A TURNER THE GIRL
JE SHAW MARRIED
See page 20

How in Thrilling Story Form

THE O’NEILLS
Romantic Adventures of
a Family That Might Be Yours

FAMOUS RADIO WIVES SHOW YOU HOW TO MARRY ON $150
NOW! A Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo

with Billows of Active Quick-Cleansing Foam!

New Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Developed for Those Who Want the Speedy Action of a Foamy Shampoo and the Unique Benefits of an Oil Shampoo!

Women everywhere will greet this news with cheers! For here is word of the new super-foamy OIL SHAMPOO, created by the makers of famous Mar-O-Oil—the world’s largest selling oil shampoo.

You’ll be amazed at how quickly Super-Foamy Mar-O-Oil bursts into live, light, oily foam—at how quickly it acts to remove dirt, loose dandruff and waste! You’ll be delighted, too, at how easily and completely it rinses away—leaving your hair sparkling-clean and gloriously smooth.

Super-Foamy Mar-O-Oil actually brings the benefits of an oil shampoo—leaves the hair wonderfully soft and easy-to-manage. Yet because of its foamy action it is decidedly quicker. And there is no need for vinegar or lemon rinses when you use Super-Foamy type Mar-O-Oil Shampoo.

Get a bottle of this new Super-Foamy Mar-O-Oil at your favorite beauty counter today. Or ask your hairdresser for a professional Super-Foamy Mar-O-Oil Shampoo. Let your own mirror show you its remarkable results.

SUPER-FOAMY Mar-o-Oil SHAMPOO

NOTE: Don’t confuse the two types. For dull, dry, "Oil-Starved" hair, use Regular Mar-O-Oil. For a quick-acting shampoo, use Mar-O-Oil Super-Foamy type

TRY IT TODAY!
Her Chic "Frock Coat" invited His Look
But Her Smile invaded His Heart!

New Frock Coat of shepherd check, trim little waistline, flaring skirt, huge saddle pockets.

Your smile is a priceless charm—it's You!
Help guard its loveliness with Ipana and Massage!

YES, a chic and charming costume can catch a man's attention... but it takes the spell of a lovely smile to hold him.

For interest quickly fades to indifference if a girl lets her smile—her priceless, precious smile—become dull and lifeless... if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

What "Pink Tooth Brush" Means
If your tooth brush "shows pink," heed the warning it gives and see your dentist immediately. He may find nothing serious. But often he will say that your gums are lazy, that the soft, creamy foods we moderns eat have denied gums the vigorous chewing, the exercise they need for health. He may suggest, as so many other dentists do, "More work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!"

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums to health. So every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums... helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

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

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JUNE, 1940
DEAR and gentle reader, how can we make you realize the difference to you when you use Tampax? Doesn’t it mean something to tell you that over two hundred fifty million have already been sold? Doesn’t that give you assurance? There is an old saying “What others can do, you can do.”

The principle of internal absorption has been long known to physicians. Tampax has simply made it available to all women for regular monthly sanitary protection. No pins or belts. No chafing, wrinkling. No odor can form. No disposal troubles. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, greatly compressed. Each is hygienically sealed in dainty, patented one-time-use container. Your hands never touch the Tampax and the user is unaware of it.

Tampax now is made in three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. These meet every individual need. You can travel, dance, golf... use tub or shower... Sold at drug stores and notions counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4-months supply) will save you up to 25% in money.

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JUNE, 1940
VOL. 14 No. 2

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN
Assistant Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

Special Features

The O’Neills ........................................... 8
How To Marry on $150 ............................... 12
Have a story? Book wedding at a price you can afford
The Indestructible Hedda .............................. 15
She refused to let middle age make her call it quits
Joyce Jordan, Girl Inteme ............................... 16
Hospital walls harbor a story of burning romance
The Girl Artie Shaw Married ........................... 20
She’s Lana Turner, whom Hollywood is only beginning to know
Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Miller at Home ............... 23
A campus romance has become a recipe for happy marriage
After To-Night ........................................ 24
Glenn Miller and Ted Fetter
A new hit song by this year’s most sensational bandleader
The Romance of Helen Trent ......................... 26
Drew deserts Helen in the hour of her greatest need
Flying’s My Hobby .................................. 28
Bernarr Macfadden
A featurette by Radio Mirror’s publisher
One Man’s Family .................................. 29
Meet Claudia, the most lawless of the Barbours
How To Sing for Money ............................... 32
Charles Henderson (with Charles Palmer)
Could you star in your own radio program?
Did He Ask You Out Again? ......................... 38
Lucille Manners
Frank advice on how not to be a one-date girl
The Cooking Corner .................................. 38
Kate Smith
House-clean your menus, and your kitchen too

Added attractions

What Do You Want to Say? ........................... 3
Rebuttal ............................................... 4
Fred R. Sammis
What’s New From Coast to Coast ................. 6
Dan Senesney
Radio’s Photo-Mirror ................................. 9
Joe Blythe
P’s and Q’s of Dancing ............................... 19
Hollywood Radio Whispers ......................... 30
George Fisher
Facing the Music ..................................... 37
Ken Alden
Inside Radio—The New Radio Mirror Almanac ... 42
The Junior Club ..................................... 55
We Canadian Listeners ................................. 61
Horace Brown
What Do You Want To Know? .................... 66
Prepare For Summer Loveliness ................. 82
Dr. Grace Gregory

COVER—Lana Turner, by Sol Wechsler
(Courtesy of M-G-M Pictures)

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Just a Pretty Stranger
—in her own Home Town

No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day prevents underarm odor—guards charm!

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg, had dates. "I'll leave this old town, then I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with MUM! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor.

Wherever there is social life, you will find popular girls use Mum. And more use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by neutralizing the odor before it starts. Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with everyone!

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE
YOU TELL US!

I WONDER what would happen—
To those ten minutes in Bob Hope's script if Skinnay Ennis gained seventy-five pounds?
To Eddie Cantor's gags if Ida hadn't given him "Eve of a kind"?
To Charlie McCarthy's quips if Edgar Bergen had more hair?
If Jack Benny didn't have a 1923 Maxwell?
To Fred Allen's jokes if Jack Benny didn't play "Love In Bloom" on the violin?—Ruth May Knell, Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE
WHEN CHILDREN ARE A PROBLEM

I want to pass on a much deserved compliment to radio. It has done so much in helping me solve the problem of my children.

I like my children to have an hour of outdoor play and fresh air after school, but I do not like them to play out until dinner is on the table and then come in perspiring, breathless and dirty. It was impossible to get them in in time to rest before dinner, until we discovered that the hour between five and six p. m. to be, just by a few turns of the dial, booked solid with children's programs. That did the trick, and they are always in the house and rested for dinner now.—Mrs. Mary Anderson, Akron, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE
"LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL"

What an inspiration to start the afternoon with! No matter how you feel; if you're in trouble, if the whole world seems to be against you, listen to Life Can Be Beautiful and you'll see the blues fly out and the sun shine in.

Why, take the announcer, Ralph Edwards. He starts by giving a kind thought for the day and ends up by saying, "So Life can be beautiful!"

If every one in this world said the (Continued on page 5)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!
YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN—P R I Z E S —
First Prize . . . . $10.00
Second Prize . . .  $5.00
Five Prizes of . . . $1.00

Address your letters to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than May 27, 1940. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

M U M
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Rebuttal

A defense of radio and an answer to critics who perhaps do not know all that is taking place behind the scenes

RECENTLY a group of well intentioned women gathered in Westchester County—the suburb to which so many New Yorkers flee every night from the stress and strain of work in Manhattan. The object of their meeting was to demand from broadcasters better day-time radio programs. Existing broadcasts, they stated, were not even good enough to be worth tuning in.

As an interested bystander, I rise in rebuttal. The obvious retort, "if you don't like the program, turn it off," I'm sure has already been made. But why not a more constructive viewpoint?

Granted that there are programs broadcast during the day that strain your credulity and your patience, there are many more which provide you with pleasant escape from the routine of your work. And still more important, the calibre of almost all these programs, good or bad, is rapidly improving.

That is what I am most anxious to point out to these ladies of Westchester. There has been for some time now, a concerted effort among the heads of radio to provide better listening for the daytime. That means better writing of the scripts and even better acting—though I have long felt that the performers already work minor miracles in making themselves, in the short span of fifteen minutes, seem like real people with whom you can share happiness and joy.

There is a program which began a short time ago that has caught the attention of many radio executives, as well as an astonishingly large audience. Yet I feel quite sure that three years ago this program would never have found a sponsor. It would have been dismissed as "too high toned."

Against the Storm isn't at all, but it does recognize people as human beings with problems that aren't so completely different from the ones we might face.

Hilltop House is another program that—partly because of the acting, partly because of the superior writing, is easily believable. It has its share—perhaps too much at times—of melodrama, but in between there are real people, faced with real drama.

Two other broadcasts come to mind, both written by the same woman: Pepper Young's Family and When a Girl Marries. These show careful work and an understanding, sympathetic author. (Incidentally, the two charming children of this writer, Elaine Sterne Carrington, have begun a department for our junior readers in this issue.)

In other words, perhaps a few years ago there might have been a really crying need for such a reform movement as the women of Westchester are attempting. I guess it never does any real harm to find fault as they have done, even if the justification is arguable. There is still, and I hope always will be, room for improvement. The important thing is that the radio industry realizes it.

How do you feel about it?

Have you become a devotee yet of the Carlton E. Morse adventure thriller, I Love a Mystery? You haven't really lived until you've tried to imitate the announcer's way of trilling off the name of this program. For me, it's happily taken the place of Heigh-Yo Silver and the rest. These broadcasts, with their outlandish adventures, have caught your fancy so much that they are some of the most popular on the air.

On April 4th, the program switched from five times a week for fifteen minutes to once a week for half an hour. It is now heard on the NBC red network at 8:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. I hope I like it, as well once every seven days but I'm afraid I won't. There's something about that particular kind of program which requires daily broadcasting to keep my interest keyed up. Presented in its new form, it becomes to me just another half hour program.

I hope I'm wrong and that you like it as well in its new form.

Look for us again next month, won't you? We'll be all dressed up in a cover of Helen Trent, as played by Virginia Clark—all in attractive natural colors, so that every one of you who listens to this program will know exactly how your heroine really looks.

FRED R. SAMMIS
(Continued from page 3) same good, sound philosophy that Pap Davis has, this world would be paradise. Of course, Chici and Stephen can’t be beat. In my estimation they are so true to life and full of young folks’ doings that life really can be beautiful for me at all times.

What a prescription for the blues!
—Mrs. John Hughes, Lynn, Mass.

FOURTH PRIZE
DO YOU HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING?

Have you ever been awakened by music? You feel as though you’re dreaming music as you gradually become conscious of it and you gently sense that you are awake.

You’ve probably never heard this, but my radio is also my alarm clock. My husband even came of the automatic type that turns any electric appliance on or off, and attached the radio to it. Now each morning, the radio is turned on by the clock and music wakes me up. It’s pleasant. We receive the correct time, the weather reports and news bulletins, all before we start off to work, along with plenty of music.

I urge you all to try out the idea of an alarm-clock-radio and prove to yourselves its value and efficiency.
—Mrs. Palma Russo, Fitchburg, Mass.

FIFTH PRIZE
DO YOU LIKE MYSTERY?

Do you like to turn on the radio and hear romance, fun, adventure, and mystery? Well that is just what Jack, Doc and Reggie, “The Three Comrades,” give you on their program, “I Love A Mystery.” I think, barring none, that is the best program on the air.

Three big cheers for “The Comrades” and here is hoping they never leave radio or I shall throw mine away.—Mrs. Harvey Fallin, Baltimore, Md.

SIXTH PRIZE
BOY, IS SHE MAD!

I’d like to take issue with Mrs. Andresen in criticising the Story of Mary Marlin, as I feel she is stepping on many listeners’ toes. I have no patience with people who complain of being bored if they don’t like a particular sketch, and show the poor taste to damn it in print. After all, I’ve never heard of a radio program being forced on anyone and it’s a very simple matter to turn the dial. Life is too short without going out of our way to hurt some particular star or the sketch. Why not concentrate on bouquets for a change?—Miss Helen Frey, Norwalk, Conn.

SEVENTH PRIZE
LET’S DANCE

Ah ... 12 P. M. and “America Dances!” Let’s see ... Duke Ellington on NBC-Blue; Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians on NBC-Red; Benny Goodman on CBS; and Sammy Kaye on Mutual. I’ll try Sammy for a while. Say, that sure is a swell tune. Wonder what it is? Oh, yes, “Once In a Dream,” January Radio Mirror’s Hit Preview. Boy, they sure can pick ‘em.—James E. Moore, Albany, New York.

Lady Esther says

“Do you know that a

GLAMOROUS NEW SKIN

‘ABOUT to be BORN’ to you?”

Why let your new skin look dull and drab? It can bring you new beauty if you help remove those tiny, menacing flakes of older skin!

RIGHT NOW your old skin is departing in almost invisible, worn-out flakes. Why let these tiny flakes menace your loveliness? Why not help your new skin bring new youthfulness to you?

You can, says Lady Esther, if only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove those tiny flakes of worn-out skin beclouding the glory of your new skin!

Run your fingertips over your face now. Do you feel little rough spots left by your old, dry skin? They’re the thieves that steal your loveliness—make you look older! My 4-Purpose Cream loosens each tiny flake—and the other impurities. It helps Nature refine your pores—and reveal the fresh youthfulness of your “new-born skin”!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I’ll be amazed if your doctor tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your face cream.

But ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn’t absolutely true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin ... that it helps Nature refine your pores ... and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

Accept Lady Esther’s 7-Day Tube FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (50)

LADY ESTHER, 713 W. 62th st., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream: also ten shades of Face Powder, post-paid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

Name

Address

City................State................

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Oa.)

JUNE, 1946
SOMEBOYDY (we're not saying who, but he might be an orchestra leader whose initials are T. D.) played a very practical joke on Red Skelton during Red's personal appearance at the Paramount Theater in New York. Red, who has never even tasted beer, was doing a drunk act on the stage, tipping from a bottle supposedly filled with gin. Of course, he always used water instead. But at one performance the liquid turned out to be real gin. The act, that time, was terrific.

Our wedding-bell prediction for Donna Damerei and Peter Fick was strictly correct: Donna boarded an airplane one Friday right after her Myrt and Marge broadcast on CBS, flew to Florida, where Fick was spending the winter, got married, and returned Monday morning in time to play Marge in that day's episode. They kept the wedding a secret for a while, but the news finally got out. The groom holds many championship swimming records. This is Donna's third matrimonial venture.

To prove that he can be funny without Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen brought a print to New York of a one-reel movie he made when he was in college, and showed it at his cocktail party in the Essex House. It got his point across, all right. In it Bergon played a "Swedish Harry Langdon" and his antics maybe weren't professional, but they were funny.

Ross Johnson, star of Hilltop House, is having her portrait painted... by Janice Gilbert, who plays Jean Adair on the same CBS program.

Look for a radio adaptation of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel, "White Banners," to hit the air before long. Kate Smith and Ted Collins own the radio rights, and the former sponsors of Hobby Lobby are interested in buying them.

They're telling a new Fred Allen story around town. In Fred's vaudeville, it seems, he once was on a bill with a fellow who was not only tough, but fancied himself as an ad-lib comedian. After the show one night the whole troupe went to a restaurant for supper, and the tough guy began to make clever remarks. But Fred tapped everything he said with a funnier crack, making his rival fume with anger. Finally Tough Guy roared, "If you say another word, Allen, I'm going to flip this knife right into you." Fred looked at him and drawled, "Better flip your fork, son—you need that knife for eating."

No wonder Helen Menken, star of the CBS Second Husband serial, was awarded the title of radio's best-dressed woman by the Fashion Academy this spring. Her sister, Grace Menken, runs an exclusive dress shop!

One person who wasn't made at all happy when Ben Bernie's program moved from Sunday afternoon to Wednesday night on CBS was Lew Lehr. Lew's other job is that of editing Fox Movietone News, and Wednesday is the night when the mid-week reel is assembled, cut, and fitted with a sound track. The program switch means that Lew works at Fox Wednesday afternoon (except the time he spends rehearsing with Ben), grabs a bite of dinner, does the broadcast at 8:00, rushes back to the Movietone studio, works until he has to leave for the rebroadcast at midnight, and finally ends up his day about eight o'clock the following morning.

NBC's page-boys and guides have turned into the hit of television. Last January they were offered a half-hour of idle air time, just to see what they could do with it, and surprised themselves and everyone else by presenting a variety show that brought in scores of enthusiastic letters. Proud of its home talent, NBC's television department has given the boys the job of producing one variety program a month from now on.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Johnny McAllister is one of the best-known stars on Charlotte's station WBT—and yet not one in a hundred WBT listeners but would look blank if you mentioned his name. They'd brighten up fast enough, though, if you mentioned "Pappy Briarhopper." Every afternoon except Sunday, WBT airs an hour-long program of hillbilly songs and chatter with, as master of ceremonies, an aged rustic named "Pappy," head of the "Briar-
ROM COAST TO COAST

BY DAN SENSENENY

Johnny McAllister was in New York City, across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House—that's why he sings so well, he says. Until he came to Charlotte six years ago he'd never done a bit of hillbilly singing.

After Johnny graduated from a New York high school he became a professional basketball player, and for fourteen years toured with teams in New York and New England. As a secondary activity, he sang in church choirs and glee clubs, and eventually gave up basketball for entertaining. He sang on practically all of the smaller New York stations, but seldom under his own name. William Schudt, a CBS official, heard him and put him on one of Freddie Rich's CBS programs. Then Schudt was transferred to become manager of WBT, and took Johnny along as his assistant, musical director, and gen-

Johnny McAllister is famous for his character of "Pappy Briarhopper" over station WBT.

You'll be seeing Marilyn Hare, young daughter of the late Ernie Hare, in the movies before long—and that's another step in a heart-warming success story. Billy Jones and Ernie Hare (if you are a veteran listener you remember them with real pleasure) were broadcasting over a New York station when Ernie died. Marilyn, true to the "show must go on" tradition, stepped into her father's place in the act and made a surprising success. That was a year ago, and recently a Republic Pictures talent scout gave her a contract with his studio.

TULSA, OKLAHOMA—If a Saturday-night Hillbilly program could be tremendously popular in places like Chicago, Cincinnati and Nashville, reasoned "Cousin" Herald Goodman, why not in Oklahoma? The answer, of course, was that it could—and is. Every Saturday evening thousands of listeners around Tulsa tune in KVOO's Saddle Mountain Roundup and thousands more pile into the huge Convention Hall to watch. And they pay to get in, too.

"Cousin" Herald, who got the idea and went to KVOO with it, is a radio and stage veteran. He used to be the first third of the Vagabonds Trio, Herald, Dean and Curt, and he's written many a popular hillbilly ballad, such as "Lamp Lighting Time in the Valley," and "Little Mother of the Hills."

(Continued on page 70)

"DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A TOOTH POWDER BARGAIN?"

"LOOK AT THIS VALUE FOR A DIME!"

"MINE'S A MONEY-SAVING SMILE"

YOU can pay more for dentifrices but you simply can't beat the harmless, refreshing way Pebeco Tooth Powder cleans your teeth. It leaves them gleaming, sparkling bright. And those big over-size tins save you money. They're the kind of tooth powder bargains you want today.

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BEGINNING

The O'Neills

Listen to the dramatic adventures of The O'Neills over the NBC-Red network, twice a day, Monday through Friday, and sponsored by the makers of Ivory Soap.

Photos posed especially by The O'Neills: Claire Neissen as Peggy, Chester Stratton as Monte, Kate McComb as Mother O'Neill, Jimmy Tansey as Danny.
Presenting, for the first time as an enthralling story, the dramatic adventures of a beloved radio family—and a mother whose love was her only weapon against the catastrophes that threatened her two children.

"Now remember, the one who gets the ring in his piece of cake is the next to be married."

WHOM God hath joined together, let no man put asunder..."

As the words were pronounced, Mother O'Neill slipped quietly out of the church. Quickly, she dabbed at her eyes with her best handkerchief. Silly, to start crying at your only daughter's wedding. It wasn't a sad occasion at all, for Peggy O'Neill was marrying a fine young man, and a brilliant lawyer, too.

But then, they weren't really tears of sadness. Tears of regret, perhaps, at the knowledge that the O'Neill house would no longer echo daily to Peggy's light step and ready laughter. But also tears of happiness that Peggy's life was now set in the good path of wifehood—of motherhood—the woman's way that Mrs. O'Neill herself had found so satisfying. In spite of the hardships, in spite of the fact that her Patrick, the man she loved, had been taken from her when Peggy and Danny were so small.

It had not been easy, bringing them up without a father's care and guidance. But, in spite of everything, she had made the three of them into a family, with a family's love and loyalty for each other. With a real family bond that had protected them from the dangers that beset the lonely—that would protect them still, even though, from today on, they would not all be in one house.

Mother O'Neill turned the key in the door of that house. It was small, yes. Shabby, some might call it. But the O'Neills had never minded the stuffing coming out of the sofa, the much-turned rugs, or the varnish scraped off the chairs these many years by the impetuous, eager feet of a small Peggy or Danny O'Neill.

For this was a house warmed by a glow no stylish furniture could give it—a house strengthened and nourished by mutual love, understanding, and thoughtfulness. It was the house in which she would now prepare, with her own hands, Peggy's wedding breakfast.

"And I'd best be letting my dreaming go and get to work," said Mother O'Neill, aloud, as she went...
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trouble and grief, had stepped a young lawyer, Monte Kayden, who offered both sympathy and aid. He had cleared Danny of the false charges against him—and had fallen in love with Peggy while he was doing it.

So life, in its strange way, had transformed that bitter time into this joyous day. Danny's trouble had really brought his sister and her new husband together.

But Danny's besetting sin was still restlessness, which, aided by a quick and violent temper, got him into more than his share of trouble. There was no good reason, for instance, why Danny should have made an enemy of that man Wilkinson. Granted that Wilkinson had tried to steal Danny's patent for the riveting machine he and Morris had invented. Granted, too, that Wilkinson made no secret of the fact that he was in love with Eileen Turner, Danny's own sweetheart.

But Danny had, in the end, saved his patent, and won Eileen for himself. And so, partly at least because Wilkinson was secretary to Matt Turner, Eileen's father and Danny's boss, couldn't all the trouble have been cleared up in some more sensible way?

Instead, Danny must fight out trouble with Wilkinson, must have him driven from his job and his home with the Turners, must make of him a bitter enemy.

That was Danny's way and Mother O'Neill hoped that he would not suffer too much, but that life would shape and tame him into the reasonable, steady, responsible man she and Patrick had dreamed their son would one day be.

And Peggy? Gentle, brown-eyed Peggy with the curls and the dimples that showed into the smile so like her mother's, Peggy was already a woman, wiser, more discreet—as women need to be—than her headstrong young brother. God grant that she overcome her bad trait of jealousy—jealousy that could wreck characters and lives—and marriages.

With a slight shudder, though the sun streamed through the parlor window on this June day, Mother O'Neill remembered the trying months with the beautiful Countess Von Vedari. So jealous had Peggy been of this client of Monte's—of his simple business relations with her—that the engagement had nearly been broken before the woman left town.

Peggy must learn to trust her handsome young husband completely—must know that it was she
whom Monte loved, must not let other women like the Countess become a source of suspicion, of distrust in their union.

The wedding party was coming now—just rounding the corner. And, at the sight of them all, Mother O’Neill’s serious speculations vanished. Peggy so beautiful in the flowing veil, looking up into Monte’s face, smiling ... Danny, with Eileen clinging to his arm ... Trudie and Morris already in some elaborate, noisy argument ... and the children, scampering up the front steps, in everybody’s way, to get into the house first.

She hurried to open the door.

“Mother! Here we are!”

“Peggy, darling!”

“Mrs. Monte Kayden to you now, Mom.”

“Great Kewzitionery! I was just telling Morris here ...”

“Now, Trudie, it’s Peggy’s wedding day!”

“Look at the wedding cake! Look at the wedding cake!”

Everybody talking at once ... everybody crowding round the table, exclaiming, admiring. Until finally Mother O’Neill had to clap her hands sharply, like a school teacher.

“Children! Children! We sound like a circus. Let Peggy cut her cake now. I’ve kept a cake now. I’ve put in all the usual prizes—and remember, the one that gets the wedding ring in his piece, is the next one to be married!!”

Suddenly serious, Peggy picked up the knife. She turned to her husband and smiled, then began to cut the cake.

They all took their places at the table, waiting to be served.

“First piece ... to my Mother,” Peggy began ... “then you, Eileen, and mind you dream on it tonight ... Trudie, Janice ... that’s all the ladies. Now ... Morris ... my little brother Danny ... and the biggest piece ... to my husband!”

Everybody began to eat, searching for his prize.

“Hey, I got the penny in my piece. That means I’ll be rich!” shouted little Eddie Collins, excitedly. And all turned to share the child’s pleasure with his penny.

“Well,” said Monte finally, “even if I don’t get a prize, the cake’s good enough without it, Mother O’Neill. When my wife can bake a cake like that, wild horses won’t keep me away from home!”

“Why, Monte Kayden, such talk! Of course I can bake a cake like that. Ask my brother Danny. Danny—why, where is he?”

Danny had disappeared from his place at the foot of the table. Eileen, too.

“Great Kewzitionery!” said Trudie Bailey, “how can people just disappear from a wedding breakfast like a camel through a needle’s eye? I guess we were paying too much attention to Eddie’s penny!”

Just then, Danny O’Neill appeared in the doorway with his arm around Eileen.

“I got the wedding ring in my piece of cake,” he said, “so I just had to propose then and there to Eileen. Now she’s got a ring, too” —he held out Eileen’s left hand with the tiny, gleaming diamond—“and she’s just promised to marry me!”

“Oh, Eileen,” cried Peggy delightedly.

“Isn’t it exciting, Peggy!” Eileen caroled. “I want a wedding just like yours, with a white veil and flowers and a ring bearer like Eddie. And, Mrs. O’Neill, will you bake the wedding cake—just like Peggy’s?”

“Certainly, Eileen,” said Mother O’Neill quietly, moving forward to take the hand of the girl her son had chosen, trying not to show her sudden doubt. Somehow, from Eileen’s words and manner, she wondered if it was just the wedding show, the excitement of the hour, that Eileen was in love with—and not Danny O’Neill.

Danny had no such doubts.

“Sorry to but in on your party, Monte,” he said, laughingly. “But you know Danny O’Neill. Couldn’t wait another minute!”

Peggy and Monte smiled, arms around each other.

“We can only hope you’ll be as happy as we’re going to be,” Monte said.

“We will be, I promise you that,” said Danny. “I’ll work twice as hard as possible so that we can soon have a home like yours, Monte—and another happy scene like this—another wedding at the O’Neills.”

