

Radio MIRROR

JANUARY

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



JEANETTE MACDONALD

**NELSON EDDY and ELEANOR POWELL-The Secret Story of Their Romance
Laugh With WINCHELL and BERNIE! Complete Story of "LOVE and HISSES"**

BEST OF REFERENCES, BUT—

WHY, MY SUIT LOOKS SIMPLY STUNNING ON YOU! IF LOOKS MEAN ANYTHING, YOU'RE CERTAINLY GOING TO LAND A JOB TODAY.

YOU'RE A DEAR TO LET ME BORROW YOUR THINGS AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE GOT TWO GOOD PROSPECTS.



SEVEN YEARS EXPERIENCE... CAN DO 90 WORDS A MINUTE... AND HERE ARE MY REFERENCES.

I'LL CHECK THEM UP. PLEASE CALL TUESDAY. THE JOB PAYS \$30.



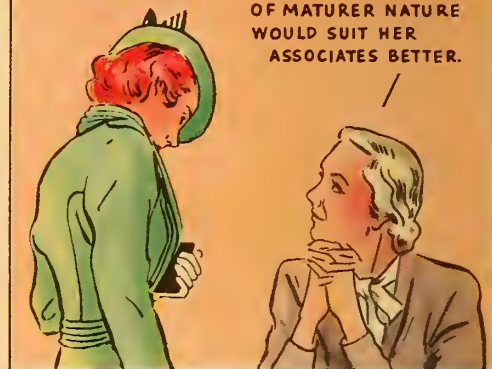
YES, A MISS STACY. SAID SHE WORKED FOR YOU. SHE IMPRESSED ME VERY FAVORABLY EXCEPT FOR ONE THING, WHICH MAY BE MERELY TEMPORARY—HER BREATH.....

YOU'VE HIT ON IT, I'M SORRY TO SAY, MISS STACY WAS ONE OF OUR MOST EFFICIENT EMPLOYEES, BUT HER ASSOCIATES COMPLAINED.



THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY

I'M SORRY, MISS STACY, BUT THE POSITION HAS BEEN FILLED. WE FELT THAT A GIRL OF MATURER NATURE WOULD SUIT HER ASSOCIATES BETTER.



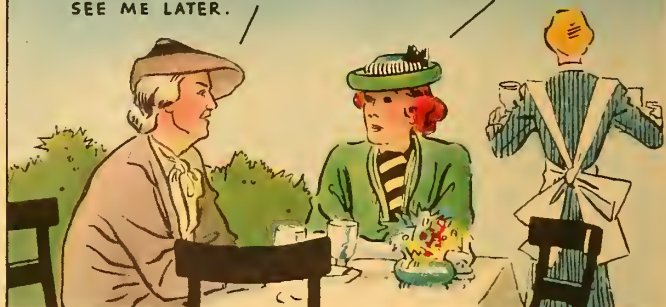
I'M SORRY, MISS JONES, BUT I'D COUNTED SO MUCH ON THIS. DESPERATE, I GUESS, AND HUNGRY.

WHY YOU POOR DEAR! COME, WE'LL HAVE LUNCH TOGETHER—MAYBE THINGS WILL SEEM BRIGHTER.



I'M GOING TO BE FEARFULLY FRANK WITH YOU, MISS STACY,— YOU COULD HAVE HAD THAT JOB TODAY BUT FOR ONE THING—YOUR BREATH. WHY DON'T YOU USE LISTERINE? THEN COME BACK AND SEE ME LATER.

THANK YOU! I NEVER DREAMED THAT WAS MY TROUBLE. NO WONDER I COULDN'T GET A JOB!



THREE WEEKS LATER

I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL JOB—\$30 A WEEK. MISS JONES IS SUCH A PEACH! FIRST TOLD ME WHAT MY TROUBLE WAS, THEN WHEN THEY FOUND THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE OTHER GIRL, GAVE ME HER JOB.

TO THINK I HADN'T THE COURAGE TO TELL YOU TO USE LISTERINE! EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN IN BUSINESS I'VE USED IT EVERYDAY.



IS YOUR BREATH BEYOND SUSPICION?

Come, tell the truth; you don't know! That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath). You don't know, but others do and are offended. Why run this foolish risk when you can make your breath sweet, more wholesome, and agreeable, by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic? Use it morning and evening and between times before social and business engagements. Listerine Antiseptic first cleanses the entire oral cavity then overcomes breath odors. You know you won't offend.



Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

IN BUSINESS, MANY FIRMS INSIST THAT THEIR EMPLOYEES KEEP THEIR BREATH AGREEABLE



Foolish Joan... Tonight she's a picture of breath-taking loveliness—yet she hasn't had a dancing partner all evening. (And who can blame them... when they see her pitiful, tragic smile?)

Her small brother could show Joan how to help win a lovely smile—to have teeth that sparkle, gums firm and healthy! (Bob is only six, but he's already learned the value of gum massage.)

Joan's telephone would be one of the busiest in town—her date book would always be filled—if she only realized no man can resist the appeal and charm of a radiant smile! (Ipana Tooth Paste and massage would help her—for, remember, gums need care and attention as well as teeth!)



Ask yourself this question—

"Does my Smile really attract others?"

WONDERFUL, isn't it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn't it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, see your dentist!

You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush

your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile brilliant, sparkling, attractive—with Ipana and massage!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.



Change to
Ipana
and Massage

ERNEST V. HEYN, EXECUTIVE EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN, Assistant Editor

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PREVIEWING THE
 FEBRUARY ISSUE
 ON SALE DEC. 24



Presenting a great comedienne in a new role—that of a mother. And don't think it isn't funny, as well as warmly human. Next month, read the down-to-earth story of Gracie Allen and her children—a mother and two kids just like the ones that live in the house down the street.

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COVER—JEANETTE MACDONALD—BY FRANK VAN STEEN

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

PROFESSOR QUIZ



TWENTY QUESTIONS

Your genial interrogator

1. What star, when she rides her hobby, uses her sponsor's product?
2. What star can—and does—show up at broadcast time wearing old clothes because there's no studio audience?
3. What popular radio character has never been seen by anybody and never will be?
4. "Googie" is her husband's pet name for what comedienne?
5. Name two comedians who have the same last name, then name two others who have the same last name.
6. What glamour gal of the air and the movies used to be known as the "Dreamer of Songs"?
7. What singing star of a Saturday night program was a child singer on the air when she was twelve?
8. What does MGM stand for? And why is it now important to radio listeners?
9. Who's linked with an ice skater,

- went out with a redhead while in New York, and broadcasts Sunday nights for a soap?
10. Whose whispers reached a million ears while Winchell vacationed?
11. Add together an Oregon crooner, an Arkansas native, a cheese, and you've got what program?
12. The "theme song" of what program comes from one of the wonders of the world?
13. Who went to court because his secretary and the butler couldn't get along and who hates wood worse than anything else?
14. What does "station break" mean?

15. What is the meaning of transcriptions?
16. Name five performers who are as Irish as their names?
17. Why is John Barrymore called a "creeper"?
18. What radio comedienne has to memorize her script—and why?
19. Using radio stars' last names, complete this sentence: "An X_____ can go straight through_____."
20. Who is the radio comedian all Hollywood golfers seek a match with?

(For the answers turn to page 66)

NO KISSES FOR RED, CHAPPED HANDS!

Hinds works fast...toning down redness...smoothing away that sandpaper look. And now Hinds has the "sunshine" Vitamin D in it!

EVEN one application of Hinds makes hard-working hands smoother...enchancing to his touch. So soft, anybody would think you were a lady of leisure! Use Hinds faithfully—before and after household jobs, indoors and out. Hinds helps put back the softness that

biting winds, bitter cold, household heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives you Honey-moon Hands—smooth, dainty, feminine! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in \$1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—fits on bottle.

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HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

By
ELAINE STERNE
CARRINGTON

PEPPER YOUNG

For further adventures of Pepper, tune in the daily broadcasts of Pepper Young's Family, on NBC Red at 3:00 and NBC Blue at 10:30, sponsored by Procter and Gamble.

THROUGH the open doorway Pepper Young regarded his family belligerently. Not that he had any fault to find with his family. He had not. The group they presented to the eye was a pleasant one.

Dinner being over they had drifted back to the living room. Mrs. Young settled herself in her low rocker, on the arm of which swung a full bag of darning.

Peggy, blonde, curly-haired, and blue-eyed, sank down languidly on the couch, feet curled under her, chin on her hand, gazing intently into the fire, fancying as she did so, that she resembled, strikingly, her favorite film star of the moment.


Mr. Young strolled over to the writing desk and, after rummaging around for paper and an envelope, began a letter.

All this Pepper observed from the doorway, scowling. The scowl was merely a ruse to bolster his own courage. For Pepper had plans for the evening.

Suddenly, since no one looked up or seemed even aware of him standing grim and menacing in the doorway, he altered his tactics. Cloaking himself in an air of elaborate indifference, he sauntered into the room. Idly he flipped the pages of a magazine which lay on the table. Sighing deeply, he wandered to the window and stood there, looking out, with his hands in his pockets. As he looked, he teetered back and forth on his heels. A sideways glance assured him that, so far, nobody in the room had paid even the slightest attention to him.



STEPS OUT



A Heartwarming Story, Especially
Written for Radio Mirror by the
Author of a Popular Serial Broad-
cast About the Same Well Loved
Characters You Listen To Daily

ILLUSTRATED BY
CLYDE PRETTYMAN

"Miss Hopkins is sick," he remarked abruptly, "and we had a substitute today."

His mother looked up and smiled abstractedly.

"Gee, she didn't even assign us any homework to do," Pepper said in a critical tone of voice.

"All she did was give us a review test. I got 96."

"That's fine, son," said Mrs. Young.

Again Pepper sighed deeply. "Seems funny," he said, "not to have any homework to do." He affected a gay little laugh. "Hardly know what to do with myself." He paused a moment, to give this time to sink in, then started toward the door. "Well . . ." he said.

Mrs. Young stirred in her chair. Mr. Young, who understood her perfectly, laid down his pen and looked straight at his son.

"It sounds as if tonight would be an excellent time for you to study up for those mid-term examinations," he said firmly. "You weren't thinking of going out, were you?"

"Why—I sorta thought I might run over and—"

"You were out to the movies last night, Pepper," Mrs. Young said. "I think you'd better stay in tonight."

"But mother, I ought to have special books for that exam—"

"Your mother's right, son. You should have thought of getting those books this afternoon," Mr. Young said. "You know you're not to go out two school nights in succession."

Pepper hesitated. There was undoubtedly that familiar "I-mean-what-I-say" look in his father's eyes—a look which, as far back as he could remember, had boded no good for the private and personal plans of Pepper Young.

Wisely, he beat a tactical retreat, preferring, like a good general, to await a more suitable time for attack.

Having reached his own room, closed his door, and locked it behind him, he gave himself up to a complete and cold scrutiny of himself in the mirror. The mirror gave back to him a red-headed, broad-shouldered boy, with a face by no means plain, but one in which, he felt, staring at himself, beneath beetling brows, the features were not finally set. There was nothing striking, nothing dis- (Continued on page 59)

By
ELAINE STERNE
CARRINGTON

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(Continued on page 59)

ELEANOR

Powell

THE SECRET STORY OF

Question Him and He Discusses Politics, Ask Her And She Says It May Rain



M-G-M Photos

They met and parted, then met again at Nelson's birthday party. Eleanor was afraid he'd forgotten, until he changed the seating arrangements.

CUT!" said the director. The cameras stopped, the people gathered around them relaxed, the electrician put out his hand to switch off the lights—

But Nelson Eddy was still kissing Eleanor Powell.

There was a reporter on the "Rosalie" set that day. Being no fool, he knew he had a story, and he went back to his office and wrote a paragraph that made the headlines.

His story was a good one, but it didn't have anything to back it up. He'd seen Nelson and Eleanor kissing each other after the make-believe scene they were shooting was over, and he knew that people don't do that sort of thing unless they like it. But there the matter ended. Neither he nor any of his fellow reporters was able, then or later, to get either Nelson or Eleanor to admit a single thing.

Mention Eleanor's name to Nelson, and he began talking

and NELSON THEIR ROMANCE

Eddy

By
JUDY
ASHLEY



When they began work on their new co-starring picture, "Rosalie," few knew they were even acquainted—so secret was their friendship.

about politics or literature. Mention Nelson's to Eleanor, and she remembered she had a date somewhere. And so, for lack of definite information to feed on, the story just naturally died on the news-hawks' hands.

All of which makes RADIO MIRROR proud to present the entire and exclusive story for the first time.

I can't tell you where or how I got the story. Let's just say that I was a little luckier than the other reporters . . .

that I talked to the right people at the right times. It doesn't matter particularly, anyway. What does matter is that the story is true. . . .

THEY met three years ago, Nelson and Eleanor, when he had only one picture, "Student Prince," behind him and she was working on "Broadway Melody of 1936," her first screen production. (Continued on page 8)



ELEANOR Powell THE SECRET STORY OF

and NELSON Eddy THEIR ROMANCE

Question Him and He Discusses Politics, Ask Her And She Says It May Rain

By

JUDY

ASHLEY



M-G-M Photos

They met and parted, then met again at Nelson's birthday party. Eleanore was afraid he'd forgotten, until he changed the seating arrangements.

When they began work on their new co-starring picture, "Rosalie," few knew they were even acquainted—so secret was their friendship.

CUT!" said the director. The cameras stopped, the people gathered around them relaxed, the electrician put out his hand to switch off the lights—

But Nelson Eddy was still kissing Eleanore Powell. There was a reporter on the "Rosalie" set that day. Being no fool, he knew he had a story, and he went back to his office and wrote a paragraph that made the headlines.

His story was a good one, but it didn't have anything to back it up. He'd seen Nelson and Eleanore kissing each other after the make-believe scene they were shooting was over, and he knew that people don't do that sort of thing unless they like it. But there the matter ended. Neither he nor any of his fellow reporters was able, then or later, to get either Nelson or Eleanore to admit a single thing.

Mention Eleanore's name to Nelson, and he began talking

about politics or literature. Mention Nelson's to Eleanore, and she remembered she had a date somewhere. And so, for lack of definite information to feed on, the story just naturally died on the news-hawks' hands.

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Tenderfoots in the studios, hopeful of the future but afraid of it too, it was natural they should meet eagerly and have quick understanding for each other.

It was the day Eleanor was working in the cabaret scene in which she danced in a high hat and tail suit that Nelson, at his request, was brought to her set to see her. He must have had a dozen things to do that day but still he stood watching as she tapped her way, swift and rhythmic, across the satin smooth floor.

When at last that scene was finished Eleanor came off the stage and dropped in the little canvas chair painted with her name, to wiggle her slim and aching ankles. Immediately Nelson was at her side; on his knees. He would rub her ankles for her, he said. And she knew from his voice that she must stretch her feet forth.

After that, unbelievably enough, it was a year and a half before they met again. During most of this time the entire continent lay between them. For while Nelson worked ceaselessly in the studios and on the radio, making his name one for which electric lights were made, Eleanor, suffering a complete break-down, was secluded in a little house in Westchester's eastern hills.

Curious, wasn't it, that on the day she returned to California she should have been invited to a birthday party given for Nelson in Louis B. Mayer's studio bungalow? Nelson saw her at once, as she came through the doorway. He went straight to her side. She was grateful for this, for she didn't know how to join in the mad scramble of a match game which the other guests were playing on the floor. Having worked hard ever since she was twelve years old, you see, Eleanor never has had time to play.

THROUGHOUT that afternoon Nelson remained at Eleanor's side. He seemed to have no desire to play either. He told her of places he had visited. He made her feel the life of cities which only had been names to her. He made her palate crave foods she never had tasted. He gave her a sense of life being a splendid adventure, not something to be lived haphazardly day after day, even while it is slipping away from you.

Over in their quiet corner they talked and talked. Someone played a love song on the piano. And the match game went on and on. Then a servant came in to light the lamps. When the sun drops behind the California hills it turns dark quickly, without the preparation of twilight. Nelson's birthday was almost over. He seemed unwilling to let it go.

"Look," he said, "tonight I want all of you to come to my house. Please!"

Eleanor alone refused. She was afraid to go. She knew how it would be. Everyone would be gay in a way she couldn't be, play games she didn't play, laugh until tears filled their eyes over nonsensical things she didn't think funny at all. And Nelson would be disappointed. Better to run away now while his eyes resting on her were a deeper blue and brighter, too.

"Change your mind!" he begged her. "Say you'll come after all. We'll have fun!"

She saw how disappointed he was and she rushed her words together trying to explain, trying to make him feel better. She had to be up at five the next morning, she told him. She never went out when she was working, really. It would be a marvelous party, she knew. And they'd meet again soon.

They didn't meet again soon at all, even though they worked constantly on the same lot. For the Metro studios are like a small city and it's quite possible for two people to be there every day without their paths crossing; even

to pass each other unknowingly in a crowd. Occasionally Nelson and Eleanor did see each other but always it was at a distance and always they were rushing in different directions, to a stage, to the costume department, to the hairdressers—so they would only wave or call a greeting as they passed.

It may have been that Nelson, remembering Eleanor had refused to come to his party, was diffident about her. She, very definitely, was diffident about him. He frightened her. Warm and friendly though he always had been, she felt inadequate beside him. He'd been to so many places. He'd done so many things. He knew so many people. He had that beautiful thing called background.

Then spring broke through again, this year, and Nelson and Eleanor learned they had been cast together in "Rosalie." And a little later, on June 29th, Nelson had another birthday. Louis B. Mayer asked Nelson to lunch with him; pretending there were business matters to discuss. But when they entered the studio commissary, arm in arm, cheers greeted them. And everyone seated at the big flower-strewn table rose to sing "Happy Birthday." Excited and happy, Nelson made his way to the seat of honor. And to Eleanor. Waiting for him to arrive she had been talking to his mother. She tried to make her way to her place on the other side of the table and a little down the line, but he blocked her way. Let place cards be changed! Let everybody who was to have been between them move along a few places! Let those who would, smile knowingly!

"How do you happen to be here?" he asked her. "You, who never go to parties?" Her only answer was her quick and gentle smile. But it brought down all barriers. He told her how disappointed he had been, a year before, when she hadn't come to his house later that evening. He admitted he had waited for her, hoping she would change her mind. He told her how bored he had been; how he had brought together two people he had known liked each other. Compensation, the psychologists would call that.

Following that birthday luncheon when Nelson and Eleanor said good-bye, I think there must have been contentment in their hearts. For now they knew it wouldn't be long before they would meet again. Now their work wasn't to keep them apart, it was to bring them together.

THE first day on any production usually is difficult, but always, it's exciting too. The first day they worked on "Rosalie" was extra special. Dozens of people from different departments came to wish them success. Stagehands whistled at their work. And, loud and long, Nelson and Ray Bolger, who is also in the cast, complimented each other on the fine figures they made in their cadet blue uniforms. Then, seeing Eleanor arrive at her portable dressing-room, they marched over after her.

Eleanor's hair swept back from her young face in soft smooth waves. In the pink gown with a tiny train which she wears in her role of a princess she was especially lovely. Both men dropped on their knees before her.

"Your Highness," they said, "what can we do for you?"

"What can you boys do for me?" asked Eleanor. "That's simple! Wish this picture will be the best ever. And keep your fingers crossed!"

It wasn't until noon, when Eleanor went to luncheon, that she found the roses. And it was when she raised them, sweet and red, from their mists of paper that his card fell to the floor. "Happy Take-off," it read. "Nelson."

She waited until he was alone to thank him. She protects his reserve always. It is, she thinks (*Continued on page 68*)

THEY MET THREE YEARS AGO, BOTH OF THEM TENDERFOOTS, BOTH OF THEM HOPEFUL OF THE FUTURE, BUT AFRAID TOO

WHAT *Not* TO EXPECT OF YOUR FRIENDS

You Are Missing Half the Fun
of Friendship—and This

Will Tell You What
to Do About It

By GELETT BURGESS

Gelett Burgess, who broadcast this brand new conception of friendship on a recent CBS Heinz Magazine program.



A great deal has been written and said about friends and friendship, but here is something new, by a distinguished author and humorist. You may laugh at its wit, but the solid sense of its viewpoint will make you think long after you've finished laughing. Our thanks to the Heinz Magazine of the Air for permission to "rebroadcast" this feature.

WHEN I was young I was romantic. I believed in Santa Claus; I believed in friends. But after years of discontent with Toms who bored me and Dicks who lied to me and Harrys who double-crossed me, not to speak of Janes who talked me to death, I was almost ready to exclaim with Job, "Have pity on me. O ye my friends!"

What was the trouble? Why is it that we're so often dissatisfied with our friends? Why are we shocked, disappointed or angry at their actions? Is it true what Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables"? Not at all. I found out, in time, that the fault wasn't with Tom, Dick and Harry but with myself. For friendship is one of the most difficult games in the world. It has to be understood and practiced as scientifically as chemistry, parachute jumping or kissing.

The secret lies in what I might call Vocational Friendship. The vocational expert, you know, is a person who goes to a big store or manufactory and examines all applicants for jobs, mentally and physically, to determine what each one is best suited for. Then he assigns them to the departments where they'll be most efficient. Sometimes a failure as bookkeeper will be a great success at washing windows; and a man who couldn't possibly run a machine will handle splendidly a whole herd of stenographers. So that's exactly what you must do to your friends to make

them most worth while and permanent—understand and classify them and not attempt to make square pegs fit into round holes.

Now Arthur, for instance, is a witty and amusing talker. But he never keeps his appointments. So just enjoy his talk when you meet him, but don't make any appointments with him. Then he'll always please you. Why curse Gertrude, who plays auction bridge like an Ely Culbertson, because she dresses like a frump? Have her for a partner when you play, but don't take her to a night club. Then you'll always be friends. For the purpose of display you can escort Elsie who is beautiful, stylish, but dumb. She'll be lovely to dance with—if you don't expect her to discuss Plato or the European situation.

I had a cousin who exasperated me for years because she would never answer my letters or even acknowledge the receipt of gifts I sent her. But she has lovely table manners, and can eat asparagus, oranges, frog's legs, or even corn on the cob so that you are hardly aware of it. Well, what did I do? I gave up writing to her but whenever she was in town I took her out to dinner. We have been great friends ever since.

You see, it is impossible to change people and make them what you like. But if you enjoy each one in the special way in which each excels you'll never be disappointed or irritated. The trouble is that most of us expect each of our friends to be like those many-bladed knives that boys love, knives that can cut, bore holes, drive screws, open cans and do almost anything. Just so we expect our friends to please us in everything.

But friends are like simpler tools. (Continued on page 57)

INTRODUCING

Miss Television

**This Brand New Art Has
Finally Found Its Per-
fect Star—In a Dummy!
Here Is the Whole Fas-
cinating Story of Her
Birth Told in Pictures**



O. B. Hanson, chief NBC engineer, admires the finished product. NBC says she wears a bathing suit so she'll be more comfortable under the hot lights. It's shiny black lastex, a highly "televisable" material.

Left, Adolf Senz, famous theatrical wig maker, supplies Miss Patience's coiffure—brown because technicians say that is the average color. It took a full week to make the wig so it conformed to specifications.



Because humans can't stand endless hours of experiment under strong television lights, Miss Patience was born. First, technicians went to Jean Spadea who manufactures her department store dummies from a secret composition.



Left, a select number of models are viewed to find the one which best fits all of television's rigid qualifications. Above, the winner—Miss Patience—receiving her basic coat of flesh colored paint from a spray gun.



Miss Patience's make-up must be as careful as that of any Broadway actress. First, an expert at the factory sprays the face with a tan-orange tint. Later, she'll have her make-up changed for further experimentation.



Next comes Miss Patience's mouth. It's stenciled in and a pleasant red tone applied, covered by a dark reddish brown. Ordinary lip rouge shows up almost white on the television screen, so darker shades must always be used.



Third step is the application of false eyelashes. Even live beauties must have these—their own lashes don't show at all. Actually, when real people are televised, they all must submit to this same elaborate make-up.



Her make-up applied, Miss Patience is fitted with her arms, while Albert Protzmann, one of NBC's Iconoscope cameramen, right, looks on. It took three weeks from the time of her selection to get Miss Patience this far.



20th Century-Fox photo

Twenty-five years old and well launched on her third career . . . famous on the stage and then in the movies, now making her radio debut with Edward G. Robinson . . . seen most recently as "Francey" in Samuel Goldwyn's "Dead End," heard every Tuesday as the society editor of CBS' new show, Big Town . . . Presenting—Miss Claire Trevor.



DICKENS'

a Christmas Carol

The Holiday's Most Thrilling Broadcast Is Lionel Barrymore's Playing of Scrooge. This Year Radio Mirror Adds to the Pleasure of Listening by Publishing the Entire Script of This Drama for You to Read Before, During, and After the Performance

This year the annual Christmas broadcast of "A Christmas Carol," sponsored by the Campbell Soup Company will be heard on the afternoon of December 25th, over the entire network of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Our thanks to this sponsor, for permission to print this script.

IT is Christmas Eve. The world is white with snow. The London streets are filled with happy people—hurrying home to their firesides—laughing, their faces glowing. But while the rest of the world is touched with holiday cheer, Ebenezer Scrooge sits in his cold, dreary office—alone—alone with his clerk, Bob Cratchit, working over the books of the firm of Scrooge and Marley. Jacob Marley, his partner, has been dead these seven years. But Scrooge maintains the firm's tradition of close deals and sharp bargains.

Suddenly, the work is interrupted! A ragged little boy has drifted up to the doorstep and lifted his voice in a quavering carol—thinking, perhaps, that the tenant might give him a sixpence!

SCROOGE: (*Irritably*) Cratchit!

CRATCHIT: Yes, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: What's all that caterwauling about?

CRATCHIT: It's a boy, sir—singing a carol.

SCROOGE: (*Sourly*) Well, I'll remedy that! You, there!

BOY: (*Hopefully*) Yes, sir?

SCROOGE: Who asked you to sing carols outside my door?

BOY: Well, sir—no one, sir—

SCROOGE: Be off with you, then! Or would you like a rap with this ferule to help you?

BOY: Oh, no, sir—I'm going, sir—(*Door slams*)

SCROOGE: (*Growling*) Carols! Humbug! Here—where do you think you're going with that shovel, Bob Cratchit?

CRATCHIT: (*Humbly*) It's so cold, sir—and the fire I have is so small—I thought that—

SCROOGE: You thought you'd help yourself to the coal, eh?

CRATCHIT: My fingers are getting a little stiff, sir.

SCROOGE: (*Ominously*) If you use coal at that rate, Bob Cratchit, you and I will soon be parting company.

CRATCHIT: (*Subdued*) I'm sorry, sir.

SCROOGE: Now get back to your stool and figure those accounts. I'm going into my office. But the door'll be open, I warn you. (*The door opens again as Fred, Scrooge's nephew, comes in.*)

CRATCHIT: Merry Christmas, Mr. Fred!

FRED: A Merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug!

FRED: Christmas a humbug! (*Laughs*) You don't mean that, I'm sure!

SCROOGE: I meant just that! (*Scornfully*) Merry Christmas! What *right* have you to be merry? What *reason* have you to be merry? You're poor enough!

FRED: (*Laughing*) Come then—what right have you to be dismal or morose? You're rich enough!

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug!

FRED: (*Coaxingly*) Now, Uncle—don't be cross—

SCROOGE: What else can I be—when I live in such a world of fools as this? What's Christmas-time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer! If I had my way, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas"

on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart, he should!

FRED: Uncle!

SCROOGE: (*Sternly*) Keep Christmas in your own way, nephew, and let me keep it in mine.

FRED: Keep it! But you *don't* keep it!

SCROOGE: Let me leave it alone, then! Much good it may do you! Much good it has ever done you!

FRED: (*Quietly*) I dare say there are many things from which I have derived good, but not profit—Christmas among the rest. I've always thought of Christmas as the only time I know of, when men and women seem to open their shut-up

hearts freely. And though Christmas has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!

CRATCHIT: (*Applauds*) Well spoken, Mr. Fred! God bless Christmas!

SCROOGE: (*Angrily*) Let me hear another sound from *you*, Bob Cratchit, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! As for you, Fred—you're quite a powerful speaker. I wonder you don't go into Parliament!

FRED: I'm sorry, Uncle. I don't want to quarrel with you. I came in the spirit of Christmas. I'll go in the same way. Good afternoon! So, a Merry Christmas, Uncle!

SCROOGE: *Good afternoon!*

FRED: And a Merry Christmas to you, Bob Cratchit—and to Tiny Tim!

CRATCHIT: Thank you, Mr. Fred. Same to you, sir. (*The door opens.*)

GENTLEMAN: Is this Scrooge and Marley's?

CRATCHIT: Come in, sir.

GENTLEMAN: I'd like to see the head of the firm.

SCROOGE: (*Sourly*) Well, what is it?

GENTLEMAN: (*Coming in*) Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

SCROOGE: Mr. Marley's been dead these seven years. He died just seven years ago this very night.

GENTLEMAN: (*Genially*) Well I have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner. (*Briskly*) You see, Mr. Scrooge, at this season of the year, we are raising a fund to help the poor. What shall I put you down for?

SCROOGE: Nothing! I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the poor-house and the work-house—they cost enough; and those who are badly off may go there.

GENTLEMAN: Many can't—and many would rather die.

SCROOGE: If they'd rather die, then they'd better do it and decrease the surplus population. Good afternoon, sir!

GENTLEMAN: (*With quiet contempt*) Good afternoon, Mr. Scrooge.

(*Door opens and closes again*)

SCROOGE: Cratchit! Time to close the office. (*Growls*) I suppose you'll want all day tomorrow?

Cratchit: (*Humbly*) If quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE: It's *not* convenient—and it's not fair! If I was to stop half a crown of your wages for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, wouldn't you?

Cratchit: (*Smiling faintly*) Well—

SCROOGE: (*Petulantly*) And yet you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work.

Cratchit: But it's only once a year, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! (*Reluctantly*) But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier the next morning.

Cratchit: (*Earnestly*) Oh, I will, sir!

SCROOGE: See that you do! I'm going home now. Thank Heaven I can sit alone in my dressing gown and have a bit of gruel in front of my own fire—and no pack of fools to din "Merry Christmas" in my ear!

(*The bell tolls twelve*) * * *

SCROOGE: (*Yawns through tolling*) Twelve o'clock. Must've sat here longer than I thought. Too long. A fire plays queer tricks on a man's mind—Could have sworn I saw old—Pshaw! Marley's been dead these seven years! And yet, there was his face, in the fire—just as plain as—Bah! Humbug! What I need is a good night's—(*He breaks off . . . clanking chains are heard far away*)—What—what's that? (*Whistle of wind. Heavy booming of cellar door*) Someone's in the wine cellar! But the door's locked and double locked! Something is—! It's coming closer! Outside my door! (*Trying to be brave*) I won't believe it! It's humbug still! It's—

"Christmas! Bah! Humbug!
Much good it has done you!"



MARLEY: (*A ghostly voice*) Sc-roo-ge! (*Chains clank*)
 SCROOGE: Marley! (*Recovering, he tries to brazen it out*)
 How now! What do you want with me?
 MARLEY: Much!
 SCROOGE: Who are you?
 MARLEY: Ask me who I was.
 SCROOGE: You're particular for a shade. All right—who were you then?
 MARLEY: In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.
 SCROOGE: Can you—can you sit down?
 MARLEY: I can. (*Clanking of chains*) Now, do you believe me?
 SCROOGE: (*Firmly, putting up a front*) I do not.
 MARLEY: What evidence of my reality do you want—beyond that of your own senses?
 SCROOGE: I don't know.
 MARLEY: Why do you doubt your senses?
 SCROOGE: Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese. There may be more gravy than grave about you, whatever you are. (*Marley bows dreadfully, chains clank and Scrooge cries out in terror*) Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?
 MARLEY: Do you believe in me or not?
 SCROOGE: I do. I must. But why do spirits walk the earth?
 MARLEY: It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men and travel far and wide, and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death.
 SCROOGE: You—you're chained, Marley. And what a curious chain you have!
 MARLEY: I wear the chain I forged in life—cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers—I made it link by link. Is its pattern strange to you?
 SCROOGE: To me?
 MARLEY: (*Inexorably*) Or would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago!
 SCROOGE: (*Imploringly*) Jacob! Jacob Marley—speak comfort to me, Jacob!
 MARLEY: I have none to give. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere.
 SCROOGE: Seven years dead, and traveling all the time?
 MARLEY: The whole time. No rest, no peace, incessant torture of remorse! Oh, captive bound and double-ironed! Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused!
 SCROOGE: (*Falters*) But you were always a good man of business, Jacob.
 MARLEY: (*Moaning*) Business! Mankind was my business! Charity, mercy, benevolence—they were all my business! Why did I ever turn my eyes away!
 SCROOGE: (*Dismayed*) Jacob—don't take on so—(*Bell tolls*).
 MARLEY: Hear me! My time is nearly gone!
 SCROOGE: Don't be hard on me!
 MARLEY: I am here to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate, Ebenezer! You will be haunted by Three Spirits.
 SCROOGE: (*Falters*) Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?
 MARLEY: It is.
 SCROOGE: I—I think I'd rather not.
 MARLEY: Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. I must go now—to join those others—no rest for us—no rest forever. Remember, Ebenezer—three spirits—expect the first when the bell tolls one!

