

First Time in Print! Side-splitting JACK BENNY-FRED ALLEN FEUD

Radio MIRROR

JULY



GRACIE ALLEN, GEORGE BURNS AND FAMILY

EDDIE CANTOR TELLS HOW YOU CAN LICK HARD TIMES

GREAT FEATURES BY: **Father Coughlin • Dorothy Dix • Boake Carter • Dorothy Thompson**

I was averaging \$45⁰⁰ a Week as a Saleswoman...



1 At 26 I had worked myself up to be the best saleswoman in an exclusive women's shop. Two of the wealthiest women in town were my steady customers, and because of their patronage I was averaging \$45 a week. Only Sylvia, whom I disliked, approached my record.



2 A grand job, a good salary, a cute apartment, and a nice man interested in me—no wonder I was happy. Ned and I were made for each other. Little did I dream how soon his attitude would change.



3 Ned got in the habit of phoning to break dates. And if he did call he acted indifferent and left very early. He wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I was miserable. But worse still . . .

I suspected dirty work...

4 I arrived a few seconds late one morning to find my two best customers practically buying out the store—and buying from Sylvia! Why hadn't they waited for me? They greeted me pleasantly, but greetings don't pay my expenses. I immediately suspected Sylvia of trickery, I lost my head and my temper and . . .



5 . . . in the dressing room I hotly accused her. In an instant we were in a disgraceful hair-pulling match. But Sylvia got in the last bitter word: "Any girl with a breath like yours ought to lose her customers!"

winning back my Business and my Boy Friend...



6 So that was my trouble, bad breath—the very thing I had criticized in other saleswomen. That night I started using Listerine—it's the best breath deodorant there is.



7 Next day I called up Mrs. W—and Mrs. J—; apologized, and begged them to come back—to give me another chance. And, bless their hearts, they came! "We wanted to suggest Listerine Antiseptic for your trouble," they said, "but it seemed so personal. You've had your lesson."



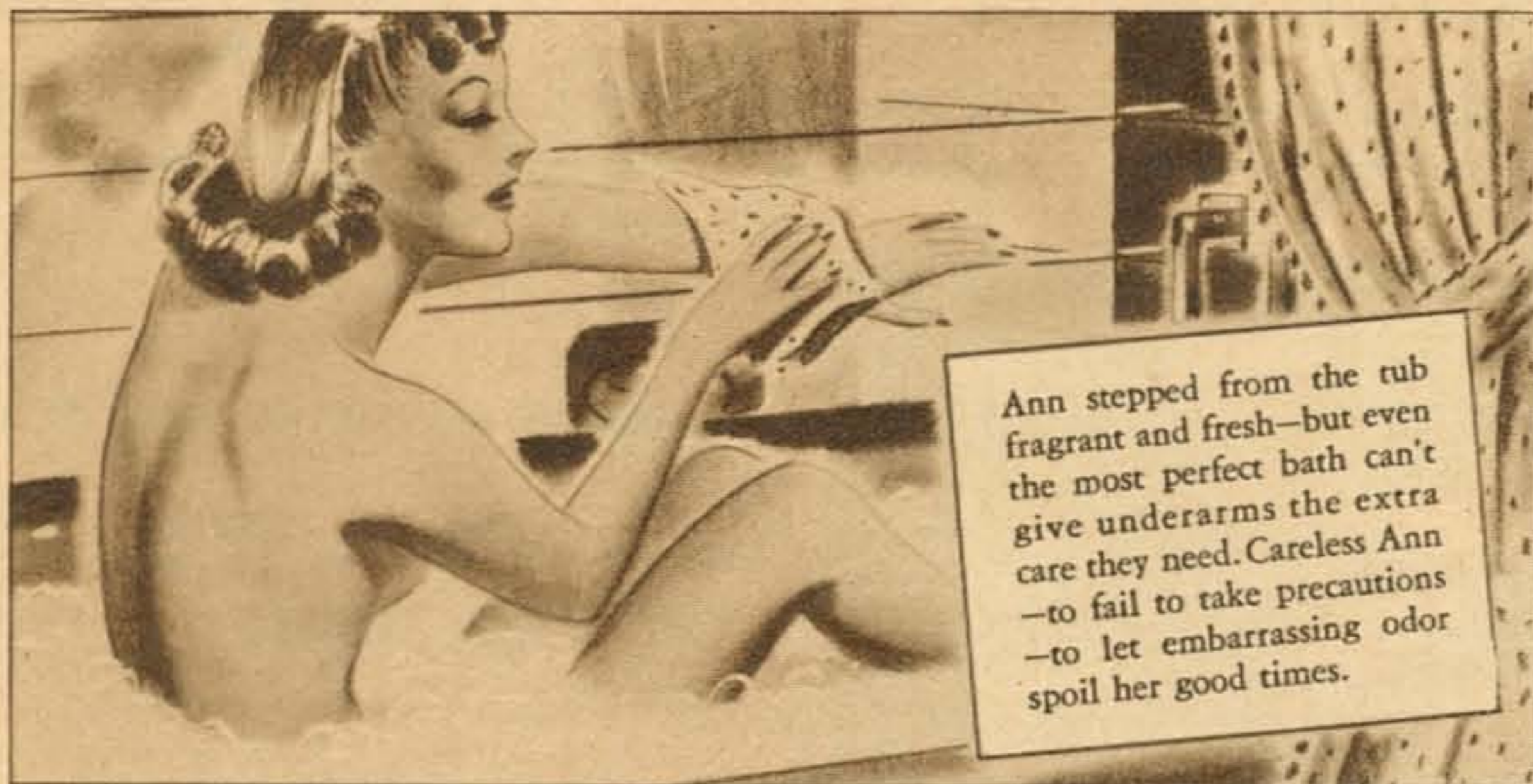
8 My next problem was Ned. No wonder he had been indifferent. I "came clean" to him also, and now we're billing and cooing again—thanks to Listerine Antiseptic. We'll announce our engagement soon.

AN EMPLOYMENT MANAGER SAYS:

NO CUSTOMER WANTS TO DEAL WITH A SALESPERSON WHOSE BREATH IS BAD. KNOWING **LISTERINE** TO BE THE OUTSTANDING BREATH DEODORANT, WE SUGGEST ITS USE TO ALL EMPLOYEES. NO GIRL—NO MAN—IN CONTACT WITH THE PUBLIC SHOULD RUN THE RISK OF BAD BREATH

**USE LISTERINE
for HALITOSIS**
(BAD BREATH)

ANN TOOK A CHANCE ON A BATH ALONE



Ann stepped from the tub fragrant and fresh—but even the most perfect bath can't give underarms the extra care they need. Careless Ann—to fail to take precautions—to let embarrassing odor spoil her good times.



JOAN PLAYED SAFE WITH A BATH PLUS MUM



Underarms need special care that a bath alone can't give!

CLEVER JOAN. Popular Joan! No matter how warm the evening—or how late the dance, Joan always has partners galore. Joan dances *every* dance.

For she never takes chances with underarm odor—the one fault above all others men can't stand. She realizes that a bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—that it can't prevent odor *to come*. So Joan never trusts her bath *alone*.

She follows her bath with Mum—to be *sure* she's safe from underarm odor. Mum makes the freshness of your bath

last all evening long. Don't risk the loss of daintiness, don't spoil your charm for others. Always use Mum, every single day and after every bath!

MUM IS QUICK! Just one-half minute is all Mum takes to apply.

MUM IS SAFE! Even the most delicate skin finds Mum soothing. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening.

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



So easy to use Mum! As simple as applying a touch of face cream. And—proof of Mum's gentleness—more nurses use Mum than any other deodorant. They know underarms need special care!



MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, Assistant Editor

Special features

Why Go Broke?.....	Norton Russell	6
Eddie Cantor tells you how to lick hard times		
Betty and Bob.....	Lynn Burr	8
Begin this dramatic story of modern marriage		
Divorce in Haste—.....	Dorothy Dix	11
And repent at leisure—says a famous romance expert		
Doctor Crosby's Slang Dictionary.....		12
Learn this new language to stay in fashion's swim		
Meet Mrs. Sinclair Lewis.....	Dan Wheeler	14
She is America's foremost woman reporter		
How Reliable is Mother Love?.....	Dorothy Thompson	15
There's a lesson to be learned from the Jackie Coogan case		
The Mighty Benny-Allen Feud.....		16
Now you can read it for the first time		
Let Radio Alone!.....	Father Coughlin	19
A message and a warning		
Why I Became an American Citizen.....	Boake Carter	20
The story of a man who renounced the land of his birth		
"One Special for Doc".....	Milton Geiger	23
The best short story of the radio month		
What Love Has Done For Frances Langford.....	Adele Whiteley Fletcher	24
A romance as gay as spring itself		
Behind the Hollywood Front.....	Jimmie Fidler	27
An ace reporter says what he thinks		
Charlie McCarthy's Father.....	Marian Rhea	28
Continue Edgar Bergen's unique success story		
Radio's Photo-Mirror.....		
The Hit-and-Run Racket.....		30
Stag Party.....		32
"True or False".....		34
Girl Crashes Radio!.....		36
Loch Lomond.....		38
Words and music of the song everyone's arguing about		

COMING IN THE AUGUST ISSUE
ON SALE JUNE 24

WHAT WILL YOU DO . . .



. . . IF WAR COMES?

Phil Baker and seven other stars of radio give their own answers to this all-important question in a startling, frank group interview that every true American will want to read.

Added attractions

Prof. Quiz' Twenty Questions.....	3	Answers to Your Television Questions.....	60
What Do You Want To Say?.....	5	Put the Bee on Your Spelling.....	75
Facing the Music.....	Ken Alden 40	Your Place in the Sun.....	Joyce Anderson 83
Radio Mirror Almanac.....	43	Begin Your Vacation in the Kitchen	
What Do You Want To Know?.....	54	Mrs. Margaret Simpson	85
What's New From Coast to Coast.....	Dan Senseney 56		

ON THE COVER—Burns and Allen and Family—By ROBERT REID

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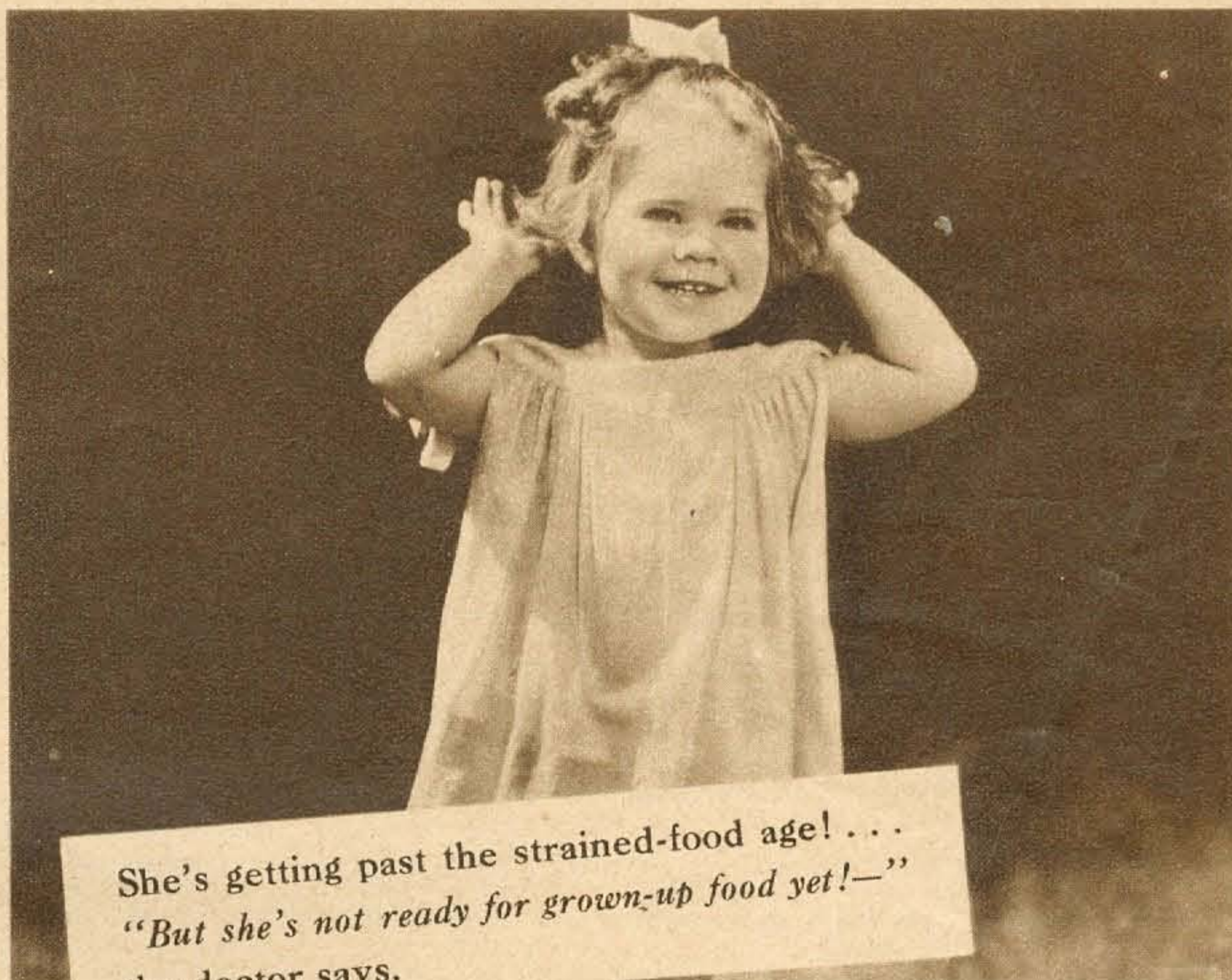
PROFESSOR QUIZ

TWENTY QUESTIONS

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

1. Who is "The Old Stager?"
 2. Who is Benjamin Ancelewitz?
 3. What famous radio instrumental quintet is really a sextet?
 4. Who are the parents of Dennis Michael and Philip Lang?
 5. Who is the announcer on the Good News of 1938 program?
 6. What musical director is wearing cap-and-gown these nights?
 7. Who are the Mullican Sisters?
 8. Who are the two kids you hear doing those jingles on the Campbell's Soup commercials?
 9. Can you name the company who are their own sponsors and whose entertainment is supplied by their own employees?
 10. What did Edgar Bergen call his first dummy?
 11. Who is Izzie Isskowitz?
 12. What comedian starts off with "Monkeys iss the craziest peepuls"?
 13. Is Joan Naomi the Bennys' adopted daughter or their own?
 14. What famous radio songstress, now off the air, recently gave a recital in Honolulu?
 15. Who is Betty Lou?
 16. What is Al Jolson's real name?
 17. What's the name of the song that introduces the Russ Morgan dance broadcasts?
 18. What former movie star keeps her maestro-husband's weight down since she married him?
 19. What's Frank Parker's real name?
 20. Who is Shepard Feldman?
- (You'll find the answers on page 64)

Doctors asked for these new Clapp's Chopped Foods for older babies . . .



Doctors were the ones who first asked for these coarsely-cut foods for older babies.

Even after Clapp's Strained Foods are outgrown, they told us, a little child still needs thoroughly *uniform* texture. And home-prepared foods can't help but be uneven. This is the source of most food dislikes, doctors say.

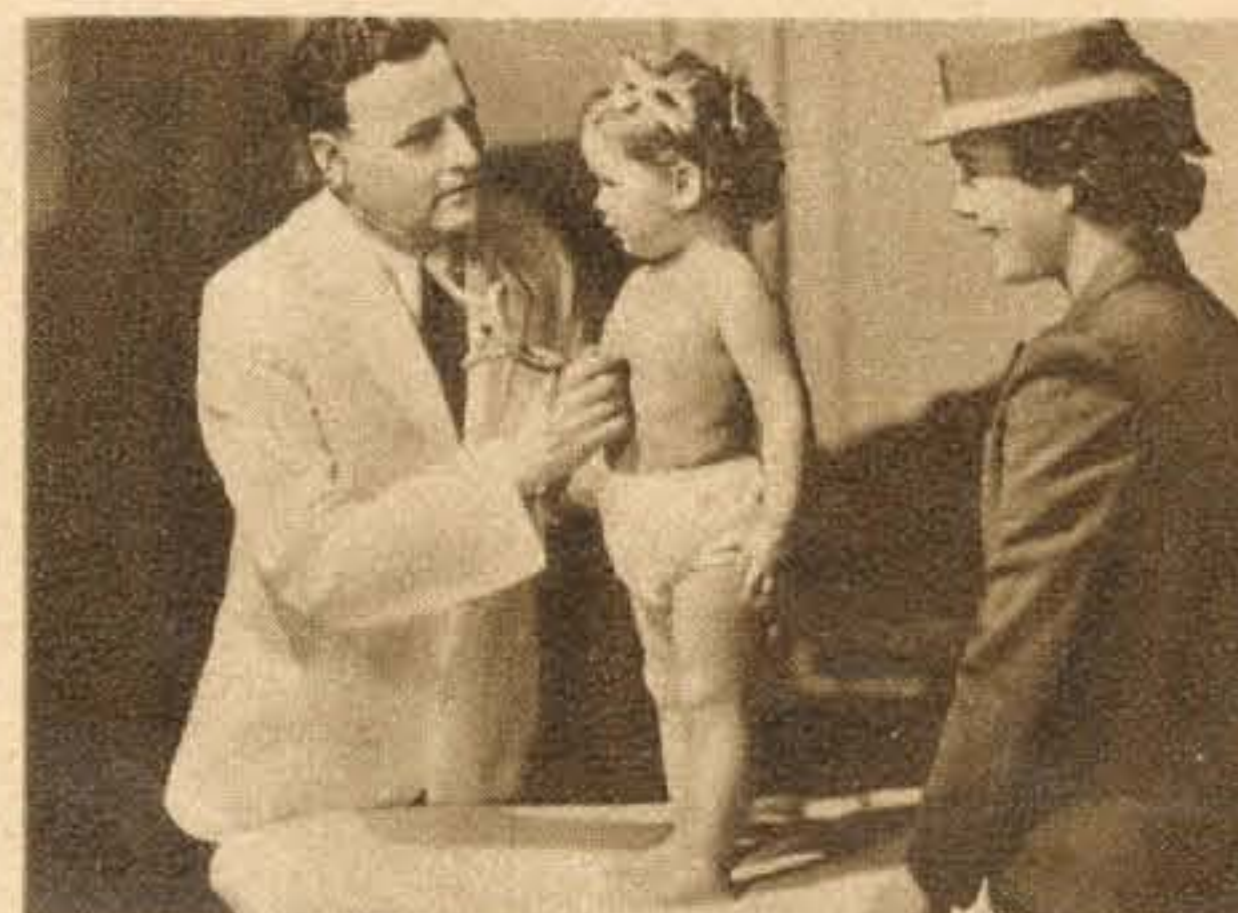
Moreover, few home kitchens can do the pressure-cooking that saves vitamins. Only the new Clapp's Chopped Foods offer all the advantages that doctors want.

Mothers are as pleased as doctors. For now they can keep right on enjoying the convenience and freedom of Clapp's Foods. No special marketing or cooking—or making husbands eat just what's good for baby!

The new Chopped Foods have the same high food values, the same fresh good flavors, as Clapp's Strained Foods. They are just more coarsely divided.

• Ask your doctor when to promote your baby to Clapp's Chopped Foods. For the run-about child, order them from your grocer today!

FREE—booklet about the new Clapp's Chopped Foods, with valuable information about diet of small children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. BCU, 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.



Announcing Higher Rates for Writers of True Stories

Following our regular policy True Story will not conduct a true story manuscript contest during the summer months of June, July and August. On September 1st, a sensational great new, true story contest will begin. But in the meantime writers of true stories can, during the month of June, earn the highest word rates on straight purchase submittals that True Story has ever offered—as high as 4¢ per word.

Heretofore an average of 2¢ per word has been the rate paid by True Story and similar Macfadden magazines for true stories submitted for straight purchase.

We have not abandoned this rate, but because we realize the energy required to write stories of better-than-average quality we will pay 3¢ per word for above-the-average true stories and 4¢ per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted in June of this year.

A Magnificent Bonus for Extra Effort

Think what this means in money! Ordinarily for a true story of 5,000 words you would receive \$100, a very satisfactory price. But if during the limited period of this offer you send us a 5,000-word true story that is noticeably above the general run in quality, right away the rate jumps to 3¢ per word, or \$150. And if it happens that your story is of exceptionally high quality your rate immediately leaps to 4¢ per word, netting you the splendid total of \$200 for a 5,000-word story—literally making \$2 grow where formerly \$1 grew. And if your story should run to 8,000, 10,000 or 12,000 words, based on these special rates your remuneration would be correspondingly greater.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of True Story are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate. This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time, as explained, is limited to the month of June, 1938. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, June 30.

True Story

Important Notice

Every person writing true stories should not fail to send for a free copy of our booklet "What You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." In it is described the simple technique which years of experience has taught us is most effective in writing acceptable true stories. Write for it today, read it carefully and your story will reach us in proper form to be eligible for acceptance at our liberal word rates. A coupon is provided for your convenience. Sign and address it to—TRUE STORY Magazine, Dept. J, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

We Want YOUR Story, Written In YOUR Own Way

Many persons have sought to take advantage of writers of true stories by offering—for a price—to "edit" or "revise" them; some falsely representing that because of "connections" they can help have your story accepted.

There are no persons or agents acting for "TRUE STORY" Magazine in the purchase of stories. No agents are able to aid you in selling your story to us. Any "revision" or "editing" by any such persons will only injure your story.

DO NOT DEAL THROUGH INTERMEDIARIES. SUBMIT YOUR STORIES DIRECT.

Advise "TRUE STORY" Magazine if anyone offers to aid you or represents himself as being able to so aid you in any way.

NO FEES NEED BE PAID TO ANYONE IN CONNECTION WITH THE SUBMISSION OF A STORY TO "TRUE STORY" MAGAZINE. WE DO NOT SELL NOR AUTHORIZE TO BE SOLD IN OUR NAME ANY COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN WRITING TRUE STORIES.

Caution

When sending in true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

TRUE STORY, Dept. J RM
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

What do you want to say?

FIRST PRIZE

WHAT PRICE FREEDOM?

THREE cheers for Kate Smith for her story in May RADIO MIRROR, entitled, "Women—Is Your Freedom Worth It?"

I have for a long time put off expressing my views on the ills of this country merely because it is just so much talk and material for someone to capitalize on commercially. But Kate Smith, you stirred the fire in me anew with your wonderful story.

I would be willing to place a wager that if a census was taken of the women employed in this country, it would just about equal the men unemployed. Couldn't somebody just reverse this situation? Wouldn't it bring back the jobs to men? Wouldn't it give back men their self-esteem? And wouldn't women marry ten years sooner? How many working wives come home too tired to prepare a supper? The husband is on edge from idleness, just ready for an argument which usually occurs time and again until finally it ends in divorce or separation.

The one I have on a pedestal, is the woman who is in the home. She is the

envy of her community for her wonderful cooking and baking. For the motherly care she gives her children. Not the confused and lonely children who rarely know where their mother is. She ranks higher than the woman that holds the highest position in the United States. That is the way nature intended it to be.

JOHN A. WALKER, Schenectady, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Although this may seem very trivial to large cities which have oodles of celebrities, small towns are very sensitive to slights, and gloat over just a bit of publicity. The only claim that Wildwood, a little seashore resort near Atlantic City, has to the limelight, is that Lew Lehr comes from here. We are proud of the fact. We glory in it. We are thrilled when he remembers to come back to see us. We love to listen to the tales of his humorous antics while here, such as going into a five-and-ten and purchasing only a penny paper plate. So, although Philadelphia is only eighty-three miles off, let her cheer for Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, or Janet Gaynor,

and not deprive us of our one and only Lew Lehr. Philadelphia did get credit for him in a recent article in RADIO MIRROR.

IDA MAE REISBERG,
Grassy Sounds, N. J.

THIRD PRIZE

SUCCESS HASN'T GONE TO HIS HEAD

If someone should ask me "What qualities do you demand in your favorite radio star?" I would in all probability point to Don Ameche and say, "I don't know what qualities I like but whichever they are Don Ameche must have them because he is my favorite."

We've listened to you, Don, ever since you first starred in current radio serials. You were Bob in Betty and Bob and even now I find myself thinking of Bob as you personified him. You had the leading roles in Campana's First Nighter plays when we waited eagerly for Friday nights to roll around. Now you're making pictures and emceeing on an hour program (which by the way is one of the most entertaining hours on the (Continued on page 52)

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES

"GLARE-PROOF" powder shades to flatter your skin in hard blazing sun...

OUT in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Skin seems coarser. Your face looks harder all over!

But see how "Sunlight" shades flatter you!

"Glare-proof"—Pond's "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to reflect only the softer rays of the sun. They soften its glare on your skin... make it *flattering!* Your face has a lovely soft look. Your tan a rich glow.

Try them right now. Two glorious "Sunlight" shades, Light and Dark. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

Pond's "Sunlight" shades reflect only the softer rays of the sun—flatter you!

Test them FREE!
in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Clinton, Conn.,
Dept. 3RM-PU Please rush me, free,
Pond's "Sunlight" shades, enough of each
for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Sept. 1, 1938.)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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Why Go

Broke?

**Frank, vital, courageous and startling! Here
is Eddie Cantor's program for banishing fear**

By NORTON RUSSELL

EVER since—well, put the date roughly as some time last August—ever since last August many of the minds in the country have been convinced that things are bad. But *Bad*. First it was a stock market slump, then it was a Recession, and now that old bug-bear, the Depression, is back with us, in person.

Do I mention the Recession too flippantly? If I do, there's a reason. I just got back from talking to Eddie Cantor about it, and I can't feel any other way over the whole sad business. Eddie had amazing things to say that made me hang my head for pulling a long face over business conditions. They'll have the same effect on you when you read them—the same very healthy effect.

If you're a woman, don't stop reading now, just because this deals with business. If you've ever bought a single piece of merchandise in any store, this is your problem just as much as it is your husband's or your sweetheart's.

Eddie Cantor, who went broke in one Depression, has a program for you to follow in this one—vital, typically American. It has the aggressive spirit of the pioneers, and a great deal of devil-may-care robustness. It is a program which only the citizens of the single young and free nation remaining on earth could possibly comprehend and carry out.

"What are people worried about?" he asked—and then answered himself. "They want security. That's the cry of everyone, from the thirty-five dollar a week clerk to the multimillionaire. Give the average man security, the knowledge that his job won't be shot out from under him, and that he won't suddenly have to take a pay cut, and he will work contentedly for years at a reasonable salary.

"But it's precisely that sense of security that's lacking in this country today. A manufacturer is afraid he's going to show a deficit for the year instead of a profit. His employee is afraid he's going to lose his job because the manufacturer is afraid. Then the manufacturer, because he's afraid, cuts down on his payroll, and the employee does lose his job. And because this employee and thousands of others like him, lose their jobs—the manufacturer doesn't sell his quota of goods, and he does show a deficit for the year.

"What was in back of it all? The lack of faith.

"This Depression—Recession—whatever you want to

call it—could be over tomorrow if fifteen men made up their minds to have faith. Only fifteen men, providing they were the right fifteen, men who control large amounts of money and power. Their faith in the security of the future, if they had it, would reflect itself right down through the ranks, kicking out fear, putting money to work again. And when you put money to work, you put men to work.

"This Recession is a man-made Recession. If I'm sure of anything, I'm sure of that. It's not the product of natural causes. We have the same country we had in the 1920's. There's the same sunshine in California and Florida. The same natural resources are all here. We're the richest country on the face of the earth.

"But we're scared.


"And the reason we're scared is that we won't look beyond the ends of our noses. If people would look around them, at other countries, they'd feel so good that they'd forget to be scared, and the depression would be over before they knew what was happening.

"Suppose you *are* taking a pay cut, and *are* in danger of losing your job? It's tough to be unemployed, all right, and walking the streets; but it's a lot tougher to be unemployed and sitting in a concentration camp. Suppose you do figure that the government is doing the wrong thing. Maybe it is, but it isn't the sort of government that lets you starve. And it certainly isn't the sort that throws you into prison because you criticize it—or just because it doesn't like the way you part your hair or do your business.

"Big manufacturers who are sore because they made a hundred thousand dollars last year and the government took thirty-five thousand of it away ought to stop and remember that if their plant was in Germany or Austria the government would take the whole hundred thousand, and hand them back what it thought they had coming to them—and no more!

"At the other end of the scale, you may be so poor you haven't got enough money to go out and have a good time and forget your troubles. For almost nothing—in fact, for absolutely nothing, because you can always go next door to your neighbor's—you can listen to comedy, music, drama over the air. You don't have to listen all the time to some politician telling you what he thinks you ought to know.

"The biggest trouble with (Continued on page 86)



One of America's favorite comedians has a message you can't afford to miss.

A DRAMATIC NEW STORY OF MODERN MARRIAGE AND

Betty and Bob

A FICTIONIZATION BY LYNN BURR OF THE
POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SAME NAME

(COPYRIGHT 1938 BY GENERAL MILLS)

IN a few minutes she would be home. Even now the train was slowing down for the suburbs. But in the midst of her joyous anticipation of seeing Bob's dear face once more, Betty Drake felt a twinge of fear. No need to re-read Jane Hartford's letter. She knew it—or at least the important parts—by heart already.

"... I hope you will come home as quickly as possible... think you ought to know that Bob is running around with a mysterious Countess Velvaine. Of course, I don't think Bob would do anything wrong, we both know he loves you and Bobby too much for that... but you know how he trusts people. George and I both think the woman is a fraud. She's got Bob believing she is going to build a mansion on the hill, and that he's going to design it... But George doesn't think she has enough money to pay her bills... said as much to Bob, but of course he wouldn't listen..."

Wouldn't listen? Of course not! Bob, the most lovable man in the world, could also be distressingly stubborn when he got an idea into his head and wanted to keep it there. Almost, Betty wished she had stayed home, refused to go South for these two weeks—even though, looking at three-year-old Bobby on the seat beside her, she had to admit that the trip had done him a world of good.

And it was really a trip they couldn't afford, besides. Not that Bob would ever admit this, for he hated the very thought of poverty, of economy. Take their little cottage, for instance. To Betty, it was perfect, but to Bob it was only a stopping-place on the path to the luxury he had given up four years ago, when he married her against his father's wishes.

She was proud of his ambition, his energy—but sometimes she wondered if too much ambition might not be a bad thing, driving a man beyond his powers, leading him into roads that were better left untraveled, robbing his life of the simple sweetness it should have possessed.

Then, unbidden, Harvey Drew entered her thoughts—as he had entered her life.

She had known him slightly, even before this trip to Miami. A tall, poised man, older than she, married and divorced, with two children only slightly older than Bobby. He had a great deal of money too—owned a string of big hotels. Under the Miami sun, their acquaintance had ripened into friendship. At least, she had tried to keep it nothing more than friendship. But a few days ago, Harvey had quietly told her that he loved her.

He'd known her answer before she gave it. "I know you don't love me, my dear. It's obvious—" and he even smiled—"that Bob is a luckier man than he realizes. But I just wanted you to know. I'll never embarrass you or try to force myself into your life. I want you to think of me as a friend—something a little more than a friend—knowing that if you ever want me, if you ever need my help, I shall always be there to offer it. And maybe, some day..."

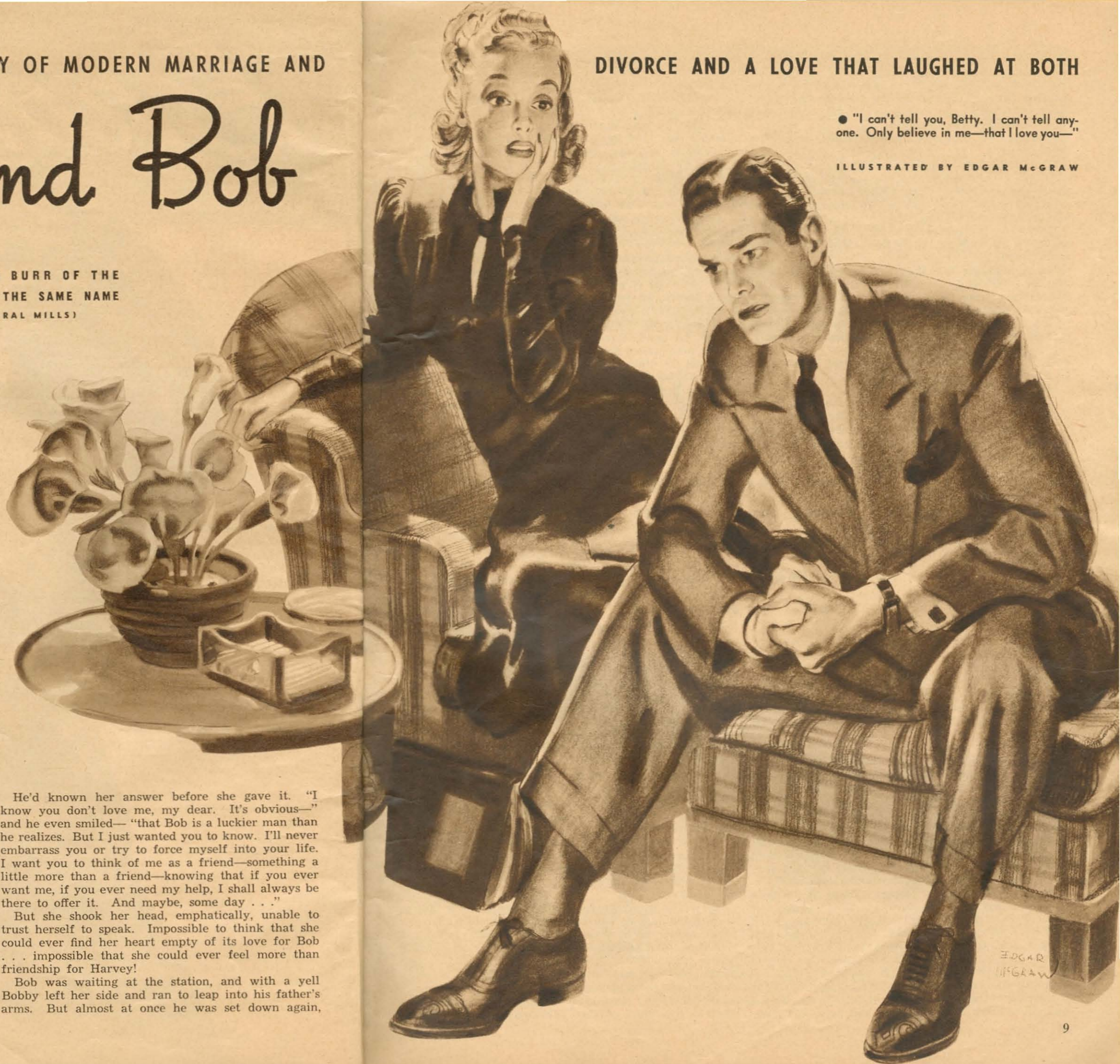
But she shook her head, emphatically, unable to trust herself to speak. Impossible to think that she could ever find her heart empty of its love for Bob... impossible that she could ever feel more than friendship for Harvey!

Bob was waiting at the station, and with a yell Bobby left her side and ran to leap into his father's arms. But almost at once he was set down again,

DIVORCE AND A LOVE THAT LAUGHED AT BOTH

● "I can't tell you, Betty. I can't tell anyone. Only believe in me—that I love you—"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR MCGRAW



and Bob's arms were tightly around her. About them were hundreds of hurrying, noisy people, but as Bob bent down and kissed her, all this seemed to vanish. Nothing mattered then except the rapid beating of her heart, the strong arms that held her, the boyish sincerity in the breast of this man she loved.

"Darling," he exclaimed, "you've been gone a thousand years."

"Only two weeks, silly."

"That's a thousand years." He laughed and picked up his son once more. "How's Bobby's cold?"

"All gone. But we must be careful—I don't want him catching another one."

"Don't worry. He's going to be strong and healthy, and grow up to be a big football player. Isn't that right, son?"

Bobby, assuring him it was, doubled up his right arm for proof, and they all laughed. Yet, looking at Bob as they drove home, Betty found her fears of a few moments before returning. There was something wrong. Even before he spoke, stammering like a small boy, she knew that, and the laughter died in her heart.

BOB, it seemed—and on her first night home!—had to go out for dinner.

"It's business, honey."

Her hurt made her say something she had not intended to say. "Countess Velvaine?" she asked.

"Well, yes. But I've got to humor her. She's going to build a big house, and if I land the contract it means enough for us to build, too."

Betty looked out the window, biting her lip. That desire for luxury and magnificence again! "Bob," she said, "I'm happy in our little house. Aren't you?"

"Of course I am, but—"

"And," she hurried on, "even if you do get the contract for the Countess' home, it still won't be enough to build on."

"Oh, no," he said airily, "but there's my inheritance—we can draw on that."

"No! Your father left you that money as a security, Bob. It must never be cashed in unless you invest it in your business."

Bob did not answer, and she turned away. For it was an old argument—one which, so far, she had always won. But how much longer could she win it, how much longer hold out against Bob's impetuous plans?

* * *

That night, as Bob and the Countess Velvaine entered the fashionable night club on the outskirts of town, she turned to him and suggested, "Bobbie, just one more cocktail before dinner?"

He nodded. He didn't need another drink, in fact, he'd had one or two too many already, in the Countess' apartment. He seldom drank, and then only moderately. But an evening with Velvaine—and he'd spent quite a few such evenings since Betty's departure—always seemed to call for alcohol, and a good deal of it.

Of course, that was her foreign training, he thought. It went along with her dark, startling beauty, her glamour, her delicate perfume, the general air of mystery which surrounded her. Not for worlds would he have admitted that he liked to escort Countess Velvaine—liked the envious glances other men cast at him when they saw her—but it was true.

In the dimly lighted vestibule leading toward the bar, he did not at first see the man until he was almost in front of them. He was small and dark, and obvi-

ously drunk. And he was looking at Velvaine with a sneer upon his face.

"Well," he said, "look who's here!"

Velvaine tried to step aside. "Please let us pass," she said coldly.

At that, the man laughed, an ugly laugh. "Trying to pretend you don't know me, eh? That's funny. You don't remember Monte Carlo or Vienna either, do you? Listen!" He leaned forward. "I've waited a long time to catch up with you. I've got a mob now, and I'll show you what I do to double-crossers like you, or my name ain't Scarlatti. You dirty, rotten little . . ."

Bob's fist shot out like a cannon ball. There was timing, and a hundred and ninety pounds of muscle, behind that blow. The man spun backwards, slumped to the floor, lay strangely still. Velvaine seized Bob's arm and hurried back, into the dining room. But as they came out of the hallway, they were met by the head waiter. He looked at them questioningly.

"Any trouble, monsieur?"

"No, Pierre," Velvaine answered before Bob could speak. "A quiet table, please."

The head waiter nodded and seated them at a small table on the other side of the room. Once they were alone, Velvaine reached across the table and took Bob's hand in hers. "Thank you, my friend," she said in her husky voice that held just a trace of foreign accent. She studied his face a moment. "Tell me, Bobbie, you do not believe what that man said?"

Bob looked at her hazily. "Why, I thought the guy was nuts, or drunk, or something—that's all."

"Yes," and she looked relieved. "He must be crazy. I never saw him before in my life."

It was an hour before the police arrived, an hour before the detective announced from the bandstand that there had been a murder. A man named Scarlatti. Everyone would be held for questioning.

Bob's face went white. Surely he hadn't hit the man hard enough to kill him! He must have struck his head as he fell— He realized that Velvaine's hand was on his wrist, clutching it; that she was whispering to him.

"Bobbie! Stay right here—and say nothing! I know the head waiter. I will talk to him."

A few minutes later she returned. "Come quickly." "What did he say?"

"Don't worry, Bobbie. The only one who saw us come out of the hallway was Pierre, and he has promised to say nothing." She hesitated. "It will cost a little money, but it is the best way."

Then she was hurrying him across the room, to where Pierre was waiting. "Pierre will get us out the back way. You won't even have to answer questions," she whispered.

All the way back to her apartment the unbelievable truth kept pounding through Bob's brain. He had killed a man. In one brief second he had changed the entire course of his life. He, Bob Drake, was a murderer!

He was so dazed that he hardly realized where they were going until he found himself in Velvaine's apartment, seated on the divan while she mixed a whisky and soda. She handed him the drink, then sat down beside him.

"Bobbie," she said, in an oddly cool, smooth voice, "do you like me a little bit?"

He could only stare at her in amazement, shocked that in the midst of this (Continued on page 69)

Though the law has made divorce easy, has it lessened heart-break? A new instalment of this vivid serial in the August issue

Divorce in Haste—

And you'll repent in leisure! A message from a famous romance expert to men and women on the marriage merry-go-round



BY DOROTHY DIX

In a recent talk between the acts of a Lux Radio Theater broadcast, Dorothy Dix, famous columnist and adviser to the lovelorn, stated that a sinking marriage can be salvaged, and those who contemplate a trip to Reno should think twice before buying a ticket.

ALTHOUGH it is not possible to cover uncongenial marriages with one blanket of advice, I do want to talk about husbands and wives who find themselves at odds with each other, all their dreams of happiness shattered, and who are tempted to call marriage a failure and throw up their hands and quit cold. I contend that this is nearly always a mistake and that there are very few marriages, even if they have gone on the rocks, that cannot be salvaged.

How would you do this? Of course, there is no fool-proof recipe for making marriage a success, but there are a lot of things you can do that will help to keep a marriage a going concern. And my first suggestion is not to be in too great a hurry to buy a ticket to Reno. Give your marriage a chance to jell. Don't call it off before you have made an honest try of it. It takes a lot of time for a business to get on its feet and for partners to learn to adjust themselves to each other.

Many a business that tottered on the verge of bankruptcy has made millions for those who had the grit to stick to it and see it through, and many a marriage that gets off to a bad start finishes in a glorious burst of happiness.

My second suggestion is: Treat your husband or wife as you would like to be treated. If you crave affection, be a great lover yourself. If you hunger for appreciation, never forget to show it.

