

WAS IT MADNESS? Read The Story **Bette Davis Dared Broadcast**

MARCH



Radio

MARCH

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



**RENDEZVOUS
IN RIO**

HOW ANNABELLA WON
THE HEART OF RADIO'S
MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR
TYRONE POWER

I WRECKED MY WIFE'S CAREER
The Confession of a Radio Star's Jealous Husband

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 NEW Gas Stoves
 NEW Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges
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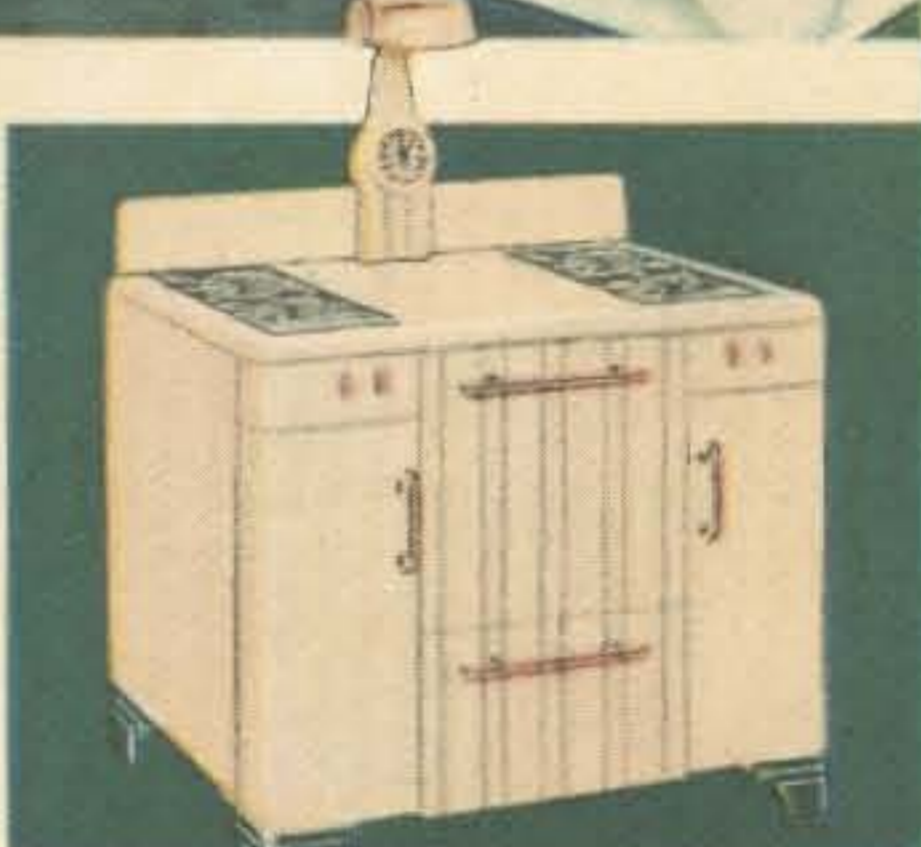
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All our
 Gas Stoves
 burn
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You'll marvel at the easy terms—as little as 18c a day for some stoves. Year to pay. USE YOUR CREDIT. 3 years to pay for furnaces.

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You'll be astounded at the new rapid Factory-to-You service (24 hour shipments). Order on 30 days trial. Satisfaction or money back.

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Mail coupon! See the oven that "Floats in Flame." Read letters from national and state baking champions. See other exclusive Kalamazoo stove features in this marvelous NEW FREE CATALOG.

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1,300,000 Satisfied Users—39 Years in Business
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 (Print name plainly)
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 City..... State.....

"'Pink Tooth Brush'— So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

*That dull, dingy, dreary smile
—it can't be yours! Why,
yours was the smile that had
such magic—yours were the
brightest of bright, sparkling
teeth! What happened—
who's at fault?*

*You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge
of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant
trouble. You knew the step you ought to take
—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible
person, you're going to take right now!*

*You're too wise and too lovely to go on tak-
ing chances with the beauty of your smile. So
see your dentist—and see him today. And
when he tells you how to help guard against
"pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the
healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage
—follow his advice!*

Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is only a warning
—but when you see it—see your dentist.
You may not be in for serious trouble, but
find out the truth. Usually, however, it sim-
ply means gums robbed of work by our
modern soft and creamy foods. His advice
will probably be, "more work for lazy gums"
and very often, "the healthful stimulation
of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially de-
signed to help the health of your gums as
well as to clean your teeth. Each time you
clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana
into your gums. As circulation is increased
within the gum walls, gums tend to become
firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Don't gamble with your smile! Get an eco-
nomical tube of Ipana at your druggist's to-
day. Make Ipana and massage your daily,
common-sense dental health routine. Help
keep your smile as attractive as it should be!



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for
more thorough cleansing, ask your drug-
gist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

\$25,000.00

25 GRAND PRIZES OF \$1,000 EACH

Decide Now to Win One of Them!

ALREADY TRUE STORY has paid \$571,000 in prizes for true stories written by its readers. The bulk of this huge sum has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication. And now comes another glorious opportunity. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been set aside to be paid for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Friday, March 31, 1939.