MOTHER O’NEILL’S fears were not without justification. For Eileen Turner, a girl of delicate, patrician beauty, from her shining golden brown hair to her slender, perfectly molded little feet, had never known hardship. Matt Turner was the town’s most prosperous contractor and Matt Turner’s daughter had all her life known nothing but tender care.

It had not always been like that. Once the Turners and the O’Neills had struggled along together. But Matt had made money, and since Eileen was born, an only child, she had had everything she wanted—clothes, servants, her own roadster. A restless girl who often rebelled at living in such a small town, who dreamed of the city, of gaiety and bright lights—sometimes even of the bright lights of theater marquees where the name Eileen Turner, she thought, might look rather well. But of the hard work that goes with any achievement, Eileen knew nothing.

So, in the weeks that followed Peggy’s wedding and her own engagement, Eileen found it difficult to understand Danny’s increasing activity at the Oakdale Bridge. It was an activity that meant long hours of hard work. As foreman of the job, he carried much of the responsibility.

She was proud of him, yes—proud that (Continued on page 57)
Wedding Cake...
a plain silver cake, with professional decorations, Irene Rich points out to Helen Wood, will cost you the small sum of ... $2

Bridal Bouquet...
Hollywood florist Kenneth McEldowny shows Irene a spray of sweet peas with a detachable center corsage of gardenias, for $5.

How to Marry

IN ANY woman's life there is a day that comes only once, with a thrill never to be repeated—the day she stands as a bride and promises to "love, honor and obey."

For that day of days, there should be all the lovely, traditional trimmings, the wedding gown, a veil, bridesmaids, laughter, new clothes, a reception and—a honeymoon.

Can't afford it?
But you can!
This ideal wedding needn't eat up all your savings nor embarrass you with dreary debts that you'll have to pay off when the honeymoon is over. It's now possible for you to have your wedding cake and eat it too, in a manner of speaking. Four famous radio wives show you exactly how it can be done.

You can have a wedding, a wedding gown and veil, a traveling suit, a reception for thirty-five of your friends, announcements, flowers, a beautiful wedding ring. And all for only $150 or less! (Of course, you'll have to find the groom yourself.)

In the pictures accompanying this story, Helen Wood, beautiful young NBC actress, and Ben Gage, NBC announcer and singer, are impersonating you and your bridegroom as you go about arranging your (Please turn to next page)

By MARIAN RHEA

Bridal Negligee...
Helen wears a complete outfit, of nightie, robe and slippers, which cost her only ... $12.90

Traveling Outfit...
this three-piece suit of rose wool, hat, scarf, blouse, gloves, bag, hose and shoes ... $53.20
It's really possible to have a story-book wedding, with all the romantic trimmings, at a price you can afford! Four famous radio wives show you—

on $150

**Dual Purpose Wedding Gown**

of white chiffon, with a lastex jacket, it makes a perfect evening dress for later use. The bridal veil is short, with a halo cap; the white satin slippers can be dyed another color later, to brighten up the costume for dancing. And the entire effective outfit costs . . . $26.40.
Honeymoon...Mary Livingstone advises a motor trip as being cheapest and the most fun.

Wedding Ring...Ben Gage consults Durward Howes and selects one of white gold...$30.

Honeymoon Wardrobe
a play suit, with detachable skirt, and sandals...$10.90.

budget wedding, so you can see as well as read all that you'll purchase with the $150. Naturally, both Helen and Ben are just pretending, for the purpose of the story. They're good friends, but each has a true love elsewhere.

First and most important to any woman, is the bridge of clothes, so we went for advice to Mrs. Jimmie Fidler. There's not a better expert in Hollywood than she, who in conjunction with Gladys Parker, famous designer, owns one of the town's smartest dress shops. Though a bride on a budget could scarcely afford in her trotable any of their exclusive models, Mrs. Fidler's advice was so simple and so sound, it can be followed on any budget.

"For your wedding gown, choose one which can be used throughout the summer for a formal. In that way, even with this most important item, you have killed two birds with one stone. But be sure to have a veil. A June bride isn't complete without one."

Next, Mrs. Fidler suggested the all-important item of a going-away outfit. "I should choose one of those smart new ensembles including both suit and topcoat, which means you have the skirt to wear with sweaters, and for more 'dressy' occasions, a dainty blouse; a suit for travel and street wear (with a gay scarf to brighten the neckline); and a top coat to wear with this and also with any incidental frocks you may take along."

The most expensive item of the whole outfit is the bridal veil, as this can be followed into the housecoat and for a few formal occasions. The next most important item is the bridal gown itself, which should be made of cotton, whether it be a full skirt or a dirett skirt, which is the style of the bride.

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A negligee, nightgown and mules completed Mrs. Fidler's list of honeymoon wardrobe musts. The rest, she suggested, depends on where the honeymoon is to be spent. It is if at a resort, a play suit or slack suit is, she said, necessary, also, perhaps, one of those new "terrace frocks" of printed cotton. But even with these, she insisted, a budget can be kept surprisingly low!

Armed with this expert advice, Helen set out upon her imaginary trousseau shopping tour, going to the Broadway Hollywood, stationed at Hollywood's "crossroads of the world," Hollywood and Vine Streets.

This is what she selected:
A sleeveless white chiffon formal with attached slip, perfect for dancing on a summer evening, and including a lastex shirred jacket with guilet round collar, which made it into a "perfectly darling" bridal gown. Price, $14.95! To go with this, she chose a short bridal veil with halo cap, $7.50; white satin sandals (which could be dyed later to brighten up the costume for dancing), $2.95; hose, $1.00—bring-

So much for the clothes item. As you can verify if you get out your pencil and paper, the bridal costume, the going-away outfit and (Continued on page 83)
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE

Hedda

■ The inspiring story of a courageous woman who, because she refused to call it quits at forty, opened the door to an exciting new life

By CAROLYN HOYT

STORIES of fabulous courage are mostly fiction; when you come upon one that's true you clutch it with both hands and get it on paper before somebody proves Kathleen Norris ran it up one evening when she was sixteen and hadn't anything better to do.

Here's the story I found in Hollywood not long ago, and I know it's true; it's about a tall, good looking woman somewhat past forty who now, unbelievably, is at the peak of her triumph. She could make most of the super-important people of that Southern California town grovel at her word, if she wanted to. She doesn't. She just gets up at dawn every morning, makes an appointment with her grown-up son for dinner or lunch or a brief quiet hour of talk, and sets out on the breath-taking pattern of her day—with that courage we spoke about tucked conveniently away in a pocket somewhere.

They tried to stop that woman. All of them. That's how much they knew her, or her invincible spirit. They thought that middle age would fight half their battle for them, because she must be very tired after the life she'd led; and they thought a suggestion, fraught with meaning, dropped once or twice would do the trick if the passing years didn't; and they thought, in a word, that pretty soon now they would have seen the last of Hedda Hopper.

Well, in these times every day brings more big city newspapers clamoring (Continued on page 67)

■ Her job keeps her on the go from early dawn till late at night, but Hedda Hopper, star of her own CBS show, sponsored by Sunkist Fruit, is happiest when she's with her adored son, Bill.
Cold hospital walls harbor an intense and thrilling romance—read the story of radio's girl doctor, complete in this issue

But it's only because I want so much for you to be happy, my child, that I say you should think. This young man—oh, he is very brilliant, very clever, but is he not also very strange? I think—" and Dr. Hans Simons' mild blue eyes, enlarged by the thick lenses of his spectacles, twinkled—"I think maybe your Mr. Paul Sherwood has high blood pressure of the temperament."

Joyce Jordan laughed. That was the marvelous thing about the Medical Director of Heights Hospital: even when he was disapproving, even when he was lecturing you, he could soften his words with a little joke.

"That's exactly what he has got, Dr. Simon. But—well, I can't tell you why I love him, I only know that I do. I fell in love with him the first day he came to the hospital."

"You're sure that wasn't just loneliness?"

Joyce's momentary flush showed that she understood his meaning. In fact, she had thought herself, at first, that the only reason for her interest in Paul Sherwood was her recently-broken engagement to Neil Reynolds. She knew better now. It hadn't, after all, been as great a wrench as she had thought to choose between Neil and her work.

Sitting there across the desk from Dr. Simon, she looked absurdly young to be wearing the proud title of "Doctor." Dark, lustrous hair, unconfined by any cap, made a startling contrast to her blue eyes. Her skin was as clean and fresh as her starched white uniform, but it looked as if it would be much pleasanter to the touch. As far as appearances went, she might have been a little girl playing at dressing up in a doctor's uniform. But Hans Simon knew better.

A year ago, only he had believed in the earnestness of this slight, lovely girl. Somehow, it was hard for the average hospital trustee to credit the sincerity of a woman who wanted to be a doctor. But now, after twelve months of her internship, the whole staff knew that Joyce Jordan neither asked nor expected concessions because of her sex; that the inner flame, the desire to heal, burned as brightly in her as it did in any man. Only a few months ago she had proved that, by breaking her engagement to handsome, wealthy Neil Reynolds, rather than consent to give up her career when she married him.

But now—now, he very greatly feared, she was determined to marry a man who, in his own peculiar way, might be as great a handicap to her future as Reynolds would have been.

Paul Sherwood. He remembered the boy from the ten days he had spent in the hospital, undergoing treatment for the recurrence of a tropical fever he had contracted in Abyssinia. Blond, stocky, with something eternally boyish in his face—but also, underlying that boyishness, with a disillusionment so profound that it frightened you. He was thirty-one, a foreign correspondent for a big newspaper. For seven years he had been all over the world, had learned how it worked, and found it bad. In his own words—

"I've watched gangsters in palaces selling out their own people for money. I've stood around helpless while bombs dropped out of the sky like apples off a tree—but not as harmless! I've found out that famous men get that way over a road of broken promises. And I made up my mind some time ago that the whole world was so dirty rotten that nothing could save it but another deluge!"

Wild, irresponsible talk. You couldn't dismiss things as flatly as all that, and Dr. Simon had little patience with people who tried to. It argued a cynicism that sooner or later would bring unhappiness...
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Wild, irresponsible talk. You couldn't dismiss things as flattery as all that, and Dr. Simon had little patience with people who tried to. It argued a cynicism that sooner or later would bring unhappiness.
in its train, and he didn't want Joyce to be in a position where she could be touched by that unhappiness.

Joyce was going on: "Of course Paul doesn't want me to give up my work here in the hospital. We're going to work together, Dr. Simon—we'll have an apartment near here, and while I'm on duty Paul will be writing his book."

That was another thing Simon didn't much like. This book. Maybe Paul Sherwood could write a book, and maybe he couldn't. He was a supremely successful newspaper correspondent, but now he'd given all that up. Joyce said he had made up his mind never to look at another newspaper, let alone work on one. All very well, if he could transfer his abilities to another medium, but so far he hadn't been remarkably successful. His excuse now, as Simon understood it, was that his love for Joyce, his need for her, wouldn't let him work on his book, and that was why he wanted her to marry him as soon as possible, instead of waiting, as they had planned at first, until Joyce had completed her internship.

Joyce saw all Dr. Simon's doubts passing like shadows behind the clear blue of his gaze, and in spite of herself she admitted their validity. If you didn't know Paul well—if you didn't love him, particularly!—it was so easy to judge him harshly. For instance, she had never dared to tell even Simon the whole story of Kay Reed.

If she had known, of course, she would never have allowed Kay in Paul's hospital room. But he was not too ill to receive visitors, and when the telephone rang, one morning when she was in his room, she had told the girl at the reception desk to send Miss Reed up. Paul heard the name, and moaned.

"Good Lord! Not Kay Reed! If I ever catch the guy that told her I was here I'll choke him—I didn't even want her to know I was in town! Please, Joyce, don't leave me alone with her!"

Joyce's amusement reflected itself in her face, and he smiled a little sheepishly. "Sounds foolish, I know. But she's just a crazy little kid who thinks she's in love with me. I'm sorry for her, but—well, she is crazy."

The next moment the door burst open and a girl with ash-blond hair, extravagantly dressed in a purple suit, purple hat, and red fox jacket, ran in. It was really terrible, Joyce reflected, remembering. Kay Reed was all Paul had predicted—pathetically crazy. Afterwards, Paul told her something about the girl.

"She's always been a strange, neurotic kid. Wants to be a newspaper woman the way most girls want to be actresses, and hasn't a scrap of talent. Not a scrap. A year ago she managed to get a job on my paper—and had an uncle that was a stockholder, or something. It was when I was between assignments, so I was around the office a lot. Everyone kidded her, because she was so eager and so incompetent. She was the office clown. I got to feeling sorry for her, and so I used to talk to her sometimes. And because I was the only one who had a kind word for her, she got the notion she was in love with me."

Pitiful? Yes, but degrading too. Joyce's cheeks burned now, three months later, at the remembrance of the scene in that hospital room. Kay throwing herself at Paul, heedless of Joyce's presence, talking of her love in that voice which was so husky and at the same time, somehow, so shrill. Paul, first ironic, then as Kay rasped his nerves more and more, becoming blunt, brutal, telling her at last to go away and stop bothering him. Kay cried, and that only irritated Paul more, until at last she lost control of herself completely. She screamed, struck her forehead savagely with both clenched hands, pushing them up against the skin, hard, so that her tear-ravaged face was distorted into a tragic mask, and her absurd hat was knocked askew, to hang precariously on the side of her head.

Finally Joyce managed to get her, still sobbing, out of the room, and turned her over to one of the nurses with instructions to administer a sedative and force the girl to rest until she was calm enough to leave the hospital.

But later in the morning, while Joyce was in the midst of her rounds, a junior nurse came to tell her that Kay Reed, leaving the hospital, had been run down by a truck and killed.

Joyce had never told Dr. Simon why Kay Reed had been so upset she did not see the oncoming truck. She never would tell him, nor would she tell of the conversation she had with Paul when he learned of the girl's death.

He had blamed himself—bitterly, abjectly. "Everyone I touch, I harm," he said: "There's something in me that is deadly. This isn't the first time, Joyce. I've seen it happen before. Oh, I don't mean I've ever succeeded in killing anyone before—but I've done things just as bad, without thinking, without wanting to. Everyone I've ever loved—everyone that's ever loved me—I've hurt them—"

And then he had warned her against himself, telling her that he loved her and wanted to marry her, but that for her own sake she must not listen to him.

"Don't fall in love with me!" he had exclaimed. "You're too fine, too wonderful to let me drag you down, torture you, break your heart. . . ."

"Paul! You mustn't say such things!"

"Don't worry," he assured her. "I won't say them again. It takes too much bravery—bravery I haven't got. I wouldn't be saying them now if Kay's death hadn't shocked me into being truthful for a change—"

"Truthful!" she said with a wry smile. "You're always truthful, Paul—but you see only one side of the truth. (Continued on page 77)
Presenting, in answer to many requests, radio's charming Valiant Lady, heard Monday to Friday at 2:30 P. M., E.D.S.T., over the NBC-Red Network.
THE GIRL

It wasn't the passionate red of her hair or the tantalizing blue of her eyes that he saw in that split second of falling in love with Lana Turner.

By Judy Ashley

The bride's hair is copper and gold, her eyes a technicolor achievement, her lips a warm promise. She loves to dance—it would be a crime if she didn't take advantage of those lovely legs—and once she dreamed of a church wedding with yards of tulle and a score of flower girls.

She is gay, charming, and not long ago, queen of the night club cuties who would one day marry in splendor, after weeks of careful preparation and publicity.

The groom has intense black eyes and midnight black hair and freckles, large ones, across the bridge of his nose. He has also, behind him, two divorces and a recent flight into obscurity in which he left behind contracts worth a quarter of a million dollars.

Which, in a way, sums up the amazing marriage of Lana Turner and Artie Shaw. By rights, it is a story that belongs in a book or on the screen. In real life, people seldom find love and marriage in an instant.

It surprised no one that unpredictable, inexplicable Artie Shaw should suddenly stop his car on a warm midnight in the desert and propose to a girl who had thought she hated him.

But it did shock everyone who thought he knew Lana Turner that she was the girl proposed to and that she had accepted. For everyone had a preconceived idea about Lana and it didn't allow for such an elopement.

Not that life hasn't always been a spur-of-the-mo-

They called her "The Nightclub Baby," but they didn't know the real Lana—a lonely, unhappy girl. Only Artie was able to see beneath the surface.
ment thing with Lana. Her fair round face framed in luxuriant hair constantly brought quick second glances from males of every age. I remember a day a certain lad came home from Hollywood High School with a tale of a new beauty who had just enrolled in his classes.

"Julia Turner is her name," we remember him saying. "She comes from San Francisco, and you should see the fellows hang around, all ga ga. And me with them."

So you see, I had a bit of first-hand information concerning the young lady before I met her. About a year later, after Lana had experienced another of those lightning-quick events in her life, I met her, at Warners Studio. She'd become Lana Turner by then, instead of Julia, having been discovered by a friend of director Mervyn LeRoy's, and had already created a good man-sized stir as the "sweater girl" in "They Won't Forget."

I got my first insight into blue-eyed Lana that day. "I nearly died when I saw myself on the screen in that sweater," she confided. "I went home and cried myself sick. I had no idea; I just couldn't believe they would do it to me."

If you remember the form-revealing sweater she wore in that picture, you'll understand the reason for Lana's distress.

You saw her occasionally in the commissary and at local night spots. There was a wistfulness about her, in those days, even when her laugh seemed gayest. Sometimes her eyes were clouded as she danced with dark handsome Greg Bautzer, the local attorney who was her constant escort, at the Brown Derby or the Troc. She seemed always to be hanging onto his every word. It was easy to see who dominated in that pair.

Bautzer and Lana were said to be engaged to be married and I'm sure Lana hoped their romance would end in marriage. But they quarreled bitterly and constantly. Bautzer insisted, so friends told me, that Lana give up her career when they married; that career so new and bright and shiny, racing forward with all the speed of a meteor. For Lana was catching on with the fans. Her work in "The Glamour Girls" and "Dancing Co-Ed" had sent her stock sky-high.

"Give it up," Bautzer argued. But—and here's the But that married Lana to Artie Shaw—he offered no soul-satisfying compensation for the sacrifice.

"Well, I simply won't be married to a woman who

"For the first time I'm able to enjoy the wonderful things in books and music I've longed for," says Lana.
makes more money than I do," Greg told her, and so it went on.

Lana went on her way, wavering between Greg and her career, hoping, quarreling, making up, weeping, dancing, laughing, deciding one minute to marry Greg and forget work, and then changing her mind.

I USED to see her in the makeup department the morning after she and Greg had quarreled," a studio co-worker told me, "and her hand would tremble as she patted powder over her face. Her eyes were not only tear stained, but weary—worn with too much night clubbing. Greg always liked a good time, you know, and Lana, so beautiful and young, liked gaiety too. So it went on and many a time I felt the joy of her work was overshadowed with her desire to please Greg, and vice versa, that Lana didn't know where she was.

It took steady, clear-thinking Jane Bryan, who made her decision in favor of love, to reveal the true Lana. "I never knew a girl who worked harder, who put in longer hours at her work without complaint," Jane told me one day. "I know, for I worked at that studio in 'These Glamour Girls'. I can't imagine why Hollywood persists in misunderstanding Lana. She isn't a play-girl at all."

But if Jane suspected Lana was torn and heart-sick between love and work, she didn't let on.

From another source came stories of Lana's dislike for Artie during the making of "Dancing Co-Ed."

"Lana would rehearse and rehearse and rehearse her dances until she was ready to drop and then, when they finally were ready to shoot the scene, Shaw would find some reason to postpone it. I can't understand why he provoked Lana so," a studio attaché told me.

"It's easier to understand now. I believe that even then, despite all the rumored attentions to others, Artie Shaw was fighting himself. He was trying not to care too much about a girl who didn't care for him, and whose heart belonged to another. And so he and Lana clashed. But behind Lana's beautiful face, the lonely, unhappy Shaw saw something no one else troubled to see in Lana. He saw the real girl, the one we're telling you about now. The girl whose happiness was being stunted, warped. No wonder as Artie and Lana drove along the beach that night of their very first date, that something electric happened. Artie Shaw spoke, not to Lana the glamour girl, but to Lana the woman. It was the first time anyone had ever paid her the compliment of treating her like a mature person."

"I knew in that instant," Lana says, "I'd found something my heart had been crying for, and I wanted to marry Artie as much as he wanted to marry me. I wanted to belong to him, to work along with him, to have a peaceful quiet love, and so I agreed to elope that night to Las Vegas to be married. In the completeness of it, I forgot all about my dreams for a church wedding with flowers and a veil and all the trimmings. Why, Artie was offering me something so beautiful—I well, I just grabbed it. I wish I could tell you the peace and happiness that is mine now."

Her eyes, no longer troubled, shine with it. It's exactly as if someone had pressed a button that turned on a light that reveals Lana for the first time.

"My mind is at last at peace about my work. I never dreamed I could be so ambitious to get ahead. We've agreed, Artie and I, to try to keep topping one another, keeping on top together. To work hard and dili-gently, to keep up with each other. I now know no one can be really happy without work. I can feed myself now on all the lovely things in books and music I've longed for. There's no one now to say, 'Turn off the highbrow stuff, kid, and let's get one swing.' Strange that the King of Swing should share with me an appreciation of good music. Why I don't even know if Artie can dance, and think of the lifetime he's spent in night clubs. And do you know the joy of not having to go to a nightclub for entertainment? To sit quietly at home and talk together, and discover the dream and hopes of each other. I used to look about me in Hollywood nightclubs at poor, tired, bored faces and think, 'Why don't all of you go home? Why don't I? Why are we here?' I think I even knew the answer. They didn't want to be alone long enough to think. To probe into their hearts to find the unhappiness that lay there."

And that's the girl Hollywood called the Nightclub Baby.

"Since I've found myself through Artie's love, I had the courage to speak to my bosses about my work. To ask that they let me be me on the screen, and they've agreed. They have wonderful new plans for me. And Artie has wonderful plans for his work, too."

Yes, for the first time we're seeing the real Lana Turner. Artie Shaw, who is at least ten years older than his bride, who has twice before been married, who recently gave up his orchestra at his peak to find himself again, has made us see this new Lana. And if those bubbles of happiness, "big round wonderful bubbles," as Lana calls them, should burst, and bring a measure of heart-ache, they will still have done a wonderful thing—they will have caused a frightened, unhappy girl to find herself and her soul, and no one can ask from any marriage a greater thing than that.

Here was the long-term romance that came to a sudden end when Lana and Artie staged their midnight elopement. Greg Bautzer, above, had been Lana's constant companion until—
A campus romance has become a recipe for happy marriage whose ingredients are love, understanding and a wife untouched by her husband’s musical success.

Tune in Glenn Miller’s Chesterfield program over CBS, at 10 P.M., E.D.S.T., every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

FIFTEEN years ago, a couple of college kids by the names of Helen Burger and Glenn Miller began going places together. They were both students at the University of Colorado. Helen was a shy, pretty, brown-eyed girl, who had been raised in the small town of Boulder, where the University is situated. Glenn was a tall, thin, equally shy young fellow, who had been brought up on a farm in Clarinda, Iowa. He was working his way through school by playing in a band.

There was nothing unusual about these kids, unless you call being in love unusual. After awhile, Glenn left school and began playing in bands all over the country. When Helen was graduated from the university, they were married. That was eleven years ago.

They must have been a very nice couple then. But they couldn't have been nearly as nice as they are now. The reason is that each of them has absorbed some of the other's qualities, until now you can't think of one without thinking of the other. And Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Miller are very pleasant to think about.

It is not my intention to place Helen and Glenn Miller on any pedestal as the “ideal couple.” The “ideal couple” routine has been greatly overworked and, in the language of the musician, it is a little “corny.” The best you can say of any couple is that they enjoy each other and that it is a lot of fun being with them. And this can be said of the Millers without any reservations.

The best place to enjoy Helen and Glenn is not in some swanky night spot where Glenn may be playing, but in the (Continued on page 51)
After To-Night

Good news for everyone who likes a lilting tune! Here are the words and music of a brand new melody written by the bandleader who has made musical history this season.

Lyric by TED FETTER

Music by GLENN MILLER

Moderately Slow

CHORUS

After to-night

No dream can re-place you

Nor a new love e-rase you

Not af-ter to-night

And

after to-night

I'll tell ev'-ry bo-dy

That dreams real-ly do

Copyright 1939 by Robbins Music Corporation, 799 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y.
come true. Then if some cy-nic should vow Mi-ra-cles don't hap-pen.

now. I'll just have a lit-tle laugh in my heart with your thrill there.

Still there dar-ling af-ter to-night. I know there's a Hea-ven

For I've been in Hea-ven to-night with you.
FROM the first moment she met him, Helen Trent felt the fascination of Drew Sinclair—and tried to fight against it. For Drew was not only a famous Hollywood producer, while she was his employee, designing costumes for his pictures, but he was married. Helen, living in Hollywood with her old friend Agatha Anthony, put Drew from her mind and concentrated on doing her job. But through the treachery of a co-worker, she was accused of ruining an expensive scene by using the wrong costumes, and Drew dismissed her. She was eventually able to clear herself, and when she returned to his employ their relationship had subtly changed—so much so that he was soon inviting her to visit his home and meet his little son, while Sandra, his wife, was away on a yacht cruise. Slowly their friendship grew deeper, and when Drew's most expensive picture, for which Helen had done the costumes, was a failure, he turned to her for comfort. His backers, disgusted with the poor returns of his last few pictures, were withdrawing their support, and he told Helen, and he would have to start all over again. Peter, Drew's little boy, fell sick and Drew radioed his wife to return home. By the time Sandra's yacht reached the harbor, it became fog-bound and could not enter, so Drew and Helen went out in a motor launch to bring her in. When they reached the yacht, Sandra was not on deck and Drew went below to find her. A minute later, Helen and the other guests heard a shot and rushed below, to find Drew bending over the dead body of a man.

The Romance

THE afternoon sun lay like a blessing on the patio of Helen's beautiful Trenthony Ranch, turning the tiny, tart, oranges on the kumquat bushes to a richer gold, warming the rough flagstones of the pavement, brightening little Peter Sinclair's yellow hair and blue sweater. Helen, lying back on the wicker chaise longue, watched the boy as, intent on nothing else, he constructed an architectural project of building blocks.

He had been living at the ranch for only a little while, but already he was as dear to her, she thought, as her own child could have been—as dear as the little girl she had borne eight years ago to Martin Trent would have been had she lived.

He looked up and smiled into her eyes. "See what I'm making, Helen?" he asked. "It's a jail. Nobody can get out of it."

Helen shuddered, and for an instant all the brightness drained from the afternoon. But of course, Peter didn't know—couldn't know. Was there an instinct in children, a telepathic quality that told them what others were thinking? Had her mind, perhaps, brought this notion of a jail to Peter's?

