellow, he was trembling and sweating as he talked about it."

Throughout dinner, which they took in their room, Tamara was silent and afraid; but afterwards she sighed, relaxed a little. "Oh, well," she said, "it's started—and once things get started we can go on. It was having it sprung on me so suddenly that you'd have to defend him without frightening me."

"You mustn't be frightened. There's nothing to be frightened about."

"George!" Red-cheeked, round-eyed, she was facing him squarely, her hands clamped on the arms of the chair. "Do you mind horribly? I mean—it's being Mayne."

"I don't think of him as having anything to do with us at all," George said. "Women do that sort of thinking. The past doesn't mean so much to men. A man may wish he hadn't been such a young skunk to his mother—something like that," he added musingly. "But as a general thing the future's the big bet!"

"A girl keeps wishing she could go back!" Tamara said, on the same reminiscent note. She drew a great breath. "But we go on from here!" she said. "Only I can't have my Mary hurt."

"Marriage is a damn' marvelous thing," George said reflectively. "Well, I'll go to it tomorrow and see what I can dig up. But I don't believe I can do much for him!"

On the last day of Mayne Mallory's trial, Tamara and the charming middle-aged wife of Warren Hunter were smuggled into inconspicuous chairs in the court room.

**Next month! Read the Secrets of the Lux Radio Theater—the unrehearsed and unexpected dramas that happen behind the curtain, to the embarrassment of Hollywood's biggest stars**

Tamara's eyes were on the prisoner as he was led in. She felt the blood leave her face, and the cold sweat on her hands. Mayne Mallory again. He looked an old man—fat, soft, fearfully sobered.

The usual rustling of papers and moving of figures was going on inside the jail; the usual whispered consultations. But for an hour every seat in the courtroom had been occupied. Nobody moved there. Tamara studied the jury; six men, six women. They were serious-looking folk; one man looked stern and cruel, one woman motherly and soft and irresolute in type.

"Warren looks terribly blue. I'm afraid it's all up with us," Margaret Hunter whispered.

"George looks tired too," Tamara said. There was an odd weight at her heart. The best thing that could happen would be to have a quick verdict of "guilty" returned, and a retrial refused. But then what of Mayne? How would he fight? "Mayne Mallory reveals old affair with attorney's wife in claiming Davis did not exert full powers of defense!" Would that be a headline some night?

"No, no," she said in her heart. "Newspapers don't do that sort of thing!"

Now Oscar Mullins was on his feet and saying everything that of course one knew he must say. Her heart began to beat hard and steadily with a sort of sickening fright; she looked now and then at Mayne's silhouette.

"This man has placed voluntarily outside the category of those of us who are still old-fashioned enough to appreciate our women, who feel only reverence and gratitude for the sacred gift of a woman's love and companionship... Florence Fanette was young and lovely... in the radiant flower of her extraordinary beauty... other men desired her, longed for her... her heart was true to the man she first had loved... not as successful as she... not rich..."

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, if this monster leaves this court room a free man, then justice is indeed dead in San Francisco, and no one of our women may lay herself down to sleep tonight beside her little children in safety..."

"Bosh," Tamara said fiercely in her heart as she listened. "Bosh, bosh, bosh!" But was the jury thinking it was bosh?

When Mullins had finished, there was a pause, then George stood up and began to talk quietly, and the blood came back to her heart. The room was completely still. No one moved; there was neither murmur nor rustle as the words went on, clear and natural. George skimmed the general history of the crime and the trial smoothly; there was but one point he wanted to make. He felt it was what might be called a small point, but if it happened to be one that his learned colleague Mr. Mullins could not, with all his eloquence, explain, then it was as valuable to his client as the most perfect alibi.

The jury had seen the bathroom walls that had held the silent witnesses of either a brutal murder or a strange, dramatic accident. He was prepared to reconstruct those walls from photographs right now before their eyes; show that they had been spattered lightly, evenly, with a (Continued on page 57)
THE DORSEY COMPETITION CONTINUES. Tommy and Jimmy are both currently in Chicago, Jimmy at the Sherman, Tommy at the Palmer House. But on January 4, Orrin Tucker replaces T. D.

Latest maestro-to-be: Tony Pastor, Artie Shaw's popular tenor sax player and novelty singer.

Arnold Johnson, who formerly had Benny Goodman, Russ Morgan, Bob Chester, and Freddie Martin working for him, is trying a comeback. He will feature an eight-piece sax section.

With all the big name bands on MBS, CBS, and NBC, radio row wonders where Elliott Roosevelt will snare orchestras for his proposed new web.

Dave Tough, as authentic a jive drummer as you could find in swing alley, is really very ill.

Al Donohue, who junked a sweet band for a swing one, opens in New Jersey's Meadowbrook in January with a MBS wire. He succeeds Larry Clinton... Jan Savitt grabbed Gabe Gelines, hot tenor sax man, from Glenn Miller...

BANDOM'S BAD BOY

Too much money almost changed the career of Bob Chester and deprived radio of its newest dance band threat to the currently established swing kings.

The stepson of Albert Fisher, retired head of world-renowned Fisher Bodies, Inc., Bob could have left the portals of Dayton University, armed with an impressive-looking brief case, that contained among other things, one possession many of us always strive for, but never attain—security. Instead the determined lad tossed all this away for a shiny saxophone, and a job in Russ Mor'... (Continued on page 74)

FEBRUARY, 1940

Glen Gray, Judy Garland and Jimmie Fidler go in for a bit of jive at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, where Glen's band was playing when Judy and Jimmie stepped in.

Too much money almost changed the career of Bob Chester and deprived radio of a new dance band threat to the current swing kings.
Fencing—Television successfully captures a unique sport.

11 1/2 HOURS

The camera reaches to the four corners of the world in the search for new subjects for the 690 minutes a week of television programs.

- Drama—Marjorie Clarke with Earl Larrimore.
- Fencing—Television successfully captures a unique sport.
- Comedy—Duet by Howard and Shelton.
- Debutante—Society's Cobina Wright, Jr., and night club entertainer, being televised.
A WEEK

From the newest styles for your hair to a fencing exhibition, the television cameras every day range over dozens of new subjects, truly making "the greatest show on earth." Pictured on these pages is proof that the telecaster is thinking of other ways than the more obvious spot news broadcasts to bring you new hours of pleasure. Here are some typically interesting performances that are daily being televised by NBC in New York.

Schedules are expanding rapidly—television now has a working week of 11 ½ hours!

- Novelty—The Kidodlers, radio's popular entertainers, play queer instruments for you to see and hear.
- Fashions—a popular feature for women is the showing of the latest clothes.
- The Duncan Sisters—in their Topsy and Eva roles famous for so many years.
- Hair Stylist—Emile demonstrates the latest in fashions for the hair.

- Vaudeville—The medicine man returns for a laugh.
Fencing—Television successfully captures a unique sport.

Drama—Marjorie Clarke with Earl Larimore.

Comedy—Duet by Howard and Shelton.

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11 1/2 HOURS A WEEK
SOME of you who read this story may say that Herbert Marshall just doesn't know what he wants from love, or marriage. And, of course, you're entitled to your own opinion, but I think you wouldn't be looking very deeply into his character and emotions if you dismissed him as lightly as that.

The trouble with Bart Marshall is that he does not know what he wants in love. Not at all. He does know. He wants the ideal, and the vision of that ideal is always with him, giving him warmth, coloring his fine, masculine voice, putting an eternal aura of romance about him. It has made him what he is—a very great lover, on the air, the screen, the stage, and in private life; it has given heartache and ecstasy to him and to the women he has loved.

His trouble is simply this: that he does not know that none of us can maintain such ideal loves even if we find them. They are too perfect. They are too wonderful. They are all climax. No woman can possibly live up to them, hour by hour, in the stress of everyday existence. That is why the other loves replace pure romance, mature loves founded on tolerance and friendship and association and knowledge. But that is something Bart has never been able to understand, and so he has never given any one of his loves the chance to reach the beneficent peace of maturity.

And because he has never given love a chance to grow up, he is part of a foursome that Hollywood sees as a most modern rectangle. You—depending on your point of view—will find it either very sad, or very cynical, or very civilized. Or, perhaps, a little of all three.

No matter how you see it, you will most certainly get an insight into the soul of a charming man, who is still in love with love.

Perhaps you were listening on the evening of last October 23, when Herbert Marshall, supported by Edna Best, played "There's Always Juliet" on the Hollywood Playhouse program. "There's Always Juliet" is an ardent love story and Mr. Marshall and Miss Best, the latter making her air debut, were most delightful in it.

There were many reasons for that. For one thing, it is a beautifully written play. For another, Edna and Bart had already played the show, both on the London and the New York stage. They knew exactly where the laughs were in the lines, and where the tenderness. Such knowledge helps a performance greatly.

But there were, also, two important reasons why they might have been awful. The first was the heart of Mr. Marshall. The second was the heart and memory of Miss Best. For when they had originally played "There's Always Juliet" they had been one of the most famous of ideally married couples. Their love story was the kind that you liked to know existed in real life—the kind that you'd like to have happen to you. They had exquisite twin children. They were magnificently successful, and beautifully in love.

But on the recent night of "There's Always Juliet" on the air, while still man and wife, the Marshalls were no longer in love with each other. Bart was in love with Lee Russell, a quiet, beautiful girl. Edna was engaged to Nat Wolff, who is the personal agent for both his fiancee and her husband.

Mix into this the fact that Nat Wolff was quietly sitting in the studio audience, watching them at the microphone; and the further fact that Miss Russell, though not present at the broadcast—because she never does come to them, holding that Bart's work is personal to him and that she shouldn't interfere—is also one of Edna Best's good friends. Add that up. See, as Hol-
By CAROLYN HOYT

Edna Best, Herbert Marshall's lovely wife, and Lee Russell, the girl he plans to marry after his divorce from Edna.

His trouble is simply that he has never permitted any of his loves to reach maturity.

Hollywood often does, the four of them frequently dining together, in peace and amity. And you have that modern rectangle I spoke of.

Edna Best is Bart's second wife. His first was Mollie Maitland, whom he married before the war. It's hard, now, to find out much about Mollie. His closest English pals in Hollywood say little about her except, "She was a very good woman, Mollie."

They might, of course, have stayed married if it hadn't been for the war. Bart left her to fight for his country, and though he wasn't killed he came so near to it that his career and his whole life were almost ruined. That war made a cripple of him. He, a man in a profession where physical beauty is all-important, seemed doomed to hobble out the rest of his life in obscurity.

It is to his eternal credit that he refused to accept that sentence. He, who was then and still is in practically continual pain, came back to the theater, learned to walk with incredible smoothness, overcame his handicap so that audiences never for one moment pitied him, but accepted him as the personification of all that (Continued on page 83)
HELLO, everybody: This is Kate Smith speaking to you from the cooking pages of Radio Mirror where each month I'm going to visit with you and talk about the most important item in the housewife's notebook—food.

From time to time we'll discuss other matters, too. If I hear about a new gadget or a different way of doing some household task that will make your kitchen workshop function more efficiently, I'll pass the news on to you. But for the most part, we'll concentrate on planning nourishing, appetizing meals which are economical and simple to prepare.

Since so many of my friends seem to feel that baking is the most difficult of kitchen arts, we are going to consider first of all cake and cooky making. Many people believe that baking requires a special knack. That is quite true. But—and this is the important thing—you can acquire that knack.

The first step in acquiring it is to use only the best ingredients. Be sure that such important items as flour, shortening, baking powder and flavoring are the best the market affords.

Before you start to bake, read your recipe over carefully and be sure that everything you require is at hand. Next—and I can't stress this too much—follow your recipe to the letter. Measure accurately, combine the ingredients as directed and see to it that your oven registers the exact temperature specified.

This month I've a very special recipe to give you—a recipe that you can use to make at least three entirely different and equally delicious cakes. What a blessing to be able to master just one recipe and still get a variety of cakes! Your family will cheer the results. I've tried the recipe myself and I know.

Basic Cake Recipe

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
3 egg yolks, well beaten
½ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla extract
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar and cream together until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg yolks and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small quantity at a time, and beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla extract. Fold in egg whites. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans at 375 degrees F., until done (25 to 30 minutes).

The first time you use this recipe,
An exclusive new feature to solve your kitchen problems and to make more zestful the meals you serve—written by a star as famous for her cooking as for her singing

put the layers together with all-around chocolate frosting. (See illustration upper right).

**All-Around Chocolate Frosting**

4 tbls. butter  
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar  
¼ tsp. vanilla extract  
¼ tsp. salt  
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted  
4 tbls. hot milk  

Cream butter, add half of sugar gradually, creaming after each addition. Add vanilla, salt and melted chocolate. Add remaining sugar, alternately with milk, until mixture reaches right consistency for spreading (you may find that you won't need quite all the milk) beating smooth after each addition.

**Next** time, make a coconut-covered layer cake, using coconut seven-minute frosting. (See illustration right).

**Coconut Seven-Minute Frosting**

2 egg whites, unbeaten  
1½ cups sugar 5 tbls. water  
1½ tsps. light corn syrup  
1 tsp. vanilla extract  
1 can moist sweetened coconut  

Combine egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in top of double boiler, beating with rotary beater until thoroughly blended. Place over boiling water, beat constantly and cook for seven minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake, sprinkling with coconut while frosting is still soft.

Next, you might want to try the chocolate loaf cake (illustrated). Use the same basic recipe, plus four squares of unsweetened chocolate. The chocolate is to be melted and added after the vanilla and just before the egg whites are folded in. Bake this in a greased 15 by 10-inch tin at 375 degrees F. for 25 to 30 minutes. As soon as it is done, turn it onto a rack and cut away the crisp edges. When it has cooled, cut it into half lengthwise, then into half crosswise. Spread three of the quarters with ¼ cup whipped cream which has been sweetened and flavored with vanilla to taste.

Fit the sections together like a layer cake, placing a plain layer on top, then cover top and sides with all-around chocolate frosting.

For a richer cake, add one cup of chopped nut meats to the basic recipe just before folding in the egg whites. Use either all-around chocolate frosting or seven-minute frosting between layers and on the top and sides, sprinkling with nut meats while the frosting is still soft.

Now let's turn our attention to cookies. Here again we have a basic recipe. It will give you the best plain sugar cookies you've ever eaten—and many people believe that the simple, unadorned sugar cookie is the perfection of the baking art—or it can be given last minute variations which will assure you a cooky jar full of pleasant surprises.

**Basic Cookie Recipe**

3 cups flour ¼ tsp. salt  
1 tsp. double-acting baking powder  
1¼ cups sugar  
1 cup shortening 3 eggs  
1 tsp. vanilla extract  

Sift flour, measure, then sift together with baking powder, sugar and salt. Break up shortening with a fork, then work it into the flour mixture. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each one. Add vanilla extract. Roll thin on floured board and bake on greased cookie tin at 375 degrees F. for eight minutes.

Just before the cookies go into the oven, decorate the tops so that instead of one kind you will have an infinite variety. Sprinkle some with shaved chocolate. Dot others with cinnamon drops. Press raisins, currants, chopped candied fruits or nut meats into the tops of some, and dust the remainder with fruit lozenges—the kind you'll find at five cents the package at any candy counter—which have been ground up in your meat chopper. With these as a starter, I know you will work out other combinations and variations of flavor yourself.

And so—happy baking day. I'll be seeing you here next month.

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**Here's a trick I consider invaluable for removing onion aroma from the hands. As soon as you've finished peeling onions, run for your favorite deodorant. Use it liberally on your hands and allow it to remain for at least five minutes. Then wash it off and, presto! all onion odor has disappeared.**

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**The same basic recipe cake, with a coconut party dress this time. Bottom, an attractive chocolate loaf cake, from the same recipe.**
ON THE AIR TONIGHT: A new singer and a new comedienne—in fact, you might agree with lots of folks and call them the new singer and the new comedienne of the current radio season. They're Dennis Day and his "mother," heard on Jack Benny's Jell-O show on NBC at 7:00, E.S.T., and 8:30, P.S.T.

"Mother," Mrs. Lucretia Day, of course isn't really Dennis' mother at all. In real life she's Verna Felton, a veteran radio actress who has appeared frequently on the Benny show in the last three years. In fact, at one time or another, she has played mother to everyone in the gang. Besides her radio experience, she has a long and honorable stage career behind her, too, for she made her theatrical debut in 1910, when she was nine.

Verna is married to Lee Millor, a former stage director who is now a radio actor too, and they have one son, fifteen years old. Young Millor followed in his mother's footsteps on appearing on the stage when he was nine, but since then he's decided that he likes music better than acting, and now is studying piano.

The Millors live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley, where, in spite of her heavy radio schedule, Verna manages to do most of the cooking for her family, and a good deal of the sewing besides. She and her husband always criticize each other's radio performances, and wouldn't think of going on the air without first rehearsing at home and getting suggestions from the other. "Mother" is Verna's favorite role at all time.

Her "son," Dennis Day, after three months of amazing success on the Benny show, is the same self-assured but unassuming kid he was when he first stepped up to its mike. He's entirely given up his early notion of being a lawyer, and is so definitely committed to a singing career that he refuses to drink or smoke because such things are bad for the voice.

He lives with his real mother in a small North Hollywood house surrounded by flower beds. This garden, next to his second-hand coupe, is Dennis' greatest joy, since he was born and brought up in New York City, where he never had a chance to cultivate anything more extensive than a window-box. He's no night-clubber, and his idea of a really good time is driving his car all over Southern California. He hasn't any "steady girl."

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

Benny's Dennis Day... and Dennis' talkative "Mother."

Tune-In Bulletin for December 31, January 7, 14 and 21!

December 31: Here it is the last day of 1939, and nobody's sorry to see it go. The networks are doing their bit to send it on its way, with all-night dance programs chasing 1939 across the continent and clear out to Honolulu. ... From 2:00 to 3:00 this afternoon, E.S.T., NBC-Blue broadcasts Headlines of 1939, a review of the year's news events.... The Rose Bowl Pageant in Pasadena is to be described on Mutual tonight.... Grace Moore is the guest star on the Ford Hour.