* * *

SCROOGE: (*Muttering*) It's almost time. It's almost one o'clock. (*As bell tolls once—triumphantly*) The hour it-

self, and nothing else!
 I knew it was all a dream!

THE VOICE OF
 CHRISTMAS PAST:
 Scrooge—

SCROOGE: Oh—
 You've come! (*Trembling*) Are—are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?

PAST: I am!

SCROOGE: Who—
 what are you?

PAST: I am the
 Ghost of Christmas
 Past.

SCROOGE: Long past?

PAST: No. Your
 past.

SCROOGE: You—you
 look so strange—your
 white tunic—trimmed
 with summer flowers
 —and yet, that branch
 of fresh, green holly—
 Tell me—what busi-
 ness brings you here?

PAST: Your welfare!
 Your reclamation!
 Rise and walk with me!

SCROOGE: Ou—out the window? But I'm liable to fall—
 I'm—

PAST: Bear but a touch of my hand upon your heart—
 and you shall be upheld in more than this. Come!

SCROOGE: Tell me, Spirit—why have you brought me
 here—away from the city—to the open country?

PAST: You recognize this countryside—that bleak build-
 ing over there?

SCROOGE: (*Catching his breath*) I was a boy here! I
 went to school in that horrible place!

PAST: You recollect the way?

SCROOGE: I could walk it blindfold!

PAST: Strange to have forgotten it for so many years.
 Come—let us move closer. Look through the window—in-
 to that cold, barren room. What do you see?

SCROOGE: (*Low*) A boy—

PAST: A solitary child—neglected by his friends—con-
 soling the childish grief in his heart by reading the stories
 of faraway lands.

SCROOGE: Yes! Yes, I see! I know that boy! I remem-
 ber how lonely I was—

PAST: Your lip is trembling, Scrooge—and what's that
 on your cheek?

SCROOGE: It's—it's nothing. I wish—

PAST: You wish?

SCROOGE: Nothing—nothing.

PAST: (*Gently*) But come—let us see another Christmas!
 We are here, Scrooge. You know this place?

SCROOGE: Know it! Why it's the counting house where I
 was apprenticed!

FEZZIWIG: Come now! Choose your partners!

SCROOGE: (*Excited*) It's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart!
 Old Fezziwig, my master—alive again—and giving one of
 his wonderful Christmas Eve parties!

FEZZIWIG: Advance and retire, hold hands with your
 partner, bow and curtsy, corkscrew, thread the needle—
 (*Gay laughter*)

SCROOGE: (*Half-laughing, half-sobbing*): And there's Dick
 Wilkins! Poor Dick! Dear, dear. Yes—and look—there's
 Mrs. Fezziwig herself—looking younger than any of them
 —and the tables—all loaded! (*Continued on page 71*)



"Christmas! It's a poor excuse
 for picking a man's pocket!.."

20TH CENTURY-FOX

Presents

LOVE AND HISSES

Directed by

SIDNEY LANFIELD

Music and Lyrics by

MACK GORDON AND

HARRY REVEL

It may have been the jerk of the elevator—but her heart was pounding.



LOVE AND HISSES

LOOKING back, Yvette Guerin saw the first mistake she made when she arrived in New York, a penniless and unknown singer from France. It was asking Ben Bernie for a job.

He gave her the job, all right—promised to star her in the floor show when he opened his new night club, the Casino—but she might not have accepted it if she'd known how much trouble it was going to cause her.

The first thing she knew Bernie was ballyhooing her as "Eugenie," the newest European sensation. The next thing she knew Walter Winchell was saying, on the air and in his column, that Eugenie was a fake, as phony as one of Bernie's jokes. It was perfectly true, but it made her so mad she fell in eagerly with Bernie's plan for revenge.

Which shows you what can happen if you aren't careful and get yourself mixed up with two such daffy dillies as Winchell and Bernie.

Bernie's plot got under way the day after Winchell had broadcast about Yvette. He'd just held his weekly conference with two spokesmen for the king of the cleaning racket, who resented some of Winchell's remarks about him. After

**A Gag-a-Minute Novelette
of the New Picture Which
Stars Those Two Beloved
Enemies of the Airwaves**

the two thugs had left, Winchell received a dignified little Frenchman whose name was Comte Pierre Guerin. That's what his card said, anyway.

Nobody had ever been more excited than Comte Pierre. His daughter had run away and come to New York to go on the stage, and he wanted Winchell to help find her. Winchell might not have done it, if the little man hadn't appealed to his vanity by intimating he was the only man

in town smart enough to locate missing daughters.

So it wasn't long before Yvette and Bernie, out of the corners of their eyes, saw Winchell hurry into Ben's Club Casino, where Yvette was rehearsing. They saw Yvette's supposed father point her out, and Winchell step up and gesture toward her.

Of course, when Winchell approached her she pretended to try to run away, but pretty soon she was with him and her "father," pleading to be allowed to stay and try out for Bernie's chorus. And then she was singing, there on the stage, doing her utmost to impress Winchell.

It worked. Winchell fell for it, hook, line and sinker. He thought Yvette was a coming night-club sensation, and told Bernie so. But Bernie pooh-poohed his enthusiasm. He couldn't see the girl. Oh, she was all right, but—!

Which was touching Winchell on his tenderest point. If there was one thing he prided himself on, it was his ability to pick comers in the amusement business. And here was Bernie saying he was wrong! Well, he'd show him. If Bernie wouldn't give the kid a break, he would—and some

day Bernie'd be sorry.

Bernie was still patting himself on the back over the success of his plot the next day when he had lunch at Lindy's with Sid Skolsky and another columnist. He was just telling them all about it, after swearing them to secrecy, when a bus-boy came to his table and led him away to answer a phone call.

Once out of earshot of the group at the table, the bus-boy turned and faced him pugnaciously. "There's nobody on the phone, Mr. Bernie. It's just me. My name is Steve Nelson, and I write songs." He produced the manuscript of one from his pocket and held it out. "Good ones, too! Take a look at this and see!"

Ben took the manuscript. "Okay," he said good-naturally. "I'll be glad to look it over."

"Gee, thanks," said the boy. "You won't tell the head waiter about this, will you?"

"Of course not," Ben promised. And he kept his promise. But sharp-eyed Oscar, the head waiter, spotted the manuscript in Ben's pocket, with the name of its author in full view, and immediately marched (*Continued on page 61*)

FICTIONIZED BY DAN WHEELER

HISSES



Winchell didn't know that Yvette was rehearsing at Ben's Casino.

- WALTER WINCHELL HIMSELF
- BEN BERNIE HIMSELF
- YVETTE GUERIN SIMONE SIMON
- "SUGAR" BOLES BERT LAHR
- JOAN JOAN DAVIS
- STEVE NELSON DICK BALDWIN

Pine Ridge Had Been Enjoying Evalena's Wedding Until Heart-Broken Lum Up and Disappeared Into the Hills With His Shotgun



Lum and Abner in an

The editors are indebted to the two authors of this hilarious Lum and Abner story, who, in real life, are Lum and Abner themselves. Basing this sad tale of Lum Edwards on past broadcasts, Goff and Lauck present here a feature for all who like humor and rare Arkansas characters. For further wondrous adventures of these Pine Ridge worthies, tune in your local NBC station daily at 7:15 eastern standard time, for this top entertainment sponsored by Horlicks.

GENERALLY speaking, the proverb is wrong. The course of true love *does* run smooth, barring a few slight ruts and bumps. But every now and then a case comes along that sends true love jolting its way over a series of thank-ye-ma'ams that would shake the rear teeth out of a hippopotamus, and when this happens it looks as if the proverb writer knew what he was talking about.

Take the case, for instance, of Lum Edwards, whose quandary had Robert Benchley's beat a mile.

Pine Ridge lay breathing heavily under a July sun, trying to rest up after Evalena Adams' wedding. In a corner of the Jot 'Em Down store Abner Peabody and Grandpappy Sears were playing checkers on the cracker barrel.

A tumblebug pushed its whiskers up through a crack in the floor and gazed wistfully at Abner. Grandpappy shifted his stance, squinted for better accuracy, and the bug vanished in a flood of tobacco juice.

"Where's Lum?" Grandpappy asked.

Abner rescued his hand from the pickle jug, jumped two of Grandpappy's Kings, and frowned.

"That's jest what I been sittin' here wonderin'," he said.

Grandpappy voiced the thought he and Abner had been sharing silently for the past half hour. "Maybe he jest got to feelin' so bad over Evalener gettin' married that he jest never wanted to see nobody."

Abner nodded and abstractedly let Grandpappy take back a play that would have lost him the game. It really was beginning to worry Abner. The wedding had been Saturday night. Here it was Wednesday and he hadn't seen Lum since the third piece of wedding cake. A man gets that way, he supposed, when the girl he's been courting five years up and marries a rival from the next town on the first proposal. Still, it wasn't like Lum to stay away this long without at least coming in for a checker game. He said so.



By CHESTER LAUCK
AND NORRIS GOFF

"You talk to Lum?" Abner asked Cedric. Cedric shuffled his feet before replying. "Yes mom, he jest told me to tell nuthin! Takened his shotgun, too."

ABANDONED QUANDARY

"It hain't like Lum, Grandpap. He knew there was some cake left."

"When'd you first miss him?"

Abner thought several minutes, gazing down the sun bleached main street, watching little dust eddies swirl past the doorway.

"Now you mention it, I hain't seen him since the weddin'."

A sudden thought struck him and he put down a new pickle untouched. "You know, Grandpap—he broke down right after the ceremony."

"No!" ejaculated Grandpap.

"Yes mom, he did," replied Abner. "I could tell he was about to, so I follered him back there on the back porch and he was cryin' like a baby."

"Well, I do know!" Grandpappy snorted. "Begins to look serious."

Grandpappy had said the one thing Abner had been hoping he wouldn't. It was cool here in the Jot 'Em Down store and he didn't have to look at the thermometer outside to know if was 110 in the sun. A man Lum's age really shouldn't need looking after, and ordinarily Abner

would have been the last to do the looking. But he couldn't forget what Katherine Colvert had told him yesterday.

He didn't like Katherine Colvert, any more than most of the other worthy Pine Ridge citizens did. To begin with, she was a new school teacher, and naturally an object of suspicion for that reason. But when it became apparent that she was setting her cap for all the eligible men in town, town sentiment went solidly against her. And to Abner it seemed that most of her cap-setting had been done in the direction of the unsuspecting Lum.

"I wouldn't worry," he explained to Grandpappy, "but that Katherine Colvert called me up yestiddy and ast me where Lum was at. Said he was supposed to meet 'er at the county seat and he never showed up. She had to ketch a ride with Luther Phillips and his ole woman."

Grandpappy couldn't think of anything to reply, so he just shook his head dolefully, and the game continued in silence. The tumblebug came back, and was just about to receive another bath when he was saved by the arrival of Dick Huddleston, who shuffled in out of the heat.

"Mornin'," he boomed.



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By CHESTER LAUCK AND NORRIS GOFF

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Lum'n' Abner in an ABANDONED QUANDARY

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"That's jest what I been sittin' here wonderin'," he said.

Grandpappy voiced the thought he and Abner had been sharing silently for the past half hour. "Maybe he jest got to feelin' so bad over Evalener gettin' married that he jest never wanted to see nobody."

Abner nodded and abstractedly let Grandpappy take back a play that would have lost him the game. It really was beginning to worry Abner. The wedding had been Saturday night. Here it was Wednesday and he hadn't seen Lum since the third piece of wedding cake. A man gets that way, he supposed, when the girl he's been courting five years up and marries a rival from the next town on the first proposal. Still, it wasn't like Lum to stay away this long without at least coming in for a checker game. He said so.

"It hain't like Lum, Grandpap. He knew there was some cake left."

"When'd you first miss him?"

Abner thought several minutes, gazing down the sun bleached main street, watching little dust eddies swirl past the doorway.

"Now you mention it, I hain't seen him since the weddin'."

A sudden thought struck him and he put down a new pickle untouched. "You know, Grandpap—he broke down right after the ceremony."

"No!" ejaculated Grandpap.

"Yes mom, he did," replied Abner. "I could tell he was about to, so I follered him back there on the back porch and he was cryin' like a baby."

"Well, I do know!" Grandpappy snorted. "Begins to look serious."

Grandpappy had said the one thing Abner had been hoping he wouldn't. It was cool here in the Jot 'Em Down store and he didn't have to look at the thermometer outside to know if was 110 in the sun. A man Lum's age really shouldn't need looking after, and ordinarily Abner

would have been the last to do the looking. But he couldn't forget what Katherine Colvert had told him yesterday.

He didn't like Katherine Colvert, any more than most of the other worthy Pine Ridge citizens did. To begin with, she was a new school teacher, and naturally an object of suspicion for that reason. But when it became apparent that she was setting her cap for all the eligible men in town, town sentiment went solidly against her. And to Abner it seemed that most of her cap-setting had been done in the direction of the unsuspecting Lum.

"I wouldn't worry," he explained to Grandpappy, "hut that Katherine Colvert called me up yestiddy and ast me where Lum was at. Said he was supposed to meet 'er at the county seat and he never showed up. She had to ketch a ride with Luther Phillips and his ole woman."

Grandpappy couldn't think of anything to reply, so he just shook his head dolefully, and the game continued in silence. The tumblebug came hack, and was just about to receive another bath when he was saved by the arrival of Dick Huddleston, who shuffled in out of the heat.

"Mornin'," he boomed.

"Hain't see nuthin' of Lum this mornin', have you?" Abner and Grandpappy said in a nicely timed duet. "Don't b'lieve I have."

Abner knew suddenly that nobody in Pine Ridge would have seen the missing Lum. Lum had really gone, vanished into thin air. He sighed and left his seat.

"Let's go," he said.

"Where?" Grandpappy objected.

"To find Lum."

"Where's that?"

ABNER, starting toward the screen door, grimaced his annoyance. Just then the door opened once more and Cedric Weehunt came in.

"Has Mr. Lum got back yit?" Cedric asked.

Faint hope stirred in Abner. "Back from where?"

"I dunno," Cedric said. "Wherever it was he went, I reckon."

Abner grabbed Cedric's blue-denim-clad arm. "But how you know he went anywheres?"

Cedric shuffled his feet so as to bring his right toe into view, and then gazed at it fixedly. "Got me to feed his stock and milk his cow fer him. I allowed as he was goin' *somewheres*."

Grandpappy's chair crashed down to sit squarely on all four legs, knocking over the checker board. But Abner paid no attention.

"You talk to Lum?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes mom. Said he was goin' to want me to look arter the stock fer him. 'N then he walked away."

"Didn't he say when he was comin' back?"

"No mom, jest told me to tell nuthin'." Cedric paused dramatically. "Takened his shot gun with him, too."

"Sho!" Grandpappy said in relief. "Lum's jest gone huntin'."

"Fer three days!" Abner snorted. "No sir, not Lum. I'm goin' to call the sheriff."

It can't fairly be said that Pine Ridge seethed with excitement, but it did vibrate gently as word gradually got around that Lum Edwards was missing. The Jot 'Em Down checker games became fewer and fewer as the boys wandered up and down the main street exchanging glances and suspicions. The consensus of opinion took only a day to form. It was that something mighty funny had happened.

The sheriff said he thought Lum's heart had been broken and that he'd gone into the woods and quietly shot himself. A good many of the local observers held the same opinion. A few others thought he might have gone to South America. Only Abner and Grandpappy had any hope for his return and even they had their doubts. Proof enough of that when they put up a reward of a hundred dollars for Lum's return.

A week dragged by, seven long days in which Abner scoured the hills on the four sides of Pine Ridge, his temper getting shorter and shorter. Abner wasn't temperamentally suited for the kind of action that required tramping up and down in the woods.

His optimism died out completely on the day he finally organized a search party and then found himself the only one who hadn't gone squirrel hunting instead. He was ready to order a simple memorial stone the afternoon he and Grandpappy dragged the winding hole and Grandpappy complained because they hadn't caught a single catfish.

Until one day . . .

Abner and Grandpappy were sitting at the counter of the T-Bone Tooter lunch room, sniffing the aroma of frying steak. Even if hope rose no more, hunger was still with

them. Abner, looking out the window, saw a lone figure appear in the dusk. He looked twice, for the figure was running at top speed. In Pine Ridge you only run when the town is burning or your great-grandmother's ghost has come back.

It was Cedric. He hurled himself through the lunch room door and up to the counter.

"They found him!" he panted. "They found Mr. Lum!"

Abner choked down his roll and leaped off the stool.

"Where? Where's he at?"

"I dunno where he's at now, but Jim Withers is in town and said he seen him over at Waldron yestiddy."

Grandpappy wiped his moustache. "Now what in tarnation was he doin' over there?"

"Jim never knowed he was lost—said he talked with Lum a minit at the fillin' station."

The shrill, insistent ringing of the telephone interrupted Abner's further queries. He jerked the receiver off the hook.

"Hello," he shouted. "Yes, this is him. Oh hello, Sheriff, glad you called. Jim Withers says he seen Lum yestiddy over in Waldron. . . . Huh? . . . You have? He is? Fer the land sakes, jest a minit."

He turned a blank face to his listeners. "Sheriff says he's located Lum, says he's in a hospital in the state of Amnesia."

"State of Amnesia," mused Grandpappy, attacking his steak, which had just arrived. "Where in the world's that?"

"Dunno, never heard tell of it before," Abner replied.

He picked up the receiver again. "Hey, Sheriff, whereabout's that State of Amnesia? . . . Oh . . . You're sure it's him? Well, we'll be there jest as quick as we can. Much obliged, Sheriff."

He returned to the stool and his cooling steak. "We gotta go to the county seat, Grandpappy."

"What's the matter now?"

"Well, the sheriff musta been mixed up hisself. Now he says Lum's in a hospital at the county seat."

And so Lum was. The Sheriff had been right in both cases. Lum was in the county hospital. He was also in the State of Amnesia. Lum, in short, was found, but he might as well have stayed missing; for Lum's memory had left him.

HE shook hands with Abner and Grandpappy, but obviously he didn't recognize them. He didn't recognize Pine Ridge, either, when they took him back there. Physically, Lum was as good as ever, but mentally, he was a blank.

The day after his return to Pine Ridge his friends gathered in the Jot 'Em Down store to discuss matters. Grandpappy stuck to the idea that they ought to get him a good doctor, but Dick Huddleston held that there was nothing a doctor could do, and Abner agreed.

"Jest be kind to him and keep him in sight o' folks and places he knows," Abner said.

They looked up to see Lum moseying aimlessly down the plank sidewalk. He'd have gone past the store if Abner hadn't gone out and brought him in. Hopefully Abner sat him down in front of his old desk, but after looking at it fixedly for a minute or so, Lum only said, "It's orful dirty."

Abner scratched his head, at a loss what to do next. "Let's talk to him about the things he used to do," suggested Grandpappy. "Maybe that'd bring his memory back."

"Sure," boomed Dick Huddleston. "Send him over to Mose Moots. Mose can talk faster'n anybody I know of."

So they packed Lum off to Mose Moots, the barber, who had been cutting Lum's hair (*Continued on page 54*)

Meet These Two Cronies Again Next Month in the Rib Tickling Conclusion To Their Mis-Adventures

WORDS WITH WINGS

Here, for the First Time, Is Imprisoned in Print the Wisdom of Radio's Spoken Word That Would Otherwise be Lost to Us Forever

WE older people are so apt, I think, to want to keep our girls young. I know that it is a great thing if we can keep youth and simplicity but real growing-up means an ability to understand life round about us, and that, I do not think, we want to keep away from our children, girls or boys, too long. I have always felt that when we did that, we placed them in the position of coming to maturity without having had proper experience and knowledge beforehand. . . . I think we should see to it that children develop as their ages make it appropriate for them to learn about their community—which will make growing up a really interesting piece of work, will bring them to a better citizenship when they are actually ready to assume their responsibilities.

—Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt, in a CBS talk.

THE force for peace is the greatest force in the world. It is far greater than that of the anarchy of brute force. Let there be an unofficial organization of the great masses of people, so that they can use that force in a great wave of mass indignation against an aggressor nation. *No nation can for long stand against the united condemnation of the world.* Nations are greatly dependent upon each other for their trade and other relations, and from a practical standpoint, no nation could afford to be put into coventry by the world. There is the answer to how to prevent war—and *it can be done without bloodshed.*

—Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, on CBS Hobby Lobby.

A BARNYARD with cackling geese and grunting pigs doesn't sound like much of a party to a farmer. But it panicked a social gathering in New York City, and last winter in Palm Beach, the hit of the season was a corned beef and cabbage supper in a dingy back room. So giving a party doesn't mean investing in a lot of expensive favors and decorations. It just means having fun as simply as possible. If you have a wedding anniversary coming on why not try asking your friends to come in the costume they wore at their own weddings? It's bound to be funny. . . . Another amusing party can be arranged with marbles and tin pie plates. Sit on the floor and place a small bowl filled with marbles and a spoon in front of each guest. You put a pie plate on your head and ladle the marbles out one at a time, out of the bowl and into the pie plate. The one who is able to keep the most marbles on his head gets a prize.

—Selma Robinson, poet and short story writer, talking on the CBS Heinz Magazine of the Air.

(Continued on page 57)





If you aren't a big star and want editors like this one to give you a break, you'll do well to be as attractive as these maidens: Marlo (above) on the NBC Love and Learn program, and Margarette Shanna, below left, star of Arnold Grimm's Daughter.



YOU'VE GOT TO BE

Beautiful

**Editor's Hint To Unknowns: If You
Want People To Admire Your Talent
First Let Them Admire Your Looks**



An all important rule in getting your ability publicized is to find a good photographer as did Donna Mae, above, singer in the Frankie Masters band.

Another smart way to open an editor's eyes is posing in a costume such as this South Seas ensemble, worn so effectively by NBC's Mary Ellen Herrick.

San Francisco, too, has its candidates for this page—Left, Natalie Park chose a Grecian dancing robe in which to be so fetching no editor could resist.



EDITOR'S NOTE: Your holiday present from Phil Baker and RADIO MIRROR is—laughter! Presenting a special Yuletide Radio-broadcast, starring the Good Gulf comedian—Beetle, the most cynical ghost in the world—Bottle, the bewildered butler—Patsy Kelly, the temperamental terror—and Oscar Bradley's orchestra. It's all based on material supplied by Phil himself, blended into one of those hilarious Sunday-evening shows. Listen! It's starting!

ANNOUNCER: Good Gulf! Here comes the Great American Trouper—Phil Baker!

(And we hear Oscar Bradley's orchestra playing that familiar theme song "Rollin' Along.")

ANNOUNCER: Stop the music! Stop everything! For tonight's a big night for Phil Baker—he's giving his big Christmas party. Here he is in his apartment, with Bottle.

PHIL: (He thinks he's singing.) For I'm a jolly good fellow, I'm a jolly good fellow, I'm a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny. (The telephone rings.) Answer the phone. Bot.

BOTTLE: (In a hurt voice.) I can't do two things at once, Mr. Baker; you know, I'm shaving you.

PHIL: Oh, so that's what you're doing. All right, paste my ear back on and I'll answer it myself . . . Hello, Phil Baker on this end. Who's eating garlic on the other end? . . . Oh Bottle, it's the caterer.

BOTTLE: I don't understand, sir.

PHIL: The CATERER! Look, Bot, last time we had a party, who supplied the food?

BOTTLE: Er . . . The Salvation Army.

PHIL: Nice work, Bottle, have you still got that razor in your hand?

BOTTLE: Yes, sir.

PHIL: Well, hold it against your throat and sneeze No, not you, Mr. Caterer. It was just Bottle. His head didn't take up the option on his brains Sure, send up plenty of food for everybody. G'bye Bottle, tonight, in keeping with the Christmas spirit, I'm going to open my bag of tricks and tell a couple of Santa Claus jokes.

BOTTLE: Really, sir? What are Santa Claus jokes?

BEETLE: **The same ones he tells every Sunday—the ones with long whiskers on them.**

PHIL: (In disgust.) Oh, there he goes—Beetle, the hole in the Christmas stocking.

BEETLE: **Well, I'll be darned!**

PHIL: Incidentally, Bottle, did you mail those Christmas cards?

BOTTLE: Oh, Mr. Baker, I saved you a lot of money. When nobody was looking I tiptoed out to the mail box and snuck them in without any stamps.

PHIL: Bottle, another trick like that and I'll hide your red flannel underwear.

BOTTLE: Oh, Mr. Baker, then how will you play Santa Claus?

PHIL: That's very cute, my wacky lackey. I should take down the stocking and hang you up instead.

BOTTLE: Very good, sir. May I ask where the banquet is being held?

PHIL: In the Palm Room.

BOTTLE: I say, Mr. Baker, why do they call it the Palm Room?

BEETLE: **Because everyone is going to be potted!**

PHIL: That's more like it, Beetle—nice clean fun. Isn't that better than heckling me all the time?

BEETLE: **Yes, Baker, I want to take back all the nasty things I've said about you this year.**

PHIL: Why? Are you sorry?

BEETLE: (Letting him have it on the chin.) **No—I want to use them again next year!**

BOTTLE: (Loyally coming to the rescue, as usual.) Oh, Beetle, you scamp, you

FUN FOR ALL



STARRING
—
PHIL BAKER
PATSY KELLY
BOTTLE AND
BEETLE

... er ... you...

BEETLE: How about scalawag?

BOTTLE: Oh, thanks, Beetle.

PHIL: Go to it, Bottle, leave no word unturned. Meantime, I'm going to make out my Christmas list Let's see—I think I'll get a box of goodies for my cousins.

BOTTLE: Assorted nuts?

PHIL: They certainly are. And I can't forget my dear old Dad. Bottle, what would you give a father of seventy?

BEETLE: First

prize in the Canadian Stork Race.

PHIL: Quiet, numbskull. And now for my dear wife. Bottle, I'd like to give her something that will warm her heart.

BOTTLE: How about a mustard plaster?

PHIL: Oh, you don't understand. I think I'll take her out to a swell night-club, this Christmas. You know, my wife gave up Robert Taylor to marry me.

BOTTLE: How romantic, sir.

PHIL: Yes, and now I want to show her my appreciation. Bot, where do you think I ought to take her?

BEETLE: To a brain specialist!

BOTTLE: Oh, isn't he awful, Mr. Baker? Beetle, you . . . you, hero, you handsome man, you Clark Gable

PHIL: Hey, Bottle, what are you saying?

BOTTLE: Forgive me, sir, I was talking to myself.

PHIL: (*Briskly; no more of this nonsense for him.*) Bottle, my guests will soon arrive and I'm not even dressed yet. Quick, where's my tie?

BOTTLE: Around your neck.

PHIL: Never mind, I'll find it myself. Where's my collar?

BOTTLE: Do you want your turned-down collar, sir?

PHIL: What do you mean, turned-down collar?

BEETLE: It's been turned down by every laundry in town!

PHIL: All right, wise guy. Here I'm trying to get dressed and I'm up to my neck in collar gags. Come on, Bot, help me make my bow-tie.

BOTTLE: Very well, sir; just lie down on the floor.

PHIL: Lie down on the floor? Bottle, where did you ever learn to make a bow-tie?

BOTTLE: I used to work for an undertaker.

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BOTTLE: Oh, Mr. Baker, it's a sad story. I gave it away to an old man.

PHIL: *What!* My only suit?

BOTTLE: Oh, forgive me, sir, but he was crying.

PHIL: He was *crying*?

BOTTLE: Yes sir—"Old clothes, old shoes, old rags—"

PHIL: Ooooooooooooooooooooo!

(And Oscar Bradley's orchestra comes to the rescue, playing "Harbor Lights" until Phil's guests have arrived and he's borrowed an old suit of Bottle's. Then we hear the sounds of the party—and judging from them, it's some party! Why wine is running like Stepin Fetchit! Listen!)

ANNOUNCER: Attention! Attention everybody! Here comes our host—Phil Baker! Oscar, play something appropriate.

OSCAR: What'll I play?

BEETLE: (*The death's head at the feast, as usual, and the skeleton that won't stay in the closet.*) Play "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie — Here Comes Cockeye!"

PHIL: Thank you—thank you. (*The din subsides.*) Lend me your ears! Lend me your ears!

PHIL BAKER FOR FUN



Roll Up the Rugs for a
Holiday Radio-Broad-
cast While Phil Baker
Plays Santa Claus With
a Pack Full of Laughs



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FUN FOR ALL THE FUN

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PHIL BAKER
PATSY KELLY
BOTTLE AND
BEETLE

Roll Up the Rugs for a
Holiday Radio-Broad-
cast While Phil Baker
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a Pack Full of Laughs



EVERYBODY: Why?

PHIL: We need handles for the tea cups.

EVERYBODY: Never mind that—let's eat! (*And they pitch in noisily.*) I'm hungry. . . . I want spinach. . . . Pass the butter. . . . I saw that first. . .

PHIL: Wait a minute, wait a minute. There's plenty of food for all of us. Bottle, where are the waiters?

BOTTLE: Eating.

PHIL: All right, I'll take care of you. Where's my chicken?

BOTTLE: She called up, sir, she can't come.

PHIL: You dope, I mean the one with the feathers.

BOTTLE: Oh, the fan dancer.

PATSY KELLY: (*And how she ever kept quiet this long is a mystery.*) I want some roast ham!

BEETLE: **Throw Baker on the fire!**

PATSY: Phil! I haven't got enough to eat. I want a pickled mongoose!

PHIL: Don't be silly, Patsy. You don't pickle mongoose. You stuff it.

BOTTLE: Pardon me, sir, but you're both wrong. Mongoose is cooked.

PHIL: Mongoose is cooked? Who told you mongoose is cooked?

BEETLE: **Your sponsor!**

PHIL: Listen here, Beetle. I don't want any more remarks like that. You know very well two big movie companies almost got into a fight over hiring me. Samuel Goldwyn and another company wanted me. So I simply tossed a coin, and now I'm making pictures for Goldwyn.

BOTTLE: That's very interesting, Mr. Baker, if I may say so. And what was the name of the company that lost?

BEETLE: **Samuel Goldwyn.**

PHIL: All right, you guys, keep picking on me. I want you to know you'll be surprised when that picture comes out. Those make-up men can make anybody look handsome. A little mascara brings out my eyes. A little rouge brings out my cheeks. A little lipstick brings out my lips.

PATSY: How interesting! And what brings out your teeth?

BEETLE: **One good sneeze!**

PHIL: After that crack I don't know whether I ought to give anybody any Christmas presents at all. But I'll forgive and forget. Oscar, play some music while I go get into my Santa Claus costume.

(*Oscar Bradley leads the orchestra, playing "That Old Feeling." Then here comes Phil again, dressed up in a red suit and long white whiskers.*)

PHIL: Hello, my little pests. . . er, I mean guests. Here comes Santa with a bag full of presents. But first, I want to tell you about the wonderful present Bottle gave me. A check for five thousand dollars! Where in the world did you get so much money, Bottle?

BOTTLE: Why. . . er. . . to tell the truth, Mr. Baker, I sold your family album!

PHIL: Five thousand dollars for my family album? That's wonderful, Bot, who bought it?

BEETLE: **Ripley!**

PHIL: Ummm. . . I always knew there was a price on my relatives' heads, but I never thought I'd collect it. But now I'll give you all your presents. Here, I'll just shake out this sack and you can all grab.