Once more, for the thousandth—millionth!—time, she saw the crowded court room, smelled its odor of close-packed humanity. She heard the District Attorney's questions, hammering at her as she sat in the witness chair.

"Then you believe, Mrs. Trent, that if the accused Drew Sinclair had known of Dimitri Petrolov's presence on his wife's yacht, he would have mentioned it to you?"

"I am sure he would. (Impossible to believe otherwise, because in all of Drew Sinclair's irritation at Sandra when she failed to return to Hollywood, there had not been a trace of jealousy! She could have known—she could not have helped knowing, because her love had attended her to all his thoughts!) "Did you know that Petrolov was on the yacht?"

"No."

"Yet testimony has shown that his—friendship—with Mrs. Sinclair was common Hollywood gossip."

"But I hadn't heard it."

The District Attorney stepped back, letting that pass, sure that the jury would draw its own inference: that since it was common gossip, Drew Sinclair must have heard it, must have gone out to the yacht bent upon revenge.

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
Both stared at Helen, the woman grimly, the girl with a sort of timid curiosity.

- Do some loves grow strong and passionate only in the midst of hardship, to wane and die when life goes smoothly? That is the possibility Helen is faced with as Drew deserts her in the hour of her greatest need for his sympathy.

Listen to the Romance of Helen Trent, starring Virginia Clark and sponsored by Edna Wallace Hopper and Louis Philippe Cosmetics, over CBS Monday through Friday at 12:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.

"Did you see the accused in possession of a revolver at any time that evening?"
"No."
"But Mr. Sinclair was wearing a topcoat, wasn't he? It would have been possible for him to conceal a revolver in one of the pockets, wouldn't it?"
"I—I suppose so."

Oh, she couldn't blame them for believing Drew had shot Dimitri Petrolov. The evidence was damning enough. The fact, admitted by everyone, that Drew had surprised Sandra Sinclair in Petrolov's arms; the unidentified revolver, bearing no fingerprints but Drew's own. Even Jonathan Hayward, Drew's lawyer and Helen's friend, could not believe in his innocence. He had begged Drew to plead guilty and trust to the unwritten law to get him off with a light sentence; but Drew had stubbornly refused, repeating again and again his story that there had been a struggle after Sandra left the room, that Petrolov had knocked him down, and that just as he was getting to his feet there had been a shot and Petrolov had fallen forward on his face...

Only Helen believed in him, only she was sure that if Drew said he had not killed Petrolov he was telling the truth. Sandra had not believed. She had believed in him so little that she had gone to Reno before Drew's trial and secured a divorce. It was only at the trial itself that they had discovered the reason for her haste. She wished to testify against Drew, and she had feared that as his wife she could not legally do so.

Perhaps that action of Sandra's was what made Helen's faith so precious to Drew. "I wouldn't want to go on," he had said only a few nights ago, in his narrow, dimly lit cell, "if you thought I was guilty. Helen. It's funny—I don't hate Sandra—I never expected, really, anything better from her—but if you—oh, my darling—"

There they were at last, those words she had so longed to hear from his lips. "My darling. My darling." How bitterly ironic that he should speak them first in a prison cell, under sentence of death! "I shouldn't tell you," he had murmured, his head bent over her hands, his lips against their skin. "I've tried not to. There's nothing I can offer you, except the fact that I do love you."

"Drew—dearest—that's enough. Oh," she cried, lifting his head until
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"Drew—dearest—that's enough."

Oh, she cried, lifting his head until
he was forced to see her face, shining with compassion and love, "oh, so much more than enough! If you'd only known how I wanted to have you love me!"

**DID you?** He seemed struck with wonderment. "Why, I've loved you from the first. I fought against it—I could, you know, or thought I could, while I had the studio, while I had something to do. But now—it doesn't seem worth while fighting any longer. If only—if only I hadn't lost my temper. Sandra and I haven't been happy together for a long time, but she wouldn't give me a divorce—not while I could still buy her all the things she wanted. And my first thought, when I stepped into that stateroom and found her with another man, was that now I could divorce her and have the right to tell you I loved you. Then I saw who the man was and I—I went a little crazy. Petrolov, of all people! The slimy . . . gigolo! Everyone in Hollywood knows—knew—him for what he was. But I swear—I swear I never even thought of killing him. I couldn't even believe he was dead, after the shot. I must have picked up the revolver, but I don't even remember that."

Of course he was telling the truth, as he had told it in the court room. But—there it was again, the inescapable fact—only she believed him. And now, in a bare six weeks, they would hang him. "To be hanged by the neck—" how did it go?—"until you are dead."

With an abrupt contraction of every muscle in her body, she jumped up and began to pace back and forth, back and forth. She must not torture herself with these thoughts! If she think she must, there were so many better things.

She forced herself to walk more slowly, to think logically and clearly. Somehow, Dimitri Petrolov had been murdered, and not by Drew. But how else? There was only one entrance to the stateroom, the door which she herself had thrown open an instant after the shot, and anyone leaving by that door must have passed her in the companionway. The possibility that Petrolov had committed suicide was ruled out by the absence of powder burns and the fact that he had been shot in the back.

Desperately, she cast her mind back to that dreadful evening, trying to pick up one clue, one single, lonely clue that would lead her to the murderer. It was all the more difficult because after the murder she could remember only a confused blur of voices, asking questions: of

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**FLYING'S MY HOBBY**

By Bernarr Macfadden

**THIRTY years ago in Chicago I saw one of the Wright brothers take off in the first plane they ever built. Right then I decided to make aviation my hobby. A few years ago I began to learn to fly my own plane. My friends tried to stop me—just because I was nearly 70 years old. But I went right ahead and soon made my first solo flight. I've cracked up six times. But I've flown 160,000 miles solo, and I'm still in one piece. I travel everywhere by plane—and whenever I have a difficult problem to solve, I go up alone and fly till I've thought it out. The biggest thrill I've gotten from my hobby came just before my 70th birthday, when I made my first non-stop solo flight from New York to Miami. Half way to Miami I ran into bad weather, and the closer I got, the worse the fog became. I thought my gas supply was going to run out and that I'd have to make a forced landing. To make matters worse, I had no instruments for blind flying. When I finally got to Miami I couldn't find the airport. All I could do was head out to sea, turn and fly back towards land, hoping to spot the airport. And sure enough, there it was right ahead of me—a most welcome sight. I didn't realize the excitement I had caused until I started to land. An ambulance and a fire truck, loaded with reporters, were racing out to meet me. Everyone thought I'd be so tired I'd either crack up or at least need medical attention. But I landed safely—and the only tonic I needed was the thrill of knowing that at the age of 70 I'd done what I had set out to do. (Broadcast on Dave Eiman's CBS Hobby Lobby program.)

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feet running across the deck; of hysterical, frightened women—Helen stopped short. For a moment she stood, still as a statue in the brilliant sunlight, and slowly conviction grew in her. Something she had forgotten, something that had lain for weeks, buried deep in her mind, had stirred, awakened.

For there had not been so much hysteria, after all. Not really. Most of the women, after the first shock, had behaved rather well. But Helen remembered—now, for the first time—one thin cry of horror that had gone up from the group clustered about the door of the room. From—from—yes! from Florence Conway!

Suppose, she asked herself, that cry had been not alone one of horror, but of grief as well? Suppose Petrolov's death had meant more to Florence Conway than it should?

She recalled Drew's words: "A gigolo . . . everyone in Hollywood knew him for what he was." That meant, surely, that Sandra had not been his only conquest. Wasn't it possible that Florence Conway too had loved him? And that—

And that Bart Conway, her husband, who had also been on the yacht for Sandra's cruise, had known of his wife's unfaithfulness? Had killed the man who was responsible for it?

"Agatha!" Helen called. Once more, as she had done so many times in the past, she gave silent thanks for the loyalty and steadfast reliability of Agatha Anthony, the elderly friend with whom she had lived for years. Peter would be perfectly safe, left in her charge.

**AGATHA** met her on the threshold of the French windows, her spectacles pushed crookedly up into her hair. "What in the world?" she exclaimed. "Helen Trent, what do you mean by screaming that way, scaring me out of my wits?"

"Take care of Peter, Agatha," Helen said. "I'm going into town—don't know when I'll be back—just had an idea—"

And then, having jammed on a felt hat and shrugged her way into a light coat, she was gone, running across the yard to the garage.

By the time she had reached the Conway's oriental palace in Beverly Hills (Bart Conway was a director whose box-office value amply justified and even made imperative a show-place for a residence) she was beginning to doubt her own intuition. Because that was all it was—only a hunch. And anyway, the Conways must have been questioned, long ago, by the police.

But the (Continued on page 71)
Introducing, in this unique series of intimate personal histories, fascinating and lawless Claudia who recognized no convention that barred her from happiness.

The moving force behind many of the dramas at the Barbour home in San Francisco is tempestuous little Claudia, a vivid brunette with a contagious laugh. Youngest of the two daughters, she is both unpredictable and obstinate; and strikingly beautiful. Claudia is a restless realist and an incorrigible rebel, who often turns the home at Sea Cliff into a swarm of emotion and nervous expectancy.

Above all her lust for wild adventure, she has one trait notably absent in all the other Barbour's. She is at times lacking in scruple, and will tread on any toes that may be in her path when her mind is fixed on a goal.

Father and Mother Barbour are in no way to blame for her lack of discipline, for every parental hand that has touched her has been firm. She is not Father Barbour's favorite daughter and is therefore not spoiled. Claudia is more of a product of the age than a product of the Barbour family. She grew up in the "flapper" age—the age assaulted by reformists as reckless and shocking.

The family, as an outgrowth of Claudia's adventures, has lost many nights of sleep during crises that seemed to go on interminably, but she has redeeming features. Not the least of these is her ability to make family problems fade away when she laughs.

Father Barbour, a worrier at heart, is often amazed at the way his worries dissolve after a three-minute talk with Claudia. A family group, gravely pondering some incidents of the day or the week, brightens spontaneously when she appears. This is with the provision, of course, that Claudia herself is untroubled.

Claudia has deep respect for the Barbour family, especially Paul, and Father Barbour, but only so far as she is not personally inconvenience. She does not mind incurring their displeasure if in doing so, she achieves an end.

The first family crisis involving Claudia came nine years ago when she was a sophomore at the University of California at Berkeley. She eloped suddenly to Reno with a senior, Johnny Roberts.

News of the elopement bolted out of the blue and Father Barbour found it "appalling." He tried to persuade her to have the marriage annulled.

She was eighteen at the time and bent on seeing it through.

Father Barbour, who was not overly fond of Johnny Roberts, refused to look upon the union as a triumph of love. Claudia, he said, had shamefully given in to concupiscent desires.

(Continued on page 56)
No matter how quick you are at picking up the latest steps, you aren't a good dancer if you break any of these rules.

Do you blissfully close your eyes as Clyde Burke and Sally Vass are doing? You should look where you're going. Below, Charlie Wilson and Jitchy, Jimmy Brown and Emily block dance floor traffic by stopping to talk. Don't you!

Ps and Ps

The things a bandleader sees! Every night, from his raised platform, he watches dancing couples make mistakes that cut down on their own and other people's fun. Sammy Kaye, star of the Sensation Cigarette Program on NBC Monday nights, has observed thousands of dancers, and he says sadly that nearly all of them break at least one of these all-important terpsichorean commandments—and never even realize it!

To give you a pictorial lesson in what to do and what not to do on the dance floor, Sammy enlisted the aid of his four masculine vocalists and four pretty Vass Sisters, also featured on the Sensation program. Take a careful look at the pictures on these two pages, and then if you can honestly say you don't commit any of the errors shown in them, there's no reason why you shouldn't be the belle of the ball.

Sammy Kaye winked winningly in response to Emily's wave as she dances by—but just the same he knows that partner Clyde Burke is boiling inside, because nothing irritates a man more than having his girl flirt with the bandleader.
Below, Jitchy Vass is letting Charlie Wilson do all the work of dancing—and she’ll wonder why he’s so tired at the end of the evening! But Tommy Ryan (right) is making as big a mistake by clamping Weezie Vass in much too tight a grip.

Photos, especially posed for Radio Mirror, by William Haussler, NBC.

Maybe Emily doesn’t like the dresses the other girls are wearing (above), but she shouldn’t show it so plainly. At right, the out-jutting elbow that Tommy Ryan thinks is so stylish has just landed Jitchy Vass a good poke in the back.
If a radio station put you on the air tomorrow, could you prepare a program that would keep listeners tuning in? A famous Hollywood coach brings you rules that really work for success in broadcasting.

You can lay this down as almost a hard-and-fast rule: If you are in the business of singing popular songs for pay, you have to know how to conduct yourself in a broadcasting studio. Sooner or later, even if your primary job is singing with a dance band or in a night club, you will undoubtedly do some broadcasting. And that's why I want to talk to you this month about singing for radio.

All the other things I've told you about singing for money—how to pick the songs you can do best, how to arrange them, how to get an audition, and all the rest—are important. But when you've learned them, you still have the mysteries of radio broadcasting ahead of you. You still have to learn to project your personality through the medium of sound alone.

In Hollywood dramatic schools it's a common thing to see a godlike young male embracing a gorgeous blonde creature, exclaiming passionately, "1-2-3!!" He isn't crazy. He's learning to say, "I love you" without the help of the words, by throwing their meaning into the very tone and timbre of his voice. There's a moral in it for you, who are to don radio's cloak of darkness, for your voice is going to be your only messenger.

That factor of invisibility must govern your whole delivery-technique. On the stage or screen a character can enter, flap his arms, brush the snow from his hat, and let you know without a word or sound that it's cold outside, and snowing. In radio, listeners must hear the door slam and hear the newcomer say "Brrr! Why don't you shovel the snow off your walk?"

This is why you must learn to throw your whole personality into your voice and voice alone, with no help from your good looks or attractive manner. It can be done: you can, for example, actually put a smile in your voice. Of course, it'll probably be in a song that has a happy lyric, and you'll be helped by a lift from your orchestral backing; but you'll create the main effect by smiling joyously as you sing, issuing your voice from a mouth that's shaped to a laugh.

The same sort of thing projects the other moods. The recipe is simple. Just feel what you're singing even harder than you do for a visible audience, letting your face and movements reflect your emotion.

A second factor is the peculiar privilege of your radio audience to come in late, to leave at an instant's notice for a better show next door, or to listen to you with only half an ear. Your show must be continuously good to persuade the latecomers to stay with you, catch the dial-twisters, and galvanize half-attention into real interest. One weak spot—just one—and part of your audience walks out. When they walk out before the "commercial" (the sponsor's advertisement), it runs into money. Your money in the long run.

Well, what to do about it? Obviously, of course, work out and prepare a show with no letdowns. More than that, gauge your audience. Find out who they are, what sort of people, what they're doing while you're coming out of their radios, what they like. A little common-sense and analytical thinking does a lot to tell you the answers: the advice of show-wise people will do more.

Determining just what is "good radio" is a gigantic guessing game, played for the biggest stakes the entertainment world has ever seen, conducted by a hierarchy of officials, sponsors, and advertising agencies. It's essential that you know what they think is good radio from day to day. Fortunately, most of their information sources are open to you—the trade papers, the trade gossip, and some of the surveys. The most
important of the latter is the Crossley, commonly referred to as your “rating”. The Crossley people telephone various groups of listeners and ask to what station is the home radio tuned. If out of 100 contacts 21 of them name yours, your rating is 21. The figure itself isn't nearly as important as making it increase while you're on the show, as Crossley also keeps records on individual performers.

NOW then, about the different kinds of singing jobs in radio. The term “sustaining” means that you are paid by the station to fill in time which has not been sold to sponsors. One form is choral work, which may lead to an occasional solo. Another is a “spot”: doing a solo or two on a variety show which the station puts on as a showcase for its unsold talent. Finally, there is your own sustaining show, usually a fifteen-minute affair. The weekly schedule of a station's “staff singer” may include all three.

The cream of radio work, of course, is the commercial broadcast. The actual singing jobs are much the same as on a sustainer: group, spot solo, or the entire show built around you. The main difference is that you're now playing for bigger money; with the result that everything is more important, more carefully discussed, and more severely criticized. The added pressure pays off in higher salaries and much greater prestige.

But here is a badly needed caution. The radio station is in business to make money: it hires you for a sustainer not merely to fill its schedule, but because it hopes to sell you (and the “time”) to a commercial sponsor. Your sustaining spot is therefore really a sort of continuous audition, and you'll be wise to give it the same careful preparation (Continued on page 63)
EVER since I said good bye to a girl who visited me in New York for a week, I've been wondering...

Why, after I'd introduced that girl to three separate and very likable men, did she fail to be invited out a second time by any of them? Why, in spite of her pretty face and figure, didn't they like her?

I wondered so much that I made some observations while she was still visiting me, and some inquiries after she left, and I ended up by discovering truths I think every woman ought to know, be she married or single, in love or fancy-free. Considering the fact that to most women and girls male companionship is rather essential—for their well-being, for the stimulation of their vanities, for the purpose of having fun and, of course, for the eventual possibility of getting or staying married—it's odd that so many of them seem to have no idea of what men like or look for in women.

Every girl has to learn how to get along with men. But while she's learning, she may make mistakes that not only cause her to miss a lot of fun, but even scare her in whom she might be seriously interested.

That's what happened to my visiting girl friend, Myra.

When I got Myra's letter, telling me she was coming to stay with me for a week, I was delighted. I remembered her as being charming and pretty and I had no misgivings. I went right to the telephone and called three of the nicest young men I know. Most men think there's something very adventurous about a blind date, so I had no trouble at all in arranging for the first three evenings of Myra's visit. After that, I was sure, the three young men would fight it out among themselves as to who should be her escort for the rest of the week. But I reckoned without Myra.

Thinking it would make Myra more comfortable than going out alone with a stranger, I arranged a foursome for the first evening. We were going to the Ballet Theatre and then to supper and dancing. Myra got off on a false start and stayed that way all evening.

To begin with, she was so anxious to make a fine appearance that she kept the three of us waiting for half an hour while she primped and fussed in her bedroom. When she finally did join us, she had, of course, overdone the whole thing. She was much too made up and she had a great deal too much perfume on.

Then, as we drove to the Ballet Theatre—only about fifteen minutes late for the opening number—she couldn't make up her mind which young man she liked best, her own escort or mine. She gushed, first over one and then over the other, and none of us was happy. I was embarrassed. My escort didn't know whether to be polite or rude. And her escort was plainly bewildered.

The rest of the evening was just as unfortunate. She was very gay and vivacious. She chattered incessantly about herself and what she liked and didn't like. She didn't like the Ballet. And when, after a hurried supper, our escorts virtually ditched us at my home, I mentally crossed Tom off my list of possible future dates for Myra.

The second evening I was working and couldn't go out with her. But I did my best to tone her down a little by advising her against too much make-up and saying that she was ready by the time Dick called for her. However, I suspect she must have pulled a few boners, because she was already home when I returned from the studio. And, although she said Dick had been very nice to her, he didn't call up for another date.

On the third evening, with the third nicest young man I know in tow, we went dancing. By this time, I guess she had noticed she wasn't doing so well, because she had...
If he didn't, you can be sure you've sinned against one of his masculine prejudices. A lovely singing star discovers hidden truths about feminine behavior, and tells you how NOT to be a one-date girl

By Lucille Manners

quieted down a little. She didn't talk so much and she didn't sparkle continually in that nervous, artificial way. She and her escort, Harry, were getting on together very well and I relaxed.

Then, as I was sitting out a dance with Harry while my escort was dancing with my girl friend, Harry turned around and watched them on the dance floor.

"Uh-huh," he murmured more to himself than to me. "She's a Bunny."

Now, this might have been taken as a compliment—but not how he said it. I asked him what a Bunny was.

"A Bunny, Lucille," Harry said, "is a girl who loves to lay her soft curly head on your shoulder while she dances and always leaves part of her Elizabeth Arden blush on your lapel. A Bunny's worse than all the others."

"What others?" I asked.

"Oh, the Ramrod, the Strong Arm, the Strangler, the Pavlova, the Fountain," Harry said. "All you have to do is stop asking those to dance and you're safe. But a Bunny leaves a mark you carry around all night."

Naturally, I wanted to know what all these names meant.

"The Ramrod," Harry explained obligingly, "is the girl who's so nervous and afraid of you that she keeps her back as stiff as a board and holds you at arm's length. The Strong Arm is the lady who knows much better than you do where you should go and insists on leading. The Strangler uses a combination of loose joints and a clinging vine technique. The Pavlova, of course, is the divine dancer who wants everyone to notice how wonderful she is and sees to it that they do. The Fountain is the pain in the neck who insists on chattering away gayly, when all you want to do is dance and enjoy the music."

Well, to get back to Myra. By the time she got back to our table, Harry had definitely cooled off toward her. She couldn't help noticing it. Of course, I had no way of explaining that it was because she had left her rouge and powder on his shirt front. Well, seeing that he seemed to have lost interest, she set to work to win it back.

And then I realized what was wrong. She was really, essentially, still the charming, lovely girl I remembered her to be. She was just too anxious to make a hit. She worked too hard at it and consequently, when it didn't seem to be working, she got panicky and did all the wrong things. And that's when it struck me that her case was probably by no means unique.

I suppose one of the most important things for a girl to remember on a first date, is not to try too hard to be interesting and amusing. The chances are that if a man has asked you out at all, it's because he found you attractive and congenial in the first place. So the safest thing seems to be to go on being the person that attracted him to begin with. There's really no need for any act or line. And don't think for a moment that men don't see through an act as soon as it's turned on. They do—and they don't like it.

Not long ago, at a party, a man I know came over and sat down beside me.

"I came over for sympathy, Lucille," he said. "I was never so bored in my life."

Now, I had noticed him at the bar, laughing and seemingly having a good time with a very attractive girl.

"You didn't look bored," I laughed.

"I'm polite—sometimes," he answered. "That girl has a line that's going to strangle her some day."

"Wasn't it a good one?" I asked.

"No line is any good after five minutes," he said. "For about five minutes it's flattering and amusing to a man that any girl should go to so much trouble just for him. He even kids himself that it's strictly
EVER since I said good bye to a girl who visited me in New York for a week, I've been wondering... Why, after I'd introduced that girl to Tom, the separate and very likable man, did she fail to be invited out a second time by any of them? Why, in spite of her pretty face and figure, didn't they like her?

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On the third evening, with the third nicest young man I know in tow, we went dancing. By this time, I guess she had noticed she wasn't doing so well, because she had...
for his benefit. Then the sense begins to leak back into his brain and he knows darned well that she probably uses the same technique on every man she meets. And then he does one of two things. He either gets mad and calls her bluff, or else he's polite and gets bored. I got bored."

There's another thing that seems to bother men a good bit. Often, they ask girls out just for the sake of a few hours of pleasant conversation and companionship. But, they've found, through long experience, that it's hardly ever possible to leave it at just that. Girls have apparently come to expect a great deal of flattery, and seem to consider themselves definite social failures unless men make open advances to them. So men feel duty bound to make overtures, even when they would much rather not.

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that there is such a thing as unconsciously inviting disasters—advances included. What happened to a girl I know, not so long ago, seems to bear this out. She told me that she had known a certain very popular young man for a long time. They went out together quite often and had a lot of fun together, without ever once getting serious about each other. Then, one day, another girl told her that this young man was considered a rather dangerous combination of gay Lothario, Casanova and Don Juan. This was surprising news to the girl who had known him for such a long time. But the next time she went out with him, the idea that he was considered dangerous and that maybe she should be on her guard against him kept coming to her mind. It made her uncomfortable, always watching for the slightest sign of an advance. And it made him uncomfortable. And the upshot of it all was that before the evening was over, the young man did fulfill the threat. In other words, if you're afraid something is going to happen, it's more than likely that it will happen.

Continuing my research after Myra had gone home, I asked the men I know exactly what it is they do expect of a girl the first time they take her out. And here's what I found out.

They like girls to be well dressed, but not fussily. Men are very conservative. That's been said before, but I think it needs stressing. They like being seen with an attractive girl, but they shrink from being seen with someone who is flashily dressed and extremely made-up.

They hate being kept waiting. And they don't like to meet girls in public places—under clocks or in bars.

Men like girls to be intelligent listeners. That means, they don't like to carry on continuous male monologues. While they do like to talk about themselves and the things that interest them, they also want to feel that they are being entertained. The funny thing about this is that you'll find if you take an active part in the conversation, asking intelligent questions when you're not familiar with the subject and contributing your own ideas when you have them, both the man and the conversation will really grow interesting and stimulating. But don't ever make the mistake of turning your conversation into a "cat session" just to have something to say. It's always poor taste to make disparaging remarks about other people and only ends in making you look "catty" to a man.

Men don't like self conscious girls. Nothing irritates them more than a girl who's constantly repairing her make-up and staring into her mirror. And they class as self conscious those girls who talk too loudly and laugh too loudly and make extravagent gestures to attract attention in public.

If you are a heavy smoker, cut down a little on the number of cigarettes you smoke, the first few times you're out with a man. Men have grown used to the idea of women smoking, but they still don't really approve of it. And don't ever smoke on the street when you're with a man.

All men dislike insincerity. They hate being gushed over because it makes them feel silly to have a fuss made over them and undue importance placed on some chance remark or gesture they may have made.

They don't like possessive girls. So don't start telling a man not to smoke so much or drink so much or, how, where, and when to do anything, the first time you go out with him. The Little Mother type is not popular at all. Nor is the other extreme liked any better—the girl who just can't think or move or act without the advice and help of her escort. Men love being big and strong and masterly, but they don't like to feel they're indispensable to the life of a girl they hardly know.

Which leads to the most important suggestion of all, I think. Never, never be obvious in your attempt to get a man. Nothing frightens men so much, nor prompts them to run so far and so fast, as a girl who is obviously out to get herself a life partner. Men still like to feel that the choice is their own. Then, too, there's the other side of it. If you try too hard, men might get the idea there's something wrong with you since you have to work so hard to win their attention and interest.

Actually, it all boils down to this. Be yourself. Be natural and at ease, as pleasant and as amusing as you can be without any strain on your part. The result will be that men will be comfortable and happy in your company and will want to see you again and again. And, after that, you're on your own.

Our author, attractive Lucille Manners, is the featured concert star of the Cities Service Hour, heard every Friday night at 8:00, E.D.S.T., over the NBC-Red network.
GRACIE ALLEN, who has been "guesting" on most of the network programs in her campaign for president, returned home one evening and sank wearily into a chair. Her two children, Sandra and Ronnie, stood sympathetically about her. Suddenly, Sandra said, "Poor Mommy ... are you working for all the stations now?"

If one of the stars of the Radio Theater should ever be taken ill at the last minute, the show will go on just the same. Each role is well covered by understudies, known only to Producer Cecil B. DeMille and his associates, who have instructions to stand by within ten minutes' drive of the studio. Paid for their trouble, no understudy so far has ever had to fill any but a minor role.