January 7: One of your old favorites returns today when Grand Hotel begins on CBS at 1:35 this afternoon. ... And the Chase and Sanborn show, NBC-Red at 8:30, is cut to a half-hour beginning tonight—with One Man's Family in the other thirty minutes. January 14: Today's your last chance to hear Paul Wing's Spelling Bee program over NBC-Red at 5:30. ... Ted Malone makes a pilgrimage to Oliver Wendell Holmes' home in Boston at 1:15 over NBC-Blue. ... Gladys Swarthout is the guest star on the Ford Hour.

January 21: Helen Traubel, soprano, is the Ford Hour's guest tonight.... Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's home is visited by Ted Malone at 1:15.
ON THE AIR TODAY: Pretty Kitty Kelly, sponsored by Wonder Bread, heard on CBS at 9:00 A.M., E.S.T., 9:00, C.S.T., 8:00, M.S.T., and 7:00 P.M., Pacific Time. And if you live on the West Coast you are always a day ahead of your fellow listeners to the cast, because the morning broadcast is always a repetition of the same episode that was put on the air the afternoon of the preceding day.

Arlene Blackburn, star of Pretty Kitty Kelly, also plays Tomora in By Kathleen Norris, on CBS at 5:00 this afternoon, and Eileen Turner in The O'Neill's, on NBC at 1:15—So you can count on it that Kitty Kelly will be a pretty girl. That's probably the reason that she collects dogs for a hobby, none of them are alive. Like the title character of Pretty Kitty Kelly, Arline is red-haired, green-eyed, and a fair complexion. Her leading man, Clayton Collyer, who plays Michael Conaway, has been on the air since his undergraduate days, when he was always billed as "Bud" Collyer. He's thirty-one years old, and is the brother of June Collyer, film star. True to the family tradition, he always wanted to act, but was persuaded to study law instead—and though he graduated from law school he gave up legal practice for the stage and radio as soon as he could. Three years ago he met Heloise Green on a blind date, and now she's Mrs. Collyer. Pretty Kitty Kelly has a large cast, but of course everybody in the story doesn't appear on every single program—if they did, the small CBS studio where the broadcast would be filled to overflowing. The "regulars," though the people who are on the air from time to time, are Helen Chaot as Bunny Wilson, Artells Dickson as Slim, Howard Smith as Inspector Grady, Charine Allen as Mrs. Monroe, Dennis Hoey as Mr. Welby and Ethel Inthrop (pronounce it Ahn-trah-plee-di) as Mrs. Welby. Matt Crowley is the narrator who sets the scenes when they change, between stretches of dialogue, and Andrew Stanlaw is the man who does the commercial announcements.

Because everyone on the cast is working on other programs, rehearsals for Pretty Kitty Kelly are businesslike affairs, with everyone doing his or her best to get the most done in the least possible time. They're all good friends, though—they've worked together so long. Arline and Helen Chaot, who plays Bunny, are just as fond of each other off-stage as they are on.

Artells Dickson (Slim) is a specialist in Western types, and Howard Smith (Inspector Grady) can play a policeman and a gangster with equal ease.

SAY HELLO TO...

FRANK NELSON—whose voice carries the opening message of the Lux Radio Theater tonight on CBS at 9:00. He's also a regular member of the cast in supporting roles, and you heard him opposite Bette Davis in that memorable drama, "After Eve." He's married to a radio actress, Mary Lansing, is an enthusiastic candid camera man and possesses a big collection of shots of picture stars.

Michael and his Kitty—Clayton Collyer and Arline Blackburn.

Tune-In Bulletin for January 1, 8, 15 and 221

January 1: And a Happy New Year to you! That's your Studio Snoopers' wish, as well as the wish of CBS, NBC and Mutual, . . . Don't be sad if you don't live where you can see the Rose Bowl football game—you can hear it on the air, over Mutual or NBC, . . . Listen to the newest network—the Transcontinental—which goes on the air today. Elliot Roosevelt is its president, and it includes stations all over the continent.

January 8: Have you listened yet to Young Dr. Malone? It's been on NBC-Blue at 11:15 in the morning for several weeks now, and it's a realistic, human serial. January 15: Don't forget that Monday is the night for two of the season's best musical half-hours—Tune-Up Time on CBS at 8:00 and Alec Templeton on NBC-Red at 9:30.

January 22: It's your last chance to hear Woody Herman tonight, playing from the Famous Door.
ON THE AIR TODAY: My Son and I, starring Betty Garde and Kingsley Colton, on CBS at 2:45, E.S.T., and sponsored by Calumet Baking Powder and Swans Down Flour.

This is just what it sounds like—the story of a mother and her son, and the love between them. Its appearance as a radio serial grew out of two-one-act plays which author Frank Provo wrote especially for Betty Garde and Kingsley Colton to act in on the Kote Smith program, which was last year, and Betty and Kingsley gave such good accounts of themselves that it was decided to put the characters and their adventures into a long-run serial.

Connie Vance, the stage mother who struggles to provide for her ten-year-old son, Betty Garde, is a part that's exactly suited to her. Betty won laurels for her stage work last year in "The Primrose Path," but she might never have been on stage if her father hadn't been a newspaper editor. In Philadelphia, where she grew up and appeared in amateur plays, the dramatic critic on her father's paper always wrote about her performances in very complimentary terms. Her father was skeptical—he thought the reviewers were just being nice because they were his co-workers—so to prove that she really could act, Betty left Philadelphia as soon as she was old enough and came to New York to get a stage job. It was a long pull, but she finally got the job and proved that the reviewers were right, after all.

Kingsley Colton, who plays Buddy, is twelve years old, and studio workers like him because, they say, "he isn't the kind of kid that gets in your hair." He's as well-poised and self-assured as an adult, whether he's on the mike, diving off on eight-foot board or putting on the third green at golf. He got into radio a little more than two years ago, when an enthusiastic uncle brought him to Nilo Mack, CBS children's program director. Before that he'd been a successful model for commercial photographers. He's been in a few movie shorts, but his principal interests are radio and school.

Also in the cast of My Son and I are Gladys Thorson, Asa Addie, Agnes Young as Aunt Minto, and John Picard as Bruce Barrett. Looking at Agnes Young, you'd never guess that she could be the elderly spinster you hear on the air. As a matter of fact, she's unusual in that she plays young roles on the stage and character parts—old ladies, immi- grant women, embittered widows and the like—on the air. Gladys is the author, with his broadcast and his own name, too—though it was only one night's program.

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

JANUARY 2: The Travelling Chef, Richard Kent, will give you some kitchen pointers on his new program, NBC-Blue at 11:30 this morning.

JANUARY 9: That weekly serial, Brent House, is on tonight, at 10:30 on NBC-Blue... with Kathleen Fitz in the role of Portia Brent.

JANUARY 16: Better stay close to home tonight, so you can answer the telephone if Horace Heidt's Pot O' Gold program draws your name. If you're sure to answer when the phone rings, you'll get a thousand dollars—if you aren't you'll only get a hundred... but of course if your name isn't drawn you won't get anything.

JANUARY 23: Information Please is well into its second year of sponsorship tonight—and just as witty as ever. Have you seen one of those short movies they've made out of this clever program?

SAY HELLO TO...

LEE C. MILLAR—the austere judge of Big Town, on CBS at 8 tonight. He's the husband, in private life, of Vera Felton, whom you can read about on page 42. But besides being one of Hollywood's busiest radio character actors, he has a wide range of animal impersonations, and is proud because once he won out over twenty-five others in an audition for the movie version of "The Voice of Bagel Ann." He's also the voice of Pluto, the dog in Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse cartoons—but his face hasn't appeared on a movie screen since 1914, when he was Dorothy Daltion's leading man in one called "Across the Pacific."
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.

Delaware Society Favorite

Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railroad Business Women. The club’s winter dance is a gala function.

A Southerner, tifton-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.

Send for Trial Beauty Kit

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Southern women are famous for their complexion. Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

ANSWER:
"Yes, I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

ANSWER:
"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that makes it look fresh for literally hours!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER:
"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER:
"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection!"

Pond's, Dept. 8 RM CV-B, Clinton, Conn.
Rush samples of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquidifying Cream (quick-drying cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 50¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name__________________
Address_________________
City__________State_____

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WEDNESDAY’S HIGHLIGHTS

Tune-In Bulletin for December 27, January 3, 10, 17 and 24

December 27: Tonight at 8:30 on CBS is your last chance to hear Paul Whiteman on the Chesterfield program. His place will be taken next week by Glenn Miller and his orchestra. . . . Doesn’t seem possible, but Pop Whiteman just passed the twentieth anniversary of his start as an orchestra leader.

January 2: This big night for Glenn Miller and his band—they get their first commercial program, the Chesterfield show at 8:30 on CBS (the Andrews Sisters are on it too), and they open at the Meadowbrook Inn, playing over NBC.

January 10: The winter high racing season opens today at Hialeah Park in Florida. It’s the Inaugural Handicap, and you’ll hear it over CBS.

January 17: Have you heard the new Johnny Presents show on NBC-Blue at 8:00 tonight? It stars Johnny Green and his orchestra, and Beverly, a very sweet singer. January 24: Is Charles Boyer back on the Hollywood Playhouse—NBC-Red at 8:00 tonight?

ON THE AIR TODAY: Orphans of Divorce, on NBC-Blue at 3:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by the R. L. Watkins Company. It’s time this continued drama were brought to your attention, because it hasn’t had much ballyhoo and maybe you’ve missed it—which would be too bad, because the acting performance of Effie Palmer as Nora Kelly Worthington is something that shouldn’t be missed.

Effie Palmer has been working in radio for seventeen full years, and knows everything there is about acting in front of a microphone. But this is her first starring role. She didn’t have it originally, either, because when Orphans of Divorce first went on the air as a once-weekly night-time serial, Margaret Malone had the part. But when it changed into a daily show Effie took over and did a grand job.

Effie was born on a little farm near Albany, New York, but later moved to Boston, where she studied acting. After her graduation she came to New York for a stage career that was soon interrupted by radio. Since then she’s been on the air almost every day, except for brief vacations, and has played every kind of part. She’s married and lives in Brooklyn. Besides Orphans of Divorce, her most important radio role just now is that of Mrs. Eeps in Just Plain Bill.

Playing opposite Effie in the role of Cyril Worthington is another radio veteran, Richard Gordon, who gained fame as Sherlock Holmes when the adventures of that master-detective first hit the air. Before that, though, he’d played in scores of New York dramatic successes with such actresses as Ethel Barrymore, Gertrude Lawrence, and Judiith Anderson. He’s married to the woman who wrote one of the plays he acted in, and they have a grown son.

On Orphans of Divorce you hear one of radio’s most unique actresses—Madeleine Pierce, who makes a very good living by crying, bowing, gurgling and cooing. She’s a baby specialist, although she is also able to do other parts with skill. Madeleine got her unusual talent by imitating her four younger brothers and sisters, but she certainly never thought it would be anything but a parlor trick. She came to New York to study dress designing, gave that up to get married and have a baby of her own, and three years ago she was persuade by her friends to get a radio audition. Only a week after the audition—at which she squealed, chuckled and bowled in a very audition committee had never heard before—she was called to work on an Al Jolson program. On Orphans of Divorce, of course, she plays Baby Sandy.

The other members of the cast are Mrs. Claire Wilson, Pat Pear and Warren Bryant as Juliet, Joan and Dick Warthington; Geraldine Kay and James Krigger as Barbara and Alex Pratt; and Vivia Ogden as Annie.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

MARVIN MÜLLER—whom you hear as Dr. Lee Markham in the Woman in White, NBC-Red at 10:45. Marvin is also a poet, a fact that’s proved by the listing of his name in the "Biographical Dictionary of Contemporary Poets." He began his radio work in St. Louis eight years ago, and now lives in Chicago. Marvin’s married, is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. He also plays the role of Howard Andrews in Midstream, but since that’s on the Blue network at the same time Woman in White is on the Red, he can only be in one show when the action of the other doesn’t need him.
In every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder... but only the opalescent film that lets your own true beauty come shining through.

Find your lucky shade. Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you free. Perhaps my new Champagne Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette—or Natural. Compare all ten—don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one right shade for you.

Make the "Bite Test": When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Next, make exactly the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit. Now you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for four full hours.

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier you!

Lady Esther Powder

FEBRUARY, 1940
**THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS**

* Eastern Standard Time

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>CBS: Today in Europe</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Variety Show</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>CBS: The Wife Saver</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>You Remember</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>NBC: Sane and Good News</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>CBS: Manhattan Mother</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: News</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Happy Jack</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: The School of the Air</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Red: The Family Man</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: Bachelor's Children</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: Life Isn't What It Seems</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: The Right Kind of Whimsy</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Red: John's Other Wife</td>
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<td>Hilltop House</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Just Plain Bill</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: Midstream</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Woman in White</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Sunset Serenade</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>NBC: Red: The O'Neill</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: The Romance of Helen Trent</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Farm and Golden Hour</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: American Life</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: Get Out of Life</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: The Goldberg Sisters</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: The Day Is Ours</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Let's Talk It Over</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Songs and Slides</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: Ideas That Came True</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Betty and Bob</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Valiant Lady</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: My Son and I</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: Hymns of All Churches</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC: Girl Intern</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: Orphans of Divorce</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Mary Martin</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: Kay Nielsen's Lecture Series</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>NBC: Red: The Chase Twins</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Pebble Perkins</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Pepper Young's Family</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: TED MALONE</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Joe and Sally</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: CLIMATE</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Backstage Playhouse</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: Stella Dallas</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Lorenzo Jones</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>NBC: Young Wailer Brown</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>NBC: By Kathleen Norris</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>NBC: Girl Alone</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: Billy and Betty</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Midstream</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: Happened in Hollywood</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: Affair of Anthony</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Jack Armstrong</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: Scattergood Holmes</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Little Orphan Annie</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: The Guest Book</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Fred Waring's Gang</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>NBC: Blue: Mr. Keen, Private Eye</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>NBC: Red: I Love a Mystery</td>
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<td>CBS: Vox Pop</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>NBC: Red: One of the Finest</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>NBC: Red: The Green Hornet</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: One Man's Family</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Strange as It Seems</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Those Who Love</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Major Rovers</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: The Shop in Cleveland</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: It's a Mystery</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Good News</td>
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<td>NBC: Blue: America's Town Hall</td>
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<td>NBC: Red: Columbia Workshop</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
<td>NBC: Red: Happy Jack Graham Dance Hall</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
<td>NBC: Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL</td>
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**December 28: The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand—which is another way of saying that the CBS Americans at Work program, at 10:30 tonight, dramatizes the work of the U. S. Marines. January 4: The Green Hornet, mystery thriller, is on NBC-Blue now, with an installment tonight and another one Saturday. If you like excitement, don't miss it. January 11: Tonight's your last chance to hear Henry Busse's orchestra playing over CBS. He closes tonight at the Netherland Plaza in Cincinnati. January 18: One of those unpredictable Columbia Workshop Plays is on CBS tonight at 10:00. Unpredictable because it might be wonderful and it might be terrible—why don't you listen in and see? January 25: Those We Love, on NBC-Red at 8:30, is gathering more listeners every week for its good acting, good writing, and generally human qualities. Your Studio Snapper thinks you'll like it.**

**ON THE AIR TODAY: The O'Neill's, sponsored by Procter and Gamble Co., heard today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12:15 P.M., E.S.T., over NBC-Red. Tune in The O'Neill's, and it's like dropping into any American family circle—because The O'Neill's is the story of an American family and its friends. It's been on the air for almost six years, and is still one of the most popular of daily serials. The author of The O'Neill's is big, jolly Jane West. She also plays the part of Mrs. Trudy Bailey, in the serial, and has done so ever since it first went on the air. She didn't have an easy time selling her idea for a family serial, because in those days it was considered to have a slice of real life, and too lacking in glamorous romance, to put on the air. Jane argued, however, that everybody likes to know everybody else's business, and that this curiosity couldn't help but make housewives tune in to a story about an ordinary family. She gets her material for The O'Neill's from actual happenings in real life—in fact, when Peggy O'Neill Kheyden had a baby, she had twins—and Miss West herself is the mother of twins. The twins are played on the air by Janice Gilbert, who also is heard as Janice Collins. Janice is another of radio's few baby-specialists, although that's a small part of her versatility. She isn't sixteen yet, but she plays various young-girl roles, from babies to debutantes, and is also an accomplished dialect artist. She looks more of a grown-up young lady than she really is, with her brown curly hair, gray-blue eyes and fair complexion. Mather O'Neill is Kate McComb, a statuesque, white-haired veteran of the stage and radio. Nothing thrills Kate more than having parents write to her that their own children have become more considerate and affectionate after they've listened to her kindly philosophy on the air. Young Danny O'Neill is played by Jimmy Toney, who is as Irish-American as his air character, and who has been on the stage since he was eight. Traveling around the country with his mother in a stock company, he managed to attend twenty-three schools in fifteen states before he completed his education. The other regular members of the long cast are Claire Niessen as Peggy O'Neill Kheyden; Chester Stratton as Monte Kheyden; Jimmy Donnelly as Eddie Collins; Jack Rubin as Morris Levy; Helen Claire as Sally Scott; Linda Carlan as Mrs. Scott; David Gathard as Bruce King; Selena Rayle as Joann; Arline Blackburn as Ellen Turner, and Ray Font as Grandpa Hubbell. And the theme song, in case you hadn't already recognized it, is the Landonerry Air (Danny Boy), played by organist William Meeder.**

**SAY HELLO TO...**

CHARLES CARROLL—Or Dr. Tuffy Scott in Valiant Lady, on NBC-Red at 2:30 this afternoon. Charles probably would be a musician today, except that despite five years of studying the saxophone he never learned how to play popular music—and there isn't much of a living in the saxophone if you limit yourself to the classical kind of music. Charles is six feet tall, and is too superstitious to whistle in a dressing room. He's acted on the stage, and back in 1930 and 1932 he made a couple of trips from Seattle to the Panama Canal on freight vessels, just to see how much he liked traveling on the ocean.
How much more you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they're wadded up and tossed in! And this same principle makes a Kotex™ sanitary napkin less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers...