(*There's a terrific rattle of tin—then a shout from the guests.*)

EVERYBODY: A gallon can of Good Gulf gas!

BEETLE: **So—they're paying him off in trade!**

PHIL: I don't care what you or anyone else says. And anyway, if I get fired I can always turn into a hotel

keeper. Didn't know I owned a hotel in Florida, did you folks? Well, listen in and I'll show you how expert I am at running it. Music, Oscar.

(*The band plays a few bars of "There's a Small Hotel." Then we hear a telephone ringing.*)

PATSY: Hello? Hotel Wishy Washy, service day and night, we never sleep. . . Oh, neither do you? How do you like your room, Miss Smudgepot? Oh, you like it, and you're listening to Phil Baker on the radio?

BEETLE: **Ah, room and bored!**

PATSY: All right, Miss Smudgepot, goodbye. (*There's the sound of a door slamming.*) Good morning, sir, close the transom and come in. Would you like to register?

PHIL: Don't mind if I do. Umm Mr. Phil Baker, Hotel Wishy Washy, room 14D. Say, wait a minute, I'm the manager here.

PATSY: Oh, pardon me, I didn't recognize you without your hand in the cash register.

PHIL: Miss Kelly, remind me to put in a new telephone switchboard. The old one's full of holes.

PATSY: Talking about holes, last year we had a nine hole golf course. This year the course has eighteen holes.

PHIL: Oh, so we have moths, too! . . . Here comes a guest, Miss Kelly. Help him off with his trunk and wake up the house detective. . . . Good morning, my friend.

BOTTLE: Good morning.

PHIL: You've come to the right place for relaxation. We have a beautiful one-piece band, but they're learning to play another piece.

BOTTLE: When you give me a room remember I'm a fresh air fiend. I'd like a room with a bay window.

PHIL: Hmmm. Well, here's a nice room with a small door.

BOTTLE: Very interesting, but aren't you forgetting my bay window?

PHIL: No, you can get in sideways. But whatever room you take, sir, I'm sure you'll be very comfortable.

BOTTLE: And how's the food?

PHIL: Oh, wonderful, sir. See, here's the menu.

BOTTLE: (*Suddenly changing his voice and becoming stern.*) Aha! So I've caught you at last. You may not know it, but I am Secret Agent six and seven-eighths.

PHIL: Six and seven-eighths?

BOTTLE: Yes, but keep it under your hat. You are violating the Anti-Nudist Code, section 420-A-ZVU.

PHIL: Violating the Anti-Nudist Code?

BOTTLE: Look at the bottom of that menu!

PHIL: All right, I'm looking. What does it say?

BOTTLE: "Wishy Washy Hotel—never a cover!"

PHIL: Well, shut my mouth!

BEETLE: **Now we're getting somewhere!**

(*As Phil is led off to jail, the orchestra plays "Rollin' Along" once more—and Phil's special holiday broadcast is over, except for—*)

PATSY: This is Patsy Kelly saying I hope you all have a happy Yuletide.

BOTTLE: This is Bottle saying "pip pip" and the compliments of the season.

PHIL: *This is Phil Baker saying—sincere greetings for a joyous holiday.*

BEETLE: **Yeah, and this is Beetle saying—A Merry Christmas, folks.**

Don't forget to tune in Phil Baker and the gang on the Columbia network at 7:30 P. M., E.S.T., every Sunday evening—and in the meantime, watch for another blues-chasing Phil Baker Radio-broadcast in the February issue of RADIO MIRROR. It will start your New Year celebration off with a gale of laughter!

Everybody's Doing It! So Why Not Join the Fun and Become a Regular Reader of These Laugh Sessions?

Mary heard a thin wail. Was she dreaming? "That's James," she screamed. "Max, you have them!"



LIFE OF *Mary Sothern*

By DON BECKER
FICTIONIZED BY HOPE HALE
ILLUSTRATED BY R. SISLEY

Mary's Happiness Returns
As Beautifully and Suddenly
As the Miracle of Christmas

FOR SYNOPSIS SEE PAGE 56

FOR a moment Mary Sothern stood there, balancing her right to escape from her kidnapper, the importance of her perilous mission in Sanders, against the sudden, overpowering impulse to save this gangster's life.

At her feet Max lay, pale under the clear tan of his lean cheeks. Blood flowed from the outflung wrist in a steady, pulsing rhythm. If she left him—

She dropped the gun on the table. She bent down and

tied the towel around his upper arm—seized a knife from the table, thrust its handle into the knot and twisted it. The blood lost its spurting rhythm, lessened to a trickle. Quickly she bandaged the gash with her handkerchief.

She was swabbing his face with cold water when his eyes opened.

"What—what is this?" he muttered. "A shower bath?" Impatiently, he tried to sit up, and she helped him to the sofa.

(Continued on page 55)

Win One of These Exciting Prizes!
A Holiday Trip to New York on An
American Airliner—Three RCA-Vic-
tor Radios—Three Gruen Watches
—And Ten Exquisite Manicure Sets



Wanted! YOUR

ARE you a day dreamer? Of course you are—everybody is, now and then, even if there's only one chance in a thousand of having the dream come true. It's one of life's greatest pleasures and the least expensive.

But here is a contest that will put your day dreams to work for some of the grandest prizes you ever wanted to win. Lucille Manners, beautiful star of the Cities Service program, was the inspiration, for she is a star who dreamed hard enough and long enough to have her dream come true—a Cinderella story you can match, if you have a pencil and paper.

All you have to do is tell us, in fifty words or less, all about your most cherished castle in the air—the one you save for your best moments of wild imagination. Do you picture wealth as the thing you'd like most? . . . A gold mine or a rich husband? . . . Fame, applause, success on the stage, screen, or air? Or perhaps your wish is something unusual, something no one else has ever thought of.

Lucille wished more than anything else to be a star of radio. Three years ago she was still a stenographer and still dreaming. Then her fairy godmother answered her wishes and, just like Cinderella, she found herself a new



OFFICIAL ENTRY COUPON
Lucille Manners—Cinderella Contest

THIS ENTRY IS SUBMITTED BY
NAME.....
STREET.....
POST OFFICE.....STATE.....
CLIP THIS AND ATTACH IT TO YOUR ENTRY

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Write your statement in not more than fifty words on the subject "If Lucille Manners' fairy godmother were to grant me one request this is what I would ask for."
2. No entry will be considered unless accompanied by the official entry coupon clipped from Radio Mirror.
3. For the best entry judged on the basis of sincerity, interest and convincingness, a first prize of a round trip to New York on an American Airlines plane and three days in Manhattan as the guest of Lucille Manners, will be awarded. On the same basis and in the order of their excellence, the next best entries will be awarded three RCA-Victor radios—one a cabinet model, priced \$125, and two table models; three fine Gruen wrist watches and ten Barbara Bates manicure kits. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be made.
4. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.
5. The judges of this contest will be the editors of Radio Mirror, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Address entries to **LUCILLE MANNERS-CINDERELLA CONTEST**, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

DAY-DREAMS

person. Presto! and Lucille was a brilliant success, proving that dreams do come true!

Now opportunity—and the fairy godmother—are knocking on your door, too. If you can describe your most cherished day-dream well enough, and if the dream is thrilling enough, you'll win a wonderful prize.

Perhaps you'll even win the first prize—a real dream come true, a trip to New York. You'll fly to the city from your home, and back again, in a luxurious American Airlines plane, and while you're there you'll spend a glorious three-day week-end as the honored guest of all the famous night clubs and pleasure spots you've read about. Your Manhattan headquarters will be a suite in the Hotel McAlpin, in the heart of the world's most famous theatrical district.

But there are other prizes, too. Three beautiful RCA-Victor radios—one a cabinet model, priced at \$125, and two table models. Three fine Gruen wrist watches, worth from \$30 to \$38, and ten dainty Barbara Bates manicure sets, sold exclusively in New York in a great Fifth Avenue store.

There you are—nothing new to think up, no stickers, no brain twisters. Just write fifty words describing your favorite day-dream. Then sit back and watch it come true.



Win One of These Exciting Prizes!
 A Holiday Trip to New York on An
 American Airliner—Three RCA-Vic-
 tor Radios—Three Gruen Watches
 —And Ten Exquisite Manicure Sets



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4. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 17, 1934, the closing date of this contest.
5. The judges of this contest will be the editors of Radio Mirror, and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.
6. Address entries to LUCILLE MANNERS-CINDERELLA CONTEST, Radio Mirror P. O. Box 562, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

PERSONALITY

Six Charming People You



ALWAYS-IN-THE-WRONG CHARLIE—Resident funny man on Tuesday night's Packard Mardi Gras is Charlie Butterworth, above. He's a graduate of Notre Dame University, where he says he was injured in a football game—when he fell off the bench.

BEAUTIFUL STOOGE—Jack Haley's foil on his Saturday Log Cabin program is blonde Wendy Barrie, above left, who made her first big hit in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Her parents were British but she wants to become an American citizen.

GRAVEL-VOICED ANDY—When Buck Benny rides again Andy Devine, left, will play his original role of the Sheriff; meanwhile he heckles Jack on every Benny show. Born in Arizona, he went to College in California, has been in the movies since then.

CLOSE-UPS

Really Should Know Better



ACE MIMIC SHEILA—Broadway's favorite mimic is a guest in your home every Sunday afternoon on the Gruen show. Sheila Barrett, above, has the ability to observe and wickedly imitate all the mannerisms of her sex—especially the ludicrous ones.



EDITOR ROBINSON—One of the talkies' first gangsters, Edward G. Robinson, above right, now portrays a newspaper editor in his CBS Tuesday broadcasts. He was a Bowery boy, was in the army during the war, then achieved fame on the stage.



COMIC VALENTINE ERWIN—Stuart Erwin, right, was born on St. Valentine's Day in Squaw Valley, California, and broke into the movies via the New York stage about ten years ago. Now he makes life difficult for Jack Oakie on the Camel program.

MAKE WAY FOR MELODY

JUNE 18, 1907—that was the day Jeanette MacDonald was born in a dark, old-fashioned house in Philadelphia. She was the youngest of Daniel MacDonald's three daughters, and like the others, Jeanette was "musically inclined." That is, when she was four she went with her older sister Blossom to dancing class, and when she was six she was going with both sisters to compete in the rash of amateur nights Philadelphia was having in those days. But between times, Jeanette went to school, like the respectable middle-class little girl she was.

There was school, and there was something much more important—the MacDonalds' next-door neighbor, who played great operatic records on his phonograph for Jeanette, and told her that some day she would be an opera singer too. He planted a dream in her heart—a dream that was there when suddenly the opportunity came to leave Philadelphia and join Blossom in New York. Blossom was in the chorus of a musical show, and she wrote that—perhaps—if Jeanette could come, there'd be a place in the chorus for her too.

* * *

NEW YORK was too busy beginning an era—the jazz age—to notice the arrival among its soaring towers of a Panty-waist from Philadelphia called Jeanette MacDonald. New York was fantastically excited about any number of more important things: the rising market, a song about a butterfly that was poor, what to do with this crazy new thing called Prohibition, a process to keep all the feathers on women's hats from moulting . . . Chevrollets still had cone clutches.

The Panty-waist has come a long way. She was fourteen then, and she approached the Metropolis in cotton stockings, carrying a black umbrella in her hand and a fierce ambition in her heart. If Blossom, her older sister, could make a good living dancing on the stage in this great town, there must be an opportunity somewhere for Jeanette, who also could sing—the family, reflected this child as she swung along the street, had been very decent about letting her come to New York when she was so young.

In her heart there was a gladness that had been humming there ever since Blossom's special delivery letter had brought its invitation last week. This,

at least, was escape—not only from dull Philadelphia into excitement, but from childhood, which was important; for Jeanette was tall and slender, with the promise of beauty in her face and a deep maturity already in her voice. But her party dresses were innocuous, short-skirted affairs, trailing narrow ribbons and flounces. She naturally had been allowed to have no beaux, no dates except for school parties.

She looked about her, heard the eternal thundering din that is New York and grinned happily. Anything could happen here. *Anything.*

Blossom worked in the chorus of a Ned Wayburn show on Broadway and lived with twenty other girls in a brownstone house. Of course she took Jeanette backstage after the performance one night, and of course she introduced her to Wayburn, and of course Wayburn said, "Well, what can you do, child?"

"I can sing."

"Sing, then," said Wayburn, and gestured at a piano.

She flatted her first high note. "Stop that!" Wayburn grimaced. "Go into your dance, child. You'll never get anywhere as a singer."

So she danced. She had a peculiar technique in which she balanced her long body on feet spread wide apart, and she kicked up into the air a good deal. Two of these kicks she managed without trouble, but on the third her foot slipped and she went crashing into the footlights. . . . She sat where she had fallen, wordless, almost hysterical with fury and despair. Then she looked more closely at Wayburn.

He was laughing. He was slapping his leg with one hand and waving the other at Jeanette. "You're wonderful," he gasped at her. "Come around tomorrow and you can be a stooge in this show. You can put on an Indian costume and get hit in the head with a coffee can."

Well, it was something. Not exactly the triumphant conquest of Broadway and the stage Jeanette had pictured in her long young dreams; but something. Forty dollars a week, anyway.

The MacDonalds, Daniel and Anna, moved to New York. Their other daughter, Elsie, was married and safe; it was no good, Daniel felt, to break up the entire family so soon—and besides, little Jeanette was so young—she needed guidance. She needed some-



At eighteen, Jeanette was a dancer in "The Magic Ring"—but she still had other plans.

The other plans are realities now for the lovely, poised prima donna of the screen.



Continue the Intimate Recollections of Jeanette MacDonald—Her Escape to a Broadway Chorus, Bitter Disillusionment, Then Her First Real Love

one to see that she took care of herself and did not forget to study her lessons.

Because the child was to keep on with school. That was understood. She was to dance for money in matinees and in the evenings; she was to study voice (no matter the discouragement, one day she would be a great singer) for a certain time each afternoon and the rest of the day she was to work hard at math and civics and chemistry and Composition 21B. This was understood. If she gave up anything, it must be the footlights.

Backstage, the other chorus girls called her Elsie Dinsmore. The first week was the hardest: she still wore her long cotton stockings, her white and virginal panty-waist, her low-heeled shoes. She was a caricature, except that she was serious about it—and she was absurdly naive. She believed in antedated things like chastity and the good intentions of men and in human nature and in God. To a group of young ladies who believed in nothing, she was Marvelous. She was Can You Bear It, My Dear? She was the sixth little Pepper. She was Sally from the Sticks. She was the Little Sister, and they meant it satirically.

With her first pay-check Jeanette went to a shop and bought herself frothing unmentionables, sheer and silken. These she wore, shivering, under her kid dresses and above the stockings, but she knew they were there and the knowledge gave a little more poise.

Even so, the first impression stuck with her co-workers. And if the panty-waist had been exchanged for a chiffon teddy, her ingenuous attitudes had not been exchanged for sophistication. Jeanette was almost glad when Wayburn had an argument with Major Bowes, who owned the theater, and the show closed.

She trekked about for a time with Blossom, going to managers' offices and waiting for hours, and having auditions, and being refused. Then, finally, she landed a spot in the second line chorus of a road show.

With her ambition this placement in obscurity was a kind of failure, and she decided to do something about it. In any spare moment she had among the filled hours of study and work, she learned the roles of every actress in the show, hoping always against hope that

one of them would catch a cold and give her a chance.

They never did, of course; but the hard work brought her something else—something she had never expected and which she did not want. In a way, it was her own fault. She had let people assume, had even insisted that she was older than she was. . . .

The man was a vague assistant director and he had a Broadway mind. He stopped her one day as she was heading for the dressing room. "My dear," he told her solemnly, "you deserve better things than this—this dancing in a chorus second line. Perhaps I can help you."

She believed him. She was that young.

"Oh, if you only could!" she exclaimed, in the best tradition. "I know I can do better than this—why, I've learned all the speaking roles of the show. And I can sing!"

"Meet me after the show tomorrow night and I'll listen while you read some of the parts," he suggested, grinning. He patted her hand. "You're very lovely."

She gave him her sincerest smile. "Thank you," she said.

The next night she read for him, and sang a little; he applauded and nodded his head seriously. "I was right," he told her. "You are a consummate actress, a magnificent dancer, and you have one of the greatest voices I've ever heard. Tomorrow night I'll have a surprise for you."

The surprise was the script of a new play. "I'm going to produce it, and star you!" he said to the wide-eyed Jeanette. It was late, and the other girls had gone. "If you want to come into the office now, we can go over your part together."

They went in and the door closed. Almost instantly it burst open and a terror-stricken Jeanette came running out, tears in her eyes; after her came the man's shouted imprecations—"Get out and stay out! You'll never be a star here. You're fired!"

After that she was a little changed, subdued, a new shell of awareness was built around her. She went again to producers' offices to ask for jobs, but she went without the exuberance she'd had once, and when finally she was cast for a song and dance specialty in "Irene" to run in Chicago, she accepted the new assignment with mental reservations. She (*Continued on page 66*)

Behind the HOLLYWOOD FRONT



Good Humor's second nature to Don Wilson—particularly when it comes on a stick during rehearsals of the Packard show.



Two rivals of the air, screen and printed page meet and can still exchange smiles—Jimmie Fidler and Walter Winchell.

Hyman Fink

A SMILE and the opinions millions of people have formed about a personality are changed. It happened with Helen Wills on the tennis courts—it's happening with Nelson Eddy on the air.

Queen Helen wasn't in high favor because of her "frozen face." One day, in the Los Angeles Tennis Club matches, she went after a tough shot, made it, but fell and sat down thumpingly. She smiled brightly—and a storm of approval broke over the place like a cloudburst. With that one smile—Queen Helen proved she was human and many people changed their minds about her.

So is it with Nelson Eddy, who used to be hard to talk to, difficult to meet, too aloof and unattainable. Recently he went to the Cotton Club and laid the customers in the aisles with his banter and singing at Herbie Kay's mike. He's been seen in other local night spots acting as though he enjoyed it. Surprisingly, the fans have cottoned to Mr. Eddy in no uncertain terms and he's sailing higher, wider and more handsome than ever.

* * *

Rudy Vallee had a date to appear on the Chase and Sanborn show, where Ed-

gar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are making show-business history. The millionaire crooner arrived at the studio door, pounded on it several times, couldn't get in, went next door to the NBC studios and had a cup of coffee. In a few minutes an usher breathlessly dashed up, yelled out to his searching companions, "Here he is, fellas, I found him." Mr. V. was then escorted to the studio and his scheduled rehearsal.

* * *

Raymond Paige, handsome music-maker, is about to slap grease paint on his features and face the movie cameras. Ought to do all right, too. Ray is a

showman, when he's waving the baton and when he isn't. At the last flourish to his musical numbers, he whirls on the applauding audience, counts ten to himself as calmly as he can—and then takes his bow. It's effective, as audiences can testify.

* * *

Keep an eye—(I really mean an ear) on the swing-singing of "Sugar" Kane, a pretty lassie who graces the Jack Oakie show. She was christened Katharine, she's only seventeen and the movie-goers will get a look-see at her in Bing Crosby's new one, "Love on Toast."

Those rumors about Frances Langford leaving Hollywood Hotel died when she signed a new long-term contract.

Rather amusing to me to see beautiful and extremely feminine Jeanette MacDonald trying to ride "western" style. She's the sort of lass who, on a horse, should look prim and proper in the most haughty eastern style.

* * *

Pinky Tomlin, of the Eddie Cantor program, is no longer "four-eyes," fellow. He just tossed away the specs on account of the doctor said his glims were in pretty good shape for on-their-own seeing.

* * *

Jack Benny admitted to me that he'd

never make a very good badminton player on account of the game so definitely contradicts everything he learned in vaudeville. In badminton, says Jack, you try to keep the other fellow from getting the bird and in vaudeville you try to keep from getting it yourself.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO ALL PRODUCERS OF RADIO SHOWS GENTLEMEN:

The makers of motion pictures have one terrific fault that costs the film industry millions of dollars. That fault is: too many copycats. There are so few movie makers with the courage

Look at those pussies! The artistic Georgie Stoll and the pensive Jack Oakie, as they rehearse their show.



by *Jimmie Fidler*

From the Nation's Third Greatest City of News
Comes the Nation's First Radio Gossip. Written
By This Dynamic and Daring Microphone Master

to explore new grounds—but the fields are full of men who are first to run in and imitate the fellow who does explore and is successful. Thus, the first chap to make a "Gang" picture, was soon followed by a hundred imitators. The first to film a newspaper story was followed by scores more. . . . Now the result of all this is that screen entertainment runs in cycles—and before a cycle is permitted to end, the audiences are bored to death. Now, all you radio producers, why not sit down and draw yourselves a parallel? You're doing exactly the same thing. Let a Major Bowes create a new act and imitators spring up on every side. Let a comedian hit upon a new routine, and it'll be copied a dozen times. . . . This thing of movie stars appearing on radio programs has become so worn-out that I'm amazed that movie names are any box office draw at all any more. Don't get me wrong. Movie stars are fine when they are given something to do, such as on the Lux program, the new and very interesting Silver Theater, and a few more—even including Hollywood Hotel at times. But just putting a screen star on the air because she is a "name," and giving her nothing to do but answer a few silly questions about her life and career is absurd and most un-box office. If you are going to put those stars on without casting them in plays, or giving them something to do, then let them discourse on interesting subjects. Let Constance Bennett tell why she is snobbish to the press? Let Irvin Cobb tell why he thinks he was a flop on the radio? Let W. C. Fields say why he quit the air? In other words, if they must be on the programs, give them a reason for being there. Yours for less imitation—which sometimes isn't so flattering—J. J. F.

* * *

Julie Gibson, the new singer on the Penner show, used to be Camille Soray (her real name, by the way) on a local station here. In those days she was a very chilly, platinum blonde and for a time sang as one of those "masked marvels." An agency took her in hand, completely transformed the girl's appearance, as well as her character. She's really beautiful in a fresh way now and she's got an eye on pictures—as who in radio hasn't? It's her beauty that will take her places, if she clicks, I think, because her singing isn't too, too distinctive.

* * *

It was really a four-alarm, all-star fire recently when Buddy DeSylva's partially completed home in Hollywood's Holmby Hills nearly went up in flames.

Buddy is building his new house next to Gertrude Nielsen's home and about three o'clock one morning the song star woke up and smelled smoke. Looking out the window, she saw that some lumber stacked against the half-built dwelling was on fire.

Gertrude woke her father and the pair of them went to work with a will—and some garden hose. Hearing the noise, Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin, also turned out to help.

They kept the blaze under control until the local fire ladies moved in with regulation equipment.

* * *

Radio personalities are now coming in for their share of the racket-worker's wiles. An impersonator went into a haberdashery and tried to charge some clothes to Peter Van Steeden's account. He was nabbed and tossed into the bastille. . . . Hal Kemp learned to his embarrassment that he owes money on several items he never bought. They're still looking for the imposter. It's wise to demand credentials, unless you're absolutely certain, when a "Big

Name" wants to charge something at your shop.

* * *

Prediction: Herbert Marshall will be on the air any day with a show of his own. He "got over" excellently as pinch-hitting emcee for Don Ameche while the latter took a well-earned vacation.

* * *

VIA WIRE: My eyes are still weak from the glare of the diamond bracelet Clark Gable gave Carole Lombard and which she wore when her hero appeared on a recent Chase and Sanborn broadcast. Carole sat in the control-room for a while watching Gable rehearse. She got so nervous she couldn't stand it and so spent the rest of the afternoon in the Jack Benny rehearsal studio. As for the comedy spot Gable did with Charlie McCarthy (and which was a dilly, if ever there was one); the star's managers frowned on the sketch on the grounds it was undignified but Gable overrode the negative nods and went ahead with the skit. Not only was it very funny but Gable's action gained him a deal of good will. . . .

Hot-shot cupid-scoopers out here reported that Virginia Verrill and Kirtley Baskette were hotter than the proverbial fire-cracker—so they decided to meet each other and have a date. Which they did a few days ago. . . . After the first Joe Penner show, which a local columnist jumped on with spiked boots, the agency tore up the next half-dozen scripts and started from scratch. Subsequent shows have been better. . . . There's a plot of ground out in North Hollywood where Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin have acreage. Chester Lauck (Lum of Lum and Abner) just laid a few pennies on the line for some of that ranch ground. . . . Alice Faye really was threatened with a break-down from over-work and strain—hence her trek to Manhattan for a rest. . . . Production of Jack Oakie College is being doctored by Ashmead Scott, Belasco grad and last year producer of "Open House." He also airs a murder show from Hollywood. Very

creepy stuff, too. . . .

Ask Phil Baker's four-year-old daughter who her favorite comedian is and she'll tell you what she told her daddy; "Charlie McCarthy". . . . I like this about Fred Allen. His picture script wasn't ready on the date Darryl Zanuck had set but the cinema genius offered to pay Long Pan for the lay-over. Allen says he'll take his checks when he does his work. . . . Unless New York exerts too much pressure, you'll be hearing Robert Benchley on that new MGM radio show. . . .

* * *

You-can't-serve-two-masters-department: Raymond Paige is making the master-minds on one of his two big shows very unhappy because he's spending so much time on the other one. . . . Helen Gahagan's transcribed programs are slated to go "live show" any minute now. . . . Tony Labriola (Oswald) has cleared the decks for heart-action again. His Reno divorce was recorded only a month before the young man went back into cardiac circulation. . . . Edgar Bergen may like Charlie McCarthy, but he has a stronger (and different) feeling for beauteous Andrea Leeds. (Be still, m'heart). . . .

When Amos 'n' Andy move over to the soup sponsor on January 1, the same script idea and the same format will be maintained. Change horses in the middle of the stream? Don't be silly. . . . Marion Talley owns a huge Siberian sled pooch named Tex. That's all right with everybody but the management of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel—where the hound is running wild. Oh yes, Marion lives there, too.

Picture of a busy band leader—Raymond Paige, at right, is maestro for the Hollywood Hotel and Packard Mardi Gras programs.

Mary Jane Walsh, Mutual's Singing Cinderella, is so lovely she turned even the photographer upside down.



By
KEN
ALDEN

A new star just peeping above the horizon—Sally Nelson, singer on Sunday night's Romantic Rhythm.



FACING THE MUSIC

BUNNY BERIGAN'S next destination is Los Angeles for an engagement at the Palomar Ballroom. . . . Mark Warnow has fulfilled the ambition of a lifetime and moved into a gorgeous twelve room Chinese Pagoda home in Kew Gardens, L. I. Mark had his eye on the house for several years, longing for the time when he could afford to buy it . . . Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey have kissed and made up. . . . Nat Brandwynne goes into the Hotel Pierre. . . . And Richard Himber, for the first time in three years, plays an engagement in a hotel supper room. He succeeds Brandwynne at the Essex House in New York. . . . Ed Wynn's new musical show has two other radio stars connected with the production: Kay Thompson and Robert Emmet Dolan.

* * *

Elmo Tanner, Ted Weems' whistling vocalist, is not allowed to eat his favorite food, crackers, because it interferes with his chirping. . . . Ruby Newman returns to the lofty Rainbow Room for a New Year's Eve premiere. . . . George Olsen sunk over \$75,000 into the glittering International Casino, world's largest night club. Besides worrying about the restaurant's grocery bills, George also conducts his "Music of Tomorrow" orchestra in the Casino. He has an

MBS wire. . . . Bob Stanley's promotion to musical director at Mutual proves the old adage that good work is well rewarded. After network moguls searched all over the country for a worthwhile batoneer they elected to give first violinist Bob Stanley an opportunity to make good as a guest conductor. He clicked and stole the job away from better known maestros.

* * *

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO:

Joy Hodges, who used to be vocalist with Jimmy Grier's orchestra and is now doing all right on her own. Joy has a Universal film contract and is the leading lady of the picture, "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." She is also featured in the George M. Cohan hit, "I'd Rather Be Right."

Joy is one of the girls who started as a band vocalist and worked her way up to individual stardom. In the same category are Harriet Hilliard, Leah Ray, Martha Raye, and Alice Faye.

* * *

PUNISHMENT

Another vocalist with a promising career ahead of her is auburn-haired Mary Jane Walsh, (Continued on page 69)

WHEN *Death* WENT

By
FLOYD GIBBONS

The Third in This Series of Real
Adventures Which Prove That Truth,
Reported by a Master Story Teller,
Is More Thrilling Than Fiction

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ FELIX

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Maybe you know of a tougher spot than you will find in this thriller I told not so very long ago for Colgate on Your True Adventure Hour. If you do, I'd like mighty well to hear about it. Yes sir, this adventure of the month sounds very much like one of those old-fashioned whizzers that had pa and ma sitting on the edges of their seats in the days when producers took their melodrama seriously.

The influence of those long-haired artists who put a punch in every act was responsible, also, for those breath-takers that cast their spells over audiences in the days of one reel movies. And the grand spirit of it all survives in some of the stories you've sent in to me. They live because they are not only the spice of life, they are life itself.

This is the stirring yarn of an automobile packed with women and children who were going shopping, an adventure near to the heart of every woman. And, as is often the case, these women were a long time in getting started. You know how some women are when it comes time to leave?

No?

Well sir, they are exactly like some men. They go back to close a window, put out the cat or collect some forgotten article.

Often enough these delays—aggravating to people who haven't forgotten anything—hold back parties until a dark Shadow has already crossed the path ahead of them. And,



as often, such delays guide groups directly into the path of adventure. There is an old American saying, "If the dog hadn't stopped to scratch, he would have caught the rabbit." To this, that wise Chinese philosopher Ma Foo has sagely added: "If the dog hadn't stopped the wolf would have caught HIM."

I wouldn't care to say how Dorothy Jane McCurdy felt about the way delay figured in this terrific adventure of hers. You see, Dorothy was only eleven years old at the time and adventure didn't poke his singular nose very often into the affairs of Elkville, Illinois, where she lived. Certainly there was no thought of him at all in the minds of anyone there on July 2, 1924.

It was, I want to tell you, a mighty happy, carefree family of women and children that piled into the McCurdy sedan around noon to drive over to the neighboring town of Christopher, there to buy a few things to jazz up the Fourth of July celebration that was just around the corner. Marie,

SHOPPING



Dorothy picked up the child and passed her to her mother. But now there was not time enough left for Dorothy to get out the same way.

a sister of Dorothy, was behind the wheel, Dorothy, Sister Frances and their mother were in the back seat. After the attendant at the gas station filled up the tank, looked at the oil and wiped off the windshield, Marie suggested they go over and ask another sister, Mrs. Eula Scillian, to join the party. In a few minutes, Mrs. Scillian was in front beside her sister chauffeur. And Mrs. Scillian's two-year-old Martha was cooing in the lap of her eleven-year-old Aunt Dorothy.

"Dorfy, Dorfy," was the best this smiling baby could do with her child aunt's name. But you can imagine how Aunt "Dorfy" felt with that loving live doll in her arms.

There was quite a fuss in getting everybody and everything arranged in the sedan. Mrs. McCurdy finally broke up the run of small talk.

"Heavens!" she said, "We've got to get started or we'll never get to town."

Mrs. McCurdy didn't realize how much truth there was

in those words.

But the sedan had not gone twenty-five feet before Mrs. Scillian noticed the Scillian bedding on a line in the back yard.

"It looks so much like rain I'd better take it in," she informed the rest of the family. And take it in she did, while Mother McCurdy fretted a little at this additional delay. In a couple of minutes they were on their way again. And in another couple of minutes the sedan halted once more while the women decided which road to take.

You know, about two blocks from the railroad station one road goes up a steep hill. On top of that hill are the railroad tracks. The women usually avoided this climb by making a detour of a few blocks. Marie, however, now decided that they had lost so much time in getting started she'd better make up some of it by taking the dangerous shortcut.

Well, boys and girls, for some (Continued on page 58)

RISE AND SHINE

By MRS.
MARGARET
SIMPSON

**Aunt Jenny's Recipes
Are Guaranteed to
Make the Most Stub-
born Cake Rise to
Greater Heights**



Dan Seymour's eating is proof of the cookies.

BAKING is the test of any good cook. Which, when you stop to think about it, is really lucky for housewives. For science has come to your rescue. It's brought you new, specially prepared flours, new shortenings, and stoves that hold the right temperature for the right length of time.