Artie Shaw, who won some recognition by marrying glamour gal Lana Turner, may win some more on his own merits. Said to be that Artie has been approached with a new radio deal which will call for the ex-swing-king and his orchestra to co-star with the Andrews sisters.

Joan Crawford's guest shot on Arch Oboler's program cost the network exactly $21, the AFRA minimum, because Joan was that anxious to appear on an Oboler show. The quote on her for commercial shows is $3,500.

Illness at the last minute prevented William Powell's appearance on the Screen Guild program recently. The moment doctors told Bill he could return to work, the first thing he did was phone Roger Pryor, master of ceremonies for the series, and place himself on call.

(Continued on page 62)
SPRING isn't the only thing that's in the air these days. There's also the whirl of the vacuum cleaner and the carpet sweeper, the swish of mops and dusters and polishing cloths as we enter into our annual task of making our homes gay and sparkling and shining with cleanliness. Since spring cleaning is such an important task for all of us, I've been saving all winter tips which will not only help you to set your house in order but will enable you easily and more efficiently to keep it that way throughout the year. If this sounds pretty far away from a cooking department's routine, don't be misled, for we're spring cleaning our menus this month too, with recipes for the best and most satisfying meals you've ever eaten, which can be prepared amidst the flurry of house cleaning with no extra trouble at all. I call them two-way recipes, for they may be cooked and served in two ways.

Tuna Fish and Macaroni
1 medium can tuna fish
1 medium can macaroni
1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
1/2 cup grated cheese or buttered crumbs

Drain and flake the tuna fish, combine with macaroni and mustard and turn into buttered casserole. Cover with grated cheese or buttered crumbs and bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes. Variation: Omit buttered crumbs, combine remaining ingredients and heat all together in the top of a double boiler.

Chipped Beef and Corn
1 medium jar chipped beef
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 can kernel corn

Freshen chipped beef by covering with boiling water and allowing to stand for five minutes. Combine with soup and corn and bake in buttered casserole at moderate temperature for thirty minutes. Variation: Combine ingredients and heat thoroughly in a double boiler.

Salmon and Pea Souffle
1 medium can salmon
1 1/2 cups canned pea soup (diluted with milk)
1 tbl. flour
2 eggs (beaten separately)
2 tsp. lemon juice
pinch nutmeg

Remove skin and bones from salmon and break into flakes. Heat soup and milk, add salmon and egg yolks beaten with flour and heat all together. Remove from fire, stir in lemon juice, nutmeg and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered casserole or into individual ramekins, place in pan of water and bake in moderate oven until a silver knife, inserted into souffle, will come out clean (about forty minutes). Variation: Omit eggs and flour, combine other ingredients and beat together; serve on thin toast or toasted crackers.

These dishes should be served piping hot (souffles will fall if allowed to stand after being removed from the oven) and any one of them served with a fresh spring salad like the one illustrated (made up of lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, scallops, radishes and watercress), coffee and a simple dessert will provide a dinner which is a treat all through the year.

AND now back to those household tips we were talking about. Suppose we start with the furniture first. Upholstered pieces should first be brushed or vacuumed thoroughly, then for additional freshness moisten two tablespoons white soap flakes in a teaspoonful of tepid water. Beat into a froth with a rotary egg beater and sponge the fabric with the foamy suds, working rapidly so that the material will not get too wet.

First aid to scarred or scratched furniture with a dark finish is the same as for yourself, to get out your first aid kit and paint the wound with iodine. Apply it carefully, covering only the scarred surface, lest the alcohol in the iodine damage the finish. When dry, rub with furniture polish.
Clean Your Menus
AND YOUR KITCHEN TOO

Make spring cleaning fun by adding some fresh color notes to your kitchen. Above, Kathleen, one of the Mullen Sisters who sing on Kate Smith's show Fridays, puts up a gay new curtain—made out of paper!

To the geniuses who have devised so many ways of using paper we should all give thanks. Paper shelving, for instance—nothing adds so much to the fresh appearance of kitchen, pantry and closets as gay shelf paper with matching edgings, and since it's washable it is a time saver throughout the rest of the year. Window blinds and draperies now come in washable paper too.

Paper towels are another boon—small guest towels (they come in a variety of colors to suit any decorating scheme) for the bathroom, a business-like roll of heavier perforated towels for the kitchen where they are invaluable for everything from wiping grease from a skillet or the oil from your salad bowl to draining fried foods and freshly washed salad greens.

Another thing to check up on at housecleaning time is shelf space. Probably no woman who ever lived had sufficient shelves, but it's usually possible to add an extra one or two. If your dish shelves are set far apart, have narrow supplementary shelves placed between the main shelves to accommodate small items such as saucers, sauce dishes, bread and butter plates, ramekins and the like. If you haven't space on your stove for salt, pepper and the spices you use most often, a small metal shelf from your local ten cent store placed near the stove will be a time and energy saver, and its twin, hung over your mixing table to hold cookbooks and recipe files, will prove equally helpful.

Kitchen and bathroom linoleum will lead a brighter—and a longer—life if after mopping it you go over it with a cloth which has been wrung out of melted paraffine. And as a general aid toward brightening the bathroom, what about a new shower curtain with matching window curtains?

And as a final gesture toward spring freshening—remember the paint can and brush.

Left, Imelda Mullen prefers a fresh coat of paint, while sister Mary Margaret, below, fancies that new, washable paper edging for the pantry.

JUNE, 1949

courtesy of R. H. Macy & Co., N. Y.
FIRST outlet for the new Artie Shaw 31-piece band is Victor Records. The new instrumentation has six brass, four saxes, four rhythms, eight fiddles, two violas, two cellos, one bass clarinet, flute, oboe, and French horn.

Shaw says "The general idea is not to get away from swing music but to present dance music with more color than is possible with the usual brass and saxophone setup that has perhaps, due to constant usage, become monotonous. I will attempt to have a swing band playing as such, augmented by legitimate instruments playing legitimately. Up to now, all attempts at combining swing with legitimate have resulted in something that was neither of the two."

Incidentally MGM is plenty burned over Artie's marriage to their budding starlet, Lana Turner. He doesn't get a royal reception on the movie sets when he calls for his bride.

* * *

I like Sammy Kaye's new stunt "So You Want to Lead a Band" which has been heard frequently over Mutual. Embryo leaders are selected from the audience and the band actually follows their beat. Several radio sponsors are checking into its possibilities as a radio series.

* * *

This Changing World: Georjke Auld and Bunny Berigan have both joined Tommy Dorsey's band after unsuccessful flings as conductors. Auld tried to rescue the old Shaw band after Artie went A.W.O.L.

* * *

Art Kassel is now playing in Chicago's Bismarck Hotel. Gray Gordon replaces Blue Barron in New York's Hotel Edison this month. Charlie Barnet stays at the Lincoln this summer, then on to Chicago's Sherman. Possibility that Tommy Tucker gets the Essex House spot. Doris Rhodes, former CBS singer, is now in swing alley's Famous Door—to be followed in May by Connie Boswell.

* * *

The Fitch Bandwagon on NBC-Red has been renewed for 52 weeks.

By KEN ALDEN

The man who first taught Rudy Vallee, saxophonist Rudy Wiedoeft, died of a stomach ailment in February. He was 46.

* * *

The frequent illnesses of big time dance band leaders (Goodman, Shaw, Miller to name a few) have other topnotchers developing into hypo-chondriacs. You see they have to make their money while currently in public favor and this means playing theaters, hotels, and recording almost simultaneously. There's little time for rest and relaxation.

* * *

The National Association of Broadcasters have set up their own music organization and are out to fight A.S.C.A.P., the composers and publishers' society. Largest share of income for the music world comes from the radio and the squabbles about royalties have been numerous.

* * *

Contrary to popular belief, Johnny Green does not use a pickup studio band for his air shows and outside engagements. The 17 men work exclusively for Johnny.

40
JIMMY DORSEY never wanted to lead a band. The retiring, shy saxophonist was quite content to let his more exuberant brother Tommy hold the baton for their band. But circumstances lifted him unwillingly from behind the obscure music ranks and placed him on the podium, to give the airwaves two great Dorsey bands instead of one.

Up to 1934, Jimmy and Tommy had clicked with Damon and Pythias perfection with the Dorsey Brothers' band. Then the flames of discord smoldered. Sharp, bitter words, not yet forgotten, were exchanged. Tommy left the band to form his own organization, and the reticent older brother Jimmy suddenly found himself a bandleader with a costly investment to protect.

Jimmy accepted the task and plunged into his new, unwanted role with the same mechanical perfection that had won him the deserved title of "world's greatest saxophonist." But there is more to leading a famous dance band than just musical mastery. You must smile sweetly to the worshipful dancers, continually conceive startling new ideas, and develop showmanship. It took all the ability of a tireless manager, Billy Burton, and a determined wife to make Jimmy realize these deficiencies in his make-up and set out to master them.

That is why the Jimmy Dorsey you hear today over CBS from New York's Hotel Pennsylvania is a far cry from the confused young man who headed west five years ago to conduct Bing Crosby's radio shows.

Although the band's work on this show attracted attention, a curious development in dance music came up over the horizon and caught Jimmy flat-footed.

Swing music paralyzed the music business. From out of nowhere, young bands sprouted like mushrooms. They didn't play well but they played loud and oozed personality over the airwaves. The public approved.

This rhythmic revolution didn't affect the Crosby show. The sponsors felt there was no place on the programs for them. A matter of fact they asked Jimmy to insert four violins in his band.

"We had already lost valuable ground," Jimmy explained, "If we did this, it meant complete oblivion in the swing picture."

Jimmy naturally refused this request and John Scott Trotter replaced him.

The band came east, eager to cash in on the craze, but they met some surprising reversals. Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and even his own brother, Tommy, had beaten him to the punch. All Jimmy got was the sympathy of the music trade.

"He's a great musician," they would say, "but he hasn't got the pep."

When an interviewer asked Jimmy at the time, why he acted so dissolute, he replied wryly, "Oh, it's nothing a commercial can't cure."

The problem naturally vexed his astute manager, Billy Burton. The latter knew that musically the band could hardly be improved upon. It was Dorsey as a personality who needed the interior decorating. One night Billy consulted Mrs. Dorsey, a beautiful, intelligent young woman, who was "Miss Detroit" in a beauty contest before she married Jimmy, and things began to happen.

Jimmy got some long needed lessons in the art of selling a band.

"Don't just lead it," pleaded Mrs. Dorsey, "LIVE it."

The ballyhoo machines got busy. Individual soloists like Bobby Byrne and Ray McKinley, two excellent musicians who have since graduated to leading their own bands, were highlighted. More vocal duties were assigned to Bob Eberly and blonde Helen O'Connell.

JIMMY DORSEY was convinced that his change in form was right after the band played an engagement in Chicago's Hotel Sherman.

When a big band plays a hotel they go into the spot on a guarantee, plus a percentage if the receipts go over a certain figure. The hotel manager naturally sets the figure at the highest gross he believes the attraction can garner. But Jimmy's newly-revived band collected $500 extra weekly in addition to their regular paycheck of $5,500.

Three other young people connected with the band must also receive credit for this amazing reversal of form. Vocalists Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell are two of them.

The other is loyal Eddie Perri, the band's man-of-all-jobs.

Bob Eberly was like most ambitious singers. He came to New York, sang on a few amateur programs and failed (Continued on page 80)
SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

Ted Cott (left) asks some contestants: "So You Think You Know Music?"

Tune-In Bulletin for April 28, May 5, 12 and 19!

April 28: Biggest news today is that Daylight Saving Time starts. If your community stays on Standard Time, you'll have to get used to hearing your programs ONE HOUR EARLIER.

The Adventures of Ellery Queen, that fascinating mystery program, moves to CBS at 7:30 tonight, replacing the Screen Guild Theater. ... And the Goodwill Hour, with John J. Anthony, moves from the Mutual network to NBC-Blue. Same broadcast time: 10:00 P.M. . . . Carole Lombard is the guest star on the CBS Silver Theater, at 6:00. . . . Rose Bampton sings on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00.

May 5: Carole Lombard stars in the second half of her two-part drama on the Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00. . . . Music-lovers will be sorry because today's broadcast at the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, CBS at 3:00, is the last until next fall.

May 12: The last Ford Symphony Hour of the season is on CBS tonight at 9:00.

May 19: Jessica Draganieta stars in the New Ford Summer Hour, starting tonight on CBS at 9:00. Leith Stevens directs the orchestra.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: So you Think You Know Music? which in spite of its high-brow character has surprised everyone by becoming so popular that CBS has moved it into a convenient 8:30 o'clock spot Sunday night.

On the surface, So You Think You Know Music is just a quiz program about classical music, with questions like, "Hum the chorale theme from the fourth movement of Brahms' First Symphony." Not much fun, you'd say, for someone who didn't know Brahms' First Symphony from his Fourth, and cared little, but Ted Cott, the master of ceremonies, keeps things moving at such a lively and amusing pace that even non-musical listeners get a lot of fun out of the proceedings.

Ted Cott, a dork young man still in his twenties, originated his program quite by accident and because he was lonely. He was working in a local New York broadcasting station one Fourth of July afternoon. His job was to change the records that were being broadcast, and there was nobody around to talk to. So Ted went into the reception room and found on actor who had wandered in in search of a job. Then he got the porter and the station engineer, brought all three of them into the studio, and put on informal musical quiz on the air, with questions based on the photographs records he was playing. Listeners who weren't out celebraing the glorious Fourth liked the idea so much that 200 enthusiastic letters came in the next day, and So You Think You Know Music was born, to be moved, a few months later, to the CBS network.

Ted can't play any instrument at all, but musical knowledge has been a hobby of his ever since he used to work, as a boy, in his father's studio and record shop. His other main interest is the stage, and he planned to be an actor himself until luck and radio changed his mind. For a while, when he was in high school, a bad lip threatened to bar him from the stage, but one of his teachers took him in hand and finally cured him so he could say "Six million, six hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and sixty-six and sixty-six-one hundreds" without a single lip.

Although he knows a great deal about music, Ted modestly says that some day he hopes to know as much as the people he quizzes, and he won't act as judge on the program. Leonard Liebling, famous New York music critic, holds down that post on each broadcast.
MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

Handsome Tony Martin—and his maestro Andre Kastlelatz.

Tune-In Bulletin for April 29, May 6, 13, and 20

April 29: There's a brand new program for you to listen to this evening. It's called The Telephone Hour, stars Jimmy Melton and Frances White, with Don Voorhees' 15-voice radio society chorus, sponsored by the Bell Telephone Co. 8:00 to 8:30 on NBC-Red. . . . President Herbert Hoover spoke tonight on the topic, "A Boy's World," . . . P.S. Don't forget that Daylight Saving Time is in effect, and if you're on Standard time the shows are an hour earlier.

May 6: Baseball fans in or near New York will have a fine time this spring, because station WABC is broadcasting all home games of the Yankees and Giants. Today's game: Yankees vs. White Sox. . . . Johnny McGee and his orchestra open tonight at the Syracuse Hotel in Brooklyn, broad-casting on NBC-Red.

May 13: Have you listened to Paul Sullivan yet? His newscasts have taken the place of H. V. Kaltenborn's on CBS.

May 20: Wonder if any of the broadcasters will remember that today is the anniversary of Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic?

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Tony Martin, singing with Andre Kastlelatz' orchestra in Tune-Up Time, sponsored by Ethyl Gasoline, on CBS at 8:00, E.D.S.T. (rebroadcast at 8:00, Pacific Standard Time.) Maybe you haven't noticed it, but handsome Tony Martin is singing better these days than he ever did in his life. Also, he's reading lines in his role as Tune-Up Time's master of ceremonies with all the ease of a Bing Crosby. The truth is, he's become a really important star.

Most of the credit for his climb from near-obsccurity to success goes to Tony himself, of course. He refused to be discouraged when his movie career dwindled down to nothing, but came to New York and started all over again, made personal appearances and got himself a radio job in Tune-Up Time. So far so good. But to Andre Kastlelatz goes the credit for completing the job of building up Tony Martin, Kosty, who knows a good voice when he hears one, made up his mind that Tony could be a better singer than he was, and started in to teach him how. By teasing, persuading, arguing and complimenting, he got Tony to tackle songs he'd always thought too difficult, and to try to record them, he'd always thought were too high for his baritone register. Result: A Tony Martin who phrases and modulates his songs beautifully, and who goes into a lower range now and then without a quaver.

Tony and Kastlelatz are in Hollywood now, broadcasting from there while Tony makes a picture on the Columbia lot, but they'll return to New York late in May, and probably broadcast from there all summer. Kastlelatz and the sponsor both would have liked to have this show come from New York, rather than Hollywood, and now that Tony and his wife, Alice Fayre, are being divorced Tony is just as happy in the East as in the West.

Alice and his divorce are the two subjects upon which Tony amiably declines to talk, beyond saying that he's sorry they couldn't make a go of their life together. He's definitely not unhappy about the separation, though, as you'd see in a minute if you watched one of his broadcast rehearsals, where he smiles, jokes with the musicians, and in general gives every evidence of having a light and carefree heart, and a head that hasn't been affected by his success.

In New York, Tony lives in a Central Park hotel, but he doesn't get a chance to spend very much time there. For a while he was singing at a Florida night club, commuting back and forth for his Monday-night programs.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

LENORE KINGSTON—a "ham" and proud of it. She might be called the toast of the town as applied to her acting ability, but when you talk about her amateur radio operator's license it's perfectly all right to call her a "ham." Lenore is believed to be the only "y.l." (more radio slang; meaning young lady ham) also engaged in acting; you hear her as Jane Dily in Affairs of Anthony and Jimmy in Midstream.

Complete Programs from April 26 to May 23

JUNE, 1940
### Eastern Daylight Time

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Show</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Dr. Edna Atherton</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>Good Morning America</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Red Nails</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>The Hallelujah Tree</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>Red Nails (pre-empted)</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Dinner with Dr. Edna Atherton</td>
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<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>Mabel Gay</td>
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### Tie Up Highlights

- **April 30**: Joe Reischman's orchestra opens at the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel... and Charlie Barnet's at the Lincoln in New York. Both are broadcasting over NBC.
- **May 7**: Bill McGuire's orchestra goes into the Essex House in New York, broadcasting over NBC.

### Say Hello to...

**DENNIS HOEY**—who commands fourteen dialects, sings as well as acts, and plays Mr. Welby in CBS' serial, Pretty Kitty Kelly. English by birth, Dennis really merits the title of "International Actor." His parents were Irish and Russian, he's toured in both England and America, and has gone around the world twice with a cameraman, making movies. He was seventeen when he joined the British Army during the World War, and discovered during a troop entertainment that he could sing. When the war ended, he went on the musical comedy stage. Now he and his wife and their five-year-old son live in New York City.
Whitney Bourne's luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, has learned to serve a 7-course meal—alone—to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other job requirements.

QUESTION TO MISS BOURNE:
With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

ANSWER: "It's a matter of regular skin care with Pond's 2 grand creams. To keep my skin clear and glowing, I cleanse it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. And, of course, before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Aren't the sudden changes from California sun to New York weather hard on your skin?

ANSWER: "No, because my powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream—also serves as a marvelous protection against sun and wind and weather. I always use it before make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS ROTH:
Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we must look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Does using two creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

ANSWER: "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"

Send for trial Beauty Kit

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-CVF, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company
Mr. Keen and his Miss Ellis; Bennett Kilpack and Florence Malone.

**Tune-In Bulletin for May 1, 8, 15 and 22!**

**May 1:** It’s May Day, and there will be a big parade in New York, while in some small towns, school children will decorate May Gardens. A special reason for celebrating is that it’s Kate Smith’s birthday—wonder if she’ll mention it on her program at noon, New York time, on CBS?

**May 8:** For racing fans, NBC broadcasts the Dixie Hurdicap from Baltimore. . . . Al Donahue’s show leaves the Hotel New Yorker tonight—it’s been broadcasting from there over Mutual.

**May 15:** Kay Kyser’s College of Musical Knowledge should come from Catalina Island tonight, NBC-Red at 10:00. He and his band are scheduled to open there at the Casino later in the evening.

**May 22:** For some of the best radio drama—tune in Charles Boyer’s Hollywood Playhouse at 8:00 tonight on NBC-Blue. (It’s rebroadcast to reach the Coast at 5:30, Pacific Time.)

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Mr. Keen, Trooper of Lost Persons, on NBC-Blue at 7:15, sponsored by Bl-St-Dry.

Mr. Keen has been tracing lost persons for well on to three years now, and it’s high time you learned something about Mr. Keen himself. He is Bennett Kilpack, who has been acting in radio since the early days of 1927.

Bennett was born in England, and studied to be an electrical engineer. When he graduated from the Finsbury Technical College he came to America. But young British engineers, even with the best of training, weren’t in any demand in this country, so Bennett decided he’d put to use some of the work he’d done in college and get a job as an actor instead. He was lucky enough to be cast as Cassio in “Othello,” was successful in the part, and hasn’t given a thought to electrical engineering since.

After touring with O’Hara, William Gillette and Sir Ben Greet, Bennett played the lead in one of radio’s first attempts at a dramatic serial, called The Wayside Inn. From there he went on to more radio work, and become an American institution as “Cousin John” in the Salk Parker program.

Bennett has both blighted and helped Bette Davis’ career. Several years ago, when he was running his own theater in Ogunquit, Maine, a little blonde girl asked him for a part in a play. Bennett refused, because the only feminine role was that of an old maid. The girl insisted she could play the part, and begged him to try her out, but he sent her on her way. It was Bette, of course. But a few years later, when the Salk Parker troupe was in Hollywood, getting ready to make a movie, Bennett met Bette again, and when a girl with a New England accent was needed for the picture he remembered how good her voice was, recommended her, and saw her given the part—thus making up for letting her go at Ogunquit.

The only other permanent member of the Mr. Keen cost is Florence Malone, who plays Miss Ellis. She too comes to radio with a long career on the stage behind her; she played featured roles opposite Edmund Lowe, Guy Bates Post, Lowell Sherman, Richard Dix, Tully Marshall, and Walter Connolly.

Florence’s greatest passion is travel. As a young woman she made her first trip to New York not because she particularly wanted to see New York, but just for the sake of the trip itself. Until the war, her vacations were always spent in Europe, and she hopes some day to cruise all the way around the world in her own yacht—though so far, she admits, she has neither the time nor the yacht.

**SAY HELLO TO . . .**

**JOAN TOMPKINS**—Joyce Turner of Young Widder Brown on NBC-Red at 4:45 this afternoon. Joan has been acting since she was sixteen, when she worked for a summer stock company and took her bows with shaking knees. Graduating from stock, she toured in a road company of the stage play, “Pride and Prejudice.” One of the actors in the play was Stephen Ker Appleby, and Joan and Stephen were married in 1936. She’s been playing Judy since Your Family and Mine first went on the air. Joan’s five feet, three inches tall, has blue-gray eyes, brown hair and a fair complexion. Her most prized possessions are friends.
Find your most Becoming Powder Shade now—and get it in my GRIT-FREE powder!

GRIT IN YOUR FACE POWDER CAN GIVE YOUR SKIN A HARSH, "POWDERY" LOOK!

The wrong shade of powder is a tragedy—but even the most becoming shade can raise the dickens with your appearance—if that powder contains grit! For powders containing grit can make you look older—can give your skin a harsh, "hard" look.

Does a higher price mean a better powder? Don't be deceived! For even expensive powders often contain grit. Impartial laboratory tests showed many powders costing $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, and even more, contained up to 20.14% grit!

But there is no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. Day or evening, when you wear it, no harsh, "powdery" look will spoil your loveliness. For my powder will flatter you through busy hours with never a trace of grit to ruin its smoothness...to spoil the perfect blending of your most becoming shade.

Find Your One Luckiest Shade—Here and Now

If you want to look your best at a party, a dinner, or a dance, you must have the right shade of face powder. Why guess, when you can be certain as to which is exactly the right shade for you, the becoming shade, the flattering shade?

Find out right now! Write me—and I will send you 10 glorious new shades of my grit-free face powder (including my Champagne Rachel). Try all my shades—you'll be amazed to see that my beiges, dark rachels, light rachels, rose tones and my natural are so much more flattering than the equivalent shades of other brands you may have tried.

From this complete range you will surely find the one shade that is made to order for you—the one shade that will make you look younger and lovelier! And because my powder is grit-free, it will never give you an ungroomed, "powdery" look! There is no finer, no higher quality powder in the world today—no lovelier shades. So mail the coupon now!
### Eastern Daylight Time

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<td>Gene and Glenn</td>
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<td>The Man I Married</td>
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<td>Hilts House</td>
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<td>Mary Martin</td>
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<td>Happy Jack</td>
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### THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

- **William Post and Erin O'Brien-Moore**—John Perry and his wife.

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

**May 2:** Still another birthday to celebrate—Bing Crosby's. And a transcontinental broadcast tonight at his usual time, 10:00, to celebrate it all.

**May 9:** Larry Clinton and his orchestra open tonight at the Hotel New Yorker, broadcasting an Mutual... while Jimmy Jay starts an engagement at the Copa Room, Los Angeles, to be heard on NBC. The baseball game in New York today is between the Yankees and the St. Louis Browns.

**May 16:** A reminder that two exciting mystery dramas are heard one after the other tonight. Mr. District Attorney on NBC-Red at 8:00, and I Love a Mystery on the same network at 8:30.

**May 23:** It's good to hear the melody of Lanny Ross following the comedy of Amos 'n Andy on CBS during the half hour between 7:00 and 7:30 tonight. The two programs make a perfect combination.

### ON THE AIR TODAY

**John's Other Wife** on NBC-Blue at 3:30, sponsored by Waring's. This young lady with the Irish name and ancestry burst into Broadway stardom overnight when she played the leading role in Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prize drama, "Street Scene."

**Our Gal Sunday** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt. Miss Bebe Daniels' delightful wife show is in its fifth season, and will be seen tonight.

**One Life** on NBC-Red, Light of the World. The Sunday morning serial is in its 15th week.

**Girl Intercessor** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Arnold Grimm's Daughter. This religious series is in its 7th week.

**Valiant Lady** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Ideal Laundry. This serial is in its 8th week.

**Sky's My Son and I** on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Hymus & All Churches. This serial is in its 11th week.

**Happiness** on NBC-Red, sponsored by the Guiding Light. This serial is in its 15th week.

**Right to Happiness** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Let's Talk It Over. This serial is in its 15th week.

**Road of Life** on NBC-Red, sponsored by the Light of the World. This serial is in its 13th week.

**The Goldbergs** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Anheuser-Busch. This comic serial is in its 11th week.

**Valentine** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Ralston. This comic serial is in its 11th week.

**John's Other Wife** on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Pepper Young's Family. This serial is in its 11th week.