My third suggestion: Look for the virtues of the one to whom you are married and shut your eyes to his or her faults. There is a lot of self-hypnotism in love and we can find in our mates what we want to find if we try hard enough. Don't forget that an ounce of tact will go farther than a ton of arguments and reproaches. And hold fast to the thought that husbands and wives do fall in love with each other, and many disgruntled ones happily solve their difficulties.

And if all your efforts to make a happy marriage are a failure, still you profit because you have enriched your soul and fortified your character. You have not cheated yourself out of all that is good and strong and rich in life by turning quitter.

These thoughts I leave with you. I am happy to have talked with you.



DECORATIONS BY VANDERPOEL

DOCTOR CROSBY'S



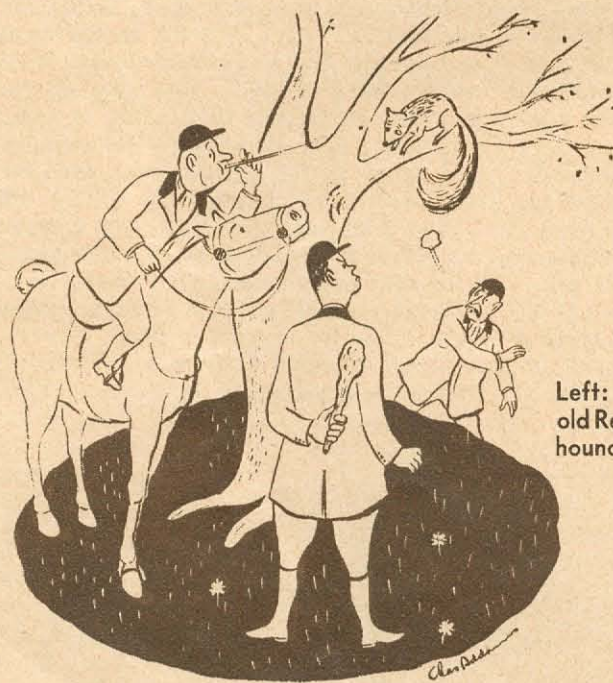
TRY this language out on your friends if you want to be a sensation. "It ain't English," insists Bob Burns. "It's a language called Crosby!" Whatever it is, it's something brand new in the way of self-expression that the eminent Dr. Bing Crosby is creating these Thursday nights on his NBC Kraft Music Hall program. Believing that many of our readers are having as much difficulty as Mr. Burns in understanding what Dr. C. is talking about, we have asked our trained dictionary expert to go into a huddle with the learned gentleman and compile this exhaustive, definitive, and completely screwy lexicon.

Agagga stuff: silly talk.

Big-league music show: grand opera.
Boffo bits of celluloid canned goods: motion pictures.
Bronchial braying of pipes of pandemonium: the bazooka's tones.
Bum steer: incorrect information.

Catch a high hop on the noggin: to be hit on the head.
Chockful of nuts: supreme; the "tops."
Clubby codger: good fellow.
Concert parlors: auditoriums.
Cuttin' a second rack: growing a second set of teeth.
Cuttin' up a few touches: dividing borrowed money (touches) with another person.

Demountable china: false teeth.
Don the dusty dungarees of dolor: to assume proverbial garments of despair, the "sackcloth and ashes."
Doubling the ante on Santa: hanging up two stockings.
Droolin' over a black cow: to drink double root beer floats.



Left: Heckling old Reynard with hound and horn.



Right: Catching a high hop on the noggin.

SLANG DICTIONARY

First-class rod-hustler: hobo.
Frettin' cuticle: worrying; literally gnawing at the finger nails.

Gave Santa the fast brush: ignored the Yuletide traditions.
Getting a fair roll: to get a fair deal.
Give out: command to sing or to speak.
Give the fella the office: to bawl him out (stems from "front office" and denotes authority).
Go first cabin: to do anything with first-class ability.
Got the Rock: sentenced to Alcatraz.
Groaning dodge: crooning.

Heckling old Reynard with hound and horn: fox hunting.
Hokey-pokey man: New Yorkese for street vendor of ice cream.

Kick in the pants to gool: sure to be a success.
Kiddin' on the square: to cloak a truth with humor.

Laid a lip to: tasted or ate.

Mental-midgets: low-brows.
Milk-man's matinees: morning film showings.
Money-horse in the tennis sweeps: first-rate tennis player.
Moved right in: became better acquainted.

One of his drivers hand-picoted half-way to his prayer bone: leg injury that necessitated surgical stitches.

Pekinese's doghouse: cello.
Pewter conduit: microphone; preferably NBC's mike.
Plumbin' the Stygian depths: to feel blue; depressed.

(Continued on page 82)



Left: Three excellent types of saucy baggage.

Whether it's a kick in the pants to gool or just a lot of agagga stuff, you must learn this new language if you want to stay in fashion's swim

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES ADDAMS



Right: Lovers of big-league music go for this.

MEET Mrs Sinclair Lewis

By DAN WHEELER

SHE heartily dislikes journalism, radio broadcasting, and living in the city. Therefore, she is America's leading woman journalist (though she would probably deny this), a two-times-a-week broadcaster, and a resident most of the time of a big apartment overlooking New York's Central Park.

She is the possessor of opinions about the world and its people that are blacker than midnight at the North Pole. Therefore, she gets more fun out of life than any six professional Pollyannas you could name.

She is a happy wife and mother, and she lives in an apartment half-way across New York from her hus-

band's, and entrusts most of the responsibility of rearing her son to an Austrian nursemaid who idolizes him.

She is the most modern woman I have ever met, and the severest critic of everything modern. She has been mentioned as the first woman candidate for President of the United States, and has laughed the idea down herself.

Her name is Dorothy Thompson, and your first surprise in connection with her comes after you have listened to her broadcasts on NBC for Pall Mall cigarettes, or read her daily newspaper column. Here, the broadcasts and the column lead you to believe, is a brilliant woman. Altogether too brilliant. So brilliant she's forgotten she is a woman. She knows all there is to know about politics, economics and world affairs. But she probably has a chin like a bulldog, wears her hair in an untidy bun, and began forgetting what her figure looked like when she was twenty-two.

Then you meet her, and you're bowled over to discover a vital, charming person who admits she is forty-three and certainly doesn't look it. She is slim and erect, with graying hair brushed back simply in a rather short bob, sparkling gray eyes, and a youthful complexion. She radiates as much glamour as any actress of the stage or screen. Oddly, however, she photographs badly; perhaps because her charm is so much a personal and living thing that it can't be caught on celluloid.

It's not hard to picture her calmly going about her business as a foreign correspondent for American newspapers, writing stories which she was aware might easily mean her arrest, going for news into areas that were under machine-gun fire. It is hard to picture her being terrified (as she is) every time she steps into an airplane, and continuing in a state of terror until she steps out again.

Miss Thompson's entry into the business of getting news and reporting it is itself as good a proof of her personal courage as you could ask for. From the time she left college (Syracuse University) until she was twenty-five years old, she supported herself in various ways in the United States. These ways included working in an advertising agency, campaigning for woman's suffrage, and social work, but they did not include writing for newspapers.

When she was twenty-five she decided she wanted to see the world, so she bought a ticket for London. When she landed there she had just one hundred and fifty dollars in her purse. It lasted some six weeks. After it was gone she supported herself as a (Continued on page 71)



ONLY BY READING BOTH PARTS OF THIS DOUBLE FEATURE CAN YOU REALLY KNOW HER — FIRST IN HER OWN HOME AS WIFE AND MOTHER, THEN AS TODAY'S FOREMOST WOMAN REPORTER

HOW RELIABLE IS MOTHER LOVE?

By

DOROTHY THOMPSON

As broadcast on one of her recent Tuesday and Friday night commentating programs over NBC, sponsored by the makers of Pall Mall cigarettes.

A CASE has been in the news for the last few weeks which has interested me very much, for it raises the question of who owns or ought to own the products of the work of gifted children. It turns out that under the California law their parents own that work. The Shirley Temples, the Yehudi Menuhins, the Freddie Bartholomews and the Abbey children, just to name a few, are the property of their parents, and unless other provisions are specifically made, wages paid to them belong to either their mothers and fathers or, if they are orphans, to their guardians. And that raises the question: how reliable in a showdown is mother love? Does the old and well-known motive of greed ever enter a mother's heart?

Those of us who are old enough to remember the days of the silent pictures will recall an enchanting little boy with great sad brown-eyes, who first emerged as a sidekick to Charlie Chaplin in one of the most successful pictures of that era, called "The Kid." The little boy was Jackie Coogan and he was just four years old. With that picture and a series that followed it during the next five or six years—I remember "Peck's Bad Boy," "Trouble Daddy," "Oliver Twist," "Circus Days"—there were others—well, he became fully as famous internationally as Freddie Bartholomew and Shirley Temple are today. I remember that he came to Berlin, in Germany, with his mother in the early 1920's and got the kind of reception that is usually given visiting royalty. Anyhow, Jackie made a fortune. But now it turns out that under the California code he made that fortune for Mamma and Papa, and by a strange irony, chiefly for his former business agent, Mr. Bernstein, who upon his father's

death married his mother.

Jackie is now twenty-three years old. He, himself, is married, and today he is a minor actor. He says he is hard up, and alleges that Mamma and the step-father live in a handsome mansion in Hollywood on the money Jackie earned between the ages of four and ten.

Jackie claims that apart from his board and room and a good deal of luxury that he enjoyed while he was a financial asset to his parents, he got six dollars a week spending money until he was twenty-one, and then got a handsome gift of one thousand dollars in cash. He claims that he earned a cool four million, and he is suing his mother and his step-father.

Of course, I am not going to try this case. We'll have to wait and see what the facts are. Last week Deputy Sheriffs spent three days trying to get into his step-father's house to serve a subpoena. The gates of the mansion were closed by electricity, so the deputies whose characters have been made mild by the mild California climate, went away and telephoned the mansion.

A maid told them no one was home. This time they went back and weren't so mild. They crashed the gate, walked upstairs, found a man and a woman dressing for dinner, served

subpoenas on them and went away. The man and woman told the deputies they had not heard the door bell.

Jackie's mother has been quoted as saying that Jackie's suit "hurts and deeply shocks her." "Jackie says he has nothing and that I refuse to give him any part of the estate," says Mrs. Coogan. "No promises were ever made to give him anything."

And Mr. Bernstein rallied (Continued on page 73)



"Jackie Coogan is now 23 years old . . . a minor actor."

STEWART: Terrible.

FRED: Well, Mr. Benny is in a spot, Stewart. He is supposed to play "The Bee" next Sunday and I thought if we wanted to be fair about the whole thing you and I could explain to Mr. Benny how to manage it. You know . . . we can tell him how to hold the violin and everything. I know he is listening in to see how a good comedian operates, and we can tell him how to hold the violin. Now, you show me and I'll tell Mr. Benny. (Stewart obliges). Are you listening, Jack? The violin is held in the left hand, the little finger resting lightly on the first string. The round end of the violin sets back into the neck, a little over to your left, with just a dash of Adam's apple peeking around the corner. The bow, or crop, as you cowboys call it, Mr. Buck Benny, is held in the right hand. Now, to play the violin, what do you do, Stewart? (Stewart scrapes out a few notes). I see, you scratch the bow across the strings. Fine. And now that Mr. Benny knows how to hold the violin, little ten-year-old Stewart Canin will show little thirty-five-year-old Mr. Benny how to play "The Bee". Go ahead, Stewart.

(Little Stewart plays "The Bee" beautifully, as Jack never, of course, will ever be able to.)

FRED: Thank you, Stewart. That was "The Bee," Mr. Benny, played by a ten-year-old boy. Aren't you too ashamed of yourself now to go through with your threat? Why, Mr. Benny, at ten you couldn't even play on the linoleum. Next Sunday, ladies and gentlemen, the world will realize that Aesop spoke two thousand years too soon when he said, "Nero fiddled and Rome burned." For if Jack Benny insists on fiddling, America will burn. I rest my case.

(It is not Stewart's beautiful rendition but a common cold that keeps Jack from playing "The Bee" on the following Sunday as threatened. Jack explains he doesn't want to give the cold to his violin. But he doesn't fail to blast away at poor Fred Allen. "What," he wants to know, "does a reformed juggler know about music?" Fred gathers himself into a ball of fury and has back at Jack.)

FRED: Recently a gentleman . . . and the word gentleman is used loosely here . . . cad might better be the word . . . has seen fit to remove some pointed shafts from his verbal quiver and ping them at me from the West coast. I won't stoop to mention his name but he is a picture star. His initials are J. B. . . . and I don't mean John Benny. Last Sunday J. B., referring to my profile, said that there was a limit to what the makeup man could do for me when I come to Hollywood to make a picture this summer. All right, I'll admit I am no middle Ritz brother. I know the stork flew backwards so he wouldn't have to confront me in case the bundle flew open, but if Mr. J. B. wants to get personal, all right. I quote from a Hollywood gossip column . . . "What radio and movie star was seen trying to get into a grapefruit skin so that he could go to a masquerade as a little squirt?"

HARRY VON ZELL (Interrupting): The character J. B. is entirely fictional, folks, and any incident that might be construed as having reference to any living person

. . . or Jack Benny . . . is entirely coincidental . . . signed . . . the management.

FRED: I only said that when J. B. was ten years old he couldn't play "The Bee" on his violin.

(Next week the startling news comes through that Jack had had to postpone playing "The Bee" because some well-wisher of the radio millions has stolen Jack's violin. Meanwhile, to fill in, Jack has hurled several classic insults at Fred, among which he has accused Fred of being such a sissy he has to take ether while having a manicure. Fred can't wait to get back at him.)

FRED: Portland, did you hear the Benny program last Sunday?

PORTLAND: I'll say, it was a wow, wasn't it?

FRED: Oh, it was pretty lively for a guy who's got anemia.

PORTLAND: Jack isn't anemic.

FRED: Listen, I followed him around at the dog show last year and when he passed by the bloodhounds they didn't even open their eyes. He was born anemic. I heard he was so white when he was born people thought he was delivering the stork.

PORTLAND: Just the same, this is the cheesiest feud I have ever seen. You two have been fighting four weeks and still no bloodshed!

FRED: How can there be bloodshed when a guy ain't got no blood?

PORTLAND: Oh, Jack Benny's twice as healthy as you are.

FRED: He could be three times as healthy as I am and still be half dead.

PORTLAND: You'd better be careful. Jack is liable to get mad.

FRED: Get mad? Why, I'll pull those three hairs he's got down over that peachstone fob he has hanging out of his vest and play "The Bee" on them. I'll hit him so hard when he comes out he'll think he's in prison. He'll be looking through his ribs.

PORTLAND: Oh, yes. But what will Jack be doing?

FRED: Snoring, probably.

PORTLAND: You mean he's

drowsy?

FRED: Drowsy rhymes with a word I'd like to use if radio was broadminded.

PORTLAND: Gee! I hope you two don't come to blows!

FRED: Blows? Benny's so shortwinded he can't gasp out a match. He has to drool on it.

PORTLAND: Just the same, I think you ought to drop this feud, Mr. Allen.

FRED: Not until he plays "The Bee." No sir!

PORTLAND: But Jack can't play it if his violin is stolen, can he?

FRED: He can get the violin back, can't he? But did you hear him offer a reward for it? No! He's so tight he wears garters on his spats so he won't have to buy socks. I'll get his violin back.

PORTLAND: How?

FRED: I am offering a fifty-dollar reward and no questions asked to the party finding the stolen violin and returning it to Jack Benny.

PORTLAND: Wait a minute, Fred, here's a telegram for you. I'll open it. "WILL (Continued on page 61)

HAVE you played that Radio-Broadcast game yet? If not, this month's Radio-Broadcast is a swell one to begin with. Just get a number of your friends around, assign each of them to read the part of a certain character in "The Mighty Benny-Allen Feud," and sit back while they turn themselves into radio comedians. It's a barrel of fun for listeners as well as actors, and a trick that's guaranteed to turn any party into a howling—and we mean howling—success. Try it once, and you'll be hunting for back issues of RADIO MIRROR, and looking forward to future ones, so you can play it with different Radio-Broadcasts.

LET RADIO ALONE!

Starting after Mae West's nationwide broadcast on a Sunday night in December, there have been increasing rumblings of an attempt to place radio under governmental control or censorship. Herewith RADIO MIRROR presents the views of Father Charles E. Coughlin on this controversial subject.

EIGHT years ago he who would prophesy the events which have happened in the interval would have been considered a fit subject for a psycho-analyst. Obviously, no one can forecast the future. Nevertheless, by cooperative action which is founded upon virtuous principles a group of persons can oftentimes regulate the future.

I have in mind, as I write this thought, the nationalization of broadcasting. The British Broadcasting Company is nothing more than a modified government bureau of propaganda. Without criticising adversely the inferiority of British-broadcast programs with those which we are accustomed to in America, it is time to criticize the apathy of many radio station owners in America for not advertising the advantages and the excellencies of our own American system of privately owned radio stations.

It is recognized that the airways belong to the government, that the air channels are allocated by the government and that license to broadcast is limited by the government. In all that, there is absolutely sufficient government regulation of radio activities. Beyond that, the American radio industry must not evolve.

For twelve years opportunity was extended to me to keep a hand on the pulse of the nation through the medium of one of the largest mail bags in our country. I am in a position to know of the growing feeling in many quarters which is not so much hostile to radio as it is sympathetic with the spirit of socialization which seems to be gaining ground.

As a suggestion of a non-owner who is interested in preserving private ownership for radio stations, permit me to say to all owners and managers that the time has arrived for them to begin blowing their own trumpets.

Three years ago Mr. Leo FitzPatrick, the Vice-President and General Manager of Station WJR of Detroit, initiated a campaign, the purpose of which was to explain the advantages of privately owned radio stations. As far as it has been observed, very few executives in the industry have attempted to emulate the brilliant Mr. FitzPatrick in that regard.

At my own expense and over sixty-three outlets, I felt the responsibility of speaking a word to the listeners in defense of the present system and in opposition of the spirit of government ownership.



A warning to all of you who would allow American radio to be shackled by outside influence

by Father Coughlin

Government monopoly of radio—be it a monopoly of ownership or a monopoly of subservience of radio operators to any party government—is unthinkable in America. Over the years our newspapers have been deteriorating and degenerating until practically eighty per cent of our entire journalistic circulation is occupied with murders, sex crimes, scandal, defamations and detractions. Radio has never remotely imitated the press of America, but has constantly kept a high standard. I do not mean that the so-called radio comedians of the vulgar type have not occasioned deserved criticism. I do mean, however, that these vulgarities are being removed when attention is brought to the radio management.

My message, in fine, is this: Radio has nothing to be ashamed of in America when comparisons are made and analyzed. But it is high time for the owners of individual stations to unfurl their flag of liberty and begin cracking down in a polite manner on the official and unofficial snipers who are molding the minds of the people in the pattern of public ownership.

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TODAY, as we see America split by hot debates over the issue of the Nation's Constitution; ringing with warnings from thoughtful economists that if we continue borrowing, building more armaments and pass rising costs back to the consumer on every possible occasion, we are due for a price inflation in two years—one might be constrained to wonder for America's future, and lapse into the role of a gloomy gus. On this score, may I pass along to you a story—a story of a man's emotions and his belief in America.

It is a story of an incident which occurred some years ago, but finds freshness in the Today when America stands at the crossroads of her social and economic life. It will make some people very mad. Of them I beg indulgence, for no hurt is meant. It concerns principally American citizens and what America may mean to them in terms they may never have thought of before. It runs in this fashion:

"You and each of you do swear that you will absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure allegiance and fidelity to any sovereign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty (and particularly to the King of Great Britain and Ireland and each and every other country represented by those who are being naturalized) of whom you have heretofore been a citizen and a subject; that you will support and defend the Constitution and the laws of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that you will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that you take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, so help you God."

The low chorus of "I do!" died away. I looked at black-robed Federal Judge George A. Welsh, the proverbial drab, colorless court attaches, the buglers of a local American Legion post, the two tall standards from which were draped in silken folds the Stars and Stripes. Idly I noticed how the rays from the ceiling lights glistened on the wings



ILLUSTRATION BY TESAR

The author, once a British citizen, is now a naturalized American and a foremost news commentator on the air.



by
Boake Carter

Doubly significant in today's atmosphere of unrest is this story by a man who renounced the land of his birth for an ideal

WHY I BECAME AN
*American
Citizen*

of two gilt eagles atop the standards. I stole a glance at the mass of other faces in the room. Pictured among them, I remember, was a panorama of nations—the broad red faces of the Irish; the tentative respect of the English working class; the high cheek-boned Poles; the swarthy Russians; the blond Germans and the olive-complected Italians and Spaniards. Some faces were vacant blanks. Some looked down at folded hands, hiding whatever emotions they might be feeling. Some shone with relief—and for the most part these seemed to be sons of countries ruled over by the iron hands of dictators. These were human beings of both sexes—broad-bosomed, flat-hipped, skinny, tall, fat, stooped, old, young, pretty, handsome, homely and comic. They wore a motley collection of clothes which made you feel sure that most of them went for vivid mail order bead fringe lampshades and mohair sofas in a big way.

And—I wondered if this could all be real. Why didn't I feel dismayed? Why wasn't there a feeling of remorse—a feeling that I was doing a cad's trick, just as though I were shouting at my parents: "You may have reared me, nurtured me and cared for me, but I'm through with you; done forever!" Instead, I felt an immense elation, a sense of triumph, of power. It suddenly flashed through my

mind how many slaves must have felt when Lincoln gave them their emancipation. For I was free. Free to become an individual. I was no longer an automaton in a great globe-girdling pattern; an infinitesimal cog in a gigantic piece of machinery. I had been suffocating under tradition and now I was suddenly released to breathe the great gulps of spiritual freedom.

An instant before I had been a British subject. An instant later, I was an American citizen. Most Englishmen, when they read what I have written, will be first incredulous, then angry and finally contemptuous.

And while they will be behaving in typically British fashion, they will be at the same time very silly. For the man who will not honestly examine himself, will pass down the way of life to his grave in self-delusion. First, let me say that I have nothing but affection and a heart full of gratitude that my heritage was England and things English. For from her I inherited a reverence for democratic government of law and order; a good schooling, self-reliance and certain trade marks recognized through both the white and the black man's world.

BUT I do not feel that in exchange, I should be called upon to sign away my spiritual birthright to a pattern that enchains the souls of its sons in the perpetual bondage of tradition. The English system begins to function at birth. British youth is reared in a small island, where proximity counts for much. One goes to super-British schools where the cry of "Tradition!" is dinned mercilessly into youthful, but pliable, consciousness.

The British pattern is just as devastating in the sacrifice it demands of youth in her service, as Hitler's demands of the youth of Germany; of France's inevitable requirement of military training for her sons. Basically, the object of the sacrifice is exactly the same. It merely assumes varying outward forms in the three countries. With the English it is the silver cord that binds them to the mother country.

Thus when an Englishman changes his allegiance to his adopted country—referring specifically, as I am, to the United States—it is likely to be very deep and sincere, often outdoing in depth, purely through gratitude, the loyalty of native sons. Citizenship with natives of other lands is based more often upon expedience than anything else. Not so with the Englishman. No matter what class he may come from, there is a certain contentment ingrained in him that he is at least superior to all other nationalities. After all, he says to himself, he has supreme social standing as an Englishman no matter where he may go. To him his greatest thrill is to say: "I am English." Actually, it doesn't mean a thing, any more than a man saying: "I am an American." But there is a difference and it lies in the fact that the Englishman actually believes he is better than the best.

For hundreds of years, the English have built this myth about themselves. And what is more, they have kidded half the world into believing the same myth, too. Thus they have become quite sure that it is the world's greatest privilege to be English. It is this pride which drives them home from the four corners of the earth when the motherland summons them to lay down their lives for her. It blinds them to the realization that they are actually automatons, answering the summons of tradition which permits no spiritual freedom.

If I did not experience a momentary twinge of

remorse or regret when I swore to uphold the Constitution of the United States and lay down my life in defense of the nation, as a citizen, honesty bids me confess that it was because I was more pained at tearing away tradition than at giving up England.

That is the basic flaw of all Englishmen. They are slaves to tradition. They cram plum pudding into their stomachs at Christmas time, though they may hate plum pudding, simply because it's the traditional British thing to do. They have tea at half past four at the very ends of the earth, because the English have had tea for generations at that hour. Subconsciously it is a grand act that the British have been putting on for the rest of the world for hundreds of years. Actually, beneath that tradition, there's virtually no difference between them and most other human beings.

Now the only nation the British have not succeeded in kidding is the United States. Why is this? The answer surely is very simple to anyone who has made even the most superficial study of human nature: America was once a British colony. True, America has today a secret admiration for the British and the solidity of their character. America also has a sporting admiration for what we may vulgarly call the "guts" of the English. But America can never forget that Great Britain once acted as a parent who is unfair to her children; and being something of a relative, the United States has a human and natural desire to defy that ex-parent for its cruelty, lack of understanding, call it what you will.

America has lost much of her dislike for Great Britain, but many Americans still think the British, as individuals, are stuffed shirts. When I say America, of course, I do not mean society of the blue book variety. They do not necessarily represent America. They are more nearly the veneer covering the beauty of an old pine board, which must needs be scraped off if one wishes to find the true grain of the wood underneath.

I am not tagged or indexed in the United States as in England. There I was simply a symbol of a class—no more and no less. Here in America I became a part of the development of a young, great and earnest country, whose anxiety to do well is so sincere as to be devastating at times.

Possibly the silver cord that bound me to the mother country was not cut, but rather atrophied by the passage of time. Possibly the weaning away process developed through years of living beyond the immediate surroundings of suffocating British tradition. Possibly it was subconsciously aided by marriage and by children who are by birth Americans. Possibly it was my work, newspaper work, which is always broadening—always cultivating, to me at least, an international perspective encompassing broad outlines, rather than merely one of provincial limits. Possibly it is because I have more Irish than English blood in me. Whatever may have been the combination of circumstances, I, as an Englishman, came to learn that what counts is whether you count for something with your own soul, in the job you do.

For me the desire for American citizenship came from two main sources: First, gratitude and desire to make a small humble repayment for the opportunities that America gave me; and second, a desire to be free to serve in no matter how minute or small a capacity, a country which permits one (Continued on page 63)

**INSPIRED BY THE TOSCANINI CONCERTS,
RADIO MIRROR PRESENTS A FASCINATING
NEW SERIES—THE FIRST COMPLETE
STORY OF MUSIC FROM OUR ANCESTORS'
RHYTHMIC JUNGLE DRUMS TO TODAY'S
SYMPHONIES. BE SURE TO READ
"THE STORY OF MUSIC"
BEGINNING IN AUGUST RADIO MIRROR**

"One special for Doc"

**A chemist mixes
humanity with a
prescription
to save a life**

RADIO MIRROR is pleased to present another in its series of fictionizations of outstanding radio dramas. "One Special for Doc" was recently heard on the Chase & Sanborn Hour starring Walter Huston and Don Ameche.

It was certainly a nasty breed of night. Might as well shut up shop early, Doc Harshaw thought; nobody with any sense would be out in the midst of all that driving rain and cold, tearing wind. But, as usual, he only thought about closing up. He knew well enough he'd stay open until midnight. Even people without any sense sometimes have urgent need of a drug store.

Sure enough, ten minutes before midnight, while he was sweeping out, a customer showed up—a young fellow, about twenty-two, Doc judged, and acting in a way Doc characterized in his mind as "sort of edgy." Nervous. Unsure of himself.

The young man didn't meet Doc's eyes when he stepped up to the counter; instead, he looked around at the shelves as if trying to find a certain object. "I—I've cut my finger," he explained. "Rather badly. See—I tried to bandage it up." He held out a hand, decorated by an extremely inept bandage around the finger.

"I see," said Doc.

"So I want some of those—what-do-you-call-'ems . . . They come in a crinkly blue bottle. You know?

Little blue tablets. Used for antiseptic purposes."

"Oh, yes," Doc said quietly, "I know what you mean." He reached into a drawer, poked around there a moment, and then emerged with a bottle which answered the young man's description. His customer reached for it, but Doc neatly moved it away.

"Have to register this sale first," he said. "Have to register all sales of . . . of (Continued on page 64)

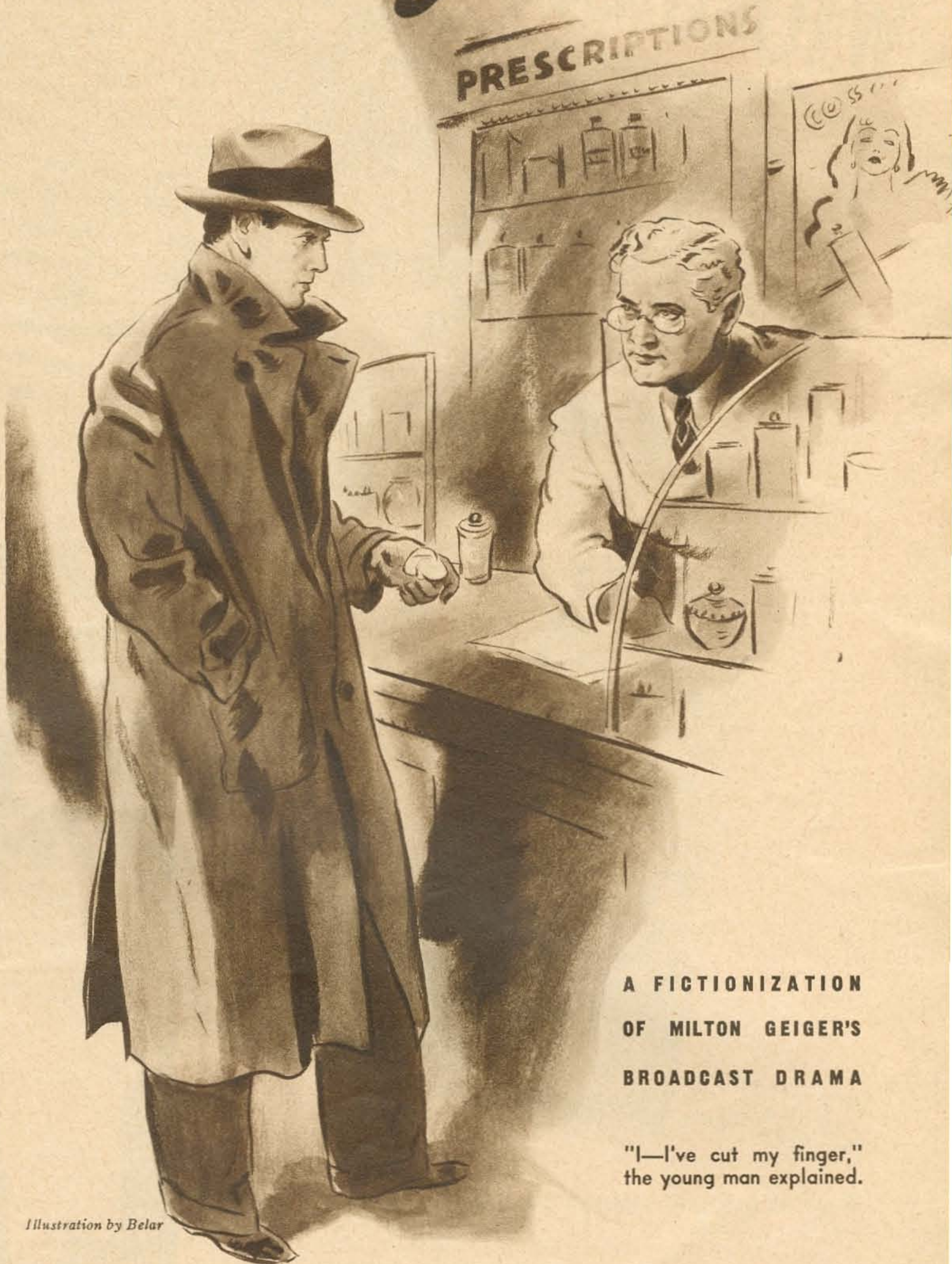
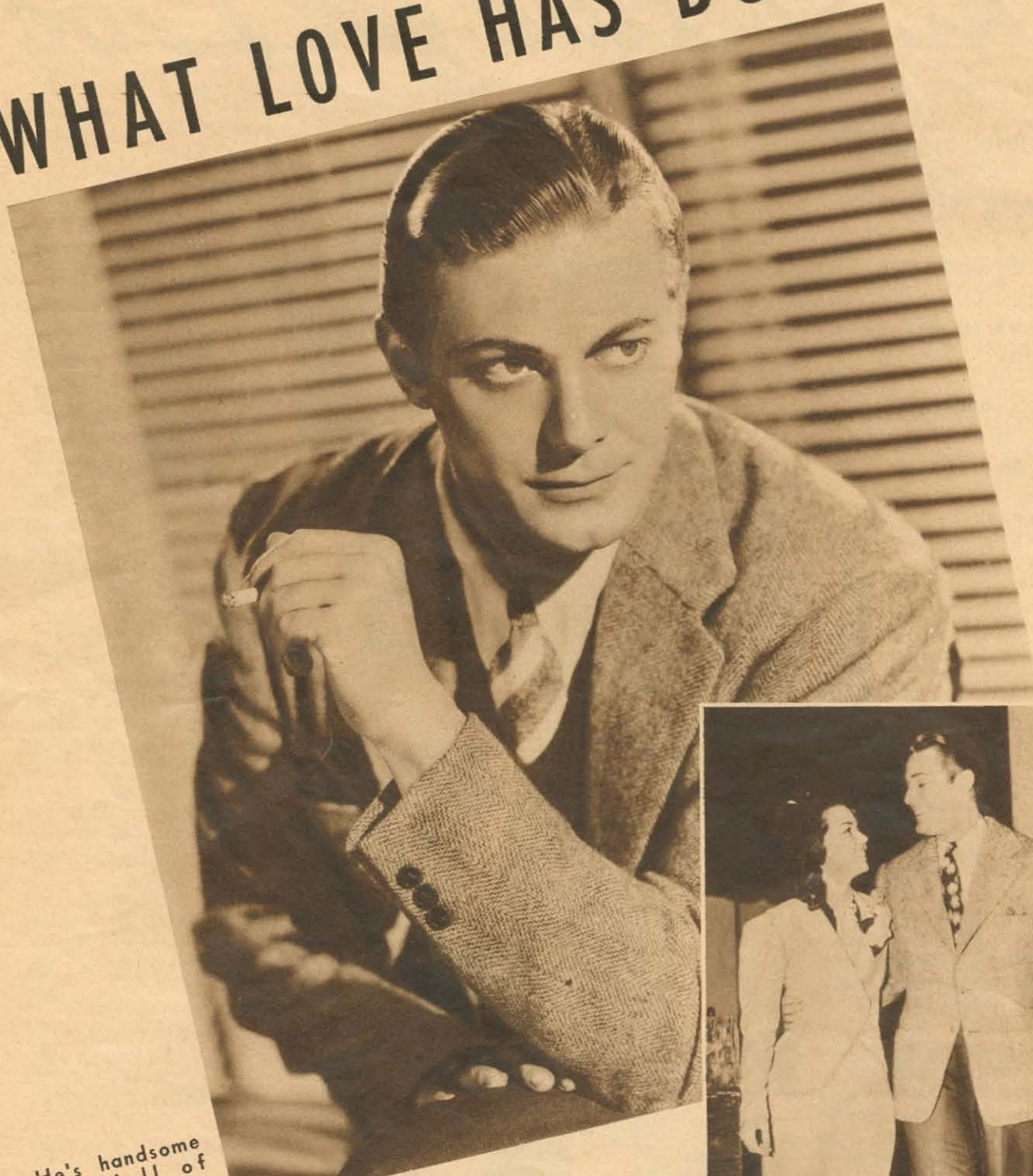


Illustration by Belar

**A FICTIONIZATION
OF MILTON GEIGER'S
BROADCAST DRAMA**

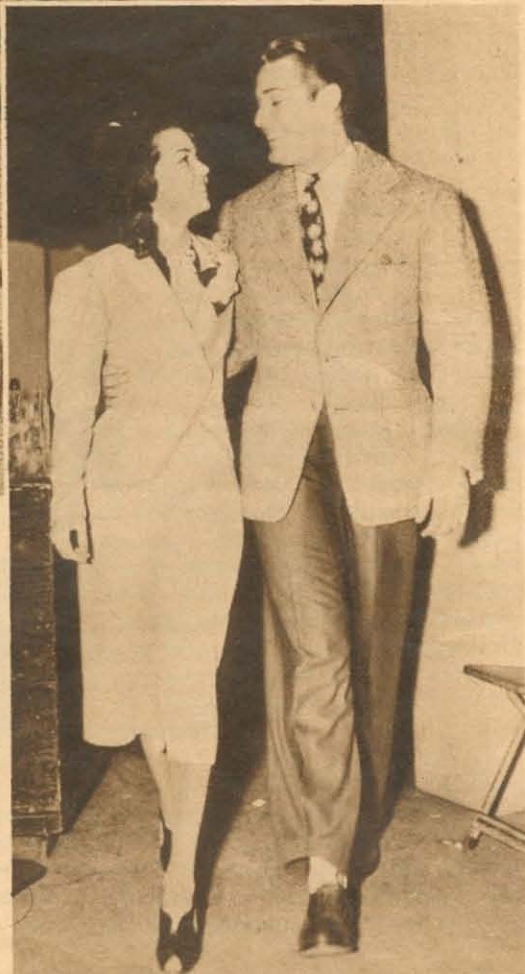
"I—I've cut my finger,"
the young man explained.

WHAT LOVE HAS DONE



He's handsome
Jon Hall of
"Hurricane" fame.

Samuel Goldwyn



BY ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

A romance as gay as the breath of spring has changed Hollywood Hotel's once shy star into a girl you wouldn't recognize

FOR FRANCES LANGFORD



She's changed
her hair-style;
her lipstick.

WHAT has happened to Frances Langford? That's the Hollywood chorus these days. And the fact that they're talking about Frances at all proves there's been a change. For she used to be a girl they never talked about. She used to be a shy little kitten. She used to drop her eyes or fill up with nervous tears before every strange glance. She scarcely used to open her mouth, except to sing her songs. She used to go scurrying around corners if anyone of any importance whatsoever even spoke to her.

Frances is still on the shy, demure side, for that's her innate personality. And it makes her colorful—in a quiet Marie Laurencin way—in contrast to the confident, aggressive beauties who surround her in Hollywood. But these days she has the excited air of a child who knows a secret. And she finds life so wonderful that she has to talk and she has to keep her eyes up and clear so she won't miss a single thing.

Here's the story behind this change. Frances' renascence started several months ago when she and Jon Hall, who would be a made-to-order

hero for any love story because of the way he looks, even if he hadn't spent years of his life in Tahiti and studied for the diplomatic service and then become a motion picture star over night, met in the radio studio before they went on the air for Hollywood Hotel. Frances was singing, of course. Jon was starring in a dramatic bit.

It seemed to be one of those routine introductions, one of those "Miss Langford, may I present Mr. Hall?" things.

"How do you do," said Frances in her warm, quiet voice. And down went her demure eyes before Jon's eyes that are the color of a sunny, northern sea. But she looked up again, almost immediately. That was the only indication that this was merely the beginning.

Fate has long arms. A month or two after this, sometime in January, Frances met Jon's sister, Louise, at a luncheon party. They were friends at once. Frances could talk to Louise and Louise wasn't put off by her shyness.

THAT same night Louise asked Jon if he would be home for dinner the following Tuesday.

"No," Jon said, "I have a date. Why?"

"The Langfords are coming for dinner," Louise explained. "Frances and her mother and brother."

Jon felt pretty silly with the color flooding up under his cheeks that way. But he couldn't do much about it since he hadn't had the least idea it was going to happen. "You mean Frances Langford, the—the star, the—the singer?" he asked.

Louise nodded. And a few minutes later Jon returned from making a telephone call to say, with a casual air that any director would have told him was overdone, "I find that I'll be home on Tuesday after all."

His mother looked up from her book. "What is Miss Langford like, Jon?" she asked. "I get no picture of her at all from Louise's description. I can't believe a girl who has gone so far can be as quiet, mousey almost, as Louise pictures her."

Jon, lighting a cigarette, started out all right. "I've only met her once, and just for a minute. At the broadcast. But I'd say she was like you. Oh, she doesn't look like you. It's more of an essence. But her mouth's just like yours." His voice began to grow intense. His words came faster. "She is quiet. She is shy. You'd never think she was a star or anything like that. Why she doesn't even belong to this generation—really!"

He was surprised at his own vehemence. After all no one was disagreeing with him.

Tuesday when Frances arrived at the Halls' she wore a "sort of blue dress, that was a suit yet it wasn't a suit. And it had soft white lace like around the throat and down the front." I give you Jon's own words for it, and hasten to add he ordinarily is a most articulate and literate young man.

Louise Hall and Frances remained upstairs in Louise's room for the longest time that evening, talking girls' talk. It seemed the longest time to Jon and Frances, certainly. But eager as Frances was to get downstairs she wouldn't have cut that session short for anything. For every good, dependable instinct she had urged her to keep him waiting—so he would be pacing up and down the hall at the foot of the stairs just as he was doing when she did come down at last.

"I'm taking you home," he told her, drawing her aside. "Your mother and brother can go ahead in your car. Please!"

In that hurried moment Frances' eyes weren't soft and demure. They looked as if countless stars were spinning in them.

Jon didn't take Frances right straight home. They stopped at the Clover Club and danced until three o'clock in the morning.

When they were on the road again Jon had to go slowly for the mist, golden in the reflection of his lights, obscured the Brentwood road.

"I've got to get you home," he fussed, "so you can get some sleep and be up in time for that early date you have tomorrow."

"Early date?" said Frances. "What early date?"

"The early date you have with me," Jon told her.

"Oh," Frances sighed contentedly, "I didn't know you knew we had an early date tomorrow."

The miracle had happened!

They not only had a date the next day, they had a date every day after that. They played badminton. They made movies. They took the dogs for walks in the hills until the dogs' footpads were first sore and then so tough that nothing could hurt them. They involved their families in a series of dinner parties and evening engagements when they showed them the movies they made. They had their way, they were together.

Jon bought a recording machine which he keeps at Frances' house. And now, singing to the music that comes over the air, they are making their own records.