And yet, without the right recipes, even science is licked, unless you know someone like Aunt Jenny, who can end your baking worries right now. For Jenny is by nature an expert baker and by hobby a recipe thinker-upper. Though she is spending most of her time now at CBS broadcasting her stories, she still has time to think up new taste thrills.

For instance, take this one:

BLACK WALNUT DOUGHNUTS

4 cups sifted flour
1¼ tps. salt
¾ tsp. soda
½ tsp. cream of tartar

2 tpls. shortening
3½ tps. grated orange rind
1 cup sugar
4 egg yolks well beaten or
2 eggs and 1 egg yolk
Juice of 2 oranges
Water
1 cup black walnut meats

Sift together flour, salt, soda and cream of tartar. Cream together shortening, orange rind and sugar. Add beaten egg yolks and mix well. Add sufficient water to orange juice to make ¾ cup of liquid, and blend with creamed mixture. Add sifted dry ingredients, blend until smooth, then stir in walnut meats. Roll out dough ⅜ inch thick on floured board. Let stand twenty minutes, cut with doughnut cutter and fry in deep fat (375 degrees F.) until brown, turning when first crack appears. Dry on absorbent paper and dust with ½ cup sugar blended with 2 tps. grated orange rind and 2 tps. ground walnut meats.

(Continued on page 54)

RADIO MIRROR COOKING PAGE

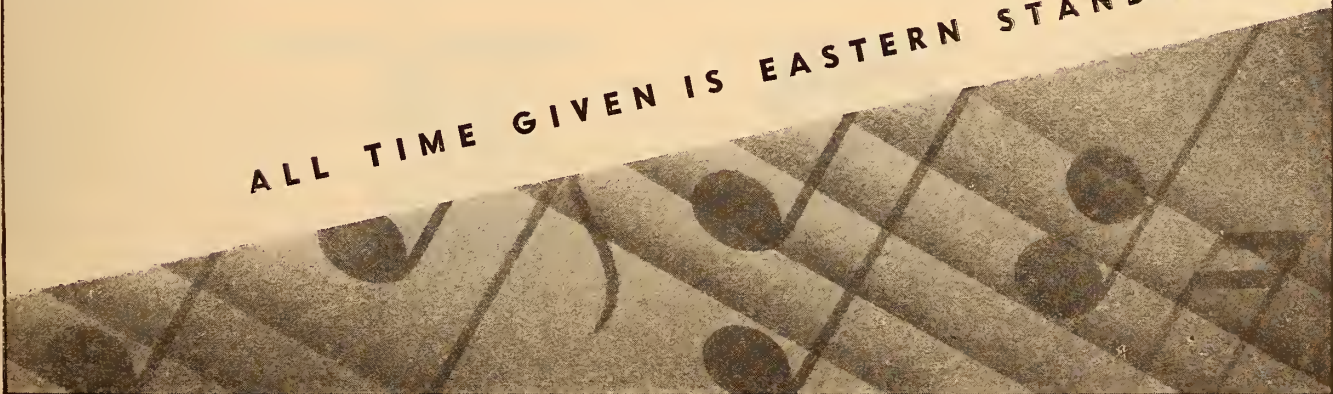
RADIO MIRROR •

almanac

NOV. 24 TO DEC. 23

**YOUR ALMANAC SCORES AGAIN WITH A COMPLETE
GUIDE TO THE BROADCASTS OF ALL MAJOR FOOT-
BALL GAMES—PLUS A DAY-BY-DAY LISTING OF
BROADCASTING HIGHLIGHTS ON ALL THE NETWORKS**

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN STANDARD



All time is Eastern Standard

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet
NBC-Red: William Meeder
- 8:30
NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
NBC-Red: Kidoodlers
- 8:45
NBC-Red: Animal News Club
- 9:00
CBS: Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's
NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
NBC-Red: Orchestra
- 9:55
CBS: Press Radio News
- 10:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
- 10:30
CBS: String Ensemble
NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago
NBC-Red: Music and Youth
- 11:00
CBS: Texas Rangers
NBC: Press-radio News
- 11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
NBC-Red: Silver Flute
- 11:30
CBS: Major Bowes Family
NBC-Blue: Green Bros. Orch.
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Dorothy Dreslin
- 12:30 P. M.
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
NBC-Blue: Music Hall Symphony
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion
- 1:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Red: Paul Martin Orch.
- 1:30
CBS: Poets Gold
MBS: Ted Weems Orch.
NBC-Blue: NBC Spelling Bee
NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
- 1:45
CBS: Lloyd Pantages
- 2:00
CBS: Dramas of the Bible
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
- 2:30
CBS: Jean Hersholt
NBC-Red: Way Down Home
- 2:45
NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt
- 3:00
CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
NBC-Blue: On Broadway
NBC-Red: Radio News Reel
- 3:30
NBC-Blue: Fishface, Figgisbottle
- 4:00
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies
- 4:30
NBC-Red: The World is Yours
- 4:45
NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes
- 5:00
CBS: Silver Theater
MBS: Singing Lady
NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Auditions
NBC-Red: Marion Talley
- 5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo
MBS: The Shadow
NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
NBC-Red: Sheila Barrett
- 6:00
CBS: Joe Penner
MBS: George Jessel
NBC-Blue: Ernest Gill Orch.
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
- 6:30
CBS: Romantic Rhythms
MBS: Tim and Irene
NBC-Blue: Green Brothers
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today
- 7:00
CBS: Jeanette MacDonald
NBC-Blue: Music of the Masters
NBC-Red: Jack Benny
- 7:30
CBS: Phil Baker
NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Interesting Neighbors.
- 8:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Blue: General Motors Symphony
NBC-Red: Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields, Nelson Eddy
- 9:00
CBS: Ford Symphony
MBS: Passing Parade
NBC-Blue: Tyrone Power
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry - Go Round
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
- 9:45
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
- 10:00
CBS: Hollywood Showcase
MBS: Good Will Hour
NBC-Blue: Zenith Foundation
NBC-Red: Symphony Orch.
- 10:30
CBS: Headlines and Bylines
NBC-Blue: Cheerio
- 11:00
NBC-Blue: Dance Music
NBC-Red: Orchestra
- 11:30
Dance Music

MOTTO OF THE DAY



By TYRONE POWER

Everyone welcomes a gossip, but no one likes him.

Highlights For Sunday, Nov. 28

HELP yourself to a full listening day. . . there's even a new show for your further delight . . . or rather it's an old favorite returning—the Thatcher Colt mystery sketches, adapted from Anthony Abbott's thrilling magazine stories, are back on the air today after a couple of months' lay-off . . . 2:45 to 3:00 on the NBC-Red network (Eastern Standard Time, of course). . . And be there in time for the first murder, please. . . Guest stars of the day: *Gladys Swarthout* on the Ford Hour at 9:00 on CBS, with *Eugene Ormandy* conducting the Ford Symphony orchestra. . . *Glenda Farrell* and *Lee Tracy* co-starring in a one-act *Silver Theater* drama on CBS at 5:00 in the afternoon. . . *Maria Jeritz* and *Jussi*

Bjoerling in an all-request program with the *General Motors Symphony* on NBC-Blue at 8:00. . . But the big surprise package of the day comes on another network at that same time—NBC-Red at 8:00—when *W. C. Fields* is expected back on the *Chase & Sanborn Hour*. There's no way of guaranteeing he'll be there, but everybody, your Almanac definitely included, is hoping he will. . . *Andrea Leeds*, new screen sensation, is the guest star with *Fields* tonight. . . *The Singing Lady's* musical play, at 5:00 on *Mutual*, is "*The Story of Thanksgiving*," written for the season by *Irene Wicker* and *Milton Rettenberg*. . . Another of those interesting *Columbia Workshop* plays is on at 8:00, called "*Ninth Avenue El*."



Glendo Forrell is Lee Tracy's co-star today of 5:00 on the CBS Silver Theater drama.



Clark Gable is on the air today of 5:00 in one of his infrequent radio appearances.

Highlights For Sunday, Dec. 5

GET out the red carpet and sound a couple of fanfares—*Clark Gable* makes one of his four yearly radio appearances today, starring on a *Silver Theater* play over CBS at 5:00 P. M., *E. S. T.* . . . *Gable's* the movies' number one male box-office draw, but that isn't the real reason you ought not to miss him this afternoon. The real reason is that he always turns in a workmanlike, well-rounded performance. In other words, he takes radio work seriously—an example some other movie stars we could mention—but won't—ought to follow. . . On the other hand, *Clark* ought to take radio seriously, if he really makes the \$5,000 for this one appearance he's reputed to make. *Lawrence Tibbett* is the guest star on

the *Ford Symphony* program, CBS at 9:00; and *Grace Moore*, *Donald Dickson*, and *Jussi Bjoerling* are combining their talents to bring you "*Opera Night*" on the *General Motors* program, NBC-Blue at 8:00. . . *Erno Rapee* conducting, as always. . . The CBS *Workshop* play tonight at 8:00 is "*First Violin*," from a story by *Norman Davey*. . . And the *Singing Lady's* music drama at 5:00 on CBS is an adaptation of *Rossini's* opera, "*Cinderella*". . . If you haven't found out already that *Jean Hersholt* is on the air, this and every *Sunday* afternoon at 2:30 on CBS, now's the time to make his acquaintance. . . He's in a serial called *Dr. Christian*, playing his famous movie character of *The Country Doctor*.

Highlights For Sunday, Dec. 12

SOME things your Almanac has neglected in the rush of *Sunday* guest stars, special events, and so on. . . Your attention is called to the unique *Zenith Foundation* show on NBC-Blue tonight at 10:00. If you're looking for something daringly unusual in the program line, stop looking and settle right here. . . Half an hour later, at 10:30 on CBS, there's another unusual feature—*Headlines and Bylines*, with *Bob Trout*, *H. V. Kaltenborn*, and a guest newspaper man. It's the news of the week presented entertainingly and dramatically by men who know what news is. . . And at 9:00, on NBC-Blue, there's *Tyrone Power*. The only fault your Almanac can find with his program is that the plays selected for

presentation are mighty old stuff. But they're done awfully well and the *Power* voice is excellent. . . Now to the day's guest stars with a clear conscience: *Nino Martini* on the *Ford* program, CBS at 9:00. . . *Doug Fairbanks, Jr.*, and *Jane Wyatt* on the *Silver Theater*, CBS at 5:00. . . *Erna Sack* and *Richard Tauber* on the *General Motors* program, NBC-Blue at 8:00, in a program featuring the works of *Debussy* and *Lehar*. *Tauber*, whose voice can be so swell it sends shivers down your back, does especially well by those romantic *Lehar* songs, as audiences on both sides of the Atlantic know. . . *The Singing Lady's* play: "*Beethoven and Anna*". . . The CBS *Workshop* play: "*Mr. Faithful*."



Continental singing star Richard Tauber appears tonight on General Motors' show.

Highlights For Sunday, Dec. 19



Yehudi Menuhin makes his only air appearance of the season on the Ford show tonight.

ALONG with a talk by *W. J. Cameron*, you're privileged today to listen to the only air appearance this year of *Yehudi Menuhin* and his sister *Hephzibah*. They'll be on the *Ford Hour*, 9:00 on CBS, playing a violin and piano sonata. *Yehudi*, of course, does the fiddling and *Hephzibah* the ivory-pounding. . . Your Almanac doesn't mean to be disrespectful, because this really is an Event. *Yehudi* is just back from a year's vacation on the *Menuhin* ranch in California—a vacation meant to give him time to grow from a boy into a man. *Hephzibah*, younger than *Yehudi*, hasn't made a great many concert appearances, but those who've heard her play say she has almost as great a future ahead of

her as her brother. You're missing something if you don't listen in. . . Either *Grace Moore* or *Erna Sack* is on the *General Motors* program at 8:00 on NBC-Blue. . . And *Madeleine Carroll* takes her second dramatic role on the *Silver Theater*, CBS at 5:00. This time her leading man in the half-hour play is handsome *Ray Milland* of the movies. . . *Irene Wicker's Singing Lady* play this afternoon is her own adaptation of "*Alice in Wonderland*". . . And *Irving Reis*, who directs the CBS *Workshop* plays also wrote today's play, called "*Flight*". . . Other best bets: the *NBC Spelling Bee* on the Blue at 1:30; *John Barbirolli* directing the *N. Y. Philharmonic* on CBS from 3:00 to 5:00.

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

MOTTO OF THE DAY

He who lies to himself is more dangerous than he who lies to others

Monday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
 GEORGE
 BURNS

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 29

IT'S not often that the *Lux Theater* plays are decided on far enough ahead of presentation time for your *Almanac* to tell you what they'll be, but tonight's an exception. *Marion Davies* playing *Peg* in the smash hit of an earlier day, "*Peg O' My Heart*," is promised. It certainly isn't often that the hostess of *Malibu Beach's* largest home succumbs to the lure of the microphone, so you ought to listen tonight. . . . Time to get acquainted with *Hilltop House*, the new five times a week serial on CBS at 5:45. *Bess Johnson*, who used to be *Lady Esther* on the *Wayne King* programs, and *Frances Moran Mathews* in *Today's Children*, has the leading role, and she's supported by *Carlton Young*,

John Moore, *Jay Jostyn*, *Irene Hubbard*, *Janice Gilbert* and *Jimmy Donnelly*. . . . *Bess Johnson*, besides being a swell actress, has long been one of radio's few woman advertising agency executives and producers. . . . Was born in *Keyser, West Virginia*, came to *New York* to try to get on the stage, was unsuccessful but did get a job on the *Chautauqua* circuit, where she acted for two years. . . . Seven years ago she went into radio in *Chicago*, and appeared on the first CBS program. She's a stunning blonde, resembling *Ann Harding*, both in looks and voice. At one time she was appearing in seventeen programs a week, besides being a devoted mother to little *Jane Orr Perry*.



Peg O' My Heart is the port *Marian Davies* plays tonight on the *Lux Theater*.

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 6



Grocie Allen pursues Tany Martin again on the *Grope-nuts* show, 8:00 o'clock on NBC.

ONCE more your *Almanac* wants to remind you about *General Hugh S. Johnson's* broadcasting schedule. It's 8:00 P. M. tonight and *Thursday, 10:00 P. M. Tuesday and Wednesday*, always on the *NBC Blue* network. . . . *Terry and the Pirates*, adapted from the popular comic strip, has replaced *The Adventures of Dari-Dan* on a group of *NBC-Red* stations. If you're a *Terry* fan, listen in. If you aren't, listen in anyway, and you probably will be. . . . There's been a time change on *Alma Kitchell's* highly entertaining *Let's Talk It Over* show. Instead of 3:30, you hear it today at 2:30—need your *Almanac* add, *Eastern Standard Time?* . . . It's just like old times, when radio was young and carefree,

when you listen to *Tony Wons*, this morning, *Wednesday* and *Friday* at 10:30 on CBS. . . . With the world humming with talk of war, strikes, and politics, *Tony's* refreshing because he ignores all such subjects and sticks to the homely philosophy that made the *Wons* name famous. . . . You'll be listening to *Alice Faye's* handsome husband tonight with *Gracie Allen* and *George Burns* at 8:00 on *NBC-Red*. . . . In spite of the shameless way *Gracie* pursues him, *Tony Martin's* still very much married to *Alice*, and they're going to make screen love in "*Sally, Irene and Mary*," in which you'll also see *Fred Allen* and *Portland Hoffa*. It's in production now. Remember when it was a smash silent movie hit?

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 13

IF you've ever lived in a small town you're going to like the new dramatic serial, *Jennie Peabody*, on CBS today, *Wednesdays* and *Fridays* at 3:30 P. M., because that's what it's all about. . . . *Jennie* is the middle-aged postmistress, keeper of the general store, and proprietress of a small hotel in *Hillsdale*, and *Jennie* knows more about what happens in *Hillsdale* than anybody else in town. It isn't betraying any secret to reveal that she always reads what's written on postcards. . . . *Jennie* is played by *Mento Everitt*, who has been acting ever since she was fifteen years old. For sixteen years she headed her own stock company which played throughout the *United States*—maybe it visited your own town. . . . Another

daytime serial—one you've liked for many months is *The O'Neills*, on *NBC-Blue* at 11:00 A. M. and *NBC-Red* at 3:45 P. M. And did you know that you, the listeners, were responsible for the character of *Morris Levy*, played by *Jack Rubin*? He went on the show one day, just for a gag, and everybody liked him so much the sponsor wouldn't let him go. . . . And while we're on the subject of daytime programs, don't miss *Myra Kingsley*, on *MBS* at 11:45. She's a noted astrologer and will tell you what you should and shouldn't do if you'll tell her what day you were born. . . . And *Hilltop House*, on CBS at 5:45, is a good program to get you in the mood for the evening's listening activities.



Mento Everitt plays the wise *Miss Jennie Peabody* on the CBS show at 3:30 today.

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 20



Richard Crooks sings same of those beautiful Christmas songs an *NBC-Red* at 8:30.

EVERYBODY else is doing it, so why not your *Almanac*?—Only five shopping days until *Christmas*—unless you haven't read your *Almanac* until evening, in which case there are only four. So better get busy. . . . The spirit of *Christmas* is bound to be in all the programs you'll be listening to from now until *Saturday* night. For *Christmas* laughs, dial *Burns* and *Allen* on *NBC-Red* at 8:00, *Pick* and *Pat* on CBS at 8:30, or *McGee* and *Molly* on *NBC-Red* at 9:00. For some of that swell *Christmas* music, which may be one reason we like *Christmas* so much, listen to *Richard Crooks* on the *Voice of Firestone*, *NBC-Red* at 8:30 or the *Philadelphia Orchestra* on *NBC-Blue* at 9:00. . . . *Warden Lawes*,

NBC-Blue at 10:00, ought to have a *Christmas* story, too. . . . Those impromptu questions the *Warden* answers at the start of his program are swell—and they're really impromptu, too. When the audience comes in everybody finds a slip of paper on his chair, ready for him to write a question on. The *Warden* picks out the most interesting questions and answers them then and there. . . . Note that when *Hilltop House* went on the *CBS* network the afternoon children's programs were moved up half an hour, to 5:30 instead of 5:45. Today's is the *Children's Corner*, featuring *Dorothy Gordon* and going to all *CBS* stations that aren't busy with *Kathryn Cravens'* re-broadcast.

All time is Eastern Standard

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

8:15 NBC-Blue: Dick Leithert
NBC-Red: Ben Silverberg

9:00 CBS: Music in the Air
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News

9:15 NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

11:30 CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: Homemakers' Exchange

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

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

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

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

12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00 CBS: Betty and Bob

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

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

1:45 CBS: Hollywood in Person
NBC-Blue: Rochester Civic Orch
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

2:30 CBS: School of the Air
NBC-Blue: Music Guild
NBC-Red: Federated Women's Clubs

2:45 MBS: Beatrice Fairfax

3:00 CBS: Col. Jack Major
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45 NBC-Blue: Have You Heard
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

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

4:15 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

4:30 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

4:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life

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

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

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

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

6:30 Press-Radio News

6:45 CBS: Song Time
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

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

7:15 CBS: Hollywood Screensoops
NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties

7:30 CBS: Helen Menken
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

8:00 CBS: Edward G. Robinson
NBC-Blue: Husband and Wives
NBC-Red: Johnny Presents

8:30 CBS: Al Jolson
NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
NBC-Red: Wayne King

9:00 CBS: Al Pearce
NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson

9:30 CBS: Jack Oakie
NBC-Blue: NBC Night Club
NBC-Red: Packard Mardi Gras

10:00 NBC-Blue: Gen. Hugh S. Johnson

10:30 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

MOTTO OF THE DAY

If your job is stunted, feed it on new ideas and it will grow.

Tuesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By HELEN MENKEN

Highlights For Tuesday, Nov. 30

HERE'S a late entry in the list of new shows—*Homemaker's Exchange*, sponsored by the *National Ice Advertising Co.*, on *NBC-Red* every *Tuesday* and *Thursday* from 11:30 to 11:45. . . . If you take your house-keeping seriously, this is the one for you to listen to. . . . That great visitor-arounder, *Eddie Cantor*, stops in on the *Packard Mardi Gras* tonight—*NBC-Red* at 9:30—to swap a few jokes with *Charlie Butterworth* and a song or two with *Lanny Ross*. There must be mighty few variety or comedy programs coming from Hollywood that *Eddie* hasn't guest-starred on at one time or another. . . . Two good music programs follow one another in quick succession this afternoon—the *Rochester Civic Or-*

chestra at 1:45 on *NBC-Blue*, then the *NBC Music Guild* on the same network at 2:30. . . . *The Goldbergs* are on *NBC-Red* at 12:15, but if you haven't an *NBC* station handy at that time don't worry—they're making recordings of the program too, for broadcast over local stations. . . . There's a new kind of serial program on the air now—7:15 tonight, *Wednesday* and *Thursday* on *NBC-Blue*—called *Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons*. . . . Leave your set tuned in to it after you've finished listening to *Easy Aces*, and see if it doesn't promise something in the way of entertainment. . . . Your *Almanac's* complaint to sponsors: What ever happened to the *Ma* and *Pa* series? It was great entertainment.



Energetic Mr. Cantor is the guest star tonight on the *Packard* program, *NBC* at 9:30.

Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 7



Lovely voice, lovely face, is the way to describe *Jack Oakie's* singer *Sugar Kane*.

TUESDAY again, and once more you have to make a choice between *Jack Oakie's College* and the *Packard Mardi Gras*. . . . You have to pick your choice between crews composed of *Oakie*, *Benny Goodman*, *Stu Erwin*, *Sugar Kane*, *Helen Lind*, *Raymond Hatton*, *Georgie Stoll*, *William Austin*, *Harry Barris*—and *Lanny Ross*, *Charlie Butterworth*, *Raymond Paige*, *Jane Rhodes*, and a guest. . . . Help, sponsors, can't one of you change his time? . . . Anyway, your *Almanac* plumps flat-footed for *Jack Oakie* tonight, and perhaps one reason is *Sugar Kane*, who definitely has something when she sings a blues song. Besides being beautiful and a swell singer, she's loyal too—wears ascot scarves embroidered with packages

of *Camels*. . . . *Mr. Oakie*, who has just passed the two hundred pound mark and is still going strong, says he doesn't plan to go on a diet. "If the fans like me," he says, "they'll like a lot of me!" Seems logical. . . . *Venita Varden*, *Jack's* little woman, likes to come to broadcasts, but sometimes she stays on the stage too long. The other night the curtain rose before she had a chance to leave the stage, and all through the broadcast she sat there with the co-ed chorus. Not singing, though. . . . After *Oakie College* comes *Benny Goodman's Swing School*, at 10:00, and when it's finished you still must listen to *Jimmie Fidler*, on *NBC-Red* at 10:30. . . . *Jimmie's* the most popular of Hollywood gossip broadcasters these fine days.

Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 14

NBC has a new band for you to listen to tonight—*Jess Hawkins*, opening at the *New Penn Club* in *Pittsburgh, Pa.* . . . A reminder: *Col. Jack Major* is on today, instead of *Monday*, at 3:00 on *CBS*. Listen for the hog-call the *Colonel* emits at the start of his program. . . . *Edward G. Robinson* continues his swell portrait of a newspaper man on *Big Town*, tonight at 8:00 on *CBS*. That is, it's a swell portrait of a newspaper man as fiction and the movies think he is—it's no more like a real newspaper man than *Eddie Robinson* in real life is like a gangster. . . . *Eddie* wants some day to play *Napoleon* either in the movies or on the stage, but so far he never has. He smokes a lot—cigars, cigarettes or a

pipe, depending on his mood, has a large library and art collection, plays the harp and the piccolo, as well as a good game of ping pong. . . . That *Chesterfield Sports* broadcast that used to be on *CBS* at 6:35 is off the air now, which is too bad, but its exit gave *George Hall's orchestra* another chance to go on the air, which is good. There's a small army of people who'd rather listen to *George Hall* and *Dolly Dawn* than eat. Who is your *Almanac* to say they're wrong? . . . Which leaves just room enough to remind you that *Peggy Wood* is on this afternoon at 5:00 on *NBC-Blue*, and there's no predicting what she'll be talking about. It may be the stage, and it may be her neighbor's children.



Edward G. Robinson plays a newspaperman in *Big Town*, tonight at 8 o'clock on *CBS*.

Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 21



Spencer Bentley plays *Bob Drake* in the *Betty and Bob* serial on *CBS* today, 1 o'clock.

FIRST order of the day: birthday greetings to *Andre Kostelanetz*, who was born thirty-six years ago today in *St. Petersburg, Russia*. *Andre* will be celebrating today by rehearsing tomorrow night's broadcast—the broadcast that has *Lily Pons* on it as a guest star. Bet that's enough celebration to make him happy. . . . Today meet *Spencer Bentley*, who took over the role of *Bob Drake* in *Betty and Bob* when *Les Tremayne* left the cast. . . . *Spence* is twenty-seven years old and looks a little like *Dick Powell* (see picture at left if you don't believe it). He came from a stage family but his childhood ambition was to be a navy officer. When he grew up he almost achieved it—was purser on five ocean liners. . . .

Then the stage got him after all—he was in twelve Broadway hits before making his radio debut. He married *Betty Colter* in 1931; he's five feet seven inches tall, and has dark hair and eyes. He's assistant editor of the *Lambs Club* newspaper, "The Script," and owns a chow and a wire-haired fox terrier. . . . Listen to him today and every week day at 1:00 o'clock on *CBS*. . . . Today's a good time, too, to listen to that *Hollywood in Person* show, *CBS* at 1:45. It's not only entertaining, but you'll learn a lot of things from it you'll be glad to know. . . . The same goes for *Emily Post*, on *CBS* at 10:30, and for the *Mystery Chef*, *NBC-Red* at 11:45—both times A.M.

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

MOTTO OF THE DAY

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Andre
Kostelanetz

There's no "guess" room in the Hall of Fame

Highlights For Wednesday, Nov. 24

NOT too busy getting that turkey ready for tomorrow to listen to the radio, are you? Try making the stuffing while you listen to *Fred Allen* . . . who is broadcasting his second program of the new season tonight at 9:00—and doing it from Hollywood, too. . . . Somebody else pretty swell is on the air at 9:00 too—*Mme. Lotte Lehmann*, Austrian soprano who has been called "the world's greatest singing actress." She's guesting tonight on *Andre Kostelanetz' Chesterfield* program. Great singer though she is, *Mme. Lehmann* is prouder of the two books she has written and had published. One's a novel called "Eternal Flight," and you may be reading it in English translation this winter. The other's an

autobiography, and hasn't been published outside of Europe yet. Last spring she made a concert tour of Australia, and this winter she's singing at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. . . . After the *Kostelanetz-Lehmann* show, *CBS* has another instalment of *Tish*, the dramatization of *Mary Robert's Rinehart's* short stories. . . . And at 10:00, the *Gang Busters* show will be exciting as always. . . . If you're a real stayer-up-late, tune in *Lights Out* at 12:30—half an hour after midnight tonight—and enjoy a couple of cold chills. . . . *Arch Oboler*, who writes these horror sketches, is in Hollywood now, preparing a new weekly dramatic series. At last reports, he was also writing *Irene Rich's* sketches.



Lotte Lehmann, singer and writer, is guest star tonight on the *Chesterfield* program.

Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 1



Ezia Pinza, basso, sings with *Andre Kostelanetz* tonight on *CBS* at nine o'clock.

WITH the air full of sniffles, and the holiday season not far ahead, now is the time to pay attention to the program called *Your Health*, on *NBC-Red* at 2:00 this afternoon. You might hear something on it that would make it the most important program on the air for you. . . . You've read the fiction story *The Life of Mary Sothern* in *RADIO MIRROR*—now set aside the quarter-hour from 5:15 to 5:30 every week day to listen to it as further developments unfold themselves on the air. It's dramatic, sometimes exciting and sometimes funny, but always well worth the listening. . . . And if you want a good mystery plot, lend an ear to *Follow the Moon*, which precedes *The Life of Mary Sothern* on

CBS at 5:00. More murders than you can shake a machine-gun at, and not a culprit anywhere. . . . *Andre Kostelanetz' guest* tonight at 9:00 on *CBS* is *Ezio Pinza*, leading basso of the *Metropolitan Opera*. He's still in his thirties, and has been a soldier, a civil engineer, and a professional bicycle racer as well as a singer. He quit bicycle racing because he never won—and took the jeering advice of his teammates who heard him sing in the shower-room and advised him to forget bicycles and sing for a living instead. Now when he isn't singing he spends most of his time at the wheel of his automobile. He was born and raised in Italy. . . . Don't forget *Your Hit Parade*. *NBC-Red* at 10:00.

Highlights For Wednesday Dec. 8

ANOTHER famed opera singer is on the *Chesterfield* show tonight—*Kirsten Flagstad*, who specializes in singing *Frederic Wagner's* music. Patrons of the *Metropolitan Opera* never have been able to agree on whether she's better than *Lotte Lehmann*, whom you heard two weeks ago, or not. Maybe you can decide—and after all, your own opinion is the only one that counts. . . . Or perhaps you'd rather listen to *Fred, Portland*, and the *Mighty Allen Art Players* on *NBC-Red* at 9:00. . . . From 8:00 to 9:00 there are more programs than you can possibly listen to in comfort—*Cavalcade of America*, *Eddy Duchin*, and *One Man's Family* all on at 8:00; and *Eddie Cantor*, *Sidney Skolsky*, and *Wayne*

King all on at 8:30. Your *Almanac* suggests these pairs: *One Man's Family* and *Cantor*; *Duchin* and *Skolsky*; *Cavalcade* and *Wayne King*. . . . Earlier in the evening you mustn't miss *Hobby Lobby*, presented by *Dave Elman* on *CBS* at 7:15. Did you hear the talking dog on this show a month or so ago? And it really talked too. *Dave* will have some thing else just as fascinating for tonight. . . . If you listen to *Kostelanetz* and enjoy his swell classical music, you'll be all the more in the mood for the equally swell dance music on *Your Hit Parade*, *NBC-Red* at 10:00. . . . Since variety, you know, is the spice of radio. . . . Or perhaps you'll prefer listening to *Gang Busters*, on *CBS* at the same time.



Soprano *Kirsten Flagstad* sings for music lovers tonight on the *Chesterfield* program.

Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 15 and 22

DECEMBER 15: The soprano who can sing contralto songs with equal ease, and all the time keep on looking like a million dollars, is *Andre Kostelanetz' guest* star tonight. It's *Rose Bampton* we mean. . . . And tonight is *Andre's* next-to-last broadcast on this guest-star series. . . . You ought to be one of *Vic and Sade's* regular fans, but it's just possible you aren't, so your *Almanac* once more is going to call your attention to this grand serial. If you insist on an exciting plot, don't bother with *Vic, Sade* and *Rush*. But if you like quiet, heart-warming humor, the kind that makes you think of things that happened to you once, you couldn't find a better show. It's on *NBC-Blue* at 11:30 A. M. and *Red* at 3:30 P. M.

DECEMBER 22: For a serial that's just the opposite of *Vic and Sade*, which your *Almanac* recommended last week, listen to *Girl Alone*, on *NBC-Red* at noon. . . . Lots of characters, lots of action, many plots and subplots. . . . Tonight marks the end of *Andre Kostelanetz' Listeners' Digest* musical half-hours. . . . Next week the *Chesterfield* show will have a new set-up, including a permanent singer, instead of guest stars. *Kosty* stays on it, of course. . . . Tonight's a gala occasion for another reason than because it's the last of a series—*Andre's* favorite singer, and yours, is the guest star—*Lily Pons*, back in New York after making "Hitting a New High" for *RKO*.



To close the *Chesterfield* series, guest star for tonight is coloratura *Lily Pons*.