Kotex has a soft, carefully folded center (with more material where you need it ... less in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally — it's less bulky! Less apt to chafe, too ... for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it's wrapped in gauze!

Why be self-conscious! With Kotex your secret is safe! Pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make embarrassing, tell-tale outlines ... the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

And — for complete peace of mind — remember this. Between the soft folds of Kotex there's a moisture-resistant panel! A special safeguard ... newly developed by the Kotex Laboratories!

Kotex™ comes in 3 sizes, too! Super — Regular — Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers ... flat, tapered ends ... and moisture-resistant, "safety panels." All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS
PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY
COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"
FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

Stella Dallas and Laurel—Anne Elstner and Vivian Smolen.

Tune-In Bulletin for December 29, January 5, 12 and 19

December 29: It's getting near to 1940, and Colonel Stoopnagle solemnly observes the fact by brooding over New Year resolutions on Mutual's Quizzie Doodle show, 8 o'clock. . . . And Mutual celebrates its third anniversary of being a coast-to-coast network with some special gala programs . . . Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra opens at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago tonight—you can listen over CBS.

January 5: There's a championship prizefight coming to you tonight over NBC-Blue from Madison Square Garden in New York—between Melio Bettina and Fred Apostoli for the light heavyweight championship. Bill Stern does the announcing.

January 12: Xavier Cugat's orchestra goes into the Colony Club, reddy-reddy swank Chicago night spot. It will broadcast over NBC.

January 19: Benoy Venuta's book on Mutual these Friday nights—listen to her at 9:30.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Stella Dallas, on NBC-Red at 4:15 this afternoon, E.S.T., sponsored by the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company.

Remember the heart-tugging movie that Barbara Stanwyck starred in a few years back—or the previous one with Belle Bennett as Stella? Well, here are the further adventures of Stella and Laurel and Steven.

Anne Elstner plays Stella, bringing to port all the experience and ability gained in a radio career that goes back to 1923, when she appeared in a radio version of her stage success, "Sun-Up." Old-time radio listeners will remember her as "Cracker" in the long-running serials, "Hilltop Manor." Now she's a Southern girl—born at Lake Charles, Louisiana—and comes to New York to go on the stage. Anne has brown hair, likes to ride, hunt and swim, and hopes to travel when she retires from radio work. She's married, and likes to putter around the house, cook and sew.

In the role of Steven Dallas you hear Arthur Hughes. Talk to him away from the microphone and you'll find that his voice is the same in real life as it is on the air—deep and resonant, and warm with human understanding. He can change it, though, to play villager or gangster, even now and then, for a part on some other program. Like Anne, he likes to travel, but his idea is to see America first—and always has been, even before the war.

He's fond of plain American cooking, doesn't go in for night clubs, and spends many evenings in the theater.

As Laurel, their daughter, Vivian Smolen has her first important radio job. She's a petite New York girl, unmarried and so far not even interested in marriage—in spite of the fact that her love-interest in the serial, Dick Graverson, is played by Macdonald Carey, one of radio's hand-somest leading men. Carey is a comparative newcomer to radio, but he's gone a long way in a short time.

Stella Dallas has two theme songs for your enjoyment—the haunting "Old Re-frain," and "Memories," which is one of the most most day-time serials. The other is "The Man," in the cast are Jane Hunst as Mrs. Graverson, Julie Benell as Helen Dallas, Richard Keith as Arthur Mason, and Arnold Moss as Abe Dallas.

Like all the NBC serials which originate in New York, Stella Dallas is broadcast from one of the tiny studios in Radio City. Sound-proofed and windowless, these small studios honeycomb the third and fourth floors of the big RCA Building, and if you tried to find your way around without a guide you'd probably get lost. The big third-floor foyer, though, is a friendly place, where all the actors and actresses congregate before and after rehearsals. Gossip flies thick and far there, because, with its roominess and comfortable chairs, the foyer is the nearest thing to a club New York radio actors have.

SAY HELLO TO:

ETHEL OWEN—another of the Valiant Lady cast, who plays Abby Trowbridge. You also hear her regularly in character parts on Mr. District Attorney, Sunday evenings on NBC-Blue. Ethel only recently came to New York from Chicago, where she was doing all right on various programs. She just packed up and left, thinking she'd like to see how things were in New York. Now she's doing just as well there as in Chicago. Tall and blonde, Ethel is one of radio's best-dressed women. At rehearsals, when she's not actually at the mike, she sits in one corner of the studio, chatting and crocketing, which she says relases her.

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RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
What’s New From Coast to Coast?

(Continued from page 9)

Don’t ever let yourself be impressed by the glib way Sunda Love, star of the CBS Stepmother serial, can speak French. It sounds wonderful, but the truth is Sunda has a remarkable pair of ears—so remarkable that she has learned to speak French just by hearing it. But she’d be as lost as anybody else in Paris, because she understands the language almost not at all.

Selena Royle had to wait six months before she received congratulations from her husband on her fine work as the star of the CBS serial, Woman of Courage. The reason was that Woman of Courage isn’t broadcast over any of CBS stations near New York, and Earl Larimore, Selena’s husband, never heard her until he went on the switchboard out West. Then he sent her a telegram telling her how good she was.

It will be a long time before South Carolina’s station WCSC broadcasts another “salute to Orson Welles.” On the first anniversary of the Orson Welles “Man from Mars” program which terrified thousands of people all over the country, WCSC put on a fictional radio play in honor of Orson, dramatizing a fantastic story which included a death ray that went berserk and began sucking up and destroying all the atmosphere of the earth. Seven times during the broadcast the story was halted and an announcer carefully explained that it was all in fun—there was no death ray and the earth’s atmosphere was still intact. But by the end of the hour several hundred people had run out of their homes in their night clothes, terrified and the station’s switchboard was swamped with calls from frightened listeners. Locally, it turned out to be almost as big a panic as the Welles affair had been nationally.

So you thought swing musicians were the only ones who ever indulged themselves in jam sessions? Not at all—the dignified instrumentalists of the New York Philharmonic Society can, and do, jive right along with the rest of them. After a particularly hard rehearsal, these musical greats like to swing out in a half-hour jam session, trading instruments, picking up a chance musical phrase and embroidering on it as their fancies dictate, and having a fine time generally. Close your eyes so you can’t see Carnegie Hall’s austere lines, and you’d swear you were in the Onyx Club.

Did you know that Elaine Sterne Carrington, author of radio’s Pepper Young’s Family and When a Girl Marries, recently published a book of short stories too? Its title is “All Things Considered,” and it contains ten short stories, Mrs. Carrington’s favorites among her own work over a period of several years. The publisher is Julian Messner, Inc.
SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

Joe Howard and Beatrice Kay in a Gay Nineties number.

Tune-In Bulletin for December 30, January 6, 13 and 20

December 30: This isn't really New Year's Eve, but you can start celebrating—and your Studio Snoopers bet you will—if you like. ... From 11:30 A.M. to noon, CBS puts on a program from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, Bob Trout announcing. The hour will mark the 10th anniversary of the Exchange—a microwave has been allowed there. ... Desire de Fauw, Belgian conductor, directs the NBC Symphony orchestra for the first time tonight, NBC-Blue at 10:00. ... CBS presents Twelve Crowded Months, reviewing the news highlights of the last year, from 10:15 to 11:15 tonight. ... January 6: Bernardino Molinari, famous Italian conductor, starts a month's series of concerts with the NBC Symphony tonight—NBC-Blue at 10:00 ... Bob Crosby and his orchestra take over the Camel Caravans—tonight at 10:00, NBC-Red.

January 13: One of the quiz shows that has proved its popularity over a long period of months has moved to NBC-Red. It is called What Was Famous As His at 7:00. January 20: There's a rip-roaring aviation-adventure program on CBS at 7:30 tonight, called Sky Blazers, and starring Colonel Roscoe Turner.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Gay Nineties Revue, on CBS from 10:15 to 10:45, starring Joe Howard and Beatrice Kay.

Here's a rambunctious show that kids the living daylights out of the Good Old Days and gives everybody listening a laugh. Everybody is in the CBS playhouse where it originates has a lot of fun too, because all the singers and actors appear on the stage wearing Gay Nineties costumes.

As its master of ceremonies you hear Joe E. Howard, who is 73 years old this January. Quite a character, Joe is. He's been in the entertainment business sixty years, has made and lost $1,500,000 in that time, has written more than five hundred songs, some of them international hits, and since he's been a restraint to the banom-weight boxing championship of the world, has been married seven times and is the proud father of a nine-year-old son, and is still going strong.

You've sung or whistled many of his songs—one you must remember is "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" which sold three million copies. Another big success was "Somewhere in France is the Lilly," which is perhaps the most popular song of all time. The song Joe sings on the Gay Nineties Revue is all those he has written himself, and he's nowhere near the end of the list, though he's been with the show ever since a few weeks after it first went on the air last July.

The Revue's "soubrette" or comedienne is Beatrice Kay, of the high and squeaky voice. Beatrice was a successful stage and night club singer before she came to radio. One of the other members of the company, with Roy Bloch's orchestra, are the Elm City Four—Philip Reep, first tenor, Claude Reese, second tenor, Hubie Hendry, baritone, and Darrell Vasshak, bass—the Flordora Girls, who are Elizabeth Newberger, Marjorie Bullard and Ann Seaton; Billie Green, who appears with Beatrice in comedy sketches of the Gay Nineties; and Broadway Harry, who is played by Frank Lovejoy.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

BERNARDINO MOLINARI—The present conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, heard tonight on the Blue network at 10:00. While not as famous as Toscanini, Molinari is one of Italy's best-known conductors, internationally as well as in his own country. He's tall and rather stern-looking, but the musicians who work with him say he isn't as forbidding as he looks. In music, he likes modern composers almost as well as the classical ones, and you'll probably hear him leading the NBC men in at least one or two new compositions. He's scheduled to continue directing the orchestra through February 3.

Radio and Television Mirror

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it, joyously planning each detail. Then, one sunny day last May, Fibber took his Molly for a drive. Going through the famous Pass into San Fernando Valley, just over the hills from Hollywood, he turned down a shady lane and drove slowly past a white house, set in a garden.

“McGee, look!” suddenly exclaimed Molly. “There’s our dream house come to life. Let’s drive in and pretend it is ours.”

So, McGee, almost bursting with excitement, turned in at the wide gate and drove through the tree-lined driveway straight up to the front door. Then he told her he had discovered this spot the day before, that it was for sale, and that he had brought her out to see it.

Again, it was love at first sight for both of them and a few days before their twenty-first wedding anniversary, they were moving in.

There were tears in Fibber’s eyes that day, tears of happiness that Molly pretended not to see. It wasn’t just that they had their own dream house at last. It was so much more. For finally, after almost a year’s illness, Molly was well again—and would stay well as long as she could live here in the valley, in the warm, health-giving sunshine. Fibber and Molly, together again on the air, sharing a home they’d only been able to share in their dreams until now!

OUTDOOR living—the truly California custom, is carried out in this white Monterey-type house, which gives the feeling of rooms and gardens merging together. Every room on the first floor opens onto the wide terrace, gay with swinging chairs and swings, that extends the entire length of the house in the back. Beyond the terrace is the swimming pool.

Upstairs, the bedrooms open onto the front balcony, and Molly’s room is in the softest shades of peach and green, the colors being repeated in the dressing room and bath. There’s a fireplace for cool evenings and deep comfortable chairs.

In the garden is a live oak, the landmark in the valley, which has its own tradition. Long ago, so it is said, Indians traveled many miles to lean against the tree’s broad trunk, beliefs they would absorb some of its mighty strength. McGee has built a barbecue pit, with all the picnic fixings, under the spreading branches.

McGee’s greatest joy is his workshop. It is fully equipped with machines and gadgets, which Molly says he’s been collecting, for years, and here he indulges in his pet hobby of carpentry.

Just over a little bridge is the playhouse, very complete with a game room across the front, a corner fireplace, and a miniature kitchen.

“We have nearly three acres,” says McGee enthusiastically, “and that’s all the responsibility I want. We’re getting a terrific kick watching our fruit and nut trees, berries and grapes grow like magic. We’re within eight miles of the NBC studios in Hollywood, where we broadcast. There’s a contentment, a peace that is very satisfying, and as our son and daughter love it too, it looks as if we have finally found a place to stay put the rest of our lives.”

"LOVE is your friend when your HANDS are endearingly soft,"

says Nancy Kelly

(20th Century-Fox Star)

Your Hands need not get wretchedly rough and chapped. How other girls help prevent this . . .

You’ll hardly know your hands after just a few applications of Jergens Lotion—they’re so much lovelier! More desirably soft to touch. Jergens supplies beautifying moisture most girls’ hand skin needs, especially in winter. Gives your skin the benefit of 2 fine ingredients many doctors use to help keep your skin to satinsmoothness. Regular use helps prevent sad roughness and chapping. No stickiness! Easy to apply after every handwashing. No wonder more women use Jergens than any other lotion. Have romantic smooth “Hollywood” hands. Start now to use this famous Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00, at beauty counters everywhere.

Get Jergens Lotion today, sure.

CUPID’S MINT

Rough, red hands are so disillusioning! Jergens Lotion furnishes beauty-giving softening moisture for your skin.

FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See our coupon today:—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Send this coupon today to:

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City __________________________ Status __________________________

FEBRUARY, 1940
Visiting Fireman Saves Lady!

1. "Stop that noise!" pleads Mrs. Cates. "I've got trouble enough...with a sinkful of dishes—and the drain clogged tight!"

2. "My Ma knows how to fix clogged drain!" states Fire-Chief Billy, the boy from next door. "She uses some stuff in a can. I'll get her!"

3. silly's Mother appears with Drano—puts Drano down the drain. It digs out all the clogging grease and muck—cleans the drain completely!

4. "That's the easy, modern way to clear a clogged drain!" smiles the neighbor. "And a teaspoonful of Drano every night helps keep drains clean!"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drano to guard against clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

Drano
Cleans Clogged Drains

WHY HUSBANDS HURRY HOME!

It's really amazing to see how you can put new ruth, new temptation, into everyday meals, when wrapping a coin around for food! Actually, these simple-minded muses often get lost, and husbands hurry home because these surreptitious meals are the kind men rare about. Nothing fancy, no frills, just smart cooking ideas.

ONLY 25¢ Wrap stamps or coins safely.

STOP CHAPPING with regular use of...

ITALIAN BALM

1. Safeguards skin beauty against chapping, dryness from in-door heat, hard water, housework.
2. Contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular advertised brands of lotion.
3. Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin. Leaves no stickiness.
4. Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Priced—10c, 20c, 35c, 60c, $1.00 a bottle.

OBER 90 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

Why Artie Shaw Walked Out on Love and Music

(Continued from page 21)

to why he quit; he could not go on and continue to be honest with himself. That self-honesty has torn Artie apart. Ever since I've known him—and that was before an unknowing public made him an idol—he has been one of the unhappiest men. I don't think he has ever been really happy. Too many varying forces have pulled at him and destroyed that delicate balance of soul satisfaction which is so important to every human. So many times he has tried to find himself. Each time he thought he had it in his hands and each time it escaped him.

His agonizing search brought him too quickly from boyhood to maturity. He ran away from home when he was 15. Hestarved and he sweated but the rainbow didn't come any nearer.

When he was 20, he was a successful free-lance musician. He should have been happy but there was a gnawing inside that wouldn't let him alone. He tried to escape his unrest by educating himself. Then he thought he'd found love in a gracious interlude that brought peace and joy and a gentle quiet. But it was a marriage doomed from the first. Three short months it lasted and then it was smashed.

Another dream, another search ended.

THREE years later, he turned his back on the music business for the first time. He wasn't important then and only his co-workers were tired that he was gone. He was hunting again for that elusive wreath of happiness. It had slipped farther and farther away from him. He was honest with himself then, too, and found that music was no longer a joy to him—but a business. With that discovery the wrath vanished. He returned to a farm and tried to write. He married again. The ache was dulled, the daggers in his heart were combed. He failed to ease his unrest by educating himself. Then he thought he'd found love in a gracious interlude that brought peace and joy and a gentle quiet. But it was a marriage doomed from the first. Three short months it lasted and then it was smashed.

Another dream, another search ended.

He fought to beat life. On the surface he dreamt he had and it failed but he shook his head and put another orchestra together and won. There isn't a music lover in America who doesn't know how great that victory was. But it was a material victory. Only for a while did it satisfy the wild longing within Artie. He thought he would be able to do the things he had dreamed about. He longed to play a new kind of swing music, music that kept time to a rhythmic beat of America. Box-office calculators and idol-worshippers wouldn't permit him. They demanded not genius but a mob psychologist.

If you were observant, you caught the first hint of Artie's final decision when reports of his activities on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's movie began trickling in from the Coast. Astonished columnists reported that Shaw refused to repeat the lines of dialogue assigned to him in his starring picture, "Dancing Co-Ed". His excuse was "they sound silly." They couldn't understand that. But if you know Artie, you know that...
now, definitely, he would refuse to compromise with himself, with his own sincerity and honesty.

They attacked him again when word got around that he had bought a huge house in Beverly Hills. The boyce and killers who congregate along Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard thought Artie was showing off. They didn't know that that house was a symbol of happiness to him.

Just a week before he left New York, he told me about his house:

"It's in Hollywood, on a bluff. You can sit there on the front porch and look straight out to the ocean. Look another way, the mountains is your background and the view stretches for 60 miles. It's quiet and it's peaceful—and it's beautiful. I'm going to give up all this soon, and that's where I'm going to live."

It was in Hollywood, too, that Artie and Betty Grable. The gossip hopped on that quickly. Here was another story made to order for the city room and they worried it like a cat worries and tosses a mouse. Betty and Artie parted when he had to head east, but New York was to be their meeting place.