"This is Jon Hall's band coming to you from the Ritz Towers in New York City," Jon announces. "The star—Miss Frances Langford." And when the radio music reaches the beat where the lyrics start they sing together.

Actually the only days they haven't seen each other since that Tuesday night when Frances first dined at Jon's house are the days Jon was enroute to and from New York and in New York appearing on the Kate Smith program. Frances wanted to be at the airport to see him off when he went but because his plane left at eight o'clock in the morning he wouldn't permit it. He wasn't going to risk that little kitten of a Frances driving through the heavy morning mists that lie over Brentwood. (Cont'd on page 84)

Fink



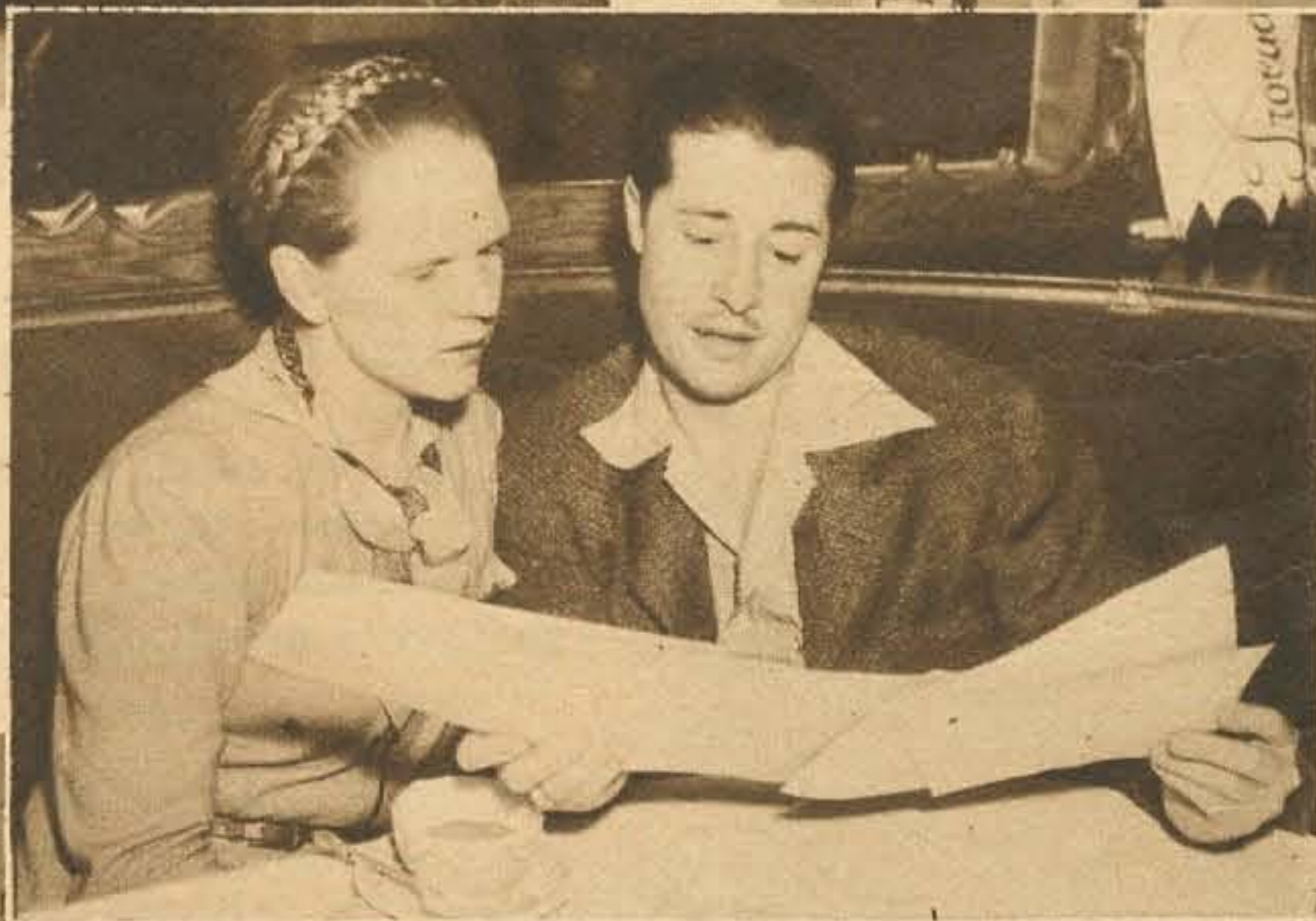
Frances has a date now for every day in the week—with Jon.



Universal

Will Stokowski and Deanna Durbin be starred in a new radio show?

Right, with that infected tooth out, Don can now eat, with Mrs. Ameche.



Fink

Above, at the opening of the new rollerdrome—Judy Garland with Billie Barty.

BEHIND THE

By JIMMIE FIDLER

Hollywood Front

Here's a mail-bag full of the newest news from an ace reporter who not only tells what he knows—but says what he thinks too

VIRGINIA VERRILL flew to New York to play in a benefit for a Manhattan radio editor. She was delayed and missed the show by an hour. Her immediate return to the coast wound up a 6000 mile hop—for nothing.

* * *

It's Bill Bacher, one-time producer of Hollywood Hotel and Show Boat, who may already have signed Leopold Stokowski and Deanna Durbin to co-star on a "100 Men and a Girl" type of airshow.

Note to writers: You don't have to possess a poor memory to write radio comedy scripts—but it certainly helps.

* * *

Felix Mills took the Donald Duck Junk Band (and isn't its music plenty amusing?) to the local Children's Hospital where the kids had a whale of a time.

* * *

Bob Hope, my selection as radio's next outstanding comedian, remarked that a (Continued on page 66)

Charlie McCarthy's Father

BY MARIAN RHEA

The birth of a beloved wooden imp, his master's first romance, the beginning of a great success—all are in Edgar Bergen's thrilling story

Edgar didn't let Charlie McCarthy steal all the thunder when he was touring on the Chautauqua and Lyceum circuits. Here he is in costume for one of his favorite acts, "The Tennis Champion."



The story thus far:

IT was when he "threw his voice" into an apple pie that Edgar Bergen (whose name originally was Bergren) first discovered he was a ventriloquist. He nearly frightened his mother, who had made the pie, out of her wits but he kept on experimenting anyway until, by the time he was twelve, he had acquired a dummy (although not Charlie McCarthy; he came later) and was much in demand for entertainments in the small town of Decatur, Illinois.

Edgar was a tow-headed, blue-eyed youngster, the son of John and Nellie Bergren, a thrifty, industrious, God-fearing Swedish couple who lived on a small farm near Decatur. Quite different from his business-like elder brother, Clarence, he had a remarkable flair for electricity, mechanics and chemistry and spent many hours each day trying out various "experiments" which in the main were rather successful although at times there were certain accidents and explosions.

Despite his bent for ventriloquism, Edgar had no thought of going on the stage in those days, planning instead to be an electrical engineer.

Then his father died suddenly, and his death was to have a great effect on Edgar's future.

GRIEF, inevitable in this interlude called life, as inevitably leaves its mark. The weeks that followed his father's passing are sharply etched upon Edgar Bergen's memory; as sharply upon his character.

Outwardly, the little family—of three, now—settled itself into the same pattern as before; a quiet, measured pattern which hid tragedy behind homely, everyday things. Nellie Bergren wasn't one to cry openly. If, in the night, her tears wet the empty pillow beside her, only the new shadows in her eyes and the faint, new lines in her face betrayed her.

There was a "hired man", now, who did at least passably well the work John had been wont to do. There were few financial worries. The farm and the small dairy business John had built up took care of that.

But just the same, there was a difference. The house was empty in a way it never had been before John left it for good, and this emptiness touched the young, inarticulate heart of Edgar. He grew up apace and so did his brother. They were the men of the family, now. For the first time they helped make decisions. Nellie turned to her sons, now, where in the past she had turned to John.

And so spring changed into summer and at a family council it was decided they should sell the farm and go to Chicago so Edgar could attend the well known Lane technical school and Clarence could go to business school.

They left Decatur one day in August, 1917—Nellie, Edgar and Clarence. As he waved goodbye

to the "gang" assembled at the station to see them off and watched the train pick up speed through the familiar countryside, fourteen-year-old Edgar felt, somehow, the finality of this new step; a poignant awareness that one chapter of life—a wholesome, happy chapter—had been closed. Never again would he go swimming in the forbidden pond where the honeymooners had caught him in his "birthday clothes"; never again would he "throw" his voice into the portrait of George Washington hanging there on the school-room wall nor clump into the farm house kitchen for his afternoon snack of bread and sugar.

Of course, living in Chicago might prove exciting. Certainly it would be new and different. But still—

Edgar got up from the green plush seat and stumbled to the rear of the coach where he stayed a long time, pretending to get a drink of water. But this was only a pretext to hide the tears that he couldn't keep back.

He didn't want to go away . . .

(Continued on page 76)



Above, another of Edgar's Chautauqua and vaudeville disguises, as an English professor. He's forgotten the character's name, but thinks it was Prof. Plushbottom—or something like that.

Left, one of Charlie McCarthy's earliest photographs, taken when he wasn't the dandy he is today. His girl friend was a regular member of the act then—and the man, of course, is Bergen.

THE HIT-AND-RUN RACKET

Photos by Macfadden Studios

In graphic picture form—one of Edward G. Robinson's most fascinating Big Town broadcasts

If your car knocks someone down, apparently without injuring him seriously, don't drive on without reporting the accident to the police. For this is the story of one girl who learned that racketeers can connive with unscrupulous doctors to fake injuries and extort damages illegally from unwary motorists. Here's what happened.



1. Star reporter Lorelei (Claire Trevor) angrily complains to editor Steve Wilson (Edward Robinson) that his paper has falsely branded her friend, Sally Schofield, as a hit-and-run driver.

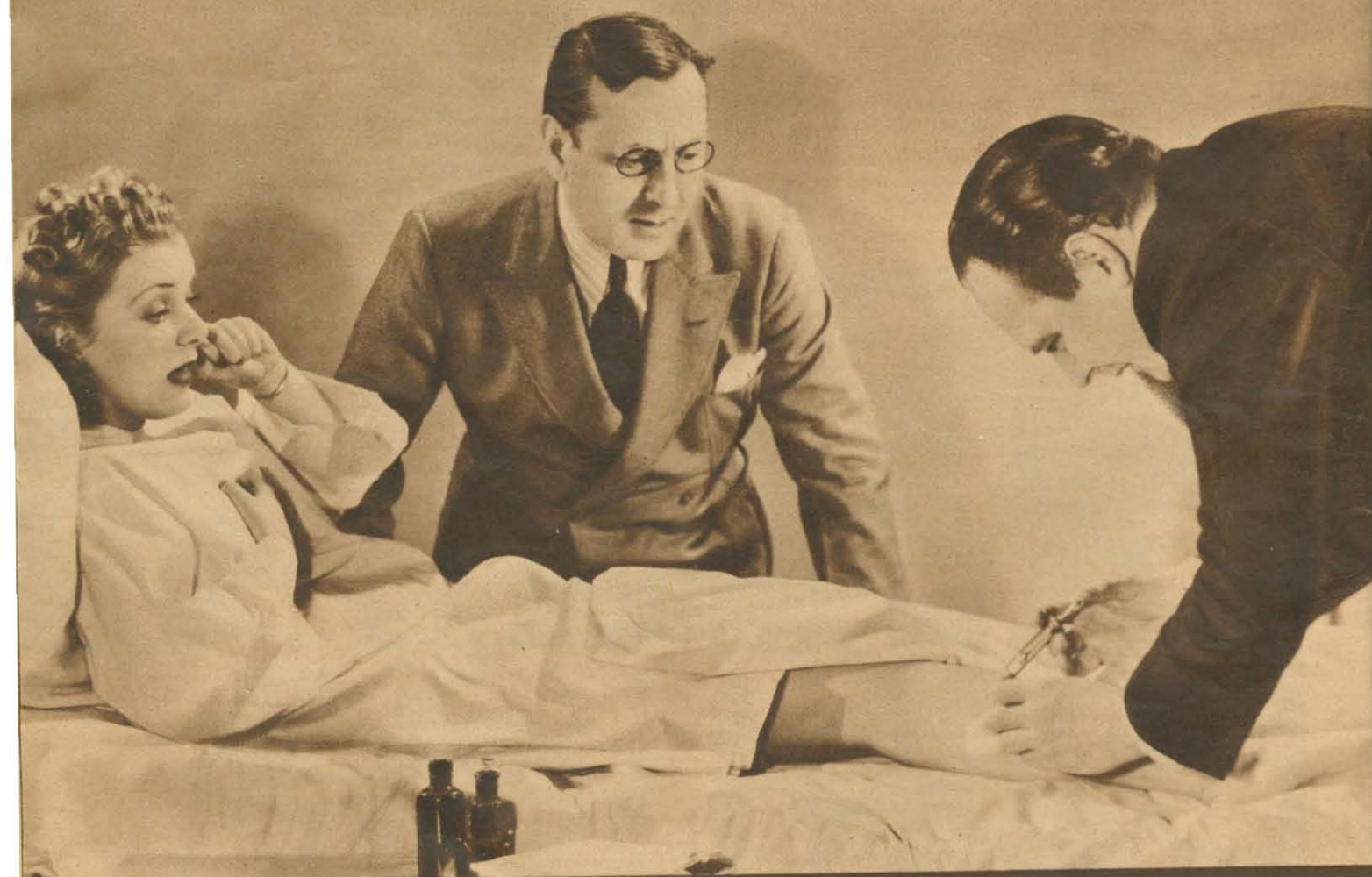


2. Steve promises to investigate and goes to see Sally, who has been arrested. She tells him that she did knock down a girl with her car, but she stopped and offered the girl assistance.



3. The injured girl's escort assured her his friend was only bruised, and after giving him her name and address, Sally went on her way, thinking the incident closed. But that night...

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR



A clever and unscrupulous doctor is the backbone of this most barbarous of rackets. Only such a doctor knows and will practice a trick like this—injecting paraffin to induce swelling in a supposedly injured but really sound leg.



4. . . she was arrested in her own home, despite her protests of innocence. When Steve finds that...



5. . . the injured girl's lawyer is Ralph Cotton (above) he is suspicious, and has a dictaphone...



6. . . put in the room beside the injured girl's. It records the conversation when Cotton and...

7. . . the doctor faked a head injury with a blood clot behind her eye and a leg injury with paraffin.

8. With the record as evidence, the lawyer is arrested and sent to prison for attempted extortion.

9. And Steve and Lorelei look happily at the newspaper story that tells of another racket exposed.





The occasion: the party Jack Benny's friends gave him just before his visit to New York. Above: Don Ameche tells a nifty to Edgar Bergen and Don Wilson.



Kenny Baker grins and Don Wilson guffaws at one of Benny's gags, but Frank Morgan is too busy with his dinner to notice—or maybe he's pretending to be Fred Allen.

**RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR**

The only one missing is Charlie McCarthy (he's too young); and Edgar Bergen, sitting beside Benny, wonders if he can get away with that hunk of steak by himself.



PHOTOS BY HYMAN FINK

**STAG
PARTY**

Here's the cold dope, in pictures that don't lie, for women who wonder what goes on at those exclusive gatherings husbands enjoy so much



Over the dessert, Benny tries to palm off that old one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter on Rudy Vallee—but Rudy's face shows he isn't taking it.



Above: Coffee for Bergen and Morgan; below, Andy Devine may need a shave but he isn't going to get that last bite of cake—not if he wants to keep his radio job.



Above: Charlie Chase, one-time film comedian, now a writer, wishes he could hear what Hugh Herbert's telling Vallee; below, Ameche, Tommy (Betty Lou) Riggs, Vallee.



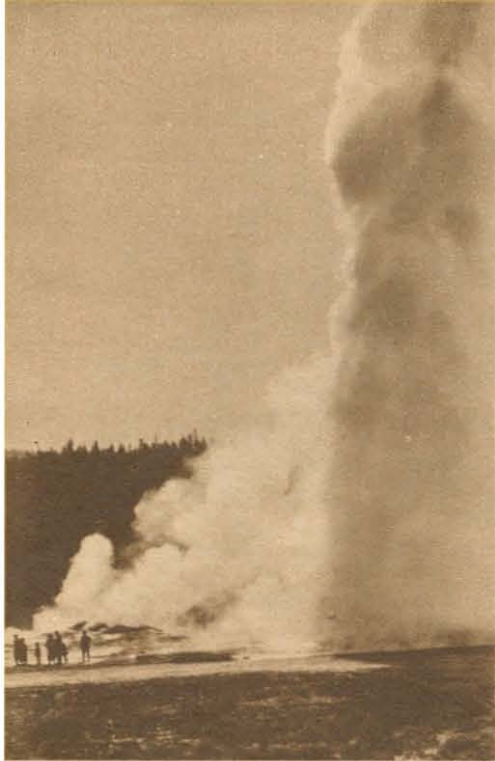
"TRUE OR FALSE"

How's Your I. Q.?

Test your knowledge with these brain-twisters and have fun while doing it

If you liked last month's memory test, then you'll enjoy the second in our series of "True or False" games. Dr. Harry Hagen who conducts the "True or False" program on the Mutual System Monday nights at 10:00, New York Time,

sponsored by Williams Shaving Cream, chose these questions to test your knowledge. How many are true, and how many falsifications? If you get eight out of eleven correct, you're doing well. Then check with the answers on page 80.



A geisha is a hot spring ejecting a stream of water into the air. (1) True ■ False ■

Shakespeare's character, Macbeth, was an actual king of Scotland. (2) True ■ False ■



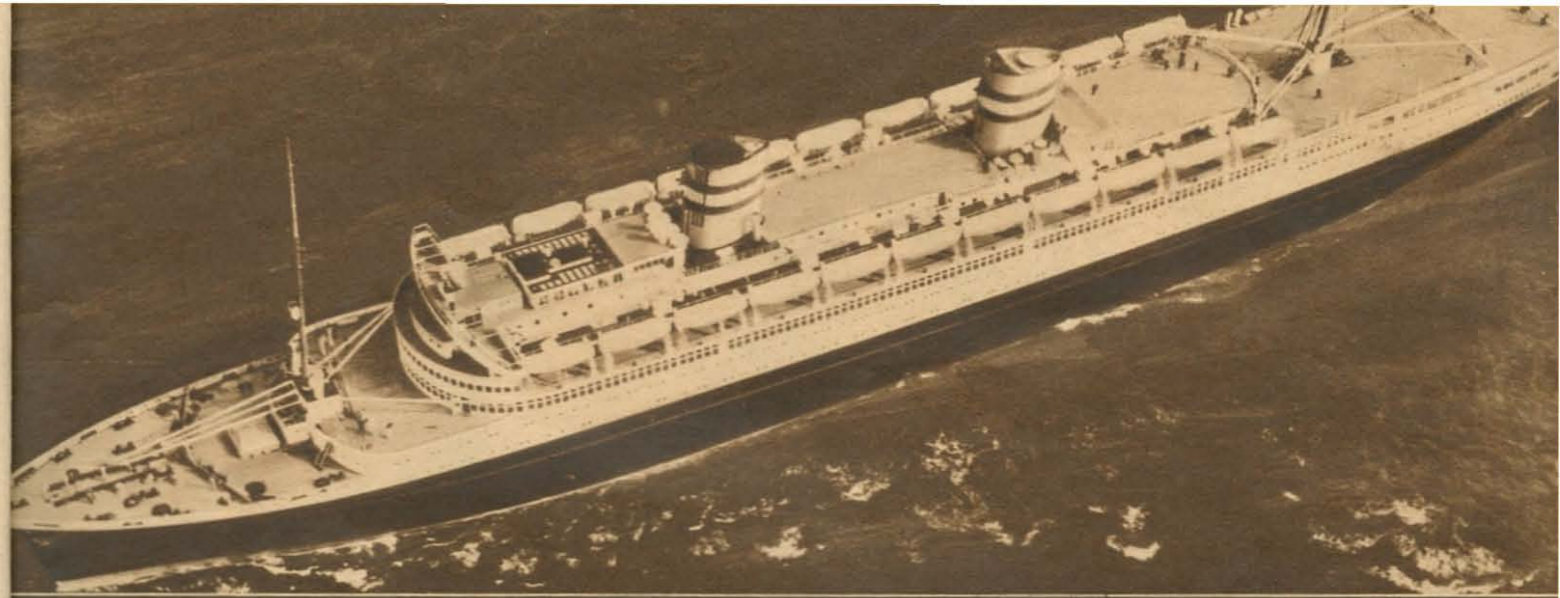
Spinning Jenny was a Swedish star brought to America by P. T. Barnum. (3) True ■ False ■

The spinet is the wheel part of an old-fashioned spinning wheel. (5) True ■ False ■



There are two people buried in Grant's Tomb, in New York City. (4) True ■ False ■

A squab, fancied by gourmets, is a very young chicken. (6) True ■ False ■



S.S. Van Dine is the name of a new Dutch transatlantic luxury liner. (7) True ■ False ■

The Holland-American Line

courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



An Amphora, highly prized by ancient Greeks, is a vase. (8) True ■ False ■



The Statue of Liberty holds her torch aloft in her right hand. (9) True ■ False ■

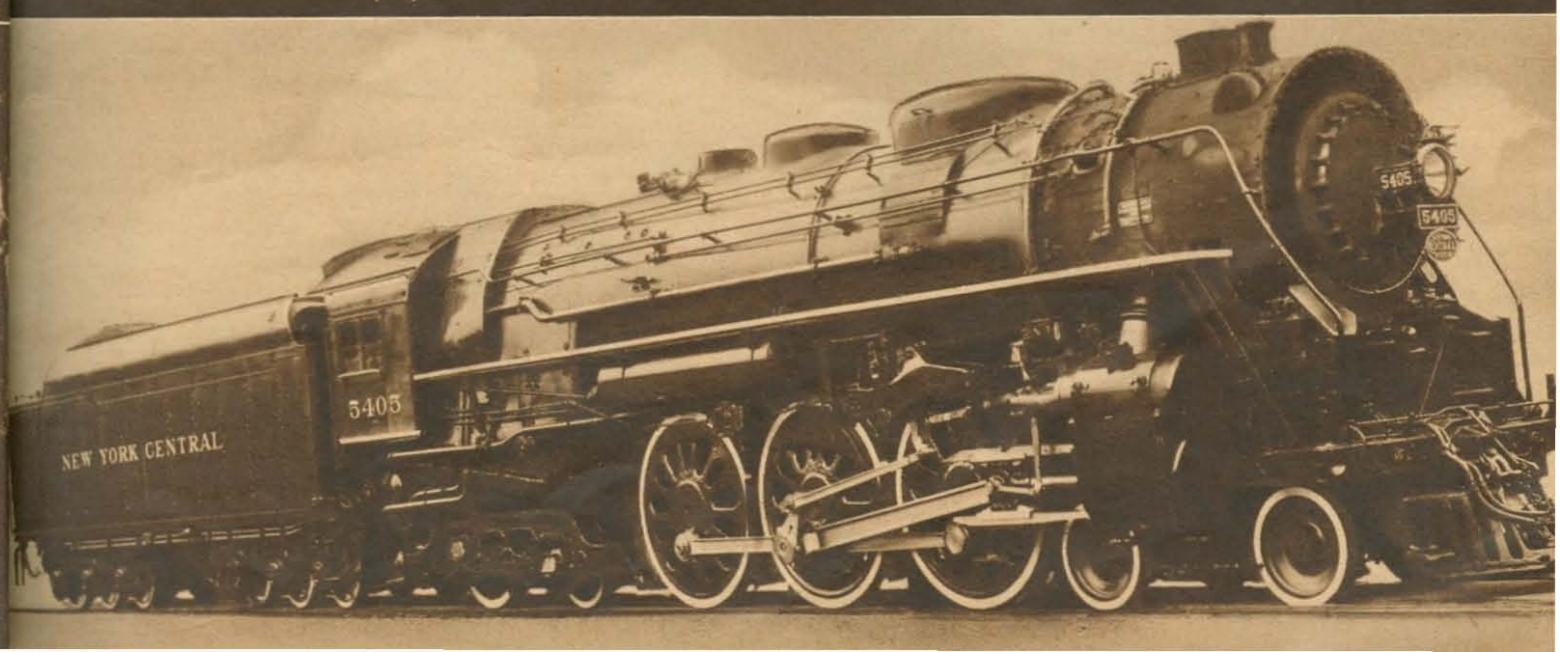


Ann Boleyn was the second of Henry the Eighth's seven unhappy wives. (10) True ■ False ■

United Artists

Hudson locomotive of the New York Central System

A Decapod is a kind of locomotive which is used for heavy hauling. (11) True ■ False ■



GIRL CRASHES RADIO!



IT'S simpler to crash a state dinner at the White House than to get a job in network radio. Last year, from thousands of applications, NBC and CBS together gave 7600 auditions. About 190 of the hopeful auditioners were listed in the networks' files as "prospects." About 40 of them will eventually get on the air—and maybe two or three of the original 7600 will become reasonably well known

personalities. So you see the odds are against you before you start. But if you are determined to try, these pictures show you the road one young singer followed with success. It's not the only road, but RADIO MIRROR believes it is one of the best. Just one warning: if you aren't sure in your own heart, as this girl was, that you have a unique and valuable talent, don't start on this road at all.

Photos by Macfadden Studios



1

Before trying to take network radio by storm, our heroine got a job as an unpaid singer in her local station for experience.



2

For further experience, she sang in her church choir. All this time, she was working as a stenographer with a home-town firm.



3

She saved every cent she could, knowing that she must be well prepared to stay in New York, jobless, for month after month.



4

With \$1,000, enough money for ten months, plus the cost of her bus ticket, she started for New York.

The network officials were impressed by her, and gave her an audition. It was successful . . .



5

In New York, she first wrote to network talent officials, citing her experience and talents.

. . . but led only to her name being placed in the file of good "prospects." While she waited . . .



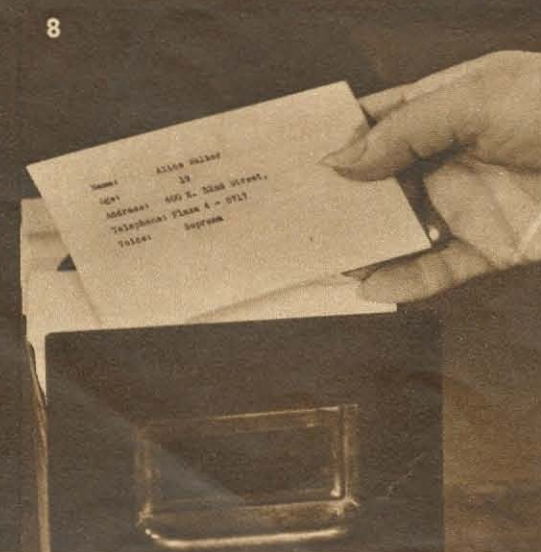
6

Many applicants are eliminated by their letters—but hers was able to gain her an interview.

. . . she sought and at last found a job singing with an orchestra. Her name appeared in the papers.



7



8



9



10

Those few enthusiastic paragraphs brought her publicity that made it possible for a network, which cannot afford to gamble on people who are entirely unknown, to offer her a contract on an unsponsored program. But still to come—perhaps—is the big money of commercial radio.

Loch

Lomond



To swing or not to swing—that is the stormy question. Here are the words and music for you to decide for yourself

Maxine Sullivan, left, whose swing version of the old song started all the controversy.

Voice *Andante espressivo*

1. By_ yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes, Where the
 2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon shady glen, On the
 3. The wee bir-dies sing and the wild flowers spring, And — in

Piano *p* *f* *pp*

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon', Where me and my true love We're
 steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple_ hue_ The
 sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the bro - ken heart it kens. Nae

rit.

ev - er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mon'.
 Hie-landhills we view, And the moon_ com-ing out in the gloam - ing.
 sec-ond Spring a - gain, Tho' the wae fu' may_ cease frae their greet - ing.

rit. col canto

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PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT BY
 MAX VOGRICH



poco agitato

4. Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and I'll tak' the low - road, And

poco agitato

mf

cresc. *rall.*

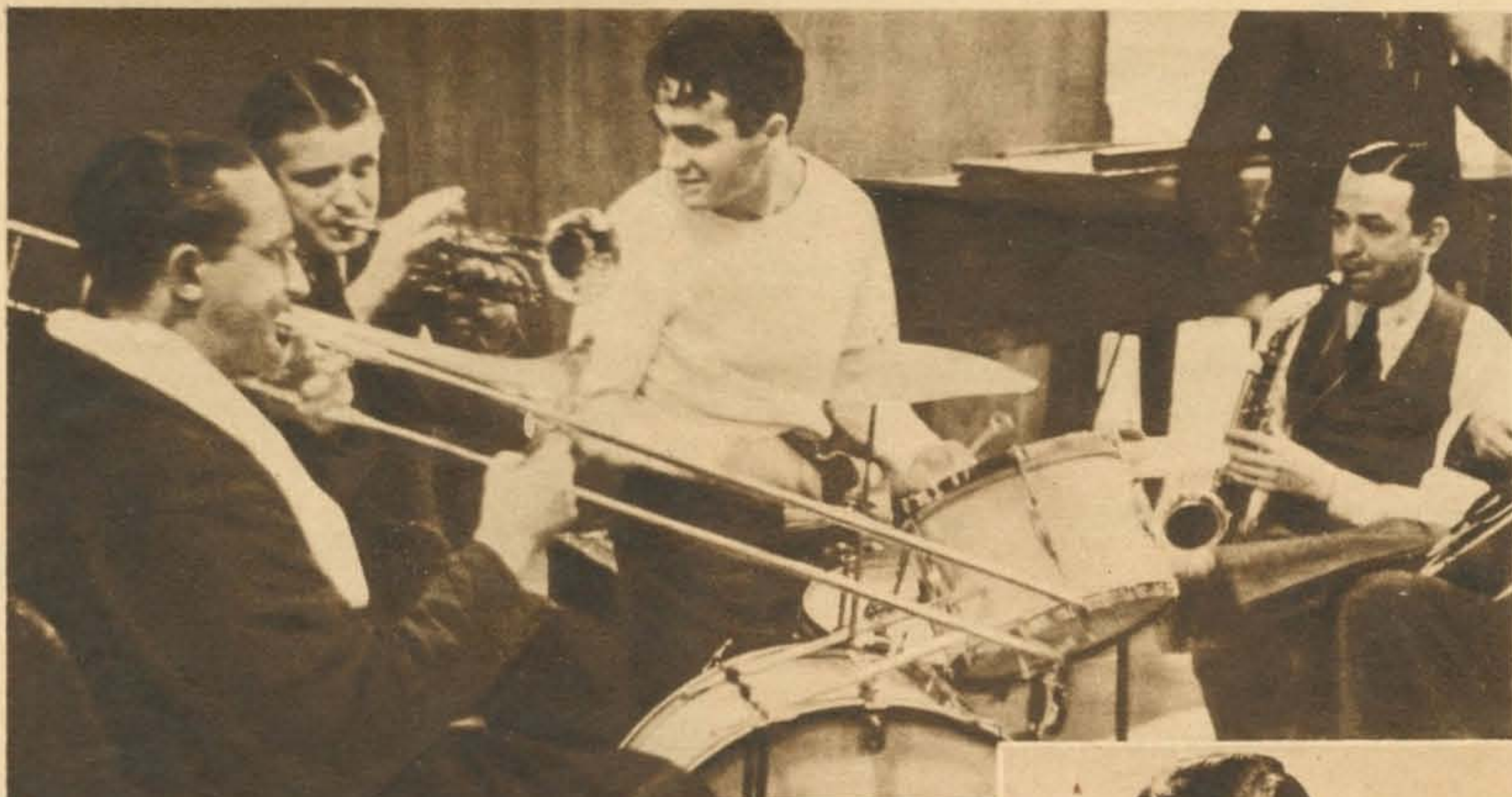
I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye, But me and my true love will

rall. *col canto*

rit.

nev - er meet a - gain On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mon'.

rit.



Above, Gene Krupa (in sweatshirt) is his own boss now, like the others shown here—Tommy Dorsey, Bunny Berigan and Jimmy Dorsey. Right, Hal Kemp and Bob Allen of the Griffin show.



GENE KRUPA

tells

"Why I Left Benny Goodman"

THE deafening applause was still ringing in Benny Goodman's ears as he raced off the stage of the Earle theater in swing-hungry Philadelphia, into his dressing room, one day last March.

He had hardly time to wipe the dripping perspiration from his black brows, when his eyes caught the smiling, but determined face of his frowsy-haired drummer boy, Gene Krupa.

Krupa spoke four simple words to his leader:

"Benny, I'm leaving you."

With those words exploded the greatest swing combination ever heard on anybody's radio set. Following in its wake came a barrage of ugly rumors injurious to both Gene and Benny.

What was behind it all?

Jealousy . . . ambitions . . . opposite opinions . . . Rumors grapevined their way across radio row and were worthless. The whispers of "eyewitnesses" to the dressing room drama had no authenticity.

To Krupa this step was the fulfillment of a life-long ambition. He was finally going to lead his own band.

To Goodman it meant the final defeat to his hopes of keeping his million dollar band intact. His plan folded like a collapsible clarinet.

Only one man could tell the true story—Gene Krupa. I found him smoking countless cigarettes, chewing immense wads of gum, as he nervously listened to his newly-

formed band rehearsing in a New York phonograph studio.

"All my life I've wanted my own band," he said, "I've sweated and saved for it. Leaving Benny had to happen. My contract was up April 1. According to union regulations, I gave him my two weeks' notice in Philadelphia. It was never a case of not getting along with Benny. Let me tell you he's a swell guy and a wonderful musician."

Goodman realized his drummer boy's lofty ambitions; should have sensed it when he let Gene conduct the band when he was not around.

"You see Benny used to let me lead the band when he was off the stand. I was sort of concertmaster of the outfit. I got to like the feel of it. And I wanted more," Gene continued.

But Benny wasn't the type to take Gene's decision lying down. No man lets a valuable piece of property slip out of sight without a heroic fight to hold on to it. He told Gene of the headaches and heartaches of running a band; reminded Krupa that \$500 a week steady salary was nothing to drop lightly.

You only have to look into Krupa's black eyes to know that once his mind is made up, nothing can stop him. You need only trace his career from soda

FACING
THE
MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN

jerker to swingster, to discover that he has always been fired with ambition and the will to win.

He was born in Chicago and his childhood was a comfortable one. When he was graduated from high school, Gene went to St. Joseph's College in Indiana to study for the priesthood. (Continued on page 79)

MISS JANE ALVA JOHNSON

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Johnson of Saint Louis

leads a vivid and interesting life

She is a distinguished horsewoman



Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane Alva Johnson. While at Fermata School, she was a whip in the Aiken drag hunts. Her horses have won many trophies and ribbons. And she has even run off a show of her own! Above, Jane chats with Olive Cawley (left). "I don't have to *look* to see what cigarette you're smoking, Jane. Camels again! Why is it that you smoke nothing but Camels?" asks Miss Cawley.

Jane's reply is quite emphatic: "Camels are delightfully different. They never tire my taste. I depend upon having healthy nerves — and Camels *never* jangle my nerves. They are always gentle to my throat too. In fact, in *so many* ways, Camels *agree* with me!"

One of the most attractive post-debutantes in Saint Louis is Jane Alva Johnson. She is whole-hearted in her enthusiasms — "loves" horse shows, entertaining, and smoking Camels. "Most of my friends smoke Camels, too," she says, "and they know I smoke nothing else. Even though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for *another* Camel. Which is one of the nicest things I could ever say about a cigarette!"

A gracious hostess



...and a charming Veiled Prophet's Queen

Miss Johnson had the exciting experience of being chosen Queen of the Veiled Prophet's Ball—a signal honor in the social life of Saint Louis. Above, a fashionable artist's portrayal of Miss Johnson, regal in her court gown of lamé and sable. Throughout the excitement of parties, travels, and an active sports life, Jane turns to Camels: "When I'm tired, smoking Camels gives me a 'lift'! And that delicate Camel flavor *always* tastes just right."



Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia • Miss Alicia Rhett, Charleston
Miss LeBrun Rhineland, New York • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"

Life as a model taught me...



"Once I was a lady of leisure—with nothing to do but go to parties if I felt like it . . . take it easy if I didn't. But those days are gone forever! It was in the cards, I guess. You know the saying—'Friday's child is loving and giving . . . Saturday's child works hard for a living.' That's me!"



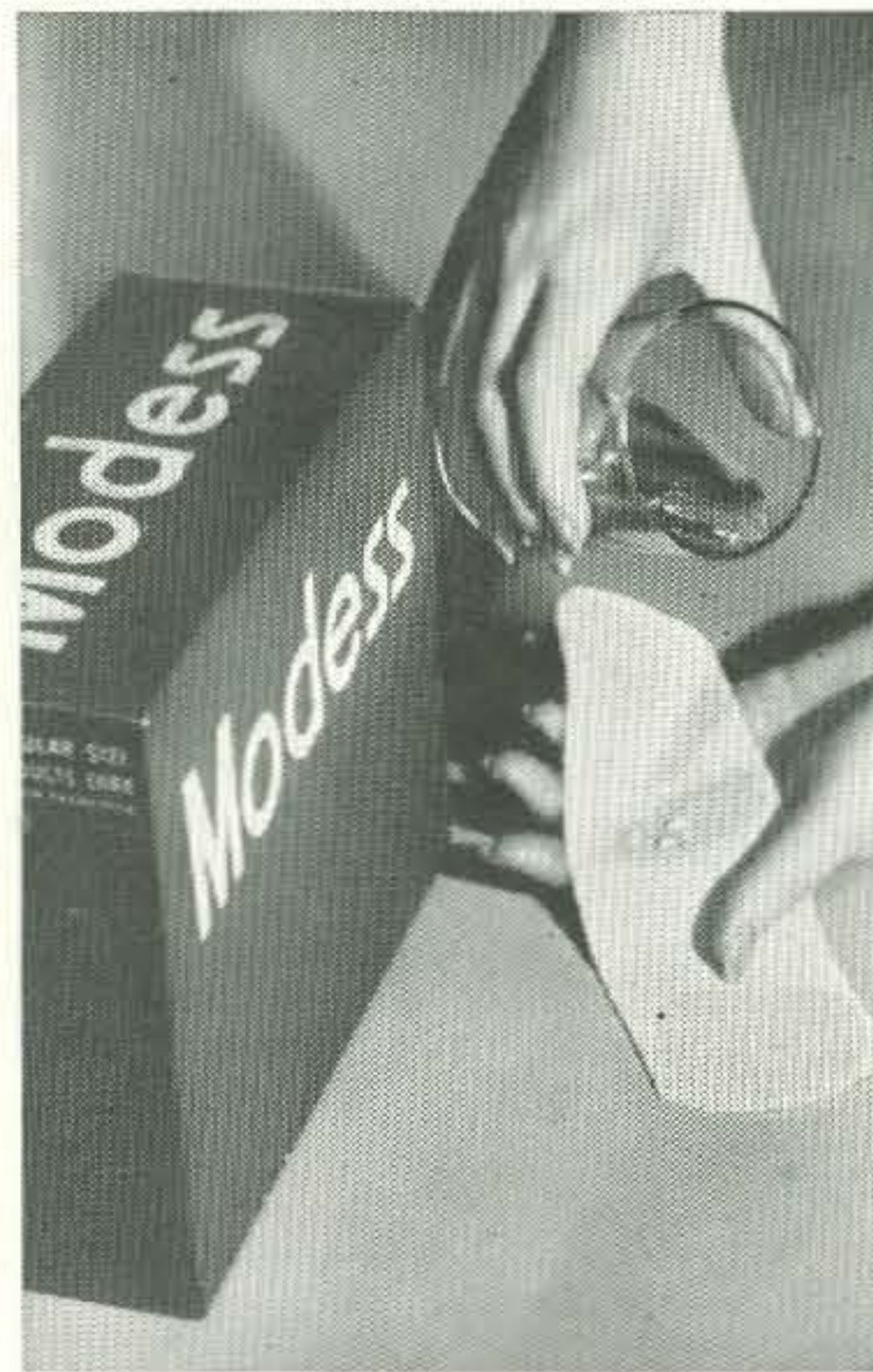
"Now I model clothes—at a shop where I used to buy them! And whew!—the weary miles we models trudge! Up and down . . . back and forth . . . shoulders back, 'tummy' in, head high!"



"Naturally 'certain days' are worse than others. But I soon learned from the other models how to make those days a lot easier! They introduced me to Modess—and, believe me, when you're on your feet all day, a napkin that doesn't chafe makes a world of difference!"



"If you'd like to know why Modess is more comfortable . . . just cut a pad in two. Feel that filler! It's like the down on a duck! So soft and fluffy—entirely different from napkins made of crêpey, close-packed layers."



"And—how much safer! Prove it for yourself. Take the moisture-proof backing from inside a Modess pad and drop water on it! That will show you why you need never worry again about ruining a dress . . . or being embarrassed."



"Then—if you're earning your own living and have to count the pennies, as I do . . . here's some more good news. Modess is easy on the pay envelope! Honestly—for all its greater comfort and security—Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin! So—take a tip from me and buy yourself a box of Modess today."

Get in the habit of saying "Modess!"