**Just Plain Bill** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Vic and Sade. This serial is in its 14th week.

**Stella Dallas** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Dr. Brown. This serial is in its 15th week.

**Lorenzo Jones** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Young Widder Brown. This serial is in its 14th week.

**Girl Alone** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Feenice Wicker. This serial is in its 15th week.

**Midsouth** on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Bud Bartos. This serial is in its 8th week.

**Scattered Raindrops** on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Mrs. Martha Aragon. This serial is in its 14th week.

**The O'Neill** on NBC-Red, sponsored by the Orson Welles Show. This serial is in its 8th week.

**The Guest Book** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Edwin C. Hill. This serial is in its 15th week.

**Paul Sullivan** on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Lowell Thomas. This serial is in its 14th week.

**Easy Aces** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Fred Waring's Gang. This serial is in its 15th week.

**Mr. and Mrs. Andrew** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Ray Poppers. This serial is in its 15th week.

**Rudy Vallee** on NBC-Red, sponsored by the Rudy Vallee Show. This serial is in its 15th week.

**Glenn Miller** on NBC-Red, sponsored by Raymond Gram Swing. This serial is in its 14th week.

**KRAFT Music Hall** on NBC-Red, sponsored by the KRAFT Music Hall. This serial is in its 14th week.

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**SAY HELLO TO...**

**HORACE BRAHAM**—actor, painter and poet, who plays George Harrison in Woman of Courage, on CBS this morning at 9:00. Acting is his profession, and has been since he was a boy, but painting, sculpting, and writing are his hobbies. He is an Englishman, descendant of a long line of actors, and is well known on the Broadway stage. Disliking arguments, never allows himself to be drawn into one. Instead, he models a caricature of any antagonist in clay, paints and bakes it, and adds it to his "Chamber of Horrors" collection. He's married to Gladys Feldman, former Ziegfeld Follies girl, and they live in New York City.
No matter how sleepy I am at bedtime I never neglect my active-lather facial

It's easy to work up a rich active lather with Lux soap

It's easy to work up a rich active lather with Lux soap

Ann Sheridan

Star of Warner Bros. "It All Came True"

I pat it lightly in, next rinse with warm water, then a dash of cool

Then pat to dry. It leaves skin feeling silky smooth—the way it ought to be!

Take the screen stars' tip... try this active-lather facial for 30 days

Cosmetic skin: unattractive little blemishes and enlarged pores—spoils good looks. So don't risk choked pores. Use cosmetics all you like, but take Ann Sheridan's tip. Remove dust, dirt and stale cosmetics thoroughly. Let active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap protect the beauty of your skin—help keep it smooth, attractive.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
### Eastern Daylight Time

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<th>Time</th>
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<td>When a Girl Marries</td>
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#### FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

- **Charlotte Hollond and Chester Stratton of Against the Storm.**

#### Tune-In Bulletin for April 26, May 3, 10, and 17!

**April 26:** The Drake Relay races, one of the year's big athletic events, are being run today, and Ted Husing describes them to you between 3:00 and 5:00, E.S.T., over CBS. ... The Penn Relays, more of the same, one on both CBS and NBC. ... The Adventures of Tom Mix, adventure serial for the youngsters, goes off the air after today's broadcast.

**May 3:** Welcome Al Pearce back to the air tonight, with his whole gang. They started a new series on CBS at 7:30, for Camel Cigarettes. ... Don Bostor's orchestra opens tonight of the Warden Park Hotel in Washington—you'll hear him over NBC.

**May 10:** There ought to be a good fight on tonight over NBC-Blue. Lou Ambers and Lew Jenkins are meeting at Madison Square Garden, and Bill Stern does the announcing. ... The Story of the Month, NBC-Blue at 10:00 A.M., goes off the air after today's broadcast. ... Stuff Smith's band opens at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, about midnight.

**May 17:** Dan Atrme's variety show, with Claire Trevor and Pat Friday, is hitting its stride as one of the week's best. Listen tonight at 10:00 on NBC-Red.

### ON THE AIR TODAY: Against the Storm, on NBC-Red at 11:30 A.M., E.D.S.T., sponsored by Ivory Soap.

If you want to hear a serial without a villain, tune in Against the Storm. A story doesn't have to have a villain or a melodramatic plot to be interesting and even exciting, says Sandra Michael, its author, and she's proving her point with this dramatic program. It took a long time for advertising agency officials and radio experts to agree with her, though. Against the Storm is the story of ordinary people, and the dramatic events that take place in their minds and souls, rather than in the world around them. None of its characters is either entirely good or entirely bad. They're just human.

Against the Storm grew out of Gertrude Warner's and Sandra Michael's study of human nature, and it was born in Chicago. Sandra Michael, who writes it, is a pretty young woman who was born in Denmark and came to this country when she was seven years old. She lived in Montana, then Chicago, and while she was in Chicago, finishing school, she got a chance to work for a radio station in Milwaukee. She didn't know a thing about radio—didn't even listen to it much—but she jumped on the train, bought a couple of radio magazines on the theory they might give her the information she lacked. They were full of technical talk about megacycles and kilowatts, and didn't help her a bit, but she got the job and kept it for a year and a half. Then, in Chicago, she wrote a radio-free-lance, turning out commercial announcements, sketches, anything that she could sell, until she got the job of writing a transcribed program called Poppy Line. Last summer, a script she submitted impressed an advertising agency so much that they offered her a chance to write a show of her own—which turned out to be Against the Storm. She also writes The Affairs of Anthony, on NBC.

Sandra discovered Charlotte Hollond, the young Canadian girl who plays Kathy on the program, and she says Charlotte is a really great actress. Charlotte doesn't agree. When Sandra compliments her on her work, she opens her eyes wide and says, "Why, Miss Michael, anybody could play that part!" Gertrude Warner and Chester Stratton are Christy Camerman and Mark Scott, and Arnold Moss is Philip Cameron—the three other main characters in Against the Storm. There are quite a few secondary characters, and will be more in the program as it goes on, because Sandra likes to introduce new people and her advertising agency bosses let her do as she pleases because the popularity rating of her show proves she knows what she's doing.

### SAY HELLO TO...

**AUDREY MARSH**—who sings on the CBS Johnny Presents program at 9:00 tonight. Audrey's first theatrical job was in the cast of that long-run play, "Abie's Irish Rose," in 1927. Later, playing in "After Dark," she discovered that she could sing; until then she'd thought her voice was too light. A music publisher took her to CBS for an audition, and a singer she's been ever since. She isn't married, but she can cook and claims that with a little practice she'd be an expert in the kitchen—"If the chance ever comes along. Tonight you hear her singing soles both with Johnny Green's orchestra and the Swing Fourteen.
Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Miller
at Home

(Continued from page 23)

kitchen of their apartment in Long Island. Here, of an evening, over gallons of coffee, you can have the time of your life. In this kitchen you might swap chatter with anyone from Tommy Dorsey to the next-door neighbor, who works for the gas company. But the main idea would be to relax, take off your shoes, if you like, and feel at home.

This may not sound like the sort of life you've imagined musicians and their wives lead. In fact, Helen Miller has told me that most people seem shocked when they learn that she and Glenn have a home.

WHEN I explain that we've had a home for ten years," she laughed, "and that Glenn has been in it every night, it really amazes them. Most people imagine that Glenn and I travel around the country, living out of a suitcase. That wouldn't work for us, because we've both been brought up to feel that a permanent home is something every married couple should have.

"Whenever we're in a hurry to go somewhere," Helen smiled, "Glenn pitches in and helps me with just about everything. There's only one thing I can't get him to do," she laughed. 'He refuses to do dishes.'

Before Glenn got a band of his own, most of his work was in New York. He was then a top-flight arranger and builder of bands for other musicians. The Millers didn't travel so much then, but whenever they did, Helen always went along with Glenn and set up a temporary home. Her big problem was to find a place with a kitchen as large as the one in their Jackson Heights home.

"Our kitchens," she explained, "have always been a meeting place for Glenn and his friends. He likes to feel that he always has a place where he and his friends can come to relax and talk over business. Glenn knows that I'm never annoyed when he brings his friends home, no matter what time of day or night it may be. I've always been as interested in their problems and discussions as he has.

People like Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman are not celebrities to Helen. They are old friends. She and Glenn have grown up in the music business with them. They've helped make it the exciting, interesting profession it is. And being a part of this has always been fascinating to Helen. Where most wives consider their husband's business a necessary bore, Helen has grown to love her husband's work. Glenn has always wanted Helen to be as much in the thick of it as he is.

"Whenever Glenn gets an idea for the band," she said, "he always comes to me and asks what I think of it. I tell him my reactions and then we talk it all over.

The Millers are together much more than the average couple. Their breakfasts are practically a ritual. Helen and Glenn start having breakfast at noon and it is invariably several hours later before the last cup of coffee is consumed.

Meddle! Meddle! Meddle! Goodness only knows why, but this busy neighbor does it plenty! She criticizes you for this. She criticizes you for that. And glory, what a spot you're in—if she looks at your little angel and finds her dressed in dingy, tattle-tale gray!

Don't get mad—just get wise! For no matter how hard you rub and rub, some soaps are so weak-kneed they simply can't budge all the dirt out of clothes. So hurry to the grocer's and switch to the soap that doesn't give dirt a chance! Switch to Fels-Naptha—golden bar or golden chips!

Then parode the baby in style! And prick up your ears—whenever that meddler comes around. For Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha, working as a well-balanced team, make tattle-tale gray give up in despair. They get clothes honestly clean all the way through. So sunny-white and sweet—it's a thrill to have even a meddler notice—to hear her sing your praises to the skies!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"!

"Use the golden bar for all bar-soap jobs. It's just the best ever! Use the golden chips wherever you use box-soap. They're HUSKIER flakes—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And now they've got a new suds-builder that makes oodles of rich, busy suds. Simply grand for washing machines."

JUNE, 1940
SAFETY HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

HIGHLIGHTS-April 12, '52

• On the air tonight, the first of next week — CBS

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of coffee has been downed. At breakfast, they talk over the problems of the band business, play records, and, as Helen puts it, "just relax and have fun."

While Glenn can't always go everywhere with Helen, when he is free he'll rarely go anywhere without her. And where he goes, friends always have a warm welcome sign out for her. To musicians, she is a pal, not only because they like and admire her as a person, but because she speaks their language.

"Being with musicians is the most fun I know," Helen said. "Something exciting and interesting is always happening. Most of them have a swell sense of humor. When I first began to know them, lots of the things they said went right over my head. Their humor is sort of dry and extremely subtle. They don't laugh at the things other people do. When friends who aren't in the business visit us, they're sometimes very puzzled when Glenn and I begin to laugh at something that doesn't seem at all funny to them."

Now and then, Helen will lapse into musicians' terminology. Just for example, a musician is never "tired out"; he is "really beat." A musician never speaks of anyone as "dying of laughter!" instead, the person is "knocking himself out." It is a bizarre language and it certainly seems odd to strangers when they hear the quiet, refined, sweet-faced Helen talking musicians' lingo. Almost as odd as when they hear the professorial-looking Mr. Miller jokingly tell a friend to "get lost," which in his language is the equivalent of our "scram."

"Glenn is like most musicians in that he doesn't like to plan anything," she told me. "He'll decide to go some place at the last moment, and off we go before I even have a chance to change my dress or powder my nose. Maybe most girls wouldn't like this spur-of-the-moment life," she smiled, "but I've lived it so long that I'm afraid I'd get bored if I knew what I was going to do three nights from now. I may be wrong, but it always seems to me that people have more fun when they don't plan things."

She told me about the time, a few weeks back, when she and Glenn were sitting around with some of the boys and one of them said, "You've got a few days off, why don't you go to Atlantic City?"

"I guess I will," Glenn said. "Come on, Helen."

Helen said, "Okay." They tossed a few things into a grip and went to Atlantic City, where they had a wonderful time.

"We didn't do anything special," Helen said. "Just whatever we felt like doing at the minute. Glenn took a fancy to Bingo," she laughed, "and every night we would rush out to a Bingo Palace and stay until it closed."

Before Glenn got his own band, the Millers were "at home" much more than they are now. They miss the time they used to be able to devote to their favorite pastime, double solitaire. This was played on the kitchen table and Helen describes it as the maddest fun she knows.

"Glenn is a whiz at it," Helen said, "and usually he beats me." She looked around to see whether Glenn was listening. "But you should hear him fuss when I win," she whispered.

But her daughter is a "glamour girl!" Not for her those big, flapping galoshes . . . and shapeless dresses of 1920! Modern girls like streamlined, figure-fitting things . . .

Which is why more women buy Kotex sanitary napkins today than all other brands put together! Made in soft folds (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad) Kotex fits better . . . is less bulky . . . than pads having loose, wadded fillers! No wonder Kotex is the most popular napkin made!

**A real achievement!** An improved moisture-resistant material (newly developed by the Kotex laboratories) is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad . . . to give you extra protection.

And with this extra protection goes the blessed knowledge that Kotex ends are invisible! Flat, form-fitting ends (patented by Kotex) never make tell-tale outlines . . . never reveal your secret . . . the way "stubby-end" napkins do!

Kotex® comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in three different sizes—Super—Regular—Junior. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

Try all 3 sizes and learn what real comfort means! All 3 have soft, folded centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

**IT'S THRIFTY** to get this 30-napkin box. More convenient, too!
### How to Keep Baby Well

The U.S. Government's Children's Bureau has published a complete 134-page book, "Infant Care," especially for young mothers, and authorizes this magazine to accept readers' orders. Written by five of the country's leading child specialists, this book is plainly written, well illustrated, and gives any mother a wealth of authoritative information on baby's health and baby's growth. This magazine makes no profit whatever on your order, sends your money direct to Washington and 10 cents, wrapping coins or stamps safely, to

Readers' Service Bureau, RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, Dept. FF-1, New York, N. Y.

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### Torrid Test in the Tropics

#### No Underarm Odor After!

Again, Yodora proves its power to protect in difficult conditions! A nurse supervised this grueling test, in the Caribbean tropics... Under her direction, Miss M. K. applied Yodora. Then played deck tennis for three hours in the blazing sun. Result: not a hint of underarm odor! Through amazingly efficient, Yodora seems as gentle and silky as your face cream. It is soft, non-greasy. Yodora leaves no sickly smell to taint your clothing. Will not harm fabrics. 10c., 25c. or 60c. jar, or 25¢ tube. McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

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### Bill Never Got His Hat Off!

#### 1. "Don't take your hat off, William!" commands Mrs. Todd. "The kitchen drain is clogged—the sink's a mess—we're eating out!"

#### 2. "That drain plugged again?" frowns Bill. "This time, I know what to do! A fellow at the office said 'Get Drano!'—and I will!"

#### 3. Down the drain goes Drano. It gets down deep—dives out the clogging grease and muck—clears the drain thoroughly!

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

#### USE DRANO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

---

### TO THE WIFE WHO IS JEALOUS OF HER HUSBAND'S SUCCESS

"Musicians are supposed to be tempestuous, but that's the only temperament I've ever seen in Glenn."

The most important fixture in the Miller home is the ice box. Mrs. Miller explained that Glenn has trouble sleeping unless he can rifle an ice box just before going to bed. "Sometimes he doesn't eat anything," she said. "He just opens the ice-box door and stares inside, but this seems to be very soothing to him."

One of the questions people always ask me about band leaders' wives is how they stand the hours their husbands keep. Helen pointed out that Glenn's hours were her hours and that they were not at all unusual. "Like most girls," she said, "I still enjoy going to nice places. And the places Glenn plays are usually lots of fun. If Glenn is busy, talking to people in the room, there is always someone in the music business to sit and chat with me. If not, I can always go to the movies or join Glenn when he's through playing. Glenn's hours have never bothered me in the least. In fact, there's seldom been a dull moment."
DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

First we want to tell you something about ourselves. We are Patricia and Robert Carrington, aged fifteen and ten, respectively, and the editors of our own magazine, "The Jolly Roger."

We are proud to have been chosen to manage the Junior Radio Mirror Club, and will try our best to make it a success.

But it is up to you, too, to make this club successful, for the purpose of it is to have your opinions of your programs. As it is you who listen to them, we believe it is you who ought to have the most to say about them.

We have decided to organize, here and now, a Junior Radio Mirror Club open to anyone eighteen or under. If you want to join, all you have to do is write to us and we'll send you a membership card. Only members of the Junior Radio Mirror Club can have a voice in this column.

What we want you to do, to get things started, is to write a letter to The Junior Club, c/o Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, not later than May 27th.

Write about anything in radio that interests you. For the most interesting letter received, we will pay two dollars; for the second most interesting, one dollar; and we will print them both. Please make a note that all letters you send in become the property of this magazine, so do not expect them to be returned.

We want all kinds of letters. What is your favorite program? Who is your favorite star? What boners have you caught recently? (For instance, the other night an announcer pronounced the word Illinois as if it were spelled Illinois.)

And wouldn't it be fun if we could organize a new Joke of the Month section? . . . , where everybody sends in the best joke he or she has heard on the radio, together with the name of the program. Let's try to get that started right away. The person sending in the funniest joke would receive a Junior Radio Mirror Club award.

Also, we want to get you to play a swell radio game with us. We're going to call it the New Word of the Month. It's an easy game to play and it's a fine way to make your parents glad you listen to the radio. Perhaps they'll even get you that little radio of your own that you can keep in your room when you tell them about it. The next time you tune in a program, listen carefully for some new word you've never heard or one that you don't know the meaning of. Write it down, look it up in the dictionary, then send the words sent us during the month will be published in this column.

Remember, it's up to all of us who want a Junior Club page, to make this a success. So let's get together and show what we can do!

Sincerely yours,

PATRICIA and

ROBERT CARRINGTON

Boys and Girls—here's your chance to have your say in the world of radio. All you have to do is join our Junior Club by writing a letter. Get busy right now!
He was forced to change his tone. He tried to like Johnny and invited him to live with the Barbour at Sea Cliff while their home was being built.

Johnny and Claudia quarreled from the beginning; not that they were un-suited to each other, but because, as both agreed, a newly-married couple could not happily live with the bride’s parents.

At the end of the fourth month, Johnny decided the marriage was hopeless. He walked out of the Barbour home one morning while the family slept, and left a note for Claudia.

Weeks went by with no word from him. Seemingly, he had vanished from the face of the earth, and Claudia did not attempt to conceal her grief.

THE Barbour family was at loss to explain why Claudia grieved for a husband who had quarreled with her so violently, but one day she fell down the stairs, and then they knew the answer.

She had been expecting Johnny’s baby. She was rushed to the hospital where she lost the child.

After a year had gone by with no word from Johnny, Claudia decided on a divorce.

But before the papers were filed, Johnny’s father telephoned Claudia one night. Johnny had been shot in a revolution in China. He was gravely wounded. “We are leaving for China tomorrow,” said Johnny’s mother.

“I’ll go with you,” Claudia said, before she realized her presence at his bedside pulled Johnny through. And now that he was convalescing, and the house next door to the Barbour was finished but unoccupied, he would return to San Francisco with her and the marriage was going to be given another trial. Claudia was in love with Johnny and she had no fears of the marriage ever crashing again.

As they were preparing to leave China, Johnny fell ill. Three days later, he died of pneumonia.

Claudia returned to San Francisco, again expecting Johnny, to explain.

Johnny’s mother, meanwhile, was dying. She was kept alive by a strong will to see her first grandchild. Knowing that an early death was inevitable, she fought to live until the baby arrived.

The night Claudia went to the hospital, it was doubtful if Johnny’s mother would live through the few hours remaining before the child’s arrival. The Barbour home was a time between midnight and dawn and Johnny’s mother was alive to hear the news.

The baby was named Joan, now five years old.

Johnny’s mother died shortly after Joan’s arrival. She left her large personal fortune to her daughter Joan, giving them financial independence for the rest of their lives.

Father Barbour suggested that the money be placed in trust fund away from all sudden urges to spend it unwisely.

Claudia objected. She wanted the money where she could lay hands on it on short notice if she ever needed it.

To escape the new crisis, and to offer an outlet for her restlessness, she left Joan with the family and went to Europe with Beth Holly, a girl who had just been introduced to the family by Cliff. The Barbour did not consider Beth above reproach and the fact that Claudia had chosen her as a traveling companion was not looked upon with favor.

Aboard ship, she met a wounded British army officer returning home from service for his Majesty’s Government in India. He was a hands-some soldier, excellent company, and from a fine English family, but to Claudia, no more than that.

She visited his home in Devonshire, allowed him to show her around Europe, and after a time, it was pretty obvious that he was in love with her.

Before the end of the year, the Britisher, Captain Nicholas Lacey, made it a point to be in San Francisco, and he was not on his way to India. He had crossed the Atlantic and the North American continent with the idea—ask Claudia to marry him.

Instinctively, the Barbour family liked Nickey Lacey, and Claudia agreed, with reluctance, to marry him.

After the marriage, Nickey wanted a son. Here Claudia’s intrinsic rebellions came into the open again. She did not want another child. Joan, she said, should be enough.

But Joan, realized Nickey, was a child of another marriage, and he did not want a daughter, but a son.

By this time, Claudia had discovered trips to Europe were a way of avoiding a crisis. In the midst of the disagreements, she went to London, despite family protests.

Gossip columns soon were linking her, in situations the family considered disturbing and ominous, with a man in London.

Claudia, as well as the family and Nickey, found the notoriety distasteful. She came home in a great hurry, fearful of a scandal, and of losing Nickey.

SHE told Nickey the affair was in no way that he could explain. Nickey said he was not interested. He implied that he trusted her.

Claudia had experienced the first fright of her life. Now she was even willing to give Nickey a son. When the child came, however, it was not a son, it was Penelope.

Nickey was disappointed, but in April of this year, the son arrived. The Barbour family went to London to see Nickey off on his journey to India, and when they returned to San Francisco, they were informed that Captain Lacey’s wife had given birth to a daughter.

Nickey was persuadable after some years, and entered the Barbour’s stock and bond business. He has proven himself a valuable addition to the bond company.

Nickey was persuaded to open a bar in San Francisco, and the Barbour family returned to San Francisco.

Claudia might hear drums of unrest sounding in her breast. And if she does, she’ll march up another gangplank.
her father thought enough of him to place him in such a responsible position. But a girl can’t spend lonely evenings being proud of her sweetheart. She wants him to be with her. She wants all those little attentions the one man can shower on the one woman—flowers, phone calls, presents, and, most of all, fun with him, even if it’s only the fun of the local movie and, afterwards, an ice cream soda.

This is what Eileen had to make clear to Danny that night three weeks later when, after her telephone protestations, he managed to get a free evening to come to see her.

She had dressed carefully, in her newest dress, the green one that matched her eyes, and when she stepped gracefully into the living room where she had kept Danny waiting fifteen minutes, she was pleased with the effect of her entrance.

“Honey, you’re beautiful!” Danny said, and held out his arms to her.

But she did not go to him. Instead she drew him down beside her on the sofa.

“Thank you, Danny,” she said sweetly. “But first, I want to talk to you.”

“But don’t I get a kiss?”

She smiled and made a little gesture of annoyance.

“If you want to kiss me so bad, I should think you’d come around a little oftener!”

“But, Eileen,” Danny explained, “we have a lot to do out there on the bridge! Especially since all that patent trouble with Wilkinson slowed everything up. We’ve only got a month to finish up, under the contract. I can’t let your Dad down now.”

“Well, it seems to me . . .

“I’m not the only one. All the men are working extra shifts. Why, Mr. Collins hardly ever gets a chance to see his own kids. He’s with me on the bridge day and night.”

“That’s not the same thing, Mr. Collins isn’t just engaged. You are.”

She turned away crossly.

“Gee, honey, you’re even pretty when you’re mad,” said Danny, trying to pull her to him.

“Well, if I’m so pretty, why don’t you come around and look at me once in a while?”

She was going to be difficult. Danny began to see that. Well, he supposed women were like that. They liked attention, and he couldn’t exactly blame Eileen. He must try to make her see his point of view.

“Look, Eileen. To me that bridge is something important—something big. Maybe being engaged to me is like being engaged to a doctor. He has to take care of his patients even if they get sick in the middle of the night. That bridge is like a person to me, Eileen—a sick person that I have to make whole and well and useful. Just to see it rising up there against the sky . . . .”

Danny’s eyes lit up as he talked. He couldn’t explain it very well in words, but his face showed what he was feeling. Eileen watched him: slow resentment because she was not part of that dream rose to anger in her heart.

“I see,” she said coldly, taking away

JUNE 1940

DUSK ROSE . . . exciting new summer shade in Pond’s “anti-shine” Powders . . . reflects a softer light

ATTRACTION NANCY CALHOUN finds that with Dusk Rose her face is even more bewitching than ever. And on hot summer days when she rushes around having fun from morning to long past midnight, she looks as lovely as a summer rose.

That’s because the strong summer sun or the glaring electric lights can’t cast hard shadows on her face. Dusk Rose . . . and all Pond’s “anti-shine” Powders . . . absorb harsh lights and reflect the softer ones from your face. They make powdering a far less frequent job!

Let Dusk Rose make you as romantic and bewitching as this Southern belle.

Pond’s “anti-shine” Powders come in 7 lovely shades in 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢ sizes. Go out and buy one now!

Or write for free samples of the special summer shades: lovely Rose Dawn, Rose Brunette, Sunlight . . . and the newest, smartest shade of all, Dusk Rose. Pond’s. Dept. DRM-PP, Clinton, Conn.

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They never thought she’d land him!

But here’s what happened...

I Hear Tom and Claire’s Engagement is on the Rocks!

Definitely! But you can’t blame Tom. You Bad Nobody ever told Claire to see her dentist about her breath.

But thanks to Colgate Dental Cream...

And Don’t You Know It’s Leap Year, Tom? You Should Have Made Claire Propose to You!

I made Claire say Yes—and that’s all that matters to me!

Claire sees her dentist...

Tests show that much bad breath comes from decaying food particles and stagnant saliva around teeth that aren’t cleaned properly. I recommend Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits. And that’s why...

Don’t Risk Offending! Keep Bad Breath Away!

Use Colgate Dental Cream, Twice Every Day!

Colgate’s combats bad breath... makes teeth sparkle!

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

her hand. “I see perfectly now, Danny O’Neill. The Oakdale bridge is big and important in your life. I’m not. The Oakdale bridge needs your attention. I don’t. A bridge is a funny kind of rival for a girl to have—but I see now that the Oakdale bridge means more to you than I do!”

“That’s not true, Eileen. And you know it. You know, too, that a lot of our future depends on that bridge. I’m doing it as much for you as I am for myself. I want you to have things—and I have to get them working.”

“And I want to see you once in a while. I’m tired of sitting around alone night after night... wanting to go some place, have some fun...”

Danny got up and looked down at her.

“All right,” he said, “if that’s the way you feel about it. I thought we could go to the movies tonight. I worked hard to get the night off. But if you can’t see what it means to work for something better ahead, even if it does mean disappointment right now... well, I can’t make you see it. I guess you care more about having fun than you do about me. I didn’t come here to fight. I’m tired and I’m going home. Goodnight!”