Before he and his band returned to Manhattan, they spent weeks on the road—playing at dance-halls, theaters, hotels. Artie was tired, awfully tired when he reached Broadway and the Strand Theater. He had noticed jitter-bug exhibitionism, he had heard the comments about himself, the remark about Betty and him, and his pride—in himself, in his work, in his band—suffered. When a newspaperman came to interview him, he told him exactly what he thought.

The results of that interview hurt. It was said that Shaw hated jitter-bugs, that he was biting the bands whose applause made him what he was. And Artie had meant nothing of the kind—his remarks were aimed only at a relatively small group of exhibitionists whose poor taste and manners had given swing a bad name. Then Shaw canceled his radio contract and reported that his sponsor had fired him because he had offended his followers.

I was at the Pennsylvania the night he opened. Betty was there, too. It was the first time I had ever seen her and I discovered then what must have drawn Artie to her. He began to talk of marriage again. But Betty's divorce from Jackie Coogan was almost a year in the future. They were together only when he could take a few hours away from work there and spare time from rehearsals. That wasn't the sort of thing he wanted. And music could no longer quiet the longing within him. He began to be dissatisfied with his orchestra. He couldn't transmit to his men the ideas, the inspirations he felt. Music, once again, had come to be nothing but a business. I noticed that, I thought, when I spent an afternoon with Artie and the band at a recording session. Something was gone. The fire, the spirit Artie and his clarinet had given to sometimes prosaic tunes to make them great and unique.

That was when he told me about his California home. He told me how he planned to spend his years there, give up the band business and make whatever money he had to have playing his kind of music as a soloist on radio or records. He would devote the rest of his time to composing and trying to write again. He was ready to seek happiness once more.

That is why his story is incredible. In 22 of the 29 years that Artie has lived, he has lifted himself from poverty, from a background with no advantages, to wealth and glory and security. But he tossed it away because he refused to compromise with life. He left when thousands were calling his the country's greatest swing band and he himself was already known as music's foremost clarinetist. A completely normal person in that position may have withstood the constant pressure of agents with contracts to sign, of autograph hounds, of people on your track day and night with recording dates, theater engagements and dollars—thousands of them—to be made. Another may have taken more quietly the bold theft of his private life—never a look, a word or an embrace that wasn't noted and recorded.

But Artie couldn't. He refused to accept the true with the false; the gold with the dross. He saw no reason why his privacy should be invaded. Why his music, instead of remaining on the high level of art he had set for it, should be commercialized.

He has gone. But, though many disagree with me, I think he'll be back. Once again he'll try. This time, too, there will be no compromise. From now until his return, I believe he will work on another new musical idea. If the public likes it, he will be ready to give it to them. If not? He has the answer ready. Does Betty fit into that picture? I don't think so. A few days before he left, a gossip columnist rumored that Betty already had a new heart interest. That may have hastened Artie's decision. But it had to come. He was nearing the end of his soul-rending, almost breathless search. He had to be free. His self-honesty demanded that he say good-bye to all he had drained the blood of his young years to build.

I hope he gets there this time.

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**DEVIL'S ORGY**

Perhaps you saw the newsreel... "Buildings fall on all sides of me... My own children... Bullets were whizzing everywhere... For three days I wondered like a madman... Finally in the smouldering ruins of what had been our home... I found them!"

Read this poignant story **AMID SHANGHAI'S BOMBS I PRAYED** by Wong Gin Chun in the January issue of the non-sectarian magazine **YOUR FAITH**

At Your Newsdealer's **A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION**

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**SMART MODERNS PREFER**

**DELONG BOB PINS**

Show off your figure with a flattering corseted dress. Show off your hair with secure chignon, fluffy bangs.

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**Military neatness marks her princess dress... and her up-in-front, down-in-back hair do.**
EX-LAX MOVIES

The Taming of Tommy the Terrible

TOMMY: I won't! I won't take that awful medicine! I can't get it down!

MOTHER: All right, young man. I think I know something that you will like!

LATER

TOMMY: M-m-m! Gee whiz, Mom, that's a cinch to take. It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, it's Ex-Lax and it's not only good—it's good for you!

You'll always see them together—a short, fattish one with a large cigar, and a tall, slender one with a penchant for green suits. They're Abbott and Costello, comedians on the Kate Smith Hour, heard every Friday night at 8:00 o'clock over the Columbia Broadcasting System. They break into the studio with a "hi'ya neighbor!" to everyone, go on the air for five or six minutes, never using a script because they prefer to memorize their lines, and then they dash back to the musical show, "The Streets of Paris," in which the boys play the comedy leads. This, not seeming to keep them quite busy enough, the Messrs. Abbott and Costello are playing an engagement at the Versailles, one of New York's fashionable supper clubs.

This three-ring stardom climaxes a hectic career in burlesque and vaudeville, but Bud Abbott (the straight man) and Lou Costello (the fall guy) attribute it largely to Ted Collins, who gave them their first big-time chance on the Kate Smith show. Ted spotted them in a New York vaudeville house and booked them for a one-time spot, which led to another—and finally, they were signed as a regular feature.

Bud Abbott was born in a circus tent at Coney Island and comes from a family long identified with show business. Lou Costello won a scholarship at a prep school for being a crack baseball player; weared of that and hitech-oriented to Hollywood, where he appeared in about sixty silent pictures, playing every conceivable type of part. When walkie-talkies arrived, Lou returned to New York and went into vaudeville. When the straight-man in his act fell sick, Abbott volunteered to step in, and so the team of Abbott and Costello was formed.

Both Lou and Bud married stage girls whom they met in Washington just ten years ago—the first year they started working as a permanent team ... and from all the indications, their zany kind of humor, which seems so made for each other, will keep them together a long time to come.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

From a one-time spot to a regular feature on the Kate Smith Hour—meet funnymen Abbott and Costello.

Mrs. R. I. Richards, Antigo, Wisconsin—Ken Griffin, who plays the leading role in Road of Life and Backstage, Wife is a striking six-footer, who was born in Enid, Oklahoma, thirty years ago. He arrived in Chicago six years ago, a helper on a motor truck with a single dollar in his pocket, and without any previous dramatic experience, he secured a $15.00 a week job as an actor at the Century of Progress Exposition. Later, he took a radio audition which brought him to the air. Ken's one extravagance is his motorboat "Revenge." Some day, when Ken retires from the radio, he'll be found building bigger and better boats.

Miss Shirley Dawson, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada—The cast of the radio drama Big Sister is as follows:

Ruth Evans Brewer, Alice Frost David Brewster, Alexander Kirkland Dr. John Wayne ... Martin Gabel Sue Evans Miller ... Haila Stoddard Jerry Miller ... Ned Weaver Ted Collins ... Junior O'Day Harriet Durant ... Elizabeth Love Wellington Durant ... Charles Webster Asa Griffin ... Teddy Bergman

FAN CLUB SECTION

Miss Dorothy O'Brien of 343 Lakeview Park, Rochester, New York, is president of a newly formed Alice Reinhart Fan Club and is most anxious to enlist a lot of new members. Miss Reinhart plays the role of Chichi Conrad in Life Can Be Beautiful. Cute little Donna Dee of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians now has a fan club in her honor. If you'd like to join it and receive a personally autographed picture of Donna, write to Miss Alice Robertson, 47 No. Bleecker Street, Mount Vernon, New York.

If you would like to join the Jeanette MacDonald International Fan Club, you can do it by writing to Miss Marie Waddy, 567 Smith Street, Buffalo, New York. Incidentally, the club reports that there's a fine prize for the member who brings in the greatest number of new members.

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
spray of fine blood drops. Across the farther door, across the walls on both sides this evidence had flown in a fine spray. Where had the murderer been standing when that first wild shower of drops had flashed evenly from Florice Fanette’s head to those walls? “He must have been standing somewhere, ladies and gentlemen. If a man killed her, some of that blood struck him. And where he stood the wall must be clean. Where is that clear space at all? That, simply, is my point. And I say that until it can be settled we may run the danger of condemning an innocent man.” “We don’t deny this man and his wife quarreled. We don’t deny that he had accused his wife of having too much to drink, and that she cried in anger at his reproach. That is admitted. We do assert that after the quarrel the friends who were spending the night in the room next to the Mallorys, Mr. and Mrs. Burnett, old friends from Hollywood, left the Mallorys. That before they went to their own room, and adjoining room, Florice said to Helen Burnett, ‘When you two have finished with the bathroom let me know. I feel woozy. I’ll take a hot bath.’ Then you heard Helen Burnett testify that while she was brushing her teeth she heard heavy breathing from the adjoining room and called in to her husband, ‘Could Mayne be asleep already? It sounds as if someone was sawing wood in there.’ Helen Burnett finishes her ablutions and calls in to Florice, ‘All clear, Florry!’ and she goes out of the bathroom and hears Florice fussing around in there. Florice turns the key in the lock and calls through the door, ‘Nifty-night, Gus and Helen! Lord, I do feel queer!’ “Not long afterward—Helen Burnett says perhaps fifteen minutes and perhaps half an hour afterward—she hears a bump and a splash and then hears Florice chuckling. Or, she says, it might have been someone laughing in the hall. We know now it was the breathing of a dying woman, but she didn’t know that....”

THE voice went on, on. George was not weary. Tamara, her whole soul and being and consciousness concentrated through the eyes that watched him so fixedly, knew that he believed what he was saying. And when the judge’s turn came to speak, she thought that he believed it, too.

The jury, duly instructed, filed away, and again the court emptied and came in to the little apartment, to look at the papers and rest and await results. The summer afternoon was cold and windy, with grit blowing in the gray unfriendly streets. They went out for dinner, glancing at every newspaper headline they passed; no more news of the Mallory case. At nine George went out to see his client. “No news until tomorrow,” he said when he returned. Tamara was conscious of wishing herself in the middle of next year. After two days of suspense, the jury was unable to agree, and was dismissed.

Martell telephoned George the

**Woman in Love**

(Continued from page 34)
news late at night, and Tamara could see how pleased he was. Another triumph! He and she slept late, and in mid-morning left the dingy city and the flowing fog behind them, and went down to Belmont.

During the strangely quiet two weeks which intervened before Mayne Mallory’s second trial, Tam and George and Mrs. Hutton between them reached a difficult decision—to send little Mary, with Mrs. Hutton, to Europe. On the surface, the only reason for going was to put Mary in a good art school, where she could develop the talent for painting she was already showing. Underneath, and only hinted at, there was another reason—to take Mary and Mrs. Hutton away from the scene of Mallory’s trial, for safety’s sake in case Mullins or Mallory himself might dig up some connection between them and Tam.

They left, going by way of the Panama Canal, a few days before the trial began, leaving Tam in that mood of exhaustion and flatness and heartaches that only partings give.

The campaign for many municipal offices, including that of district attorney, ran its course parallel to that of the second Mallory trial. George made speeches, raced about the city in a big car, was cheered at large meetings. Mayne shuffled in and out of the familiar shabby court room, sat dully staring at the floor, or raised heavy eyes to study the animated, confident face of his old enemy, Mullins. Mayne had dismissed George with dramatic dignity, to George’s and Tam’s enormous relief, and his lawyer this time was the famous old criminal defense star, Willoughby.

Mullins had found fresh evidence. He produced witnesses to the fact that Mayne when he had been drinking was a man given to violent displays of passion; he had once kicked a polo pony almost to death; he had injured a bellboy once by knocking him down.

“They’ve got him this time,” George said.

Quite suddenly, without the threatened recoup and despite the dire predictions of Mullins, George was elected district attorney.

“Well, that’s over,” George said on election night, as they walked home after spending the evening at old Judge Moore’s house, where they had heard the returns.

“The only thing now is the verdict,” Tam said. “When that’s settled one way or the other—then I’ll feel that I can start making a home for you!”

“You started a long time ago,” George told her. “But about the verdict. If it goes against him he’ll not bother us long. But if they find him innocent, or the judge gives him life, then we may have Mayne to deal with again.”

Three days later George returned home at midmorning.

“Guilty?” she whispered when she saw him.

“Try were out all night,” he said.

“They came back at ten-twenty this morning. Guilty, and no plea for clemency or anything else.” Judge Oppenheim will sentence him Monday. They say he’s to die in the week of December 10th.”

Tam sat silent, stricken. She had expected it, but it was none the less a thunderbolt when it came.

“They take him to San Quentin tomorrow. Tam, he wants to see you before he goes.”

The last color drained from her face. Her lips moved without making a sound.

“I know,” George said. “But he has asked for you. Willoughby came to the office and told me an hour ago. He doesn’t know anything. He just said that Mallory had always admired my wife and had an old friendship with her, and he would like very much to see her.”

“George, I could not!” I—would faint, I think. I could not.” But before George could speak, Tamara’s mood had changed, and she added in a whisper of infinite distress, “He is a dying man. Perhaps he never meant to be what he is, perhaps it isn’t all his fault. If it made him feel happier….”

There was a long silence.

“Tam, it seems the turn of the screw,” George said. “I know how you dreads it. But it’ll be tonight, only for a few minutes.”

Her face was ashen and her blue eyes looked black.

“Of course,” she said quickly. “Of course I’ll go!”

Tam kept close to George as they crossed a wide marble-floored entrance hall with a domed roof, entered large doors and walked down strange hallways scented with carbolic acid, past guards and warders, to a large room where there were four or five newspapermen, as many cameramen, several officers—and Mayne. Mayne saw them at once and got up from his chair.
They sat down at the end of the table, and Mayne took a chair that made their group somewhat apart from the others in the room.

"It surely is a long time since you and I have talked together, Tamara," Mayne said. And remembering what he had been, she found something heartbreaking in this hint of the old gallantry and ease.

"Oh, a long time!" Tamara agreed, her face colorless. Mayne looked heavily at George.

"I am surely in a mean jam, Mr. Davis," he said. "If you and I hadn't split, I'd be a free man tonight."

Oh, I don't think you can say that. We might have put up a better show, but you never can be sure with a slyy at George said. "It's too bad. You'll appeal, of course."

"He said so," Mayne answered indifferently. "But I think our best bet is the governor."

"He's a pretty hard man," George said doubtfully.

"Rose?" "Sure," Mayne conceded. "And that's why we want Tamara to get at him."

The old stupid, easy arrogance, the determination to get to the bottom of the matter, the significance of the glances he occasionally sent toward her, as one who had a secret understanding with him, all chilled Tamara's heart with a deadly chill. She tried to manage a sickly smile in answer to him.

"I don't know the governor," she said.

"That doesn't make any difference," Mayne assured her. "You get in touch with him, see? You tell him why you want him to let me off, see?"

"Yes, I think the next move could very well be an appeal to the governor," George said briefly. He looked at Tamara, whose expression of reluctance and sickness betrayed the misery she was in, and he put a hand over hers. "That will be quite simple, Tam," he said, "and not more than anyone would do for an old friend."

"If you want to put it that way!" Mayne said significantly.

"You know I will do all I can for you, Mayne," Tamara said for herself in a rather faint voice, but quickly, "George did do all he could."

"But he ran for the office of district attorney right in the middle of my trial!" Mayne said angrily. "I saw him giving just about half his attention to my case, and I switched to Willoughby."

"You told me to get out," George reminded him mildly.

"Well, they told me Willoughby could swing it," Mayne muttered.

"I thought he might myself," George said.

Mayne regarded him gloomily in the silence that followed. Then he seemed to make up his mind to take the plunge. "Maybe you don't know just exactly what good friends Tam and I used to be," he said, with his old trick of narrowing his eyes on a faint superior smile. "This is an important thing to me, Davis, and I'm not going to mince words with you. Your wife wrote me a letter a few years ago; I've got it—we don't need any of that 'old friend' talk. What she's got to tell the governor is that she and I were sweethearts a long time ago. She got her husband to defend me because she still remem-

bers—that's the line! No woman ever gets away from her first love; everyone knows that. What do I care what he thinks as long as he signs a pardon?"

Tamara was very white. She spoke simply.

"You don't think for one moment that George doesn't know all you know of me, and more?" she said. "I'm not quite such a fool as that."

Mayne looked from one to the other, suspiciously.

"Well, maybe he does," he said.

"And maybe he'd like to look at that."

From his pocket he took a folded sheet of pale blue paper. This was not a long letter; it was but a dozen lines. She knew them all. George glanced at it, leaned toward his wife.

"Here, you'll want that back again," he said.

"You aren't going to get away with it just the same," Mayne said sharply. "I'm in a tight corner, and you've got to get me out! I've never told anyone a word of this; I've never mentioned Tamara Todhunter to any one. But you threw me down—and I could make it hot for you, Davis!"

You talk it over with Willoughby," said George, still speaking quietly, "and if you both think it the wisest thing Tam will certainly write to the governor, or see him."

"Write him, nothing," Mayne said.

"You've got to play this up big. Her old love returns—she will fight for his life—"

"I think I would rather have you do anything you can do, Mayne, than that I should do that," Tamara said with sudden spirit.

"How d'you mean, you'd rather have

---

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Famous Medicated Cream Helps Restore Natural Skin Beauty — Over 15,000,000 Jars Used Yearly!

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For a trial jar—write today.

FEBRUARY, 1940

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me do anything I could? You aren't going to have much reputation left, anyway, when I get through.

"Don't talk like a fool, Mallory; you're only wasting breath," George said, rising. "I've told you Tamara and I'll do what I can for you—just as long as you keep your personal affairs under your hat. By spreading stories about her, you'll only hurt yourself. San Francisco loves her; they don't care what she did or didn't do eight years ago."

Mayne said hotly, "Maybe not, but just the same a story that she once loved me and is willing to sacrifice anything—everything—to save me, would go over just as big as ever! And that's what I want her to do."

"Nonsense!" George said sharply. "I think you're crazy." He folded the blue paper and put it into his breast pocket. "I think I'll keep this for a while, to be returned to you if the right occasion arises. Come on, Tamara! White lines were showing at his jaw.

NOT so fast," Mayne said, rising too. "You can't get away with it! You'll write a nice letter to the governor and be sorry when they hang you! Well, I won't have it. Either you do like I want you to, or tomorrow morning the papers'll have the whole story."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't." They were all three standing now, and the watchful guard moved a little nearer. "Anyway," said Mayne, "I'll be photographed kissing my daughter good-bye."