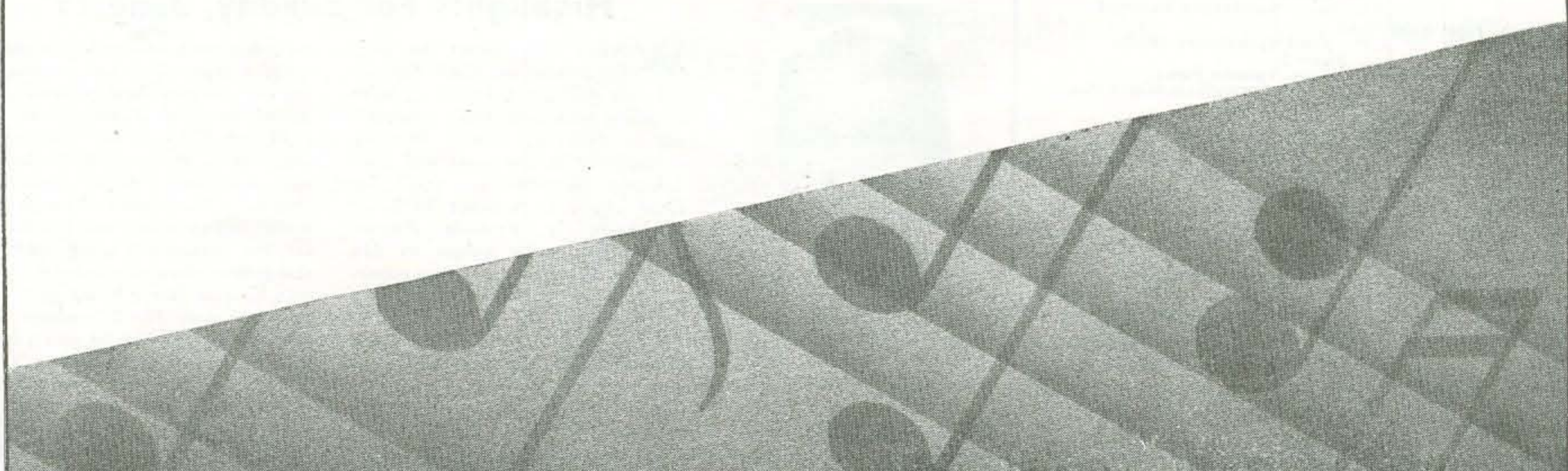
IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

RADIO MIRROR •

almanac

MAY 25 TO JUNE 23

**A DAY BY DAY LISTENING GUIDE THAT WILL
DOUBLE YOUR RADIO PLEASURE—PLUS A NEW
AND IMPROVED PROGRAM FINDER FOR EVERY
TIME OF DAY AND ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY**



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME

Central Standard Time

Eastern Standard and Daylight Time

Table with 3 columns: Pacific Standard Time, Central Standard Time, Eastern Standard and Daylight Time. Rows list broadcast times and program titles for various networks (NBC-Blue, NBC-Red, CBS).

Motto of the Day

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Kay Kyser

Don't sigh for the "good old days"—today is one of them.

Highlights For Wednesday, May 25

FOR folks who like to learn while they listen, CBS has a swell new series—in fact, it has three series instead of just one. On Wednesdays, the subject is History's Headlines, dramatizations of memorable events of the past—and they're done so thrillingly that you might be listening to the March of Time. Tonight, the History Headlines deal with 1637 and 1638, just three hundred years ago, and you'll hear how the Swedes arrived on the Delaware River and how Roger Williams founded Rhode Island. The time is 7:45. The other parts of this three-part series are Americans at Work, Thursday nights at

10:30; and Adventures in Science, Fridays at 7:45. . . . Also for the learners-while-listening, CBS' department of talks has a discussion of foreign trade this afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00. William C. Dickman is the speaker. . . . Youngsters can't listen so very much longer to the Dick Tracy serial, on NBC-Red this afternoon at 5:00, because it's going off the air for the summer very soon. . . . Although Beatrice Pons, the young actress who plays Tania in the Tracy serial, is very pretty, her voice, and not her face, is her fortune. It's so exotic and unusual that it's perfect for parts like that of Tania.



Exotic-voiced Beatrice Pons (no relation to Lily) plays Tania in Dick Tracy.

Highlights For Wednesday, June 1

IT'S Derby Day in England, and NBC will be right on hand when the horses line up outside the paddock at Epsom Downs—ready to bring you the exciting spectacle in colorful description. . . . Today's your last chance to listen to the thrilling Terry and the Pirates serial, on NBC-Red at 5:15, which is a pity, because for good old-fashioned shootin'-to-kill, not a show had it over Terry and his boy-friends. . . . But, as if to make up for the loss of Terry, Popeye, the Sailor is on CBS at 6:15. You can listen to him all summer—or most of the summer at least—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. . . . CBS'

History Headline tonight from 7:45 to 8:00 deals with John Peter Zenger's trial in New York, the establishment by France of trade with the Far West, and other subjects. . . . Never heard of John Peter Zenger? Neither had your Almanac, which is the reason it's listening in tonight, to find out about him. . . . If you haven't done so already, meet Teddy's boy friend in tonight's chapter of One Man's Family, on NBC-Red at 8:00. He's a new character in this perennially popular serial, his name is Wayne Grubb, and he's in love with Teddy Barbour. Eighteen year old Sonny Edwards plays Wayne.



Sonny Edwards plays Wayne Grubb, the new character in the One Man's Family serial.

Highlights For Wednesday, June 8

HORSES, horses, horses—if you're crazy over them, don't miss NBC's broadcast today describing the Wilmington Handicap. It's the big event of the opening day at the Delaware Track in Wilmington. . . . CBS' History Headlines tonight are dramatizations of the things that happened in the year 1765. You'll hear how France gave up her American domains to the British Empire, and how the region across the Allegheny mountains was shut off from colonial settlement by Royal proclamation. . . . Tonight the Poet of the People, Edgar A. Guest, presents one of his interesting and inspir-

ing half-hour programs, on CBS at 10:30. The name of the program, It Can Be Done, is taken from one of Guest's most famous poems—you know, the one about the man who "started to sing as he tackled the thing that couldn't be done—and he did it." . . . Around the studio Edgar Guest is known as Eddie. . . . Although his style of poetry is considered to be typically American, he was born in Birmingham, England, and naturalized in 1902. . . . He lives in Detroit and commutes to Chicago for his program. Says he's always nervous in front of the microphone, but never shows it. . . . Likes to wear bow ties.

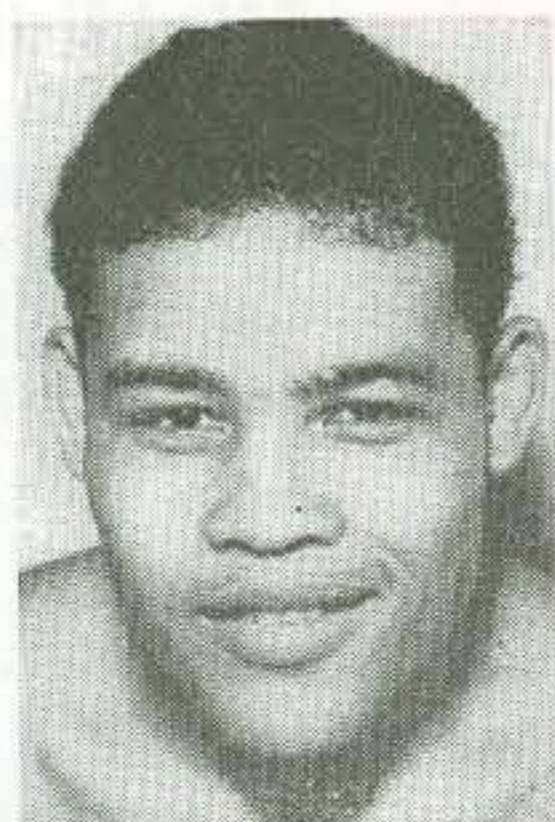


Edgar Guest is on the air again tonight in the inspiring "It Can Be Done."

Highlights For Wednesday, June 15 and 22

JUNE 15: The subjects of tonight's CBS History Headlines at 7:45 are Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts and the Annapolis Convention. . . . Why not try playing that new Word Game program CBS has tonight and every Wednesday at 9:30? Max Eastman, who wrote "The Enjoyment of Laughter", is the master of ceremonies, and it all adds up to quite a bit of fun. June 22: Mark ten o'clock, New York time, down on your date pad as a time to be next to a radio tonight, because that's when NBC-Blue starts broadcasting the boxing match between Max Schmeling and Joe Louis. And it ought to

be swell fight. . . . Tonight is your last opportunity to hear two favorite programs—the Andre Kostelanetz-Grace Moore show on CBS at 9:00, and the Gang Busters dramatization on CBS at 10:00. The Chesterfield people, who sponsor Andre and Grace, hadn't decided when your Almanac went to press whether or not they'd whip up a new show or just take a summer vacation. The Palm-olive folks, sponsors of Gang Busters, are set for the vacation, intending to bring the show back in August. . . . Tonight's CBS History Headlines: Mad Anthony Wayne whips the Indians and gains the Ohio Valley.



Joe Louis tangles in New York tonight with Max Schmeling—listen on NBC-Blue at 10:00.

Eastern Standard and Daylight Time		
	7:00	8:00 A.M.
		NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
	7:15	8:15
		NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
		NBC-Red: Doc Schneider's Texans
	8:00	9:00
		CBS: As You Like It
		NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
		NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy
	8:30	9:30
		CBS: Girl Interne
		NBC-RED: Landt Trio
	8:45	9:45
		CBS: Bachelor's Children
		NBC-Red: Frances Adair
	9:00	10:00
		CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
		NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
	9:15	10:15
		CBS: Myrt and Marge
		NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	8:30	9:30
		CBS: Hilltop House
		NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
		NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	8:45	9:45
		10:45
		CBS: Stepmother
		NBC-Red: Woman in White
	9:00	10:00
		11:00
		CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
		NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
		NBC-Red: David Harum
	9:15	10:15
		11:15
		NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
10:00	9:30	10:30
		11:30
		CBS: Big Sister
		NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:45	10:45
		11:45
		CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
		NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
		NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
8:00	10:00	11:00
		12:00 Noon
		CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
		NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
		NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
8:15	10:15	11:15
		12:15
		NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:30	10:30	11:30
		12:30
		CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		NBC-Red: Al and Lee Reiser
	8:45	10:45
		11:45
		12:45
		CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		NBC-Red: Three Romeos
9:00	11:00	12:00
		1:00
		CBS: Proctor and Gamble Hour
9:15	11:15	12:15
		1:15
		NBC-Red: Escorts and Betty
9:30	11:30	12:30
		1:30
		NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
		NBC-Red: Words and Music
10:00	12:00	1:00
		2:00
		NBC-Blue: Vagabonds
		NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild
10:15	12:15	1:15
		2:15
		NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over
10:30	12:30	1:30
		2:30
		CBS: Columbia Salon Orch.
11:00	1:00	2:00
		3:00
		CBS: Ray Block's Varieties
		NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:15	1:15	2:15
		3:15
		NBC-Blue: Silhouettes of the West
		NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:30	1:30	2:30
		3:30
		CBS: U. S. Army Band
		NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
11:45	1:45	2:45
		3:45
		NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
12:00	2:00	3:00
		4:00
		CBS: Science Service
		NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
		NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:15	2:15	3:15
		4:15
		NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:30	2:30	3:30
		4:30
		NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
12:45	2:45	3:45
		4:45
		NBC-Red: Road of Life
1:00	3:00	4:00
		5:00
		CBS: Jack Shannon
		NBC-Blue: The Four of Us
		NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
1:15	3:15	4:15
		5:15
		NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
1:30	3:30	4:30
		5:30
		CBS: Let's Pretend
		NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
		NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
1:45	3:45	4:45
		5:45
		NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
2:00	4:00	5:00
		6:00
		CBS: Press Radio News
		NBC-Red: George R. Holmes
2:30	4:30	5:30
		6:30
4:45	5:15	
		CBS: Boake Carter
		NBC-Red: Sports Column
2:45	4:45	5:45
		6:45
		NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:00	5:00	6:00
		7:00
7:00		
		CBS: Just Entertainment
		NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
		NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
3:15	5:15	6:15
		7:15
7:15	9:15	
		CBS: Hollywood Screenscoops
		NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
		NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
7:15		
		7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30
		7:30
		CBS: Alexander Semmler
		NBC-Blue: Elvira Rios
		NBC-Red: Marlo Cozzi
4:00	6:00	7:00
		8:00
7:30		
9:15		
		CBS: Kate Smith
		NBC-Blue: March of Time
		NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
5:00	7:00	8:00
		9:00
		CBS: Major Bowes
		NBC-Blue: Toronto Prom. Concert
		NBC-Red: Good News of 1938
5:30	7:30	8:30
		9:30
		NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting
6:00	8:00	9:00
		10:00
		CBS: Essays in Music
		NBC-Blue: Under Western Skies
		NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30
		10:30
		CBS: Americans at Work
7:15	9:15	10:15
		11:15
		NBC-Blue: Elza Schallert

Motto of the Day

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

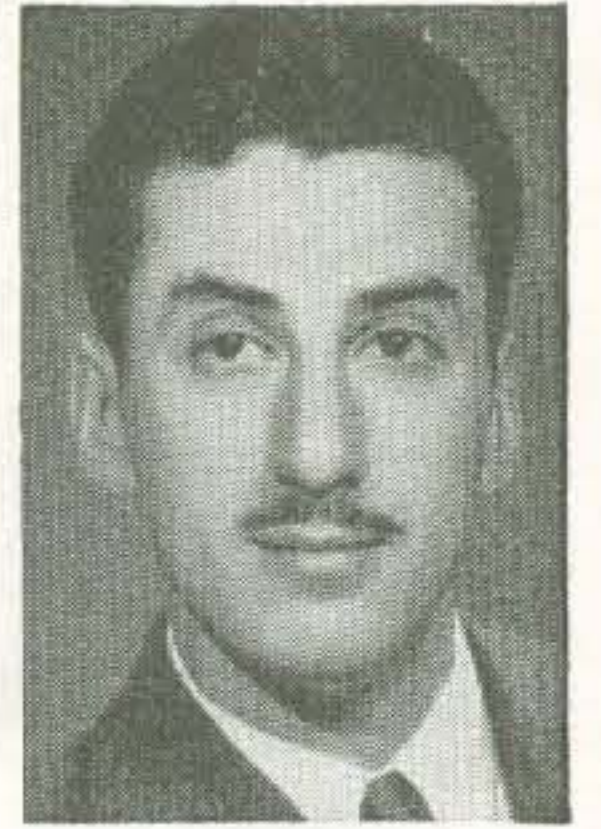
By
Graham
McNamee

True power is the ability to control yourself—not others.

Highlights For Thursday, May 26

A COUPLE of extra-special events for you to wrap your ears around tonight: First, *Bob Trout* is describing the annual convention of the Communist party, being held in Madison Square Garden, New York City. Bob's to be on the CBS air from 7:30 to 7:45, New York time, talking direct from the scene of the convention. . . . Second, *NBC-Blue* has a broadcast at 10:00 from the ringside at the fight between Barney Ross and Harry Armstrong—which the experts say will be one of the biggest and most exciting fights of the year. . . . *Larry Clinton* and his orchestra are opening tonight at the swanky Glen Is-

land Casino, and *NBC* has made arrangements to bring you the music after all the night's commercial programs are out of the way. Larry, as you ought to know by now, is the guy who wrote "The Dipsy-Doodle." . . . From 10:30 to 11:00, *CBS* has a program in its new series called *Americans at Work*. It features each week an interview with a typical American worker, plus a description of what he does for a living. Tonight's guest is a worker in an automobile factory. . . . It's Happy Birthday to *Al Jolson*—he was born on May 26, 1886, in St. Petersburg, Russia. . . . Don't miss *Elza Schallert* at 11:15 on *NBC-Blue*.



Bob Trout takes the air tonight to describe the Communist Convention over CBS.

Highlights For Thursday, June 2

WARNING to all *Betty and Bob* fans: your program hasn't vanished from the air; it has just moved over to the *NBC* network, along with *Valiant Lady*, *Arnold Grimm's Daughter*, and the rest of the *Gold Medal Hour*. When your *Almanac* went to press the time for these programs on *NBC* hadn't been cleared, so we can't tell you where to find them. But they're on the air, and if you just listen long enough you'll find them yourself. . . . Meanwhile, now's a good time to tell you about *Alice Hill*, who plays *Betty* in *Betty and Bob*. *Alice* took over the job several months ago from *Betty Reller*

when the latter decided she wanted to come to New York and get stage experience. . . . *Alice* is a Chicago girl, but spent as much of her childhood in Los Angeles as she did in the middle west. She attended both the University of Wisconsin and the University of Southern California, and broke into radio in Los Angeles. Back in Chicago, she went to dramatic school and made her first appearance for *CBS* in 1932, impersonating *Greta Garbo*. The impersonation was so good that many listeners wrote expressing surprise that *Garbo* had finally decided to go on the air. . . . Her hobby is figure skating.



Alice Hill is *Betty* in the long-run serial drama, *Betty and Bob*, heard on *NBC*.

Highlights For Thursday, June 9

CBS has exclusive rights today to broadcast a description of the National Open Golf Tournament, from the Cherry Hills Country Club, Englewood, Colorado; but *NBC* and *MBS* are also making promises that the proceedings will be on their air waves too. So you can take your choice, and listen in on whichever network is most convenient. *CBS'* announcer will be the expert *Mr. Husing*. . . . Tonight at 10:30 the *CBS Americans at Work* program is to interview a composer—and in case you didn't know, a composer is the gent who puts words like these into type. . . . America's dumbest secretary—at least the

most famous dumb secretary in America—is *Amos 'n' Andy's Miss Genevieve Blue*. She'll probably be with the boys when they take the air tonight at 7:00 on *NBC-Red*. In real life *Miss Blue* is *Madaline Lee*, who was at least smart enough to join the only radio act with its own private broadcasting station in Palm Springs—although for the summer the boys are broadcasting from Los Angeles. . . . There's quite a Western flavor to your radio listening today—that is, if you hear both *Silhouettes of the West* on *NBC-Blue* at 3:15 and *Under Western Skies* on the same network at 10:00.



Madaline Lee plays *Amos 'n' Andy's* not so smart *Miss Blue* at 7:00 on *NBC-Red*.

Highlights For Thursday, June 16 and 23

JUNE 16. Like two-piano teams? Then listen to *Ward and Muzzy*, on *NBC-Red* at 9:00 this morning, or to *Al and Lee Reiser*, also on the *Red*, at 12:30 this afternoon. . . . Or if you prefer just one piano, there's *Alexander Semmler* on *CBS* at 7:30. . . . These are all sustaining programs, and your *Almanac* hopes they'll be on the air when promised, but it won't take any oath about it. Sustaining programs are subject to re-arrangement overnight, which explains why some of your favorite ones suddenly disappear and are never heard of again until you stumble upon them by accident. . . . To-

night's *American at Work*, *CBS* at 10:00, is a bricklayer, and if you listen you'll find out just how much skill this occupation demands—not that you don't know already, if you've ever tried to put up a brick wall. June 23: The summer concert season gets under way tonight with the first program from *Robin Hood Dell* in Philadelphia. *Mutual* is carrying it, and will broadcast the *Dell* concerts every Saturday evening for the rest of the summer. . . . Last week's worker on the *Americans at Work* series was a bricklayer—but tonight's is a business executive—on *CBS* at 10:00.



You'll hear *Ted Collins*, *Kate Smith's* manager, on her program tonight at 8.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		Central Standard Time		Eastern Standard and Daylight Time	
		7:00	8:00 A. M.	NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire	
		7:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: William Meeder NBC-Red: Doc Schneider's Texans	
		8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club NBC-Red: Women and News	
		8:30	9:30	CBS: Girl Interne	
		8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children NBC-Red: Amanda Snow	
		9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs	
		9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	
1:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill	
-8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Stepmother NBC-Red: Woman in White	
9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin NBC-Red: David Harum	
9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	
10:00	9:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade NBC-Red: How to be Charming	
9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life NBC-Red: Hello Peggy	
8:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Margaret McBride NBC-Blue: Time for Thought NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife	
8:15	10:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
8:30	10:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	
8:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday	
9:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Proctor and Gamble Hour	
9:15	11:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Escorts and Betty	
9:30	11:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law NBC-Red: Words and Music	
10:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: U. S. Marine Band	
10:30	12:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: The Captivators	
11:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Radio Guild NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family	
11:15	1:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	
11:30	1:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	
11:45	1:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	
12:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Chicago Varieties NBC-Blue: Club Matinee NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	
12:15	2:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	
12:30	2:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Rush Hughes	
12:45	2:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life	
1:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Crossroads Hall NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell NBC-Red: Dick Tracy	
1:15	3:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow	
1:30	3:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Music for Fun NBC-Blue: Little Variety Show NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine	
1:45	3:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie	
2:15	4:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Popeye the Sailor	
2:30	4:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Boake Carter NBC-Red: Sports Column	
4:45	5:15	5:45	6:45	CBS: Lum and Abner NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	
2:45	4:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: Just Entertainment NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy	
7:15	5:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Hollace Shaw NBC-Blue: Story Behind Headlines NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra	
7:15	5:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill	
7:30	5:45	6:45	7:45	CBS: Science and Society NBC-Red: Bughouse Rhythm	
3:45	5:45	6:45	7:45	CBS: Ghost of Benjamin Sweet MBS: What's My Name NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert	
4:00	6:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Paul Whiteman's Orch. NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days	
4:30	6:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Hollywood Hotel NBC-Blue: Royal Crown Revue NBC-Red: Waltz Time	
7:30	6:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: NBC Spelling Bee	
5:00	7:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Columbia Square NBC-Red: First Nighter	
8:30	7:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler	
5:30	7:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: American Viewpoint NBC-Red: Dorothy Thompson	
6:00	8:00	9:00	10:00		
6:30	8:30	9:30	10:30		
6:45	8:45	9:45	10:45		

Motto of the Day

Friday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Nadine Connor

A penny saved is a tax unpaid.

Highlights For Friday, May 27

IT'S a scoop that NBC is offering front-porch dance music enthusiasts tonight. For the first time on any network, it has corralled *Ina Ray Hutton* and her *Melodears*—yes, that's the way you spell it. It's an all-girl band which has been cleaning up in one-night stands all over the country for several years. *Ina Ray* is known as the *Blonde Bombshell*, and deserves the nickname, because her music is fast and furious. *The Melodears* are opening tonight at the New Penn Club in Pittsburgh and NBC will remote-control their music while they're there. . . . For serious-minded listeners who don't go for

dance music, CBS has three good educational programs. First, from 4:45 to 5:00 this afternoon, is a broadcast from the Peace Conference in Boston, with *Professor Alvin H. Hansen* talking on *World Economic Co-operation*. . . . Then from 7:45 to 8:00, the *Adventures in Science* series has a world-famous scientist as its guest speaker. . . . And at 10:45 *J. Bryant Conant* talks on the subject of *Defense Against Propaganda*. It's no secret that Mr. Conant's talk is aimed against propaganda broadcasts from foreign nations. . . . *Dorothy Thompson* gives her last broadcast of the season tonight at 10:45.



Ina Ray Hutton opens tonight at the New Penn Club in Pittsburgh—listen on NBC.

Highlights For Friday, June 3

A DASH of outdoor sports is needed to make this spring day complete, so NBC comes to the rescue this afternoon with a broadcast from Randall's Island Stadium in New York, where the first day of the *Inter-Collegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America*—commonly called I.C. 4-A.—track meet is being held. The finals of the meet will be on the air tomorrow. . . . The younger fans will be sorry to hear that today's is the final broadcast for the *Dick Tracy* serial, on NBC-Red at 5:00. It will probably be back in the fall. . . . Speaking of serials, it's about time you learned something about *Irna Phil-*

lips, whose nimble brain is responsible for three of the most popular daytime shows—*The Road of Life*, *The Guiding Light*, and *Woman in White*. . . . Irna used to be a school teacher. Coming to Chicago for a vacation, she auditioned and got a job in one of the daytime serials as an actress. But after a few weeks of reading the lines they gave her she said disgustedly that she could write a better radio serial herself—and then went to work and proved it. . . . She dictates her scripts to one of her capable secretaries, acting out each line as she speaks it. . . . She draws upon the actual experiences of her actors for plots.



Irna Phillips, busiest of radio authors, writes three of your day-time serial shows.

Highlights For Friday, June 10

LOTS of movie stars will be on hand today for the opening of the races at Inglewood Park, California, and a good many of them will let themselves be lured to the microphone to say a few words as NBC broadcasts a description of the scene. . . . At the other end of the world, both NBC and CBS are broadcasting the *Wightman Cup* tennis matches from England. . . . So you can take your pick—horses or tennis, or even both. . . . Not many actresses can double on an accordion, but here's one who does—*Alice Patton*, of *Backstage Wife*, on NBC-Red at 4:00. . . . Alice not only plays the part of

Jane Watson, but she also plays the program's theme song every day on her accordion. . . . She was born in New Haven, Conn., the daughter of an insurance man who sympathized with her early ambition to go on the stage and did all he could to help her achieve it. . . . Started her career in 1931 at a church entertainment, playing her accordion and singing a song she'd composed herself. . . . In 1934 she took an NBC audition, and almost came to grief on her first broadcast because the accordion she was playing was an unfamiliar one and she couldn't hit the right keys.



Alice Patton not only acts in *Backstage Wife*, but she also plays its theme song.

Highlights For Friday, June 17

LAST week at this time your *Almanac* told you about *Alice Patton*, of *Backstage Wife*—so this week why not learn about *Sallie Smith*, who plays Nancy Kirk in the same show? . . . Sallie is as Irish as a song by John McCormack, although she was born in Chicago and is a graduate of Mundelein College. She comes by her dramatic ability naturally, because her mother is the former *Addie Daugherty*, who played ingenue roles on the old Essanay movie lot, and her father, until his death a dozen years ago, was a well-known movie producer. . . . Your *Almanac* herewith offers its apologies to *Irene Noblette*, of

the *Tim and Irene* team on tonight's *Royal Crown Revue*—NBC-Blue at 9:00. A couple of months ago the *Almanac* stated that Irene had been born in El Paso, and neglected to add that she was educated in San Francisco at the Fairmont Grammar school. It was a letter from Dr. Laurence Branick which showed up our mistake. In the hope that Irene will read it, here's how the letter ends: "Tell Irene that the Mission District, and particularly her class-mate, Laurence Branick, wishes her continued success." . . . For some swell early-morning singing, tune in on *Amanda Snow* NBC-Red at 9:45.



Sallie Smith is the Nancy Kirk of *Backstage Wife*, on NBC-Red at 4:00 today.

Eastern Standard and Daylight Time		
	7:00	8:00 A.M.
		NBC-Blue: Southernaires NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
	7:15	8:15
		NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert NBC-Red: Doc Schneider's Texans
	8:00	9:00
		CBS: Eton Boys NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club NBC-Red: The Wise Man
	8:15	9:15
		CBS: Richard Maxwell NBC-Red: Sunshine Express
	8:30	9:30
		CBS: Fiddler's Fancy
	8:45	9:45
		NBC-Red: Landt Trio
	9:00	10:00
		CBS: Lew White NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose NBC-Red: Amanda Snow
	9:15	10:15
		NBC-Blue: Viennese Ensemble NBC-Red: Charioteers
	8:30	9:30
		10:30 CBS: Jewel Cowboys NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up NBC-Red: Music Internationale
	9:00	10:00
		11:00 CBS: Symphony Concert NBC-Blue: Vaughn de Leath NBC-Red: Florence Hale Forum
	9:15	10:15
		11:15 NBC-Blue: Minute Men NBC-Red: Ford Rush, Silent Slim
	9:30	10:30
		11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn NBC-Red: String Ensemble
	9:45	10:45
		11:45 NBC-Red: Serving the Consumer
	8:00	10:00
		11:00 NBC-Blue: Call to Youth NBC-Red: Abram Chasins
	8:30	10:30
		11:30 CBS: Melody Ramblings NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour NBC-Red: Rex Battle Ensemble
	9:00	11:00
		12:00 NBC-Red: Music Styled for You
	9:30	11:30
		12:30 CBS: Buffalo Presents NBC-Blue: Kinney Orch. NBC-Red: Your Host Is Buffalo
	10:00	12:00
		1:00 CBS: Madison Ensemble NBC-Blue: Jean Ellington NBC-Red: Music for Everyone
	10:30	12:30
		1:30 CBS: Motor City Melodies NBC-Blue: Krenz Orch. NBC-Red: Campus Capers
	11:00	1:00
		2:00 NBC-Blue: Slavonic Serenade NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
	11:30	1:30
		2:30 NBC-Blue: Ricardo Orch. NBC-Red: Swingology
	12:00	2:00
		3:00 CBS: Charles Paul NBC-Blue: Club Matinee NBC-Red: Stamp Collectors
	12:45	2:45
		3:45 CBS: Four Clubmen
	1:00	3:00
		4:00 CBS: Exploring Music
	2:00	4:00
		5:00 CBS: Press Radio News NBC-Red: El Chico Revue
	2:05	4:05
		5:05 CBS: The Symphonettes NBC-Blue: Tune Twisters
	2:30	4:30
		5:30 NBC-Blue: Press Radio News NBC-Red: Sports Column
	2:45	4:45
		5:45 NBC-Red: Religion in the News
	3:00	5:00
		6:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten
	3:30	5:30
		6:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill
	3:45	5:45
		6:45 NBC-Red: Barry McKinley
	4:00	6:00
		7:00 CBS: Saturday Swing Session NBC-Blue: Musical Serenade
	7:30	6:30
		7:30 CBS: Johnny Presents
	5:00	7:00
		8:00 CBS: Professor Quiz NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance NBC-Red: Al Roth Orch.
	5:30	7:30
		8:30 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	6:00	8:00
		9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade NBC-Blue: Design for Music NBC-Red: NBC Symphony
	6:30	8:30
		9:30 NBC-Blue: The Family Party
	6:45	8:45
		9:45 CBS: Capitol Opinion
	7:00	9:00
		10:00 CBS: Dance Music

Motto
of the
Day

Saturday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Russ
Morgan

A wife in the home is worth two in an office.

Highlights For Saturday, May 28

LISTEN tonight at 10:00 on CBS to Mark Warnow directing the largest dance orchestra in the world—the *Lucky Strike Hit Parade* band of 52 men. . . . Clyde Lucas' band opens tonight at the Claremont Inn, New York City, and you'll hear him playing on NBC. . . . Four years ago today the most famous five children in the world were born—the Dionne Quints—and maybe they'll be on the air today. . . . It's Saturday afternoon, and there's likely to be a family argument between the men, who want to listen to the baseball broadcasts, and the women, who don't. But in case the men win out,

here are the most important broadcasts, and where to listen to them. Every Saturday for the rest of the season your *Almanac* will supply a list of ball-game broadcasts—always, of course, subject to cancellation in case of rain—but if you don't like baseball, you needn't pay any attention. Detroit at Chicago: *WWJ, WXYZ, WJJD, WBBM, WIND, Michigan network.* Cleveland at St. Louis: *KWK, KFRU, KWOS, WCLE, KMOX.* Boston at Washington: *WJSV.* New York at Philadelphia: *WFIL.* Brooklyn at Boston: *Colonial network.* St. Louis at Cincinnati: *WSAI, WCPO, WHIO.*



Mark Warnow directs the huge 52-piece *Lucky Strike* dance orchestra tonight.

Highlights For Saturday, June 4

SOMEBODY you ought to meet is Madge Tucker, director of children's programs at NBC. One of her programs is *Our Barn*, heard today at 11:30 over NBC-Blue. Miss Tucker not only casts, directs, and often writes these programs about, by, with and for kids; but she serves as a sort of radio godmother to all the youngsters who work for her. They come to her with their problems, personal as well as professional, and she does her best to solve them all sympathetically. Which doesn't mean that she can't be hardboiled, too, when an attack of childish temperament rears its ugly head. She's been

in radio—with NBC all the time—for twelve years, coming to it from the stage. . . . If you really want to, you can listen to the second and final day of the *I.C. 4-A* track meet, coming over NBC from Randall's Island Stadium in New York City. And for baseball fans, here are the day's broadcast games: Cleveland at Washington: *WCLE, WJSV.* Chicago at Philadelphia: *WFIL.* Detroit at Boston: *WWJ, WXYZ, Colonial* and *Michigan networks.* New York at Cincinnati: *WSAI, WCPO, WHIO.* Philadelphia at Chicago: *WJJD, WHO.* Boston at St. Louis: *KWK, KFRU, KWOS, KMOX.*



Madge Tucker directs *Our Barn*—NBC-Blue, 11:30 A.M.—and other NBC children's show.

Highlights For Saturday, June 11

ORRIN TUCKER and his music makers open tonight at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, and if you listen to your local CBS station late tonight you'll probably hear how glad they are to see him there. . . . For the sports fans there are the baseball games and the continuation of the *Wightman Cup Tennis* matches from England. The latter are heard over both NBC and CBS. . . . The baseball: Chicago at Boston: *Colonial network.* St. Louis at Philadelphia: *WFIL.* Detroit at Washington: *WWJ, WXYZ, WJSV* and the *Michigan network.* New York at St. Louis: *KWK, KFRU, KWOS, KMOX.*

Brooklyn at Chicago: *WJJD, WHO.* Boston at Cincinnati: *WSAI, WCPO, WHIO.* . . . Have you listened yet to the *Jewel Cowboys*, on CBS at 10:30 this and every Saturday morning? Their program originates in Memphis, Tennessee, and your *Almanac* thinks they're the best hill-billy singers it has ever heard. Perhaps you don't like hill-billy music, but the chances are you'd like this band anyway. . . . Another group of singers that don't get the attention and praise they should are the *Southernaires*, who are on the *Blue* at 8:00 this morning, and on the same network at noon tomorrow.



Orrin Tucker brings his band into the Edgewater Beach in Chicago tonight, CBS.

Highlights For Saturday, June 18

MORE track meets today than you could ever attend in person. . . . Both NBC and CBS have the *National Collegiate* meet from the University of Minnesota, in Minneapolis. . . . And they both have the *Princeton Invitation* meet from Palmer Stadium at Princeton University, too. Mr. Husing will be at Princeton, telling you what's happening almost before it happens. . . . NBC seems to have a corner on the starting day of the *National Clay Court Tennis* finals from Chicago. . . . And of course, not to forget the baseball games: Philadelphia at Cleveland: *Philadelphian network.* Washington at Detroit:

WWJ, WXYZ, WJSV, the Michigan network. New York at St. Louis: *KWK, KFRU, KWOS, KMOX.* Boston at Chicago: *WJJD.* Cincinnati at Boston: *WSAI, WCPO, WHIO,* and the *Colonial network.* Chicago at Brooklyn: *WHO.* Pittsburgh at Philadelphia: *WCAU, KDKA.* . . . After all those sports broadcasts, you'll be grateful for some quiet musical entertainment, and you'll find it in *The Four Clubmen*, CBS at 4:45 . . . followed by *Exploring Music*, also on CBS, at 5:00. . . . *Mary McKinley's* songs on NBC-Red at 7:45. . . . *Al Roth's* orchestra on the Red at 9:00.



Edwin C. Hill has an evening commentating spot these days—NBC Red network at 7:30.

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

*It helps their
Skin more directly!*
THE NEW CREAM WITH
"Skin-Vitamin"



FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
note MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, Jr.

A NEW CREAM that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin!—The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue—which aids in keeping skin beautiful!

Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, hundreds of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it—"A great advance"—"Keeps my skin better than ever"—"Gives better color"—"Keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin . . .

Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

"A great advance . . ."

"Pond's new Cold Cream is a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

"Helps skin more . . ."

"I've always been devoted to Pond's. Now with the 'skin-vitamin,' it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."

FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.

"Gets skin really clean . . ."

"Pond's Cold Cream gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

Suppose you see what putting the "skin-vitamin" directly into *your* skin will do for it? In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks.

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your



MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price

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

**SEND FOR
THE NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CU, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

(Continued from page 5)

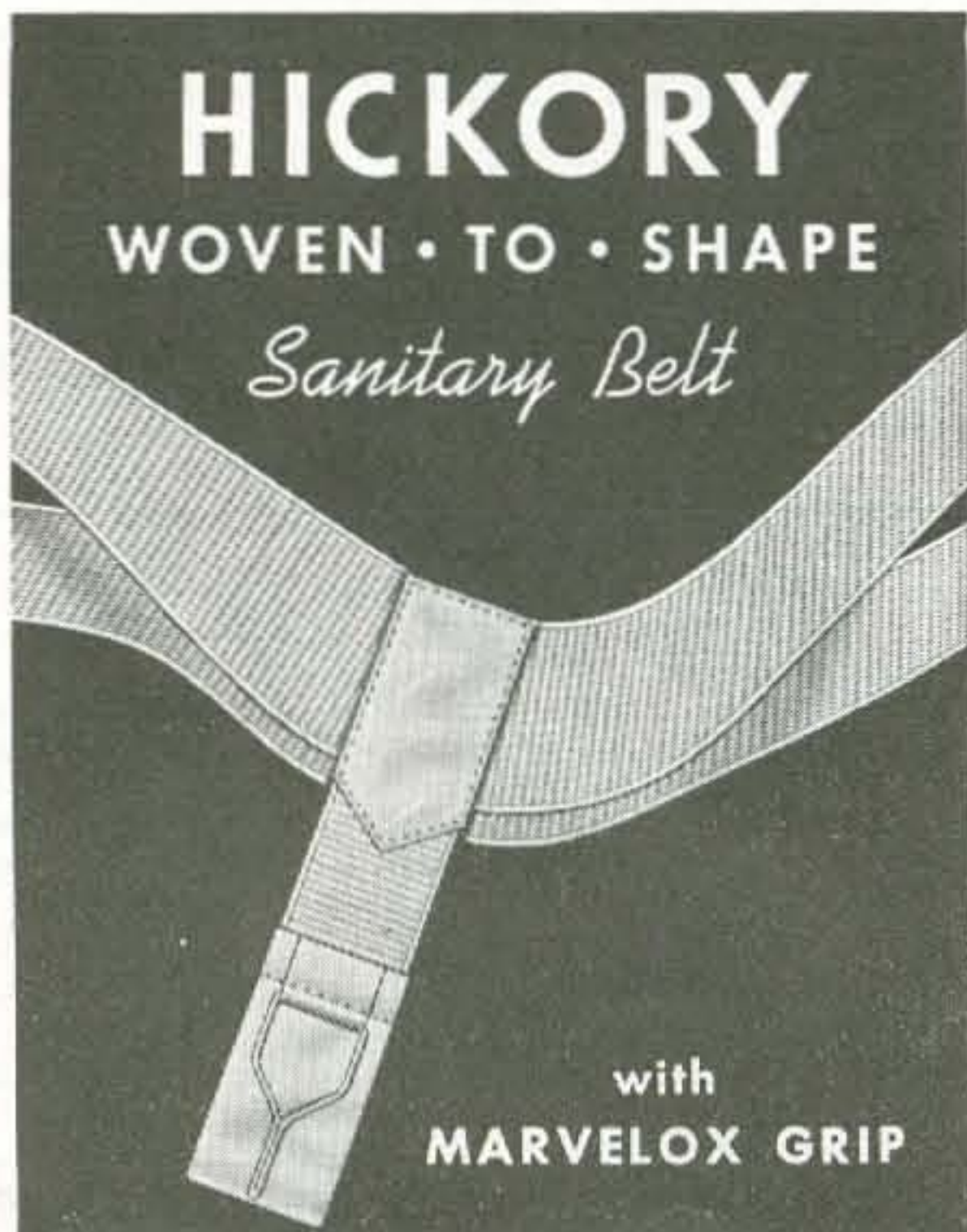


If you're wise
DO AS I DO
wear a belt

I've experimented . . . so I know that it's best to choose a good sanitary belt for dependable . . . safe . . . periodic comfort. And if you'll examine all belts carefully, you'll select the new improved W. T. S. (Woven-To-Shape) Hickory Belt. Designed for your comfort and peace of mind, whether you're on your feet a lot or not. Woven-To-Shape by a patented process . . . it fits gracefully . . . unobtrusively . . . gently—yet securely—to give you utmost comfort when you need it most. You'll be delighted with this welcome aid for difficult days. Actually costs less . . . measured by quality and service . . . than ordinary belts offered at lower prices. Fashioned in two styles . . . one with "Marvelox" Grip as illustrated (no pins required) and one with taped-on safety pins. The soft, long-wearing Woven-To-Shape Lastex elastic stretches . . . is boilable . . . will not lose its comfortable fit. It's a miracle for ease . . . both on your body and on your pocketbook. 35c to 50c at your favorite notion counter. Other styles 25c to 65c. Refuse substitutes.

If your dealer cannot supply you—send us your waist measure and \$1. We'll send you two 50c Marvelox Belts—postpaid.

A. Stein & Company, 1161 W. Congress St., Chicago



air)—you're climbing the ladder of Success and have nearly reached the top, and you're still the same Don Ameche that you were when you took bit-roles in radio dramas. That is why we like you, because you haven't changed.

To you, Don Ameche, and to those who are nearest and dearest to you, we wish the best of everything that's good in life.

VERNA B. HERMANN, Bath, Ill.

FOURTH PRIZE

CAN YOU BLAME 'EM?

I wish to take issue with a recent contributor to this department who complained so vehemently about the commercials in "otherwise excellent programs." They say "listeners are bound together in the common grip of helplessness." Not *this* listener. I'm neither bound, nor gripped, nor helpless as far as listening to anything on the radio is concerned. If I thought the sponsors were doing me wrong by using part of the program they pay for, to advertise the product that pays for them, I would give my radio away. Without sponsors our radios would be silent, for it takes money, lots of it, to pay for broadcasting facilities and for talent. And sponsors are not philanthropists, but people with something to sell. To advertise their wares they bring to our homes great singers, great orchestras, great actors and speakers. Why should I accept the entertainment and balk at the advertising? It doesn't cost *me* anything. When we accept something for nothing the very smallest gesture of gratitude we can make is to listen to the donor's message.

MRS. ELSIE KNISELY,
Everett, Wash.

FIFTH PRIZE

SWING OR NOT TO SWING!

(See page 38)

Pardon me, but what is all this *Loch Lomond* fuss about? Not that I like the swing version particularly—neither do I care for the original.

But is there anything sacred about old folk songs? I've never heard any kick about the hot arrangements of *Swanee River* and *My Old Kentucky Home*, both of which have been tap-dancers' favorites for years.

Certainly the beauty of Lamerc's *Cathedral Meditations* is no less since its melody has been popularized by *Moonlight and Roses*. Using its main theme for the "Yes, we have no" of the banana song hardly cheapened Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*.

Why the sudden sentimentality? Can the American sense of humor



Three B's, three cigars, at the Trocadero: Jack Benny, Bob Burns and George Burns.

have completely failed.

DOROTHY FINN,
Geneva, N. Y.

SIXTH PRIZE

ORCHIDS TO JERRY BELCHER

A program that fosters acquaintanceship and friendliness among people is of unusual merit

and such a program is Jerry Belcher's *Interesting Neighbors*.