All time is Eastern Standard
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
 8:15
 NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
 NBC-Red: Ben Silverberg
 9:00
 CBS: Dear Columbia
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:15
 NBC-Red: Fields and Hall
 9:30
 MBS: Journal of Living
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Emily Post
 NBC-Blue: Peppa Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Today's Children
 11:00
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
 NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 CBS: Heinz Magazine
 NBC-Blue: Road of Life
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: Homemaker's Exchange
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 MBS: Myra Kingsley
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
 12:00 Noon
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
 12:15 P. M.
 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
 NBC-Red: The Goldbergs
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Our Gai Sunday
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Hymns
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Blue: Love and Learn
 1:45
 CBS: Hollywood in Person
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 2:15
 CBS: Jack and Loretta
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 2:45
 MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
 3:00
 CBS: Theater Matinee
 NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera
 NBC-Red: Peppa Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Blue: Eastman Music School
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 4:00
 CBS: Ted Malone
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:30
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:45
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Follow the Moon
 NBC-Blue: Peggy Wood
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 CBS: Life of Mary Sothorn
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 CBS: Dear Teacher
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
 5:45
 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:30
 CBS: Press-Radio News
 6:45
 CBS: Song Time
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: Hollywood Screenescops
 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
 7:30
 CBS: We, The People
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
 7:45
 NBC-Blue: Kiddoilers
 8:00
 CBS: Kate Smith
 NBC-Blue: Gen Hugh S. Johnson
 NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
 8:30
 NBC-Blue: March of Time
 9:00
 CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
 NBC-Red: Maxwell House Show
 9:30
 NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting
 10:00
 CBS: Buddy Clark
 NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall
 10:30
 CBS: Victor Bay's Orchestra
 NBC-Blue: NBC Jamboree
 11:00
 CBS: Dance Music
 NBC-Blue: Dance Music
 NBC-Red: Dance Music

MOTTO OF THE DAY

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
**VICTOR
 BAY**

Don't be afraid to take a chance and you won't have a chance to be afraid

Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 25

THREE hundred and sixteen years ago, Governor Bradford proclaimed the first day of *Thanksgiving* in the New England colonies. . . . The first harvest in the new world had just been gathered, and the day was one of prayer first and feasting afterwards. . . . Nowadays it's a day of football first and feasting afterwards. . . . But if we stop a minute to think, we can find plenty of things to be thankful for. . . . That we aren't at war is one. . . . That most of us have jobs is another. . . . That radio exists is still another, believe it or not. . . . For today radio brings us grandstand seats at the aforementioned football. Most of the stations are broadcasting the annual *Thanksgiving Day* classic between

Pennsylvania and Cornell. You'll hear it on the CBS network and stations WTAG WTIC WJAR WOR WFBL WHEC WGR WIBX WNEF WESG WOKO WCAU WHP WBRE WGBI WCBA WKOK and WGP. The NBC network has the *Syracuse-Columbia* game, and the *Maryland-Washington* and *Lee* game comes over stations WBAL WCHV WLVA WBTM WGH WRNL WDBJ WWSA WJEJ. . . . Then settle down to your turkey and dressing. . . . Tonight Don Bestor opens a long engagement at the Netherland-Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati, Ohio, and you hear the festivities over NBC and WLW. . . . And finally, you can be thankful for *Bing Crosby* and *Bob Burns* on NBC-Red at 10:00.



Ted Hughes, center, is captain of Cornell's team in today's pigskin classic.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 2



In charge of selling the stuff on Kraft Music Hall, NBC-Red at 10—Ken Carpenter.

BING and Bob and the rest of the gang on the *Kraft Music Hall*, on NBC-Red at 10:00 tonight, receive plenty of attention in the magazines and newspapers, but there's one guy who contributes his share to the entertainment and never gets noticed. Your *Almanac* is making up for this neglect today. At the left you'll find a picture of Ken Carpenter, in charge of selling the stuff. While Bing is worrying over a new way of saying boop-a-boo and Bob is thinking up a new tall story, Ken frets over a new way of praising *Kraft* products—or one of the other products he talks about in his capacity as NBC's chief Hollywood announcer. . . . Ken says he was a born radio announcer and didn't

know it until an advertising agency where he was looking for a job suggested he try it. . . . That was in 1929, and in 1930 he was announcer for KFI, NBC's Los Angeles affiliate. . . . He's never experienced stage or mike fright, and would rather broadcast sports events than anything else. . . . He considers bridge a terrific waste of time, but likes to dance and go to night clubs, play tennis and read. . . . He's married to his college sweetheart and they have a son seven years old. . . . Before Bing, Bob and Ken take the air, don't forget that the *March of Time* is on at a new hour and a new network—8:30 on NBC-Blue. . . . Too bad, but if you listen to it you'll miss some of the *Vallee Varieties*.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 9

THINGS to remember on Thursday: the *Homemaker's Exchange*, on NBC-Red at 11:30. . . . *Emily Post*, on CBS at 10:30. . . . *NBC Light Opera* on NBC-Blue at 3:00. . . . the *Eastman School of Music* on NBC-Blue at 3:15. . . . *Dear Teacher* on CBS at 5:30. . . . *Song Time* on CBS at 6:45. . . . *We, the People*, on CBS at 7:30. *Kate Smith*, *General Johnson*, and *Rudy Vallee*, on CBS, NBC-Blue, and NBC-Red respectively at 8:00. . . . *Major Bowes* and the *MGM Good News of 1938* on CBS and NBC-Red at 9:00. . . . *Good News of 1938*, you know, is the name they finally picked for the show which succeeded the *Show Boat*, and which usually shows up on your loudspeaker with twenty-odd stars

on it. . . . Almost anybody connected with the *Metro Goldwyn Mayer* studios is apt to bob up on this program, but one of the most likely is *Spencer Tracy*, simply because he has such a swell radio personality. There was even talk of making him the permanent master of ceremonies on the show, but that would keep him too busy so—regretfully—it was shelved. . . . Spence was born in 1900 in Milwaukee, and was famous on the stage before the movies caught up with him. . . . Cast at first in tough-guy parts, his greatest success came last year as *Manuel* in "Captains Courageous", a part that made even tough guys cry. . . . He's married, and has one son. . . . Soon you'll see him in "Mannequin" with *Joan Crawford*.



Spencer Tracy is one of the stars who may appear tonight, MGM Good News Show.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 16 and 23



One of radio's starlets is Mitzi Gould of Mrs. Wiggs and Kitchen Cavalcade.

DECEMBER 16: You're likely to hear *Mitzi Gould*, up-and-coming young NBC dramatic actress twice today. First on *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, NBC-Red at 10:00, then on *Kitchen Cavalcade*, NBC-Blue at 10:45. She plays *Lolita* on the first and *Susie* on the second. Mitzi's only twenty-two, tiny and brunette, and the holder of a Bachelor of Arts degree from New York University. She was active in dramatic societies in her school days, and made her first professional appearance almost as soon as she'd graduated. . . . Her biggest radio thrill so far was playing *Queen Victoria* in NBC's special broadcast, *One Hundred Years of English History*. The reason she was so excited was that

Helen Hayes is her favorite actress. . . . She's five feet three inches tall, weighs 102 pounds, has brown hair and eyes and an olive complexion. . . . And her greatest extravagance is buying shoes.

DECEMBER 23: Two days before Christmas, and the air will be fuller than ever of carols. . . . But for a little serious discussion, turn to *America's Town Meeting of the Air*, on NBC-Blue at 9:30 tonight. Guest speakers take their lives in their hands and ask the studio audiences to fire questions at them—and sometimes the questions are impertinent as well as searching. If you're interested in what goes on in the world, you'll like it.

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

MOTTO OF THE DAY

Friday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
LES
TREMAYNE

Smiles are passports to the land of plenty.

Highlights For Friday, Nov. 26

TODAY'S fare for your table: turkey hash. Today's fare for your loud-speaker: A special fight broadcast from Madison Square Garden, brought to you by NBC. . . . *The Radio Guild*, on NBC-Blue at 3:00, presenting air versions of famous plays. . . . *Dr. Karl Reiland* on NBC-Blue at 7:15 in another of his refreshingly different talks. . . . *The Cities Service Concert* on NBC-Red at 8:00. . . . *Death Valley Days* on NBC-Blue at 8:30. . . . *The Varsity Show* on the same network at 9:00. . . and the *True Story Court of Human Relations* at 9:30. . . Then, at 10:00, there's the old reliable *First Nighter* program, sure to be ready with an entertaining half-hour play, starring *Barbara Luddy* and *Les Tremayne*. . .

Barbara must be the tiniest of all radio actresses: with high heels on, she stands exactly four feet, ten and five-eighths inches tall, and whenever there are any tall actors in the cast of one of her radio plays she has to be provided with a box to reach the microphone. Born in Helena, Montana, she was sent to a mission school by her aunt who wanted her to become a missionary. But the sisters discovered Babs' glorious child voice, and at eight she was singing for Red Cross drives. A theater manager heard her and booked her for a vaudeville tour—and she's been on the stage ever since. She has played leads opposite such stars as *Leslie Howard*, *Francis Lederer*, *Edward Everett Horton* and *William Powell*.



Tiny but talented—
Barbara Luddy, leading lady of tonight's *First Nighter* drama.

Highlights For Friday, Dec. 3

TODAY and every day except Saturday and Sunday you'll be listening to that engaging program, *Pepper Young's Family*, which its sponsors have been kind enough to broadcast twice a day for you. . . . 10:30 A. M. on NBC-Blue and 3:00 P. M. on NBC-Red. . . . Did you know that when *Elaine Sterne Carrington*, who writes the serial, decided to have *Pepper* learn to fly, nothing would do but she must learn to fly herself? She started out by spending an hour a week at Roosevelt Field, found learning to fly so fascinating she kept at it even after she'd gained all the local color she needed for *Pepper Young's Family*. Not that the sponsor liked the idea at all, because writers as good as Mrs.

Carrington are hard to find. . . . And if you've read her story, *Pepper Young Steps Out*, in this issue of RADIO MIRROR, you'll agree that she can turn her hand to fiction with equal ease. Pay particular attention to the *Revelers* when you listen to the *Cities Service Concert* tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red. They're the male quartet, you know, and considered by a good many well-qualified critics to be the best male quartet on the air. *Robert Simmons* is top tenor; *Lewis James*, second tenor; *Elliott Shaw*, baritone, and *Wilfred Glenn*, bass. Bob Simmons is the husband of *Patti*, youngest of the *Pickens Sisters*. He doesn't smoke, drink, or gamble, but you'd like him just the same.



Robert Simmons, top tenor of the *Cities Service Hour's Revelers* mole quartet.

Highlights For Friday, Dec. 10

BIRTHDAY greetings today to two lovely ladies—*Dorothy Lamour* of the *Chase and Sanborn* hour, and *Jean Dickenson* of the *American Album of Familiar Music*—both singers, both dark, both eye-filling. . . . Tonight you have a chance to listen to one of radio's unusual personalities—*Jerry Mann*, who started out on the Hammerstein Music Hall some eighty weeks ago as a guest star and made such a hit that he's still on the program. Not only that, but his first Hammerstein Music Hall show was the first time he had ever worked as a comedian. He'd been on the stage since he was nine, but always as a mimic. . . . At fourteen, he was making six hundred dollars a week in vaudeville. . . . He always

has mike fright, but gets over it as soon as he starts to talk. . . . He's unmarried, and has two hobbies, motoring and feeding the Central Park pigeons in the winter when pigeons don't have much luck in scouting around for themselves. . . . He's also very superstitious, and if he's working in front of an audience insists on standing so his right side faces the audience. . . . At 10:00 tonight, on CBS, there's the *Coca Cola Song Shop*, which features *Frank Crumit*, *Kitty Carlisle*, *Reed Kennedy*, *Alice Cornett*, and *Gus Haenschen's* orchestra—an elaborate forty-five minute program which is your dish if you like plenty of music and not much comedy. And at 10:45 that stimulating feminine news commentator, *Dorothy Thompson*.



Jerry Mann, comedian on Hammerstein's Music Hall tonight at 8 o'clock over CBS.

Highlights For Friday, Dec. 17

FRIDAY afternoon, and time to listen to *Dr. Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation* broadcast, over both NBC networks at 2:00 o'clock. Don't let the title scare you off, if you haven't ever listened to this program before. It's entertaining first and instructive later, principally because *Dr. Damrosch*, that grand old man, has such a winning radio personality. . . . Also exclusively for Friday listeners are the *Reginald Fortune* detective stories, on NBC-Blue at 10:30, and *Dorothy Thompson* on NBC-Red at 10:45—both P. M. The *Fortune* stories are adapted from the popular mystery novels and short-stories, and *Richard Gordon* plays *Reginald Fortune*. . . . *Frank Munn*, one of Sunday's favorites, is on tonight,

too, in *Waltz Time* with *Lois Bennett*—NBC-Red at 9:00. *Frank's* been described as "a tuneful tenor and a confirmed commuter." After every broadcast he dashes away from the studios and catches the next train for his home in Freeport, Long Island. . . . His favorite hobby is connected with trains, too—he loves to sit in the cab of a locomotive, and in his spare time he often visits the roundhouse at Harmon, New York, to chat with his engineer friends. In fact, his boyhood ambition was to be a railroad engineer, but unlike the rest of us, he hasn't forgotten it. He's jovial and good-natured, and his favorite phrase is "Take it easy." He spends at least two hours a day listening to the radio.



Waltz Time's *Frank Munn* dashes for home as soon as tonight's broadcast is ended.

All time is Eastern Standard

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Ben Silverberg
- 9:00
CBS: Roy Block
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: The Wise Man
- 9:15
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall
- 9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell
MBS: Journal of Living
- 9:45
NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemina
NBC-Red: Landt Trio
- 10:00
CBS: Fred Feibel
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Nancy Swanson
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: Swingtime Trio
NBC-Red: Charloteters
- 10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend
NBC-Blue: Bill Krenz Orchestra
- 11:00
CBS: Cincinnati Conservatory of Music
NBC-Blue: Patricia Ryan
NBC-Red: Florence Hale Forum
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Ford Rush, Silent Slim
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Our Barn
NBC-Red: Half Past Eleven
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: Captivators
NBC-Blue: Call to Youth
NBC-Red: Continentals
- 12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.
- 1:00
NBC-Red: Happy Jack
- 1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Campus Capers
- 2:00
CBS: Football
MBS: Football
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo
- 2:30
NBC-Blue: Louis Panico's Orch.
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
- 2:45
CBS: Tours in Tone
- 3:30
CBS: Waltzes of the World
- 5:30
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten
- 5:45
CBS: Coolidge Quartet
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Rakov's Orch.
NBC-Red: El Chico Revue
- 6:30
NBC: Press-Radio News
- 6:35
NBC-Blue: Football Scores
NBC-Red: Strolling Songster
- 6:45
NBC-Blue: Johnny O'Brien Orch.
NBC-Red: The Art of Living
- 7:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
NBC-Red: Top Matters
- 7:30
CBS: Carborundum Band
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Jean Sablon
- 8:00
CBS: Your Unseen Friend
NBC-Blue: Al Roth Orch.
NBC-Red: Robert Ripley
- 8:30
CBS: Johnny Presents
NBC-Blue: Linton Wells
NBC-Red: Jack Haley
- 9:00
CBS: Professor Quiz
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
NBC-Red: Concert Orchestra
- 9:30
CBS: Your Pet Program
NBC-Red: Special Delivery
- 10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade
NBC: NBC Symphony Orch
- 11:00
CBS: Dance Music

MOTTO OF THE DAY



Nothing is under control until you are.

By
B. A.
ROLFE

Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 27

TONIGHT'S the last night for *Pierre* Monteux, noted French conductor, to lead the *NBC Symphony Orchestra*—on both *NBC* networks, from 10:00 to 11:30 P. M. Next Saturday *Artur Rodzinski* takes the baton for three concerts before *Maestro Toscanini* arrives. . . . Your variety highlight for tonight is the hour between 8:00 and 9:00 on *NBC-Red*, starting with *Robert Ripley* and his oddities and proceeding to *Jack Haley*, *Virginia Verrill*, *Wendy Barrie*, and *Warren Hull* at 8:30. . . . You ought to know more about this guy *Hull*, master of ceremonies on *Haley's* program. He was born near *Niagara Falls* in 1903. Became a stage actor after winning athletic laurels in college, and from the stage went to

radio. He's in the movies too—his latest is "A Bride For Henry."

The day's football broadcasts: *Army-Navy*. *NBC*, *CBS* and *MBS* networks. *Notre Dame-Southern California*. *NBC* network.

Missouri-University of California at L. A. *MBS* network (5:45 P. M., E. S. T.)

Boston College-Holy Cross. *WEEI* *WTAG* *WDRG* *WPRO* *WMAZ* *Duke-Pitt*. *WORC* *WTIC* *WJAR* *WOR* *KYW* *WCAE* *WFBG* *WTBO* *WLEU* *WRVA* *WBT* *WCAU* *WDNC* *WGY* *WBAL* *WJEJ*.

Georgia Tech-Georgia. *WSB* *WTOC* *WRDW*, *Florida-Auburn*. *WJAX* *WIOD* *WRUF*.



Warren Hull is master of ceremonies on the *Jock Haley Log Cabin* show on *NBC* tonight.

Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 4

THE football season is on the wane, but there are still enough games for the networks to be kept busy this afternoon. For instance, *MBS* has the classic game between the *University of California* at Los Angeles and the *University of Southern California*. It's being played in Los Angeles, where, so they say, it's still warm on the fourth of December. Between halves they plan to bring *Jimmy Vandiver* to the mike to introduce some famous movie stars and ask them to tell what they think about the game. . . . For you Southern listeners, *WTAX*, *WIOD* and *WRUF* have the *Florida-Kentucky* game. . . . And if there are any other good pigskin battles lying around loose today, you can bet *NBC* and

CBS will grab on to them. . . . Tonight *Frederick Stock* directs the *Chicago Symphony* in one of its bi-weekly concerts, broadcast exclusively over *MBS*. Time—9:15 to 11:00 P. M. . . . Which conflicts with *NBC's* symphonic plans. *Artur Rodzinski* directs the first of his three concerts with the *NBC Symphony* tonight, from 10:00 to 11:30. . . . That first name of his isn't a mis-print—there really isn't any h in it. He's a native of Dalmatia, and studied to be a doctor. The war interrupted, and he served in the Austrian Army on the Russian frontier. Wounded, he was invalided home. *Leopold Stokowski* brought him from Warsaw to be assistant conductor of the *Philadelphia Orchestra*.



Blond and dynamic, *Artur Rodzinski* is the conductor of tonight's *NBC Symphony*.

Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 11

NOW that the football season is really over, except for a few big special games now and then, you can catch your breath and listen to some of Saturday's standbys. . . . It won't be long before *NBC* knocks a good many of them off the air so it can broadcast the Saturday matinees from the *Metropolitan Opera*. . . . But for today at least you can hear the *Club Matinee* on *NBC-Blue* at 1:30. . . . *Your Host is Buffalo* on *NBC-Red* at 2:00. . . . Followed by *Golden Melodies*, broadcast from Denver, at 2:30. . . . *Waltzes of the World* on *CBS* at 3:30. . . . *Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten* on *NBC-Red* at 5:30. . . . Swing enthusiasts look forward every week to the *Saturday Swing Session* on *CBS* at

7:00. . . . And ask-me-another fiends wait for *Uncle Jim's Question Bee* at 7:30 on *NBC-Blue* and *Professor Quiz* on *CBS* at 9:00. . . . By the way, how many of *Professor Quiz'* radio questions on page 3 of *RADIO MIRROR* can you answer? . . . There's a mighty beautiful girl on *Jack Haley's* program tonight, *NBC-Red* at 8:30. Her name is *Wendy Barrie*, and even if you've seen her in the movies since you must remember her in "The Private Life of King Henry VIII." She comes from an old Irish family, was born in the Orient, and *Sir James M. Barrie* was her godfather. She's been around the world six times and is eager to go again some day soon. But just now Hollywood keeps her plenty busy.



Piquant *Wendy Barrie* is *Jack Haley's* feminine foil on his *NBC* program tonight.

Highlight For Saturday, Dec. 18

JUST a week from today you'll be opening those presents on the Christmas tree, but today you're probably busy all day getting some for other people to open. So your *Almanac* won't talk much about the day-time programs today, but instead will concentrate on the evening ones. . . . *Bernie Cummins* is opening at the *Olmos Club* in San Antonio, Texas, tonight, and *MBS* brings you his music. *Bernie's* greatest disappointment was what made him into a dance-band maestro. He wanted more than anything else to enter *Notre Dame University* and play football and study architecture, but his family couldn't afford it, and instead he went to work earning his living in the only way he

knew how—organizing a five-piece orchestra and touring summer resort towns in Ohio with himself at the drums. . . . The Ohio vacationers liked him and his boys so well he was encouraged to increase the size of the band and hit for greener pastures. His progress since then has been steady, but not very slow. . . . And he's been able to use what little architectural knowledge he gained in high school by submitting plans for *Castle Farms*, the *Cincinnati* dance rendezvous. . . . *Artur Rodzinski* is leading the *NBC Symphony* for the last time tonight until after *Toscanini* has come and gone; and *MBS* has another of its *Chicago Symphony* concerts for music-lovers who just can't get enough.



Bernie Cummins and his band are brought to you from *Texas* by the *Mutual System*.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?



Can it be that Bing's singing annoys Martha?



And that Martha's sickens Bing?

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!
YOUR LETTERS OF
OPINION WIN PRIZES
FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00
SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00
FIVE PRIZES of \$1.00

Address your letter to the
 Editor, **RADIO MIRROR**,
 122 East 42nd Street, New
 York, N. Y., and mail it not
 later than Dec. 24, 1937.

FIRST PRIZE

I'LL betcha can't read this letter real fast and aloud without garbling it.

Big Sister skims from spot to spot shedding sunshine. Aunt Jenny glorifies her job of gently injecting justice. One Man's Family fairly foams with fascinating fiction, fun, frolic.

Pepper Young yells, yaps'n yowls, yielding stardom to young sister.

Howard Petrie palavers in pursuit of the public's personal purity.

Magazine of the Air by Heinz honors housewives with hearty, healthy half-hours that *never* humiliate human intelligence.

Boake Carter clarifies countless conundrums concerning our country's careening cavalcade.

Vic 'n' Sade seldom fail to satisfy with steady stream of silly satire.

Today's Children conjures community cheers for commendable conclusions to current cares.

FERN HILGER,
 Dallas, Texas

SECOND PRIZE

I wish radio's brainstormers would stop this mad rush of the daytime serial! By October first NBC will have twenty-nine hitting the wires from coast to coast. It sounds as if the sensible housewife will have to do her ironing and other chores in silence. If the Moaning Marys, the Other Man's Wife, or John's Other Wife were really consistent, the producer would have the real wife use some of the product advertised and she would become so glamorous John would immediately dismiss the menacing secretary. Radio advertising seems to operate on the premise that

the average American is a high grade moron. The offense is so unnecessary, for Americans have an affinity for the conveniences and comforts of life.

Mrs. E. P. FORD,
 Burlingame, California

THIRD PRIZE

My favorite dramatic program on the air at present is Pretty Kitty Kelly, but the author or whoever is responsible for Kitty's Irish brogue has made a serious mistake inasmuch as Kitty is supposed to really be a countess—an aristocrat, and as such she was being educated to take her natural place in society before she lost her memory. The program brought out the fact that she remembered enough of her former life to know about the custom of paying rents and other bills quarterly, therefore her accent would have been sufficiently formed so it would not be likely she would lose it in such a short time.

FLORENCE ELLIOTT,
 Chicago, Illinois

FOURTH PRIZE

You may have cared for Lowell Thomas, but I never cared for Lowell Thomas until I read his article in October **RADIO MIRROR**. You may have bought success formulas but I always despised success stories until I read Lowell Thomas in October **RADIO MIRROR**. He's not only "got something there," but you can go there and get the something he's got.

HAZEL BURGNER, Akron, Ohio

FIFTH PRIZE

At last the radio announcers are coming into their own. Instead of being those impersonal intruders, literally blast-

(Continued on page 65)

WHAT'S



Above, WBAL's Crime Clinic "doctor," Samuel B. Kling, whose broadcasts reformed prison conditions.

When good comedians get together—just before Burns and Allen left for their vacation—Fred Allen, George, Don Wilson, Gracie, Jack Haley.



SOMETHING that intimately affects the careers of a couple of million dollars worth of radio stars happened in New York this fall—the publicity offices of Robert Taplinger, Inc., were taken over by Tom Fizdale. That's important because after the performance he gives, the most vital thing to a star's professional life is the kind of publicity he gets, and Bob Taplinger's office did the publicity for such people as Kate Smith, Eddie Cantor, Burns and Allen, Jack Oakie, Andre Kostelanetz, and a dozen or so more stellar personalities and programs. Bob had to leave his business to take a job with Warner Brothers, and when he left he turned over the job of keeping you informed about all these stars to Tom Fizdale. In the past, Tom has publicized many a Chicago star and program—he's alert, energetic, and so good at getting stories about his clients on the front pages of the newspapers that Chicagoans still chuckle admiringly over his exploits.

* * *

WITH Alice Faye and Tyrone Power in New York at the same time, Twentieth Century-Fox couldn't resist the temptation to give a cocktail party for them in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Everybody else drank the cocktails, while Alice and Tyrone spent most of the afternoon sitting together in a corner, smiling into a battery of flashlights and news cameras. Because gossips say that Janet Gaynor has replaced Sonja Henie in the Power affections, and because Janet was in New York too, everybody at the party kept one eye on the door in hopes she would appear. The only one who didn't was Tyrone—probably because he knew good and well where she was and that she was going to stay there. Besides, he was having too much fun

Cross-Country Flashes of Happenings Behind the Microphone

whispering to Alice while candid-camera fiends climbed all over the rug for angle shots.

* * *

JOAN BLAINE who's in New York making preparations to return to the air in a new serial before Christmas, had a story to add to the Tyrone Power saga. Tyrone used to play bits—very small bits—in support of established stars like Joan and Arthur Jacobsen when he was trying to break into radio in Chicago. One day he came to Joan and told her that an important radio director had advised him to quit acting and find some other profession. "You've no personality, no voice, nothing," the director had told him. Joan did her best to cheer Tyrone up by telling him that the best way to take this particular director's advice, always, was to do exactly the opposite. So Tyrone took Joan's advice instead of the director's . . . and now, on his Hollywood programs, one of his supporting players is frequently Henry Hunter—whose name before he came to Hollywood from Chicago was Arthur Jacobsen.

* * *

JOAN is one radio star who doesn't have any desire to go to Hollywood. The former "Mary Marlin" likes New York, though you'd hardly expect her to after an experience

NEW?

Below, tops in sopranos is Nadine Connor who has been number one candidate for Florence George's job on Tuesday night's Packard show.



Announcer Paul Heard, above, of KDAL, Minnesota, broadcasts RADIO MIRROR's news flashes.

By
**TONY
SEYMOUR**

she had a couple of days after she arrived. She went to a renting agent, who showed her an apartment she liked. She said she'd take it, and paid the agent the first month's rent. But when the time came to take possession of the apartment, she discovered that the agent was a phoney, had nothing to do with the apartment, and moreover had disappeared entirely. Which explains why she's still living in a hotel.

This item's strictly for people in the mood for a slight headache. Vocalist Judy Starr's real name is Shirley Ross, but she couldn't use it on the air because there is a Shirley Ross in the movies. But Shirley Ross of the movies isn't really Shirley Ross at all—her name is Bernice Gaunt. But she couldn't call herself Bernice Gaunt because another Bernice Gaunt had already made quite a reputation for herself as a magazine writer. But Bernice Gaunt, the writer—yes, that's right, her real name is June Storrs.

* * *

THE reason George Burns and Gracie Allen picked the Savoy-Plaza Hotel for their headquarters on their vacation trip to New York was that it's just across the street from Central Park. No matter what else happened, daughter Sandra and son Ronnie were going to get plenty of Central Park air. And they did, George and Gracie taking them out for a walk in the park every morning of their stay

in Manhattan. The feature of the park which made the biggest hit with Ronnie was the stable of Shetland ponies. No morning was complete unless he got a ride on one of them.

* * *

GRACIE will think twice before she makes another kidding remark to New York reporters. When she and George arrived, a reporter asked her what she was going to do in New York. Gracie laughed and said, "Oh, see all the shows and buy up the town!" The reporter quoted her literally and every shop in town took her seriously, so that for the rest of her stay she was never safe from people trying to sell her things. One dress shop even called up and offered to send its prettiest models up to her hotel suite to display the latest styles. George said okay.

* * *

SHOWMAN Cecil B. DeMille can't have the slightest use for whipcord riding breeches and leather boots when he steps in front of the microphone to direct a Lux broadcast, but he wears them just the same. He was the first movie director to wear that costume while working on a picture; he convinced the public that such a costume is a director's natural garb; and by golly he's not going to shatter any illusions now by showing up in a public place wearing anything else.

* * *

Winnipeg, Canada—A telephone call, four songs, and an unlimited supply of nerve were what brought success to CJRC's One-Two-Three Girls. (Continued on next page)

FROM COAST-TO-COAST

One late October night two years ago, Horace Stovin, regional director of the Canadian Radio Commission, was summoned by a telephone call as he listened to a girl's trio coming over the network from Vancouver.

"Say, we can sing better than those girls!" said a definitely feminine voice over the wire. Then two more girlish voices added themselves to the first and backed it up with: "Sure we can! How about giving us an audition?"

Stovin laughed and told them to be at the CKY studios the next morning. The voices turned out to be three charming brunettes—Alfreda and Elsie Peters and Irene Strange. "You realize, of course," Stovin told them, "that we require our artists to have at least a hundred songs in their repertoires. How many have you?"

"Well—only thirty," Irene Strange admitted.

The other two quaked fearfully. They knew she was lying. Their repertory consisted of just four songs, which they'd learned by ear.

Stovin let them go ahead with the audition anyway. They sang one number—two—three—four—and stood there, hoping against hope he wouldn't ask for a fifth.

He didn't. He smiled and told them they were hired. Which sounds like a happy ending, but wasn't. For the next six months they had to work day and night to learn new songs as fast as they used them up on the air. Since none of them except Irene, who'd had a few piano lessons, could read a note of music, it wasn't surprising that they each lost fifteen pounds by Christmas.

Then came a new panic. They were told they were to sing with an orchestra, and that they'd have to provide their own arrangements. So they all chipped in to pay for harmony lessons for Irene, and for another six months were always just one arrangement ahead of the orchestra.

They're top Canadian favorites now, and can turn out arrangements blindfolded, but in spite of their history the One-Two-Three Girls don't advocate building your radio career on a bluff. It may work—sometimes—but it's tough on the nerves. Besides you can't always count on your luck.

* * *

Duluth, Minnesota—Among the many programs that bring announcer Paul Heard to KDAL's microphone at Duluth is the RADIO MIRROR gossip broadcast, Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 7:45. To us that was good news because as you listeners in that part of the Gopher state and surrounding territory probably know, RADIO MIRROR furnishes those radioland news flashes Paul pours into the microphone each Wednesday and Saturday eve. We only hope our news and gossip are as popular as Paul's announcing.

First gaining experience in the dramatic departments of colleges and universities in the Northwest, Paul used his diploma as an entrance into radio work. In 1929 and 1930 he played leading parts in plays at the Lawrence College Theater in Appleton, Wisconsin, later transferring to the University of Minnesota where he was active in the University Theater when that organization, under the direction of Professor A. Dale Rily, attained national recognition as an outstanding semi-professional group.

After graduation came speech instructing and play directing at a smaller Minnesota college, and then to the direction of a series of educational radio programs over WTCN in Minneapolis for the city's Public Evening Schools. From there it was only a short step to parts in dramatic sketches for other Twin City stations, and eventually, Duluth's KDAL, where today he is a regular on the announcing staff.

It can probably be told now, and not do anybody any harm. When Lou Gehrig inadvertently said, on one of last summer's breakfast-food programs, that he always had a big bowlful of a rival breakfast-food in the mornings, listeners rocked with laughter. The embarrassed Gehrig didn't expect to get any check for his services after this mistake, and when it duly arrived a week or so later he tried to return it to the advertising agency which had hired him. The agency wouldn't take it. The sponsor was tickled pink by Lou's slip of the tongue, he was told—said it had given him and his breakfast-food many times as much publicity as a straight indorsement would have brought.

* * *

Baltimore, Md.—When high government officials take time to write letters lauding a radio program, that's news. When leading crime and prison experts trek to Baltimore, Md., to be interviewed—that, too, is news. And so is the man whose ability and personality brought the letters and interviews into being—Samuel B. Kling, who conducts the Crime Clinic every Tuesday night at 7:45 over WBAL and the Mutual System.

Kling began his program a year ago last August. To anybody who knows about prisons, he was broadcasting from the right state, for many of the Maryland prisons for years had been notoriously overcrowded, with no attempt made in them to segregate first offenders from hardened criminals. These were the conditions Kling set out to crusade against.