There was a silence. Tamara sat down again.

"That makes a difference, doesn't it?" Mayne said. "Yes, I know about my little girl. Nobody ever knew I knew, but eight years ago I was sick in a hospital with a cut foot. The nurse I had talked to—she's dead now. She didn't tell me any names, only that she'd had theatrical people before; she'd taken care of a little actress that was having a baby a few months before! Somehow I tied it all up. I'd bring in Tam's name and watch her; I'd lay traps, and she fell into them all. She talked about Bellmont; she'd been there until a few weeks before my case.

"One day after I got well I went to Belmont. The rest was easy—Tam and I went to the gas station identified Tam, and I went up the road to the Hutton place. The old lady was there, digging plants, and the kid with her."

Tamara and George, seated again, regarded him in silence. Tam's face was drained of color.

"If you feel that way about it," she said presently, in a dead voice, "then there's nothing more to say. Mary is rich in Europe, you couldn't see her. But I suppose you could hurt her—"

scar her. I'll go to the governor. I'll talk him over—I'll get something, retrieve or retial or pardon—something." She stood up, lovelier, George thought, than he had ever seen her before—her eyes dark, her mouth set like a watchful guard.

"Well, remember time counts," Mayne said ungraciously. He tapped George's arm. "Perhaps you'll hand me that letter, F.," he said.

"I think I'll hold it," George answered. "You'll get it back, but I'm going to keep it now."

"Oh, no, no!" Mayne said.

"Mayne," Tamara began quickly, "can't you be generous? You weren't generous to me; but I've forgotten all that!"

"How do you mean I wasn't generous?" A dull, ugly red crept up under Mayne's unhealthy looking skin.

"I suppose you're hinting now that all that—eight years ago—was my fault! Throwing that up to me! You weren't to blame at all, oh, no! Women never are—it's always the man—but you can bet your life the women know what they want—"

Words, quiet, swift, incredible poured from her. Tamara stood looking at him, panting a little, the fingers of one hand lightly touching her check.

"Oh, no, no, no! I was never like that!" she said in a whisper.

"You can shut up, Mallory!" George said, not raising his voice. But the hand moved, and the clenched knuckles connected with Mayne's jaw. George had one arm about Tamara as the big figure went down heavily like a log. Mayne's head striking something with a horrible, meaty sound as he fell. "Come on, Tam, let's get away from here!" George was rushing her through the group that instantly collected about them. "You know where I am," he said impatiently to an officer who tried to bar their way. "You know where to find me!"

TAM was frightened: Mayne's great limp body looked so boneless and helpless as men raised it from the floor.

"What happened?" the sergeant demanded at the door.

"Nothing. The man is a damn fool!" George said harshly. "Let us pass. We wish to get my wife out of this!" The officer stood back; Tam and George went out together.

Mayne Mallory never recovered consciousness. Two days later he died.

Has George's one moment of fury wrecked his and Tam's whole future? Read the enthraling final chapter of "Woman in Love" in the March issue of "Radio and Television Mirror" on sale at your favorite newsstand January 25.
arms around me. I've seen love and faith in his eyes!

"Dear, darling Brenda," he has said over and over and over, "never doubt I love you. It's my fear of losing you that keeps me jealous. Love me enough to understand!"

Bless Ben Porter for hurrying to me with the news that Grant had telephoned me at Pierre's a dozen times—been told I would be given his message—that I was too busy to come to the phone. And not one message did I get.

Now, of course, I'll stop working for Pierre. I'm needed—at home.

September 21st,

I was very gay today. I went with Mimi to a grand cocktail party. She wants to be friends, apparently, and for Grant's sake I'm glad to hoist the white flag, too.

I haven't told Grant about Mimi. I didn't want to hurt him or worry him. Besides if he refused to believe some of the more incredible things she's done I couldn't blame him. For Mimi has never done anything but generous and loving things to him.

But to get back to the cocktail party...I wore my new forest green suit. Peter Van Doorn, a portrait artist I met at Southampton, was there. And he implored me to sit for my portrait.

"Women with Titian hair often wear green," he said, "and it's fitting they should. But they wear jade usually. You would know enough to wear that darker shade."

September 22nd.

Peter is painting my portrait. I had my first sitting today.

Last night at dinner Mimi and Grant and I were talking of Grant's birthday which is only a few weeks off. And I decided to give him my portrait. So later, while he and Mimi were having coffee, I stole into the library, telephoned Peter, and arranged for sittings.

It's going to be just a little difficult sitting for Peter. He isn't all business. But soon he'll discover it's really a portrait I want—not love-making and not flattery. Then we'll get on splendidly.

Later.

Peter just telephoned that Grant had come to his studio in a rage!

At first Peter denied I had been there. He knew, he said, that I wanted my portrait to be a surprise. But Grant found my bag stuffed in the side of a chair.

Now my surprise is ruined. Grant will understand when I explain—I hope. And tomorrow I'll pick up the sketches Peter has made and tell him I can't go on with it.

What most concerns me is how Grant knew I was at Peter's studio. I didn't use the family car. I took a taxi. Could Mimi have eavesdropped on my telephone call?

If only Grant wouldn't walk into the traps Mimi sets, counting on his jealousy. If only Grant wouldn't be jealous. He'll bring disaster to all of us if he doesn't learn to discipline his emotions. I'm sure of it. . .

September 23rd.

Peter Van Doorn has been murdered!

It was four o'clock when I left Peter's studio. And he was alive.

Grant reached Peter's studio at four-thirty. And he was dead.

"Let me tell you about it from the beginning," Grant said tensely. "I called home here this afternoon to make my peace with you. I wanted to apologize for not coming home last night—after I'd found your bag in Van Doorn's studio and he'd lied to me about you being there. You know all about that, of course. He telephoned you, naturally.

"Well, when I called here Joseph told me he had driven you to Van Doorn's studio and you had told him not to wait. I went after you. And found Van Doorn on the floor, a knife beside him. It was pretty horrible. . . ."

September 24th.

They've arrested Grant. They traced me through the notations in Peter's appointment book. And the elevator boy they brought to identify me accused Grant.

"There's the gentleman I told you about," he announced excitedly. "There's the gentleman who was so white and shaky when he left poor Mr. Van Doorn's studio and I took him down in my car. . . ."

Grant's fingerprints tally with the fingerprints on the knife. I knew they
November 19th.

I've found "J.L." of the unfinished portrait! Her name is Judith Litchfield. I saw her in court and followed her home. But she dared me to put her on the stand.

"I'll tell them Peter Van Doorn was painting my portrait," she defied me. "I'll tell them I was in the studio when he was murdered. And I'll tell them I saw your husband kill him!"

Hellman began not to bring her into evidence, nevertheless I've heard her called. Grant feels, with me, that she may break under cross-examination.

November 20th.

Judith Litchfield went on the stand today. And she testified as she said she would.

"I saw the defendant stab him," she concluded. And there was no question about her effect on the jury.

"I doubt," Hellman told me coldly, "that even you can save your husband now."

And Mimi looked at me with hate naked in her eyes.

I wore a simple black dress as Hellman had instructed me to do. I took the stand. And I testified in the way Hellman had instructed me.

"I was lonely in New York," I began. "Mr. Van Doorn was kind to me. At first I didn't know he expected favors in return for his friendship... . . ."

Every word I uttered gave me pain. I had to keep telling myself they were only words and that words could save Grant I should give them gladly.

"But when Mr. Van Doorn did ask favors," I went on slowly, "Grant sprung to his feet. "Stop," he cried. "Stop, Brenda, stop!"

The judge rapped for order. The District Attorney asked for a mistrial, because it was a plot to influence the jury.

Then, down the center aisle, came a man no longer young, a man with a face the color of ashes. Every eye in the court-room was upon him. The attendants let him pass. And the air was fraught with tension, the way it always is before a storm. That man came up to the judge's bench to the storm broke.

"Drowned Peter Van Doorn!"

He screamed it. "I'm the husband of Judith Litchfield who has just testified. Men like Van Doorn should be drowned like rats. It's an innocent man die for my crime."

Then, before anyone had fully grasped his words—there was the sharp report of a pistol. Yell—gladly I thought—to the floor while Judith Litchfield screamed.

November 21st.

Grant is home! Grant is free! We're going to drive into the country and rest for a while at an old inn you know about. We're taking the children with us.

In many ways I feel I should go off with Grant alone. On the other hand the children have come through a frightful time too. I don't want them to feel even a little slighted now.

A woman with children who takes a second husband is sure to come through with a new love antenna. For she must anticipate even those trivialities of conduct that might cause her husband or her children to feel inferior.

But one thing has happened to make me hope that the future will be brighter. Mimi has left New York. I think she felt a little ashamed, when she saw how far I was really willing
to go to save Grant ... and when she saw how staunchly Grant supported me. I feel no bitterness toward Mimi.

January 12th.
How quickly life can change! For more than a month I have felt safe, happy. And now . . .

Tonight, as a treat for the children, Grant and I had our dinner in the nursery suite. Fran, learning to assume housewifely duties, had ordered our dinner.

These days I include Grant in the little treats I plan for Dick and Fran. I used to arrange such treats when he would be busy and I would be free. But I think this the better way.

Our evening started off beautifully. Then Nana Norton arrived. She's an actress. Once she and Grant were practically engaged. In a way she's attractive. But I wonder about her.

She complained she had no show on Broadway because no one will put up money for a musical production right now.

"The Broadway money men must be insane, Nana," Grant retorted.

Personally I'd consider a production in which you starred a fine investment!"

Nana turned his polite remark into an out and out offer.

Tomorrow Grant is lunching with Nana and her manager, Higgins. I trust Grant and Higgins. I said so, and Grant resented what he called my "feminine snap judgment."

January 15th.

Ben Porter investigated Nana for me. A few years ago she caused a divorce in the Jonathan Cook family. And right now she is threatening a fine young man who is half infatuated with her with blackmail.

February 25th.

I know now how right I was in mistrusting Nana. Grant decided to back her new show. I didn't say anything. I only prayed he wouldn't get hurt—and hoped I wouldn't.

But she is a great star, and her show was a great success when it was put on a week ago. Grant thinks she is wonderful, and refuses to believe anything against her.

Last week-end a party of us went skiing in New England. It was Nana's idea.

The last day we were there Grant and Nana got lost. She started down the wrong side of the mountain and, of course, he went after her. When darkness came they took shelter in a summer cabin.

"Fortunately," Grant told me later, "there was food in it!"

I didn't tell him that one of the local men who searched for them with me had told me the cabin in which we found them belonged to Benny Higgins, Nana's manager.

I did say I doubted that Nana really had sprained her ankle—that I thought that had been her ruse so he would carry her.

And never before has Grant been so angry with me. He left for the office without kissing me good-bye. But I think he was as angry as he was because he knew I told the truth.

That means it won't be long now before Grant and I will be good friends again . . . without unspoken differences between us.

The 28th.—Later.

What an optimist I was when I made the entry above.
COSMETIC SKIN—little blemishes and enlarged pores—spoil good looks. Don’t risk it! Make sure you remove stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly. Use all the cosmetics you like, but let Hollywood’s ACTIVE-lather facials give your skin the protection of perfect cleansing. Buy three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today. Use it during the day—ALWAYS at bedtime. It’s a care your skin needs to stay soft and lovely.

Grant and I are through, finally and completely. When he reached home this evening he had not regained his good temper. But that isn’t what I can’t forgive him. It’s the fact that he turned on the children!

Dick and Fran were cutting out pictures of Grant and Nana and me. The newspapers featured a story about Grant, wealthy theatrical producer, and Nana, star of his musical production, being lost overnight in the snowy mountains of New England. “Does the whole house have to be upset,” Grant stormed, “just because you children take it into your heads to cut a lot of stupid pictures out of the paper?”

They gathered up their papers and scissors and scurried away like frightened little animals. But at the door Dick found his courage. “You never did like us anyway,” he told Grant. “Not really, not the way our own father would like us if he was there.”

“You’re an ungrateful little boy,” Grant said.

And Fran, sobbing in the hall, kept calling “Dick . . . Dick, come on . . . Don’t say anything . . . Dick, please . . .” I thought, sitting there, listening to those I love quarreling, that my heart would break.

February 26th.

The children and I are living in a hotel. Once again I’m faced with the fact that I must earn a living. After last night it would be impossible for Grant and the children and me to live together. And once again I’m confronted by my photograph in the newspaper.

I don’t blame Grant for making our separation public. It was Nana undoubtedly who set the press on our trail. For the more definitely she can estrange Grant and me the better it will suit her. It’s Grant’s money she wants. And the way she would be most certain of getting it—and keeping it—would be by marrying him.

Ben Porter brings me contrite messages from Grant. He asks that the children and I return or that I let him take care of us financially, at least. But in all instances my answer must be “no.”

March 7th.

I’m in the theater. Fantastic and unbelievable, that’s what life is!

Several days ago Christopher Harwood, the famous producer, called on me. He saw my picture in the paper and considered me the ideal type for the leading feminine role in “The Girl from Arizona,” which he’s about to produce.

He asked if I would read for him and his associates—so they might determine whether it would be possible to coach me for the part. I read for them and—as I thought and as they feared—I wasn’t up to anything like a leading role. Finally, however, they signed me to play a maid.

Raymond Rogers, the leading man, is charming. He goes over my lines with me and shows me how to get the most out of them. He takes me to luncheon. And several times when newspaper reporters have besieged me for statements about my personal affairs he’s been invaluable in helping me avoid their more embarrassing questions.

Today Grant was waiting at the stage door when Raymond Rogers and I started out for luncheon. So the three of us went along together.

Raymond had to rush back to the theater because Helen Hope, who is playing the feminine lead, was being difficult about many things. So Grant and I did have a little time alone. And I was glad. It was the first time I’d seen him since I moved away from his home.

“Brenda darling,” he said, “I want you to know that Nana Norton isn’t important to me. She never was personally. And now I’ve had enough of her professionally, too. As soon as this play closes I’ll say good-bye to her. For good.”

He looked at me tenderly and meaningly. “She’s cost me dearly,” he added.

I believed him. I’ve never thought Nana was important to Grant personally or emotionally. But now I wonder.

This afternoon Benny Higgins stopped in to watch our rehearsal. He was, he explained, leaving for Hollywood within a few hours—to get things under way for a picture in which Grant is backing Nana.

And the evening papers corroborated his story.

I’m hurt and confused. Never before has Grant told me an untruth.

Has Grant committed some new folly that will ruin the understanding he and Brenda are so frantically searching for? Can a young widow really be happy in a new marriage? Be sure to read the concluding instalment of “Second Husband,” in the March issue of Radio Mirror.
THE KITCHENER-WATERLOO Y. M. C. A. CHORUS . . . tuned to CFRB, Toronto, or CKCR, Kitchener, any Sunday night at ten o'clock, you'll hear a half-hour of negro spirituals, popular songs, ballads, marches and hymns by forty fresh young voices.

Those kids really have something. I'd heard them myself on several occasions, and marveled at their musical proficiency and the sweet and earnest quality of their singing. But when I heard the story behind the Kitchener-Waterloo Y. M. C. A. Chorus I marveled even more. This teen-age group of 36 young gentlemen, and six very charming young ladies, cannot read a note of music. It sounded like a gag, but Don McLaren, their talented conductor, explained the why and wherefore. The chorus is never allowed to see a note or a word. In other words, the conductor is the boss; the chorus is the instrument upon which he plays. He thinks, acts, and all but sings for forty young persons (who can't read a note of music among them, remember), and the chorus never sings a number in public or on the air until it has been thoroughly learnt.

Now, that in itself is remarkable, but when I tell you that this is a sponsored program that isn't commercial, you will begin to feel some of my own bewilderment when I explored this unusual and, to say the least, refreshing setup.

J. M. Schneider is head of J. M. Schneider, Limited, and J. M. Schneider, Limited, is the biggest thing in the little town of Kitchener, Ontario. Schneider bacon and other products are justly famous; Mr. Schneider is very proud of them. So, when he sponsors the Kitchener-Waterloo Y. M. C. A. Chorus he insists that there be no sales talks on his program! It all came about because of Mr. Schneider's philanthropic interest in the work of the Y. M. C. A., an interest that has extended over the years.

It all gave me a bit of a heart-warming glow. After all, radio is a business, very often a hard-boiled business, and to find a genuine case of "one for all and all for one," without thought of a material reward, leads to pleasant reflections that "human nature isn't so bad when you get down to bedrock."

Don McLaren, who was born at Maniwaki, Quebec, was employed by the Y. M. C. A. during the World War to direct entertainment and educational work amongst the garrison at Quebec City. He is a graduate of McGill University. In 1926, he was in charge of the boys' work at Quebec City Y. M. C. A., following which he took charge of the Kitchener "Y" where he has been for the last ten years.

All membership of the chorus is on a purely voluntary basis, with a waiting list, in case someone should have to drop out. The boys and girls work in and around Kitchener in factories and stores and with insurance companies.

The program has also been a matter for civic pride. On every broadcast some prominent resident of Kitchener gives a little talk on the history of Kitchener, its development, etc.

These are the members of the chorus: first tenors, Fred Handy, Bill Stumpf, Claude Chislitt, Jim Brown, Frank Cottingham; second tenors, Lloyd Current, Rex Carson, Max Zink, Stan Bock, Cam Williams, Ken Brand, Geo. Ruhlman, John Sheard, Jeff Hancock; first basses, Stewart Snyder, Harry Hihn, Vincent Dietrich, Jack Slumkiski, Ken Henrich, Harold Seifried, Art Seabrook; second basses, Ed. McAvoy, Walter Bentley, Ted Oudmore, Albert Gammon, Frank Dancey, Harold Current, Bob Brown, Ted Wright; girls, Edna Franks, Gert Franks, Evelyn Weis, Rita Weis, Phyllis Current, accompanist, Dorothy Schweitzer.