She heard the front door slam behind him. For a moment, she did not believe that he had really gone. She had never meant to drive him away. She’d run after him and bring him back—no, she couldn’t do that! But tomorrow—yes, tomorrow she’d drive out to see him. He’d be over it by then. They’d make it up... When Danny, carefully checking in supplies in his improvised shack of an office near the bridge, saw Eileen’s roadster drive up the road next day, all his resentment of the night before melted away. He’d been crazy to quarrel with his girl—like a hurt kid. Why, just the sight of her made him feel happy all over. He dropped his list and rushed outside.

“Eileen! How are you, honey?”

She leaned out of the window and took his hand.

“Danny,” she said, “I had to come out to tell you I’m sorry about last night. I don’t know what made me act so horrid.”

Danny opened the car door and took her in his arms.

“Let’s just forget all about it,” he said. “Shall we? Give me a kiss quick before one of these wise guys on the job shows up and starts passing remarks!”

She kissed him quickly, and sighed with pleasure.

“Look at her, honey,” he said, after a moment, pointing to the bridge. “Isn’t she beautiful?”

“Oh, yes, Danny—and on such a beautiful day, too! Danny, can’t we just slip away this afternoon, just the two of us? We’ll drive to the top of that hill, you know the one I mean, where we used to go last summer. We’ll be together—just the two of us!”

A frown creased Danny’s forehead. She hadn’t understood at all then. Now she even wanted him to neglect his work in the daytime!

“I can’t Eileen. I have work to do—a lot of work. Honey, can’t you understand? I’ve got to stick to my job!”

“In spite of me—of what I want?”

Danny clenched one fist.

“Yes, Eileen,” he nodded, slowly, “in spite of you!”

Her green eyes lit up with fiery anger. “Very well, Danny O’Neill,” she said sharply, pulling off her glove, “if that’s the way it is with you, then this is the way it is with me!”

She pulled the ring from her finger and held it out to him. Dully, he extended his hand. The stone caught the light with a sudden brilliance as it fell into his rough workman’s palm.

He was aware of a door slamming, of the grinding of gears, of the whirl of wheels in gravel.

Then Eileen was gone, leaving behind her this fragile symbol of much greater thing that had been destroyed. He slipped the ring in the pocket of his windbreaker and went back to work.

But it was not easy for Danny O’Neill to work in the next few weeks. Always, the picture of Eileen was before him—her anger, her refusal to understand.

His mother complained that he didn’t eat, didn’t sleep. That was true.

It was particularly bad the night before the completed bridge was to be tested. For hours, he tossed and turned, trying not to awaken his mother and the youngsters. Finally, just before dawn, he could stand it no longer. He got up, dressed, and let himself quietly out of the house. He would go out to Oakdale, just look around, make sure everything was all right.

The morning air was cool and fresh in the deserted street. The garage doors opened with a hollow, lonely
sound. But the road out to Oakdale
was full of summer. Fields and trees
were sweet and fragrant in Danny's
nose, and a thousand birds sang.
Just at the Oakdale fork, he came
upon Collins, trudging along alone.
"Going my way?" Danny called, feel-
ing already a slight release from
pain, as he drew nearer the bridge—
his bridge.
"I just thought I'd go out and take
a look around," said Collins, a little
sheepishly.
"Get in. You're as bad as I am,
Collins. You'd think that bridge was
a woman, the way we fuss about
her!"
He was sorry he'd said that. It
made him think of the woman who
no longer wanted him, and the
thought brought out his feeling of
helplessness.
But the sight of the bridge against
the lightening sky, restored some of
his good humor.

TOGETHER he and Collins left the
car, started across the bridge, in-
specting bolts here, looking anxiously
up the tall spans, testing joints with
a hammer.
"Hey!" said Collins suddenly.
"Something moved behind that
pillar.
"Go on, it was probably your
shadow!" said Danny.
But he looked, too, and he saw that
Collins was right. Something had
moved behind one of the pillars to-
ward the middle of the bridge.
"Come on!" shouted Danny, for
the something was the figure of a man,
and he had started to run.
It didn't take long for Danny to
catch up with him. He caught the
man's collar, swung him around.
"Wilkinson!
"Listen, O'Neill, this is no time—"
"Why, you meddlin', spyin' . . .
What are you doing here?"
The man's face had paled to a
ghostly gray under his unshaven
beard.
"I tell you, O'Neill, we got to get
off this bridge before—"
"Before you do some more damage,
I suppose. Well, let me tell you,
Wilkinson, I've had enough . . ."
The blow from Danny's raised fist
never fell. For, just at that moment,
a low rumble, like thunder, began.
Ominous, threatening, it rose to a
defeating crash.
The dynamited bridge gave way.
Like toy figures, the three men fell . . .

TO Mother O'Neill, the days of wait-
ing in the hospital seemed endless.
Sitting by Danny's bed, hour after
weary hour, watching his still figure
for the slightest sign, blaming herself
for not hearing him go out that morn-
ing, not stopping him, not keeping
him safe . . .
But she was with him as much of the
time as she could spare from her own
home. Monte came, too, in the eve-
nings, to bring them away, explaining
that sitting there didn't help Danny
and only made them feel worse.
A week . . . two weeks . . . three
weeks . . . And still the doctors said
"No change." And still he lay there,
strapped and bandaged, even his head
a grotesque mask of gauze. He was
breathing, occasionally he moved
slightly, he had moments of con-
sciousness. But whether he would
rally, whether he would grow
stronger, would even speak to them,
the doctor could not say. And, day
after day, "No change."

In the room next to Danny's, Col-
lines, too, fought for life. Fought,
and at last . . . lost, leaving his two
children alone in the world, but for
the generous heart of Mother O'Neill.
Matt Turner was comfortably gen-
erous, paying all the hospital bills.
But what of his daughter? Mother
O'Neill simply could not understand
why Eileen did not come to the hos-
pital. Perhaps she could not stand
the smells that hovered there. But,
surely, when the man she was en-
gaged to marry lay so near death . . .

THEN, on a sweltering August after-
noon when the doctor had sent
Mother O'Neill home to rest, the
phone rang. She sprang to her feet,
tense and trembling. Word from the
hospital! Trudie answered the phone.
"Miz O'Neill, that Turner girl
wants to talk to you. She says to
come quick!"

Her hand shook so she could hardly
hold the receiver to her ear.
"Oh, Eileen, what is it?"
"I'm at the hospital, Mrs. O'Neill.
I couldn't stand it any longer. I made
them let me see him!"
"But, Eileen, Danny . . . Is he all
right?"
"I had to come to tell him it was
all my fault. All of this seems like
my fault, too. And when I whis-
pered his name . . ."
"Yes, yes, Eileen . . ."
"He spoke to me! And Mrs. O'Neill"
—her voice broke in a sob—"I was so
happy! Mrs. O'Neill, can you come
over right away? He wants to see
you, too!"
"Praise be to God!" said Mother

VYONNE FOX, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY JUNIOR, SAYS:

It invites Romance...
that modern natural look!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Follow the modern trend in makeup!
Achieve the engaging natural look of
gay, young "collegiennes." It's easy
with Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face
Powder—the wonderful new powder
you choose by the color of your eyes!

Eye color, you see, is definitely re-
lated to the color of your skin and the
color of your hair. It is the simplest
guide to cosmetic shades that match
and glorify the beauty of your own
coloring . . . give you that modern
natural look that men prefer!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown,
gray or hazel, you'll find the shade that
is exactly right for you in Hudnut
Marvelous Face Powder . . . the pure,
textured powder that you choose
by the color of your eyes!

See how smoothly Marvelous Face
Powder goes on . . . how it agrees with
even the most sensitive skin! And how
it lasts—ends powder- puff dabbing for
hours and hours! For complete color
mony, use matching Marvelous Rouge
and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick

JUNE, 1940

PERSONAL TRY-OUT KIT!

Generous junior sizes of
Hudnut Marvelous Face
Powder and harmonizing
Rouge and Lipstick . . .
packaged together in an
attractive kit, perfect for
home or office.

Specially priced for
a limited time only

55¢

At drug and depart-
ment stores

In Canada, 65¢

59
O'Neill, starting for the door. "Tru-

die!" she called back to the kitchen.

"Danny's saved!"

At the hospital, she found them to-
gether, Eileen holding one clumsy,
bandaged hand in hers.

"Danny!" cried his mother. "My

boy!"

His voice came, weak and muffled,
but still Danny's. "You're... al-
most... like his... the time... he'd

be... better... at home... Be-

cause... he's... afraid... of... the

hospital..."

"I'm—fine, Mom," it said faintly, as
if speaking with a tremendous ef-

tort.

"What happened?"

"Never mind, son. Just you rest

and get well. Eileen and I will stay

and watch. Won't we, Eileen? Only

got well, son, get well!"

SHE looked at the girl. Tears

streamed from her eyes, already

red with crying. Eileen bent over the

figure on the bed.

"Yes, Danny," she said softly, "get

well—for me as well as for your

Mother. I won't desert you, Danny. I'll

never desert you now. Only—get

well. Come back to me!"

There was a light step at the door.

"I'm sorry," said the nurse, "but

you'll have to leave now. The doctor

will be here any minute.

The two women went out together.

"Eileen, what were you telling me

over the phone about it being all

your fault?"

Tearfully, Eileen explained about

the broken engagement.

"I'm so ashamed of myself, Mrs.

O'Neill," she ended. "I can see now

that I must have led you on. I can't

leave him in this crisis!"

Looking into the girl's wretched

face, Mother O'Neill said, "You must

not speak so harshly. But she could

cannot help wishing if such a crisis

were not too much to pay for a girl's

thoughtlessness—if Eileen could always

be relied on—in a crisis. She dis-

missed the thought from her mind to

comfort the girl.

"We will hope and pray together,

Eileen," she said, "for Danny means

so much to us both.

Now they met every day at the

hospital, Eileen always with arms full

of flowers. Even if Danny could not

see them, she said, he could smell

them.

In another two weeks, he had

grown strong enough to talk to them,

an hour at a time. Then he was able

to sit up.

By the time the leaves were turn-

ing red and gold he began to seem

almost like his old self. His arm was

in a new splint, his legs were in casts.

Only his head remained completely

swathed in bandages.

"I guess they just don't want me

to see how beautiful you are, Eileen,"

he said one day, laughing. "I guess

they're afraid the shock would be too

much for me.

For answer, she touched his cheek.

"And you, Mom, are you there?"

"You know I am, son. I hate to go

away for even a minute. It's so good

to have you well again.

"Well, Mom, you tell those doctors

I'm getting pretty tired lying here,

and I've had enough of this molly-

ecked like a baby. You tell them I
gentle to get back in action again.

I want to go home!"

Mother O'Neill laughed, with real

pleasure. This somehow looked like

Danny, her impatient, reckless,

lovable son once more.

"You just do what the doctors say,
or I'll know the reason why. Don't

you think you're too big to feel the

back of your mother's hand?"

They laughed together, and Danny

and Eileen began to talk, eagerly, of

what they would do when Danny was

done with the hospitals.

"I guess I'll stay until I'm old en-

ough to be considered a grown up,

not as those starched nurses. He'd

be better off at home—happier in his

own bedroom instead of in this im-

personal whirlpool where you were

even my true affection. I'm sorry,

the idea grew on her. "You go on, not."

She'd go right in to that doctor now

and find out if Danny couldn't go

home—tomorrow. Or, at least, the

end of the week.

"I'll be back in just a moment," she

said, and walked hesitatingly down

the corridor to the doctor's office.

"It wasn't there, but she waited

until he got back.

"Oh, hello, Mrs. O'Neill," he said,

putting his bag down on the table

and offering Eileen a chair by his

desk. "I guess you're feeling pretty

good now that that big boy of yours is

on the way to recovery. He had a pretty

close shave!"

"Yes, and I do feel good about it,

Doctor Stone," she began. "And I

don't like the thought of having you

done so much for us. But I would

like to know when I can take him

home. He'd be so much better off at

home, really and truly. Could I take

him this week?"

A strange look came to the doctor's

face. Was it doubt? Didn't he think

they should take him home? But why?

"I'm sure you will, Mrs. O'Neill,

but I don't think it wise to let Danny

leave the hospital just yet."

That look again. Perhaps it was

worry.

"If there's anything special he has
to have..."

"It isn't that, Mrs. O'Neill..."

"Or did he look like a man who is

afraid?"

"Doctor Stone! What is it? You're

keeping something from me!"

"I guess it came over the girl's face

of her hands in his strong surgeon's fingers.

"We haven't wanted you to know,

Mrs. O'Neill, and we certainly don't

want Danny to know, but—"

"I must know, Doctor. What is it?"

"We can't tell you whether, when we

remove the bandages from Danny's

head—whether he'll be able to see

or not!"

He grasped her hand more firmly,

and put an arm around her shoulders,
to steady her.

But it was not standing that

Mother O'Neill needed just then. That

would come later. Just now she felt

only a numbness. She had heard his

words, but she could not make her-

self believe them."

"Instead, as if it belonged to some-

one else, she heard her own voice—a

harsh whisper.

"It isn't true!" she was saying. "It

can't be true! My Danny—blind!!"

Will Eileen be able to remain

loyal to Danny when she learns of this

new misfortune? Or were the doc-

tor mistaken in his fears? Be sure to

follow the story of the courageous

O'Neill family in July Razo Mirror.

"Usually, folks, I think POLITELY. But

about germs a baby's got to think

TOUGH... and ACT TOUGH. To be safe,

we have to wear ARMOR. That's why

Mommy protects my skin, every day,

with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. It's a

baby's best BODY-guard! I hope YOUR

baby gets this protection."

Mother, to give your baby's skin the best

care, to keep it safer from germs, and freer of

rash, do as almost all hospitals do, as most
doctors recommend: oil baby's skin daily with

Mennen Antiseptic Oil. Do this until he's at

least a year old. And use the oil after every

diaper change, too.

Then continue the protection with Mennen

Antiseptic Oil. Made by a new process—

'Minimized'—it's as smooth as air. And—it's

Antiseptic. A survey indicates it is rec-

ommended by more doctors than any other

baby powder.

Remember, also, nothing takes the place of

visits to your doctor. Take your baby to him

regularly.

Mennen

Antiseptic

OIL AND POWDER
SOMETIMES I'm asked why I devote the majority of my columns to the young entertainers. Well, there's only one answer for that: the accent is on Youth in Canadian radio; all the topnotchers hover around the thirty mark. As proof, I give you Rai Purdy, actor, announcer, producer of CFRB, Toronto, twenty-nine years of age and one of the best known and successful of the Dominion's radio artists. Rai Purdy is as busy as a two-armed paperhanger with an European war and a Russian pact on his hands.

Here are a few of the programs that are putting bald spots on the Purdy cranium:

"Out of the Night" . . . Sundays, 9:30 p.m., EDT, from CFRB; a Canadian "Lights Out" program that is getting an increasing audience; scripts and actors all labeled "Made in Canada," with Purdy doing a first person singular job a la Orson Welles.

"Treasure Trail" . . . Tuesday, 9:30 p.m., EDT, to a network; the telephone prize show that had a birthday, while "Pot O' Gold" was still a gleam; also quizzes and stunts; has sold so much gum, Wrigleys almost bit off more than they could chew; Rai is M. C.

"Drama of Stamps" . . . Wednesdays, 8:00 p.m. to a sixteen-station chain for Salad Tea; half-hour dramatizations of just what the title indicates; Rai produces and acts here to scripts by William Strange.

"Circle 'K' Show" . . . Saturday a.m.'s between 11:30 and noon; kids' show, featuring talented moppets, and guest celebrities such as sea captains, aviators, sports luminaries, etc.; bankrolled by Kellogg's on chain from CFRB as far west as Vancouver; will probably soon be piped east as far as Halifax for coast-to-coast distribution; once again Rai is M.C. and producer.

"Musical Interlude" . . . fifteen minutes daily for Musterole over CFRB Mondays through Fridays at 5:30 p.m. of familiar music with Rai as M.C. Which isn't a bad lineup for a fellow who only three years ago was that office-boy of radio, a junior announcer. Of course, you can explain it by Rai Purdy's "Nelson touch"; the "Rai" being a glamorized version of "Horatio," the first name of the admiral who knew England expected every man to do his duty.

Rai Purdy was born in London, England, so he doesn't mind his present setup forcing him to go around in a fog. His parents brought him over to this side of the duckpond in 1913, when the Atlantic was still safe from long-distance bombers and Europe was getting set to blow up again. He attended Brock Avenue, Huron, Rosedale, and Central Technical schools in Toronto, with some vague notion of a business career.

"The Monoty Times" made the mistake of hiring Rai as an office-boy. He went from there to the accounting, makeup and advertising departments. Then he was fired.

Edgar Stone had had his eye on Rai for some time, because of the boy's enthusiasm for amateur drama. When Edgar founded his Radio Hall, Rai was his right-hand man. The familiar "Young Tim" series from the Hall over CBC gave Rai his first network experience as announcer. Rai produced two plays presented at the Dominion Drama Festivals, and directed drama activities of the Toronto branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

CFRB took the ambitious member of the Purdy clan on as an announcer, but Rai wouldn't stay put, and began dabbling with CFRB's dramatics. Soon he found himself producing the successful "Echoes from History" and "Bijou Theatre."

Rai has a lovely blonde wife, and two youngsters, Brian, aged three, and Brenda, just past her first birthday. He also has ideas Canadian radio is going places.

It will, as long as young fellows like Rai Purdy are around.

---

Meet Romance halfway...

WITH A "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"

To help guard against dry, old-looking skin, use this lovely soap made with olive oil!

WELL, JIM FRANKLY SAYS THAT HE FIRST FELL IN LOVE WITH ME BECAUSE OF MY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION." SO I WOULDN'T BE FOOLISH TO USE ANY SOAP EXCEPT PALMOLIVE?

YES...BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK PALMOLIVE MIGHT HELP A SKIN THAT'S AS DRY AND LIFELESS AS MINE?

WELL, I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION." LIKE YOURS... SO I'M GOING TO MAKE PALMOLIVE MY BEAUTY SOAP FROM NOW ON!

I CERTAINLY DO! YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

Made with Olive Oil to keep skin soft and smooth

JUNE, 1940
EXQUISITE's' salad company, site, everything... only BY eight supply dealer's now!

HURRY HURRY

The supply is limited
4 "EXQUISITE" SALAD FORKS
$1.00
REGULARLY $2.00
at your silver dealer's now!

LIMITED OFFER to introduce "Exquisite," newest pattern of WM. Rogers & Son, product of International Silver Company. Get YOUR set of four lovely salad forks from your dealer TODAY!

"Exquisite" comes in PIECES-OF-8! Complete set of 44 gorgeous pieces... eight of nearly EVERYTHING... only $24.95

WM. ROGERS & SON
BY INTERNATIONAL
"It's Original Rogers!"

Hollywood Radio Whispers
(Continued from page 37)

It's my guess that unless some improvement is made in Gene Autry's program, it will fade from the network at the end of the summer. Main weakness in the Autry Formula is the acting by the cast of so-called cowboys, who in reality are heard almost every day on dramatic shows emanating from Hollywood. They sound little like cowboys, more like Charlie McCarthy versions.

Rudy Vallee's new air show met with only doubtful praise here in Hollywood. Most critics gave it a drubbing. Rudy, by the way, is being paged by MGM for the spot of band-leader in the next Judy Garland film.

Bob Hope, instead of taking a European vacation this summer, will spend his time on the stage: He'll make a lengthy personal appearance tour, at the request of his sponsors and studio.

BABYLON BULLETIN! It's a daughter for the Sanford Barnett's... papa is director of the Radio Theater! It's a girl for the Budd Linb's—daddy's high tenor with the King's Men quartet!

Lewis Allan Weiss, headman at the Don Lee Hollywood network, has announced that the Tommy Lee Television station, W6XAO, will go partly-commercial September 1st. This is a breathtaking announcement for it means that Television is here—and with the sponsors' interest, big-time programs will be forthcoming!

Your reporter will act as a guide to the winners of Uncle Don's talent contest for children: they'll be Monogram Studio's guests in Hollywood.

"Cobina and Brenda," the two hilarious horse-faced comics on the Bob Hope show will very likely substitute for Hope during the summer months.

Too bad that Lanny Ross isn't in pictures. With a voice like his, you'd think some movie producer could find a proper script!

I still can't take the Texaco star theater in large doses. Too much unfunny fun with Ken Murray. Smartest part of the Texaco show is its producer, Jack Runyans.

Hollywood was amazed to hear that so many of its radio stars were checking off the air soon. When Variety

temed that Orson Welles and his sponsors were through, it did so like this: "Orson Welles wears out sponsors!" And an audience, too!

It's no secret that Bob Hope is plenty worried over MGM's statement that Judy Garland may not be allowed to return to the Hope airer... studio has had complaints from exhibitors saying folks have come to hear her on the air, instead of going to movies!

Laurence Olivier and Vivian Leigh are being offered to radio sponsors at an asking price of ten G's. Just hay!

Dick Powell is right in his element on the Good News show... sounds like his old terrific self. Mary Martin's warbling is plenty okay, too!

The latest Hollywood rage is a rather curious one. Filmstars are eager to participate on the Hollywood Whispers Quiz: a program designed to see how much they know about Hollywood. So far over twenty filmstars have appeared on the Mutual ailer, conducted by yours truly.

Kenneth Baker, song star of the Star Theater, rarely allows his children to visit the radio studios.

Pat Friday, who won plaudits on the Bing Crosby show, is moving into the vocal spot on the Don Amache drama program.

CONFIDENTIAL QUESTION BOX
Mrs. E. A. Smith: John Boles was never a very popular radio star: so don't expect to hear him unless he makes an appearance soon on the Lux Radio Theater.

Dorothy Schlapak: N. J.: Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawton were just divorced. Alan is not thinking of marrying again. He is in his late 20's, is considered very handsome.

Leila F. Hoffman, Ohio: 'W--Wks for your nice comments on my radio show. You can hear "Hollywood Whispers" FOUR times weekly over the Mutual Network. Monday, Wed-

nese, Friday, 2:45 p.m. E.D.S.T. and Saturday nights, 9:00 p.m. E.D.S.T.

Jerry Danzig: N. Y. C: Marjorie Weaver is not married. She's not even engaged. Perhaps, after all, you have a chance.

Willa Francis: N. Y. C: Leon Janney is married. He has been secretly married for some time. The girl's name, if you do not already know, is WILMA FRANCIS!

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION
conduets various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of health building can be secured. The Deauville Hotel, Deauville, New York, is also open the year around, with accommodations at greatly reduced rates for the winter months, for health building and recreation. The Losani Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis, has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

The United States Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a non-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, with many important parts of the curriculum the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to twelve, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request. Ad-
How to Sing for Money

(Continued from page 33)

and performance you would the commercial to which you hope to graduate.

Accompaniment

Singing a daily sustainer for a few months with nothing but a bare piano
for accompaniment is grand training. More than one name singer today
would fail completely if that rich
band backing were taken away.

Nevertheless, singing with piano only is
poor buildup, because the
performance almost always (unless
you're another Helen Morgan) has
a shoddy, weak air about it. There's
something about the nakedness and lack of
the sustaining power in a piano
accompaniment that shows up all
the imperfections of the singer's voice.

So, if you've just got a piano in
back of you, make the best of it,
but tactfully try to get something a little
richer. Maybe there's a neat little
dance band orchestra around town
which would like to give him
a break with perhaps a judicious play of your fan-mail would
justify the station manager in spending
a little money on your accompaniment.

Don't make a nuisance of yourself,
but keep it in mind.

But let's assume that you're doing your
vocals in front of the house or-
chestra in a variety sustainer.
Here is what will probably go on.

The program director notified you
that you are to do a certain show.
The Musical Director or Leader tells
you what songs you are to sing, or
you give him a list from which he
picks numbers to fit the show-layout
he has in mind. When the songs are
arranged, you give him (at least a
week in advance), the keys for your
choruses and the routines you want;
the transcription will be done in
the station music library during the
week, while you're preparing your
rendition on your own time. Your
next appearance is at rehearsal, on
the day of the show.

The band is almost certainly using
"stocks" (orchestration prepared by
the publisher), rather than special
arrangements. Stock vocal orchestra-
tions are available in several different
keys, but refer to an arranger in
your area if you want something
more rhythmic—dance-band orche-
stra if it happens to contain a
chorus section, or you can have it
transposed. An expert
house orchestra can give your stocks
the effect of specials surprisingly well
and rapidly.

Thereupon the orchestra runs
through it—once alone, not more
than twice with you. They then
go ahead with rehearsing the rest of
the show, catch a smoke out in the
alley, and the next thing you know you're
on the air.

Rehearsals, and Show Timing

Since the rehearsal period is so
short and so near the actual per-
formance, and since the show stands
or falls on the one shot, rehearsals
are profoundly more important in radio
than in any other branch of enter-
tainment. Treat them that way—
arrive on schedule, and take them
seriously.

Timing is one of the vital purposes
of rehearsing. Shows must end on the nose, and in rehearsal the materials for the program are cut, expanded or otherwise adjusted to get exactly the desired length. The "dress," as the dress rehearsal of the whole show without a break is called, is almost entirely for timing.

Once the timing is determined, don't take liberties with it by ad-libbing, changing tempos, missing cues, and so on. A show without leeway is a "tight show" one with a number toward the end marked with "provisional cuts" has a "cushion." Slowing down to use up time gained by running ahead is "stealing" time. A show running so slow that it can't finish on the nose is "overboard." And you, if you have to take more time on the air than you did in rehearsal, are a "spreader." Always keep one eye on that clock and other on the script; which should be marked at all its dividing points with the time which should have elapsed, much like a railroad timetable.

How to Build a 15-Minute Sustainer

Let's suppose that you have just had a successful audition, and have been notified to start Monday on a series of 15-minute song programs. You'll probably shelve off with the standard pattern, which is as follows: theme opening and the announcer's introduction, then a gay song, a torch, an instrumental interlude, a pretty ballad and a rhythm song; all spaced with short bits by the announcer closing with a repeat of the theme. This used to be a good pattern, but it's terribly old stuff nowadays.

It is not good enough for you, who have a name to make. Give some serious thought, as soon as you have found your sea-legs in this new job, to devising something better. Put some finesse into your show instead of just grinding out fifteen minutes worth of music... In short, Showmanship again.

Well, what to do? I'd say begin by putting a little spin on the numbers you sing. As one idea, couple a timely selection with a clever announcement. Or feature on your number 3 spot a medley of three Perennials. Feature some special lyrics on your second choruses. Do requests, and say so. Get away from the pattern by doing some songs which don't fit it. Dedicate a song to somebody or something. Do anything else which will give your show a little lift to lift it out of the mundane. Try it and see how quickly your sustainer is snapped up by a sponsor. The continuity man and the announcer will actually be glad to help, because they will benefit along with you if the show sells; and the station executives won't be displeased either.