The program at first was aired over WBAL only, and Kling's thundering denunciations of their prisons hit Marylanders in a sensitive spot. For the first time, he made them prison-conscious. Mail came pouring in, and soon WBAL had to forego sending copies of Kling's talks to listeners who requested them.

After less than a year of campaigning, Kling was successful in reforming those Maryland prisons that were offensive to him. Largely

as a result of his radio talks, the Maryland legislature passed measures which he advocated, for better sanitation, segregation of criminals, even a provision for building a special women's prison, something unthought of until Kling came along.

Since Kling and his Crime Clinic joined the Mutual network, he has enlarged his activities to present a thrilling series of interviews with Uncle Sam's G-Men. Beginning with J. Edgar Hoover, he has interviewed most of the leading figures connected with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Having made Maryland prison conscious, he is now awakening the radio audiences to the lawlessness in America that exacts a cash toll of \$15,000,000,000 every year.

Kling was born in New York City, but moved to Baltimore with his parents when he was in high school. He wasn't much older when his debating eloquence led him to a job stumping the state in behalf of Maryland's Governor Ritchie. Even in those days he was tall—more than six feet. He weighed only 135 pounds but that didn't stop him from winning an amateur boxing championship. Today he's still tall but he weighs 210 pounds.

He planned to be a lawyer, but had been in law school only a year when he accepted a job as radio announcer. Along with that work, he wrote articles on criminology for newspapers and magazines, and also managed to find time to study for and pass the difficult bar examinations after less than a month of preparation. He's married, to a former school teacher who looks like Joan Crawford.

**Here Is the Page to Read
If You Want All the News
About the Stars of Your
Favorite Local Stations**

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

YOU knew the answer all the time! I mean you who have been asking, "What is the man like who plays Dr. Bob Graham in Bachelor's Children?". Minus the M. D., he is a real life double of the character he portrays. Bess Flynn, author of the script, admits she used Hugh Studebaker, the actor who plays the role, as pattern for Dr. Bob.

Studebaker was born May 31, 1900, in Ridgeville, Ind. He has Irish wit, Irish eyes, a cherished pipe, and a collection of old china. He entered radio in 1928 at a station in Council Bluffs, Iowa, two years later became organist on the Ted Malone program, and four years after that went to Chicago as announcer and actor. Besides his part in Bachelor's Children, he plays Silly Watson and Barrymel Lionmore with Fibber McGee and Molly.

Dr. Bob's twins are, in real life. Marjorie Hannan and Patricia Dunlap, who are close friends, and even dress alike to carry out the twin idea. Marjorie, who plays Ruth Ann Dexter, is blonde and petite, with brown eyes. She was born in Hamilton, Ohio, August 18, 1911. She joined the CBS staff in Chicago in 1936, and was the heroine of the former radio show, Sally of the Talkies. Janet Dexter is played by Patricia Dunlap, who also is heard as Nina Mason in The Romance of Helen Trent. Patricia was born in Bloomington, Ill., May 20, 1911. She is small, and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

Ellen Collins, the housekeeper, is portrayed by Marie Nelson, who made her radio debut in Chicago in 1931, after 25 years on the stage.

Olan Soule, the Sam Ryder of the play, was born at LaHarpe, Ill. February 28, 1910. He was a trap drummer before becoming an actor. David Gothard, who takes the part of Don Carpenter, is a bachelor in real life. He was in Little Theater work on the West Coast, before he hitchhiked to Chicago to become a radio actor. He is 6 feet tall, and weighs 148 pounds. And you can also hear him as Philip King in The Romance of Helen Trent.

Buddy Clark Fans—I hope you're happy now that Buddy Clark is back on the air. Especially when you can hear him three nights a week: Wednesday at 10:00 p. m. in Your Hit Parade, NBC, Saturday, same time, in the CBS edition of the Hit Parade, and Thursday at 10:00 p. m. over CBS in Buddy Clark Entertains. And here's the biography I promised you.

Buddy Clark was born in Boston, Mass. On July 26, 1911. He planned to be a lawyer, but, encouraged by the applause when he sang at school affairs and private parties and by the advice of friends, he decided, in his third year at Northeastern Law School, to gamble on radio. Soon



The Bachelor's Children cast—Dr. Robert Graham in center and 'round him from left to right are housekeeper Collins, the twins, and Sam Ryder.

after his debut in 1933, he was contracted for a commercial series over WBZ, followed by a two-year series over WNAC. He came to New York in 1934, and made his network debut with Benny Goodman's orchestra on NBC's three-hour Let's Dance program. He has been on Your Hit Parade, off and on, since May 1936. It was his voice that was dubbed in for Jack Haley's in the motion picture, "Wake Up and Live." He is 5 feet 9½ inches tall, weighs 171 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

Florence Chamberlin, Hamilton Square, N. J.—Rudy Vallee's voice can be most closely described as of baritone range but tenor quality. But Rudy can no longer be considered merely as a singer. Each program wins him new fame as a producer and maker of stars. The famous team of Edgar

Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are among the many who have been catapulted to radio fame from guest spots on Rudy's program.

Kay Thompson Fan, Far Rockaway, N. Y.—Kay Thompson is being featured in "Hooray for What," Broadway musical with Ed Wynn. She made her radio debut over Station KMOX, St. Louis, then gueststarred until she and her Rhythm Singers became featured artists on regular and popular programs. She has sung with Lennie Hayton's orchestra on the Hit Parade, and with Andre Kostelanetz'.

D. S. Huston, Dallas, Tex.—Charlie McCarthy entered the world about 17 years ago. He has brown eyes and red hair. Since becoming the world's most famous imp, he has discarded the haphazard street urchin's garb which he wore during his Chautauqua and vaudeville years, and has donned top hat and tails—and even a monocle!

G. Taborek, Chicago, Ill.—Pick and Pat, also famed as Molasses 'n' January, are white men, but, Southerners both. Their popular team was formed in 1929, although both had been stage actors and singers for some years. The Lone Ranger's name is never revealed. The husbands and wives on the program by that name are taken from the audience.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Would-be members of the **Deanna Durbin** fan club, (and how many would be) may send self-addressed envelope for membership card and club information to Dolores Spiers, 26 So. Bond Street, Mount Vernon, N. Y. This club formerly was restricted to Mt. Vernonites, but is now expanding.

Communications for the **James Melton** Fan Club should be addressed: Louise Mitchell, Secretary, James Melton Fan Club, care National Broadcasting Co., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. This club is just one year old.

Rise and Shine

(Continued from page 40)

BROWN RIM COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour

Combine shortening, salt and vanilla. Add sugar, then beaten eggs, and beat thoroughly. Add flour and mix well. Drop from teaspoon onto buttered baking sheets. Let stand a few minutes, then flatten by pressing with a glass covered with a damp cloth. Bake in moderate oven (275 degrees F.) 8 to 10 minutes, or until brown.

HAM AND EGG PIE

- 4 eggs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- 2 cups cooked ham, in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch cubes
- 1 cup grated cheese
- pie dough

Line a pie pan with pie dough. Beat eggs lightly and add other ingredients in order given. Pour mixture into unbaked pie shell and bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

While I was writing down these recipes, Aunt Jenny was busily preparing tomato cheese luncheon squares and upside down gingerbread, special luncheon requests of her daughter, Sylvia, and her little grandson, Tommy. Here is the recipe for the luncheon squares.

TOMATO CHEESE LUNCHEON SQUARES

- 8 slices American cheese ($1\frac{1}{2}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{4}$ inches)
- 8 tomato slices, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick
- 2 bacon slices, cut in narrow strips
- Biscuit dough

Prepare biscuit dough, knead lightly for 20 seconds, roll $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and cut into 3-inch squares. Place on buttered baking sheet, place slice of cheese on each square, add tomato slice to each, and top with bacon strips. Press sides of squares against cheese. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

When I left, Aunt Jenny was going through her recipe files, trying to decide what kind of birthday cake to make for Tommy. I don't know what one she decided upon, but here is a recipe I've recently learned which will guarantee a happy birthday for anyone. It's really a devil's food, but it's called Chocolate Peppermint Cake.

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup shortening
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick sour cream
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sweet milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt and sift together three times. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually and blend thoroughly. Beat in egg, then chocolate. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ of flour and beat well, then add sour cream. Add remaining flour, alternately with milk, in small quantities, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 30 minutes. Spread peppermint frosting, between layers and over top and sides. Use pink candles to match frosting.

We've got way down to here and I've

talked so much about Aunt Jenny I haven't even mentioned one of the greatest helps in modern baking, the ready mixed preparations. You know there are ready mixed preparations for devil's food cake, pie crust and biscuits, pancakes and waffles, gingerbread and cornbread, just waiting to have liquid added and popped into the oven. I hope you will keep a supply of these preparations on hand, for they are invaluable if you must prepare a meal in a hurry, and furthermore they are foolproof, if you will just follow the directions on the package. I tried out one of Aunt Jenny's recipes, upside down gingerbread, using the gingerbread preparation, with excellent results.

UPSIDE DOWN GINGERBREAD

- 1 package ready-mixed gingerbread
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
- 2 cups apples, thinly sliced

Sprinkle a buttered baking tin with the sugar, spread the apple slices over the sugar, then pour over them the gingerbread mixture. Bake in a moderate oven, 50 minutes to an hour. Serve with the apple side up, with whipped cream.

Just a final word of warning from Aunt Jenny to make your New Year a happy one. Be sure to use level measurements for all her recipes.

I have more delicious recipes you'll want to try in your oven—Aunt Jenny's own recipe for lemon meringue pie, sweet potato pork pie and fresh corn bread, also lemon cream scones, and velvety apricot cake. Also, let me know if you want Aunt Jenny's recipe for Peppermint frosting. Just send a stamped, self addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Lum 'n' Abner in an Abandoned Quandary

(Continued from page 20)

and dyeing his moustache for years. Lum returned fifteen minutes later.

"Comical talkin' sort o' feller," he said. "Right interestin', some o' those stunts we used to do when we was boys."

Abner sighed, realizing that not even the barber had helped.

Abner hated to call on Katherine Colvert for help, but finally in desperation he sent Lum to her for a few hours' visit. After all, Lum had seen a good deal of her before he lost his memory, and maybe she could bring his mind back to normal.

Lum was gone all afternoon, and Abner was just getting worried all over again when his loose-jointed figure showed up in the screen door. He was more excited and animated than he'd ever been.

"We're gonna be rich," he announced mysteriously. "We're gonna dig it up and then we're gonna splurge."

"What you talkin' about?" Abner demanded. "What you gonna dig up?"

"The gold. The gold from the Old Spanish mine."

"He's nuttier 'n he was when he left here," said Grandpappy. "Allus knew you shouldn't let that Colvert woman get her hands on him."

LUM'S face fell at the mention of Katherine Colvert's name. "She says I promised to marry her."

"What!" Abner jumped to his feet in consternation. "Why, the designin' hussy! Lum Edwards, you never did! I bet you never told her anythin' of the kind. She's jest tryin' to grab you off for

a husband. Where'd she say you had this gold buried?"

"She didn't say," Lum confessed miserably. "Seems I never told her that."

All that evening Lum's mind kept going back to the gold. It was plain that the prospect of marrying Katherine Colvert worried him, but that he was too much excited over the gold to fret about her.

"Couldn't we go out after it at night, with a lantern?" he suggested once. "Then if the lantern shined on the gold it'd glitter and we'd see it. Huh, Abner?"

There was a soggy silence in the store when Lum had left.

"Only one thing to be done," Grandpappy said. "We got to scare his wits back into him. And tonight's the night to do it. He's all excited now and ready to be scared."

"We got to haunt him, that's all. You go up there to his house pretty soon. Abner, and start in tellin' him ghost stories till you get him good and skeered. Then Cedric and me'll come along and we'll give him such a shock he'll remember everythin'. You see if he don't."

"Well, I don't know," Abner agreed doubtfully. "Guess we might's well. We've tried everythin' else."

Two hours later the moon was setting back of the pines on Little Bear. The crickets were singing their songs under Lum Edwards' window, and somewhere down the hill a dog bayed unhappily.

"And they never," said Abner in a sepulchral voice, "seen him again."

A twig snapped outside, and Lum ut-

tered a choked cry and jumped three feet in the air, landing to look around him fearfully. He was still looking when from beneath the floor came the rattle of chains and a low moan.

"What was that?" Lum quavered.

"What was what? I didn't hear nothin'," Abner said.

Cedric, under the house, got busy with the chains again, moaned more loudly, and finished up with a muffled "I'm a-comin' after Lum Edwards!"

Lum turned a white face toward Abner. "Mean to tell me you didn't hear that?"

"I never heard nothin'."

A second time Cedric announced that he'd come after Lum Edwards.

"L—lum Edwards?" faltered the unhappy individual.

Clank, clank. "Yes mom," said the ghost.

Lum jumped again, his eyes this time riveted on the window. Through the dirty panes could be seen a wavering white shape—Grandpappy Sears draped in a sheet, but Lum didn't know that.

"Oooh, lordymercy! It's comin' in arter me!" shrieked Lum.

And he fainted.

Have Abner and Grandpappy Sears succeeded in their desperate attempt to restore Lum's memory? And how about Katherine Colvert's determination to marry Lum—and that baffling mystery of the buried gold? Only time—and the concluding instalment in the February issue—can tell.

Life of Mary Sothern

(Continued from page 27)

"Say-y, what is this?" he asked again, "Why'd you pass up a good chance to get away?"

"Well—" Mary hesitated, "I did think of it. But—well, I listened to the thunder and heard the rain beating on the windows—and I guess I was afraid to—" All at once she knew what she was going to tell him—the truth, even if it was only half a truth. Why try to hide it? "You see, I'm going to have a baby before so very many months."

Max fell back from his position on his elbow. "Oh," he said, and for a moment there was silence. "Who's its father?"

"He's—dead. That's all I can tell you. If I succeed in what I came to Sanders for, it will all be cleared up and everybody will know. But right now—"

"You want to go back to Sanders then?"

"Of course. My whole life—and my child's—depends on staying there."

"Okay, then," he said. "I'll take you back tomorrow. That is—I'll take you most of the way."

HE roused her just before dawn, and they drove back over the road they had traveled the afternoon before, saying little. A few miles from Sanders he stopped and let her out.

"Max," she said, "Max, I hope you come back to Sanders soon."

It was five months later, in the Sanders Hospital. Happier than she had been for the past year, Mary smiled up at Dr. John Benson, who had been with her at the birth of her twins—a boy and a girl. But John's face did not reflect her happiness. He was looking worried—more worried than a doctor who has just inspected two healthy three-day-old babies as any right to look.

"Mary," he began diffidently. "There's just one thing I have to ask you for. It's—it's really nothing but a hospital technicality—but as a doctor on the staff here, I'll have to ask you for a—for your marriage certificate."

Mary's smile faded. "Oh, John," she said, "must I?"

"I was afraid you'd feel this way," Benson said unhappily. "Right at this stage of the game, with Alice Sanders after you in full cry—well, it's a bad break. But I'm afraid there's no way around it."

"You're wrong there, buddy," said a voice from the doorway. "There's a way around everything."

It was Max.

When, after having been shown the twins, Susan Phyllis and James Stratford, Max briskly asked her what tough spot she was in now, Mary frankly told him her trouble—conscious all the while of John Benson's drawn, disapproving face. "I've got a marriage certificate, Max," she finished, "but for—for certain reasons I don't want to show it."

"When do you have to have this certificate?" Max asked.

Benson said, "By next Monday."

Max rose, smiled, and clapped his hat on the back of his head. He said, "Okay. That's the day I'll be seeing you." And was off, leaving a startled Mary and a skeptical John Benson behind him.

But John lost his skepticism, if not his suspicion, when on Monday morning Max returned complete with a legal document which looked authentic enough to throw any Sanders off the scent.

It seemed to Mary in those days that even if the Sanders family hated her, everyone else in town was her friend. Gifts swamped the hospital room and later the "bridal suite" of the hotel—

everything from a huge doll and a football (donated generously, if a trifle too soon, by Max) to a huge double English perambulator from Daddy Stratford. With every trip the twins took in that carriage, they gained more friends. Only Alice and Jerome Sanders remained persistently hostile. Still, for six months, they made no move, though it must have galled them bitterly when Phyllis, their daughter, defied them and became Mary's friend—as if trying to make up by her devotion for the unkindness of her mother and father. And they said nothing, did nothing, when it became apparent that Phyllis' visits to the hotel were not only to see Mary and the twins, but also to see Danny Stratford.

Watching the progress of this adolescent love-affair, dreaming of the days when her two children would be a strong, handsome boy and girl, wrapped in the affection of her friends, Mary let herself be lulled into a false feeling of security. She forgot to watch for the inevitable trap.

Mary was pushing the perambulator along Main Street when she spied little Sally Moody, waving at her from across the street. Sally stepped off the curb. Mary shouted that a car was coming. But Sally was thinking only of the babies. She ran right into the path of the speeding car.

What could Mary do but ride with her to the hospital? She left the twins with Sheriff Barstow in the jail before which the accident happened. In half an hour she was back and had the twins again, for Sally proved only to be scratched and badly frightened. It never occurred to her to wonder what had happened in that half hour. Even if she had known, she might not have guessed any more than Sheriff Barstow guessed, how serious the consequences were to be.

It was a week after Sally's accident that an incident happened which proved to Mary that she had been living in a fool's paradise.

John Benson asked her to marry him.

AT first Mary was sure he was joking. She had never thought of him as anything but a good friend, and she had supposed that he felt the same way about her. But one look at his serious face told her a different story. Yet he did not sound like a man in love.

"Marry me and you can be sure that your babies will have a secure, normal future," was the way he put it.

"But won't they anyway, John?" Mary asked, sincerely puzzled. "Can't I go on just as I have been?"

"I don't know whether you can or not. I think you should make it absolutely certain."

"But I'm so happy, as I am. I've enough money, certainly, to live for years, right here, and—I'm sorry, dear, but I don't love you—that way." She was stumbling, trying to say what she had to say without hurting him. "I think of you as a dear friend, like Daddy and—Max—"

He flushed in sudden anger. "Max! Are you always thinking of him?"

Mary looked up, astonished. "Why, John. You're not *jealous!*"

"I hope that I need not be jealous of that brute." John's tone was tight with suppressed fury.

Now it was Mary's turn to keep her anger in leash. "John, I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to use courtesy in speaking of my friends—"

"I'm sick of hearing you refer to that thug as your friend. It's sheer sentimentality—and it proves to me you're incapable of taking care of yourself. If you don't accept the safety and security I'm offering you—for yourself and your children—you'll regret it. That's my warning to you, Mary."

"John," she blazed, "I suppose you mean well, but you ought to know better than to put an offer of marriage on that basis. And as for Max, he's *not* a thug! He's got a fine job now, traveling for a wholesale house—as you very well know."

John said, quietly, "Then you refuse to marry me?"

She made a gesture of helplessness. "If you insist on a yes or no answer on this basis, what can I do but say no?"

"All right, Mary. But if anything should happen, don't blame me. Remember that I offered—and that you refused."

It was not until he had gone that Mary felt a cold fear creeping over her anger, chilling it. Behind everything John had said, she saw now, there had been unspoken knowledge of trouble ahead. Perhaps not knowledge—perhaps no more than premonition. Or, perhaps—she hated to think this of John, but it might after all be true—only an attempt to frighten her into agreeing to marry him.

NEVERTHELESS, the incident helped to frighten her when a few days later Alice Sanders paid her a visit.

It was a chill December day, and Mary had just brought the babies in from their outing. There was always so much to do for them in a few minutes. For the thousandth time, as she cared for them, she wished that she had someone to help her keep up with the trail of disorder they always left behind them.

She had just put the babies to sleep when the knock came on the door. The "bridal suite" was at the height of its disorder.

"Come in," Mary called.

It was Mrs. Sanders! She came in regally like the Queen Mary under full steam, and her eyes missed never a soiled diaper, a shred of discarded cotton, or litter of discarded clothes. Still, she said nothing about them. She was, in fact, painfully cordial.

"You may be surprised at this tardy visit," she said. "But you see, I'm here as a representative of the Mothers' League of Greater Sanders. When any new babies are born, we visit the mother, investigate to find out if everything possible is being done for the good of both mother and child. Of course, I should have come sooner, but I've been so terribly busy—"

"Of course," said Mary, trying manfully to match the other's sweetness of tone.

"I suppose I needn't ask if they are healthy. They seem to have acquired a reputation on that point. But what are your plans for their future? Have you made any special arrangements for their life?"

Mary tried not to laugh. "Naturally," she said, "one can't make any definite plans for children so young—"

"Thank you," Mrs. Sanders said. "I think that's all I wanted to ask in your case." And with a few swift sentences of conventional conversation about the weather, the approaching Christmas, and other trivialities, Mrs. Sanders swept the room with one more eagle-eyed glance, smiled patronizingly, and was gone.

Now what did that mean?

Slowly Mary began to pick up the baby

clothes, brush bits of cotton and tooth-picks into the fireplace, while her mind raced fearfully, like a squirrel in a cage.

It was inconceivable that the Sanders' had decided to give up the fight. She was sure they would never do that. Nor would they consent to recognize her and her children, tell the whole town the truth. She caught her breath in sudden panic at the thought that this visit had been in the nature of a scouting expedition before an attempt to take her children away from her.

Then she laughed. Of course not! The only way the Sanders' could take the children from her was to reveal the secret that was as much theirs as hers. And that, she was convinced, they would never do.

BUT in that comforting thought, she was wrong. There were other ways.

Two days after Mrs. Sanders' visit to Mary, came Sheriff Barstow, borne down by his mission, hating it. He gave her an official document, demanding her upon a certain day of the next week to "show cause" in court why she should not be removed from the guardianship of her children on the grounds of unfitness for motherhood.

Then hysteria in earnest claimed Mary Sothern. Even when John Benson returned to her for the first time in weeks, he could not calm her. "They can't!" she cried over and over. "They can't do this

found these two infants in their carriage, locked up in a jail cell, crying as if their little hearts would break, and not a soul near them."

"Can you prove this?" the judge asked. Mrs. Sanders could, and did. Triumphantly she brought forth a photograph. There were the babies in their handsome English perambulator, locked into an otherwise empty cell.

On and on the hearing went, with Mrs. Sanders piling up damaging fact after damaging fact against Mary. The condition of the room the day she had called on Mary. . . . Mary's own admission that she had no plans for the upbringing of her children. All true, but so false in its implication.

And as a crowning blow she produced evidence that Mary's marriage certificate was a forgery.

Mary was sitting quietly, her head bowed, by the time the hearing was over. She knew what the verdict would be. More than ever she marvelled at the implacable hatred Mrs. Sanders bore her—all for something that lay dead, and should have been decently buried, in the past.

Well, it was over. The judge ruled that Mrs. Sanders was to be given the power to place the children in a home to be chosen by her.

Somehow, during the next few days, Mary went about the care of her children—never knowing which day would be

The tinsel and blobs of bright color, the lights on the tree, all hurt her eyes and made her head ache.

"I wonder what's keepin' that dumb old Sandy Claus," Daddy grumbled, bustling about, switching on lights. Suddenly it struck Mary that Daddy seemed a great deal more cheerful tonight than he had that afternoon. The excitement, she supposed; and she smiled, a little bitterly, at the thought that anything so trivial could make him forget his sympathy for her. It seemed like a small disloyalty on Daddy's part.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the front door—a commotion that immediately rocketed to the middle of the lobby. A strange figure was in the center of it. A disheveled Sheriff Barstow clad in—yes, only in his red flannel underwear.

"Now, what kind of an entrance is that for Sandy Claus?" asked Daddy in mock disgust. "And where are all the presents?"

Sheriff Barstow was very angry. "Some dad-burned fool just simply ripped my Sandy suit off my back and run off with it," he said. "And he had a gun, too."

A shout of laughter went up from the Christmas party, and Sheriff Barstow grew two shades redder and ten degrees hotter. It wasn't a wise time for the criminal to appear, but that was what he did. Suddenly, he was there, complete with the stolen suit and the stolen pack which seemed to bear him down with its weight. Then he spoke, and the mystery was over.

"Max!" Mary's voice was not heard above the clamor. She leaned against Daddy. If only he could have come a little sooner—She dreaded the look in his eyes when she must answer his inevitable question and admit that she had lost the children.

"Well, folks," he said, "I'm sorry I had to use a little force to get my job, but I hope the swag will make you forgive me.

"Swag!" Sheriff Barstow spluttered. "I'm gonna arrest ye, Max Tilley!"

"Wait'll you see what I've got in this bag, Sheriff."

Mary heard a thin wail, gathering force to become an indignant yell. Was she dreaming? It seemed to come from the pack on Max's back—and it sounded like—

"That's James!" she screamed. "Max—Oh, Max, you've got them!"

"Why not?" Max grinned. "They're my legal wards until they're twenty-one, and I've got a paper to prove it, all signed by Mrs. Alice Sanders. And with witnesses too."

"Do tell!" Daddy breathed. "But where does Mary come in?"

"Figure it out for yourself," Max said gruffly. "Do you think I can be nurse-maid, governess and whatever to a couple of brats? I gotta hire me a good woman, and at a good salary too, and—and I was wondering if Mary'd take the job."

But Mary hardly heard. It was enough for her that she had opened the pack, had lifted out its precious contents, was holding them in her arms, their heads nestled against her shoulders. It was enough that beside her she had the strong, comforting presence of Max . . . always there . . . always dependable. . . .

But is the Sanders family really defeated in its persecution of Mary and her children? How will the secret which first brought their hatred down upon her head be brought out of the shadows of the past into the light of day? And what new adventures in Sanders and in Hollywood does the future hold for Mary? Read the concluding instalment, in the February issue of RADIO MIRROR, in which the life story of Mary Sothern is brought up to the present day.

The Story Thus Far:

Paul Cranshaw, president of the picture company which had made Mary Sothern famous, couldn't understand when Mary refused to sign a new contract, saying that she wanted to go back to Sanders, the little town where Paul had discovered her. But Mary had her reasons . . . Three years before, she had arrived in Sanders, a lonely expectant mother, the possessor of a secret past which only Jerome Sanders and his wife—the town's leaders—knew. It earned for her their undying hatred and persecution. First they attempted to drive her out of town. Then, when that failed, they hired Max Tilley to kidnap her. Tilley ambushed John Benson and Mary one day when they were picnicking. He shot at John, seized Mary and took her to a cabin, where he held her. But against their wills sympathy grew between Max and Mary, and when he cut an artery in his wrist and fainted, Mary hesitated to escape . . .

to me! I won't let them! I'll do anything to keep my babies. *Anything!* Do you hear, John? *Anything!*"

"Can't we do anything?" Daddy asked Sheriff Barstow.

"I don't see what," the kind old sheriff answered. "It's all legal. Judge Fenton has complete jurisdiction. What he says will stand."

"And it won't be the first time that old shyster has sold a decision to the highest bidder," Daddy muttered.

"Max—" Mary said once. "Max can do something. I know he can. Where is he?"

"But he isn't in town, Mary," Daddy reminded her. "He's out on a trip, and he'll be gone for a month. . . . But say! I wonder . . ."

But once more, Mary wasn't listening. Almost, now that Max was gone, she was ready to give up.

On the day of the court hearing she had regained at least an outward mastery of her emotions. She walked into the private chambers of Judge Fenton in dignity and confidence. Surely they would see that she was a good mother! Indeed, hers was the best control in the courtroom. She had to lay restraining hands on Daddy when distorted evidence began to pile up beyond his temper's bearing.

"And on the day stated," Mrs. Sanders was testifying, "I happened to go into the jail, heard the sound of babies crying, and

the last. Mercifully, when the Sanders' chauffeur did come to take the babies away, Mary was asleep, sunk in the coma of a strong bromide John Benson had given her to bring her some respite from the agony of waiting.

The hotel was nightmare quiet in those days. Mary told herself that she must go on living, but she dreaded to face the town. More than anything she dreaded going among the Christmas shoppers who were happy buying toys for the babies no one could take away from them. But there was no avoiding the Christmas spirit. It followed her right into the hotel.

"But we gotta have a Christmas tree!" she heard Danny say to his father one afternoon—and knew, as well as if she had looked into Daddy Stratford's mind, that he had half-decided against a tree because he thought it would accent her unhappiness.

"Of course we must!" she broke in, trying to make her voice sound cheerful and eager. "Who—who knows? Maybe something good will happen?"

"Yeah, that's right," agreed Danny. "Can't ever tell."

On Christmas-Eve she tried to comfort herself by saying that she was enjoying the happiness of the others—Danny and Phyllis and Daddy and John Benson. But all the time she knew she was lying to herself. Her face felt like a smiling mask, and inside she was sick and faint.

What Not to Expect of Your Friends

(Continued from page 9)

Each one can do something well, and we should use each one only for that. We don't complain, "You naughty screw driver! Why can't you drive nails?" So why should we expect a woman who can write wonderful poems to tell funny stories or dance and Susy Q? Can't a man play a marvelous game of golf and yet be careless about his debts? Vocational Friendship would teach you to use him only for golf and never lend him money.

The art of Vocational Friendship, you see, is to keep your contact with friends only to those points where you're mutually sympathetic. With some friends you may find many pleasant points of contact, with some only a few. But almost every person you meet has at least one quality that you can enjoy.

THAT is the way I think that we should look at our friends. Focus on the quality you like best.

Anyway, I found that in this way I could be friends with almost everybody. Not expecting but one specialty of each, I was never disappointed. I'd say to myself, "Jennie is just a screw driver," and "Henry is a mallet," and I didn't try to use them for anything else.

We don't expect a rose to be good to eat, you know, or an Irish potato to be beautiful. We are satisfied with what they are. Are you peeved because a hippopotamus can't climb a tree and fly through the air, or that a butterfly can't fight alligators? Then why should we expect men or women to do things that nature never intended them to do?

But don't imagine that *you* are exempt yourself. You probably have as many faults as anyone else, and so have I. But I'll be satisfied if anyone says,

"Well, I met Gelett Burgess yesterday. Yes, I know they say he's so-and-so and so he is. He can't fly or fight crocodiles or bore holes, but d'you know, he's a darned good screw-driver!"

Words With Wings

(Continued from page 21)

DANGER is a relative term. There has been danger of war in Europe throughout the last four years. But as I frequently said in my dispatches to the New York Times, barring some unforeseen incident (and please note the qualification because it is important) I don't believe we are likely to have war in the immediate future. The reason is that the only nations which might expect to benefit from war are not prepared militarily or economically to undertake it. Moreover, other nations which fear war are getting ready in earnest to defend themselves. This has changed the whole picture and lessens the demand.

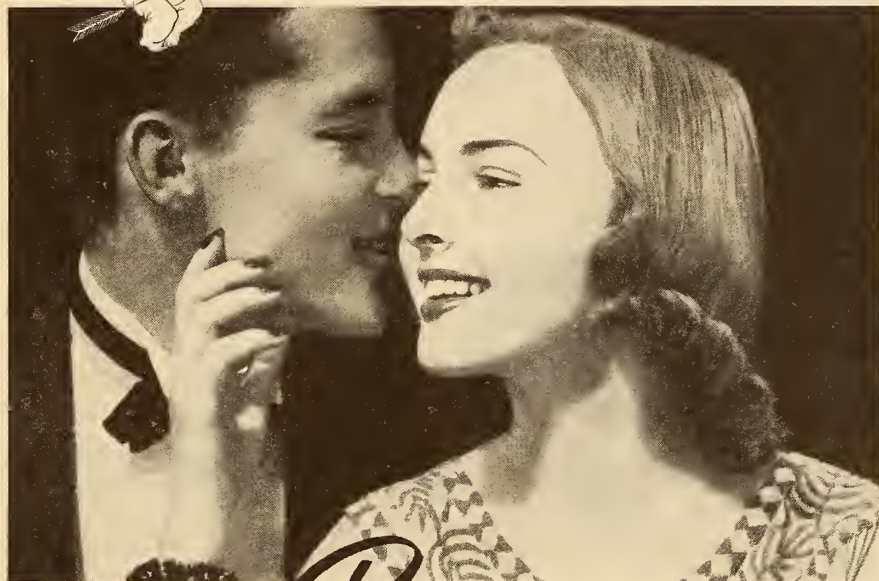
—Frederick T. Birchall, foreign correspondent of the New York Times, talking on the NBC Magic Key of RCA program.