Try the Kitchener-Waterloo Y. M. C. A. Chorus on Sundays at 10 p.m. over CFRB, Toronto, and CKCR, Kitchener, for a half-hour of charm and vitality. At the very least, I can guarantee no commercials on this sponsored program.

WHEN NERVOUS TENSION GETS YOU DOWN JUST USE THIS GUM FROM FLAVOR-TOWN

It is always refreshing and restful. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 Flavors of Beechies (candy coated)—Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Below is the famous "Beever" town of Canajoharie, N.Y.—known for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.
MAMMOTH 1940 CONTEST NOW RUNNING
WE WILL PAY $5,000.00 in prizes
FOR FORTY TRUE STORIES

Year after year Macfadden Publications, Inc., extends to men and women everywhere a wonderful opportunity to add handsome sums to their incomes by setting down in words true stories that have happened in their own lives or the lives of friends or acquaintances.

Already we have paid out over $500,000 in prizes alone for True stories and in addition we have purchased many hundreds of other true stories at our liberal word rates. Of this vast sum, a large, a very large percentage has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication.

This year we have received stories that have lived or observed a story that we would publish gladly if we could write it and send it in. Do not feel that because you have never written that you cannot write. If these other men and women had felt that way they would be poorer by perhaps a half million dollars. Surely, on one side or the other, there is only one—can do it—I will do it.

In most cases our story tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings, and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly. No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure, or success. If it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, hardiness of how skilfully written they may be.

Just as at the time at each of the best ten stories received will be awarded the munificent sum of $1,000 and to each of the next thirty true stories will be awarded the handsome sum of $500. And don't forget that the two story falls with whom prize-winning quality will we gladly consider if you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, bet to mail the copies we have to correspondence, win them to the editors and do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making such a copy with which we can receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

And if you have finished your story, send it in. By cooperating with us in the way you help to avoid a last minute fumble, inspire your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Contest closes Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

CONTEST RULES
All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of others or in your own. Stories must be written in English. Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us unsolicited copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words. Do not send unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on only one side of paper, only your name on paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper. Ask a small flat. Do not roll. Do not write ANYTHING on PAGE ONE of YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND YOUR OWN WRITING. THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT, HIGHLIGHT YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME. Print your full name and address on mailing container.

Our Gal Sunday's Romance
(Continued from page 15)

When they were called, Bill and Sunday had roamed the hills together, fishing in the tumbling mountain stream, sharing thoughts and experiences and confidences. But lately something had happened. They could not talk to each other any more except in stiff, difficult sentences, and each seemed afflicted with an intolera-

able shyness in the presence of the other.

"It isn't that I'm jealous," Sunday said, keeping his eyes on the floor. "I guess you—know how I feel about you. I don't mean to tell you. If you'd have me I'd be the happiest man in the world. But if you should find somebody else you like better—and if you only tell me—why then, I'd know where I stood, and I could wish you all the luck in the world—"

Sunday said affectionately, "Dear Bill. I wish—oh, I wish I loved you the way you want me to. Maybe I do, and don't know it yet."

"Then you're not talking to me, with this Brinthon fellow?" Bill asked.

"Oh, no!" she said too emphatically. "Why, I hardly know him!"

"Well, he's been spending a good deal of time up here, and the other night I saw you out riding in his big car."

"He was just being nice."

Sunday insisted stoutly. "And as soon as he gets his business affairs straightened up here, he'll go away and I'll probably never see him again."

Why should that prediction, made so deftly, make him turn a little cold with the fear that it might be true? She—didn't she mean it?

"Yeah, I see!" she blurted out, perhaps more doubtful.

Also do not write, or at least not more than one manuscript, but not more than one manuscript will be awarded to any individual in this contest. As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected. Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories. This contest is open to every one everywhere. In the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at regular rates, and they can lose the chance of being paid for it. Under no condition submit any story that has ever been published in any form. Submit your manuscripts to us directly. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material in a direct and not through an intermediary. With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage. This contest ends Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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(Continued from page 15)

"How could he be? What did you tell him?"

"Didn't tell him nothing. But he's a real feller, and he knows Arthur didn't just melt into thin air. He's been talkin' to Lively, too. Found

IMPORTANT! The winners of Radio Mirror's Hobby Lobby contest will be announced in the March issue.

ON SALE JANUARY 26

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
Lively complained that everybody was acting pretty glum, when you considered it was Sunday's wedding day. He pointed out that Sunday was pale and jumpy. Jackey's face was so long it scraped on the ground, and even Bill didn't seem to know how lucky he was.

There might have been a good reason for Sunday's pallor—she'd fallen off her horse a few days before the wedding, and scratched her arm so badly that it had to be bandaged. But when Lively asked her if it wasn't hurting her more than she let on, she said it wasn't, in a tone that sent him away grumbling to himself even more.

All the same, Lively's concern was justified. The whole arm was numb, with a sort of dull, burning numbness, and Sunday knew that its condition was reason enough for postponing the wedding. But she didn't dare postpone it. Another day might not be able to stand quietly while the minister made her and Bill man and wife. Another day, the vision of Henry Brinthrope's face might send her flying into his arms.

All morning on her wedding day, she held fast to one thought—that in marriage to Bill there lay safety, and in trying to fill her mind with it so completely that there would be room for nothing else. And she succeeded, until she entered the little church in Silver Creek, and saw Bill waiting for her at the altar. She tried to smile at him, then, though her lips felt stiff. Then her eyes slipped past Bill, and found Henry, standing alone in one of the pews, looking at her so intently that she knew he was aware of anyone else in the room. She took another step forward, but her legs wouldn't carry her very well, and her arm felt as if it were burning up, and suddenly she didn't know anything else at all.

A week later Sunday was still in hospital at the little Silver Creek hospital, recovering from the attack of blood-poisoning, due to her injured arm, which had interrupted the wedding. It had been good to have this respite, she knew now—good both for herself and Bill. She'd been able to think things out, quietly and alone, and in the process she'd realized that it wouldn't be fair for her to marry Bill, no matter how much he wanted her.

When she was better, she'd tell Bill she couldn't marry him, and if Henry hadn't left Silver Creek by then, she'd get Jackey and Lively to let her go away to college, so she could start life all over again. But meanwhile, it was pleasant to lie here in this bright, sunny room, with its flowers and books, and jumpy Jackey to look over and see Jackey and Lively and Bill and Henry every day.

She looked up eagerly as she heard the voice of the nurse out in the hall. "Just a minute, please. I'll see if she's awake."

The nurse entered and said, "There is a woman to see you. She says her name is Miss Morehead."

"Miss Morehead?" Sunday puzzled.
"I don't know any Miss Morehead—"

But Miss Morehead herself had already followed the nurse into the room. Sunday saw a large, flashily-dressed woman, with curly blonde hair under a big hat, and a face that was at once guarded and belligerent.

"I'm Violet Morehead," the visitor announced. "I'd like to see you alone, if I might."

She seated herself, drew out a cigarette case, and the nurse, disapprovingly, left the room; then she blew a cloud of smoke at Sunday and came to the point.

"I CAME here," she said, "to find out whether anything to you to have me keep quiet about who killed Arthur Brinhoppe."

"Who—killed?" Sunday's lips could barely form the words. "But I don't know what you're talking about."

"Quit the kidding," Violet Morehead advised brusquely. "I know you don't want—your guardian, or whatever you call him—hurt Arthur. And I know you'd hate to see the old boy get into trouble over it. I'm willing to keep quiet—for ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars! Why—I haven't got it. And besides—"

"You can get it, or I'll go straight to Henry Brinhoppe and tell him what really happened to that brother he's been trying to find. He'll punish, wouldn't he? The information was worth the ten thousand."

"But where could I get that much money?" Sunday cried in despair.

Violet Morehead's hard eyes narrowed. "If you're smart," she remarked, "you can get it from Henry."

She stood up, dropped her cigarette on the linoleum-covered floor and ground it out beneath a pointed toe.

"Well, there it is. I'll be back at the same day after tomorrow, and you'll better have it."

When she had gone, Sunday lay with helpless tears running down her cheeks. She'd done the best she could—she'd put away all the gifts of loving Henry, she'd persuaded him to dismiss the detective—and now, in spite of everything, the truth was to be told at last! Of course she couldn't get the money. Jackey and Lively didn't have it, and she wouldn't ask Henry. No one could save Jackey.

She had two days' grace before the Morehead woman was due to call again, and she used them in trying to find a way out of the dilemma she was in, trying to find some way other than the one her heart told her she must eventually take. Because there was no other way this time. At last she must tell Lord Henry the whole story and appeal to him for whatever help he could give her.

She took him on the morning of the day Miss Morehead had said she'd return—to tell him everything, her infatuation for Arthur, Jackey's warning, Arthur's proposal and its tragic consequences. He listened with a grave face, holding tightly to her hand, and when she had finished he said:

"Sunday! You poor, darling baby—carrying this secret all by yourself! Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I couldn't! He was your brother. Henry! I was afraid you'd hate me—Jackey and me—and that you'd have Jackey arrested!"

There was a new tenderness in his smile. "Of course you'd think that—because I never told you my own opinion of Arthur. I daresay it's just as low as Jackey's. Arthur's the black sheep of the family, dear, and while I don't say I'd approve of having him shot, his absence isn't a loss to anyone that I know of. I'm glad to know he's still alive, though."

Sunday's eyes widened. "But, Henry—Miss Morehead said Jackey had killed him!"

"Nonsense," Henry said briskly. "I don't suppose she bothered to tell you how she knew that? I can't fill in all the details, of course, but I'd be willing to bet that Arthur picked himself up, sneaked away to Denver or San Francisco, met this Morehead woman and cooked up a scheme to get some money out of me through you. Morehead isn't a Silver Creek woman, is she?"

"No," Sunday said. "I know everyone in Silver Creek and I've never seen her before."

THEN that just about proves that Arthur's alive and living somewhere else. If she wasn't in Silver Creek when Jackey shot Arthur, how would she know that it had ever happened—unless Arthur has seen her since, and told her?"

"Of course!" Sunday breathed. "I should have thought of that—only I was so scared—and confused—"

He leaned over her. "You've had more than your share of trouble, darling. . . ."

Then, quite simply and naturally, he kissed her, and her unbanded arm was around his neck, holding him close, so close it seemed that she would never let him go again. Some time after, he said, "Now you'll marry me, won't you, Sunday?"
"Yes! Oh, yes, if—you want me to!"

"I'd like the wedding to be in England, I think—wouldn't you? How would Jackey and Lively like a trip to England? Could we transplant them for a while?"

"They'd love it, Henry."

"Then you lie here and plan your trousseau," Henry said. "And I'll go outside," he added grimly, "and see your Miss Morehead before she comes in here. I think I can send her on her way in a very short time."

Again it was Sunday's wedding day, but this time Lively had no need to complain about the general disposition. Even the sky was bright and shining.

Sunday, giving herself a last survey in her bridal gown, whirled and threw her arms around Mrs. Sedgewick, Lord Henry's aunt.

"Have you ever been so happy you felt as if you might burst? Just fly apart into a million pieces?" she demanded. "That's how I feel now. I hope—" she sobered a little—"I hope I don't get so excited I forget what I'm supposed to say during the ceremony."

"I'm sure you won't," Mrs. Sedgewick assured her, with a little hug.

"You know," confided Sunday, "there was just one thing I worried about. Bill. You know, the boy I almost married back in Silver Creek. I know we wouldn't have been happy together, and it was best for me to break the engagement—but I was afraid he might still be in love with me. And this morning I got a cable, announcing his marriage to someone else! It made everything perfect!" Everything remained perfect, throughout the ceremony and the wedding breakfast which followed it. Sitting at the head of the table, Sunday squeezed Henry's hand, and felt him squeeze hers back, in their silent language of adoration.

Lady Brinthrope! They were calling her that! A footman was at her elbow, whispering the name into her ear at that very moment.

"Lady Brinthrope—there is a young person in the library who insists upon seeing you at once. I told her you were occupied, but she seemed very agitated, and said she'd only keep you for a moment."

"Why—" She looked down the table. Breakfast was over, and everyone seemed busy and happy enough. Henry, at her right, was talking to his aunt. "All right," she said.

In the shadowy library a young woman faced her.

"I am Diane Bradford, Lady Brinthrope," she said in a voice that showed she was near hysteria. Her face was a dead-white mask above her black dress. "I tried to get here sooner, before your wedding."

"Before my wedding!" The words struck terror to Sunday's heart.

"What do you mean?"

The woman stepped aside, in the leather chair behind her, Sunday saw a basket—a tiny basket of straw, lined with satin. Small pink hands waved wildly in the air; bright blue eyes regarded her with owlish interest.

"I couldn't let you marry him without knowing," Diane Bradford said in a voice that steadily grew louder and more hysterical. This is Henry Brinthrope's child!"

Sunday heard herself say, stupidly, "You must be insane! Lord Henry is my husband."

The woman unknapped her bag, fished in it a moment and then produced a slip of paper which she held out in a shaking hand. "He admits it! Read this—the letter he wrote back when I begged him to marry me!"

Silently, Sunday obeyed. It was a sheet of the Brinthrope Manor notepaper. On it, in Henry's handwriting, were a few lines:

"I shall not try to evade my responsibility. I shall provide for the child. Nothing more. Henry Brinthrope." How will Sunday receive the dreadful accusation Diane has made against Lord Henry? Has she found happiness only to lose it again? Read the next chapters of this exciting novel, based on the CBS air serial, in next month's Radio Mirror. And remember to tune in every Monday through Friday at 12:45 E.S.T.

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Kidneys may need help the same as bones, so ask your druggist for Piso's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 65 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Piso's Pills.

from a competent teacher can be of great help to you. By competent I mean a teacher who understands the requirements of singing popular music, who sees what you want to do, and who sympathizes with your purpose.

By all means, stay away from the old-fashioned type. Danke Schon, in the Italian tradition, which focuses on building up your volume, distorts your vowels, rubs his hands with satisfaction in his pockets, and if you're not happy and he's not happy, he'll say, "You are not happy and I am not happy." That's because Piso's works internally—actually stimulates your system to produce more protective secretions—in throat and upper bronchial passages where the mucus is collected from irritation. Consider these typical fluids thin out and liquefy the thick, clogging phlegm—it's more easily flushed away—your cough is "loosened".

Depends on Piso's (Piso's)—not for its local "throat-soothing" action alone—but for its more important inside-working systemic effect. Piso's is good for everybody, old or young. All drug stores in 35c, 60c bottles.

YOUR SONGS

The next important thing for you to do is to determine to what type of song your vocal equipment and personality enable you to handle best. Of course, we're taking it for granted that you want to sing "popular" songs; but you may not know that there are no less than six different kinds of popular song, and that most of you can never possibly deliver no more than three of these.

Just what is a popular song? The classical singer who disdains everything not written within the past five years, with a dated snort, "Jazz," is guilty of loose thinking, and unless he has already found his place in the sun, he's foregoing an opportunity to capitalize on his voice and training. Equally far from the truth, however, is the conviction of the rabid swing fan that popular music begins with Bing Crosby, endures with Asian and Likker to Me, John Boy, and ends with Hold Tight.

"Popular songs" are those commercially published, fit for the hits of the day, written with the intention of being played and exploded by the dance bands of the country. Of course, an 'organized song' in tempo while dancing is going on. In other words, songs with "foot- appeal," which boys and girls can sing to and dance to, are our popular songs.

Popular songs, in turn, can be broken down into six subdivisions. Operetta songs at the top of the heap, are classic, too and not to be sneezed at. Near-classical numbers, of the light opera or operetta variety, such as I'll See You Again, L'Amour, Toujours L'Amour, Deep in My Heart.

One step down are the Torch Songs, songs of strong passion, unhappy love and the like, which are suited to a heavily emotional treatment: such as Stormy Weather and Moanin' Low.

But the Ballad is the average popular song, and is the most often performed. Being the easiest to sing, it's the hardest to sing, and many a professional job (such as the Mood for Love), sentimental regret (The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else), philosophy (Save Your Soul), and music (You're a Sweetheart, and the Mother songs), nostalgia (the homesick idea), and so on almost without end. Why? Because popular songs are usually delivered in the manner of this group. Most ballads ask very little more of a voice than that it be pleasing, but the need for singing them with distinction calls for delivery-technique.

Rhythm songs, generally bright and jingly, are meant to be sung in strict dance tempo. Examples are Goody Goody and I Must See Annie Too. Many Minnesota are of this class, such as You're the Top and F. D. R. Jones; also the rhuma- bia songs, and those describing certain dances, such as The Charleston.

Swing ("Hot") songs are "of the mode" of the day to the point of slavishness but the mode changes rapidly. When once was ragtime, blues and stomp is now swing, and will be something else soon. Flat Foot Floo-gee, A-Tisket A-Tasket and that un- pronounced epic The Music Goes Round and Round are examples.

Swing (or any "hot" treatment) is characterized by the use of the written melody primarily as a point of departure for spontaneous melodic and rhythmic variations, and while swing songs are often done by singers of all types, they are much more effective in the lyrical manner, which requires only voice enough to shout, husk, whine, rasp, or which are always supported by the accompaniment. The requirement of voice quality is very low, but a highly specialized delivery-technique, plus natural flair, is vital. Of course, no jazz musician can be expected nowadays; they're usually written to order for a specific comedian, and designated in the trade as "special material." Still, an occasional comedy song reaches the public, such as the old Yes We Have No Bananas and Joe Penney's Nearer.

In this type the humor of the lyric or the delivery is everything. The song is more often "spoken" than sung, and the voice quality is zero. The very peak of personalization is used and the song done by one who is naturally funny.

The above song classification is flexible. Tea for Two, for instance, can be rendered as a ballad, a rhythm number, or a singing song, and singer like Bing Crosby could do it all three ways. But, while you are learning, leave this versatility to Connie, Bing Crosby. You do a professional job on all six Songtypes. He's an exception. The average girl singer will do well to master Torch, Ballad and Rhythm. The average singer stops with Rhythm and Bai-
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Both men and women suffer from simple Piles. But, women, during pregnancy and after childbirth, are particularly subject to this trouble.