As an example take the broadcast from San Francisco's far-famed Chinatown. It revealed to the listening nation something worthy of our Chinese, what they are accomplishing in culture flavored with a rich Oriental heritage, and in fine American citizenship. Since then a broadcast from San Diego brought to our ears the Medino family and the manner in which they gain their livelihood from the sea in huge catches of tuna.

These weekly meetings over the air are the next best thing to travel experience. The feeling engendered is one of friendship and a keen desire to meet each and everyone who appears before the microphone.

MRS. MINNIE L. CHURCH,
Berkeley, Calif.

SEVENTH PRIZE

THANKS FOR THE RADIO

If you have a radio in your home, it should hum with heavenly happiness! From the moment I arise till I hit the hay, my radio is turned on and here are my rewards:

1—I have taken off weight without standing on my head to do it, after listening to Marion Talley's program and munching on her product.

2—I have regained the same weight by laughing long and loud at the capers and verbal antics of Eddie Cantor and Fred Allen.

3—I have made the crispiest, crunchiest pies and cookies, thanks to Aunt Jenny's instructive jargon daily.

4—I have learned how to hold your husband by listening to Eddie Duchin and applying his sponsor's creams and lotions.

MRS. CHARLES ONDRICK, Chicago, Ill.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

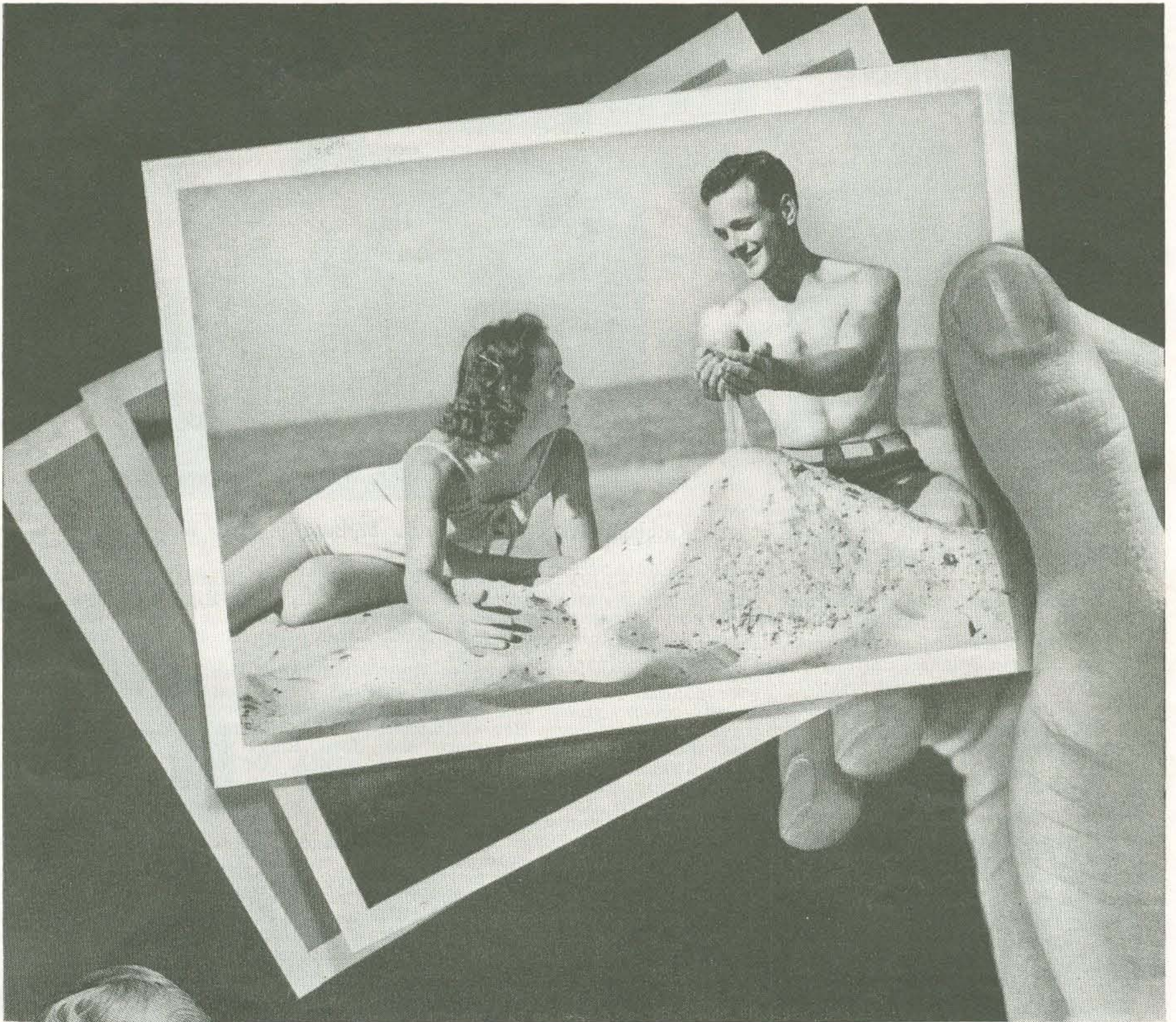
— — PRIZES — —

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 June 27, 1938.



"Look at those snapshots . . . then decide," says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

I BELIEVE that practically every girl or man has a chance, sometime during romance days, to make a happy marriage. Unhappy marriages simply show how many let the right chance slip . . .

"Try this plan: When you meet someone you like, see that you get plenty of snapshots. This is a natural and easy thing to do—romance and snapshots go together like music and moonlight . . .

"And be sure to save your snapshots. Then, when you think your big moment has arrived, get out the snapshots of all the others. See what they say to you. See if the faces and scenes

don't awaken memories that make you pause. Perhaps you'll recognize the *right* chance that has gone by temporarily, but can be regained."

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



Accept nothing but, the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes



SO THAT you wouldn't have to bend over a hot stove this summer, skilled Franco-American chefs spent many long hours cooking to just the right delicate consistency delicious strands of Franco-American Spaghetti.

So that you wouldn't have to bother getting together and cooking all the ingredients for a delicious sauce, Franco-American chefs have turned out a sauce for you which is simply a marvel.

So why do hot summer hours of work when this has already been done for you? Especially when you can get this most delicious prepared spaghetti for so little—it costs only ten cents for a big 15¾-ounce can—enough for 3 portions.

Husbands and children who have once tasted Franco-American get pretty picky when you try to feed them any other prepared spaghetti. Franco-American is grand for children's lunches—hot and nourishing and tempting—and on the table in a jiffy. It combines wonderfully with left-overs, thanks to that marvelous sauce. It's always a hit for Sunday night supper. It's a life-saver when people drop in unexpectedly and it's marvelous for outings and picnics. Let Franco-American help keep you cool and rested this summer! Better lay in a few cans right now!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON, PLEASE!



CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 47
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Kathleen Wilson as Claudia Barbour in One Man's Family.

A DARK-EYED, dark-haired girl who looks as if she might be in her sophomore year at high school is Kathleen Wilson, NBC actress—Claudia Barbour in One Man's Family, if you listen to that ever-popular NBC serial. Kathleen is twenty-seven years old and has traveled extensively. Her childhood was spent in Berkeley where she learned stagecraft and political economy, dancing and social science . . . travelled with Ramsey MacDonald's campaign party, and stayed one winter in Florence, where she lived in an old Italian palace and studied painting and fencing. The latter art taught by Piacenti, former Italian champion, she learned so well that when she returned to California she held the University Women's Fencing Championship for two years . . . painting is her hobby. Kathleen made her debut at NBC in 1930 and has appeared in numerous serials since. She is waiting for the time when she will look old enough to play Lady Macbeth and similar roles on the stage; in the meantime, enjoys radio work and thinks Claudia Barbour the most interesting character she has ever played.

Miss M. Eastham, Chicago, Ill.—I'm sorry that we could not print the data on Tommy Riggs you requested in the June issue of RADIO MIRROR. Hope it is not too late to be of use to you now. Tommy was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 21, 1908, and his youthful ambition was to be a football star and an actor. Tommy didn't revolt when his parents suggested he study music, so he took voice and piano lessons. During his freshman year in high school, he appeared in numerous class dramatic productions but never talked like "Betty Lou" except when entertaining at parties. The little girl voice didn't seem extraordinary to him then, though it always provoked laughter among his friends. "Betty Lou" was again sidetracked when Tommy went to Bellefonte Academy. A year at Brown University was followed by study and football at Ohio State. "Betty Lou's" radio debut occurred as a result of a mistake. Tommy was rehearsing a comedy act with a radio partner. Things went from bad to worse with the script seeming to

get less funny every minute. When he lost his place, Riggs expressed his annoyance in the "Betty Lou" voice. The producer of the show shouted, "That's great. Where did you get that voice? Use it in the skit." Tommy did. He titled the show "Tom and Betty" and it remained popular with WCAE listeners for several years before Riggs transferred his act to KDKA. Of course you know how he soared to fame with his first appearance on the Rudy Vallee show.

Barbara Burns, Augusta, Ga.—The cast of Arnold Grimm's daughter heard five times weekly over a WABC-Columbia network includes Margarette Shanna, Ed Prentiss, Bob Dyrenforth, James Andelin and Guila Adams. Margarette Shanna and Ed Prentiss as Constance Grimm and Dallas Tremaine, respectively, have the principal parts.

Helen R. James, London, Ontario—Here are some facts about Elsie Hitz, which I'm sure will prove interesting. She made her professional debut in Cleveland stock company at the age of fourteen. She appeared in "Penrod," "Cat and Canary," "Butter and Egg Man," "Glamour" and also was seen in "The Spider" and leads in Boston Stock Company. Miss Hitz likes to travel, collect antiques and is interested in interior decorating. She enjoys the theater, as a spectator, loves to dance and drive a car. She weighs 107 pounds, is 5 feet 3 inches tall, has brown hair and eyes.

Edith Jumper, Covina, Calif.—Here is the cast of John's Other Wife:

Character	Artist
John Perry	Dick Kollmar
Elizabeth Perry	Adele Ronson
Dr. Tony Chalmers	Alan Bunce
Lanny	John Kane
Judy	Alice Reinheart
Annette Rogers	Franc Hale
Allen Green	Miro Bolton
Grannie	Mary Cecil
Pat Grady	Don Beddoes
Molly	Lyda Kane
guitarist-singer	Stanley Davis
announcer	Robert Waldrop

Gladys Willis, Detroit, Mich.—For a picture of Benny Goodman, send your
(Continued on page 66)



A doubly lovely *You* this healthful Double Mint way...

HERE is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which refreshing *Double Mint* gum adds to your smile and style. And this is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below—

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies beneficial chewing exercise... In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely

massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent and friends like you better. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. *Below left*, is an attractive, new dress of real feminine appeal. *Below right*, is the new Snow White Double Mint party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

"Oh yes," you say, "I now see how Double Mint gum adds to my Smile and Style." Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures you pleasant, inoffensive breath also. It satisfies craving for sweets, yet is not fattening. Buy several packages today.



8-132



Scenes from Walt Disney's Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs



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WALT DISNEY
ENTERPRISES

For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, be your charming best in this smart **DOUBLE MINT** dress, designed in **NEW YORK** and made available to you by Double Mint gum in **McCALL Pattern 9758**. (Sizes 12-20) You can buy pattern at local department stores. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

For Parties—look as lovely as Walt Disney's star "SNOW WHITE" in this Snow White **DOUBLE MINT** dress made available to you by Double Mint gum in **McCALL Pattern 558**. You can buy pattern (6-14 yrs.) at local department stores. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

Below, Irving Caesar teaches Tommy Riggs (seated) one of his Songs of Safety. Right, Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Photoplay, presenting the magazine's Gold Medal Award to Freddie Bartholomew on the Good News program while Bob Taylor looks on.



Lurene Tuttle, star of KNX's White Fires of Inspiration.

THAT romance between Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews, producer of the Big Town air show on which Claire co-stars with Edward G. Robinson, has progressed so far that a June marriage is being talked about.

* * *

Latest diversion of New York's white-tie-and-gardenia set: going to the rebroadcasts of big radio shows, which take place about eleven or twelve o'clock at night. Walk through

What's New

FROM COAST TO COAST

By DAN SENESEY

the Times Square theatrical section any night about that time and you'll find plenty of Park Avenue-ites clustered around the entrances to the different CBS playhouses. Ideal place to go after a quiet dinner, y'know, instead of rushing to be at the theater by curtain-time.

* * *

Tragedy and happiness are always getting in each other's way in this life. Look at Judy Starr, little songstress who is in Time to Shine with Hal Kemp on CBS Friday nights. A year ago, Judy was on her way to success when a terrible automobile accident injured her so badly she was forced off the air. Her long absence made a come-back difficult, and the job with Kemp is her first big break since. It was made possible because Maxine Gray, Kemp's soloist, was seriously injured in an automobile accident a few weeks before Time to Shine made its debut. Maxine is still in the hospital as this is written, so badly hurt that it may be months before she can sing again.

* * *

Florence Freeman's vacation from her radio shows wasn't really a vacation at all. She went off the air two weeks before she became the mother of a baby girl. Florence plays Connie Davis in Pepper Young's Family and Joan Allen Lane in Mother-in-Law.

* * *

Just about the hardest thing in the

world to do, it seems, is to say you're going to retire—and then do it. Now comes Ruth Etting, hinting that she just *might* emerge from retirement long enough to sing on Walter Winchell's program while the Terrible Tattler takes his July vacation.

* * *

Did you hear Fred Allen's off-the-record remark about Studio 8-H in Radio City? It's NBC's largest studio, used for Town Hall Tonight and also for the NBC Symphony concerts Saturday nights. And, said Fred: "After Toscanini left it took us three weeks to clean out all the dandruff."

* * *

If you listened to President Roosevelt's April Fireside Chat very carefully, you must have heard the sound of a telephone bell while he was talking. That bell was just the Secret Service being on the job. A night watchman should have reported from the room the President was occupying, but since the broadcast was going on there, naturally he couldn't, and the Secret Service men called up to find out what was the matter. James Roosevelt did the only thing he could think of in an emergency to stop the phone from ringing endlessly and disrupting the broadcast. He took the receiver off its hook and let the Secret Service men listen in to the Fireside Chat.

Since he is something really new in radio, I went around to talk to Irving Caesar the other day. If you're one of the several million people who are Vallee Hour fans, you know already that he's the fellow who writes the "Songs of Safety" for children and sings them on the air with Betty Lou (Tommy Riggs).

It would make a good story to say that Irving Caesar started writing safety-songs to impress the need for caution on children because he had one of his own who was habitually getting into difficulties. A good story, but not true. Irving is a professional song-writer who just happens to like writing songs for children. In his twenty-odd years of professional life he has written numerous hits, and most of them have been of a type to appeal to youngsters—like "I Want to be Happy" and Shirley Temple's "That's What I Want for Christmas." He's written some more sophisticated numbers, too, the kind popularly known as "torch songs," all about unrequited love, but doesn't like to think about them and won't even mention their names.

HE isn't even married, and hasn't any children of his own—unless you count "Inc.," a wire-haired terrier who had just been barbered and was feeling pretty handsome the day I visited his master.

The idea for the "Songs of Safety" came to Caesar when he was casting around in his mind for pieces to write that children would enjoy hearing and would like to sing. Safety seemed then to be a good subject, so he just started out and wrote a few. Now, besides singing them on the air, he has published a book full of them, which is widely used in schools.

The best way to show you what the songs are intended to accomplish is to print the words of the "Introduction," which is a song itself. Caesar likes it best of all the safety-songs. It goes like this:

These songs were written for Johnny
B. Careful,
Whose mother and father are busy all
day,
Whose father and mother, and sister
and brother,
Say "Johnny be careful when you are
at play."

Dear little children, as you turn the
pages,
You'll also find songs here for Mary
B. Ware,
And they say to Mary, "Be wise and
be wary,
And mother will never have gray in
her hair."

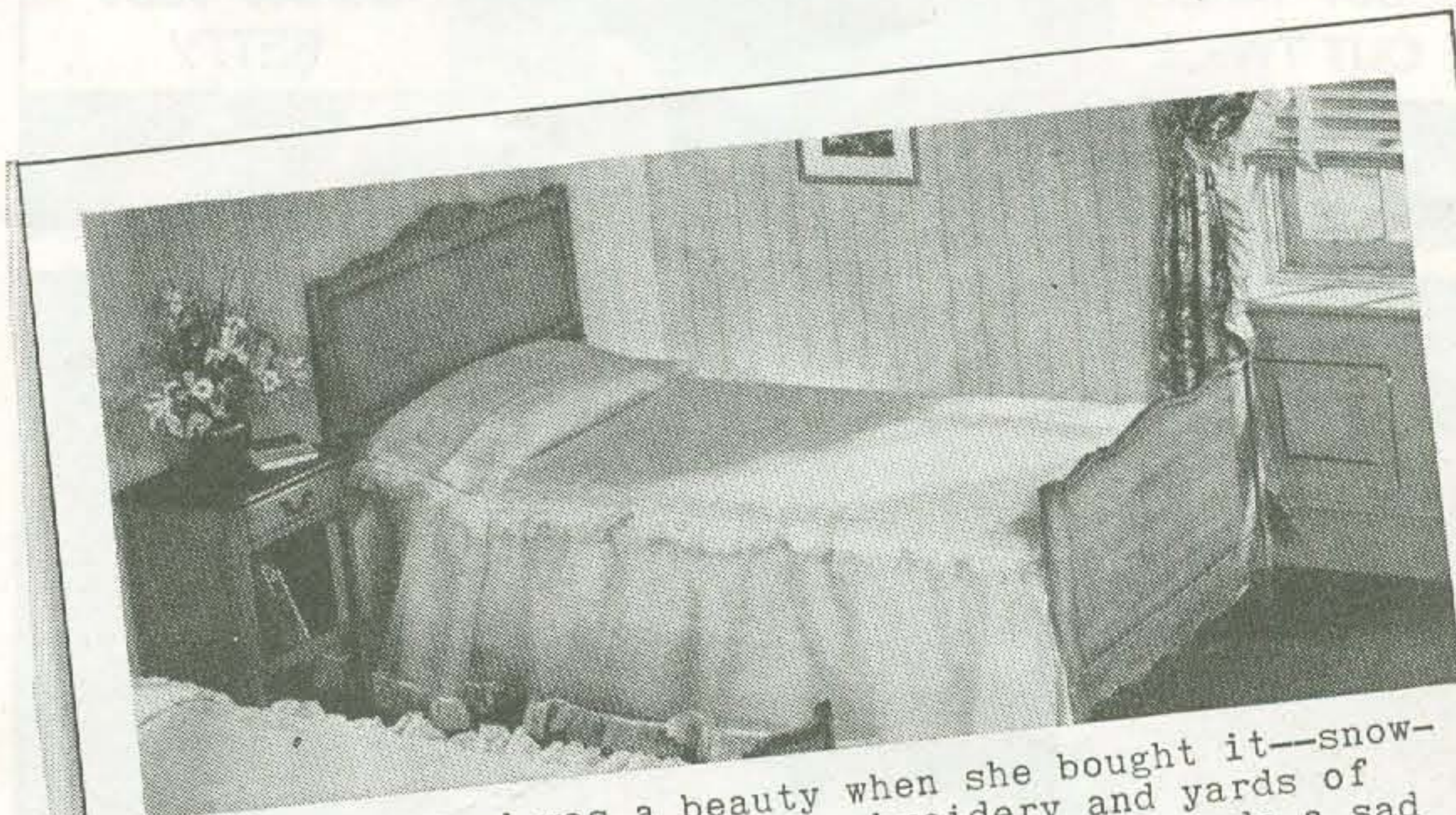
Each little song is a song with a
lesson,
And this is the kind of a lesson we
mean:
"Stop, look and listen, when traffic
lights glisten,
And only cross streets when the red
turns to green."

* * *

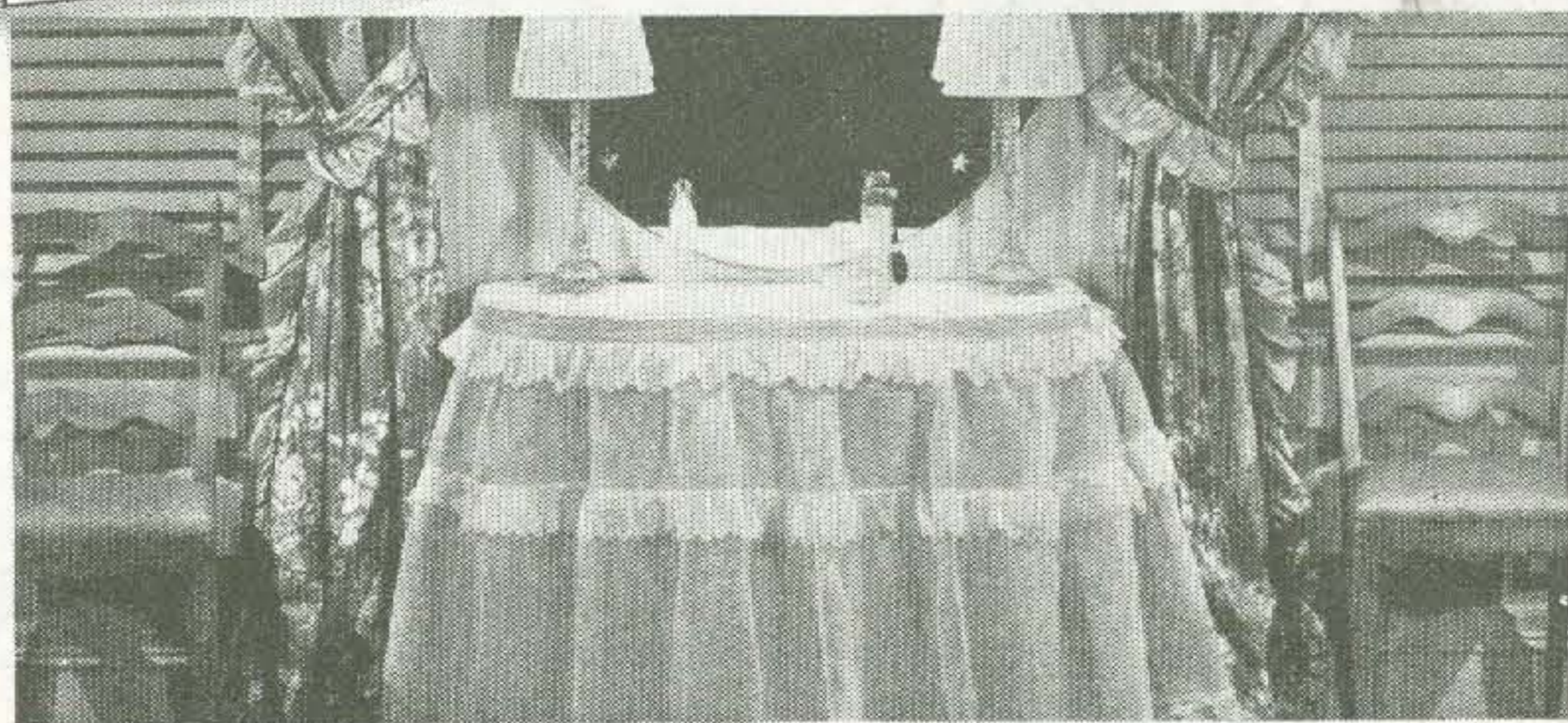
Of course Bob Ripley was the one who gave the biggest and most original radio party of the year. Bob gives one party a year, and this time it was in honor of the Mayor of Hell—Hell being the name of a village in Norway, and the Mayor being a guest on Bob's Saturday-night program.

Guests were invited to an immense wine-cellar in the factory district, given monks' robes to wear, seated

Three mistakes ...in the bride's house!



The bed spread was a beauty when she bought it—snow-white muslin with bands of embroidery and yards of perky flounce! But the poor little bride made a sad mistake! She washed her spread with lazy soap—and left it full of tattle-tale gray.



Spic-and-span new, the vanity skirt was something to make friends chirp with delight. But not after the little bride tubbed it. Her lazy soap just couldn't wash clean. And nobody had the courage to tell her—"Change to Fels-Naptha Soap. It gets all the dirt!"



Tattle-tale gray spoiled this slip-cover, too—and all the bride's wash—until Aunt Ruth got her Fels-Naptha. Thanks to its richer golden soap and lots of naptha, that stuck-fast dirt had to let go! Now the bride's washes sparkle like snow! And everybody raves about her home!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines!
Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME, PEG?—NOBODY TAKES ME OUT TWICE

PERHAPS YOU OUGHT TO MAKE THE "ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST BETTY



To Be Sure of Popularity—Happiness—you must keep your underarm DRY

THE SLIGHTEST MOISTURE WILL GIVE YOUR DRESS AN OFFENSIVE ODOR

HOW often it happens! You have one date with an attractive man. You seem to have so much in common. You picture all the good times you two will have together. And then—you never see him again.

Hurt, disappointed once more, you look at yourself and wonder why you should be so unpopular. Ten to one, it's something your *mirror* can't tell you. Something you'll never understand till you make one simple test.

Make this test tonight

When you take off the dress you are wearing, simply smell the fabric under the armhole. If its stale "armhole odor" appalls you, think of the effect it has been making on others! No matter how fastidious you think you have been, you can't afford to ignore this warning.

To safeguard your happiness, to be sure you can pass the "armhole odor" test, keep that little hollow under your arm *always dry*. No matter how sweet you are yourself, if perspiration collects on your dress, it will destroy your glamor every time you wear

that dress. People will smell your dress and think it is you.

Women of refinement never trust to luck. They avoid embarrassment by insisting on a deodorant that checks perspiration and keeps the underarm *dry* as well as sweet.

Just a few minutes for peace of mind

Liquid Odorono protects both you and your dress. It simply closes the pores in that one tiny closed-in area. Perspiration is safely diverted to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. In the few minutes Liquid Odorono takes to dry, you are **SAFE**. You can't be guilty of offensive armhole odor or embarrassing perspiration stains.

Greaseless and odorless, Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths, Regular and Instant. Protect your natural feminine appeal—guard your friendships—by never being guilty of offensive "armhole odor." Get a bottle of Liquid Odorono today! At all toilet-goods counters.



● "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

at long tables in the midst of huge wine casks, and served with all the spaghetti and chicken they could eat and all the assorted wines they could drink. Jolly Bill Steinke, the toastmaster, introduced such guests of honor as Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins, Burton Holmes, Glenda Farrell, Dick Merrill, the Mayor of Hell himself, and the lady who wrote "Ti-Pi-Tin."

The Mayor, who is a pleasant-looking elderly gentleman, without horns or tail, made a speech in Norwegian. Seems that until he met Ripley he didn't even know what Hell meant in English.

* * *

MINNEAPOLIS—If the people of Minnesota aren't careful drivers, it won't be the fault of station WCCO and the *Minneapolis Star*.

Every week George Grim, of the *Star*, produces a program called *Fender Benders*, dedicated to the promotion of safe driving. Playing Officer O'Riley, a traffic cop, he dramatizes typical automobile accidents. As a rule, he himself has been on the scene of the accident he dramatizes, and often he brings the drivers involved to the studio and puts them through a stiff course of instruction in safety methods right there in front of the microphone.

Grim also roves around through the studio audience with a portable microphone, asking safety questions. If the answers aren't correct he or one of his assistants gives the correct ones. And then the program is brought close to home with a list of accidents which have happened in the twenty-four hours preceding the broadcast. The announcer, Ed Abbott, explains how these could have been avoided, and pleads for careful driving.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD—Straight out of Hollywood's blue book of actors comes the cast of the *True Story* hour which is heard every Friday at 8:30 P.M. over KFWB and the California Radio System. Lou Merrill, who plays the part of the Editor, is one of radio's most popular character actors; Frank Nelson is often heard in the *Lux Theater* show; Lurene Tuttle is a star in her own right, on *White Fires*; Hanley Stafford is also famous as Baby Snooks' father on the *Good News* program; Paula Winslowe is in *Big Town* every week; Duanne Thompson is in *Hollywood Hotel*; Martha Wentworth has played Joe Penner's radio mother, and Raymond Lawrence his radio father, for two years; Thelma Hubbard was Minnie Mouse in the *Disney* show; and Frederick Shields, Rita Roberts, Emerson Treacy, Charlie Lung, Elvia Allman, and Eric Snowden are all heard frequently on network programs. All of them are familiar members of the *True Story* casts, which are produced by Gene Inge and directed by Sara Langman.

* * *

CHICAGO—With all of the deserved glory that's being heaped upon the G-Men these days, here's a radio program that's a salute to those unsung peace officers, the men of local and state departments.

The salute is the thrilling *Public Hero No. 1* series, broadcast over a mid-west Red network of NBC every Monday night at 9:30, Central Standard time.

The program is based on two beliefs—that there's many a thrilling tale in the heroic fight against crime that local and state police are con-

stantly making; and that the best way to deter crime is to expose it in all its sordidness.

Besides a flood of mail from listeners and police officers, the Public Hero No. 1 program has received the award of the American Police Review's Certificate of Merit for promotion of crime detection.

Each week the producers select a different criminal case in which local or state police have done heroic work to salute as Public Hero No. 1 for the week, and the dramatizations of these case histories make listening that's so exciting it keeps mid-westerners on the edges of their chairs.

* * *

LOS ANGELES—A program that's growing by leaps and bounds in West-coast popularity is the KNX White Fires of Inspiration, and one of the major reasons for its success is its leading lady, Lurene Tuttle.

Lurene is really one of radio's wonder-girls, because she happens to possess a voice that is so flexible it makes you believe in whatever character she's playing, whether that character is a consumptive girl, a gypsy, or a Chinese maiden. Besides and incidentally, she's beautiful and red-haired, and is working her way slowly but surely toward a screen career.

Reared in southern California, Lurene ended her school days at the age of seventeen to join the Pasadena Community Playhouse. It didn't take her long to secure starring roles there; and from Pasadena she moved on to stock companies. She's been leading lady for Douglas Montgomery, Donald Woods, Franklyn Pangborn and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and she was with the late Mrs. Fiske in one of that great actress' last plays.

White Fires is heard only in Los Angeles, but coast-to-coast listeners know Lurene as the speaking voice of Ginny on Hollywood Hotel, and as a frequent performer on many big variety shows from Hollywood.

In private life Lurene is Mrs. Melvill Ruick.

* * *

NEW ORLEANS, La.—J. M. Seiferth has recited more than 40,000 poems during 3,500 consecutive thirty-minute broadcasts over a period of ten years, without taking one day's vacation—because he doesn't want one.

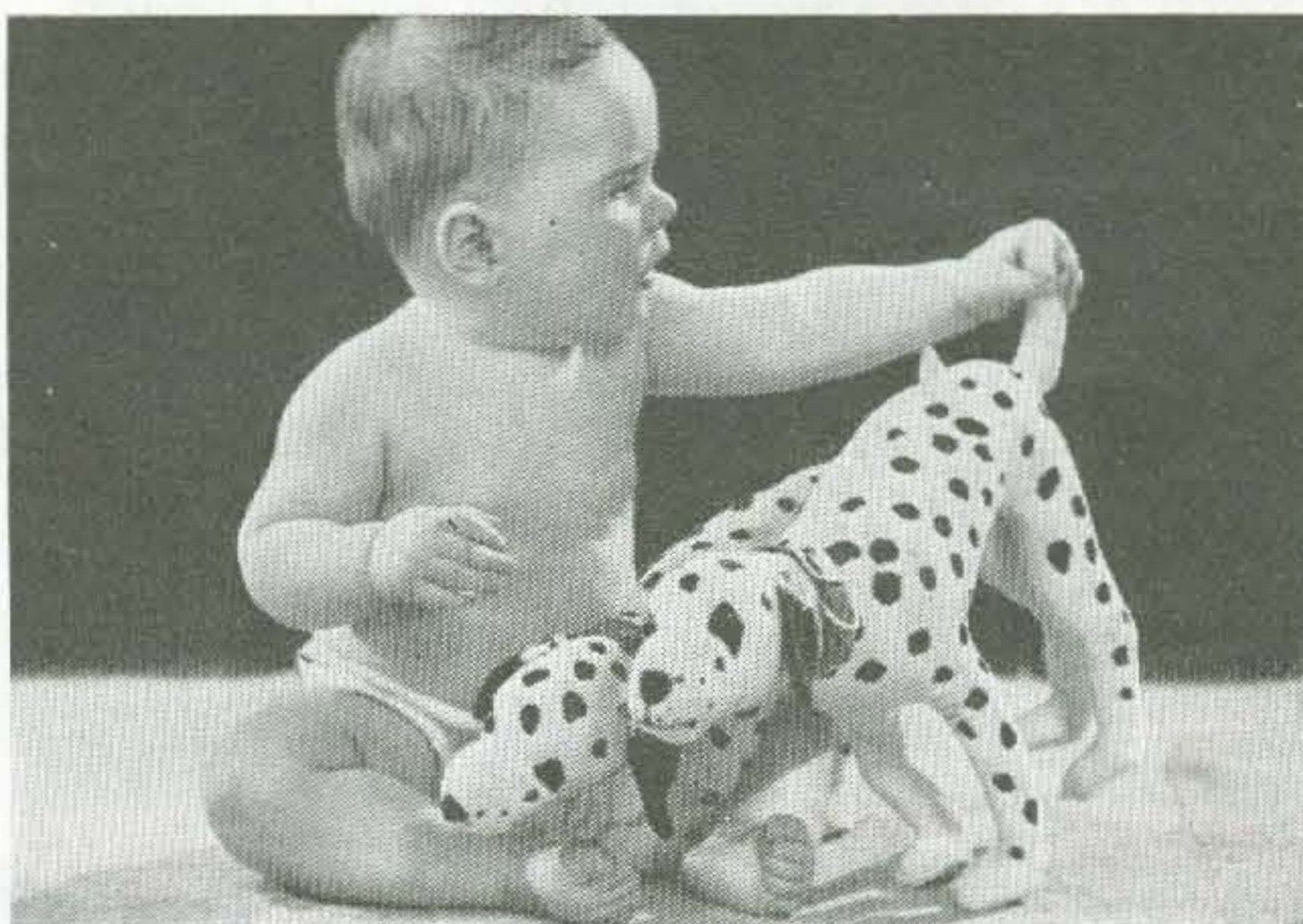
Poet-reader Seiferth designs his program, which is heard over WDSU, not so much to be entertaining as to be inspiring and helpful. Some of the poems he reads are his own compositions, others are by almost unknown writers, and still others are by great and famous masters of verse; but all of them must measure up to one standard—each must have a message of inspiration.

Thousands of listeners know Seiferth as the Poet of Radioland, and his fan mail is enormous. It's this fan mail that made him decide he doesn't want to take a vacation. Listeners write that his readings help them, and Seiferth says he doesn't see any need for resting from a job that helps people to cope with the realities of life. One letter came from a condemned criminal who declared that listening to Seiferth's program had given him strength to face courageously the ordeal of execution.

Seiferth was born in New Orleans, and began his career as a violinist, traveling all over the world and playing in various symphonic orchestras. Later he became an actor, and finally returned home to enter radio.



● *"H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out... Oh, you feel fine, do you?... Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"*



● *"Funny—your tail looks O. K. . . . By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"*



● *"Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes and prickly heat can't get a toe-hold!"*

● *"Some powders are harsh and scratchy—but Johnson's is as soft as an eider-down pillow. It keeps my skin just perfect!" . . . Smooth, perfect skin is its own best protection against infections, Mothers. Guard your baby's skin with Johnson's Baby Powder, the kind made of finest imported talc—no orris-root . . . Baby needs Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream too—and when tiny, Johnson's Baby Oil. It's safe and soothing, stainless, and cannot turn rancid.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Copyright 1938, Johnson & Johnson

KEEP COOL, SLIM, FIT, WITH *Canned* FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT



**"Every smart hostess serves Grapefruit
in dozens of delightful ways,"**

says *Emily Post*

famous author of "Etiquette—the
Blue Book of Social Usage"

"FOR summer I find canned Florida grapefruit sections and juice both convenient and delicious," Mrs. Post adds. You'll say the very same. Canned Florida grapefruit is an ideal hot weather fruit, tangy and tempting, cooling as an ocean breeze. And so easy to serve.

Start the day with chilled Florida grapefruit sections or juice for breakfast. Drink Florida grapefruit juice whenever you're thirsty. Take a brimming glass at bedtime. It will help you sleep sound. Use the choice flavorful sections in fruit cups and salads. Order from your grocer today. Look for the name "Florida" and be sure of the best!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

COOLING BREAKFAST BOWL



Mix one tall can Florida grapefruit sections with 1 tablespoon chopped mint and chill. Serve in shallow bowl garnished with sprig of mint. For variety, add one pint of fresh berries.

PALM BEACH SALAD



For each serving, place mound of cottage cheese on bed of shredded lettuce. Top with teaspoon of red currant jelly. Surround cheese with ring of fresh fruit (strawberries, blackberries, black cherries, grapes or raspberries). Around them place canned Florida grapefruit sections, drained. Serve with French dressing or mayonnaise.

ANSWERS TO YOUR TELEVISION QUESTIONS

In response to numerous requests, RADIO MIRROR is starting this question and answer column to help readers who are interested in this wonderful new field. We do not guarantee to answer all questions correctly because the progress of television changes from day to day, but if there is anything you want to know, write to the Television Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

1. What commercial firms are already active in television?

Answer—Most prominent are RCA, Farnsworth and Philco. The first two, however, intend licensing other companies to manufacture under their licenses.

2. Will television programs be sponsored?

Answer—Eventually, but not at the very start of public programs. Under the untaxed American system of broadcasting, the only revenue broadcasters can expect is from advertisers.

3. Can I build my own television set?

Answer—Yes. Components and tubes are already on the market.

4. Will I be able to use my present broadcast receiver for television programs?

Answer—You might, but the estimated cost of a satisfactory adapter is almost that of a complete television receiver.

5. What is a Kinescope?

Answer—It is the trade name of the RCA cathode-ray receiving tube.

6. Is color television far off?

Answer—Impressive color television demonstrations have already been given, but, for at least the first few years of sight-and-sound transmissions, broadcasters will be content with images kept as closely as possible to black and white.

7. Can a television receiver be used for sound reception alone?

Answer—Yes. In England, where a regular television schedule is maintained, the popular television sets include all-wave sound receivers. Indications are that this policy will be adopted here.

8. Will initial television programs be crude, haphazard affairs?

Answer—No. NBC and CBS have been developing sight program technique for several years. Subsequent improvements can be expected, but the public programs will be well-polished affairs from the very start.

9. What's the difference between television and facsimile?

Answer—A television set reproduces moving images while a facsimile receiver makes a permanent copy of a still image.

10. Will the cost of television receivers be very high?

Answer—Indications are that they will be even cheaper than good radio sets of a decade ago. Television sets are selling in England for \$200 and, inasmuch as the U.S.A. always under-sold Britain in radio products, it can be expected that mass production here will see even that figure lowered.



The Mighty Benny-Allen Feud

(Continued from page 18)

OFFER SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLAR REWARD TO PARTY WHO FINDS MY VIOLIN AND KEEPS HIS MOUTH SHUT." SIGNED JACK BENNY.

FRED: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am offering one hundred dollars to the finder of Jack Benny's violin. Where are you going, Portland?

PORTLAND: I am going out to look for it, Fred.

(Unfortunately for the world Jack Benny's violin turns up. It has been hidden in the whiskers of his sponsor. Fred is licked and the evening of March third finds him pretty downcast. Despite everything Fred has been able to do, Jack plays "The Bee," not exactly a honey of a rendition.)

FRED: Harry, did you hear Mr. Benny play "The Bee" last Sunday?

VON ZELL: Fred, did I! Listen, I was just able to get out of bed this morning.

FRED: Do you know, that solo did more for the aspirin industry than the last Flu epidemic. I have never heard such wailing and squalling since the time two ghosts got their toes caught in my ouija board. Of all the foul collections of discord foisted on a radio loving public under the guise of music, that herd of cat calls took the cake.

VON ZELL: Listen, Fred, don't get excited.

FRED: I haven't recovered yet. Benny doesn't play by ear or he certainly would have run away from himself the other night. Harry, last Sunday when Mr. Benny gave his palsied rendition of "The Bee" on his wail box he cried to the world in a sort of luke warm hysteria. If the radio audience liked that, I'm going to quit. But before I quit I'm going to do something desperate.

(The whole world trembled at these terrible words. What would happen? So far the feudists have been fighting at a 3,000 mile range—from opposite sides of the continent—but now Jack Benny comes East. Would the feud burst into open warfare with all its attendant horrors? Would the body of Jack Benny be found in some swamp horribly mutilated? Sunday rolled around and as usual the Jello program went on the air—in an atmosphere of suspense. Everybody was nervous and Jack had warned them that the name of Allen was to be changed to Boo Allen. Two-thirds of the program has gone by, Jack has rashly started to sing a chorus of "You're driving me Nuts" when there is an ominous knock on the door. The music comes to a crashing stop—Jack's song freezes in his throat.)

MARY LIVINGSTONE: Come in. (The door opens and it's Fred Allen without a machine gun.)

FRED: Hey, what's going on here? Whoever's blowing that fog horn has got to cut it out.

ALL: Why, it's Fred Allen.

JACK: Well, as I live and regret there are no locks on studio doors, if it isn't Boo Allen. Now listen Allen, what's the idea of breaking in here in the middle of my singing?

FRED: Singing? Well, I didn't mind when you scraped that bow over my suit case and called it "The Bee," but when you set that croup to music and call it singing . . . Benny, you've gone too far.

I HOPE HE'LL PROPOSE TONIGHT!

THAT'S WHY I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

EVERY GIRL WHO'S IN LOVE OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET...THE EXQUISITE PERFUMED SOAP THAT GUARDS DAINTINESS SO SURELY AND IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR! AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS...KEEPING YOU ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!

LATER THAT EVENING

... AND I KNOW A LITTLE COTTAGE IN BERMUDA THAT WOULD BE SWELL FOR A HONEYMOON!