ESPIONAGE is one of the oldest and most detestable professions in the world. Few nations will admit the existence of an espionage service, though the activities of their secret agents are everywhere apparent. Espionage is a dangerous business without any of the romantic glamour with which fiction writers love to envelop it. The one certain factor about it is that the reward of exposure is a long term in prison or death—generally death.

—Linton Wells, in a talk over NBC.



HOW MUCH OLDER your hands look when water, wind and cold have robbed the skin of moisture! Jergens replaces that important moisture, because this lotion goes down into the skin better than other lotions tested.



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AREN'T YOU TROUBLED when your hands begin to roughen and chap? They look unromantic—like old hands.

Why let this happen? Relief is quick when you use Jergens Lotion, which overcomes the drying effect of water, wind and cold upon your skin.

Not just an outside "coating"—Jergens *sinks in* and carries in beauty-giving moisture to the thirsty skin. By actual test, Jergens *goes in more effectively* than any other lotion tested.

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FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

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When Death Went Shopping

(Continued from page 39)

**HER FRIENDS
HARDLY KNOW HER
NOW—
AND NO
WONDER!**



**NORMAL PEP RETURNED
WHEN SHE RELIEVED
CONSTIPATION**

Folks used to say: "It's too bad about Jane!" Now they say: "I wish I had her disposition and pep!" What a difference it made for this girl when she turned to FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing gum laxative! You'll like it too for these great advantages:

- ★ **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.
- ★ **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—the chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
- ★ **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient passes through the stomach without effect and does its work in the intestine, where it should—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

It's simply marvelous the way FEEN-A-MINT helps put sunshine back in life. It's so wonderfully gentle, thorough, dependable. The whole family loves FEEN-A-MINT. Won't gripe, nausea, or disturb sleep. Get FEEN-A-MINT today at your druggist's, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 56, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

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LADIES, MISSES OR GENTS**


Agents wanted to sell our fine white vellum name cards at rock bottom prices. Good commission to agents. Write for order blanks at once.
Verville Press, 324 East Main St., Fall River, Mass.

A cough drop's mission is a very simple one. We believe that



**BEECH-NUT
COUGH DROPS**
BLACK OR MENTHOL

will soothe tired membranes, relieve "throat tickle" caused by colds and taste as pleasant as any candy.



queer reason she could not explain, little Dorothy was afraid of that hill with the railroad crossing at its summit.

"I wish you wouldn't go this way," she pleaded with her sister Marie.

"But why not, dear? It's quicker."

"I . . . I don't know. I just feel kind of funny about it."

"Nonsense," said her sister Eula. "It's only some sort of a foolish notion. Go on."

"But it's so steep," Dorothy insisted, "and the railroad tracks are on top."

Right here Mother McCurdy again asserted her authority.

"You're a regular fuss-budget!" she told her youngest daughter. "There aren't any trains due. And anyway, we can stop, look and listen."

Baby Martha, sensing that something was wrong, began to whimper. As the sedan crawled up the hill in low gear, Dorothy lowered the window at her right a few inches, hoping the light breeze would quiet her restless niece. And at the top Marie stopped the car so she, and her passengers, could "look and listen." Their view of the main line in the direction of the railway station was blocked by freight cars on a siding, but hearing nothing, Marie started the car slowly forward.

NOW, you see, Dorothy," said Mother McCurdy, "there isn't anything at all to be alarmed about."

But Dorothy, who had been looking out the window at her right, at that moment saw exactly what she had feared at the bottom of the hill.

"Mother, Marie, look!" she screamed. "Here comes the express train!"

That was such a shock to Marie, who was driving, that she did the wrong thing. "You shouldn't have screamed like that, Dorothy. I've killed the motor."

That announcement started a real panic in that sedan. But Marie quieted them.

"Just be quiet for a minute and I'll get the engine going."

Trying to keep her head, Marie worked frantically at the levers and gadgets she thought she knew so well. But somehow she didn't seem to be able to get the right combination. And all the while that express train was thundering toward them at sixty miles an hour. Finally, Marie gave up.

"I can't start it," she said. "Jump for your lives."

In the front seat, Marie went out the door at her left, Mrs. Scillian at the right front door. But in the rear of the sedan things did not go so well. Frances opened the left rear door and jumped out followed by Mother McCurdy. But Mrs. McCurdy, in her excitement slammed the door in Dorothy's face!

Dorothy tried desperately to open the door through which her mother and sister Francis had escaped, but there was no strength in her youthful arms and hands. By some grim trick of fate the handle of that door had jammed. Mother McCurdy tried it from the outside. Marie tugged at it. But they could not move that handle.

On the other side of that rear seat stood Baby Martha beating on the window with her little fists and crying:

"Mussie, take me!"

With the plea of her niece ringing in her ears, Dorothy picked up the child and passed her across the front seat to her mother,

who reached in through the front door. But there was not time enough left for Dorothy to get out the same way.

With her niece safe, Aunt "Dorfy" sank back on the rear seat, covered her face with her arms and prayed.

This scene on the railroad tracks did not take more than fifteen seconds.

Almost all of it was seen by the troubled eyes of the engineer driving that thundering locomotive. The train was shuddering and swaying from the pressure of the powerful emergency brakes, but he knew he could not stop in time. So when he saw Mrs. Scillian leap from the sedan with her baby in her arms he offered up a little prayer of his own. He did not know there was a child cowering in the back seat.

The heavy, speeding locomotive crushed the sedan to smithereens. Dorothy was thrown head first through the partly opened window at her right. Her body hurtled through the air ahead of the locomotive and finally landed on the next track ninety feet away from where the sedan had stood. Eye witnesses then understood why the other women had stood in the shower of glass and other wreckage instead of fleeing to safety.

Dorothy was a crumpled heap on the cinders. Most of her clothing, even her shoes, had been torn away. There was a terrible wound reaching from one eye to the crown of her head. But she was still breathing.

Two men—friends of the family—rushed that bruised, torn body of Aunt "Dorfy" to DuQuoin seven miles away, every mile a race with death. Somehow life still beat in that brave young heart as Dorothy was hurried into the operating room of Browning Hospital. There a knowing surgeon worked swiftly and skillfully over her. An hour later he stood at her bedside comforting her mother and sisters. Dorothy's lips moved.

"Don't let . . . anything happen . . . to my little niece . . . Please, God . . . don't let Martha be hurt."

WHAT does she mean by that?" asked the surgeon.

"My granddaughter," said Mother McCurdy with justifiable pride. "Dorothy saved her life. She never thought of herself once . . . just of that baby."

Boys and girls, Dorothy Jane was awarded a medal for her act of unselfish heroism. It was presented to her in St. Louis not long after her recovery.

The adventure took place back in 1924. Today little Dorothy Jane McCurdy is Mrs. Tom Jones, still of Elkville. And she has received a greater reward. For she is the proud mother of a baby girl who is now the same age as Martha was at the time of the accident.

And when I put Dorothy's story on the air, I was able to do a little rewarding of my own. I sent Mrs. Jones my check for twenty-five dollars for her adventure story. And later when her adventure turned out to be the best story I broadcast that month, I was happy to send that lucky mother an additional check for \$250.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by the "What Do You Want to Soy" department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

What would you do if you found two million dollars? Next month read the amazing story of a man who stumbled across a fortune—another in this series of true adventures told by Floyd Gibbons.

Pepper Young Steps Out

(Continued from page 5)

tinctive about them to arrest attention.

He threw off his coat and shirt and took up the subject of another shirt. This necessitated a careful review of the shirts on hand, the fact crashing in upon him that all his shirts were terrible. He longed, passionately, for a brilliant blue and white shirt such as Nick Havens owned. He had no blue and white. At last, from the meager pile, he lifted out a faded pink affair which at least had color, however faint, to recommend it. This, and a tie transferred earlier in the week from his father's stack, he decided were passable for the great occasion at hand. For he didn't doubt that it was at hand. Why, he simply had to get out tonight!

THEN he washed noisily, sputtering like a porpoise. He put on the pink shirt, the strawberry flecked tie, the dark blue suit reserved for state occasions, polished his shoes on a discarded undershirt, and then returned, a little timidly, to the mirror in which, at this point, he ventured a smile.

Someone rattled the door-knob. His face froze into stern lines. It was Peggy. She said, "Daddy wants you. He's been calling you. Are you deaf?" "I can't come. Busy." "But, Daddy—" "Got to finish m'algebra review."

"But—" "Beat it!" He heard her retreat, slowly. He had not hoped to accomplish this so soon. He returned, with a sigh of relief, to a contemplation of himself in all his sartorial splendor. He tucked a handkerchief in his upper coat pocket, patted it and eased

out his cuffs. He flicked an imaginary speck of dust from his left lapel, tightened his scarf, smoothed his hair, and bent forward and studied his teeth. Then he drew back his lips in a cheerful grin, let it fade to a wistful smile; tried the effect of a slightly abstracted frown, passed from that to a definitely bored expression, and then gave himself what he fervently hoped was a tender and ardent look.

He stepped back, satisfied, ready for the evening, ready to renew his attack on the forces of parental discipline downstairs. Swiftly, he ran over possible courses of action in his mind. He could, of course, simply sneak out the back way. But there was something in Pepper Young's makeup which instinctively rebelled at the idea. Besides, somebody was almost sure to come up to his room and find him missing before he returned. He discarded the idea, unless—well, unless it became absolutely necessary.

There was no use appealing to his mother. It was her movement that had first signalled to his father that she wanted him to take a hand. Peggy? Could he get her to pretend she wanted him to go out for something? He doubted it, particularly with Peggy in her present mood.

ALL this while Peggy, who had returned downstairs, was reporting dramatically, "And he won't let me in. He's barricaded himself."

"Barricaded?" said Mr. Young, vaguely, looking up from the envelope he had just stamped.

"Yes." "He probably wants to study in peace," said Mrs. Young.

Peggy shook her head. She waited for the effect of the bombshell she was about to explode. "That's just it. He wasn't studying."

"Of course he's studying," said Mrs. Young. "Why do you say things like that?"

"Because I saw. I peeked through the keyhole. He was standing in front of the looking glass *admiring* himself!"

"He was—what?" said Mr. Young.

ADMIRING himself. He was slicking back his hair.

"No!" "And he had on a pink shirt, a clean one, and he never puts on a clean one unless you tell him to."

Mr. Young got up. "Sounds serious. I'd better look into this."

Peggy said, "I'm coming, too. I want to hear what he says."

But Mr. Young waved her away. "No, you stay here. I'll talk to that young man alone."

He turned the handle of Pepper's door. It was locked. He rapped sharply. "What's the matter with you? Why don't you answer when you're called? Why is the door locked?"

Pepper's voice, high plaintive, abused, came through the panel. "Aw, gee Dad, why shouldn't I have it locked? It's my door, isn't it? I've got a right to lock it, haven't I? Gosh, a man wants a little privacy in this house to study in, doesn't he?"

"Well, this man won't get any privacy until he unlocks the door, so get a move on."

The door was flung open. Pepper said,

IMAGINE ME HAVING BAD BREATH!

YOU'D THINK A NURSE WOULD KNOW BETTER! BUT A MONTH AGO....

WHY SO DOWNHEARTED, SUE? ON THE OUTS WITH THAT HANDSOME PATIENT OF YOURS?

WELL, SORT OF. JIM DID LIKE ME, RUTH—REALLY, BUT NOW HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT ME AROUND!

GET WISE TO YOURSELF, KID! TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

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"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

AND SOON AFTER I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S...

WELL, GOODBYE, RUTH! THANKS TO YOU, JIM AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW!

DON'T THANK ME—THANK COLGATE'S!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



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





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Modern-Formula Piso's Relieves
Coughs Due to Colds in
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INTERNALLY, Piso's formula includes two important cough-loosening ingredients that stimulate protective secretions in your throat and bronchial channels. This internal effect helps loosen tight, irritating phlegm, and clears air passages.

For comforting relief from coughs due to colds, ask your druggist now for a bottle of **Piso's** 35¢ 60¢ (pie-so's).

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\$400



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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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in a rush of words. "That kid comes up here and disturbs me just when I'm busiest." Then, more conciliatory, "Come on in, Dad, I'm sorry I locked you out, but I didn't want Peggy busting in here when I was working."

"Working?" said his father glancing around.

Pepper nodded. "Yes, sir." "I don't see any books open." "I—er—I haven't exactly started on them yet. I was—er—just sort of reviewing the subject in my mind."

"Which subject?"

"Why—why—math." Suddenly Mr. Young smiled. He and Pepper looked surprisingly alike when he smiled. He perched on the corner of the table and bent forward. He said, in a low voice, "What is it, Pepper?"

"What is what?"

"Her name."

"Her—?" Pepper gulped. "Her name?"

His father nodded. "Yes. The pinkish shirt. The glistening hair. Who is it?"

"Gosh, Father, you must be psychic!"

"Not physic, son, psychic."

"Reading a man's mind like that!"

"Sue?"

SUE? That dumb airedale? She's a busted bulb."

"Not Sue? Um. Let me see. Edie?"

"What do you take me for? She's not fifteen yet."

"Judy?"

"I wouldn't know she was on earth unless you told me."

"Then who?"

Pepper glanced around cautiously, tiptoed to the door, jerked it open, and finding no one eavesdropping, as he had half expected to, shut it softly and came back to where his father was perched on the table's edge.

"Won't tell, will you?"

"Nope."

"It's—it's Linda."

"Linda? Linda Benton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, you've known her all your life. You never looked at her twice. What's got into you?"

Pepper shook his head. "I don't know. It came over me the other night. It happened while we were walking home from the movies."

"What happened?"

"We clicked. Meshed." His face, young, eager, with its row of freckles across his nose, looked suddenly flinty. "I've met my fate!"

Mr. Young looked appropriately solemn. "I'm sure you have, but—Linda. You've known her since you were babies together here in Elmwood. I'm glad, of course, that you like her—"

"Like her!" said Pepper, reproachfully.

"Well, what I mean to say, it's great if she's the one."

Pepper walked to the window, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. He stared out at the black night. When he spoke, it was in an awed voice. "Father, do you remember how it felt to be in love?"

"Do I—?" Mr. Young sputtered. "Say, how would you like a good sock on the nose? Of course I remember!"

"Did it—did it make you feel kind of funny in the stomach and weak in the knees and dry in the throat?"

"That's exactly the way I felt."

"Did it make you sort of hot and cold all over?"

"Yep. I remember when your mother came into a room, all I could do was squeak."

Pepper shot him a faintly surprised look. "Mother?" he said. "You don't suppose Mother ever felt this way?"

"Worse. Much worse."

Pepper shook his head. He smiled as one smiles at a child, kindly, tolerantly. "Oh, no, she couldn't have. Nobody could have. Nobody ever felt like this before."

"No," said Mr. Young. "No, I don't suppose anybody ever did. And feeling like this, I take it you were planning on stepping out tonight."

Pepper's face fell. His eyes lost their exalted look. "Well, yes I did want to," he admitted.

"You know your mother and I are against going places school nights."

"I know, Dad, but this is different. I told her I'd come by after dinner, and when I called her up a little while ago to see if everything is K.O., she told me George Stevens had called up, too, and I figured if that big drip got there before I did, she might step out with him and if I found her gone, it would—well—it would be a blow to me, that's all."

"I see," said Mr. Young. "I see, but I don't think your mother's likely to. No . . ." He shook his head thoughtfully, and there was a long discouraging pause.

Mr. Young stood up and spoke briskly. "Here, I almost forgot. I'd like you to run down to the post-office and mail a letter for me—if you can spare the time from your—studies?"

Pepper looked up. Gradually the hopelessness in his eyes gave way to delighted understanding.

"Sure, Dad. I'll go right now."

"And—well, see that you're home early. The trip shouldn't take more than a—"

NO SIR, I'll be back in an hour for sure."

"And how about your work on those exams?"

"I'll dig into it tomorrow afternoon," Pepper promised. "Honest, I'm pretty well up on it." He paused and cleared his throat. "Oh, and that reminds, me, Dad, could you sort of let me have a dollar or so?"

"What for?"

Pepper swallowed. "Why—er—you see—"

"I gave you your allowance on Monday. Where's that?"

"I had to pay my Athletic Club dues."

"Besides, what do you need money for?"

"Why—nothing—I only thought—"

"No. Your allowance is all you get. You've got to learn to make it do."

"Yes, sir," then, "Father, you won't say anything about all this downstairs, will you?"

"Not a word, if you won't either."

Mr. Young returned to the living room. Mrs. Young looked up. "Well, Pepper was studying, wasn't he?"

Mr. Young avoided her eyes. "He's finished. He's going down to the post office for me. I want this letter to get off tonight."

"I hope you told him to come right back."

"He won't be late," said Mr. Young, "that is—not very."

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Efficiency.
2. Omnipotence.
3. Delinquency.
4. Clairvoyant.
5. Verdigris.
6. Mantelietta.
7. Occipital.
8. Helicopter.
9. Gelid.
10. Equestrienne.
11. Exhilarate.
12. Indispensable.
13. Obeisance.
14. Pyorrhoea.
15. Wryly.
16. Crustacean.
17. Frieze.
18. Emanant.
19. Bacillus.
20. Misagynist.

Love and Hisses

(Continued from page 17)

out into the kitchen and fired Steve Nelson for bothering the customers. Naturally, Steve blamed it all on Ben, and not even getting a job as elevator boy at the Langley Hotel that same afternoon soothed his feelings.

YVETTE spent that afternoon in the Casino, rehearsing. Today Bernie brought her a new song, called "Sweet Someone"—a wonderful song, which he predicted would be the hit of the show.

She was still humming it when she arrived at her hotel and stepped into the elevator. She noticed that the elevator boy—a new one at the Langley—was staring at her in an alarming way, with a hint of madness in his eyes, but she went on humming, pretending not to notice him. Suddenly the car stopped with a jerk that almost sent her sprawling.

"Where did you hear that song?" he snarled.

"Why—!—" she stammered. "It's Mr. Bernie's—Ben Bernie's—"

"Gets me fired and then steals my song, does he?" the boy shouted, throwing the control lever over so the elevator began to descend at top speed. At the ground floor he stopped it with another jerk and rushed out of the building.

Of course, it might have been the sudden descent which made her heart skip so many beats, but she didn't think so. Because even with a scowl on his face this boy had something—

What he had was a punch in the eye for Ben Bernie, whom he found fifteen minutes later in Lindy's. He delivered the punch and rushed out again, feeling a whole lot better, before Bernie had a chance to call after him.

Luckily he was back on his new job before the manager of the Langley realized what had happened. At least, Yvette thought it was lucky, because it didn't take many rides with Steve at the controls for them to become fast friends. Once he asked her if she knew Ben Bernie very well, but she changed the subject.

Meanwhile, Winchell had been busy on Yvette's career. He began pulling wires, and within a week announced proudly that he had booked her into a guest appearance on the big radio variety show which followed his own Sunday-night broadcast.

"You're doing all this just to make Mr. Bernie burn—burn down?" Yvette asked, hoping that his answer would be yes. Though she tried not to admit it even to herself, her conscience was giving her trouble these days, particularly whenever Winchell showed her still another proof of his generosity.

Winchell grinned. "No. That's just for laughs. What I really want is to see you get across. You rate it."

Joan, Walter's Girl Friday, walked into the room just then, threw a severe glance at Yvette, and said: "There are a couple of Harvard men outside to see you."

"I don't know any Harvard men."

"You'll know these. They've got a diploma for you."

She opened the door and the two mugs from the cleaning and dyeing racket walked in, back to do some more complaining. They eyed Yvette with interest.

"Listen," said the bigger of the two, "We don't like to do this, Walter, but the Brain still wants you to stop making those cracks."

"I gave you my answer on that," Winchell said, "and it still goes. I'll stop making cracks when the Brain stops making news."

"Is that final?"

Is Your Skin Treatment LUCKY FOR YOU?



VOTE HERE		
SOAP AND WATER	YES	NO
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(38)



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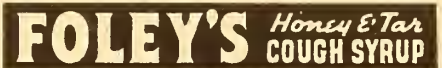
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"That's final." There was a pause, while the men looked at him grimly. "Okay, Walter. If that's the way you feel," said the spokesman, and they walked out. They didn't worry Winchell much. As he told Yvette, the worst he could get from the Brain would be a punch in the nose and a good line for the column about him was worth that little price. Yvette telephoned the news about her guest appearance on the air to Bernie, who received it gleefully. "A week from Sunday!" he chortled. "And I break the new floor show, with you in it, the very next night. That will be April the first—Winchell's Memorial Day! Yowsah!"

THE week passed quickly for Yvette, marred only by the knowledge that she was repaying Walter Winchell for his kindness by aiding in a plot to make him look like a fool; and by the necessity of keeping her connection with Bernie hidden from Steve Nelson. Duplicity didn't come easily to her, and most of all she hated lying to the man she loved. Because, by now, she knew she loved Steve.

Sunday came and with it Steve, standing at the door of her room with an enormous basket of flowers.

"Oh, Steve! How sweet," she cried, jumping to the conclusion that they were from him. Then she opened the envelope and her face fell as she looked at the card it contained. The flowers were from Ben Bernie.

"Who's your friend?" Steve asked, bristling with suspicion.

"Oh—nobody. . . Just somebody wishing me luck on the program tonight."

Before she could stop him, Steve had snatched the card from her hand. He read it and looked up at her, flushing in anger.

"Ben Bernie! So that fourflusher's your friend! And you told me you'd only seen him when you were looking for work. I suppose he's the fellow that's been calling you every day for the last week!"

"Yes—but he—it's all a joke." Yvette was trying desperately to explain.

"It's a joke all right. But it's on me. And I'm not laughing."

"No, no, Steve. . ." And then it all came out, the whole story of how she worked for Bernie, and how Winchell was helping to make her famous—everything. When she had finished, Steve looked at her a second in silence.

"Well," he said, "if it's true it's a rotten trick. You know Ben Bernie stole my song. If you'd really cared for me you couldn't have had anything to do with him."

"Steve—I know there has been a mistake about that song—"

"Sure," Steve said wearily. "I made it. I made it when I came to this town. It's too full of chisellers and wise guys. There's a bus leaving tonight at ten o'clock for Boise, Idaho—and I'm going to be on it!"

He was gone. Yvette started to follow him. But she had gone only a few steps when she changed her mind and went to Bernie's office instead. There she told Ben that she was quitting, and why.

"But I didn't steal his song!" Ben expostulated. "I've had it published, and it's got his name on it. I've been trying to find him for weeks."

He finally succeeded in mollifying Yvette, and getting her to agree to appear on the broadcast that night, but only on condition that Bernie go to the bus station and prevent Steve from leaving.

BUT as the day passed, she grew more and more despondent. Somehow or other she got up in front of the microphone that night and sang her two numbers. Then she ran out of the studio to the reception room, without knowing or caring whether she had been a success.

"Were there any telephone calls for me?" she asked the girl at the desk, just as Winchell came out of the studio after her.

"No, Miss Yvette," the girl said, and Yvette sank numbly down on the leather-upholstered bench.

"You were wonderful, kid—a knockout!" Winchell burred.

"It's too late," she sighed mournfully. "Too late for what?"

"He has gone already—my Steve—the boy I was going to marry."

Things were moving too fast for Walter. "The boy you— Does your father know

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1937.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred Sammis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., Channin Bldg., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Editor, Fred Sammis, Channin Bldg., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, Channin Bldg., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Business Managers, None.
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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) FRED R. SAMMIS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September 1937.
(SEAL)

JOSEPH M. ROTH,
Notary Public Westchester County,
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 411
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 9 R 284
Commission expires March 30, 1939

about this?"

"I have no father," said Yvette, throwing discretion to the winds. She didn't care now if Winchell learned the whole story. In fact, she wanted him to. "I am not what you think I am. It is all a joke on you. I work for Ben Bernie. I am Eugenie, the girl you exposed."

"Hub?" For a moment she didn't know what Winchell was going to do. Then he exploded into gales of laughter. "I never thought Bernie had that many brains," he said when he had caught his breath. "The Old Maestro certainly did put one over on the Old Master."

But Yvette wasn't listening. It might have made her feel better if she had known that right about then Ben Bernie was having a hard time of it. He'd just caught Steve at the bus station, and was talking faster than he'd ever talked in his life in an effort to convince that angry young man he wasn't the victim of a plot to steal his songs and his girl. Ben succeeded finally, but the battle had exhausted him so much that he made Steve promise to stay away from Yvette until after the opening.

Ben flattered himself he had everything under control the next noon when he sat in Lindy's eating lunch. Then Winchell walked in, looking unusually cheerful.

"Hi, Ben," he shouted. "Read my column for tonight yet?"

YOU know I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot polecat."

"Well, there's something in it that will interest you. Here's a proof."

Bernie took it, and read: "Your New York correspondent can take it as well as dish it out. We hate to admit it, but Ben Bernie has finally compelled us to salute and salaam. We have just learned that Yvette, the songstress we praised so highly, and Eugenie, who failed to win our esteem, are one and the same girl."

"I surrender, dear," Winchell said. But Bernie's triumph was short-lived. They looked up to see Joan running past the crowded tables toward them.

"Mr. Winchell!" she gasped. "That mob. They've kidnaped Yvette!" She handed him a note. "If you want to see Yvette Guerin alive again, wait in your office until you hear from us," it read. "And don't notify the police."

At eight o'clock that night the call came. Winchell listened with a stony face to the demands of the kidnapers. He hung up and said, "We have to go to the Mill River Road and drive along it until a car coming towards us flickers its headlights. Then we're to turn and follow it. And they want fifty thousand in unmarked bills. You've got to come with me, Ben, and explain that the girl is just



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KITCHEN NEWS

By MARGARET SIMPSON

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a penniless singer, trying to get a break." "Anything you say, Walter," Ben gulped. The Mill River Road was lonely and dark in the early spring night. To their overwrought nerves every pair of headlights they saw were the ones they were looking for. At last came a car that blinked its lights. They followed it off the River Road into a narrow, rutted lane. It stopped after jolting along for about a mile, and switched off its lights. Winchell stopped his car just behind it, and switched off his lights too. A voice cut out of the darkness.

"All right. Put 'em up and keep 'em there. Where's the money?"

Winchell and Bernie got out of their cars, holding their hands up.

"Who's this mugg?" asked the voice sharply.

"That's Ben Bernie," Winchell began. "You see, he—"

"All right. Where's the money?" the man interrupted.

"Well, we haven't got it, because—"

THOUGH we was foolin', did you?" the gangster sneered. "Well, it's nine o'clock now. You bring the money here by eleven or you'll never see that girl alive again. And we'll keep this guy Bernie here with us, just to make sure there's no double cross."

"Do—do you have to do that, fellows?" pleaded Bernie quaveringly.

"Oh, a tough guy, huh?" said the gangster, and pushed Bernie in the face.

As Winchell moved toward his car, the gangster and a partner who suddenly appeared from the darkness were busy blindfolding and tying Bernie. One roughly pushed him into their car and got in after him, while the other stood a few paces away on the road, watching. Winchell tiptoed back to this man.

"You're doing swell," he whispered. "Now take him up to the farmhouse and keep his mind on his troubles for a couple of hours."

"Okay, Walter," said the gangster. "But remember your promise. You know how it is—a guy at the head of the cleaning and dyeing racket can't take that kind of thing. The Brain's sensitive. He don't mind when you call him a chiseler or a public enemy or a rat. But when you call him a former pants presser—that hurts!"

"All right," Winchell promised. "I won't, any more."

He went back to the gangster's car, reached in and conked Bernie on the back of the head with his hand. Then he retired to his own car, chuckling.

At twenty minutes to eleven, Bernie was as scared as he ever wanted to be. These gangsters were tough guys, and he knew they'd have no scruples about shooting him if Walter didn't get back in time with that money. There were two of them with him in this drafty, cold room, and he thought there was another on the lookout outside.

Suddenly he heard a door open and close with a crash. One of the gangsters yelled, "We got to get out of here! Winchell's tipped off the police!"

"Why, the double-crossing—!" growled another of the men.

"What'll we do with this guy?"

Silence—then the second gangster said, "Let's just tie some weights to his shoes and drop him off a pier. Nice and peaceful. No noise, no blood."

Ben Bernie sighed and passed out. Back in the Club Casino, Yvette had almost reached the limit of her endurance. She didn't understand the way things were going. First Bernie had called her, last night, and told her he had found Steve and that he was all right and would be at the opening of the club. Then, all day today she hadn't been able to find anybody. No Steve—no Bernie—no Winchell, even.

So here she was, at eleven o'clock, sitting in her dressing room at the Casino, getting more angry by the minute. She didn't believe Bernie had really found Steve at all. It was just a gag to keep her in New York. Probably Steve was rolling along on his way to Idaho, Boise, this very minute.

She stood up angrily, her mind made up. Not another minute would she stay in this place! She'd catch a plane and be in Idaho, Boise, before Steve. And she went out, slamming the door behind her.

But at the door leading to the dance floor she stopped in amazement. The hall was entirely dark, except for two spotlights. One picked out the blindfolded and tied figure of Ben Bernie, being led across the floor by a couple of rough-looking men. The other was on Walter Winchell, standing silently in front of the orchestra.

"Just a few feet more," one of the rough men was saying. "We're almost to the edge of the pier, Bernie—and then it'll all be over."

"Please don't do this, fellows," Bernie cried, almost in tears. "Honest, I'll never say anything."

"You sure won't. Not this way." "Hey, wait!" Winchell shouted. "I've got the money!"

YEAH," snarled Bernie's captor. "With the cops right behind you! You doublecrosser! Let him have it anyway. Muggsie!"

Two shots rang out. Bernie swayed dizzily—then, as the band began to play, one of the men yanked the blindfold off his eyes.

"Well, I'll be—" he said.

"You are, Ben, you are," said Winchell.

But Yvette wasn't interested. Past the laughing couples at the tables she went, headed for the cloakroom. She snapped an order for her wrap to the girl on duty—and then she stopped, her eyes widening in sudden hope. For there on the rack behind the girl, in the midst of an array of silk hats and derbies, was a wide-brimmed Stetson—the hat that Steve always wore!

"Steve!" she cried, and ran back to the dance floor—right into the arms of an angry young man from Boise who'd seen all the horseplay he wanted and had become convinced that Yvette was nowhere around the Club Casino.

Only a second's bliss—and then somebody whisked her away from him and up on the stage, where Winchell was saying:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen—I want to present the cause of it all—my latest discovery, Yvette Yvette!"

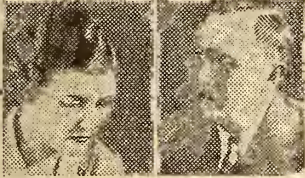
"Your discovery," snorted Bernie indignantly. "I'm the guy who brought her over from Europe!"

"Yeah—but I'm the guy who put her over in America!"

And the band swung into Steve's song.

WATCH FOR ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE COLUMN BY HOLLYWOOD'S ACE GOSSIP BROADCASTER, JIMMIE FIDLER—
IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of \$95 a Week?



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money. **FREE** Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 441, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive **FREE AND POSTPAID** a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

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Look 10 to 15 Years Younger! 5 MINUTES a Day Keeps Wrinkles Away and erases age lines. This new sensational home method *Sent on Trial—You Risk Nothing*. Lifts sagging muscles, fills up hollows. No Cosmetics.

Women, men, all ages, write today for thrilling hook free and *Facial Analysis Chart Free*.

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Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional disorders due to germs in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such germs with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Cystex (Siss-text) today. The guarantee protects you.



DR. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 49)

ing in on a broadcast and straining the audience's patience, to tell of some product or article, they have become an accepted feature of the program.

With the announcers taking part in playlets and jokes and revealing their personalities by entering into the spirit of the broadcast, and convincing the audience that they are really congenial fellows, the audience listens attentively to, and also benefits by their statements and suggestions.

(Miss) JESSIE UNDERWOOD,
Cincinnati, Ohio

SIXTH PRIZE

Half a day's journey from my home there lives a family that I have known for many years. A child of this family has never had a greater mentality than that of a five-year-old child.

A few years ago the father bought a radio and the girl took an immediate liking to this new thing, for here was a voice that would talk to her for hours and never scold or rebuke her, whereas the rest of the family had never found time or patience to try to talk with her.

Today she is able to carry on a conversation equal to that of any seventh grader.