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FEBRUARY, 1940

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This offer is good only in U. S.
If you get a turn-down, try the next station on your list, and make enough of a nuisance of yourself in a nice way until somebody gives you the break you're after.

At each audition, say, and mean it, "I want you to tell the public honestly just what you think of my singing." One or two adverse opinions may be wrong, but if they all stumble in the same way to say you're awful, you probably are. Even if they say you're "fair" that isn't enough, because to get anywhere you've got to be more or less outstanding.

The Small Night Club:

You may find an opening in a small night club, or more likely in one of the roadhouses that dot the highways around even the smallest cities. An introduction to the manager will help you here, but if that can't be arranged, just drop in (as possibly a guest), and ask for an audition, having the surest idea you can try out on the stand immediately if things work out that way. If you can point out delicately that your presence in the big business, it won't do you any harm.

The Local Dance Band:

Try the small-city dance band, or the non-name band in the metropolitan centers; you'll probably work free if the unions allow, but the experience will be worth your time. Meet the leader at a dance or in his off time and put up your story, asking him to let you sing for him at a rehearsal.

And keep an eye out for talent hunts, beauty contests, amateur hours, opportunity nights, and the like. The occasional unspoiled, unaccustomed, but notably spotted by an entry fee, a tuition charge, or some more cleverly designed device to get your money. Many, however, can and really lead to something. Ginger Rogers got started by way of a Charleston contest.

Of course, if anything should happen to be a channel swimmer, or a child bride, or a tennis champion, or the gal who just shot her husband, you needn't look for help from the bosses. The others will come to you, carrying their checkbooks before them.

Well, suppose we take a deep breath and draw a conclusion or two? What do you need to get a start?

First, and all important, you need to know your trade well enough to be at least adequate in the engagement you're after. It's obvious. It should be, but if you could see the people who waste time trying generically to come to auditions for work which is hopelessly beyond them, you'd agree that it isn't. I've mentioned this before. I'll probably end up with it, because it's the most vital piece of advice I can give you. Know your trade.

Next, you've got to know someone with crust to get in there and pitch for you. This is a highly competitive business, a necessarily callous one, and the best shark is the better the business has been developed to a fine art.

Right along with crust goes persistence, the will to keep trying and try, the place of discouragement. Luck does enter, though not to the extent you might think. For one thing, a lucky break will do you no good if you haven't what it takes to hold down the job it brings you. For another, the lightning of luck can't strike you if you're just marching along the way; by which I mean that you can do a lot toward helping the breaks to happen. True, Vanlee was lucky that the radio came along just as he was getting his start, but he had the foresight to see the power of this new medium while others were still calling it a toy, and the courage to hitch his wagon to it. Do not hopelessly beyond them, you'd agree with those who waste their time, try, and pitch for you. This is a highly competitive business, a callous one, and the best shark is the better the business has been developed to a fine art. Luck does enter, though not to the extent you might think. 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Hollywood Radio Whispers
(Continued from page 29)

sence solution. What makes this an item, is that members of the cast believe in doing as they tell the listeners to do. Of the show's cast four are happily married to each other, and have been for years. They are Gale Gordon and Virginia Gordon and the Lee Millars.

It looks like wedding bells for Maxine Gray, giant singer of songs, and Tommy Lee, radio magnate.

Orson Welles paid $150.00 just to arrange a later showing of a movie, which he couldn't get to until after midnight.

This Could Happen Only in Hollywood: Horace Willard, producer in the CBS building, was dusting off a cigarette machine in the corridor last week, when Glennhall Taylor, producer of the Silver Theater, paused for a pack. "I wonder if we could give me a chance, Mr. Taylor," So, Sunday, November 5, found Horace Willard playing two roles, one comedy and one straight dramatic, in "Road Goes Further," which starred John Garfield. The next day he was back at his porter's job.

Loretta Young leads the parade to date of film stars to appear as radio guests this year.

Ann Todd, seven-year-old actress who plays the role of "Amy" in "Those We Love," is a second cousin to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

Hollywood Mail Box: A note from Walter Winchell: "I think Ed. C. Hall's programs are fine! And so do we, Walter.

Anent the Sherlock Holmes Stories: These are the poorest radio adaptations conceived; the most synthetic stories barely based on the Sherlock Holmes tales.

Something to Look Forward To: When Marlene Dietrich appears in a radio playlet with her own grown daughter playing opposite her!

Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, screen and radio valet to Jack Benny, ought to incorporate himself. He owns five race horses, one prize fighter, one quarter interest in a bootblack stand, two-thirds interest in a butcher shop, and one-half of a sea-going yacht!

Frances Langford and Jon Hall are thinking of adopting a baby.

Preacher Material: Mrs. Ethel Gum, Judy Garland's ma, set the wedding date of her marriage to William Gilmore.

Nightspotting: Madeleine Carroll and her newest heartbeat, Richard Halliday, dining tête-à-tête at Café La Marea. They're in a fine frame, Bob hopes and yours truly tossing off some spaghetti at Villa Nova.

When your reporter announced that Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul would tie the knot, there were howls galore, but still insist it's an "on-the-level" romance.
Face the Music
(Continued from page 35)

Pat O'Malley is scoring a solid hit on the Alec Templeton shows. His Hollywood friends are pulling for him to be the next radio comic sensation!

Hollywood hasn't had high praise for CBS' new "Pursuit of Happiness" programs. Too stilted!

The "Drums Along the Mohawk" broadcast called "Smitty's program was much better than the picture!

Mayor La Guardia is trying to get Hollywood to move to New York for pictures. La Guardia can't even hold the radio shows in New York. Every day they move more and more to Hollywood for origination!

When Joe Donahue, "Blondie" producer, ran his band, playing in Detroit. When he made this decision in 1927 he knew he had little help. He was from home. His folks had counted on Bob carrying on the tradition. Music was all right as a hobby. But if he insisted upon going professional, he would have to tackle it alone.

It took Bob twelve years to finally attain recognition—years crowded with obstacles after his successes. Perhaps if Bob hadn't hung around the neighboring late hot spots his life might have been a lot different.

There he found the visiting musical greats as the late Bix Beiderbecke, Louis Armstrong, the Dorsey brothers and Gene Krupa.

Then one night Ray Ludwig and Don Murray suggested that they finish the evening with a jam session right in the goggles-eyed collegian's dormitory. Bix, Gene Krupa, and the Dorseys agreed. The surreptitious musical awakened the whole school and the dazed Chester left for alibi masterfully to an irate dean.

And when Bob introduced Tommy Dorsey to Mildred Kraft, in the Gaystone Ballroom a few nights later, he gained two friends for life. The Detroit girl soon became Mrs. Tommy Dorsey. Grateful for this favor, the respected trombonist imparted to Chester a wealth of musical knowledge that Bob never learned at the University.

After working with Morgan in a Detroit theater, Bob hopped from one band to another—Paul Specht, Arnold Johnson, Ben Bernie, King Oliver, Aaron Sampson, Ben Pollack—until in 1935 he decided to organize his own.

Astute managers found it easy to get the half dozen or so seventy en- gagements. The band played Detroit, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Kansas City and Dayton. The life was easy—to Bob. He became smugly satisfied. He lost the perspective sharpened in early life by the teachings of the musicians he met back at school.

This was the time Tommy Dorsey found him early in 1939. His friend soon found out what was wrong.

"Say, this band doesn't sound like the one I heard you'd lead, said Dorsey frankly."

"What's wrong with it, Tommy? We work. We break records around here," countered Chester.

"Okay, Bob, if that's the way you want it," argued Tommy. "But you'll never reach the top. Chuck this band and start fresh. Then we'll go way beyond here."

Dorsey soon won him over and Bob disbanded his aggregation and headed for the big time.

"Boy, I've attracted him. The women were beautiful—too beautiful. The night clubs were numerous—too numerous. By the time Chester had attracted his most ardent admirer he had built up a reputation for gay living. Furthermore, other young musicians, eager to start bands of their own, had been drawn to the scene."

Tommy Dorsey kept him after and finally directed Bob to the door of Arthur Michaud, a veteran band manager. Michaud had from time to time handled the professional destinies of the Dorsey's, Benn Good- man, Red Nichols, and Buddy Rogers. He listened carefully to Chester's ambitious, though belated plans. Then he lit a cigarette and spoke:

"Bob, the field is crowded with new bands. I don't think you should go in there. Besides I have to get the feel of a band before I handle it."

"Come to a rehearsal," Chester suggested.

"I don't need to do that. Tommy has told me plenty and he is seldom wrong. He thinks that once you get through, you should be perfectly frank."—Michaud twisted his swivel chair around, and con- tinued: "I have no confidence in you."

Chester hastened his lips and went out the door.

The manager's reluctance to team up with him nearly settled Bob. It also woke him up. New York was not easy to conquer as native Detroit. He kept rehearsing the new band almost all day.

Instead of raiding other bands, Bob tried a new experiment. He dug up promising newcomers. One of these was pianist Buddy Brennan who soon revealed a savage boogie-woogie style. He picked up 18-year-old Alec Fila, a trumpet player in a Passaic, N. J., night club. Then like Garner Clark, another horn tooter, bass player Ray Leatherwood, and saxophonist Manny Gershman, he did not hesitate to make them stars.

The news that Bob Chester's new band really had "something" flickered across the grapevine that clutters Tin Pan Alley. Chester became conspicuous by his absence from late-evening...
$5 or $105 for Pictures of Your Kiddies

If there are children in your family the True Story Kiddie Karnival offers you a grand opportunity to cash in handsomely on one or more pictures of them.

Each month True Story Magazine will publish a page full of kiddie pictures submitted by its readers. Each page published will pay either $5 or $105.

The True Story Kiddie Karnival begins in the January issue, out now. Get your copy today, read the simple instructions for sending in pictures and then mail photos or snapshots of your kiddies with all the usual stuff that they may come early to the attention of the editors.

True Story
F OR you who have read Radio Mirror’s fictionalized version of Hilltop House, here are the further events leading up to the action now being broadcast over CBS.

After the court battle over the possession of little Tim, which ended with the boy’s father, Steve Cortland, voluntarily giving Tim to Bess Johnson, Steve and Bess entered upon a new and friendly relationship. Steve had seen how selfish he had been, and now was willing to be Bess’ friend, without thought of trying to renew their old love. Dr. Robbie Clark, meanwhile, showed signs of falling in love with Bess’ sister, Linda, who was in Glendale on a short vacation.

Bess, feeling in need of a rest, accepted Steve’s invitation to fly with him in his own plane to Canada. On the way they were forced down by bad weather, and were rescued in the North Woods by John Barry, an anthropologist and an old friend of Steve’s. Bess, meeting Barry for the first time, found a strong bond of sympathy growing between them.

In Glendale, the friendship between John and Bess ripened into real love, and for the first time Bess found a man with whom she was willing to share her life, which had hitherto been given over entirely to Hilltop House and its orphans. When John asked her to marry him, she accepted. Gwen Barry, John’s sister-in-law, learned of his whereabouts, however, and soon appeared in Glendale to make trouble between him and Bess by spreading the story that John was the father of her eight-year-old son, Roy.

John then revealed to Bess the whole tragic story of Gwen’s background. She had been the wife of his brother, Roy, who died several years before John came to Glendale. All through her marriage with Roy, she had had designs on John, and had systematically tried to poison Roy’s mind against his brother. In fact, Roy died believing that little Roy was in reality John’s son. Nevertheless, he had made John the executor of his fortune, the Barry Trust Fund which was being held for little Roy’s inheritance when he grew up. Now it was Gwen’s purpose to gain control of the Fund, by any means she could.

Meanwhile, the romance between Linda and Dr. Robbie reached a point where they decided to be married, but their plans were interrupted when Robbie received an offer to do special work in South America, and the wedding was postponed until he could return.

Gwen’s actions in Glendale culminated in a suit against John, in which she claimed that he was not a fit person to administer the Trust Fund, and produced a letter signed by a Dr. Klinger as proof that he was in reality the father of little Roy. Through all the scandal, Bess kept her trust in John, and even persuaded Steve Cortland to look for Dr. Klinger, hoping that he would testify against Gwen.

At the climax of the trial in Glendale, Steve was successful in his search, and returned with Klinger, who testified that Gwen’s letter, supposedly signed by him, was a forgery. This completely smashed Gwen’s case against John, and she left town, exhibiting her real lack of interest in little Roy by telling John that since he seemed so concerned over Roy he could have him. 

BESS and John then went ahead with their plans for being married on Christmas Day, but once again they met disappointment. Steve came to John with an order from the government in Washington, sending them both to the Island of Santo Rico, near South America, to investigate an important airplane project there. John, while hating to let anything interfere with his marriage to Bess, felt that his duty to the government was so great that he couldn’t refuse to go—so once more the wedding was postponed.

Now pick up the thrilling events of Hilltop House on CBS, daily except Saturday and Sunday.
What the "Other Woman" Taught Me

(Continued from page 11)

and Roger told me he wouldn't be able to come for dinner, because he had a recording to make. We lived in the suburbs, and it was an hour's train ride to New York, so his excuse was perfectly logical. But to me, just then, quite unbelievable. Some of that disbelief must have been in my voice when I answered, "Oh, Roger, another recording? Well, what time will you be home?"

"Why—not late," he said. "Why? You'll be all right, won't you?"

"Of course, dear," I managed to say. "Get home as soon as you can."

Bruce and I had dinner together—an unusual treat for him, which he welcomed with five-year-old cries of glee, because he usually had it with his nurse in his own room. I never believed in letting children dominate their parents, but since I was alone anyway there was no reason I shouldn't have Bruce with me. I'm afraid I wasn't very good company for him, though I put my mind on the task of talking to him, and before dinner was over he was watching me with wide, puzzled baby eyes. A little science-stick, I took him into the living room afterward and told him a long story before I put him to bed.

THEN I went to my own room. I put on my shiniest nightgown, and over it a negligee of pale blue that set off my teeth to better advantage than my dull-gold hair. I touched my wrists behind my ears with perfume, and carefully made up my face—not too much, just enough to heighten my natural color. After that I went downstairs, where a cheerful fire was blazing in the living room, and curled up with a book.

Nine o'clock—ten o'clock—eleven—almost midnight. At last I heard Roger's key in the hall, his step in the hall; and then he was coming toward me.

It flashed through my mind that I hadn't really looked at Roger for a long time. Just to think tall he was, and how handsome. He had thick dark hair, and heavy black brows over blue eyes, which gave him a rather stern expression except when he smiled, and then all the severity vanished and he seemed a delighted, rather mischievous boy. But I remembered it then, that I hadn't seen that smile for some time.

I leaned over and kissed him. Perfunctorily. But I held him there a moment longer than he would have stayed of his own will, and it seemed to me that he pulled away from me. "Hello, darling," I said. "I'm glad you're home—I missed you." I knew it was a stupid remark—he'd be late getting home, I'd never before, and I'd been afraid I missed him—but I couldn't think of anything else to say. I felt a strange shyness with him. Because I had stumbled upon his secret, he no longer was my husband, whatever he was, but an inscrutable human being.

"Whew!" he said wearily, taking off his coat. "It's been a sombre day. Let's go to bed, Jean. I'm tired."

"Poor baby," I said sympathetically. "But wait a minute. Sit down and..."
let me fix you a drink, and you can sit back and relax." He gave me a brief, insincere smile. "All right. It will be good." A moment later, with a highball glass in his hand and his pipe lighted, he leaned back comfortably in the davenport. Beside him, I rested my head against his shoulder. A moment he set his glass down and put his arm around me. "Remember Bermuda, Roger?" I asked softly. "Do you say about it tonight—about the wonderful time we had there. I'd like to go back some time, wouldn't you?" "Umm," was the sound that might have been one of agreement. I pressed closer to him, rubbing my cheek against the rough material of his coat. I tried to feel close to him so my lips lay against his jaw, moved upward to his mouth. He turned and kissed me; but the kiss was cool, impersonal. "Glad to see the old man at home," he asked, and at the unexpected tenderness in his voice I said eagerly, "Oh, so much. I've missed you, Roger darling. . ." And now I had thrown restraint away. For the first time in my life I was making love to my husband. For the first time, I was the pursuer, not he. He didn't move a muscle. Physically, he was still there in my arms. But spiritually, I could feel him drawing away from me in a profound reaction. For a tiny bit of time we sat there, with our wills in a silent struggle. Then he shifted his position. Slightly, I moved away from him. I could feel my own hand growing warm and I turned away a little so he couldn't see my eyes. For a few minutes, we stayed there, talking-softly of this distant past. Then we went upstairs, outwardly friendly and casual. But he knew, and I knew, that I had offered him my love and been refused. We undressed quietly and went to bed. I lay awake a long time, and somehow I knew that he was awake too—but he was on the other side and a few inches from mine, it might have been miles away. Too many miles for me to bridge with my voice. The next day, she decided on the decision. I could not fight in the dark this way. I must see Judith Moore! Even now, I dare quite know all the motives that led me to that resolve. Mostly, I think it was instinct—the jungle instinct to meet one's enemy in open battle. But I have admitted that curiosity entered into it, too. I had to find out what kind of a girl had enslaved my husband. I drove into town in the afternoon, leaving word that I was going shopping and would probably not be back for dinner. And as I drove I rehearsed my talk to Judith Moore. I would be calm, but she couldn't help seeing that I meant what I said: "I just came to you to stay away from my husband. I don't know what you expect to accomplish—I suppose you do, and he think you're in the right. But I've given him a doorknob, of voice, if that's what you're thinking of. And if you aren't interested in marrying a man like him, feel my scorn here—""if you're interested in entering into some other kind of relationship with him, I simply wanted to tell you that I know all about it. And it has to stop, or I'll sue you for alienation of affection." That was my real trump card. I knew how quickly a sponsor—any sponsor at all—would react to a scandal of that sort. He'd fire her at once. And if Judith Moore must know that too.

Would I carry out a threat like that? I didn't know. That was a question for Judith Moore. The main thing now was to make the threat.