OH, BILL DARLING... HOW WONDERFUL! (AND TO HERSELF) I'LL ALWAYS GUARD MY DAINTINESS THE LOVELY CASHMERE BOUQUET WAY!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
 You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.
 Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
 NOW ONLY 10¢
 at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Lips that say "KISS ME"



Girls who know

— use the lipstick that gives a natural glowing color to their lips...never a "painted greasy look." Whether you are blonde, brunette or red head—Tangee gives your lips the color that best suits your complexion.

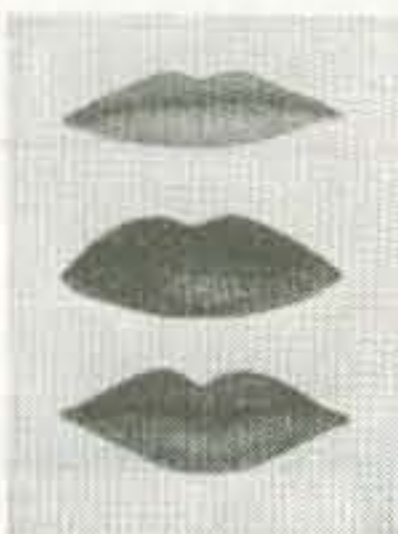
Like magic, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to warm blush-rose on your lips. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft...smooth. Try Tangee. 39¢ and \$1.10. For a natural matched make-up use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

THIS SUMMER, use Tangee Creme Rouge, waterproof. Never streaks or fades—even when you're swimming.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and TANGEE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test. Check Shade of Flesh Rachel Light Rachel Powder Desired

Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ MA78

JACK: Now, look here, Allen, I don't care what you say about my violin playing on your own program but when you come up here, be careful. After all, I've got listeners.

FRED: Keep your family out of this.
JACK: Well, my family likes my singing and my violin playing too.

FRED: Your violin playing? Why, I just heard that a horse committed suicide when he found your violin bow was made from his tail.

JACK: Hm. Well, listen to me, you Wednesday night hawk, another crack like that and Town Hall will be looking for a new janitor. How did you get in here without a pass?

FRED: I made one at the doorman and you're next.

JACK: Oh I am, eh?

FRED: Listen, cowboy, why didn't you stay out in Hollywood where you don't belong?

JACK: Because I heard you were coming out there to make a picture, that's why.

FRED: Well, I saw your last picture and maybe you didn't start bank night but you certainly kept it going.

JACK: Oh yeah? Well, three states are waiting for your picture to be released. They are going to use it instead of capital punishment. Wow! Where are you going to live in Hollywood, Mr. Allen? At the ostrich farm?

FRED: I may.

MARY: (Starts to laugh loudly)

JACK: What are you laughing at Mary?

MARY: He'll show those birds how to lay eggs.

JACK: Mary, that was marvelous. I am going to kiss you for that.

MARY: Then I take it back.

JACK: Oh you do!

FRED: She'd rather kiss an ostrich and so would I.

JACK: Well, Allen, that's going a little too far. When you make that kind of remark it means fight where I came from.

FRED: You mean your blood would boil if you had any?

JACK: Yes, and I've got just enough to resent that. If you'll step out in the hallway I am ready to settle this affair, man to man.

FRED: All right, I'll knock you flatter than the part of this program I wasn't on.

MARY: Hold on there, Allen, who touches a hair on Jack's gray head has to find it first.

JACK: Never mind that. Come on, Allen, let us away. (Muttering.) Hm, I'm sorry now I sold my rowing machine. (The two stamp out. There is a tense moment of suspense.)

(Then we hear heavy footsteps approaching, very heavy footsteps. The door opens and Jack and Fred enter laughing to beat the band.)

JACK: Ha, Ha, Ha! Gosh, Freddie, those were the days, weren't they?

FRED: Yes, sir! Remember that time in Toledo when you walked in the magician's dressing room and stole his pigeons?

JACK: Do I? They tasted pretty good, didn't they, Freddie?

FRED: You said it, Jack.

JACK: We didn't make much money in those days, Freddie, but we did get a lot of laughs.

FRED: We certainly did until we walked on the stage. (They both laugh again.)

MARY: Jack, what happened to the fight?

JACK: What fight? Say, Freddie, re-

member that time in South Bend, Indiana?

PHIL HARRIS: No kidding, fellows, what happened to that fight?

JACK: Why, Phil, we were never serious about that.

MARY: Then how'd you get that black eye?

JACK: Oh this? Well, I was just writing a letter.

FRED: And I dotted his eye.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Freddie. I slapped you more than you did me. Look at your wrists. They're all red.

FRED: Well, I made you say Uncle when I pulled your hair.

JACK: Uncle isn't the word, but let it go.

MARY: Well, I'll be darned! After what you guys said about each other!

FRED: Listen, Jack's the whitest guy I know.

DON WILSON: But you said he was anemic.

FRED: Listen! Don't let anyone tell you Jackie Benny's anemic. He stays white on purpose just so everybody else will look healthy. Don't you, Jackie boy?

JACK: I sure do, Freddie.

PHIL: But you said he had so little hair he sprinkled popcorn on his shoulders for false dandruff. You even said he was stingy.

FRED: Jackie Benny stingy? Why, his heart is so big you can put a stethoscope on him any place and get action.

DON: Say, Fred, here's a package you dropped on your way out to the hall.

FRED: Oh yes, that's a box of candy I was going to give Jack.

MARY: Candy! Can I have a piece?

FRED: Sure, but take the square ones, Mary, they're not poison.

JACK: Hm, I see. By the way, Freddie, when you get home if that box of flowers I sent you is still ticking, just put it in water.

FRED: I will. Thank's for the tip.

MARY: Gee, this candy is swell. What's it filled with, Fred?

FRED: Ipana.

JACK: Oh well, she was going to brush her teeth anyway.

FRED: For that I am going to brush mine with Jello.

JACK: Why don't you have them put Ipana out in six delicious flavors?

FRED: That's a great idea, but I got to go now.

JACK: O.K. Freddie, thanks for your kind visit and apology.

FRED: What apology?

JACK: Never mind, let's not start that again.

FRED: By the way, Mr. Harris . . .

PHIL: Yes, Fred?

FRED: You lay off my pal Jack Benny. That's all. Goodbye everybody.

JACK: So long Freddie. (Fred goes.) Play, Harris. And watch your step. You heard what Freddie said!

PHIL: Why, you sawed off little punk! I'll take you and tear you limb from limb.

JACK: Oh Freddie—Freddie—Freddie—Freddie!

(Music averts hostilities at this point.)

JACK: This is the last number of this program in the new Jello series. We will be with you again next Sunday night.

MARY: Say, Jack, are you really glad you made up with Fred Allen?

JACK: Certainly I am because now I won't have to listen to his program to hear what he is saying about me. Good night, folks!

Why I Became an American Citizen

(Continued from page 22)

to be a person and not simply another cog in a great wheel. When I swore "I do," it was rebirth of a soul as an individual freed from the slavery of tradition, from insularity, from smug surety that the world was out of step, while Great Britain was the only one in step.

OF course, there was a moment's hesitation when confronted with the question of taking up arms to defend my adopted country. What, I thought, if the United States and Great Britain should ever face each other again over a hostile field, as they did more than one hundred and fifty years ago. So I tried to analyze this. I argued with myself that the people closest to a man, are his friends. Now that could not mean ex-countrymen across some three thousand miles of water. The English generation dear to me was killed in the last war. Most of those old friends went west in those miserable, bloody years of aimless murder. In addition, a man's family should be his closest tie and mine is American.

Therefore, in the way of physical ties, I sincerely felt and will feel more strongly of course, as time goes on, that if ever such a hateful problem should rise again, I should find my honest sympathies with my adopted country. For I have learned one thing in my American education—a span of some seventeen short, all too short years: That Americans don't have to hate like foreign nations, especially as those of the old

world must hate. America is one of the most fortunate countries God ever created. She is more nearly economically self-sufficient than any other and is bordered by two great oceans and two friendly neighbors.

The peoples of foreign nations of Europe and Asia are taught by their leaders to hate by reason of their geographical setting, and for the economic vicissitudes that beset them. And it makes them wretched and miserable people. I will confess that my escape from British tradition has landed me, as an editor, in hot water with my ex-countrymen on many occasions. Some of the analyses of the British mind, motivating some of the British imperial policies that I have made on the air have brought down avalanches of reproach upon me.

SO many say: "What makes you hate the English so that you criticize them as you do?" It is then that I realize how tremendously powerful is the hold of tradition. For the British cheerfully criticize the whole world but never can withstand criticism of themselves. As I said, after all, an Englishman considers himself never wrong! There is no hate, no disloyalty, no malice, no disrespect in any criticism of British policies or British deeds that I may make.

The cardinal sin that I commit, as an editor, insofar as the English are concerned, is not so much that I may criticize—but rather that I should be so despicable as to criticize out loud in public forum. It is "not done" in

the British conception of things, which, to them, is the same thing as betraying tradition. That is the sin I committed when I became an American citizen. But it is a sin I shall ever be thankful that I had sense enough to commit. And I shall be forever grateful to America for granting me the very precious privilege of committing it.

* * *

THAT'S the story. Not a very important one, in a world of things and events of the utmost importance.

John B. Kennedy, the commentator, my friend, one of the ablest editors in America, once of *Colliers*, now of the *Commentator*, asked me to write that story for him. That was the only reason it was ever done. But as an outsider who once looked through the window of America and who then was admitted through the front door to become a part of the family—I sometimes wonder, especially in view of some of the things that are going on in the country today, how many of the rest of the family who have lived in this house all their lives realize what an enormously precious heritage they have in their hands, how lucky they are compared to millions of other wretched peoples in lands where freedom has gone and where they are now only cogs in the machine of State.

Upon the ability to realize the rarity of those gifts, depends whether we throw them away in the next three or four years, or keep them.



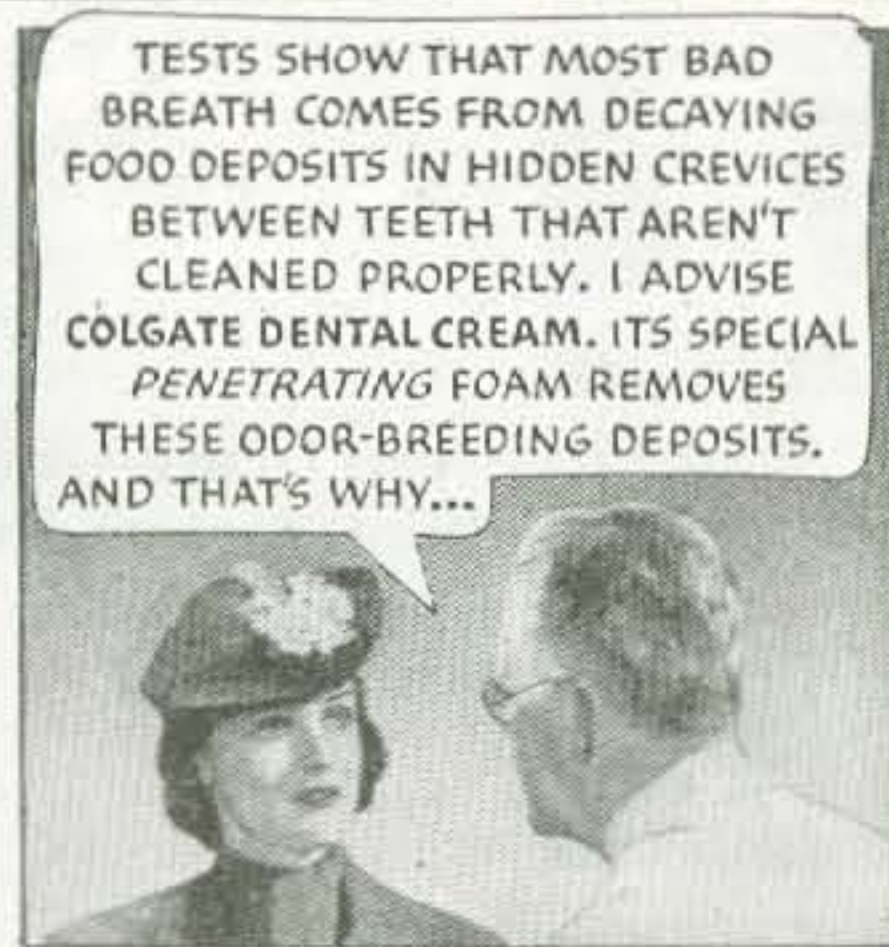
Lovely TO LOOK AT
...BUT NO FUN TO KNOW!



I'M SORRY TO LEAVE EARLY, MADGE, BUT NOBODY BUT YOU WILL MISS ME. PEOPLE NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME AT PARTIES!




RUTH, WILL YOU LET ME TELL YOU WHY? IT'S HARD TO SAY—BUT YOU REALLY OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

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You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

SORRY TO BREAK THIS UP, PHIL, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO MONOPOLIZE A POPULAR GIRL LIKE RUTH!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND RUTH'S SPARKLING SMILE!

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

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

Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

"One Special for Doc"

(Continued from page 23)



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Made Easier
—every month**

BY THIS time, practically all women are curious about Tampax. But those who actually use it are crazy about it... Housewives, office workers, college girls, sports lovers—all are adopting this neat, hygienic, unbulky method of sanitary protection. Investigate Tampax now!

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Old restrictions are out of date... You can golf, ride, tennis, swim, bathe—be free to follow your normal activities. No bulk. Nothing can show.

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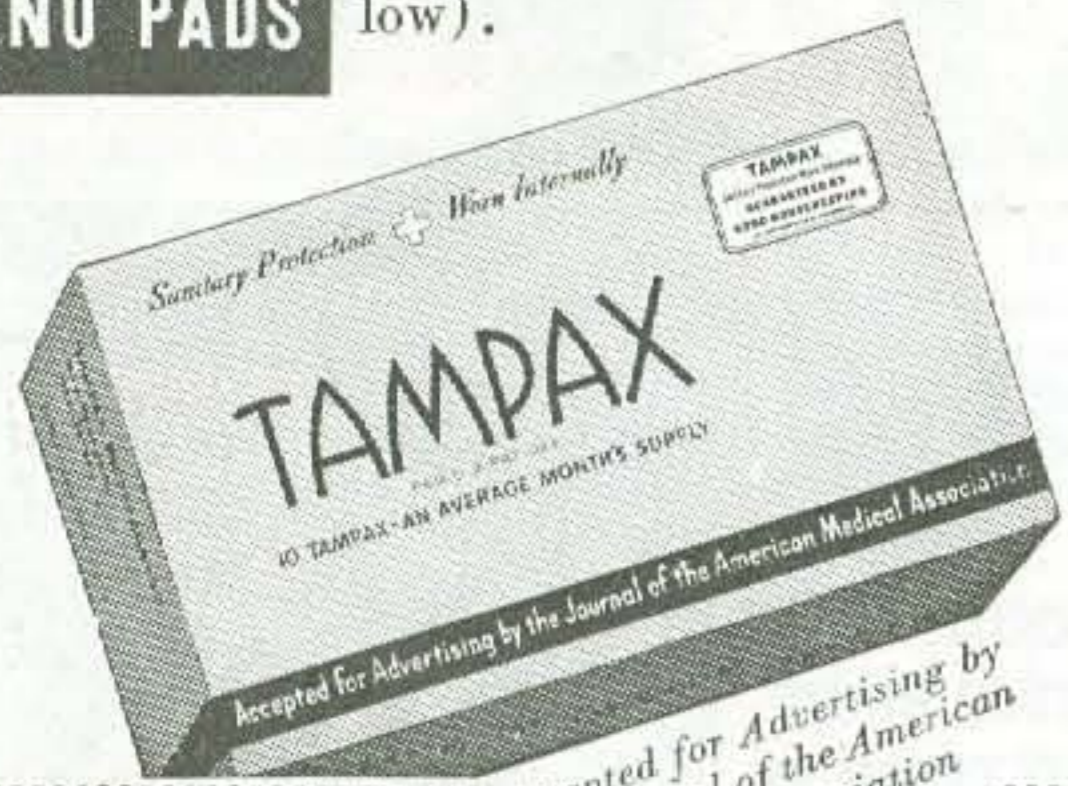


Hygienic, highly compressed, each in patented applicator. 35¢ for full month's supply. Smaller introductory size now available at 20 cents.

● **In any costume—complete daintiness and protection**



Odor banished... Sold at drug and notion counters (if not by your dealer, use coupon below).



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Please send me introductory size package of Tampax.
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deadly poisons."

The young man didn't say anything for a moment. Then he burst out, "Why? I'm not going to murder my aunt, you know!"

"Matter of fact," Doc told him brusquely, taking out his fountain pen, "matter of fact, young feller, I don't know anything of the sort. That's quite beside the point. It's the law, and I don't break the law... Name, please?"

"... Peter Jones," the young man said sulkily.

"Spelled J-o-n-e-s?..." Doc asked dryly... "And the address?"

"That too? Twenty-two thirty-six Forest Grove."

"Twenty-two thirty-six... Forest Grove. Purpose of... deadly poison?"

"Antiseptic for wound, of course!"

"And then I sign my own name and fill in the date and hour of purchase!"

Doc said cheerily. "There now! That didn't hurt a bit, did it? Now, you'll be careful with this stuff, won't you?"

Slowly he potted around, getting paper and string, taking his time about wrapping the bottle. "Ever use it before?"

CERTAINLY—I just used up a bottle a few days ago."

Doc shot a look at him from under his spectacles. Darn shame, he thought, that a nice, clean-looking kid like him should be so upset about some fool thing. But all he said was,

"That's a mighty pretty gold and onyx ring you're wearing under that bandage. Class ring?"

Peter Jones—if that was his name—didn't rise to the bait of flattery.

"Yes," he said. "High school."

"Ought to take it off when you fix your finger."

"I can't—guess I've sort of grown into it. Say..." Suddenly he was impatient. "Isn't that ready yet? I'm in sort of a hurry."

Doc had the bottle all wrapped now, but instead of handing it across the counter he put both hands on it and leaned forward confidentially.

"You know," he said, "you oughtn't a' flown off the handle that way when I told you I had to register the sale. Most folks do, and I never can see why. It ain't my business if they're planning on committing murder or... or suicide. They can go ahead and burn the lining right out of their stomachs if they want. I've got the law to comply with, that's all. Look—suppose your wife—"

"I'm not married!" Jones interrupted him savagely.

"Oh... Well, all right. Mere matter of speaking. Suppose—well, suppose the police was to find you moaning in your bathroom. They'd come to me and say, 'Mr. Harshaw, did a young feller with a gray slouch hat

and a tan topcoat and worried brown eyes and a gold and onyx class ring buy any poison here lately?' And I'd tell 'em, 'Why sure. He bought some blue antiseptic tablets.' And they'd say, 'Okay, Doc. That's all we wanted to know.' But by that time there wouldn't be much they could do for you, of course."

"Wouldn't there?"

"No," Doc said gravely. "The stuff's purgatory. It—it's the worst a fellow can take. Horrible! It's like white hot coals burning and eating and searing your innards. Your stomach's afire! The membranes burn and wither away, and you scream and pray you'll die! I—I can't describe the agony of it. Weeks—months, maybe—of torture. Because maybe it won't kill you—but you'd be better off if it did, because the nervous shock wrecks you for life. And your stomach's so badly burned that you spend the rest of your days on a diet of gruel and buttered toast and warm milk. When all the time your starving body cries out for a thick, juicy steak!"

Doc finished speaking, looking deep into the boy's eyes. Peter Jones broke the silence with a nervous laugh.

"That—that was some lecture!" he said.

"Listen, boy," Doc said gently. "You didn't cut yourself—now did you?"

"All right!" Peter said defiantly.

"So I didn't cut myself—what about it?" He ripped off the bandage and showed Doc his finger, without a scratch on it. "Feel better now, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

"I knew it," Doc said, without triumph. "Don't you know you can't dip a gold ring into a solution of this stuff without the gold turning silver? Forms an amalgam. Where's your high school chemistry, boy?"

"I don't know—I don't know!" the boy said distractedly. "I wanted to... Please don't ask me any more questions. Maybe I'd better go now."

Doc picked up his broom and stowed it away in back of the door leading to the rear of the shop. "No," he said, "tell you what. I'm closing now. Suppose we duck through the rain and drop in at Hank's all-night lunch. Talk it over a little bit. Maybe I can help out. What d' you say, kid?"

Defiance and nervousness were both gone from the boy now. Warily he said, "All right. All right, I guess."

The rain had stopped its fireworks and was coming down now in a steady, dispirited drizzle. As they trudged along through it, Doc said kindly, "Come on, boy—tell me about it. That helps, sometimes... You look pretty prosperous for a youngster, and pretty healthy. So that can't be the trouble. It must be something else. Is she... pretty?"

Answers to PROF. QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS

- Henry M. Neeley, the commentator on CBS' Sunday-afternoon "Everybody's Music."
- That is Ben Bernie's real name.
- The Raymond Scott Quintet—Scott calls it that because he likes the word better than Sextet.
- Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee.
- Ted Pearson.
- Kay Kyser on his Musical College show.
- Priscilla and Rosemary Lane.
- Billy Cook and Betty Hughes.
- The Wheeling Steel Corporation, heard over the Mutual System, Sundays.
- He was a "gentleman" of color, variously named Sambo, Rastus or Snowball.
- That's Eddie Cantor's real name.
- Lew Lehr, on the CBS Ben Bernie show.
- She's their adopted child.
- Jessica Dragonette.
- She's Tommy Riggs' little girl voice on the Vallee program.
- Asa Yoelson.
- "Does Your Heart Beat For Me?"
- Margaret Livingston, Paul Whiteman's wife.
- Frank Ciccio.
- Shep Fields.

"Pretty," the boy said in a choked voice. "She's beautiful!"

"Sure," Doc said, nodding. "We've been sweethearts ever since we were kids in high school. She—she gave me this ring. And we always said we'd get married, some day. But it's been such a long time—and I never could seem to make enough money at any job I had. Or to keep a job long enough to get ahead in it. She always said she didn't mind waiting—"

HE drew a deep breath, then started in again. "But tonight—when I went to see her—Gee, I never saw her looking so lovely. She had a new dress, something in silver and black, and it made her look whiter and more beautiful than she'd ever been. I could only look at her and think how wonderful it was that she was my girl. And then—and then she told me. She was going out with another fellow tonight—older than me, and richer. She'd bought that new dress for him, not for me. That seemed to hit me harder than anything else. And the way she acted when she told me—all embarrassed and upset, like she knew she was doing something she shouldn't . . . Well, I just went crazy and told her what I thought of her, and then I slammed out of the house. It didn't seem to be worth while going on living, so I . . ."

He paused, and then said in a doubtful voice, "I suppose it all seems pretty silly and trivial to you."

"No," Doc said thoughtfully. "No, it doesn't. A thing like that can be mighty important when a feller's your age. And I know it."

The neon lights of Hank's diner

gleamed cheerily through the rain. Inside, everything was warm and bright and clean, with Hank standing smiling behind the counter. "What'll gonna be, Doc?" he roared out as they entered. "Bum night, hah? What'll gonna be?"

"What'll gonna be, kid?" Doc asked. "I don't know—that hamburger with grilled onion on rye sounds pretty good. And coffee."

"Sure. What'll gonna be for you, Doc?"

"Say!" Doc said suddenly. "I wonder if I went and forgot to leave the night light burning in the store again."

The boy jumped down from his stool. "I'll go look out of the window and see," he offered, already on his way to the end of the diner near the street corner. Behind him he heard Doc say, "Oh, the usual for me, Hank. My special. Say, Hank . . ."

"Wan hommburk wit' onyon! Wan spashul for Doc!" Hank was shouting into the kitchen as the boy returned to his stool.

"Light's there all right," he reported.

"Thanks, kid."

THE sizzling sound of the hamburger and its appetizing smell filled the room at once. "Well, this isn't much, but it's a lot better than St. Luke's or the Emergency Clinic, isn't it?" Doc asked.

"Stop it, Doc. I've been a fool."

"No, I wouldn't say that. Just young. It's a condition we all go through between the ages of—say, eighteen to thirty-five."

"Maybe I ought to go back to her," the boy said a few minutes later. "I wonder if I ought to."

"I don't know," Doc said. "That's up to you."

Hank came out of the kitchen with a couple of plates and a bowl on a tray, which he unloaded with a flourish before them. "Wan hommburk wit' onyon! An' wan spashul for Doc!"

The boy picked up his sandwich, was about to bite into it, when he stopped. Staring at the food in front of Doc, his face went white.

"ONE . . . special . . . for . . . Doc!" he gasped. "Warm milk and buttered toast! You?"

Doc looked straight at him and nodded. "Every day . . . days without end. I told you that sometimes it doesn't kill you."

"Peter Jones" got down off his stool. "I—I don't think I want that sandwich after all," he said agitatedly. "I'm going back, Doc."

"Now you're talking!" Doc exclaimed. "Go on back and say you're sorry—and I'll bet she'll say she is, too. Wait for her if you have to. And she'll wait, don't worry about that."

"You bet I will! Say, I have acted crazy."

Doc smiled. "No," he said once more, "just young."

When the boy had left, he sat hunched up over the counter, musing. Well, anyway, that was one prescription he'd handled right! . . . Then, raising his head, he roared:

"Hey! Hank! I want some food—a steak an inch thick, medium, with mushrooms and French fries. And a gallon of tough coffee, as usual. Pronto! And for Heaven's sake, take this awful looking swill out of my sight, will you?"

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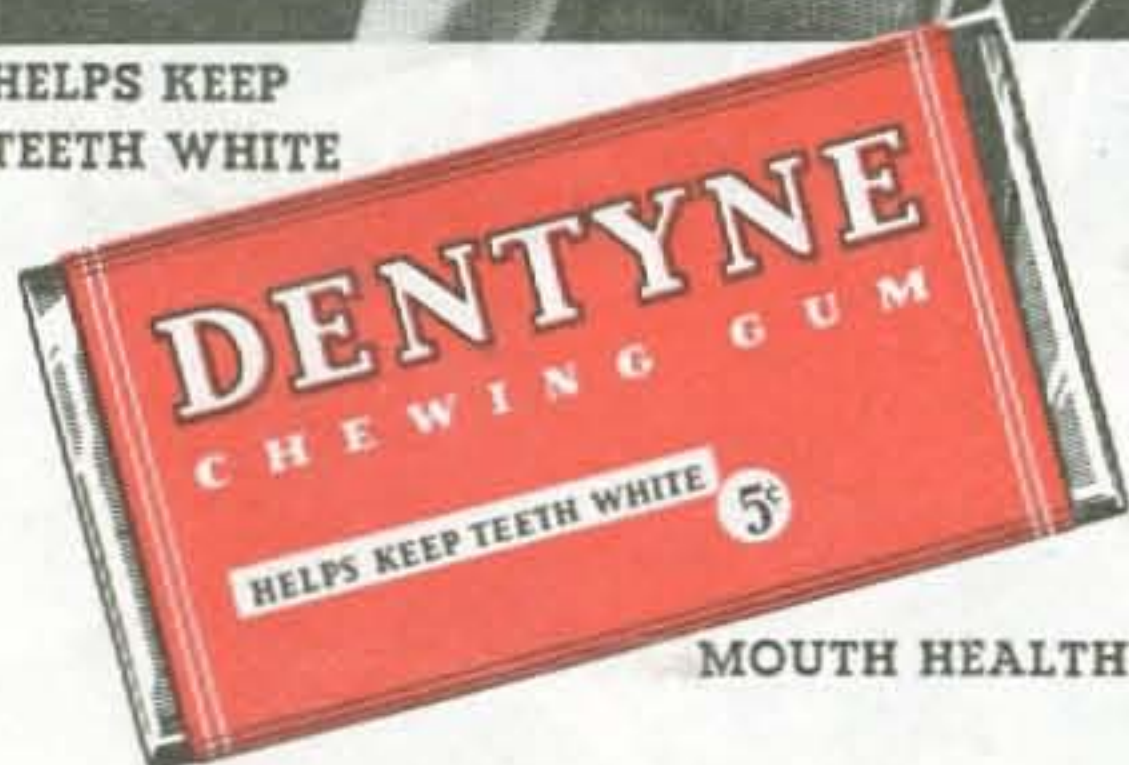
(Continued from page 54)

**You had luck,
Arrow-maker!**

Whatever game his arrows brought down had to do for his dinner. Those tough, chewy foods kept his teeth well-exercised and splendidly healthy! We moderns eat soft foods that give our teeth too little wholesome exercise.



HELPS KEEP
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TO SOUNDER, WHITER TEETH!**

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DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

request directly to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

* * *

Ella Waterfield, Elk River, Minn.—I must admit that I, too, am an admirer of James Wallington. Because of our mutual admiration, thought you might be interested in a brief biography. He was born in Rochester, N. Y. in 1907. Both parents were singers and trained him in music. He made his first professional appearance with the Rochester American Opera Company and attended the University of Rochester and Union College in Schenectady. Studied voice at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester and worked as a furniture packer, carver, elevator operator and office boy. Has been a golf pro and manager of a restaurant. Jimmy began his radio career in Schenectady in 1928 and came to New York in 1930. He considers meeting Eddie Cantor in 1931 the turning point of his career.

* * *

FAN CLUBS

The Casa Loma Fan Club celebrated its first anniversary in February. Glen Gray is honorary President, with Kenny Sargent and Pee Wee Hunt honorary Vice Presidents. Good wishes for your continued success! All communications regarding this club should be addressed to Marie Anne Santoro, Pres., 65 Rhodes Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Edna Rogers, president of the Eddy Duchin Club, reports that at present there are 125 members from all sections of the United States, Canada, Australia, Hawaii, Cuba and Holland. "Duchin Key Notes" is published every three months and each member also receives a personally autographed picture of the "Magic Piano Fingers of Radio," a membership card, and is entitled to all other club privileges. If you are interested, write her at 3730 North 8th Street, Philadelphia.

* * *

The Bobby Breen Fan Club has now been organized. Please communicate with Frank A. Hallenbeck, President, 1141 Palace Street, St. Paul, Minn., or Vincent C. Hensier, 1st Vice President, 469 Oakland Avenue, St. Paul.

* * *

Katherine Caruthers of 8502-89 Avenue Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y. is anxious to join a Kate Smith Club. If such a club has already been organized, I would appreciate it if you would drop a line to The Oracle.

* * *

This is to notify our readers of a change of address for Miss Mary Miller, Canadian President of the Igor Gorin Fan Club. She may now be reached at 20 Henrietta Street, St. Catharines, Ontario. I might mention that dues are fifty cents yearly and this entitles a member to Igor's photo, personally autographed, membership card, journal and all club privileges. For any further information, please contact Miss Miller.

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 27)

local movie producer was trying to get Donald Duck to star in a quackie.

* * *

Even a worm will turn, if his fingers are on a radio dial.

* * *

Isabel Jewell wasn't exactly ill when she subbed for Joan Blondell (who really was) opposite Tyrone Power on the Woodbury Playhouse. Isabel, a potentially great radio bet, was simply scared into a lather by that microphone. Amazing how many of the veterans are worried by the mike. You should have seen George Brent on Chase and Sanborn recently. His hand shook so badly he could hardly read his own script. Same thing happened to him a few nights later, too, when he aired for Bing Crosby on the Music Hall.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO A COUPLE OF SNOB-BISH RADIO STARS! . . . Dear Nose Lifters: The philosophers say, "When you have something unpleasant to do, hop to it, and get it done with." So I'm writing to a couple of our leading radio personalities. I won't mention your names—but YOU know who you are.

Both of you were taken out of orchestras by several fortuitous circumstances, were given a chance to show your wares to the powers that be, did a competent job and, with the aid of some astute publicity, were boosted to stardom. Now, you feel that radio is a thing that can't get along without

you; that the public is plenty lucky to hear such gorgeous voices as yours, and to see your handsome countenances on every hand. It will be well for you lads to bear in mind that stones in the cemetery cover people the world simply couldn't do without; and that superiority, smugness and conceit trickles through the loud-speaker with alarming clarity. Unless you two gents come down off your high horses and begin to act as human as you were BEFORE you were "discovered," you may find yourselves again on the wind-end of a saxophone. It's happened before and it can happen again.

Also, this may be a tip, if you've been in search of an answer to the question: "Why has my fan mail been dropping off lately?" The public detects conceit via radio faster than in any other way. Don't kid yourself, boys, that Mr. and Mrs. Dialer are as dumb as you like to think they are. Conceit in the voice is as apparent as a blotch of black ink on a new, white silk shirt. Yours for getting wise to yourselves before the public does—JIMMIE FIDLER.

* * *

WHERE THE MONEY WENT DEPT. Frances Langford was given \$3000 for appearing at a local Orange Show—and used it to improve her own citrus properties—in Florida . . . Carole Lombard was given \$5000 for making love to Charlie McCarthy and playing a rehash of her True Confessions picture on the Chase and Sanborn show—and used it all to aid Southern California flood victims.

STORK EVENTS

Don Ameche, who has been taking a beating with an infected tooth, learns he's an uncle. His brother Jim (in Chicago) became a proud pappy . . . Biggest local birth event was that of Barbara Ann Burns. Papa Bob Bazooka Burns talked an ear off anyone who'd stand still long enough to hear how wonderful the new mite was. When Bob showed me the babe at the hospital, I asked him, kiddingly, if she could talk. "No," Bob replied seriously, "but she *thinks* a lot." "Does she know you yet?" I said. "Not yet," Bob answered. "We aren't going to tell her who I am until she's a little bit stronger." . . . Bob also told me he's starting a biography of the child, to be given to her when she's 16. Matter of fact, he reported, the thing was started as soon as he knew she was ordered from heaven and so far, the chronicle contains what preparations were made and what folks thought about her before she arrived. Only thing now is for Bob to stick to his resolve and not let the story lapse. It'd be a dilly, I'm thinking.

GRACIE'S BURNISHING

From the control room the other day, I watched Gracie Allen, sitting off-stage awaiting her appearance on the program. She didn't know anyone was looking at her and she intently gazed at her new bracelet, burnished it, blew her breath on it and flicked an imaginary spot from a cluster of diamonds. It's a gorgeous ornament; a Christmas present husband George ordered but wasn't able to get delivered until a few days or so ago. Got it in Paris.

Gracie, incidentally, is going in for lots of things these days. She's accredited in many quarters as being one of Hollywood's best-dressed dolls (even if she does wear green, brim-up perky hats with dark brown veils and a peach-colored flower blurring into the air atop the venture); furthermore, she's painting . . . pictures. At the Artist's April Fool Masquerade at the Rancho Country Club—a very fancy affair—Gracie exhibited eight surrealist crayon drawings. Titles were somewhat reminiscent of Raymond Scott tunes: "Man With Mike Fright Moons Over Manicurist," and "Eyes Adrift As Sardines Wrench At Your Heart Strings."

I don't know why—but some one made off with three of the pictures. But George Burns isn't desolated. He thinks Gracie's future lies in show business and not along art lines.

And speaking of Raymond Scott's tune titles. Wish he'd write a melody to this one: "The Reactions of a Deep-Sea Squid on Looking into the Right Eye of William Beebe—or Vice Versa."

ON THE SICK LIST

Alice Brady in a wheel chair to the Hollywood Hotel airing . . . with her toenails a brilliant cerise . . . Maureen O'Sullivan cancelled suddenly off the Good News show due to illness . . . We told you about Don Ameche's bad tooth—well, Brian Donlevy showed up for an airing with Vic McLaglen and Louise (Gypsy Rose Lee) Hovick with a hole in his mouth where a monstrous tooth HAD been; and Brian a bit green about the gills as the anesthetic wore off . . . Martha Raye went to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospice to

get first aid on a torn finger . . . Gail Patrick is wearing her feet in bandages. She's nearly ruined her understanding (joke) by appearing in scenes sans shoes—to cut down her height.

Note to writers for radio: CBS accepted for reading and consideration some 18,000 scripts in 1937—but rejected all but 19 of them.

WIPE IT OFF

Watching the Chase and Sanborn show gives an observer many amusing sidelights on performers and people. One such incident occurred on the return of John Carter (nee Fiore) after his winning of a Met Opera contract. During the broadcast, the script called for Dorothy Lamour to kiss John—which she did resoundingly (on the cheek). The lad blushed redder than a Bolshevik's political ideals but fortunately didn't blow up in his lines. A few minutes later, if you took your eyes off McCarthy's antics long enough, you could see Clarence Stroud solicitously wiping the gob of lipstick from John's still rosy cheek.

Speaking of Lamour—she sent out some telegrams under the name of Mrs. Herbie Kay when her husband arrived in town for his Coconut Grove opening. The cocktail party (that's what the bids were for) was held in the Ambassador Turf and Field clubrooms—which are not any too large, it being a very select and swanky club. Most of the radio crowd was there, with Dottie being the charming hostess and beaming so prettily at the attention all hands

COURSE I'M YOUNG BUT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN ALMOST GOT ME!

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BILL RAVES ABOUT MY COMPLEXION, NOW THAT I USE ONLY **PALMOLIVE**, THE SOAP MADE WITH **OLIVE OIL** TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



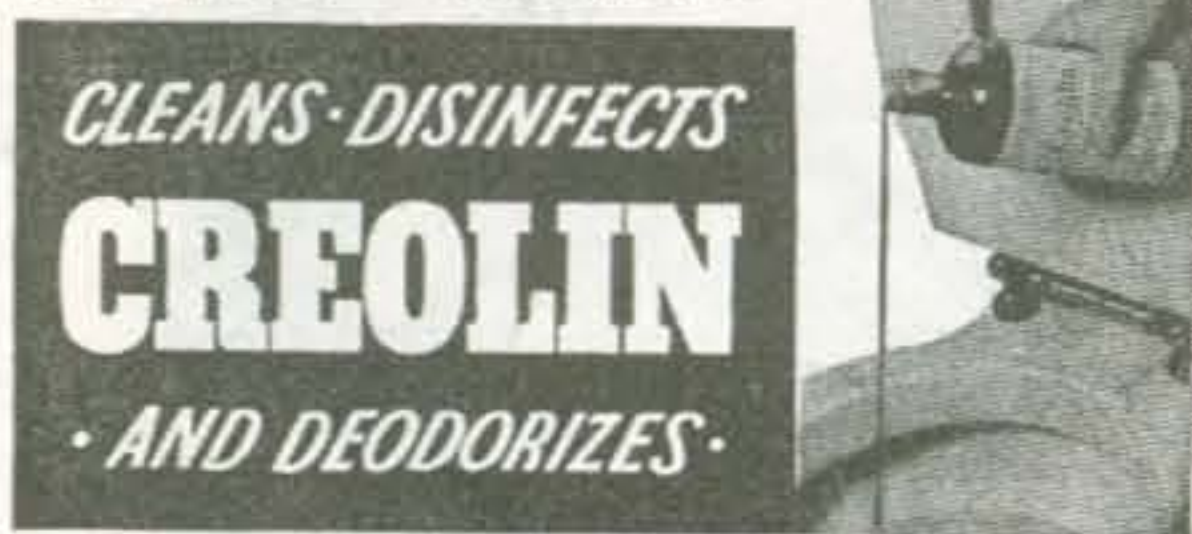


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after every bath use **Hush** and be Sure

Your bath is only half of keeping fresh and sweet. To complete your toilette get the HUSH Habit. You'll stay "bath-fresh" for hours longer. Wise girls find uses for all 3 convenient types.

CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dress fabrics.

LIQUID—Instant, protects 24 hours. Regular, for 1 to 3 days.

POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkins. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.

25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters



The Schnickelfritz Band—Rudy Vallee's discovery. You'll see them with him in Warner Brothers' "Gold Diggers in Paris."

were paying husband Herbie. The club walls came in for ogling by those whose first visit it was—they're painted with caricatures of Hollywood great and the well-wishes and bright sayings of these notables. All very colorful and a good idea for anybody's play-room. Get your friends to autograph your walls—and you've unusual decorations.

* * *

FAREWELL TO AIRINGS

There's something sweetly sad about a program leaving the air. For instance, when the Jack Haley show folded—After the broadcast, on the stairs leading out of the studio, several people were crying, so help me. Strangers, too. Best potential performers on the program, I think, are the Debutantes, a trio that didn't have much to do on the program. These three girls, and remember them, are Margory Briggs, Dorothy Compton and Betty Noyes, are good bets for some smart sponsor.

* * *

Radio Comedians! Why not keep the studios and theatres so cold during your broadcasts that the audience will have to hammer their hands in applause to keep warm—and thus save wear and tear on applause signs?

* * *

There are so many things out here I wish you could see with me: How amusing it was to watch Carole Lombard actually make love to Charlie McCarthy by running her fingers over his face and kissing him—while Charlie acted shy and stuck his face protectingly into Bergen's shoulder. And when Carole said: "I've tried every way I know to forget you," the elm imp flipped "Name four" . . . How Don Ameche actually directs the Chase

and Sanborn show . . . how Singer John Carter rolls a pencil between his palm as he sings . . . how Jack Haley throws himself about the stage when he confuses Ted Fio Rito with ad libbing, a matter the band leader cannot surmount . . . how Nick Cochrane, who wrote all those funny songs he sings at the Palomar, so definitely pleases the paying customers at the huge night spot . . . how Norris (Tuffy) Goff had to do a Lum and Abner broadcast by himself—and all ad lib—when Chet Lauck simply forgot to show up. Latter was busy talking to a friend, looked at his watch and said "Heaven sakes, I've been on the air ten minutes." Tuffy was doing all the voices in the script except Lum's.

* * *

ODDS 'N ENDS

Jack Benny telling me he got a whale of a kick out of seeing six shows in New York recently—liking George M. Cohan's opus the best . . . Bob Burns never uses a script on the Bing Crosby show; where everyone dresses in the height of comfort. Incidentally, there's a "desert rat" in Palm Springs capitalizing on Bob's popularity. On his prairie schooner he has painted: "Bob Burns' Grandpa Snazzy" . . . Add musical similes: As short as Chopin's Prelude in A Minor.

* * *

NOTE TO POSTERITY

When CBS took over local station KNX some time ago, the files were cleaned out and this audition card was unearthed: "Burns, Robin—sings and plays guitar pretty fair—a hillbilly of the cornfed type" . . . Bob Burns told me he hoped they wouldn't destroy that card because, he said: "One never knows in this business, does one?"