E. P., N. C.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Why doesn't radio wake up? They should know when a certain fad has gone far enough. For example, sidewalk interviews; are they ever boresome—phooey!

It's no wonder these so-called sidewalk interviews are not a success in the entertainment world. In the first place, most of these interviews aren't real. They are "glamoured-up" to suit the wishes of the sponsors. Secondly, these interviews are a failure because they lose the very thing that they intend to create, namely, human interest. —ARTHUR BEAU, Moorehead, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION

Why can't the radio G-Men get justice?

I mean the Gag-Men, those poor unfortunate creatures who make the radio comedians stars and never even have their names mentioned over the programs—R. W. BRADLEY, Birmingham, Ala.

Here's a treat to you movie fans! If you want honest-to-goodness, real news about your favorite Hollywood stars listen in to Jimmie Fidler. He's the fellow that reports the news as he sees them—and knows what he's talking about too.

Fidler has a word of praise to whomsoever merits gratitude, but criticism also comprises part of his programs—(Miss) BEATRICE MARCOTTE, Lewiston, Maine.

When I took my first singing lesson hope died within my teacher's breast. However I retained one impression through all the intervening years—namely that it was the do re me's that counted for success. Blue eyes as big as china saucers and dimples as deep as the Grand Canyon had nothing to do with it.

Well, times have changed. Now when the announcer ends his ecstatic description of the singer he is about to introduce over the air, it would seem that every potential Miss America had swallowed a canary.

One ray of hope blots out the horizon—Kate Smith—W. M. SAUM, Yankton, S. Dakota.

TO HELP END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's EASY TO EAT



IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation—that they don't seem to correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is often deficient in many typical every-day diets. Thus when this factor is added to such diets in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination becomes regular and complete.

Energy Revives—Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

Thus, with the true cause of your constipation corrected, energy revives, headaches of the constipation type go, skin becomes clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* They have a pleasant, nut-like taste. And contain nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today. Refuse substitutes.



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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.

Make Way For Melody

(Continued from page 33)

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NOW Only \$44.90 Cash

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No Money Down



Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized \$102.50 office model re-finished Underwood No. 5 for only \$44.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements including standard 4-row keyboard, backspace, automatic ribbon reverse, shift-lock key, 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect all purpose typewriter. Completely rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

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BUT THAT IS ALL OVER NOW



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Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

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Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.



FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tams. Send stamp for picking and postage to Lewis-Howe Co., Desk 122-A, St. Louis, Mo.

would know what to say, now, if anyone flattered her too much. And the period spent in the Midwest would be one of study primarily—she could take a course in French and get a new singing master.

"Irene" was a success and lasted a year; when Jeanette returned to New York the turmoil of discovery, of growing up, of readjustment to new ideals and lost illusions, was almost complete. She hadn't been in town long when she got a job as prima donna in a small play produced in Greenwich Village—and that was the beginning.

Strangely, the shift from specialty act to leading roles was not a result of her persistent tripping about Broadway or of critics' notices. She was riding up to an agent's office in an elevator one afternoon when an excited little gentleman tapped her on the shoulder and asked, "Do you sing?"

Ordinarily Jeanette did not speak to strangers who addressed her but this man's eyes crinkled at the edges and he looked kindly. She told him she did, and when he further asked if she could dance she answered yes to that, too.

HE offered her the starring role in his play and she didn't hesitate. She took him to the agent's office at once. It meant Greenwich Village instead of Broadway, it meant a small production instead of a great musical show—but it also meant a chance to see if she could sustain a long performance.

She had to sing a torch song and when finally the critics gave her good notices they mentioned only her dancing.

When the notices brought her an engagement in "The Magic Ring," on Broadway, and she had signed for \$200 a week, and everyone had admitted she was the hit of the show—as a dancer—young Miss MacDonald faced herself desperately at last. Should she give up the ambition to sing and depend only on her dancing?

She felt the need of expert advice, anyway. She would go to Grace Adele Newell, a singing teacher she had heard of, and she would test her voice. If Newell encouraged her, Jeanette would sing, by Heaven, or split something trying.

She auditioned for Newell the next afternoon, and when she had finished, the woman said: "My dear, you have the makings of an exquisite voice. I will teach you—"

And the Panty-waist was eighteen, a stunning, smoothly polished, brilliant young woman, poised and gracious and well dressed, but still studying languages, music. Work, study, study, work, and it was 1925: there was no longer anything new about the speak-easy idea but it was still a glamorous one. Rudolph Valentino was the Robert Taylor of the day, and women were cutting their hair off, and

waistlines were moving down to meet rising hemlines, and the world was mad. It was mad, but it was having a wonderful time. Jeanette suddenly discovered that she wasn't.

Something was missing from her life, so well-ordered, so synthesized of work and study and tired sleep and hasty meals. Around her head was bursting a multi-colored display of human fireworks, an hysterical explosion of a generation too long pent up.

She was ready for romance, when it came, then, during that year. She had gained enough momentum in her career to let it run under its own power for a time, and she was intensely envious of the life, the gayety she was missing.

A girl friend of hers had an invitation to the Beaux Arts Ball, and the girl had an escort who had a friend—you know the set-up. Would Jeanette make a fourth? Of course it was a blind date, but Jeanette decided to take the chance.

She wore an 1860 costume, very gussied up with ruffles and ribbons and stuff, and looked vaguely—but charmingly—like something out of a sentimental story book. She acted that way, too, but only because this was her nature. And the young man who called for her, after she had refused a nip from his flask and had gagged on one drag from a cigarette, withdrew into a kind of a despairing silence. What a frost he had drawn!

AT the ball (a riot of color and of scant costumes and of people getting tight) Jeanette sat miserably against the wall after her companion, with a mumbled excuse, faded in the direction of the punch-bowl. An hour later she stood up, pulled her wrap about her shoulders, and started for the door; at the stairs a man she had known for years, a doctor, stopped her. "But the evening has only started!" he told her. "Dance just once with me, anyway."

They had moved only a little way onto the floor when a young man cut in. The doctor mumbled a hasty introduction: "Miss MacDonald, Thorn Hmph hmph . . ." and hurried away.

Jeanette looked up at her new partner. He was the handsomest young man she had ever seen in her life, and he didn't smell of liquor, and when he smiled at her his eyes said, "I think you're beautiful."

Something grabbed at her heart. This was it, then. This was a feeling she had never known before, that might be love—well, she'd see. She'd see.

Her first love—its ecstasy, its doubts, its bitter-sweet rapture—and, for Jeanette, final disillusionment that set her feet firmly on the way to fame. Read the gripping third instalment of this great life story, in the February issue.

Answers to PROF. QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS ON Page 3

- Kate Smith—her hobby is cooking.
- Bing Crosby.
- Tommy Riggs' Betty Lou.
- Gracie Allen.
- Allen, Gracie and Fred, Burns, Bob & George.
- Dorothy Lamour.
- Virginia Verrill.
- Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It's the movie company that produces Maxwell House Coffee's radio show.
- Tyrone Power.
- George Fischer.
- Kraft Music Hall.
- The Corborundum Bond broadcast—it's "theme song" is the actual roar of Niagara Falls.
- W. C. Fields.
- The pause on a network program for station identification.
- Radio shows that are recorded on phonograph records.
- Patsy Kelly, Grocie Allen, Fred Allen (John Sullivan), Walter O'Keefe, and Tim Ryan (of Tim and Irene).
- A "creeper" in radio slang is someone who works up toward the microphone and Borrmore does this so much, the studio had to build a fence between him and the mike.
- Arlene Harris, because she talks faster than she can read.
- "An X-Ray(e), (Martha) can go straight through Wood (Peggy)."
- Joe Penner, because they are almost certain of beating him.



Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

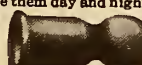
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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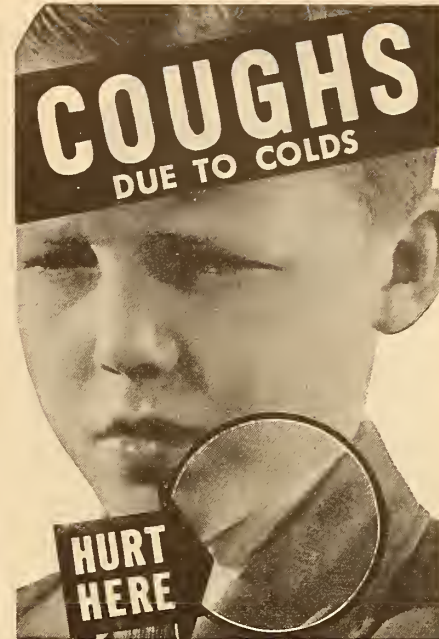
PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

HERE'S fun for everyone! Hold your own spelling bee in your own home, with this list of words supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of the NBC Spelling Bee.

Only one of the suggested spellings given is the right one. Go through the whole list, marking the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 60, and compute your own score, giving yourself five points for every correct answer. A passing grade is 65.

Incidentally, if you aren't already a Spelling Bee fan, listen in on Mr. Wing's broadcasts, Sunday afternoons at 1:30, E.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.

1. Efficiency — efficiency — efficiency. (noun) The quality of being competent or able.
 2. Omnipotence — omnipotence — omnipotence. (noun) The quality of being able to do anything.
 3. Delinquency — delinquency — delinquency. (noun) Failure to do one's duty; neglect or violation of duty.
 4. Clairvoyant — clairvoyant — clairvoyant. (adjective) Able to perceive things that most persons cannot see; clear sighted.
 5. Verdigris — verdigris — verdigris. (noun) A green substance which collects on copper as a result of exposure to the elements.
 6. Mantelleta — manteletta — mantelleta. (noun) A sleeveless silk or woolen vestment worn by cardinals, bishops, abbots and the prelates of the Roman court of the Catholic Church.
 7. Occipital — occipital — occipital. (adjective) Of or pertaining to the bone that forms the back part of the skull.
 8. Helicopter — helicopter — helicopter. (noun) A type of flying machine in which lifting is accomplished by propellers placed in a horizontal position.
 9. Gelled — gelled — jellid. (adjective) Cold; frozen.
 10. Equestrienne — equestrian — equestrienne. (noun) Horsewoman.
 11. Exilarate — exhilarate — exhilarate. (verb) To make merry or jolly; to enliven.
 12. Indispensable — indispensable — indispensable. (adjective) Absolutely necessary or requisite.
 13. Obiesance — obeisance — obasance. (noun) A bow or elaborate curtsy, expressing respect, deference or homage.
 14. Pyorhea — pyohrea — pyorrhoea. (noun) Inflammation of the sockets of the teeth, leading usually to their loosening.
 15. Wryly — wryly — ryely. (adverb) In a contorted manner; in a manner expressive of displeasure or disgust.
 16. Crustation — crustation — crustacean. (noun) An animal of any of the various families characterized by shell-like body coverings.
 17. Freeze — freize — frieze. (noun) Any ornamented horizontal band or strip in a wall.
 18. Emanant — emanent — emmanent. (adjective) Issuing or flowing forth.
 19. Bacillus — bacillus — bacillus. (noun) Any of the large family of straight rod-shaped germs.
 20. Misoginist — misogynist — mysoginist. (noun) A woman-hater.
- (You'll find the answers on page 60)



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work *where the cough is lodged* ...right in the throat. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. The big 6 oz. bottle costs only 60¢.

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This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



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Eleanor Powell, Nelson Eddy Secret Story of Their Romance

(Continued from page 8)

one of the nicest things about him. Had there been a news scout on the stage that first day, the romantic rumors about Nelson and Eleanor would have gotten abroad much sooner. In their first scene together they had to dance in a night club setting; presumably at the Rainbow Room in New York. Crystal balustrades and chandelier prisms reflected the varicolored lights that floated around the floor with the dancers. For over an hour Nelson and Eleanor swirled and dipped and glided.

When at last that scene was finished, Nelson held Eleanor at arms' length. "I think you're grand!" he yelled.

Sometimes things between them were less happy. There was, for instance, the morning the chorus boys, who had finished their work in the picture, came on the stage to tell Eleanor good-bye.

Nelson was very stiff. "Too bad there aren't a thousand of them," he said.

AS a matter of fact this wasn't an unhappy time for Eleanor really. On the contrary. For she knew what it meant. She had her woman's instinct to tell her this resentment meant more than his cry, "I think you're grand!"

Very gently she explained how it was about those boys. She told Nelson most of them were old friends, dancers she had known in the theater, workmen, really, for whom she found jobs.

"But," he protested, fussing with his high uniform collar "you like *Everybody!*" She shook her head. She called Hans, his dresser, and asked for his dressing-gown. Then she held up her hands for Nelson to slip out of his coat.

Immediately he relaxed. "This is marvellous," he told her. Had she built the Taj Mahal right there before his eyes he couldn't have been more admiring, more impressed. The chorus boys were forgotten. Perhaps she had meant them to be.

It was that very afternoon, with the sweet poignance of their understanding and their misunderstanding lying between them, that they came to their big love scene. In this Eleanor, who has been masquerading at West Point as a cadet, realizes Nelson suspects her identity. She runs away. And her hair tumbles down to ruin her disguise completely. It's under an ancient oak that Nelson finally catches her and their kiss follows. You know the rest, how the news scout saw this kiss continue after the director had called "Cut!" and how his item started all the rumors.

From then on, of course, everyone in Hollywood with one ounce of romance in his soul was eager to come upon Nelson and Eleanor out together. But there wasn't a sign of them at the Trocadero or the Brown Derby, at the Coward plays, the tennis matches, or the Bowl. And Eleanor wasn't in the studios Sunday nights when Nelson was on the air, on the Chase and Sanborn program.

What will happen next no one can tell. The weeks Nelson and Eleanor spent together on "Rosalie" may and may not have influenced those undertones which always have been a part of their relationship. As I said before, life moves slowly sometimes. It's almost as if the Fates, knowing what the end must be, felt no hurry about pulling the different strands through the loom we call Destiny.



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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 37)

formerly Shep Fields' vocalist. A year ago she was just another good looking girl brightening up an all-male musical aggregation. Today she too is featured in "I'd Rather Be Right" and is starred on her own coast-to-coast MBS program.

Despite this twin-success Mary Jane was taught a lesson in discipline during rehearsals for the big musical show, which she says she'll never forget.

Late for an important rehearsal, the stage manager turned a deaf ear to her alibis.

"I don't care where you were or who you are," he barked, "You must obey the rules."

That rehearsal ended at 3 A.M. As the weary actors filed out the stage door, the manager halted Mary Jane.

"You report tomorrow at nine A.M.," he ordered.

The singer was on time, despite only four hours sleep. She found no one in the cold theater. The rest of the company didn't report until noon. So the young starlet curled up into an orchestra seat and waited for the rest of the company. She won't be late again.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE:

GEORGE STACEY: Guy Lombardo can play the violin but no one can recall the last time he fiddled the instrument. He prefers to use it in place of a baton. The Lombardos won't play Boston this season because they are booked into New York's Hotel Roosevelt for the entire winter. Guy is happily married to a non-professional. He stands 5 feet 9 inches.

SHIRLEY SHELburn: Eddy Duchin has two commercial programs currently running on NBC and makes music nightly in the swank Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza in New York.

ELSIE HOEKSEMA: Rudy Vallee is now on the West Coast making a picture for Warner Brothers entitled "The Great Crooner." He hopes to make this film his first box-office smash. Rudy is also working on a microphone switch which will automatically warn a performer when he or she is standing too near or far from the microphone, by flashing a green or red light.

* * *

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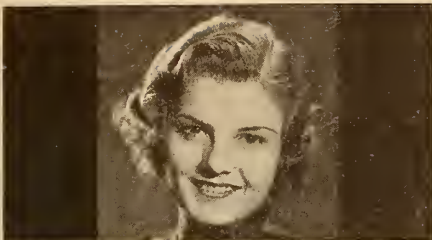
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Here is a new, different and fascinating manuscript contest, the object of which is to secure short true romances that have a direct appeal to the throbbing heart of humanity.

While there are no definite restrictions as to the kind of stories to be submitted in this contest other than that they must be true and of romantic nature, there are certain types of story that fit the editorial policy of TRUE ROMANCES better than others. For your information and guidance we will enumerate a few themes that are always welcome.

Romances of young love and young marriage—

Romances of marriages of the melting pot with foreign or semi-foreign setting or background in which either the boy or girl or both are of foreign birth or a single generation removed—

Typically American romances of the problems of young people in courtship and in marriage faced honestly—

Romances in which a child or a very old person plays a prominent part.

Romances rooted in any of these subjects are always welcome as long as they contain the sincerity, the power, the magic appeal which only the ring of honest truth can give.

If your story contains the sincerity and human appeal we seek, it will take precedence over stories of less merit no matter how skillfully written they may be. Judging upon this basis, to the twenty persons sending in the twenty best stories will be awarded the twenty \$500 prizes.

Surely within your experience or knowledge is at least one such true story, a story that plays upon the

heartstrings and brings tears or smiles or smiles through tear-wet eyes. If so, by all means write it. It can easily make you richer by \$500, for to earn you \$500 it need not be the best story submitted nor the tenth. If it is the twentieth best it will bring you \$500. And, in addition, even though your story may fall slightly short of winning one of the big \$500 prizes, if it contains a marked degree of human interest we will consider it for purchase at our liberal space rates.

**TWENTY
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\$500.00
EACH!**

Do not fear to try. Your story need not be long. In fact it must not contain more than 6,000 nor less than 3,000 words to qualify in this contest. Imagine receiving a check of \$500 for a story of 3,000 words—nearly 20c for each word written—a rate that many famous authors would be glad to earn.

Read the rules carefully and be sure to be guided by them so that when you send your story in it will be fully eligible for consideration for one of the big \$500 prizes. The contest closes at midnight January 31, 1938, but do not wait until the last minute to mail us your manuscript. By getting it to us as early as possible you help us avoid a last minute deluge and permit us to announce the winners without undue delay.

RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.
Do not send us printed materials or poetry.
Do not send us carbon copies.
Do not write in pencil.
Do not submit stories of less than 3,000 or more than 6,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.
Stories must be written in English.
Write on one side of paper only.
Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in a separate envelope in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.
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You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest if postage is enclosed.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at Midnight, Monday, January 31, 1938.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to TRUE ROMANCES Short Romance Contest, Dept. A1, P. O. Box 425, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

True Romances

A Christmas Carol

(Continued from page 15)

PAST: (Quietly) That carefree young man with the light heart and the gay smile—do you recognize him?

SCROOGE: Yes—yes—Merciful Heavens, how happy I was, then!

PAST: (Casually) A small matter for old Fezziwig to make those silly folks so full of joy.

SCROOGE: (Indignantly) Small!

PAST: Isn't it? He has spent only a few pounds of your mortal money. Is it so much that he deserves praise?

SCROOGE: (Earnestly) It isn't that. It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to make us happy or unhappy—to make our service light or heavy—his power lies in words and looks, in things so tiny that it's impossible to count 'em up. The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a— (He breaks off suddenly).

PAST: What is the matter?

SCROOGE: Nothing particular.

PAST: (Quietly insistent) Something, I think.

SCROOGE: No, no—only—only I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all.

PAST: My time grows short. And we have yet another journey to make.

SCROOGE: Where now?

PAST: One more visit to the past, Scrooge—there in that little room—with a fair young girl by your side—do you recognize yourself?

SCROOGE: (Anguished) No! No! Spare me this!

PAST: You're older, now—in the prime of life. Your face has begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. Your eyes are grey—the eyes of a miser.

SCROOGE: No—please!

PAST: She knows it, too. Listen!

BELLE: It doesn't matter, Ebenezer—really. And to you—very little. You see, another idol has displaced me.

YOUNG SCROOGE: (Sullenly) What idol?

BELLE: A golden one.

YOUNG SCROOGE: There's nothing the world's so hard on as poverty—and yet there's nothing it pretends to condemn so much as the pursuit of wealth.

BELLE: Our contract's an old one—made when we were both poor—and content. But you've changed—you aren't the same person I pledged myself to. And so I release you.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Have I ever sought release?

BELLE: In words—no.

YOUNG SCROOGE: In what then?

BELLE: In a changed nature. If you were free, today, tomorrow, yesterday—would you choose a girl without a marriage dower? No, Ebenezer, you would not. That's why I release you.

YOUNG SCROOGE: But, Belle—I—don't—

BELLE: You may be hurt by this—the memory of what is past, half makes me hope you will be hurt. But only a very, very brief time—I know. Then you'll dismiss the thought of it—as though it were an unprofitable dream. I only hope—you'll be happy in the life you've chosen! (She sobs softly).

SCROOGE: Spirit, show me no more! Take me home. I beg of you! Oh, why must you torture me like this?

PAST: One shadow more, Scrooge!

SCROOGE: (Anguished) No more! No more! I can't bear any more!

PAST: (Inexorably) One shadow more! Come!

SCROOGE: Spirit, what is this place? It's strange. I've never been here.

PAST: Watch, Scrooge. Watch and see what might have been yours—and is

another's. Look—there is the girl—older, now—and happier—listen!

ROBERT: Belle, darling! Merry Christmas, my dear!

BELLE: Merry Christmas, Robert. You're home early.

ROBERT: Bless you—you're prettier every Christmas.

BELLE: (Laughs) You mustn't chivy me, Robert. Come now—sit here, by the fire. Daughter's bringing tea.

ROBERT: It's a relief to come home to one's own fire—and one's own daughter bringing tea. By the bye—I saw an old friend of yours today.

BELLE: Who was it?

ROBERT: Guess!

BELLE: How can I? Oh—I know— (They both laugh)—Mr. Scrooge!

ROBERT: Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window. It wasn't shuttered—and there was a candle inside, so I couldn't help seeing him. (Soberly) His partner lies at the point of death, I hear—and there Scrooge sat—all alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe.

SCROOGE: (Brokenly) Spirit—Spirit, take me from this place!

PAST: I told you these were the shadows of things that have been. That they are what they are, do not blame me.

SCROOGE: I can't bear any more! Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no more!

PAST: I leave you now, Scrooge—in your own bed. The second spirit comes to you tomorrow night—when the bell tolls one.

* * *

SCROOGE: (Muttering) One o'clock—he was to have come when the bell tolled one—

VOICE OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: I am here, Ebenezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE: (Startled) You—you came so suddenly. Are you the second spirit?

VOICE: I am! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present.

SCROOGE: You're quite different from the first—you're so tall—almost a giant—and that great torch you carry—

PRESENT: Its light falls into the homes of rich and poor alike.

SCROOGE: (Submissively) Spirit, take me where you will. Last night I went by force—and learned a lesson which is working now.

PRESENT: Touch my robe, Scrooge, and come with me!

SCROOGE: Where have you brought me, Spirit?

PRESENT: To an humble dwelling.

SCROOGE: It's miserable enough.

PRESENT: And yet there is happiness here. Look—young ones romping in the kitchen—and Mrs. Cratchit—bravely decked out in an old gown—hurrying about getting dinner. Listen, Scrooge—and watch!

MRS. CRATCHIT: Whatever has got into your precious father—and your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas day by half an hour! (Door opens).

BELINDA: Here's Martha now, mother!

MARTHA: Hello, everybody! (Coming in through bubbub) Merry Christmas, mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Why bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

MARTHA: We'd a deal of work to finish up last night, and we had to clear away this morning.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Well, never mind, so long's you're here now. Sit ye down before the fire.

MARTHA: Where's father?

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MRS. CRATCHIT: He's been to church with Tiny Tim. They'll be along directly.

MARTHA: (*Gravely*) How is Tiny Tim, mother?—Any better at all?

MRS. CRATCHIT: Sometimes I think he is—and sometimes—(*Breaks off, frightened*)—Oh, dear God, if anything should—

MARTHA: (*Quickly*) Mother—you—must not even think—(*Door opens and there is immediate bubbling*).

CRATCHIT: (*Coming in*) Merry Christmas, everybody!

MARTHA: Merry Christmas, father! Put Tim down by me!

TIM: Merry Christmas, Martha!

MRS. CRATCHIT: And how did little Tim behave in church, Bob?

CRATCHIT: As good as gold and better!

TIM: (*Piping up earnestly*) I liked church, mother. Ohh—they sang the nicest songs! (*Wistfully*) I hope people saw me there.

MRS. CRATCHIT: (*Surprised*) Saw you there? And why, Tim?

TIM: Well, don't you see—because I'm lame. And if they saw my crutch, it might be pleasant for them to remember, on Christmas, Who it was made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

CRATCHIT: (*Low, buskily*) Bless you, my son.

CHILDREN: Are we ready to eat, mother?

MRS. CRATCHIT: (*Briskly*) Yes, children. All ready. Come—take your places—and wait your turn—(*Laughs*)—there's plenty of stuffed goose and plum pudding for all of you. Martha—you take care of Tiny Tim. And see that he eats plenty.

CRATCHIT: (*Reverently*) Shall we say Grace? Our Father Who art in Heaven—

SCROOGE: (*Hoarsely*) Spirit! Spirit, tell me that Tiny Tim will live!

PRESENT: (*Softly*) I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney corner—and a crutch without an owner—carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, Tiny Tim will die.

SCROOGE: (*Pleading piteously*) No—no, he can't! It wouldn't be fair!

PRESENT: Quiet! They're finishing their prayer.

CRATCHIT:—so that for many years to come, we may unite here—to do Thy will and praise Thy name. (*Heartily*) Amen. Amen! (*The others chorus "Amen"*) And now, my dears—with such a good dinner—let's have a toast! A Merry Christmas to us all—and God bless us!

TIM: (*Piping joyfully*) God bless us every one!

CRATCHIT: And now a toast to Mr. Scrooge—the founder of the feast!

MRS. CRATCHIT: (*Indignantly*) The founder of the feast, indeed—that stingy, unfeeling man!

CRATCHIT: My dear—Christmas Day—MRS. CRATCHIT: I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's—not for his! Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I've no doubt!

TIM: (*Gaily*) And I say—God bless him, too, mother—and everyone!

SCROOGE: (*Anguished*) Enough! Enough! Take me away—take me away!

PRESENT: I will take you away now, Scrooge. But remember—you have still to meet another of us. Expect the third spirit tomorrow night—when the bell tolls one!

* * *

SCROOGE: (*Muttering as the bell tolls one*) One o'clock again. This last one—!

THE VOICE OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE: Ebenezer Scrooge, I am here!

SCROOGE: Shrouded in black—draped and hooded—Are you the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?

FUTURE: I am!

SCROOGE: (*Trembling*) Ghost of the future, I fear you more than any spectre

I've yet seen. But I know your purpose is to do me good—so lead on! The night's waning fast. Time's precious to me—if I dare hope to live to be another man than what I was.

FUTURE: Come!

SCROOGE: (*Fearfully*) Spirit—why have you brought me here—to Bob Cratchit's home again?

FUTURE: Watch!

SCROOGE: It's—it's not the same—something's happened!

FUTURE: Listen! (*Mrs. Cratchit's soft sobs are heard*).

MARTHA: Mother—please!

MRS. CRATCHIT: And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them—Oh, Martha!

MARTHA: Mother dear—you mustn't. Try to be brave for father's sake. It's almost time for him to be home.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Yes, Martha—for your father's sake. He's late tonight. He walks slower than he used to. And yet, I've known him to walk very fast with—*with Tiny Tim on his shoulder*. But he was light to carry—and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble—no trouble at all. (*Door opens*).

BOY: Father!

CRATCHIT: (*Coming in, wearily*) Good evening, children.

MRS. CRATCHIT: (*Gently*) You're late, Bob.

CRATCHIT: (*Trying to be calm*) I'm sorry, my dear—I went—I went to the churchyard today. I wish you could have

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gone with me—it would have done your heart good to see how sweet and green a place it is. (*Trying to be cheerful*) But you'll see it often—I promised him we'd walk there on a Sunday. (*Suddenly he breaks into harsh, masculine sobs*)—Oh, my—son—my little son—Tiny Tim—I loved him so—

SCROOGE: (*Bitterly*) That's cruel, Spirit—it's cruel!

FUTURE: It's the Future, Scrooge—of some people's making. But come—we must visit elsewhere. Come!

SCROOGE: Here—on a common street, Spirit? What's there for me to learn here?

FUTURE: Listen.

FIRST MAN: No, I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead.

SECOND MAN: When did he die?

FIRST MAN: Last night, I believe.

SECOND MAN: What was the matter with him? Have a pinch of snuff?

FIRST MAN: Thank you—Heaven only knows.

SECOND MAN: What's he done with his money?

FIRST MAN: (*Yawns*) Haven't heard—left it to his company, I suppose. He hasn't left it to me—that's all I know. (*Both laugh*).

SECOND MAN: It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for 'pon my life, I don't know anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?

FIRST MAN: I don't mind going, if a

lunch is provided. (*Both laugh*).

SECOND MAN: Come to think of it, I'll wager I was his best friend. We used to nod to each other when we met in the street.

SCROOGE: (*In horror*) Spirit—tell me! Is there no one to mourn the poor creature—no one to bury him decently? Perhaps they'll give him a green grave, at least—like poor little Tiny Tim. Perhaps—

FUTURE: Come. I will show you!

SCROOGE: (*Mutters*) A churchyard—over-run by grass and weeds—desolate—lonely—a crumbling gravestone—Merciful Father—!

FUTURE: Read the name, Scrooge!

SCROOGE: (*Hoarsely*) Spirit—before I draw nearer to that gravestone—answer me one question. Are these the shadows of things that will be—or are they shadows of things that may be, only?

FUTURE: (*Sternly*) Read!

SCROOGE: (*Frightened*) Yes—yes—the name on the gravestone is—is—Eb-en-e-zer Scrooge! Ebenezer Scrooge! (*With a passionate sob*) No, Spirit! Oh, no, no! Tell me that I can change these dreadful shadows you have shown me! I promise—I'll honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year! I promise! I'll not shut out the lesson that the Past, the Present and the Future have taught me! Oh, I beg you—tell me that I can sponge away the writing on this stone—that I can undo all the suffering I have caused!

FUTURE: (*As he fades away*) The answer, Ebenezer Scrooge, is in your own heart!

SCROOGE: (*Frenzied*) Spirit, I beg you—I'll promise anything you ask! I'll—(*Breaks off, startled*)—Why—why, what's this? My bedpost! I'm home! In my own bed! They've given me a chance! They've given me a chance! Oh, God bless you, Jacob Marley, for haunting me! (*Suddenly*) What month is it? What day is it? I don't know! I don't care! (*Laughs freely, gaily*) I'm a new man! To lead a new life! My dressing gown—my slippers—now—now to open the window— Oh, beautiful day! Glorious! Glorious! (*Calls*) You there—boy!

BOY: Yes, sir?

SCROOGE: What day is it, my fine fellow?

BOY: (*Laughing*) Today? Why—*Christmas Day!*

SCROOGE: Christmas Day! Then I haven't missed it! The Spirits have done it all in one night! Listen, my lad—do you know where the poulterer is—in the next street?

BOY: I should say I did!

SCROOGE: (*Laughing*) An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Tell me—do you know if they've sold their prize turkey?

BOY: It's still there sir!

SCROOGE: That's wonderful! Go around, will you, and tell them to send it to Bob Cratchit and his family—on Broad Street—and mind you, they're not to know who paid for it! And do you go with it, and tell them I'll be there later—with a carriage full of presents for all of them! Now hurry, my lad—and here's a half crown for your trouble!

BOY: Yes, sir—Yes, sir!

SCROOGE: (*Laughs exultantly*) I'll show Bob Cratchit! Tiny Tim shall live—and have the best of care, he shall! And I'll raise Bob's salary—and dear me—I mustn't forget to give a good round sum to the poor—Oh, yes—and dine with my nephew, dear Fred, God bless him! Oh, God bless them all—Tiny Tim and everyone! (*With glorious yearning*) Ohh—if I could only wish the whole, wide world a Merry, Merry, Merry Christmas!

* * *

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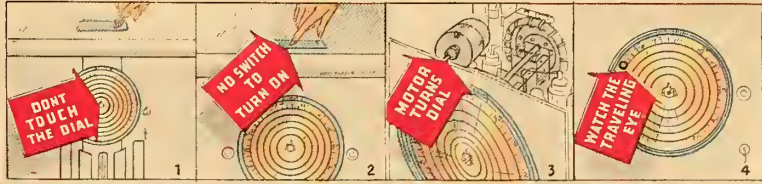
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