I'd suggest that you read one of the many books on Writing for Radio to get a picture of the situation. Variety's Radio Directory has a list of 20,000 program titles which may give you some inspiration. Here are a few rough ideas to start you thinking.

You might, for instance, devote each program to a popular composer: sing his first hit, and others up through the years to his newest song, which you may state you're betting is a coming hit—chat with your announcer about the composer's history, how he writes, and so on; all of which data the publisher will furnish cheerfully.

Choose an enticing title for your show. It may give you the inspiration for the continuity, as a matter of fact. Here are some ideas: Across the Music Counter, Melody Trav- elogue, Singing Alarm Clock, Around the Town, And so to Bed, The Old Front Porch, Remembering, Who Wrote It, Mary Jane's Songbook, Song Gossip, Lullaby in Rhythm, Singing Co-ed, Dizzy Ditties, Fashions in Melody, Judy's Party, The Hit Sleuth, Here Comes Hannah, The Honeyouters, The Song Painter, Rhythmic Lesson, Serenade to the Cook, and so on without end. You might run a radio contest for a program title and kick up some publicity with it, as well as making people interested in the show.

Hints About Commercial Shows

Your singing job on a commercial show will be very similar to that on the sustainer, except that you'll get a lot of free supervision and advice, much of it conflicting.

Perhaps you think that sponsors are busy men, of whom you won't see much. How wrong you are! Most sponsors are hams at heart, men who have always wanted to angel a Broad- way show and now have the chance to do so on the company's money. It's the Glamour. But never forget that it's the sponsor who pays off. He's always right. If he likes "Home on the Range," you like "Home on the Range." It may not be art, but it's one way to stay on the air. So be nice to him. But don't toady, for apart from the stardust temporarily
in his eyes, he's probably a pretty smart operator. For that matter, toadying to the sponsor will burn up the producer and the other advertising agency men, who can give you ten jobs to the sponsor's one.

Here is the primary caution. Take the job seriously. The sponsor is spending his good money in the belief that he's going to get it back with a profit through the sales of his product which your entertainment stimulates. To the sponsor it's a very serious business, and it should be the same to you. It isn't funny, nor is it good judgment to break open a pack of Camelons on a Chesterfield show, or to program "Two Cigarettes in the Dark" on the Edgeworth pipe-tobacco hour. Don't be smart-alecky; kidding the product at a private gathering is much funnier at the time than it is the next day when it has leaked back to the sponsor. I mean all this very earnestly: I've seen too many promising people cut their own throats by taking the whole thing too lightly.

Miscellany

Now for some assorted suggestions and advice.

Cultivate versatility. Learn to "read lines" convincingly; it builds up your own sustainer, makes you more useful, and generally leads to better things. See what it has done for Crosby, and notice how much more Vallee and Kate Smith do than just sing.

Do justice to your fan-mail. Years ago, when I was working with Vallee, the rest of us would leave the club at three, but not Rudy. He went to his cubbyhole in back of the bandstand and worked on his fan-mail until five o'clock of the cold dawn, and then was at his downtown office at eleven to send out the photographs requested. It's a phase of showmanship. Enthusiastic fans will spread the gospel, so take care of them. And don't neglect "pulling" as subtly as possible for fan-mail in your programs... all the way from casually mentioning letters so they'll know you don't mind their writing, to outright "feelers" for them. Listen and see how the old hands go about it. By the way, don't show up in the fan-mail room of the station the morning after your first broadcast. And see to it that your name is properly mentioned and plugged on the programs.

Plan your movements on and off stage during the broadcast to avoid bumping into overhead microphones; falling into the orchestra's music racks, dropping your music, stumbling over the drums, and so on. Use a typed lyric and have the tune memorized. If doing script, pin to your lyric that part of it which comes just before or after the song. Don't rustle pages, use the neck, or drop your script. But if you do drop it, keep your head and signal the announcer or someone to come running with his finger at the place.

Don't go around the studio with an encased look, singing "Mi-mi-mi" with a hand cupped over your ear.

Don't play to your studio audience at the expense of the air. It's a temptation, and one to which most stage people succumb when they first enter radio. But there's nothing more annoying to a radio audience than hearing laughter or applause for which it sees no reason. Five hundred people in the studio, a million on the air—figure it out for yourself.

Keep Alert During the Entire Show. Follow the script and the show. Cuts may be made, other performers may skip a page or fluff your cues, and a little attention will prevent your waking suddenly to the fact that hundreds of people are pointing at you. Even after you're supposedly all through, keep alive for emergencies because plenty can happen. If the star faints, a script is dropped or an extra number is unexpectedly needed to fill out the timing, be set to step in like a trumper.

And finally, learn to take criticism without going cold or fluttery. One purpose of this article has been to give you enough elementary radio routine to keep you from making the mistakes of the average beginner, but with the best will in the world you'll step into criticism now and then. Don't let it throw you or start your heart down the elevator. Everybody on that stage has been bawled out at one time or another, and it's all in the day's work. So take it calmly and profit by it; consider it part of your professional education, and don't slough it off by going about with your head down, muttering profane things about ignorant so-and-so. That won't get you anywhere but out.

Next month, read the concluding chapter of this illuminating series—how to climb from the bottom rungs of the professional singing ladder to the top—and how to stay there. In it are tips that every ambitious young singer must learn.

"PEPSI AND PETE"... THE PEPSI-COLA COPS

BRIDGE CLUB ADOPTS OFFICIAL DRINK

The monthly meeting of the local Bridge Club was held last Friday evening. During the evening, Pepsi-Cola was served—"all members present, light of all members present," said the president. "Pepsi-Cola is grand-tasting and economical to buy," said the president. "I vote we make it the official drink of the club. The motion was put to a vote and unanimously carried.

GOOD NEWS FOR HOSTESSES

It's easy and economical to entertain when you have Pepsi-Cola in the house. The handy home carton holds 6 big bottles—and each bottle holds 12 full ounces.

JUNE, 1940
Put your Best FINGERS Forward!

These 12 stunning colors help you to glamour and charm!

A NEW NAIL POLISH color gives a girl's heart a lift! And these 12 new colors give her a dozen chances to add new charm to her hands and new glamour to herself.

For they are as "fashion-right" as Park Avenue can make them and durable, durable beyond your fondest hopes. Two coats last actually longer than 7 days. Yes, this Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish is a great advance over any other polish you have ever known!

I offer you, says Lady Esther, a wonderful, new way to find exactly the shade that is luckiest for you. Read the coupon—send for my 12 "Magic Fingertips"—pale shades, soft, dusty tones . . . dark and vibrant colors. Put your best fingers forward with the smartest new shades on your fingertips.

Lady Esther

7-DAY NAIL POLISH

12 shades FREE!

(You can paste this on a pewter postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7114 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Only with my 12 "Magic Fingertips" can you choose at home your most flattering shade. Each is shaped like your own nail, and each wears a different, new Lady Esther shade, exactly as it will look on your hands. Send today. Find your luckiest shade free! ($6)

MAIL

ADDRESS

CITY... STATE

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Meet the lovely Gilman sisters. Lucy, left, plays Edna in Myrt and Marge, and Toni is Virginia in Life Begins.

We think they're the prettiest sisters we've seen in ages. Not only that, but they are talented and charming, and are radio veterans, each having had about eleven years of microphone experience. They're the Gilman sisters: Lucy, left, who has the role of Edna Seymour in Myrt and Marge, and Toni, who plays the part of Virginia Craig in the CBS serial Life Begins.

Lucy, the blue-eyed, red-headed one, was a member of the cast of Today's Children from the time that program first went on the air. She had to stand on a soap box to reach the mike. She's never had a professional education, but she's most determined to become a great actress. Lucy isn't the least bit spoiled, and acts as businesslike for her fifteen years as all the grown-ups with whom she works.

Toni is two years older, equally ambitious, and ever since she can remember, has been as busy as the proverbial bee. It was her grandmother who led six-year-old Toni to a radio audition at a Chicago station, and when they left the studios, the young lady had a job in the Orphan Annie series. Then came parts in Robinson Crusoe, True Story and the Aunt Jenny programs... all these sandwiched between her work at grammar school. She can even boast of several appearances in Broadway plays, including Let Freedom Ring and Moon Over Mulberry Street. Her hobby is drawing and sketching. She's 5 feet 7 inches tall, has lovely brown hair and brown eyes.

Dorothy Webster, Providence, R. I.: Janice Gilbert is the name of the young lady who plays the part of Fran in Second Husband, Jean in Hilltop House and Janice in the O'Neills. Janice is sixteen years old, a graduate of the Professional Children's School and is an accomplished dialectician. She has brown curly hair and gray-blue eyes.

Mary Neil Magro, Redondo Beach, Calif.: The role of Alice in Girl Alone is played by Joan Winters and Alan Bishop in the serial Betty and Bob. They were portrayed by Ned Wever. At the present time, Hugh Marlowe's radio activities are confined to the Ellery Queen role. He is also currently appearing in the Broadway show—\Margin for Error.

Miss Ruth Cary, Roselindale, Mass.: Michael Loring, young baritone, whose voice is frequently heard on guest appearances on the air, has had a time-worn conflict between his love of acting and singing. He was born in Minneapolis on November 26, 1910 and made his first public appearance as a choir boy. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota and after graduation, toured with several road companies. In 1934, Michael joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and it was while he was on the west coast that he first did radio work. Incidentally, he's truly tall, dark and handsome, and his favorite songs are negro chants and sentimental Irish ballads.

FAN CLUB SECTION

The Eddy Duchin Fan Club is celebrating its fourth anniversary by putting on a strong drive for new members. All those who are interested should write to Miss Edna Rogers, 3730 No. 8th Street, Phila., Pa.

To all those Radio Mirror readers who have queried us about a Horace Heidt Fan Club, we suggest that you communicate with Mrs. Helen Hayes Hemplih, 201 W. 105th St., Los Angeles.

Miss Harriet A. Plumley of the Tommy Dorsey Fan Club, 93 Urban St., Buffalo, New York, is anxious to enroll new members. If you're interested, why not write her?
The Indestructible Hedda

(Continued from page 15)

for the column she writes called "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—a column already printed in over thirty Metropolitan dailies. Three times a week her voice goes whirring out over a national radio hookup telling millions of people what really goes on in the motion picture capital. You go to see a film, too? The Woman's "That's Right—You're Wrong"—and watch Hedda Hopper cheerfully playing the part somebody else wanted.

And in her suite of swank offices high in a Hollywood skyscraper or in her house, while she fingers the bank book that can't seem to keep up with her exuberant income, she smiles wickedly at her memories. They're good memories, all right. They form a saga of stubborn resistance to a pretty hard world. It's a survival of the fittest set-up.

Hedda was, and is, the fittest of them all.

Of course her vitality is a thing of early history. It all may have sprung from the uncle who had such an excess of the stuff he barged into this world with six toes on each foot—Anyway, six other uncles were ministers and her whole family were Quakers and in the face of this enormous and depressing relationship Hedda decided with her first consciousness to be an actress, which in those days meant a Fallen Woman. So that will give you some idea.

She did it, too. She started in the chorus of a Broadway show, running away from home and the neighborhood church choir at eighteen.

What assets she had were few enough, but good; she could play the piano, having learned to do so in a neighbor's parlor because her own family were too poor to afford an instrument. This parlor was used only for weddings and funerals and little Hedda had to blow on her fingers to get them limbered up, but by golly she could play.

There was never any necessity for this accomplishment, in the chorus.

She was a tall girl, five, seven and a half to be exact, with a robust figure and one heck of a lot of energy. Anyway, she got fifteen dollars a week and lived on it, and when the chorus job folded she found another.

I would take a volume the size of the Encyclopedia Britannica to tell in any sort of detail the valiant years of Hedda Hopper leading up to the Hollywood story I mean to tell you now. She did everything. She stole salary for a whole year as prima donna in "The Quaker Girl," having exactly two notes in her voice—high C and low C. She built a snowman in 42nd Street the year of the Great Blizzard, made extremely bad speeches on the steps of the New York Public Library, and sold real estate at a phenomenal profit. She was a partner of Elizabeth Arden for a time, ran for a public office and was ignominiously defeated. She knitted socks for the American Expeditionary Force which it swore as women, went lecturing, and married DeWolf Hopper, stage star. She wrote a play with a friend, had it produced, heard it banned; coached Jan Kiepura in dramatic and, twenty-three years ago, bore a son, whom she named William Hopper. (He's changed it now, for pro-

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10 for 20¢
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[Image of Holly-Pax tampon]

With a bracer of hot tea for breakfast, and a telephone in her hand, Hedda Hopper's set for a busy day.

fessional purposes, to De Wolf Hopper, his father's name.) She sold Liberty Bonds in Grand Central Station, appeared in innumerable Broadway hits, played a part in Louis B. Mayer's first motion picture, divorced De Wolf Hopper and his former co-arranger of Casey at the Bat (of which she tired), and put on fashion shows.

All this filled her time and her life until she came to Hollywood under contract. That was somewhat over thirteen years ago, and she was already a woman alone in the world with a strong sense of independence and the burden of her own career.

She decided one thing. She'd always have integrity so far as her job was concerned. She found that there were many months of the year when the studio had no role for her, whereas during those times she went poking about at other studios.

"Look," she'd say genially to producers, "there's a part in your new picture that's made for me. Why don't you borrow me for it?"

"Why, Metro would never lend you out, Hedda, you know that." "Well—" and Hedda would smile in a conspiratorial manner—"just let me see what I can do. I think maybe I could arrange it."

AND of course Metro would lend her out, and of course Metro got the salary the other, her, for the role. Of course Metro was in a lovely mood about the whole thing. One year she made $12,000 for Metro. And as a result Metro found other people at regularity but they kept Hedda under contract at $750.00 a week for seven years.

Then came disaster. The new Twentieth Century-Fox combine started to borrow all of Metro's stars, and Metro decided that it was poor policy to build up stars for other studios to exploit, so it decided to make a rule: no more lending, at all.

And Hedda made no more outside money for Metro, and Metro found no work at home for Hedda to do, and came the axe.

She stood at the window of her bedroom in the little bungalow where she and Bill had lived since the first Hollywood days, and faced a future which promised nothing, without promise. There was something in her throat she hoped couldn't be the beginning of tears—she fought them back. She thought, am I tired, really? Am I through, now, with Forty starring me in the face and Bill not ready to make his start?

Of all things, she loved that boy and the work she did, in the order named. Through the years she had taught him what she knew, tutoring him in the theater and in the tradition of a great actor. She had watched him grow into a tall, dark and handsome youngster such as Mae West might once have been and she had heard his voice assume the resonance and quality it should have and she had seen his development beyond the melodramatic, romantic stage of his first efforts, and she was proud.

He was her handiwork and she wanted to finish the job she had started. Besides, standing there in that room at the point in her career at which most women would say, "Well, time to retire," she felt vital and well and bored with the idea of settling down.

So she had made up her mind. It was a fantastic thought, really. She probably couldn't swing it at all. It was madness of the first water.

But she was remembering the day a few years ago, when Eleanor Patterson, publisher of the Washington Herald, had met her at the Hearst ranch and had said, "Why don't you write a gossip column for me, Hedda?" If you can write about Hollywood the way you talk about it, the stuff should be good."

Hedda Hopper remembered the columns she had done, to a tune of constant delighted praise from Mrs. Patterson, until she had to come down on them. They'd been good columns. Hedda remembered, too, the series of articles she had done for a fan magazine, at an editor's request, and the mail those articles had brought from readers.

COLUMNING was a good racket. She hadn't any notion of the technique of writing, but neither had she had a great voice when she had accepted the lead in the Quaker Girl, nor any knowledge of real estate when she went into that business. The columnists were a phenomenon that had grown into the Big Time, lately. Look at Walter Winchell. Look at Jimmie Fidler, with his quarter of a million income that year. Look at Louella Parsons.

Well, but that was the rub. Louella was the woman who wrote about Hollywood for the world. She had the In with the studios, and she had the field just about sewed up. All the scoops went to Louella, and without scops you couldn't get beyond the starter mark in the columning race.

Still, thought Hedda...

She took a long breath and went to work.

She persuaded the manager of a

Radio and Television Mirror
newspaper syndicate to give her a trial and before long people were reading "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood" with their coffee in the mornings. There may have been mistakes in syntax and a certain lack of polish in construction, but when you got through reading you had a sense of cheerful uplift and excitement; you knew a lot more about Hollywood and its people than you did before; and you had chuckled at least twice.

"Well, the ticking role, sive ended when and if was gone sailing I've had off either ation; and to career meant ball."

"Cause Hollywood they appeared the head of one of the major studios went personally to the Los Angeles Times and demanded that they fire her.

"We can't, she's syndicated," the editors said. "And we wouldn't anyway. She's terrific. And her opinions are her own."

THEN they called Hedda and told her what had happened. During the next days and evenings she was called aside every few minutes by important executives, who just wanted to give her a good advice. She should go easy on stuff like that, because Hollywood wouldn't stand for it. What could Hollywood do? Well, it could do plenty. You had to play ball.

Hedda Hopper shut herself in her back bedroom to think it over. This career meant a lot to her. So did her integrity. Of course there was Bill to think about, and the income situation; and if it were true that you either had to play the game or else.

She thought, they're out to kill me off and I've only one weapon to fight back with. I've had to have courage before. I'll use that try to kick me out of this racket. That's all. Let 'em try.

After that she felt better. She bought a new hat, stuck it on at the craziest angle she could devise, and went sailing out to battle. Then she was on the bandwagon and there was no more time to think, or worry, or plan. Her day began at dawn and ended when and if she got home from parties, in the dark before dawn. She got her scoops, too—even the exclusive on the Jimmy Roosevelt divorce.

David Selznick hired Vivien Leigh to play Scarlett O'Hara. Hedda thought it was an American girl should have had the role, and devoted an entire column to criticizing Mr. Selznick off. She went on the offensive in a big way.

She woke up one morning to find the most efficient portion of her staff hired away from her. She needed that staff like it was that morning. Well. Hedda got out her checkbook, cast a roving eye at the staff of a rival, and calmly replenished her list of assistants in the same method.

I'm playing ball, all right, she thought. But not their kind.

When won she wasn't even aware of victory for a time, nor did she know what master stroke had
SALT LAKE CITY—When Thomas Bowring Woodbury, aged five, kicked up such a fuss in his Salt Lake City home that his father gave him a clarinet to quiet him, a chain led an easy life. He was started that eventually brought to station KDLY a musical director of whom they’re very proud. Woodbury’s middle name has now been shortened to “By,” and besides all his other duties at KDLY he leads his own dance orchestra which listeners to NBC studios in the Intermountain and Pacific Coast areas hear every Monday and Friday at 10:30 P.M. That first clarinet had to be supported on a specially built wooden stand because By’s little hands couldn’t work the keys and hold the instrument up at the same time. But it led within a year to a vaudeville career in which By was billed as the Boy Wonder of the Clarinet. He came by his stage talent naturally, however. According to Salt Lake history, his great grandfather once built a small theater in the second story of his house, where he permitted a dance orchestra to act in by members of his own family. One evening Brigham Young walked in with his family, the legend says, and bought out the whole theater.

By combined education in the Salt Lake schools with musical training, studying the oboe, English horn, and saxophone in addition to the clarinet. In 1930 he went to Germany to study, and there met Adolf Hitler, then just out of prison. Returning to the United States, he organized his own dance band, then joined KDLY.

Every six months By age he band give a free concert at the Utah State Penitentiary, and at Christmas time they tour all the children’s hospitals and orphanages in the state. Hardly a week passes during the year that By doesn’t receive a letter, a poem, or a present in some form from one of the children at the establishment. “I get paid,” he says when he looks at these remembrances, “for most of the things which isn’t a bad motto for anybody to live by. By’s married, to the former Bubbles Blood, niece of the Governor of Utah. Bubbles admits that some of By’s pet peeves are people who complain about swing music, and those who think music in general should be abolished. She says the best way to disprove the latter assertion is to marry one. By and Bubbles have two children, Cherie Led and Thomas Bowring Woodbury II.

CINCINNATI—Did you ever wonder how actors are chosen for radio’s serials and dramatic programs? Maybe it isn’t the same everywhere else, but we can at least tell you how it’s done at WLW, Cincinnati. Harold Carr, chubby, 36-year-old production chief at WLW, is in charge of all casting, and he says that putting an actor into a part he doesn’t like is a little like leading a horse to water—you can’t make the actor act.

“If you put a poor actor into a part he doesn’t like,” Carr says, “he won’t make a success of it. If he’s a good actor he can make an acceptable job, but not as good a job as he’d do in the type of role he likes best.”

Therefore, Carr’s casting technique consists of getting every actor on his list, determining the type of role that really gets each individual actor excited and interested, and popping them right into such roles every time they come along.

Carr used to be an actor himself, which probably explains why he is so sympathetic to them. He was born in Flandreau, South Dakota, and started his dramatic career in high school. In college he played the part of Hans Wagner in “The Prince of Pilsen”—a part that required him to ask the familiar question, “Was you ever in Zinconsin?” He hadn’t been then, but he’s there now.

After college he traveled with dramatic stock companies for seven years finally entering radio in 1927 as an entertainer and announcer. He’s been with WLW since 1934. NBC listeners hear his work in Smoke Dreams, and he directs the network every Sunday.
The Romance of Helen Trent
(Continued from page 28)

butler who answered her protracted ringing of the bell told her something that sent the blood leaping furiously, hopefully through her veins. Mrs. Conway was ill—a nervous breakdown, he believed. After a few minutes of persuasion, he admitted that she might be found at the San Ysidro Sanatorium.

Helen drove there, weaving impatiently in and out of traffic, nervous in her eagerness. Perhaps Florence Conway would refuse to see her... perhaps she was too ill to see anyone... perhaps there was nothing in all this anyway... perhaps...

But Florence Conway did see her, at once.

Helen stepped into the large, sunny room after the beckoning hand of a Sister of Mercy; with a little sigh of relief, the heavy door swung to, shutting the Sister outside.

A woman she had difficulty in recognizing as the dainty, blonde, gay Florence Conway of the screen, sat up right in the bed facing her. She had wasted away to little more than skin and bone, her lifeless hair was tangled and unkempt, and the only spots of color in her face were her pale lips and her brilliant, haunted eyes.

“Mrs. Trent?” she said timidly as Helen entered.

“Yes.” Profoundly shocked, hating the necessity that forced her to question this pitiful creature, Helen approached the bed. A prickle ran over her skin when the woman suddenly seized her hand and drew her closer.

“You’ve come to see me,” Mrs. Conway said, peering avidly into Helen’s face. “Why?”

She spat out the last word with such awful intensity that for a moment Helen was unable to answer. Then, collecting herself, she murmured:

“To ask you... if you can help me... I...”

Yes, it was true. Eight months had passed since the Conways had last seen each other.

“I...”

Just then, the Sister of Mercy came in to announce that the puppy was barking again. Helen, well aware of Mrs. Conway’s nervousness, had turned the room’s only door into another, more private room.

“Sister, I can’t stay—”

“Of course you can’t, Sister.”

“Will you stay with her?”

“Do as you like, Sister. Mrs. Conway is quite safe here.”

Without another word, the Sister of Mercy left the room, closing the heavy door behind her.

“I...”

Helen started, her hand still on Mrs. Conway’s, as she turned to the bedridden woman. She had wasted away to little more than skin and bone, her lifeless hair was tangled and unkempt, and the only spots of color in her face were her pale lips and her brilliant, haunted eyes.

“Mrs. Conway!” Helen exclaimed. “Are you trying to tell me that your husband murdered Petrolov?”

She nodded eagerly. “Yes, yes, that’s it! I knew Bart had done it, as soon as I saw his face. He was jealous—he knew I loved Dimitri. He must have suspected it before Sandra’s—”

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THE KURLASH CREDO

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"PAY PRES.,

Complete CREAM to eyelids. KURLASH, also minute needed and takes. Your this busy, cell, Drew fessed... she wasn't unhappy she was tired, worn out with the north constituent, not very... She paused, he was alone, Conway moved he was happy, had existed... Drew should have been happy with a happiness she had not known for years. And then—what were the subtle changes that had come to him, so sud- denly, in the space of a second, set- ting him apart from her? There was the coming of the reborn Sentinal Studios. Helen thought she might grow to hate that company with all the hatred of jealousy. It was a new beginning, a new bition and energy to plunge back into work with an eagerness that would not be slaked. But was it natural for a man, even such a man, to begrudge every minute spent with the woman he—presumably—loved?

She must not let herself be hysteri- cal, Helen always reminded herself at this point; she must be fair. She of all people must not turn into the demanding, possessive type of woman who insists that her man shall have no other interests before her. Of course it was right, that he should love his work, and want to get the company under way and producing pictures again. But—

But his backers had given him a full year, and from the way he acted one would think that it was only a matter of weeks before, on pain of losing everything, he would have three pictures on the screens of the nation! It was insane to work as he did until midnight, two, three in the morning. It was insane to be so busy that he could not drive out to the ranch for an evening; or if he did, to sit all alone in a room, with plans and schemes, paying no attention to her.

And on the night when he didn't come to the ranch, and the two Stang- woods gave especially for him and Helen—then she knew how bored he was with everything that took him away from his work. She showed up at last, after eleven o'clock, with a story no one believed, about having been out in the woods all night; and when Helen, later, accused him...
of the falsehood, he admitted it, irritably.

"I was busy," he snapped. "And after all, I made an appearance, didn't I? That's all that was necessary."

"Doesn't it make any difference to you that you humiliated me by giving such a feeble excuse that everyone knew it wasn't true? ... Drew, deceitfulness is so unlike you!"

It was another quarrel, and though they made it up before they parted, it too left its bitter taste. It began to seem to Helen that she and Drew were always either quarreling, or on the verge of a quarrel, or just making up after one. She tried to be tactful and considerate, but her nerves were so taut, his temper so uncertain, his conception of his responsibilities toward her so elastic, it was difficult. Surely after they were married, and after the studio had been put on an even keel, he would change, be the old Drew again.

But what was the old Drew? Stubbornly, she refused to remember that there had always been something about him that she could not understand, something that had silently warned her away from him.

T H E N, one day, something happened that changed everything.

She had set up her drawing board one morning in the patio, and was hard at work on preliminary sketches for some new dresses that would eventually be displayed in her shop, when Agatha brought word that a Mrs. Dunlap wanted to see her. "She's got a little girl with her, and they both look awfully tired. Must of walked all the way out from town," Agatha elaborated.

"A little girl! I don't know anyone named Dunlap, I don't think—but of course I'll see them."