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Anemometer. 2. Coky. 3. Thymy-Thymay. 4. Supererogation. 5. Svelte. 6. Hullabaloo.
7. Seraglio. 8. Hierarchy. 9. Rutabaga. 10. Gherkin. 11. Pergola. 12. Nadir. 13. Hyssop.
14. Wheyey. 15. Camelopard. 16. Codicil. 17. Reverential. 18. Portmanteau. 19. Epitome.
20. Grenadier. 21. Sacrament. 22. Equinoctial. 23. Malevolent. 24. Wainscot. 25. Reneged.

Betty and Bob

(Continued from page 10)

crisis she could speak so calmly.

"Because," she went on, "I am in love with you. I want to be your wife."

"But—" he stammered, "but I'm married—to Betty!"

Velvaine looked fixedly at the tip of her cigarette. "You could divorce her."

"Divorce Betty? Why, I couldn't—I love her—I could never divorce her!"

"You mean, you would go to prison for murder, rather than divorce her?"

SOMETHING in Bob's mind snapped into alertness. Suddenly things began to take coherent shape. George and Jane Hartford had warned him against this woman. That man Scarlatti—were the things he had said true?

"Wait a minute," he said thickly. "What's the idea?"

"The idea? I love you. I do not want to see you go to prison. If I am your wife—and I want to be—they could never make me testify against you."

Gradually the realization came to him that he was at her mercy. Well, he wouldn't be! He'd give himself up, fight it out in court! . . . No. If it were just himself, but it wasn't. There was his mother, there was Betty, but most of all—there was his son. His son Bobby would have to go through life knowing that his father was a murderer.

If he could only go to Betty now and tell her everything! But he knew in his heart that this was one thing he could never do. This was one

problem he must figure out for himself . . . Oh, if everything weren't so jumbled up in his mind, if he could only think the whole thing out clearly!

"Bobbie," Velvaine asked, "the divorce—will it be soon?"

He didn't answer for several seconds. Then his voice sounded distant and strange. "Yes," he said. Yes, he would divorce the one person who was dearest to him. With that one word the world became black and meaningless. He seemed alone and strangely cold. But it was the only thing to do.

* * *

HE looked at Betty's sweet face, and a lump came into his throat. For the three days since the murder, he hadn't slept, hadn't done any work at the office, had eaten only a few mouthfuls. The more he thought, the more hopelessly confused everything became. At times he had almost believed he would lose his grip and go completely out of his mind. He'd pleaded with Velvaine, but it was no use—the woman was like ice. There was no other way out.

But how to say it? How to tell her? He swallowed hard.

"Darling . . ."

"Yes?"

He turned away. He could not look at her face, watch it while he told her this thing. "I love you, Betty—you know that. You're not just my wife, you're a part of me, my whole reason for existence . . . But I—" It

was no use. He couldn't tell her what was in his heart, couldn't soften the blow.

Flatly he said, "I want you to divorce me."

The silence hung close and heavy. The words seemed to ring over and over in his ears.

"Divorce you? Bob, darling, what has happened? Why? . . ." Betty's voice sounded very small, very strained, very far-away.

"I can't tell you, Betty. Only believe in me. Believe that I could never stop loving you—even though I ask you to do this."

"But Bob—don't you know that I love you too? And if you told me I would understand, and try to help?"

"I can't tell you, Betty, I can't tell anyone. Maybe things will clear up in time, but right now my life depends on this. Don't make it more difficult than it is."

THERE was silence. Then Betty said, still in that pitifully small voice, "When do you want me to . . . to . . ."

"As soon as possible."

"Tomorrow?"

Bob nodded—then hurried from the room. It didn't seem possible that he had asked Betty—his wife!—to divorce him. But neither did it seem possible that he was a murderer. Outside, in the hall, he had to steady himself against the wall for an instant, fight back a wave of dizziness before he could go on.

* * *

"So the sap fell for it?" Cedric

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It is amazing proof
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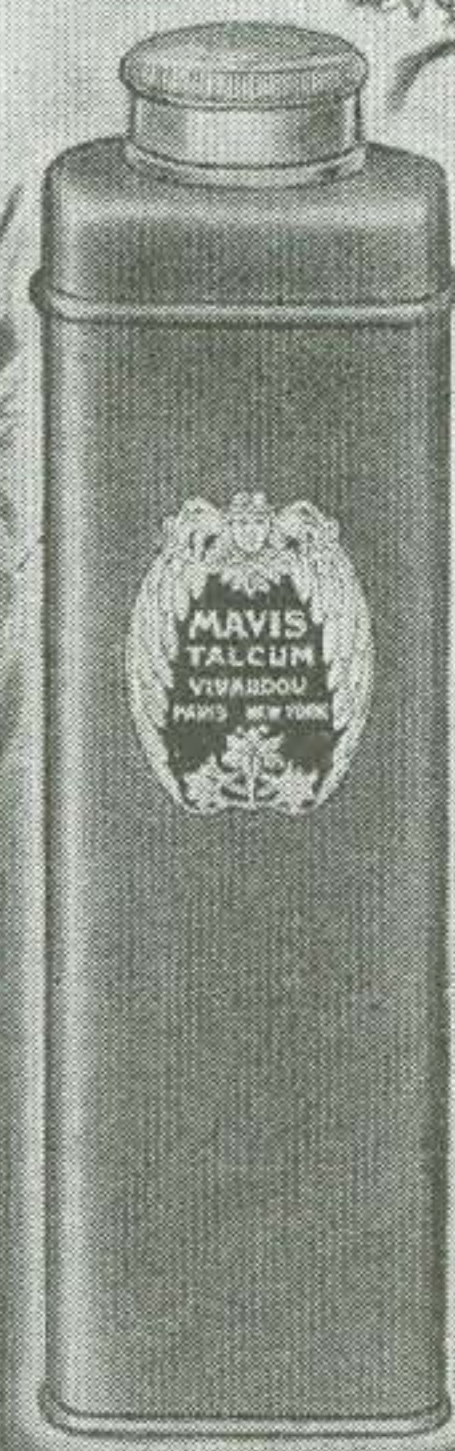
Tomorrow morning, shower your body with Mavis Talcum. It's the easy, quick, *delightful* way to guard against giving offense—and you can prove it by making the undies test at night.

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Hubert leaned back in his chair and laughed, laughed long and hard at the story the Countess Velvaine had just revealed to him in the privacy of her apartment. She laughed too.

"Yes, as soon as the detective said Scarlatti was dead, I talked to Pierre," she said—and now her voice had lost its tantalizing trace of foreign accent—"you remember him, he did a stretch with you."

"Sure," Cedric nodded, still laughing.

"Well, it was too good to pass up. Drake thinks he killed Scarlatti when he knocked him out—doesn't know the Ryan mob really came in nearly an hour later and did the job."

"Marvellous. But I still don't get the ultimate conclusion."

"Simple," the Countess said. "In a few weeks I'll be Mrs. Robert Drake, Jr."

CEDRIC scowled and she was quick to add: "Oh it won't make any difference with us. My little Bobbie hasn't much money now, but when his mother dies—and she isn't very well—he'll get the Drake millions. He's the sole heir."

Now Cedric nodded his head in unqualified approval. "Don't suppose you could let me have a little of that money now, could you?" he suggested.

Velvaine smiled, went to her dressing table, and returned with a handful of bills. "Here's a thousand I got from Bobbie this morning—I told him I needed it to bribe Pierre."

He pocketed the money, but then a thought made him hesitate. "But won't you have to give it to Pierre, to keep him quiet?"

"Don't worry—Pierre doesn't need money now," she said carelessly.

"You little fool," he snarled, "have you been fooling around with a murder rap?"

"I couldn't go on paying him forever, could I?" she asked defensively. "It was all perfectly safe, anyway. Pierre and I had lunch this afternoon—a few drops in his wine—and . . . By this time he will be very quiet."

He stared at her incredulously, frightened at her callous brutality, and she stared back in defiance. The sharp burr of the telephone broke the silence.

Velvaine took the call, and as she listened all the color drained from her face. "Pierre!" she whispered. "Where are you? . . . But tell me!" She replaced the receiver with a shaking hand. Now, for the first time, Cedric saw her really frightened.

"He knows I tried to kill him," she said. "A doctor saved his life. And now he won't tell me where he is—just that he's going to get well and get me for what I tried to do to him."

Cedric grabbed his hat. "We've got to find him," he exclaimed, "before he gets well enough to come after you. I told you you were a fool!"

* * *

ONE week—only one short week to change her whole life! Betty sat next to George and Jane Hartford, listening as, after a string of ponderous, unintelligible legal phrases, the judge spoke two fateful words: "Divorce granted."

Only a week to set the machinery of the law in motion—and to stop it once more, its task done.

But she had lied. She had said Bob was cruel to her. Oh, it was a nightmare! Pray God she'd wake up soon to find Bob's strong arms about her. Then her eyes met Bob's across the courtroom. It was as if someone had plunged a knife into her heart. He looked so miserable and alone. He'd lost weight, and his eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. Her heart spoke, but her lips did not move. Bob darling, you must see a doctor. You're sick, Bob, and I can't be there to take care of you. Oh, why have you avoided me so? Why haven't you told me why this had to be, and let me try to help?

Suddenly a pent-up anger seethed in her breast—anger against the Countess Velvaine. Instinctively her eyes turned to where Velvaine sat, cold and expressionless in the rear of the courtroom. For the first time in her life she felt a fury akin to hatred, and it frightened her.

At that moment Cedric Hubert entered the courtroom. Jane seized Betty's wrist.

"That's the man, Betty. He's the one I saw her with the other night."

Cedric, stepping over to the Countess, whispered something to her. Velvaine looked pleased, and hurriedly followed Cedric from the room.

Betty, watching them leave, sat there for a moment in silence. Where were they going? Who was this man? "Jane," she whispered, "I've got to follow them."

Jane's eyes lit up. "Fine! Let's go." She turned to her husband. "George, honey, keep an eye on Bob. He looks like he's about ready to crack."

Then they were out of the room and hurrying down the wide marble stairs. But outside, at the curb, they stopped. "We've lost them," Jane said.

"NO. Wait." Betty ran to a group of drivers leaning against the fender of the first taxi in line. "Did you see a woman in a mink coat and a man in a gray suit?"

"Yeah, they got into a cab a few minutes ago."

"Did you hear them say where they were going?"

"Hotel Louie the Fourteenth.' A cheap walk-up across the river."

Jane and Betty jumped into the cab. "That's where we're going too! And hurry!" They leaned forward in the seat as the driver swung into the middle of the street, his accelerator pressed to the floorboard. Faster and faster the cab threaded its way through the traffic; and faster and faster Betty's heart pounded with eagerness to confront the woman who had wrecked her life.

What awaits Betty and Jane at the "Hotel Louie the Fourteenth"? And more important, what does the future hold for Betty and Bob, now that their marriage is a thing of the past? Can they rebuild their shattered lives without each other? Don't miss next month's instalment of this dramatic serial of modern life—in the August Radio Mirror.

SYPHILIS CAN BE STAMPED OUT! READ GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING'S REVEALING BROADCAST IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF RADIO MIRROR

Meet Mrs. Sinclair Lewis

(Continued from page 14)

free-lance correspondent for English newspapers, sending them stories from Austria, Germany, wherever she happened to be. She didn't know a thing about newspaper work, but she knew what interested her, and she soon learned how to nose out facts and piece them together so they made sense.

THE real reason she succeeded, however, was her conviction that it is impossible for anyone to starve. If you were willing to take what life offered, she believed, and look upon the lack of a warm coat on a freezing night simply as an interesting experience which hadn't ever happened to you before, you'd get along—and have a good time into the bargain.

With no particular liking for her profession—since she'd chosen it solely as a means of seeing the places and people she wanted to see—she nevertheless worked hard at it, because the harder she worked the more fun she had. She still works hard, and still has a lot of fun.

"I am naturally a pessimist," she says, and it is true. She started her European career as a socialist, filled with high ideals about the great future destiny of mankind. But as the years passed and she worked in Austria and then in Germany, she saw people doing things which, to her, were obviously heart breakingly silly. Again and again she saw mobs following leaders whose only qualification for leadership was that they possessed loud voices and good platform man-

ners. She saw whole nations change their politics overnight. And it didn't take her long to decide that about all you can expect of people is that they'll do the wrong thing.

But if she is a pessimist, she is not a resigned one. When she talks about some of the laws which Congress has passed during the last few years, her eyes snap and her voice takes on the sharp edge of profound irritation. She thinks that stupid things are done in Washington, and the thought makes her angry, with a sort of bored anger.

She invented, and frequently uses, the term "Theatocracy," which means "government by master showmen." She believes that Theatocracy is the form of government in use throughout most of the world today, including the United States—government by ballyhoo and slogans, by catch-phrases and appeals to emotion instead of reason.

Yet, in spite of the irritation which rises in her whenever she looks at the world, she thinks it is a fascinating and thoroughly delightful place. And because she thinks so, she can't understand the attitude of young people, boys and girls in their late teens and twenties.

"Why in the world anybody twenty years old should talk about wanting security I can't understand," she said. "When I was twenty security was the last thing I wanted. They should want adventure, life, excitement! It's true the world no longer offers as many opportunities as it did twenty-five years ago—but young people today don't want opportunities. They aren't

willing to take chances with their lives. They're old. And so serious. When I talk to one of them I feel as if I'm the one just out of college.

"I know a girl, one year out of her university, who is working on a newspaper. She isn't an earthly bit of use to that newspaper yet. But she complains that she's being exploited because she's being paid forty dollars a week. She ought to be grateful for the chance to learn something."

Dorothy Thompson lives in her Central Park apartment; her famous novelist-husband, Sinclair Lewis, lives in an apartment-hotel on the other side of town. This is an arrangement which has caused endless speculation among gossip columnists; in fact, the Lewises are rumored to be on the verge of a split almost as often as the Franchot Tones. At first these rumors annoyed them both, but they've gone on so long that they've grown used to them and don't mind them any longer.

"It isn't a domestic arrangement that I'd recommend for everybody," Miss Thompson says. "It simply happens to work for us. We each like to work in our own home, without going out to an office. If we live in the same establishment, we can't do that. This way, everything is much simpler. My husband comes and goes as he pleases, and so do I. When our working day is done we can be together, but we don't get in each other's way."

She uses her maiden name, Thompson, only in her work. Socially, it annoys her to be addressed as "Miss

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Thompson." "It's silly," she said. "I am a married woman, with a seven-year-old son, and at my age I can't see any reason why I should be thrust back into maidenhood by having a 'Miss' tacked on to my name. I continued to write under the name of Dorothy Thompson because I always had done so. Besides, it seemed to me I would be taking an unearned advantage if I attempted to identify myself as the wife of a famous novelist."

Michael Lewis, who has his father's red hair, lives with his mother, largely under the care of his nursemaid. "I'm not entirely sold on the theory that children should spend all their time with their mothers," Michael's mother explains. "As far as I can tell, most children don't want too much of their mother's society. Michael, for instance, is satisfied if he knows I'm around. When I go out at night he wants to be assured that I'm coming home to sleep. He'd rather know I'm on hand, in case he needs me, than have me interfering with him all the time."

"Even so, I think I see more of Michael than many women see of their children. I'm always here, working, when he comes home from school—in fact, I'm nearly always in the apartment when he is. I don't think that's entirely true of many women who work harder at their social life than I do on my writing."

MICHAEL is Dorothy Thompson's only child, although she was married once before, during her years as a foreign correspondent, to a Hungarian who has never visited this country. Following her divorce, she married Sinclair Lewis in 1928.

She works at least five hours a day, seven days a week, writing her newspaper column, her broadcasts, and occasional articles. Even when she leaves New York to stay at their place at Sneden's Landing, New York, or at their farm in Vermont, she takes work with her and keeps regular writing hours. She reads every bill introduced in Congress, four New York newspapers, and many newspapers from the middle west, west, and south, which she thinks are important because they keep her mind from being clouded by the New York viewpoint. She also reads numerous periodicals and reports from Germany, and many books on political theory and economics. For relaxation, she reads poetry. About the only

fiction she ever gets a chance to look at are the novels written by her husband.

Every room in her apartment, except the dining room, contains a desk and a typewriter. Most of the rooms also contain books—many of them, English, French, German.

She smokes constantly, lighting one cigarette a minute after she has crushed out its predecessor. Incidentally, they are all her sponsor's cigarettes.

If she were to return to Germany or Austria while the Hitler government is in power, she would undoubtedly be arrested at once and probably put into a concentration camp and never heard of again. She is said to be listed on Hitler's records as Nazi Enemy No. 2 in America. Nazi Enemy No. 1 is said to be Walter Winchell.

Several months ago somebody made the suggestion that if the United States ever elected a woman President, Dorothy Thompson would be a likely and intelligent choice. She herself squashed the speculation that ensued by laughing heartily and saying the idea was ridiculous.

She believes that America is headed toward a future which will include some sort of collective government. It may be communism and it may be fascism; she doesn't know which, and doesn't care particularly, since she believes they are essentially the same. This new America will have more equality between the classes, less poverty, less individual wealth, and a great deal less freedom. She also believes that when we enter into this new America we will be entering a period of less progress in mechanical and scientific invention. She doesn't think the new America will be a particularly pleasant place in which to live. She is hoping that Michael will grow up to be as realistic and reasonable as she is herself, but she fully expects him to reach manhood in a world which will demand that he fight if he wishes to retain his independence.

As she says, Dorothy Thompson is a pessimist. The picture she paints of the future isn't a pretty one. But all the same, there is something curiously heartening in seeing a woman who refuses to delude herself about the world, yet can face it at the age of forty-three with courage, humor and zest.

Perhaps pessimism is a tonic.

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Kurlash

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wood children are now protected by contracts and impersonal guardians who determine what should be done with their money. Shirley Temple's father handles her investments—he happens to be a branch bank manager—but her contract contains clauses specifying where, when and how much of her money should be invested. Shirley's earnings pay most of the household expenses in Santa Monica, but her father contributes a sizeable share and her fortune is protected. So are those of Deanna Durbin, Jane Withers, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, and Freddie Bartholomew, now. Jackie Cooper's checks are deposited to a Jackie Cooper estate account in a bank which is his financial guardian, but the protection of these children rests on the good sense of Hollywood producers and not in the law.

THE Freddie Bartholomew case is another example of the story we are discussing. Freddie's father is a retired British soldier and he packed Freddie off at the age of three to be brought up by his grandparents and by his own sister, "Aunt Cissie." Aunt Cissie put Freddie on the London stage and then four years ago brought him to Hollywood where he became famous overnight as David Copperfield. Now Aunt Cissie tried to make herself the legal guardian of Freddie, whose parents objected and charged that Freddie had been moved to the United States by trickery and deceit. A California court heard the petition and decided in favor of the aunt, Miss Bartholomew.

Mrs. Bartholomew arrived in America, appealed against the decision, lost it but got ten per cent of Freddie's weekly earnings with five per cent for his little sisters, which probably was fair enough, and at the same time an arrangement was made whereby the rest of the earnings went to Freddie's estate with provisions for Aunt Cissie, who is now his legal

guardian. But meanwhile this little boy had to go into court and testify against his own parents, which is not the most favorable experience possible in the life of a child. And it could all have been prevented if there were some sort of law governing this kind of case from the beginning.

The case of the Dionne quintuplets is thought by some American legal opinion to represent an illegal situation, although there is not a question that the children's interests are enormously better protected than they would be by their parents.

These children are protected by a special act of the legislature of Ontario which makes them wards of the Crown and establishes a trust fund for them. They earn a great deal of money simply by their existence, by the sale of their photographs, by the use of their names and pictures in advertising. And the guardianship of the state has prevented their loving father from exhibiting them at the World's Fair, as freaks, probably between a sword swallower and a bearded lady—as left to his own devices he was prepared to do.

The needs of children are simple. They need the right food, shelter, clothing, sunshine, and they need love. Luxury is enormously enjoyed by some adults, but it brings very little happiness to a child. The life of a wonder child, especially in the musical world, is often agonizing. If you don't believe it read the life of Mozart.

The child musician has to spend hours a day at the most rigorous practicing, when other children are playing ball. This is all right. It's the business of human beings to have their gifts developed to their greatest capacity, and developed at the time those gifts are ripe for development, whether it's at the age of four or much later. But then it seems to me the earnings from those gifts ought to be protected for the child himself. And I say: "There ought to be a law!"



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There's lots of fun on the Chesterfield rehearsals these days. Probably Grace Moore is trying to keep from laughing at one of Deems Taylor's puns or maybe one of Andre Kostelanetz's antics.

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

HOW are you progressing on your spelling? Here's another list supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of NBC Spelling Bee.

Only one spelling is the right one. Mark the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 68. It's harder than the others but you should be ready for more difficult words by now.

If you aren't already a Spelling Bee fan, listen in on Mr. Wing's broadcasts, Friday evening at 9:30 E.D.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.

1. **Anomometer — anemometer — anamometer** (noun). An instrument for determining the force and velocity of the wind.

2. **Coaky—cokey—coky** (adj.). Like coke; grimed with coke.

3. **Thymy—thymey—thymie** (adj.). Of the nature of, or resembling the herb, thyme.

4. **Superirrigation—supererogation—supererrogation** (adj.). Superfluous; nonessential.

5. **Svelte—svelt—swelt** (adj.). Slender; lithe.

6. **Hulabaloo—hulliballoo—hullabaloo** (noun). A confused noise; uproar; tumult.

7. **Saraglio — seraglio — seralyo** (noun). A harem; formerly any palace or residence of the Sultan of Turkey.

8. **Hierarky—higherarky—hierarchy**

(noun). Most commonly, a body of ecclesiastical rulers, disposed in ranks, each subordinate to the rank above it.

9. **Rutabaga — rutibago — routabago** (noun). A kind of turnip, commonly with a large elongated yellowish root.

10. **Ghurkin — gherkin — gurkin** (noun). Small prickly fruit of a species of cucumber used for pickling; also, the plant producing it.

11. **Pergalo — pergala — pergola** (noun). An arbor or trellis treated architecturally, as with stone columns or similar massive structure, as in Italian art.

12. **Nadir—nader—nadur** (noun). 1. That point of the celestial sphere directly opposite the Zenith; 2. The lowest point.

13. **Hyssup—hyssop—hisop** (noun). An aromatic mint.

14. **Whayie—whayey—wheyey** (adj.). Of the nature of, or containing whey (the watery part of milk, separated from the thick or coagulable part, or curd.)

15. **Camelopard — cammelopard — camellopard** (noun). The giraffe.

16. **Coddasil—codicil—coddicol** (noun). In law: an instrument made subsequently to a will and modifying it in some respects.

17. **Reverencial — Reverencial — Reverencial** (adj.). Expressing profound respect.

18. **Portman-teau—portmantoo portmanto** (noun). A traveling bag

or case, originally one adapted for use on horseback; now a stiff oblong case hinged in the back, so that it opens like a book.

19. **Epittome — epitome — epitomy** (noun). A brief statement of the contents of a topic or a work; an abstract.

20. **Grenadiere—grenadier—grenadier** (noun). Originally a soldier who carried and threw grenades.

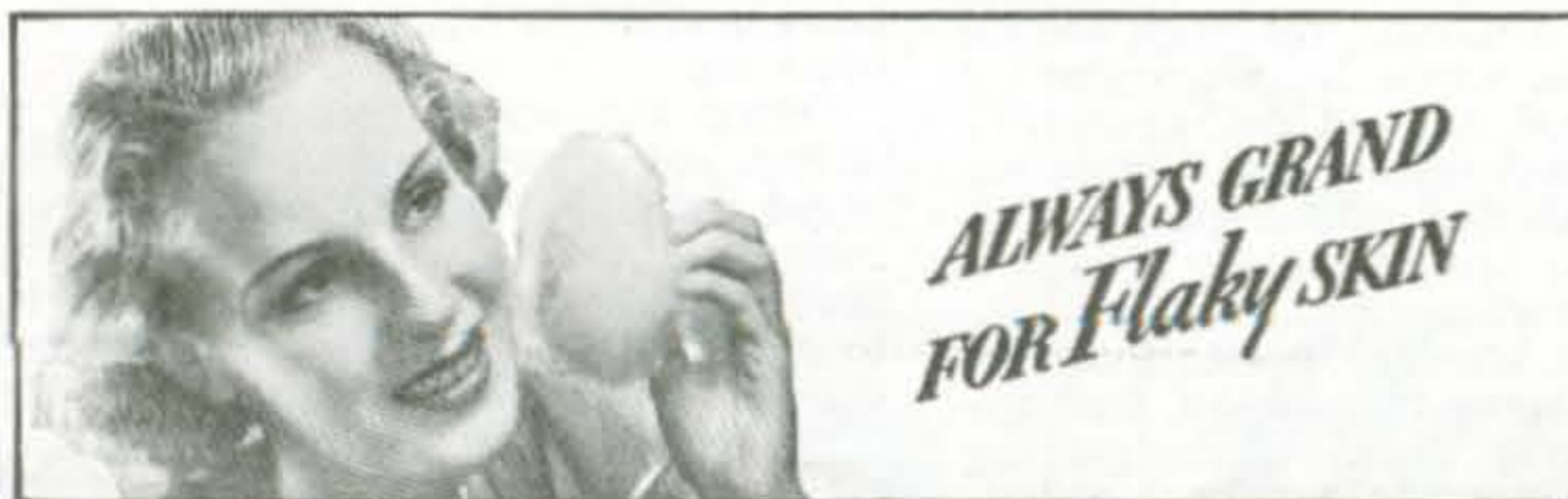
21. **Sacrament — sacriment — sacrement** (noun). An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace; one of the solemn religious ceremonies.

22. **Equinoxial — equanoctial — equinoctial** (adj.). Pertaining to a state or the time of equal day and night.

23. **Malevolent — malevolent — malevolent** (adj.). Wishing evil; disposed to injure others; due to, or showing ill will.

24. **Wainscot—wainscoat—wainscote** (noun). (Commonly.) The lower three or four feet of an interior wall when finished differently from the remainder of the wall, as with wood, panels, tile, or marble slabs.

25. **Renigged — reneged — reniged** (verb). In card playing: failed to follow suit when able to do so, in violation of the rules; revoked.



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Charlie McCarthy's Father

(Continued from page 29)

The three settled in a modest flat near the Lane school and Edgar enrolled. He was homesick at first and longed for the old life more than ever, but as he began to make new friends, he gradually forgot the past in the excitement of the present. After all, Chicago was a pretty interesting place.

It was about this time that Edgar acquired the real and ultimate Charlie McCarthy.

As most people know, Charlie was inspired by an Irish newsboy who sold his papers in the vicinity of Edgar's school—an up-and-coming kid whose Celtic cockiness was engaging. Edgar liked him and was attracted by him. So he made several sketches of him (yes, he has a decided talent for drawing) and took them to a wood-carver named Theodore Mack from whom he had bought his original dummy.

For \$35 Mack created the likeable little guy we know today and Edgar named him Charlie after the newsboy; McCarthy because he figured he should have a typical Irish surname.

With Charlie an accomplished fact, Edgar found himself as much in demand for school and neighborhood entertainments as he had been back in Decatur. And with Charlie so successful, the future began to change. Somehow that impudent little Irish mug was beginning to blot out his long cherished vision of a career in electrical engineering.

And Charlie did him at least one very good turn during his high school career. It was when he was nearing graduation and needed desperately a passing grade in modern history—a boon which seemed rather remote because he had, unfortunately, made a very poor showing in class.

"If I fail in another recitation, I'm sunk," he thought to himself, unhappily, one Friday night while getting ready to take part in a school entertainment.

But he needn't have worried. During his stunt with Charlie he caught sight of his history teacher in the audience, laughing her head off, and from that time on to the very last day of school, she never called on him to recite. . . . And gave him a passing grade to boot.

Not long before he graduated, Edgar and his mother had a talk. The financial affairs of the family had been going well enough during the four years they had been in Chicago, but now things were somewhat changed. There was still enough money to take care of Nellie but it appeared that from now on the boys would more or less have to shift for themselves. Clarence had already got himself a job, but what was Edgar to do?

"I know you have always wanted to go to college—" his mother began, but he interrupted her.

"It's all right, Mom. I'll get along somehow."

That night after the others were asleep, he thought it all out. He would go to work and make enough money to enter college later on. But—what kind of work should he choose?

He considered. He might get a job as an electrician's helper or perhaps

in a factory of some kind. But the real solution was something quite different and he knew it: Charlie McCarthy!

Edgar decided to go on the stage. His mother didn't think so much of the idea, at first, until he explained that it was not exactly the stage he had in mind, but Chautauqua. With relief, then, she nodded her head. Chautauqua was different; more refined and genteel.

Thus encouraged, Edgar cooked up a little act and registered it with one of the big Chautauqua agencies in Chicago. It was a pretty good act—a bit of magic, a bit of cartooning and a good deal of Charlie—and he was accepted and booked forthwith.

Whereupon he embarked on a career which continued through the next five years and paid for most of his subsequent college education. He travelled up and down and across Uncle Sam's forty-eight states and back again, bringing laughter information, sophistication into rural communities where, in those days before radio reached into every parlor, little else was known of the outside world.

Edgar found it all very satisfying. He enjoyed the troupe's modestly triumphant arrival in this little town and that and being met by the customary reception committee of shy, eager folks tickled to death to shake the hand of a real "entertainer."

He enjoyed performing for the thrilled, easy to please crowds come from miles around, some of whom often pitched camp in the vicinity for the duration of the three- or four-day program.

After the show there would be a dance, sometimes, where Edgar would meet all the pretty girls and maybe make a local swain jealous now and then. Sometimes he would be invited to a delicious noon-day dinner or to supper or, if he had no other spare time, to breakfast, maybe. Sometimes after a performance he would find waiting for him a coterie of youngsters, fascinated by his stunts, and he would spend an hour or two drawing faces in three lines, wresting eggs from empty boxes or exchanging impromptu nonsense with Charlie.

ONCE he went home with a little wistful, freckle-faced fellow . . .

"My kid sister, she's lame yuh know, mister, an' won't never walk, Ma says. She ain't never seen nobody like you an'—" he stopped and pointed to Charlie, suddenly wordless.

So Edgar walked three miles to the smallest house he'd ever seen, and one of the neatest and cleanest, and he and Charlie did their stuff for the little girl who lay there flat on her back, one foot pitifully suspended to a rafter above her bed. They made her laugh, too, although Edgar thought a couple of times the lump in his throat would come up and choke him—and Charlie, too.

No, he will never forget those days. He finally entered Northwestern University after fifteen months on the road, but he went back to the job each summer, glad to be visiting new scenes again, seeing new faces, listening to new but always wholehearted applause.

It was during the third summer on the Chautauqua circuit that Edgar fell

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in love—really in love. She was a member of the troupe he was traveling with that season and her name was Ila Olerich.

Edgar knew he was a "goner" that very first afternoon out of Chicago when he found himself in the wings listening to a dramatic sketch featuring a slender, dark-eyed girl with a sensitive mouth and beautiful, expressive hands. He stood there watching the performance as though he had never seen anything like it before. As indeed he hadn't. There was something about that girl . . .

He hadn't met her. He didn't even know her name, yet. But when the sketch was over, its star found a blond, stammering youth waiting in front of her dressing room door. "I'm Edgar Bergen," he said. "Could—would you have dinner with me to-night?"

It was fast work, but he didn't look like a masher. He was blushing to the roots of his fair hair and the hand that clutched the urbane Mr. McCarthy actually shook. So Ila smiled at him and said:

"Of course. I'd love to."

That was the beginning. They ate at a little restaurant near the tent—not a very good one because there weren't any. But what difference did food make, anyway? They were aware only of each other. Before they were through they had exchanged the stories of their lives and were beginning to settle such important questions as the authenticity of love at first sight and is marriage compatible with a career?

The tour took them south that summer, and with every warm, fragrant, star-ridden night, life grew more en-

thralling. It was after the show one evening, in a little Kentucky town, that they went walking down a tree-bordered Lover's Lane where the honeysuckle was heavenly sweet and the whippoorwills' song still sweeter, and Edgar kissed her for the first time. It seemed that the stars came down very close and blessed them and that nothing could change what they felt for each other, ever.

THEY didn't talk about the future very much, though, except as a vague "Someday, when we can be together always." They made no concrete plans. Edgar had his college degree to get. Ila wanted to try her luck in New York. There were money difficulties. No, to consider the future seriously involved being practical, and through those long, glamorous months on the road they never could bring themselves sufficiently out of the clouds for that.

Then, suddenly, it was over. They had circled back north again. Already the leaves were turning and when they went walking of an evening Ila wore a coat with a fur collar, it was that chilly. On such a night they said goodbye. Ila was leaving for New York to study for the stage. Edgar was returning to college.

"We'll write, and there will be next summer . . ."

They said it often, too often. It was as if they knew what would happen and strove to deny it by promises of "next summer."

But of course it never came, for them. Ila stayed in New York and Edgar went out with the Chautauqua by himself. They wrote to each other daily at first, but gradually the inter-

vals between letters lengthened. And finally, because absence so seldom makes the heart of youth grow fonder, memories were all that was left of their summer idyl . . .

Still speaking of memories . . . Those of Edgar's college days are rather few compared to those of his travels with the Chautauqua—less poignant, blurred perhaps by the worry and hurry of the life he had led.

"I never seemed to have sufficient time to do what I wanted to do," he says, now.

He does remember "Hell Week," though, that traditionally awful seven days before fraternity initiation, as what "pledge" doesn't, having been through it? Edgar's house was Delta Upsilon and he is certain its members were more proficient in thinking up devilment to plague a long-suffering freshman than any other on the campus. His own particular "hell" included sleeping in the front hall (when he slept at all); counting the tombstones in a nearby graveyard (and since a previous census had been taken the count had to be accurate); leaving and entering the fraternity house by means of the fire escape; stealing and conveying to the house president a virgin duck (Well, don't ask me for particulars. That's all I know about it), and carrying on all conversations, even in class, as Charlie McCarthy, not himself.

Oh, yes, he got through it but not without permanent injury to both morale and health, he says.

He remembers, also, and far more pleasurably, being elected president of his class in the college of speech in which, his old plans of being an electrical engineer having vanished

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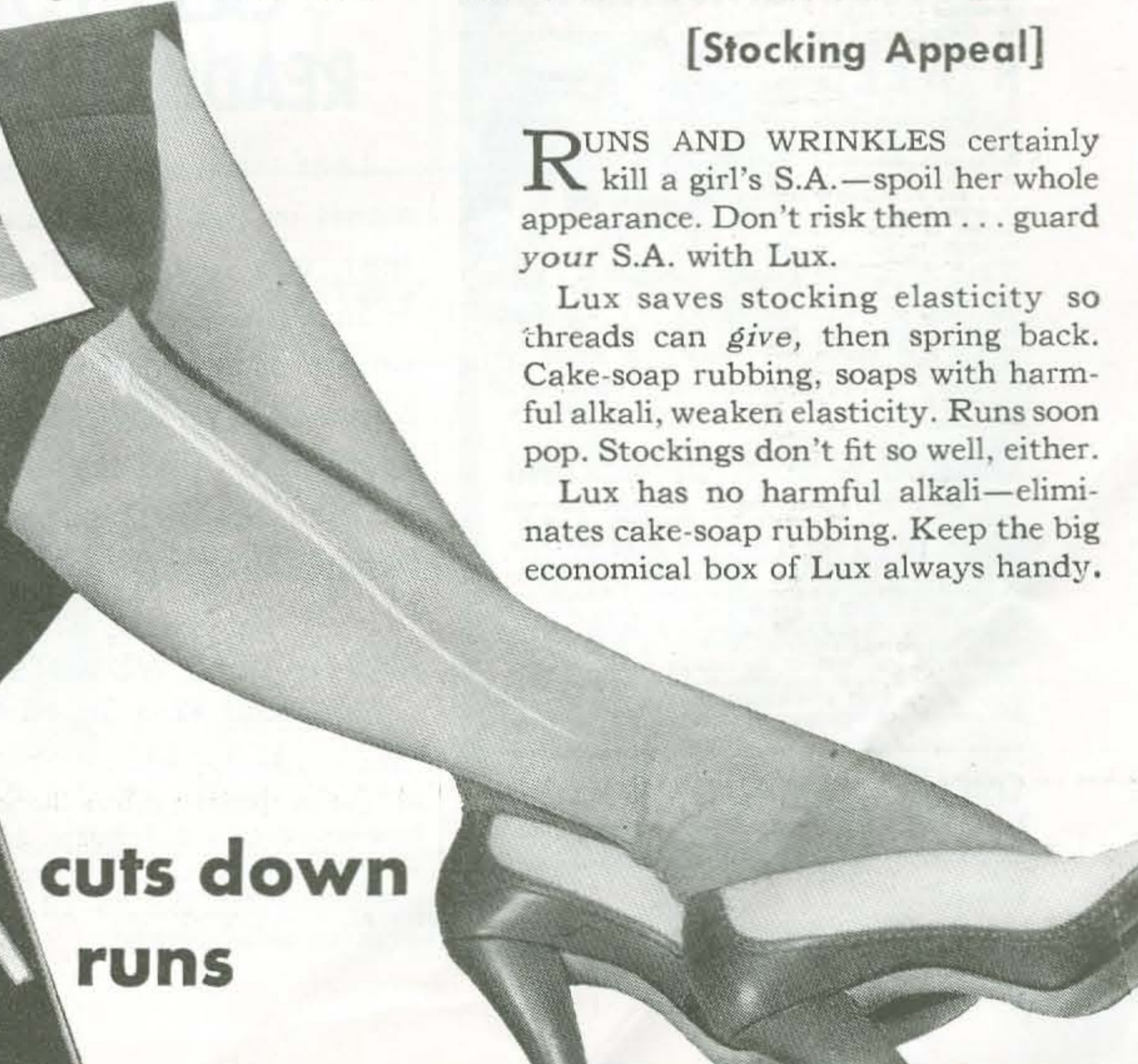
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painlessly and forever, he had enrolled with the idea of improving himself as a theatrical entertainer.

Between classes, he worked at this job and that, and somehow there always seemed to be enough money. As a matter of fact, Edgar never has been dead broke.

"Eddie never was a guy for going around with holes in the seat of his pants," his old friend, Ken Murray, said to me not so long ago. "He always was smart enough to keep a few extra dollars in the bank for emergencies."

Smart enough, too, to look ahead and see that, in the not too distant future, a new-fangled contraption known as radio would so steal Chautauqua's thunder that entertainers like himself would be definitely sans jobs if they didn't watch out.

So he watched out. Instead of perfecting new acts to fill the substantial offers made him for Chautauqua and Lyceum engagements after graduation, he began to concentrate upon vaudeville long before he was through college.

It was harder to break into, though. He tried out his act—a shortened, pepped up version of his Chautauqua offering—a good many times before he finally got a job and even when he did it was only in a fourth-rate theater near the Chicago stockyards.

He was going to school, of course, but the manager said he would try him out on a Saturday and keep him through the following week for night performances if he made good. So for five shows that day, he and Charlie did their stuff. They had started out with some magic too, but after the first performance the manager said to "cut out that bunk and stick to your dummy." Some of the dialogue Edgar had gotten out of gag books. Some of it was original. Anyway, the audience laughed and that was what counted.

He was a pretty cocky lad in those days. He admits that now. But he says he felt very humble and grateful when the first big howl rolled up from the auditorium; that he kind of wanted to stop and say: "Thanks, pals." But of course he just went on and gave them the best that he and Charlie had.

And when he was through—when the curtain had been rung down on "Edgar Bergen: a Barrel of Fun" for the last time that day the manager slapped him on the back.

"Here is your regular pay," he said, handing out the three dollars agreed upon, "and here—" he smiled benignly—"is something extra because you did such a good job."

He handed Edgar twenty-five cents. When Edgar left the theater with the \$3.25 in his pocket and the promise of a week's work ahead, he was walking on air. He had been a success on a vaudeville stage!

It seemed but a step to Big Time fame and fortune.

Next month, follow Edgar Bergen through the amazing world of vaudeville's last stand—go with him on his travels in Europe and South America, and into the weird leper colony in Venezuela; meet his best friend, Ken Murray; be with him when he falls in love for the second—and last—time, and learn the real reason he has never married. Don't miss the next chapter of this fascinating biography, in the August issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 40)

"I just didn't get the call," Gene says, "so I got a job during the summer behind a soda fountain in Madison, Wisconsin."

The soda fountain was close by a dime-a-dance ballroom, and as soon as Gene heard the strains of the corny eight-piece orchestra grinding out the melodies of a decade or so ago, he was determined to join it. The drummer in that band gave the soda jerker a pair of drumsticks, and Gene beat a tattoo rhythm across the marble bar, between orders for one black-and-white and a Broadway sundae.

Because the little dance band was none too exacting in its performances, they often let Gene sit in with the band and play to his heart's content.

Joe Kayser, a Chicago bandsman, heard Gene beating away and spoke to him: "Listen, kid, you're wasting your time framing banana splits. Get fifty bucks and join the union and I'll give you a job."

That was fourteen years ago. Since that time the determined drummer has beaten his traps clear across the country with such maestros as Red Nichols, Mal Hallett, and Buddy Rogers. Not once during those years did Gene read a note of music.

"It just came sort of natural like."

And it was good enough drumming to fool even the great George Gershwin.

I WAS working at the time with Red Nichols and we were engaged to play for Gershwin's new show, 'Strike Up the Band,' recalled Krupa. "Gershwin conducted rehearsals and handed me a sheaf of notes. I couldn't make them out, so I handed them over to Glenn Miller, the trombonist. Glenn would turn around in the pit sing my part to me, and I'd pick it up. And do you know, Gershwin came over after the rehearsal and said I was one of the few drummers he knew who could read music really well."

But as Gene continued to climb up the swing ladder, he realized that it would be necessary to study music. When most musicians were sleeping, Krupa was taking lessons. Now he is able to read the most difficult score.

When he joined Goodman three years ago, he first started to lay plans for his own band. As the outfit trekked across the country the drummer boy would haunt small cafes and swing mills, after his own night's work was finished.

Into a ten cent memo pad, he jotted down the names of likely candidates for his dream band.

"When I finally decided to organize," Gene continued, "I dug out my little book and got most of my men. From Texas I brought in trumpeter Dave Schultze and bass player Horace Rolland. My trombonist came from a small cafe in Baltimore. The guitar player hails from the coast."