It would have been easy enough to meet Judith Moore at the studio, but there I would also have seen Roger, so I called a friend of mine at the advertising agency which produced the radio show, and asked her address and telephone number. About five o'clock I telephoned her there. Of course, perhaps she wouldn't be in. But she might be in and might even be with her, but those were chances I would have to take.

But she was at home, and alone. She hesitated, and then I told her my name, and added, "I'd like to come up and see you for a moment, if it's convenient." Then she said, in her warm, gentle way, "Of course! Won't you come up now?"

It was hardly the answer I had expected, and on the way to her apartment house near the East River I decided she might be more clever than I had thought. Her coolness, her calm, her care at the moment that instead of being a little nervous, as I had thought I might be, I was almost looking forward to the meeting.

She opened the door herself. It was dark in the foyer of her apartment, and my first impression was only of a small, genteel figure who stood at the door wide and beckoned me in with a generous gesture of her hand. Then we were in the living room—and:

"Are—are you Judith Moore?" I stammered.

BECAUSE she was plain! There was none of the beauty I had expected to see in the pert, sharp-featured face before me. She was reading, and had none of the eye-palmed spectacles; with them on she would have looked exactly like an earnest young school teacher. She was almost no hair was combed simply back into a short, neat bob, and her tailored suit, though it was a model of smartness, was also essentially practical.

Her eyes were twinkling with a secret amusement now as she answered my question with a simple, "Of course. And you're Roger's wife, aren't you?"

How coolly she introduced his name in getting me to ask her name, at that! But my anger was mixed with confusion now. To cover it, I took refuge in my prepared speech:

"Miss Moore, I've come here to tell you that I know about you and Roger.

She interrupted me quickly: "He told you?"

I didn't want to explain things to this woman, but something made me change my mind. "He told me you and him on the air yesterday." Surprisingly, she nodded. "Oh, yes. Of course, then, you couldn't help hearing it. I don't think you're going to tell me any more than you have told you—because, you see, we've never spoken of—of being in love ourselves."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"I don't care in the least whether

Catarrh Treatment

The Two Methods

TELEVISION MIRROR.

Address: Readers' Service Bureau, index, will read readers do dozens of sinus headaches caused by newest song make you feel money back.

No opiates. Does get to liver pills by name. Liver should the bowels. Gas freely, your food into your bowels daily. Takes those - lyrics punk. Wrap stamps by 1940 the torturing pain sour, sunk and 71 in love with you. Go. Songs you believe it or not. I'm simply telling you: not one word or action of love has ever passed between Roger and me. Not that I would be ashamed if any had," she ended shortly.

"But you admit that he is in love with you—or thinks he is," I pursued.

"Yes—I know he is. And to cut the cross-examination short, I'm in love with him."

"Then," I said, "I only want to tell you this: I won't get a divorce, ever. But, if I do, you're perfectly willing to swear you feel no alienation of affections."

She looked at me hard for a few seconds. Then she said slowly, "I really believe you would... sit down, and let's talk this over. Would you like a drink?"

"No," I said calmly.

We sat down, facing each other, in two chairs which stood by the big window, overlooking the river. I thought, now, that I had frightened her, but her next calm words killed that impression.

"You must be quite a fool," she said. "You know that good men would ruin Roger's career just as much as it would mine. And then what would become of your nice house, your servants, your friends...?"

"Do you think that's all my marriage means to me?" I said angrily.

"Yes," she replied. "Yes, I do."

I couldn't help finding him, but suddenly our positions had been reversed. Now she was attacking me, and I was on the defensive.

LOOK HERE, Miss Moore," I said, "Roger and I have been happy for ten years. I've been a good wife to him. I've tried to be a good mother. At home, I've kept myself looking well, so he could be proud of me. We have a boy we both love. You can't blame me if I resent the fact that—I am angry when you walk in and upset all I've carefully built up."

"Are you sure Roger was happy until I came along?" Her voice was very quiet.

"Of course I'm sure!"

"He wasn't. If he had been, he wouldn't have dared to play twice at me, because Roger loves beauty and I'm—well, I plain to say the least. He must have fallen in love with you, in the first place, for your beauty. But—"

"Oh, you beautiful women make me sick!" she said suddenly, with an angry little motion of her head. "Just looking at you—perfectly dressed, perfectly done up—I can practically give you a history of your married life. You're living well. You're proud. And do you think your beauty is something a man has to pay for? Somehow or other, you've got the idea that just for the privilege of possessing you a man ought to be glad to pay all your bills. And then you expect him to be faithful besides! It's too much to expect for something that isn't even to your credit to begin with!"

After this outburst she fumbled in a box on the table beside her, drew out a cigarette, and lit it, keeping her eyes away from mine.

I knew, deeply in my heart, that she had been lying. For the first time in my life, someone had looked into my character and told me what she saw there.

I'm sorry, but I think I did a little sulkily. "I didn't mean to fly off the handle. Only—I do love Roger. I want him (Continued on page 81)
Photoplay Presents Its Great New Feature

The MOVIE Book of the Month

Nearly everybody enjoys seeing on the screen stories they have read and liked. Nearly everybody likes to read stories they have seen upon the screen and enjoyed. The editors of Photoplay recognize this fact and have done something about it that should please you immensely. Beginning with the February issue on sale January 10th, each issue of Photoplay will contain a complete full length classical or popular novel from which a current motion picture was taken—many thousands of words of thrill, suspense, drama, added to a magazine already filled with grippingly interesting Hollywood lore.

 Movie Book of the Month No. 1

"WE ARE NOT ALONE"

By James Hilton

Author of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon"

COMPLETE in February Photoplay

The first of Photoplay’s Movie Books of the Month is James Hilton’s powerful novel “We Are Not Alone,” recently produced and released by Warner Bros., starring Paul Muni and Jane Bryan. You may have seen it already or you may be planning to see it at the first opportunity. In either event it will be a decided pleasure to read the gripping novel from which the picture was created.

Buy your copy of the February Photoplay today. Read James Hilton’s great novel, study the Hollywood styles that make Photoplay the recognized style authority of America, read its penetrating, informative articles, its thrilling and heart-warming stories, revel in its wealth of exclusive Hollywood photographs, its striking color effects and you will understand why millions of appreciative readers look upon Photoplay as the aristocrat of motion picture magazines. Recognize it by its gorgeous cover—Clark Gable as Rhett Butler in Selznick’s great production “Gone with the Wind.”

Highlights of the February Issue

“We Are Not Alone,” complete novel by James Hilton ⊖ Myrna Loy and Bill Powell Tell on Each Other ⊖ “How the Movies Can Help Keep Us Out of War” by Eleanor Roosevelt ⊖ Hollywood Fashions starring Madeleine Carroll ⊖ “Rhett Butler, Vivien Leigh and Me” by Clark Gable ⊖ Roundup of Neglected People including Ilona Massey, Lee Bowman, Helen Gilbert, Thomas Mitchell, and others and many other special features, stories and departments.

On Sale Wednesday, January 10

Scene from Warner Bros. Current Picture "WE ARE NOT ALONE"
to be happy. If I thought I could get away with it, I'd take him away from you, but Roger's fine, and honest and dear. He wouldn't be happy, knowing that he'd thrown you and the little boy over. You've kicked him around for ten years now, and he doesn't really know it yet. He blames himself for falling in love with me, not the person he ought to blame—

you. I'd never be able to persuade him that it was your fault, either, because these are things only a woman understands. He wouldn't even know why you came here today. He'd think it was because you loved him not just because you didn't want to lose something that belonged to you. "No matter what else you say about me—at least that isn't true! I do love Roger! I wouldn't want to live without him!"

I was longer still, while I heard my own words ringing in my ears, and knew I had spoken the truth. I did love Roger. At this moment I loved him more than ever before.

She crushed out her cigarette. "Then," she said flatly, "I'm through; I guess. You needn't be afraid of me."

"You make me feel very humble," I said.

"That's what I mean," she said quickly. You had everything a wife should have—beauty, brains, charm—except humility. That's all you lacked, and if you have it now, why—why—she laughed in a choked sort of way—"you're practically perfect."

"GOT up to go, and held out my hand. "I can't thank you for what you've done," I said.

"You shouldn't," it's Roger who should do the thanking."

"I won't forget anything you've said, either."

"You'd better not," she said with another laugh—this time a more natural one. "Because I'll still be around, and I guess I'll still be loving Roger. Only I promise you—he won't know it."

My mind whirled as I drove home. I could see so many things clearly now, dimmed by the spotlight of Judith Moore's honest mind. Little things I had done to Roger, and big things too. Times I had made him feel helpless, times to possess such loveliness. The selfish way I insisted upon keeping little Bruce in the background. My refusal to have another child. So many ways I had failed. I felt deadly tired, almost ill as I turned the car into the driveway of our home. A light shone from the living room window, and the smell of burning logs drifted down from the chimney. I stopped the car and ran up the steps, through the front door, paused on the threshold of the room where Roger and Bruce sat before the fire.

Suddenly everything seemed real again, and Roger and my baby the most real of all—real, and greatly loved. A sob rose in my throat and I couldn't speak. I could only run to Roger, and throw my arms around him, clinging tightly while I cried as if my heart would break.

It was the first time he had ever seen me in such a storm of weeping, and he must have been terribly puzzled. But perhaps Judith had called him. Slowly he understood. He stroked my hair with his gentle hand, and kissed me, and whispered tenderly against my cheek.

(Continued from page 79)
American women are admittedly the best groomed in the world. Also the busiest. In fact it seems that the women whose days are most crowded with activity are the very ones who make a fine art of looking their best.

The secret is, of course, that women who must plan every instant of their time develop simple, intelligent routines of beauty culture and stick to them. The difference between the time it takes to be merely decent and the time it takes to achieve maximum attractiveness is only a few minutes.

Rachel Carlay thinks so, and no one could be busier than this sparkling radio star. Yet when I saw her at the end of a hectic day she was at her loveliest—and that is very lovely indeed. Miss Carlay is a real American in feeling, although she was born in Belgium and educated in Paris where she made her debut at the Opera. She sang also at the Folies Bergères, and at the Opera Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels. Earl Carroll brought her to this country, and she has sung with Rudy Vallee. She is a versatile and accomplished musician. If she were not, she could never have achieved the most impossible task of adapting her powerful and brilliant operatic soprano to radio, toning it down to soft and colorful mezzo which so delights her fans on the Manhattan Merry Go Round broadcasts Sunday nights over NBC. She sang a song for me both ways—as she would sing it for radio, and as she would sing it for opera. I could hardly believe it was the same singer.

The secret that Rachel Carlay and other busy but well-groomed women have discovered is that it takes no longer to do a thing right than it takes to do it wrong.

Consider the care of the teeth, for instance. We brush them two or three times a day. The wrong way does more harm than good. Industrious scrubbing, and brushing into the gum, tend to push the gum back and actually to wear away the enamel. Old and moist toothbrushes carry infection. Harsh dentifrices are harmful.

The right way is simple. Have two toothbrushes, and always use the dry one. Change your toothbrushes every month or so. Choose a good dentifrice. There are plenty of excellent ones—powder, paste, and the new liquid ones which leave your mouth feeling so refreshed.

Brush in the direction your teeth grow. Place the bristles on the gum, and sweep down on the upper gum and teeth, up on the lower. Use a brushing-out motion. Scrub only the cutting surface of the teeth.

Remember that the object is not merely to clean the outside surface of the teeth, but to massage the gums and clean between the teeth. Do not forget to brush the inside of the teeth, also. We clean our teeth carefully for three reasons: for health, for the appearance of the teeth, and to keep the breath sweet.

Proper dental routines take no additional time. Proper make-up routines actually save time, because the make-up stays on. There are some women who are always fussing with rouge and lipstick. The knowing ones make up for the day and apply nothing but a little powder until the time for evening make-up. Here's how they do it.

First cleanse the face and neck with cleansing cream followed by soap and water. Next your powder base. Now take a little lipstick and soften it between thumb and forefinger. Use it as a cream rouge, blending carefully with the powder base. Now apply liquid lipstick to the lips—it has marvelous staying qualities. Over the liquid lipstick apply your usual lipstick. Now, it's practically indestructible.

Powder, apply your usual rouge, and powder again, very lightly. Now you are set for the day. Repeat the process for your evening make-up.
THIRD PRIZE
THE BITTER SIDE OF RADIO
Every one sings radio's praises, and why not? They can be like every-thing else there is always the bitter side. To me, radio is almost a curse, with my son of school age fairly glued to it every moment.
In my childhood, mothers did not have radio to contend with in raising their children, but perhaps the world-lines which I admit my son acquires through radio, and the self control which he eventually will have to exercise in order to tear himself away from it, for the more important business of school work, will make him a finer man.
I maintain if tuning constantly will make of him a successful radio announcer, I will give in to his wishes and let him continue his merry way. —Mrs. Faun Fogel, Brooklyn, N. Y.
FOURTH PRIZE
THOSE DAYTIME SERIALS AGAIN!
I sincerely believe that I am an average American woman. I listen to the radio while I cook, iron, sew, etc., for entertainment. And in the ensuing atmosphere of savage gorillas, gangsters, kidnappings, murders and attempted mob violence, with hysterical women and intolerant, mentally under-developed men as the chief characters, I scour my clothes, or my wrinkle iron instead of out of them; my thread tangles into knots and breaks; my food cooks dry; and by the time my husband comes home from work I am as silly and screaming a nitwit as ever graced a daily radio drama.
Program directors, have a heart and present your own sex from a domestic repeat in the home! If we must have radio dramas in the daytime why can't they be as frankly silly as Toby and Susie, or as humorously real as Vic and Sade?—Mrs. C. A. Hanson, Oakland, Neb.
FIFTH PRIZE
WHEN IS A GROUCH NOT A GROUCH?
When you have to get up early in the morning, you have a right to be grouchy. Haven't you? I don't know why not. And what could be more aggravating to that grouch than to hear someone on the radio being a little ray of sunshine?
But this Larry Elliott has a different effect. He grouches because he has to get up so early. He grouches because he has to sleep in the studio and then he turns around and grouches because he couldn't sleep there. One day he grouches because he had to make his own coffee; the next day he grouches because there wasn't any coffee to make.
The result is that, in spite of yourself, you can't help be glad you're not such a wretched mortal as one Larry Elliott, and so you start your day's work with your face shining like the mid-day sun.—Alta M. Toeppl, Sloatsburg, N. Y.

SIXTH PRIZE
WHAT A MAN!
John J. Anthony—what a man! I think it is perfectly uncanny how he can grasp a person's whole life by a few questions and promptings, and lead him to a safer, happier, healthier life.—on the spur of the moment—and usually in such a manner that he leads the person to make his or her own decision in such a way that really they think they decided for themselves—when it was really all his doing!—Miss Thora Eigenmann, San Diego, Calif.

SEVENTH PRIZE
DELIGHTFUL TO HEAR
Tuning in on Alec Templeton Time is assurance one will hear music, not as heard last night and the night before, but melodic impressions which are different, clever, unique.
His flair for mimicry and subtle travesty are a source of delight—refreshing, captivating. For tragi-comedy as amazing as his perception is keen, a medal of merit to ALEC TEMPLETON.—Mary E. Lauber, Phila., Pa.

Herbert Marshall's Love Tangle
(Continued from page 39)
was delightful and exciting. During this come-back-in the theater, he met Edna Best. She had that extreme, out-of-spring freshness that sometimes comes to English girls, all clear, well-scrubbed skin, and shining brown hair and sturdy health and natural charm that instantly in love with her. Her debonair, ardent, wooling easily captured her worldlly heart.
He might have tried to hide his love for Edna from Mollie. That would have been the natural, somewhat cowardly, and completely uncharac-teristic thing to do. Instead, he went to Mollie, made a clean breast of things, and asked for his freedom. He and Edna were married on November 25, 1928.
Talkies came into Hollywood and the stock market crashed a year after that, but the triumphant Herbert Marshalls were in enormous demand and, commuting back and forth between New York and London, they hardly noticed that they were so in love. They played their love scenes every night and two matinees a week for the world, and played them at home every morning. Then the twins came. Babies really ruin speeches. Babies are literal. They have to be washed, fed, and put to sleep regularly. Melodic impressions, they're darlings just don't mean a thing to them. With Edna busy in the role of the delightful young mother, Bart went along into pictures.
Bart was an immediate success in Hollywood. He liked the place and the people and the profession, and he urged Edna to get into movies too. Edna, in London, agreed more because she wanted to be with Bart than because she had any particular
picture ambitions. She came to America and got a part opposite Jack Gilbert, but just after she signed the contract Bart was called back to Broadway and she couldn't stand being further separated from him. She committed the unpardonable sin of trouperers—walked off the picture and followed him East.

Hollywood laughed indulgently, really loving such a romantic situation. But it didn't allow sentiment to interfere with business, and it did not again cast her in a picture until Bill Powell was making his final one at Warner Brothers. They brought Edna Best back from London to play in that one.

**T**HEY should have let her stay in England.

For the whispers were just beginning about Bart's romance with Gloria Swanson and Edna's white defeated face revealed that she had heard them.

Something had happened to the Marshall marriage. That something, of course, was that it had grown past the stage of romance, into the stage where Bart could not or would not follow it.

In Gloria Swanson he met his counterpart. Gloria has been married and divorced some four times, has borne two children and adopted a third. She is wise and witty, feminine and charming. Like Bart, she too retains to an astonishing degree the illusion of perennial youth.

Once more, Bart went to his wife and told her frankly that he was in love with someone else, only this time the wife was Edna. He probably didn't recall that he'd played this same role before, and possibly Edna wasn't aware that she was playing Mollie's. But she waited, and while she waited she saw Bart fall out of love again. He fell out of love with suer of the ideal, and will be, I have no doubt, until the day he dies. Don't condemn him, please. Let him be the dreamer that he must be—if only to show by contrast to his romantic search how comforting it is to be average.

And give him this enormous credit: he has loved his ladies so greatly, so well, that he has left them friends.
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Q. "And that's what has made tobacco better?"
Mr. W: "The best in 300 years... even though crops do vary with the weather."

Q. "You say that Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"
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