A moment later she looked up to see a tall, muscular woman confronting her. Mrs. Dunlap was dressed in an old-fashioned black dress, none too clean, and a hat that, if it had ever seen better days at all, must have seen them years before. One big hand engulfed that of a little girl about eight years old who wore a blue pinafore, long stockings and scuffed

The new shade for early summer—"Pink Lady"

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An instantaneous success—this new and better way to banish unwanted hair... a pleasantly scented cream even more effective than old-time depilatories, yet without their offensive odors. Simply spread on, rinse off. Hair disappears instantly, your skin emerges clean, satin-smooth. More ZIP is sold than any other depilatory—your guarantee.

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...a better hair remover
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An instantaneous success—this new and better way to banish unwanted hair... a pleasantly scented cream even more effective than old-time depilatories, yet without their offensive odors. Simply spread on, rinse off. Hair disappears instantly, your skin emerges clean, satin-smooth. More ZIP is sold than any other depilatory—your guarantee.

NOW!—DOUBLE VALUE OFFER. A large jar of ZIP All-Purpose Cold Cream free with each tube of ZIP Depilatory Cream.

Helen had thought she was beyond any further amazement, but the name of Jonathan Hayward was a surprise nevertheless. She had never met him, but she knew him by reputation. He was the Los Angeles bar, a leader in reform and philanthropic movements, a brilliant attorney. It was inconceivable that he could have accepted this woman's case without being convinced of its justice.

But anger was rising in her too, along with the bitterness. "Well, Helen, I've never seen her before; and I don't intend to give you a cent."

"All right." The Dunlap woman slowly heaved herself to her feet. "All right, if that's the way you feel."

When she had gone, pulling the little girl after her, Helen tried to collect her scattered wits. The whole thing was ridiculous, of course. But—Mrs. Dunlap could certainly cause a great deal of trouble. She was connected with Drew was news since his trial. The newspapers all knew that she and Drew were engaged, and if Mrs. Dunlap succeeded in the main-tenance of Barbara Sue they would leap on the story like hungry wolves.

"Tell Drew about it that night, and ask him what he is going to do," she said, as she saw how seriously he took it. She realized, then, that she had hoped for reassurance and comfort. Instead, he shook his head and fretted: "This can be very bad, Helen. Right now, with the studio just getting under way—"

"But you didn't understand, didn't you? I meant--"

"Oh, no!" she began, before she caught the look of distrust, of doubt, in his voice. "Drew!" she said, laughing shakily, "surely you don't think this might—actually be my girl?"

"No, of course not," he said quickly. "But I wonder—maybe it would be better. Besides, you'd need a lot of money—"

"No. I don't think so," she said, but not convinced, and he added, "but I want you to see a lawyer right away."

HELEN agreed, and the next day she spent a reassuring half-hour with Jonathan Hayward, the attorney who had defended Drew at his trial, and who'd had known and admired him for years.

"Nothing to it, Helen," he said cheerfully. "We'll soon send this Mrs. Dunlap scurrying off about her business. Though I must say I'm surprised at Gil Whitney taking a case like this. Anyway, all we have to do is write the Hall of Records in Chicago—that is where your baby was born, isn't it?—and ask for a copy of its birth certificate. That will prove Barbara Sue couldn't possibly belong to you."

But the next evening, just after she and Drew and Agatha Anthony had finished dinner at the ranch, she was summoned to the telephone. She returned to the drawing room looking pale and a little frightened. After one glance at her face, Agatha stood up, murmured something about want-
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**ASTHMADOR**

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JUNE, 1940

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**Readers' Forum**

**MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP**

122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

*Macfadden's Group consists of five associations:* New Romance, True Experiences, Love & Romance, Movie Mirror, and Radio and Television Mirror. These five publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

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Bicycling! Tennis! Golf! All sports are extra fun when you refresh with Beech-Nut Gum. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oral-gum and three flavors of candy-coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-Town (Canojoharie, N. Y.)...famous for Beech-Nut flavor and quality.
He gazed at her for a long moment. Then his shoulders went up, and down, in a baffled shrug. "We don't seem to be talking the same language, Helen," he said. "What seems important to you, don't mean to me. And the other way around." "That's true," she murmured. There was a deep silence for a moment. Then Helen looked straight at Drew, and very slowly but with deep conviction, said, "Drew, I don't think we'd better be married when we planned. Or—perhaps—at all. I'm going through with this Dunlap business. I'll fight her in any court she likes, for as long as she chooses. But it wouldn't be fair to drag you into it, feeling the way you do." She fumbled the ring he had given her off the third finger of her left hand and held it out to him, her face averted. "Here, Drew." "But—Helen—"

HER nerves snapped. "Please—please take it—and go away!" she cried. He didn't take the ring. But when she turned, a few moments later, he was gone.

There is one thing about a sleepless night. It gives you a chance to do a lot of thinking.

Helen rose the next morning feeling inexpressibly weary, but with her mind made up. Drew had failed her. She was alone again, fighting her own battles. Very well. She would fight them. She would not waste time letting the acid of Drew's defeat eat into her heart. She would not—she would try not to—blame him; and she would not weep again, as she had wept during the night.

Everyone said Mrs. Dunlap's lawyer, Gilbert Whitney, was a fine and reputable man. Surely, she reasoned, if she could once convince him that his client was a fraud, he would drop the case and advise the woman to drop it too.

Dressing with even more than her usual care, she drove in to Hollywood. A stop at the dress shop, to chat for a few minutes with Chris Wilson. A telephone call to Whitney's office on Vine Street, to secure an appointment for that afternoon. Lunch with Chris, and casual talk about affairs at the shop, while all the time her brain was whirling with hope, apprehension, doubts about the coming interview.

Then, at last, three o'clock and the quiet elegance of Gilbert Whitney's reception room: a deeply piled taupe carpet, chairs of soft leather, a magnificent eighteen-century table with magazines arranged neatly on top.

Mr. Whitney, the receptionist said, would see her now.

Then she was shaking hands with Whitney, and for a moment she forgot to be afraid.

He was a tall man, and a slender one. There was about him none of Drew's rugged force, but she felt at once the strength of his personality—a quiet strength, controlled and disciplined. His features were delicate and finely chiseled. It was the face of a man who had read and studied much—and, she realized with a shock, suffered much. There was bitterness in his mouth, but sadness in his eyes. But most forcibly he struck her as a man with an abundant sympathy. In an access of relief, she knew that she could tell her story to this man and be assured of a respectful hearing.

She began to speak.

Will Helen be able to persuade Whitney to drop Mrs. Dunlap's case against her? And what of Drew—will he regret his action in turning against Helen, and can Helen really be serious about postponing her wedding to Drew because of his attitude? Read the climax of this dramatic novel in the July issue of Radio Mirror—and meanwhile, tune in The Romance of Trixie at 12:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., Monday through Friday on CBS.
Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
(Continued from page 18)

You see only the ugly side."
Not every man, Joyce thought, would tell you what a fool you'd be to marry him, and then proceed to be so charming, so sweet, that you couldn't possibly resist him.

"Warnings! First from Paul himself, now from Dr. Simon, and last from Ann Hill, Paul's old friend. And in spite of them all, she was still determined.

Ann loved Paul herself, of course. That was plain from the way her face lit up at the sound of his voice, the way her glance followed him about the room. But just as plainly, she needed him, perhaps, more than she knew. Joyce knew, because her love was the sort that asks only the happiness of the loved one, and—she was ten years older than Paul.

Ann Hill—the Ann Hill, the woman whose dispatches from Shanghai had again and again told the stories men reporters had only heard secondhand—announced one day that Paul had called her in introducing himself to Joyce: "a grand person."

She was in America now on a long vacation, two years in years of roaming the globe, and many were the evenings Joyce and Paul had spent with her in the small furnished apartment she had taken.

She had seemed happy when Joyce and Paul told her they'd decided to be married soon, instead of waiting. But afterwards, while Paul was out of the apartment buying some cigarettes, she said:

"I'm about to be the meddlesome old party who throws cold water on the fires of young love, Joyce. Are you sure you and Paul will be happy together?"

"Joyce caught her breath before she answered. "Quite sure!"

"Because—oh, I know him so well, so much better than you possibly can. I met him first in Europe six years ago, and we worked together in Moscow, in Abyssinia, in Shanghai. I know all his wonderful qualities—and all his perfectly terrible ones. For instance, he thinks he's fed-up with newspaper work now. But he's entirely capable of waking up some morning, tearing up every page of his book, and taking the next boat for Europe."

"I know that," Joyce said. "I'll be only too happy if he'll never want to do that."

"Quite a job!" Ann shrugged. "I don't think Paul is constitutionally capable of being happy. Not long, anyway."

"You love him, don't you, Ann?" Joyce asked quietly.

The older woman gave her a glance of quick apprehension before she answered, "Yes. I've loved him for years. But that's beside the point. I'd never let him know it—would make him too unhappy, knowing that he didn't love me. And I've grown to love you, too, in the little while I've known you. I'd hate to see you both being hurt."

"He can't hurt me," Joyce said with all the warmth of her conviction in
New under-arm
Cream Deodorant

safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
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AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
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Without Colonel — And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may later decay in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk, and the world looks pink.

It takes those good old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel “up and up.” Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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*no odor...
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GENTLE "NUDGE"

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So step up that liver diet and see how much
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Booklet: "THE LIEPE METHODS FOR
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dered by modern.

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheu-
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HELPFUL SPICE! SELLERS CAYENNE PEPPERS is
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Radio Mirror

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Proved it yourself! No matter what kind of skin trouble you have—dermatitis, psoriasis, and all
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how they have been cured. We cannot fail to satisfy you. You have nothing to lose for if we
fail to cure you, you can return the pack. THE SALE IS ON NOW. GET YOUR Dermoil TODAY.

6048 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois

JUNE, 1940

Joyce asked, fighting to keep calm,
desperately telling herself that she
wasn't letting him go her heart crum-
bling up and withering inside her.

"You must despise me," he told her.
"I despise myself."

The doorknob twisted under Joyce's
fingers. She stepped away, and
Ann came back into the room, stood
on the threshold.

"Paul," she said in bitter reproach,
"you shouldn't have done it—not this
way—"

"It was the only way!" Paul in-
sisted. "It hurts less to do these
things at once—without beating around
the bush."

Joyce took a deep breath. "Of

course, it was a good thing. Simple, direct, and to the
point." She giggled. "I was almost
going to say painless. Ann, I—"

I want to—wish you every hap-

piness—"

Ann stepped forward, her arms
outstretched, pity twisting her mouth.

"Joyce, don't!" she begged.

Joyce held up a hand as if to ward
her off. "Now, I know, don't say any-
thing to me. I'd rather you didn't.

I hope you'll both be very happy—
after all, it's a good thing—isn't it?—
that you found out you felt this way before we were actually married. It
might have—made things complicated."

Her lips were so stiff they could not
form another word, and the air in
the room was stifling her. She whirled
and ran out, into the street, she
couldn't stop running, because there
was no little time—so little time left
before she would break down com-
pletely.

And yet, the physical exertion must
have been good for her, because when
she reached her own room in the
Hospital Annex she did not cry.
She sat for a long time in the straight
chair beside her work table, while
her thoughts wove a pattern of irony
and heartache.

So they're all been right, and she

wrote. All those warnings. She had
laughed at them, so sure that her

love could give Paul the solidity he

needed, so sure that he could not hurt her, no matter what he said, no mat-
ter what he did. And she had been
right, she reminded herself—he
couldn't have hurt her, if only he had
gone on loving her. He had chosen
her one vulnerable spot to strike at,
because without his love she was
nowhere. She was only another Kay
Reed.

Her pride quivered as she remem-
bered Kay. Could it be that Paul had
lived here, before she told Kay, too, he loved her, only to change his mind?

Perhaps I ought to hate him, she
thought, but I don't. I love him just
as much as I ever did, only now my

love hurts me. I used to carry
it with me, warm and strong and
comforting, but now—nothing like acid in my
heart. I suppose Kay will still lov-
ing him, too, when she went down
under that truck.

She stopped, I look like nothing
human, she thought, glancing into the
mirror, and mechanically she washed
her face, applied powder and rouge.
She was off duty, but she decided she
might go through the ward, just to
be doing something. Maybe she ought to see Dr. Simon—no, she couldn't do that, he would be sure

THE AFFLICTION OF THOUSANDS!

Simple Piles may sound like a light thing, but they

are an awful agony.

They make your every move a torment. They even
hurt or itch while you are sitting or lying down. The
torture drags you down and makes you look old
and worn.

Both men and women suffer from simple Piles. But,
during pregnancy and after childbirth, women espe-
cially are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

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

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it's something that
gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

AH! WHAT COMFORT!

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.
First, it soothes simple Piles. This relieves the pain,
sores, and itching. Second, it lubricates the affected
parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and
cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it
tends to shrink or reduce the swelling which occurs
in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small per-
forated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily
inserted in the rectum, makes passage easy, neat
and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form
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TRY IT FREE!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many
cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store
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Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

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to know something was wrong, and she couldn't face his pity.

It took her a moment to change into her white skirt and jacket, and then she was walking down the long, polished corridors, smelling the familiar hospital perfume.

About to turn into B Ward, she heard her name called. A slight, graceful woman who looked ridiculously like Ann Little was hurrying toward her. And then she realized that it was Ann, and her first impulse was to run into the ward and close the door behind her. She masted her courage with an effort, and stood there until Ann had reached her.

"Joyce, please don't talk to you!" Ann was breathless; her small body quivered with the intensity of her emotion. "I suppose you hate me—I wouldn't let them tell you I was here, for fear you wouldn't see me."

"I don't hate you, Ann. Why should I? If you can make Paul happy—"

But she couldn't finish that sentence, after all.

"That doesn't matter," Ann said. "Joyce, Paul doesn't love me—he loves you."

"Me? But he said—"

"You mustn't believe him. He made me promise not to tell you—but I'm breaking that promise. I have to. I can't bear to see him hurt you this way."

"You see, he made Dr. Simon promise too," Ann was hurryng on. "It isn't because of what he won't marry you—but because Dr. Simon told him yesterday he'll have to expect a recurrence of that tropical fever every three months for a long time—perhaps for the rest of his life."

"The fever!" Joyce said blankly. "But that could have made no different to me!"

"Of course not! He knew that—and that's the reason, he wouldn't tell you the truth. He knew you'd want to marry him anyway. But—you know how he is, Joyce—he wouldn't let you, knowing he'd be an invalid for two weeks on the moment to expect!"

He hates the thought of being ill so much—it fills him with such disgust—he can believe that you wouldn't feel the same about it."

"Oh, Paul—Paul!" Joyce whispered. "How could he have been so foolish!" Impulsively, she leaned forward and kissed the other woman on the cheek.

"Thank you, dear Ann, for breaking your promise."

Ann smiled, a little bitterly. "I'll have to confess. It made me hope, for a little while. I thought that perhaps, if he left you, he really would marry me. I wouldn't mind, you know. I'd ask to give you all my life than the chance to care for him. I guess I was insane to think I could take your place. I'm sorry.

"You've got a great many words, Joyce pressed Ann's hand. "Then she asked, "Where is he? In his own apartment?"

""I must go to him—he's sick and lonely and miserable..."

"He'll have to see you."

"He'll have to see Joyce!" Joyce flung her head back in an exultant gesture. "I'll pound at his door until he either opens it or I break it down. And when I get in, I won't leave until he tells me what I want to know—that we're going to get married, as soon as possible. Tomorrow! Tonight! He can't escape me—because now I know he loves me, and that's all that matters!"

"But suppose he absolutely refuses to marry you as long as this fever is in his blood?"

"I'm the doctor!" Joyce laughed. "And I prescribe marriage as the proper treatment for that fever. There's no reason, if we face it together, and if he has the proper care, why he can't go on with his work, perfectly well, for most of his life. And eventually, perhaps we can cure it! Anyway—the fever doesn't make a bit of difference to me!"

She kissed Ann again, and began to run down the corridor, just as she was, not taking time to change from her white uniform. She had gone only a few steps, though, when she turned and said, her eyes sparkling with joy.

"I'm going to make Paul happy—in spite of himself!"

And Ann knew, standing in the suddenly quiet corridor, that Joyce had summoned determination, against such complete love, all of Paul's doubts and misgivings would mean nothing.

For further romantic adventures of Joyce and Paul tune in Joyce Jordan, Girl Intern, over CBS at 2:15, E.D.T., re-broadcast at 2:30 F.E.T., Mondays through Fridays.
Hollywood Knows How to Wake Up Sleeping Beauty!

LINDA DARNELL currently featured in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "STAR DUST"—with make-up by Bud Westmore.

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WESTMORE HOLLYWOOD

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To Ken Alden, Facing the Music RADIO MIRROR Magazine 122 E. 42nd Street, New York
I would like to see a feature story about—
I like swing bands—
I like sweet bands—

(Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want a direct answer.)
NOW is the time to prepare for parching days. Take time out to use beauty aids. Masks, for instance. They are soothing and astringent. Also, while you are giving yourself a mask treatment, you can do nothing else but relax. It is amazing what ten or fifteen minutes of complete relaxation will do, while a mask is lifting your face.

Selena Royle, starring in Woman of Courage (CBS 9 A.M. five days a week) is a firm believer in mask treatments. To look at her, you would think her beauty is entirely the gift of Providence. She looks exactly the way you like to think of the Woman of Courage—all strength and simplicity in the best sense of the word. Many women of that type have time for everybody but themselves. Not so our wise Selena. That clear unlined skin gets the best of care, with relaxation under a good beauty mask as often as need be. The lovely shining hair, so simply knotted at the back of her head, is brushed a hundred strokes a night. And, believe it or not, the graceful natural ripple is the result of a skillful permanent plus the nightly brushing.

Selena Royle is as well known on Broadway as she is on the air. In fact, her career began with her choice of parents; her father, Edwin Milton Royle, was a famous actor and playwright. She has been on Broadway in important productions ever since 1921. But perhaps the most important thing she ever did to prove herself truly a woman of courage was to start the Actors’ Dinner Club, in 1930. It was a unique restaurant where actors worked in the kitchen, waited at table, and furnished a high quality of entertainment. Miss Royle estimates that she fed over 200,000 meals to needy actors without cost during the three years she operated the Dinner Club.

How to choose your face mask?

Try several. Nowadays there are many excellent ones available—not in the least like the messy and pore-clogging affairs of other days. Most of them have very simple ingredients. One of the best, for instance, is made from starch, specially prepared for beauty treatment—the same you use in your bath. Add a little cold cream, moisten with milk, and you have a mask to the queen’s taste, one that is very soothing to summer-roughened skins.

None of the well-known face masks nowadays contain any substances that could possibly irritate. As they dry, they tighten up, giving a rather pleasant sensation that suggests the lifting of sagged muscles and the closing of pores. When you wash off the mask you are delighted with the refreshed look on your face.

MOST hair is the better for a tint or a rinse, especially in summer. The long days outdoors are likely to fade the hair. And never were hats so revealing! Some of the smartest are little more than a hair ornament—and of course give the hair no protection at all. If you are to wear becomingly a gay trifle like a nose-gay of flowers somewhere over one eyebrow, your hair must be shining and colorful.

There are tints and rinses for every type, blonde or brunette. Choose the appropriate one, and use it after each shampoo. Some of the rinses do nothing more than restore the natural luster with little effect on the color. These are sufficient for some women. But those with faded or sun-bleached hair, or with the colorlessness that precedes and accompanies graying should select a decided tint that may bring back the original color.

Everyone should have a rinse or tint after each shampoo. With so many good purposes served by them, why deprive your hair of every help it needs? There are three rules for beautiful hair. First, frequent shampoos, with the shampoo and following tint or rinse carefully chosen to meet your individual needs. Second, vigorous daily brushing with brushes that are kept scrupulously clean (use a little of your shampoo to clean the brush). Third, becoming waving and arrangement. If you attend to all these, you will be ready for a practically bareheaded summer, confident that your hair will remain shining and colorful in spite of the bleaching summer sun.

By Dr. Grace Gregory

Selena Royle, starring in Woman of Courage, has the shining hair and a clear skin that come from proper care.
negligee, nightgown and mules would cost, in all, $92.50 (the playsuit and embroidered lace frock and sandals, costing $24.80, would bring this up to $117.30). This, you might think doesn't leave much of a margin for the wedding cost, but here we meet with a surprise, thanks to the clever and charming ideas of Irene Rich.

"It is friendliness, happiness, good will that really count," she says, speaking directly to every girl who contemplates the amount of money spent is a secondary matter." And then she sets about to prove her point with suggestions for a wedding which, even combined with a honeymoon trousseau, keeps the budget for the whole thing down to less than $120—believe it or not!

"Let's plan for a wedding with between thirty and forty guests—a church wedding if the bride has grown up in a church and most of her friends are, but a home wedding otherwise. (I can't believe any wedding reaches its real height of happiness and charm if held in a strange church no one of the group ever saw before or possibly will see again.) For our purposes, let's say we have a home wedding." 

"Now, the items usually are the least expensively ordered in lots of fifty, so even though we plan to have only thirty guests present, let's order fifty invitations and fifty enclosure cards—or reception invitations—which will give us a few extra to send to friends out of town whom we know will be able to attend, but whom we wish to remember. In this way, we eliminate the necessity for announcements."

WITH this advice in mind, Helen shopped for invitations and found that the cost of "thrmographed" or processed to resemble engraving, could be had for $6.45, and an equal number of enclosure cards, inviting a reception following, was a total of $10.20. In discovering this new means of processing which is also two or three times as expensive) Helen learned that many an "elite" wedding invitation is so processed.

The invitations out of the way, Irene turned her attention to the wedding proper and advised Helen as to time, menu and decorations.

"I think that unless there is a train or boat schedule to be considered, four-thirty in the afternoon is the nicest hour of all," she said. "For one thing, most people will be out to work and, yet you avoid the greater formality of an evening wedding. On the other hand, you can serve a wedding luncheon of some kind which will take the place of an evening meal for your guests. I should, by all means, see that something like creamed lobster or a special chicken is on the menu, since an entirely sweet menu is hard for most people to take at especially men."

This is the menu, serving approximately thirty-six persons, which Irene finally worked out for Helen:  
- Creamed chicken with mushrooms in 
- Piercuit timbales  
- Lettuce and watercress sandwiches  
- Ice Cream, Punch Cake  
- Cake, (usually a plain silver cake) with decorations, $2.00.  
- Incidents: "Cake favors (for guests to take home and sleep on), 85, tissue paper to wrap each piece in, 10, ribbon to tie each with, 36, confetti (flower petals which younger brothers and sisters of the bride, or children of friends could cut out from bright colored crepe paper), 10, rice to throw at the newly-weds, 15.

Irene suggested that perhaps a dear friend of the bride's might volunteer to make the bridal cake. "The cake favors," she added, "can be the same kind of cake as the bridal cake, or perhaps fruit cake. Sometimes you buy little satin boxes to put each piece in, but the pieces can be wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with silver ribbon if a budget must be considered. These favors are then piled on a tray and placed where each guest may find them."

As far as the beverage for the wedding reception is concerned, Irene estimated the cost of enough punch for thirty-six persons at $1.50.

"Tea is a wonderful base for good punch, and of course very inexpensive," she suggested. "Of course," she added with a twinkle in her eye, "personally I favor as a base, Welch's grape juice, which is also quite inexpensive."

The total cost of menu, favors, etc., is $24.55, which added to the $92.50, cost of the trousseau, would make the bride's expenses run to exactly $117.05 . . . Not bad, Irene and Helen agreed, especially when you consider that there are various ways in which it could be scaled down still further.

WHAT is a June wedding for, if not to avail yourself of the wild flowers which abound everywhere at this time, also those in your own and your friends' flower gardens? she demanded.

"You can have a picnic in the woods shortly before the festivities, and gather plenty of greenery—forns and things.

"As for music, well, surely, someone will be glad to play the wedding march, and another to sing "O Promise Me," or any of those beautiful, romantic songs which should be a part of every wedding."

But so much for the bride's part in wedding preparations. After all, there is a groom in every wedding, and although he does seem to be rather relegated to the background, he's important, just the same. "If you get what I mean," tall, good-looking Ben Gage remarks with a grin.

"This is his cue to appear in the wedding picture, first to confer with Irene on what kind of a bouquet he should select for the bride, second to buy the ring and third to plan the honeymoon—all of which are any groom's personal responsibility."

Remembering that even as the
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The groom may be bound by a rather small wedding budget, a bouquet of white sweet peas and gardenias in the center, was chosen after consulting Kenneth McEldowney, at his new "drive-in" flower shop, 9485 Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills. Mr. McEldowney points out that the center of the bouquet is detachable so that before the bride leaves home to go with her girl friends she can take out a corsage to wear with her going-away outfit. The whole thing would cost approximately $3.00 at McEldowney's, but it could be made for practically nothing by some clever friend.

Next, the ring. For advice on this, Ben goes to Durward Howes, of B. D. Howes and Son, famous jewelers, located opposite Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles.

Mr. Howes points out to Ben that a white gold, engraved wedding ring can be purchased for as low as $10, and an engraved platinum band for $20. But Ben decides on one with diamonds and engraving decorating it half-way round, for $30. It's one of the newer wrinkles in wedding rings.

Your honeymoon isn't included in the $150 budget, because the cost of a wedding trip can vary from almost nothing to a great deal. Thanks to Mary Livingstone, who advised Ben on the subject, here are some extremely sound words of wisdom.

"A motor trip," says Mary, "is likely to be both the least expensive and most enjoyable sort of honeymoon you can take. It gives you the most freedom and the most variety, and with a car it's easier to govern how much you will spend. For ten dollars a day, a couple should be able to go on a really wonderful honeymoon, in a car. And if neither the bride nor the groom owns a, a honeymoon is one occasion for which a friend will be glad to loan his.

"With a car, you can drive as quickly as possible to a chosen destination, stopping at inexpensive auto courts along the way and saving the bulk of your money to splurge at some resort hotel, or you can sort of meander along, stopping whenever you feel like it, and spending a certain amount of money each day. For seventy or seventy-five dollars at the most—and a car—you can have a week-long honeymoon that won't be elaborate but still be fun."

Just to be fair to both sides of this wedding question, we're letting Grace Allen Burns have her say about the advisability of eloping, instead of having a formal wedding.

"It is the simplest way," says Grace, "and it certainly is cheaper. But on the other hand, maybe in the long run it isn't cheaper. Because of the presents, you know. If you have a wedding, you get presents. But if you don't have a wedding, you don't get any presents, and you might have to buy lots of things, and they might cost more than $150." As usual, Gracie states things in an admirably realistic way.

Now, just to put the whole thing in a couple of nutshell, let's run over the plans for your wedding. Bridal outfit, $20.40; traveling ensemble, $52.20; negligee and nightie, $12.90; announcements, $10.20; bouquet, $5; ring, $30; food for reception, $14.35. Total, $152.05. Extra clothes, if your budget runs to them, $21.85. Honey- moon, $70.

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