With the same determination that he planned his career so did he get himself a wife.

When in New York, the 29-year-old swingster lived at the Hotel Dixie. A musician's life is one of staying up late and sleeping till mid-afternoon. Only the constant calls from the cheery voiced hotel phone operator ever got Gene out of the arms of Morpheus. Gene decided to find out

1
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\$5.95

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ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

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and LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

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Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

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THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

if the cheery voice accompanied a cheery face. It did.

"It took me a month to get a date with Ethel Fawcett. I finally proposed to her in the drug store."

When Goodman decided to let Krupa leave the same night that he gave his notice, many hailed Benny as a martyr. Others, however, pointed out that this was a strategic move. Goodman had Lionel Hampton, the vibraphonist, ready to fill in behind the drums. Keeping Krupa in the band to fill out the two weeks would have surely resulted in unnecessary flare-ups and weakened the morale of other members of the band.

In the meantime Benny scouted around for a replacement. He experienced difficulties. Good drummers were not hard to find. But drummers brimming over with enthusiasm and showmanship, were scarcer than one-armed bass players.

Benny finally selected Dave Tough, an excellent musician, but hardly known as the Dizzy Dean of the drums.

"Well," said an observer, "Benny doesn't want an exhibitionist; that's why he got rid of Krupa."

I asked Krupa about that. Gene laughed, chewed a little more on his gum, lit another cigarette and spoke: "This talk about my being a showoff is terrible. It just happens that when I get in the groove, I forget everything, and give out. My showmanship was never manufactured."

Gene is currently getting \$1000 a night with his new band. He also has a recording contract with Brunswick records which will net him a fancy figure. He is being booked by the Music Corporation of America, who also route the itinerary of Benny Goodman.

Since he left Benny, the two have never met. But Gene still respects Benny and I am sure that Benny bears no resentment toward his former employee.

As Gene left me to return to the rehearsal, I followed him into the room. The men were blowing hard and often into their instruments. They were trying to make this a great organization. These veterans sort of respected the young kid with the big plans. And when arranger Jim Mundy noticed that Krupa had come back into the room, he shouted to the musicians, "Now give out plenty, boys, 'cause the boss is listenin'. Hit it for the boss."

I looked at Gene and saw him smile broadly. I knew then why Gene Krupa really left Benny Goodman's band. He was at last—"The Boss."

PERSONNEL OF GENE KRUPA'S BAND

Trumpets: Dave Schulze, Tommy Gonsolin, Tommy Di Carlo; trombones: Bruce Squires, Charles McCamish, Chuck Evans; saxophones: Vido Musso, George Siravo, Murray Williams, Carl Beisacker; piano, Milton Raskind; guitar: Ray Biondi; bass: Horace Rollands; arrangers: Chappie Willett, James Mundy. Theme: "Apurksody." (Krupa spelt backwards, and the last two syllables of "rhapsody" added.)

* * *

Kay Weber has gone and done it! She left Bob Crosby's Dixieland Band a few weeks ago and Dan Cupid was the reason . . . Kay is keeping her matrimony in the family and will wed Ward Silloway, lead trombone with Crosby, in May . . . Marion Mann replaces Kay. Marion used to sing with Humber's band . . . Another victim of the dippy-doodle is Crosby's doghouse beater and arranger, Bob Haggart. He weds Helen Frye, Philadelphia socialite . . . Buddy Rogers is boasting that his new vocalist, eighteen-year-old Marvel Maxwell, Indianapolis high school girl, is the best looking singer in the danceband business. Take that, Dorothy Lamour! . . . Tommy Dorsey has interviewed about 600 amateur swing musicians for his Wednesday evening radio show since January. Only five were girls, but one of them, pianist, Jane Grosby, had the makings of a swing sensation . . . The Dorsey-Goodman feud is smoke-screened by the conductors when they tell interviewers that they respect each other's work . . . Hal Kemp doesn't care too much if his erstwhile singing drummer, Skinny Ennis, who recently formed a band, gives Kemp too much opposition. Kemp is backing Ennis . . . George Hall is now touring the countryside but you can bet your bank account he'll be back at the Taft by Labor Day.

OFF THE RECORD

Some like it sweet:—
Girl of the Golden West; Bewildered—(Decca—63359) Ruby Newman's Band—If you have the soft lights, here's the sweet music concocted by the Rainbow Room maestro. Two pleasant tunes.
I Simply Adore You; Goodnight Sweet Dreams—(Brunswick—LA 1590) Jan Garber—The self-styled "idol of the airlines" pops up with a pair of tunes welcome to the sweet tooth after an overdose of swing.
Perfume Counter; Love Walked In—

"TRUE OR FALSE" -:- -:- -:- ANSWERS

- FALSE.** That's a geyser. A geisha is a Japanese singing and dancing girl.
- TRUE.** Macbeth ascended the Scottish throne in 1040 A.D.
- FALSE.** It was the spinning machine invented by James Hargreaves in the 1760's.
- TRUE.** Ulysses S. Grant and his wife, Julia Dent Grant are both buried there.
- FALSE.** A spinet is a small keyed musical instrument something like a harpsichord or piano.
- FALSE.** A squab is a baby pigeon.
- FALSE.** S.S. Van Dine is the pen name of William Huntington Wright, a writer of detective stories and the creator of the character, Philo Vance.
- TRUE.** It is a Greek jug with an oval body.
- TRUE.** In her left hand she carries a tablet with the Declaration of Independence inscribed on it.
- FALSE.** She was the second of his wives but Henry only had six and only the first five were unhappy.
- TRUE.** It's a ten wheeled locomotive, its original meaning—ten-footed or ten-armed.

Study the Ads and Make \$2.00

Leaf through the advertisements in this issue, pick the one that you like or dislike most. Then write us a letter telling us why in about fifty words. Fancy composition not important. Macfadden Women's Group* will pay \$2.00 for each contribution accepted. Address letters to:

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SNAPSHOTS IN COLORS—

Roll developed, 8 Natural Color Prints—25c. Natural Color reprints—3c. AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL. NATURAL COLOR PHOTO, C-107, Janesville, Wisconsin

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Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

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.

(Decca—63432)—Jimmy Dorsey—Delightful interpretations of two hits, immeasurably aided by Jimmy Dorsey's clarinet and Bob Eberle's voice. The latter tune, Gershwin's last, will outlive the million dollar talkie tinsel, "Goldwyn Follies" from whence it came.

Old Straw Hat; Love to Whistle—(Bluebird—B7477B)—Frankie Dailey—Hits from Shirley Temple's "Rebecca" and Deanna Durbin's "Mad About Music" is a double header bargain for any fan. Frankie Dailey's tempo is light and lively except (and this will probably break his heart) when he interrupts to introduce his annoying "stop and go" idea.

Sissy; Sunday in the Park—(Decca—63321)—Ted Weems—Ted Weems first introduced the "sissy" and has been successfully protecting her from too many bugle-blaring bullies. Hats off to Elmo Tanner who really whistles while he works on the "Pins and Needles" labor lament.

Some Like It Swing:—

Mariachie; Para Vigo Me Voy—(Victor—25804A) Leo Reisman—The rousing rumba from "Girl of the Golden West" coupled with a standard Cuban carol shows off the abilities of bushy-haired Reisman.

Lost and Found; You Went to My Head—(Victor—25812-A)—Fats Waller. The ingenious Mr. Waller and his piano, contrives to get something original out of both tunes. A must.

I Never Knew; Comin' Thro the Rye—(Victor—25813-B)—Tommy Dorsey. A Dorsey dandy, starring Bud Freeman's saxophone. This sudden decision on the part of our maestros to revive old tunes is disconcerting. Imagine hearing "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen" and "Ti-Pi-Tin" five years from now! Not that, Mr. Dorsey, not that.

The Campbells Are Swinging; Mr. Sweeney's Learned to Swing—(Vocalion—22353)—Eddie Stone. Isham Jones' erstwhile vocalist swings out Larry Clinton's contribution to the plaid kilt craze.

Dark Eyes; It Was a Lover and His Lass—(Victor—25810-B)—Maxine Sullivan—Ninety pounds of chocolate covered rhythm takes the old Russian ballad for a sentimental ride along swing lane.

Jeannine; Tea Time—Brunswick—B33457) Red Norvo. Your old girl friend from "Lilac Time" is subtly subdued by Norvo's xylophone. A tricky number is paired with it.

You're An Education; Better Change Your Tune—(Vocalion M763)—Dolly Dawn. Dimpled Dolly Dawn continues to turn out lively platters, thanks to her swing Svengali, George Hall.

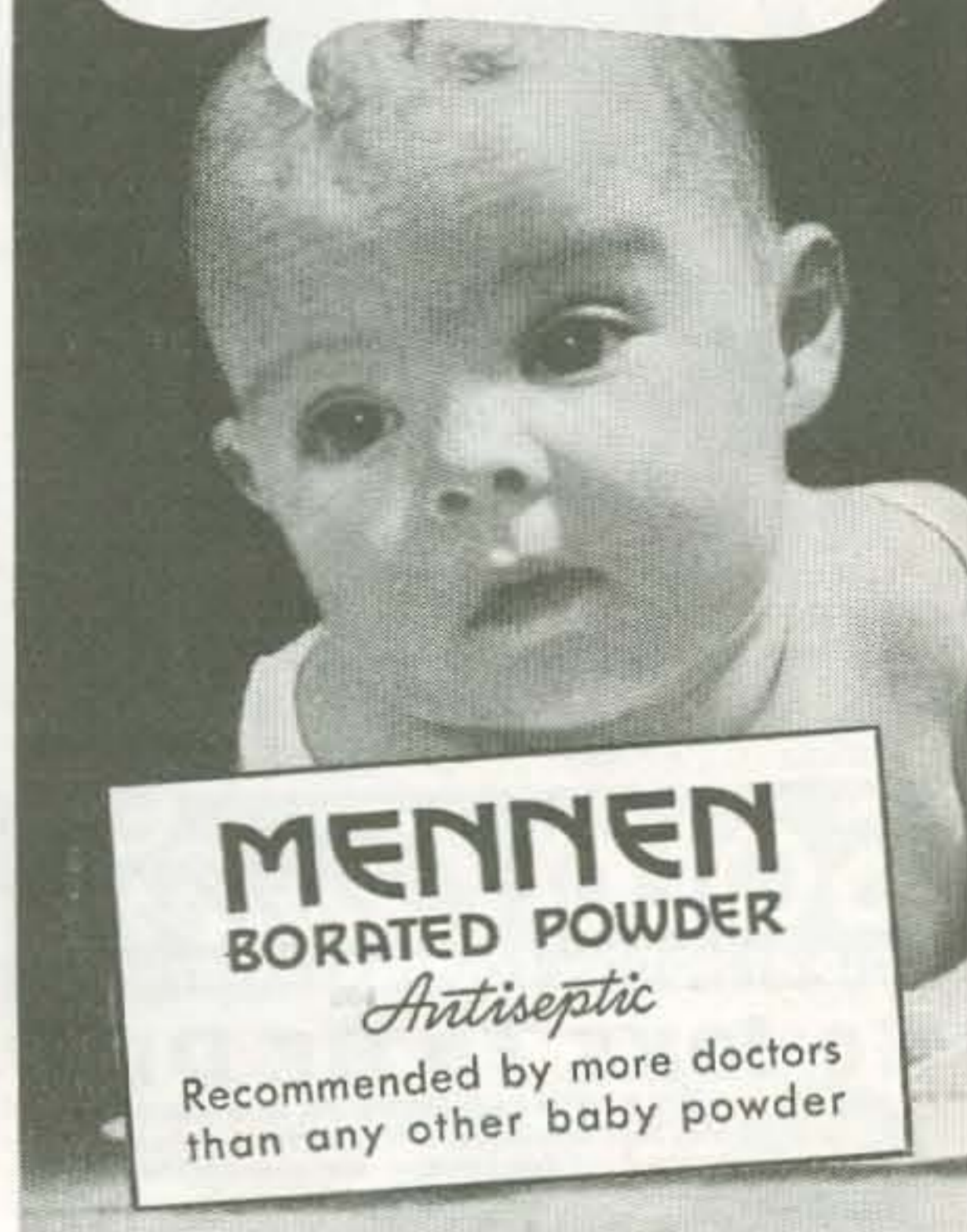
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Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch gives the skin that soft, white appearance of youth and beauty. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one or \$1.00 for five of the Baby Touch Pads. Baby Touch Mittens (Two sides) 35c each, 3 for \$1.00. Will last about 3 months.

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GOLDEN WATCH CORP.
DEPT. XI, 509 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Dr. Crosby's Slang Dictionary

(Continued from page 13)

- Preenings:** youngsters susceptible to flattery.
- Public pasture:** golf course.
- Riding herd on the brass section:** conducting the band.
- Rookie hoodwinkers:** amateur magicians.
- Saucy baggages:** comely, attractive girls.
- Schism in the union:** a split in a marriage.
- Slippery staves:** skis.
- Solid citizens:** important persons.
- Solid gate:** swing artist.
- Squares the beefs:** settles complaints.
- Station-house efforts:** mediocre or amateur attempts at entertainment.
- Stash the idea:** throw out or give up an idea.
- Stylish hunk of philosophy:** a sound theory.
- Taking a powder:** to absent oneself from job, home, etc.
- Titans of the Tenderloin:** important figures in gangsterdom.
- Toss pink notes at a gibbous moon:** alcoholic serenading.
- Twinge of sentiment:** a bit of emotion.
- Twist the dingus on your gadget:** turn the dial on your radio.
- Tyre tooting:** Amateur bazooka playing.
- Undo your kisser and relax:** just what it sounds like.
- Warm bird and cold bottle treatment:** extra-special welcome.
- Wheedle him out of the shadow:** to bring forth personality.
- Wheel and give a comely gal a second hinge:** turn and give a pretty girl a second look.

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Pick out the advertisement which you like best, or dislike most, in this issue of Radio Mirror. Then tell us why in about fifty words.

Or, if you prefer, write about the product advertised. Have you had any experience with it, favorable or unfavorable . . . tell us that. You can praise or criticize, it makes no difference as long as you believe it helpful, as long as it will help the advertiser to write a better advertisement or make a better product.

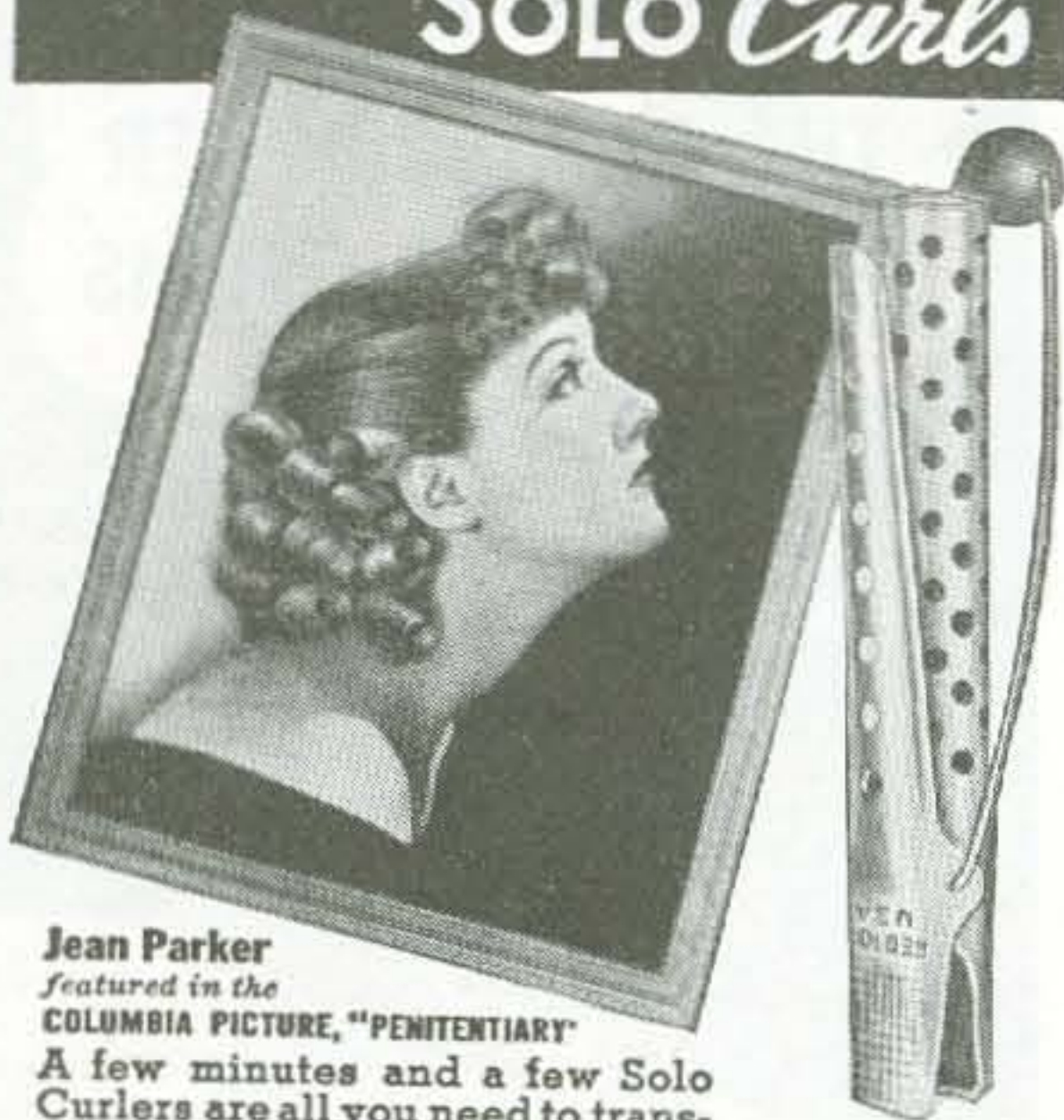
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WITH
SOLO Curls



Jean Parker
featured in the
COLUMBIA PICTURE, "PENITENTIARY"
A few minutes and a few Solo
Curlers are all you need to trans-
form straggly, unattractive hair
into soft, lovely curls. No
lotions . . . no heat . . . no fuss.

SOLO RED TOP

SOLO Curls 5¢
SOLD AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

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—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.
THE WAY COMPANY
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..STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D..
Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other externally caused skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

SEALTEX The Bandage That "Breathes"

DOZENS OF FIRST AID AND HOUSEHOLD USES FOR THIS SAFE, ALL-PURPOSE BANDAGE
For cuts, sprains, burns, varicose veins, corns, to protect fingers in household work or when sewing, to mention but a few.
COMES OFF WITHOUT PAIN, LEAVES NO MARKS
Made of latex for strength. Lets air in—keeps dirt out—promotes quick healing. Sticks only to itself—no adhesive tape required. Economical. Better. For sale by your druggist. Sealtext Co., 2022 Wabansia Ave., Chicago.
For generous size **SAMPLE PACKAGE**, send 10c to cover cost of postage and packing.



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1939 Queen Quality Watch. Dial small as a Dime. Jeweled. Accuracy Guaranteed.
Watch included FREE with every ring ordered during SALE and paid for on our easy two monthly \$2 payment plan (total only \$4). No extra charge for the watch. Wear 10 days ON APPROVAL! Send NO Money. Mail postcard now. We pay postage. We trust you. Your package comes at once by RETURN MAIL.
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Dept. C-387, Newton, Mass.



Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling (U. S. Govt. Standard) Rich 1/30, 14k Gold.



Cy Walter's nimble fingers perform on Piano Time and other programs on NBC.

CORNS REMOVED WITH **CASTOR OIL** PREPARATION
Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain fast and dries up the pestiest corns, callus and warts. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, and the substance from which aspirin is made. Absolutely safe. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if it fails to remove corn. **NOXACORN**

YOUR YOUTHFUL SKIN A MASS OF PIMPLES?

Take steps now to help keep your blood free of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being an object of shame and scorn among your friends. Find out what often causes those repulsive-looking pimples . . . and get rid of them.

Between the ages of 13 and 25 your body is changing rapidly. Important glands develop. These gland changes upset your system. Waste poisons from the intestines are often thrown into the blood stream and are carried to your skin, where they may bubble out in ugly, shameful hickies.

You must help keep your blood free of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have done so, just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. The millions of tiny, living plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help you fight pimple-making poisons at their source—in the intestines, before they can get into the blood. Many get amazing results in 30 days or even less! Get Fleischmann's Yeast now. Eat 3 cakes a day—one before each meal—until your skin is clear and fresh again.

YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN



Fashions from Chicago's Merchandise Mart

Opal Craven, known as the "Lullaby Lady" on the *Carnation Contented Hour*, wears this costume for the beach.

EVE VE VERKA over the Mutual Broadcasting System said that . . . "Tomato juice is highly recommended to keep the complexion fine and clear. Drink a glassful each day. It acts favorably upon the intestinal tract which, when sluggish of action, causes the skin to become sallow and coarse of texture. Buttermilk is another liquid that is valuable to the beauty seeker. So is orange juice and grape juice. Drink your health drinks, and be beautiful.

* * *

"A good way to turn a double chin into single blessedness is to grip the back of the neck firmly, and move the chin up and down. The hand holds flesh and muscles tight, and the exercise is effective. Try it—it's easy and it works."

SMART girls come back from their summer vacations looking like a million dollars. Eyes bright, complexion smooth and clear, hair soft and shining, figures neat and trim, and their skin toasted a warm, golden beige.

The summer sun probably offers nothing quite so healthy or becoming as a coat of suntan, but remember that this year, a creamy tan is smartest. You know, of course, that there is an infinite variety of preparations to help you and to protect your skin against parching and burning. Oils and lotions patted on substitute for the natural oils dried out by the sun. But whatever you use, be sure to apply it before you get out in the sunshine and limit your sunbath to fifteen minutes the first day, twenty minutes the second, and so on, until your skin is conditioned. Once tanned, you do not discard your protective oils, creams or lotions but continue to use them right through the summer to keep your skin soft and supple and to encourage an even coat of suntan.

Remember, too, that eyes need lots of attention when you are out in the sun. The bright light makes you squint and causes tiny wrinkles and crow's feet; the wind makes your eyes blood-shot. Bathe your eyes every day with a cool eyebath or put soothing eyedrops into them. Squares of cotton dipped in ice-cold witch hazel and placed on your closed lids proves a refreshing treatment. Eye-cream worked into that sensitive area about the eyes will help keep it free from lines. Sunglasses are a great help in protecting your eyes from eyestrain and if you wear eyeglasses anyway, have them made according to your prescription and according to your color preference. Deep rose,

green, blue, or amethyst are particularly soothing colors.

If you go in for suntan at all, you will need to change your makeup. Start with a tinted foundation cream, light-weight powder in a warm rose-biege shade, and don't forget that the darker your tan, the brighter your rouge and lipstick.

NEEDLESS to say, active summer sports are as hard on your hands and nails as cold winter winds, and if you are a beauty conscious girl, you will use your cuticle oil and hand lotion generously. Moreover, you will keep your fingernails well manicured and your feet well pedicured. There's nothing very difficult about giving yourself a pedicure. All you need to do is to scrub your feet thoroughly with a stiff brush and plenty of soap. Dry, trim and shape the toenails carefully. Next, dip your cotton-tipped orangewood stick in cuticle remover and work it around the base of the nails and at the sides. Massage your favorite hand lotion or cream well into your feet and give particular attention to those unsightly heel callouses. Now you are ready for nail polish which you apply with quick, sure strokes covering the entire nail. Naturally, this little treatment won't give your feet the beauty of a Trilby, but it will make your pedal extremities presentable.

Keep your hair smooth, well-brushed and shining and don't attempt an elaborate coiffure. A fussy hairstyle doesn't stand up very well in the heat of summer, you know.

So take your place under the summer sun and remember that the few minutes each day that you spend in protecting your eyes, skin and hair will pay big dividends in summer loveliness.

By **JOYCE ANDERSON**



For garden work, Miss Craven dons a brown denim jacket and slacks and a wide-brimmed hat.

RADIO MIRROR
HOME AND BEAUTY

What Love Has Done for Frances Langford

(Continued from page 26)

But he was beside himself with joy when she asked him not to fly; even though he had to when the floods came and he couldn't make it any other way.

"For," he explained, "when a girl doesn't want you to fly it means she cares!"

Every time his plane came down he sent her a wire. He called her from New York every night. And ten minutes after he was off the air he was talking to her on the 'phone.

By happy chance Jon is still finding his way, proving himself. For this makes Frances a seasoned old trouper by comparison. Consequently she's not as diffident about taking an interest in his career and making suggestions as she would be—with her timid nature—if he was someone who had arrived and was climbing higher with a sure and confident tread.

Frances also is helping him to sing. When he was in New York he wouldn't smoke. "It's against her orders," he said, triumphant that he had orders from her to obey. Which makes it clear enough that Jon has changed plenty too. There was a time, not so long ago, when he would have taken orders from no one and run like a thief from any girl who presumed to give them.

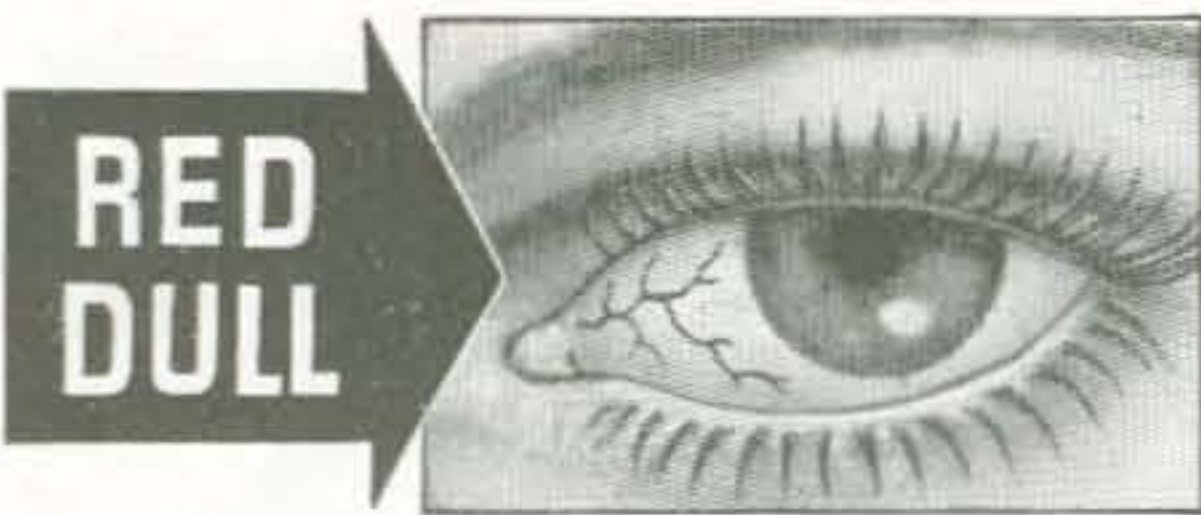
HAPPINESS shines out of him and out of Frances. It's doubtful, in fact, that Frances ever was so happy before. Until now she has worked as hard as anyone must work to become a star on the air and on the screen at her age. Outside of her work she has had her mother and her brother and the progressively pleasant homes they've been able to have as her success has increased.

Now Frances' life trembles with excitement. Jon comes rushing over to see the new puppies with which her wire-haired presented her. Jon instructs her about her income tax and the responsibilities an income like hers entails. She never knows what moment she is going to hear "I See Your Face Before Me," her song and Jon's. Sometimes it comes to her over the radio in her car when she is driving along peacefully. Sometimes a prop boy on the set whistles it. And there are those heavenly moments when she walks into the Trocadero or into the enclosure at the Santa Anita track with Jon beside her. Let the eyes of certain girls who once awed her with their fame and beauty turn enviously upon her; she isn't frightened by this now. For Jon's eyes are on her too and as long as they're proud that way she is safe.

All of which accounts for the gayer clothes Frances is wearing, for her hair in softer curls, for her brighter lipstick. All of which accounts for the growth Frances has known lately and for the difference there is in the way she is today and the way she was a year ago this time.

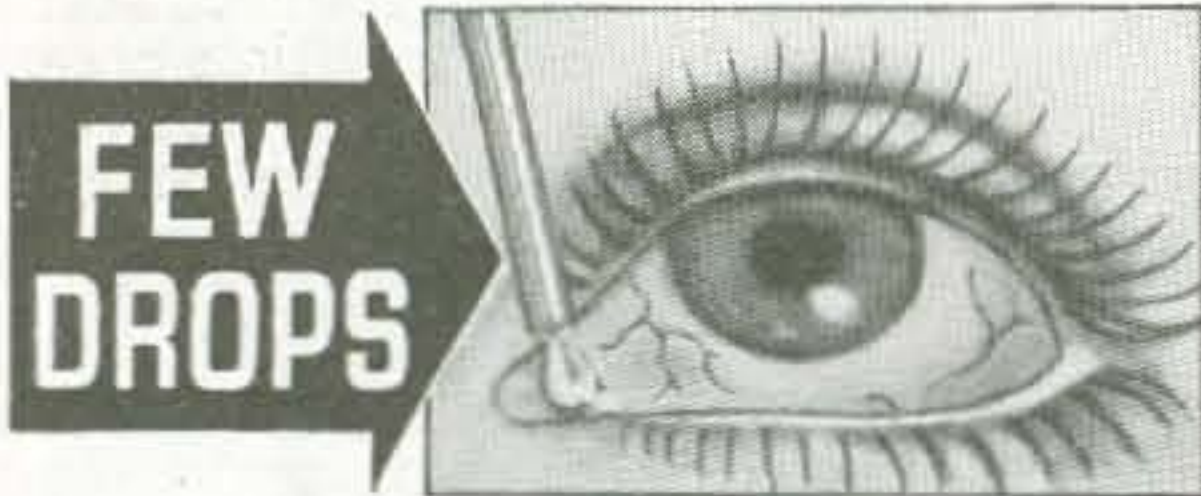
Nights when she's on the air are almost best of all. For while she sings into the microphone Jon sits in the control booth only a few feet away, listening, watching her too through the big plate glass window.

She sings better when he's there, she thinks. Perhaps you think so too!



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WAKE UP

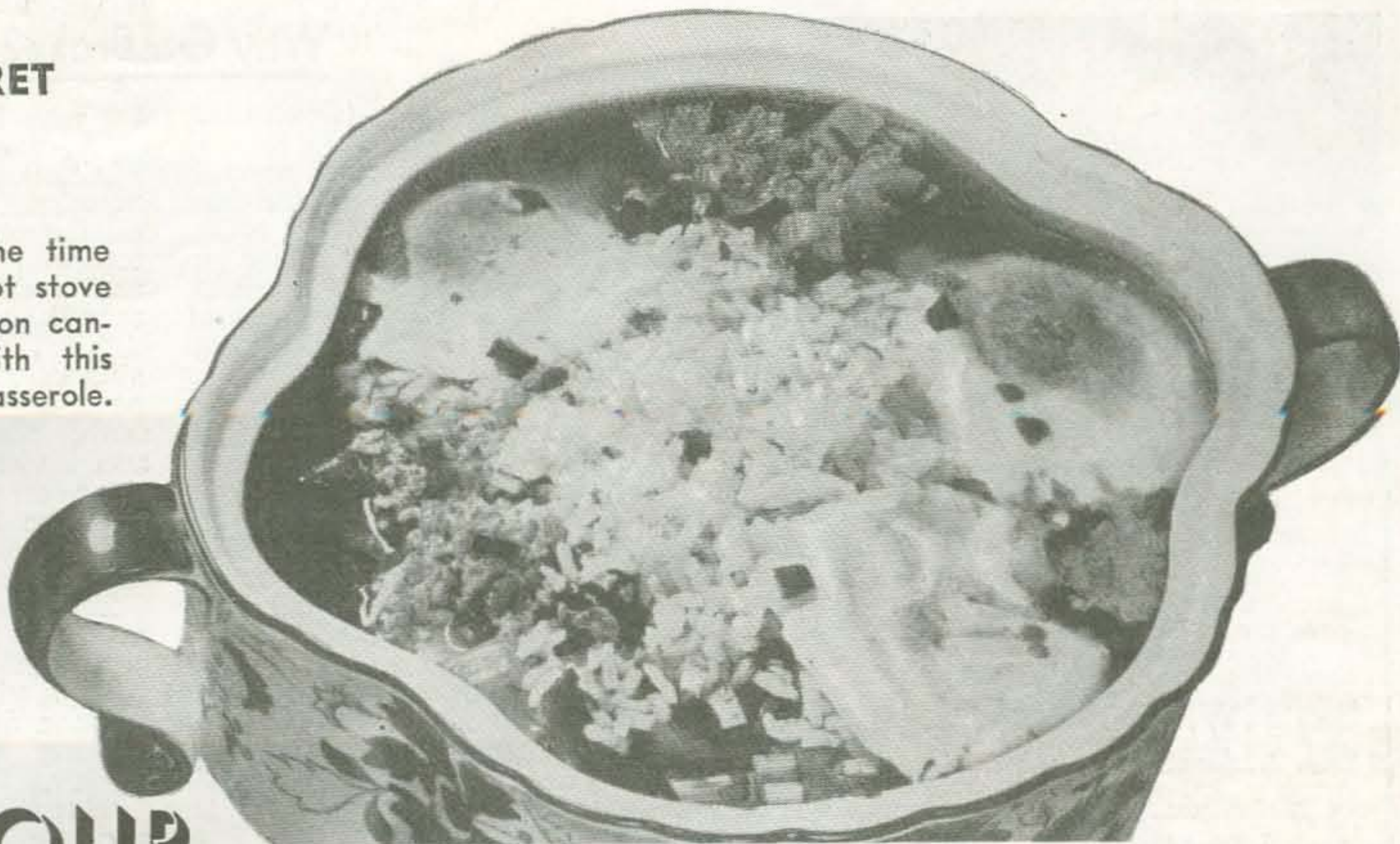
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By
**MRS. MARGARET
SIMPSON**

This summer shorten the time you spend over the hot stove by basing your menus on canned foods. Start with this vegetable and rice casserole.



BEGIN YOUR VACATION IN THE KITCHEN

WITH summer close at hand I know you are planning to turn the long sunny days ahead to rest and relaxation, but I wonder if you are beginning your planning where it will do the most good—in the kitchen. You can't enjoy a vacation to the fullest, you know, if you spend most of it in preparing and cooking food, so make up your mind to cut these tasks to a minimum—and at the same time serve nourishing meals that your family will vote the best ever—by basing your summer menus on canned vegetables. So many vegetables come in cans, all cooked and ready for you, with their flavor and valuable minerals intact, that appetizing and varied menus the canned vegetable way are no trick at all.

Alice Frost, star of WABC's Big Sister and one of radio's most famous cooks, relies on canned vegetables for the interesting and unusual dishes she serves. Among her favorites are vegetable and rice casserole (illustrated), spinach supreme, and artichoke and asparagus salad.

VEGETABLE AND RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 cup canned peas
- 1 cup canned corn
- 2 cups rice
- 2 tbs. minced onion
- 2 slices bacon, diced
- ½ cup chopped celery
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1½ cups milk
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 4 eggs

Place in layers in buttered casserole, add seasonings and milk and bake in moderate oven until brown. Break the eggs on top of the liquid and cook until eggs are done to taste.

SPINACH SUPREME

- 1 can spinach
- 1 egg yolk
- 4 tbs. butter
- 3 tbs. cream
- Salt and pepper to taste

Drain the spinach, chop and drain again. Melt the butter, add the spinach and cook, stirring frequently, for five minutes, using low flame. Beat the egg yolk, add the cream and seasoning and fold into the spinach. Heat through and serve immediately.

ARTICHOKE AND ASPARAGUS SALAD

- 1 can asparagus
- 1 can artichoke bottoms
- ¼ cup chopped brazil nuts
- ½ cup cream
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cut the asparagus into inch long strips and the artichokes into thin slices. Rub the chopped brazil nuts to a paste with the lemon juice, salt and pepper. Whip the cream and fold

into the brazil nut paste. Stir in the asparagus and artichokes, place mixture in small molds and chill. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with parsley or watercress.

CANNED FRUIT JUICES

CANNED fruit juices, too, will make your summer more enjoyable, so shop around to learn the new ones that are on the market and keep a few assorted varieties in the refrigerator ready for instant use. Serve them icy cold for appetizers, for long cooling drinks and for frozen desserts.

Here's a basic recipe, for fruit mousse, that can be made with any fruit juice your choice dictates—and you might experiment by combining two fruit juices whose flavors blend together.

FRUIT MOUSSE

- 2 tbs. gelatin
- 2 tbs. water
- ½ cup fruit juice
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 tsps. lemon juice
- 1 cup whipping cream

Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes. Bring fruit juice to boiling point, add gelatin and sugar and stir until dissolved. Cool, add lemon juice. When mixture starts to thicken fold in whipped cream. Turn into mold and place in refrigerator until firm.

A brilliant portrayal of many roles and adept at cooking too, is Alice Frost, star of CBS' Big Sister.



RADIO MIRROR
HOME AND BEAUTY

DON'T waste precious vacation hours in the kitchen . . . Serve meals the new way . . . The canned vegetable way . . . For the hot meal of the day in place of chops or a heavy roast serve a vegetable casserole such as the one given this month . . . Keep cans of beets, string beans, carrots, peas, brussels sprouts, asparagus, tomatoes in the refrigerator for delicious made-in-a-minute cold salads.

If you are a summer bride and some good friend asks what you want for a gift . . . If you are trying to decide what to buy for a bride . . . Here is the answer to the problem . . . A cedar chest . . . They are made in a variety of woods and designs . . . Cedar lined to hold at bay the most determined moth . . . If you have no gift problem what about a cedar chest to store your furs and woollies for the summer?

Why Go Broke?

(Continued from page 6)

this country just now is that enough people don't read the papers and find out what's going on in other countries. If they did, and stopped to think about it, they'd be so thankful that they live in the United States of America that they'd stop worrying. Our country isn't perfect—of course not. But it wasn't perfect back in the 1920's, either, when—to hear people talk now—everybody was prosperous and happy.

"Well, you'll probably say, 'it's all very fine to think about how much worse things are in other countries, but it doesn't help me to find out how I'm going to make ends meet if I lose my job. They're cutting down at the office, and I'll be the next one to go. And there isn't much I can do to stop my boss from being afraid.' And so you go on worrying.

"You'd have a right to worry, if this were a natural depression. But it's a man-made depression, and by worrying you are only helping it along. By worrying, you too are showing your lack of faith, just as plainly as your boss is showing his. He is doing his very best, without realizing it, to make his business show a loss this year; and you're doing your very best to fret yourself out of your job.

"NOW I'm going to advise you to do something that is probably the hardest thing you ever did in your life. You haven't got a great deal of money in your savings account, and you're afraid that pretty soon you'll lose your job and have to live off those savings. All right. Take half of what you've saved, and go out and buy everything you need and a few things you don't. Some new clothes for yourself and the rest of the family, a new piece of equipment for the kitchen or a new piece of furniture for the living room. Stuff you didn't think you could afford. Keep buying until you've spent exactly half of what you've saved.

"That really is a hard thing to do. Probably all the time you're spending your money you'll be wondering if what you're doing won't boomerang back on you. Being afraid that you'll lose your job and wish to Heaven you had that money back. But the important thing is that, by going out and spending half your savings, you're proving that you aren't licked, and your country isn't licked. How far would this money you're spending go toward keeping you provided for if you were out of a job? Not very far.

"Eventually, if we don't lick fear, you're going to go broke anyway. So why not make up your mind to go broke gracefully, and at least get some fun out of it? Spend half of what you've got, buy what you need, have a good time—and then, if you go broke, you've done it with a flourish, instead of doling out, hanging on to the little you have, and constantly worrying. But my conviction is that, if you make up your mind to do this—you won't go broke at all!

"If every man in the country who was afraid of losing his job or getting a pay cut dug into his savings and spent half of them, there'd be such an upswing of business that there'd be no more talk of depression. The big-

business men, the ones whose fear is now reflecting downward so that all the small wage-earners are afraid too, would have to snap out of it then and realize that business is good if they'll only stop worrying about it.

"Just look at the banks, for instance. The banks of this country have only one liability—their lack of faith. They have too much money, and they're afraid to invest it. Take some of that money out, spend it, and the banks will soon gain the confidence they need to put what's left to work."

Then Eddie stopped. He looked at me, and said, "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that I'm a man with plenty of money in the bank, a new contract on the air, and nothing to worry about. You're thinking that it's easy for me to talk.

"But the truth is that I haven't got a single asset I didn't have in 1929, when I went broke. I lost all my money in the stock market, and I went home to Ida in Great Neck, and I said, 'Ida, I'm through. I'm finished. I've lost every cent.'

"We talked it all over that night. And Ida said, 'Eddie, you haven't lost the thing that made it possible for you to earn all that money you lost today. You haven't lost your sense of humor. As long as you have that, we'll be all right.'

"She knew what she was talking about. I hadn't lost my sense of humor. But even it wasn't my biggest asset. My biggest asset was then—just as it is right now—my faith that this is the richest and most prosperous country in the world.

"Ida helped me to preserve that faith, and if we're going to lick the recession, wives must help their husbands to preserve theirs. Perhaps the women need even more faith than the men, because it's really up to them whether or not the men will go out and spend half their savings, buck up and stop worrying and make up their minds that if things are bad the thing to do is fight, not fret.

"BECAUSE I wasn't afraid of the future, I borrowed the money to go to California and make my first picture. I was broke, and I didn't have any assurance I'd ever be able to pay back the money, except one. And if you spend your savings now, and lose your job, and go broke too, that's the only assurance you'll need to know that you can work yourself back to prosperity. It's all anybody needs—all the country itself needs.

"That assurance is just this: the United States of America is not only rich in all natural resources, but its government is the soundest, fairest, and finest in the world today.

"If you're worried about your job, remember that first. Then consider that even if the worst comes to the worst, your savings won't help you out for very long. And then stick your chin out, get mad and decide that if there's no security in the future you'll at least have a good time in the present, and spend some of that money you've been hoarding. You'll not only snap yourself out of your mental bankruptcy, but you'll help to save your country from financial bankruptcy. That's a fine enough program for any American."



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