One thousand dollars each for twenty-five true stories, simply and convincingly told—what a chance for you to cash in richly on a memory! For all true stories are simply memories of past happenings either in the lives of those who set them down or the lives of persons whom they know. Surely in your own life or the life of an acquaintance there is a happening which, if set down in words, would put you in line for one of the twenty-five \$1,000 grand prizes. It would be a pity indeed not to write it. In your own best interests start today.

In writing your story, tell it simply and clearly just as it happened, being sure to include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give a reader a complete understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that actually happened. Above all, do not refrain from writing it for fear you lack the necessary skill. Trained literary ability is not necessary. Yours does not need to be the best story submitted, nor the tenth best, nor the twentieth. If it should be the twenty-fifth best still it would be worth \$1,000 to you. Certainly you can hope to be among the best twenty-five.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skilfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of \$1,000. You may be among them, but only if you write and send in your story.

If you have not already received a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective, by all means mail the coupon today and one will be sent to you promptly. Also do not fail to read the rules carefully and follow them out in particular, thus making sure that your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story, send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can help to avoid a last-minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 1,000 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll. **DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. RECORD TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.**

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON, OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. **BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container.** We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned. You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends Friday, March 31, 1939.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 38C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

COUPON

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 38C
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 plain. Give name of state in full.)

their own padded cells and let those of us who like our classics have them in peace—not pieces?

JAMES A. WALLACE,
Piedmont, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE

FROM A CANADIAN LISTENER

Do you ever realize how much the high standard of American broadcasting means to people outside the United States? I am a Canadian and it was brought home to me particularly during the recent crisis in Europe just how much your radio efficiency means to us. You have resources other people haven't got for developing communications systems to the high point you have reached. You have programs to please everyone.

So please accept the thanks and appreciation of a Canadian who would be lost without the variety offered by our neighbor to the south merely at the turn of a dial.

E. R. GODFREY,
Toronto, Ont., Canada

FIFTH PRIZE

WE WANT A BALANCED DIET

Winter is upon us and that means more radio listening. Of course, we can always tune in on the good, and turn off the bad, but there is one listening condition which has me irked. I have reference to the fact that on most nights there is nothing but a parade of jazz and swing from 10:30 o'clock until far past midnight.

We like popular music. We also like raw carrots, but that doesn't cause us to gnaw at the vegetable for hours every day. We like our food menu to be well balanced. We'd also like our radio diet prepared on a more systematic schedule.

As long as new shows must be built and produced by the networks, why not try some of these experiments at night after the big commercial programs are off the air? Give a few of the bands a rest. And give the listeners a balanced diet.

MRS. LOIS MARIN,
Beverly Hills, Calif.
(Continued on page 84)

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 February 24, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

She was a "Perfect Wife" ... except for ONE NEGLECT*



... **lovely** ... always took care to *look* smart and fresh.



... **efficient**. Her house was always neat, clean, well-run.



... **economical**. She knew how to make a budget behave.



... **affectionate**. She was warm hearted and tender.



... **cheerful**. She never nagged, or moped, or wept.

BUT... She was careless (or ignorant) **about Feminine Hygiene** * And her husband would gladly have traded most of her virtues to correct this one fault.

"Lysol" might have made her score 100%

LOVE is not logical, more's the pity. You probably know at least one woman who seems to "have everything" except the love of her husband.

Don't be too sure he's just ungrateful... Perhaps *she's* guilty of the one neglect no husband can stand. A neglect, a fault, that may kill a man's love, even when everything else is perfect.

If *you're* in any doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Here are some of the reasons why "Lysol" is preferred...

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.



Lysol
Disinfectant
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.
Dept. R.M.-903 Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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For
LOVE'S
SAKE

avoid

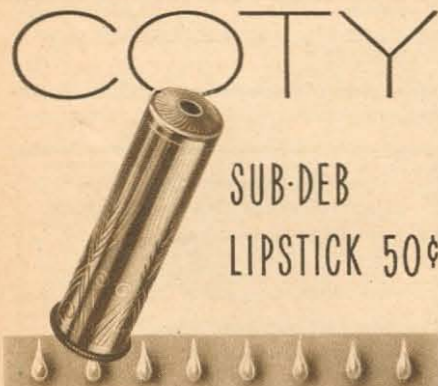
LIPSTICK
PARCHING

Lips that invite love must be soft lips . . . sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty Sub-Deb Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades, 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

HOLLYWOOD



■ What a strange trio! Joe Penner, Jimmy Ritz, Buster Keaton.

■ Listen to Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night on Mutual.

■ Tommy Riggs draws his own conception of Miss Betty Lou.

RUDY VALLEE is surely an exponent of the doctrine that there is safety in numbers. During his recent appearance at the Coconut Grove (see page 23), Rudy was seen around town with so many different girls that the Hollywood columnists and grapevine boys finally gave up in despair in their efforts to link Rudy's name with one particular girl. Rather different than a year ago on his annual trip here. At that time he confined his attention exclusively to the glamorous Gloria Youngblood. But these days he's dating them all.

The other day on the MGM set of "Ice Follies" I listened to Joan Crawford recording a song. She was better than excellent . . . and I learned that Joan had been taking voice instruction for over four years. My prediction is that you can expect to hear Joan most any time on one of the MGM Good News shows, appearing opposite Nelson Eddy in an operatic aria . . . and she won't need a voice double, either.

The denials coming from Mrs. Dave Rose (Martha Raye), as to the "stork's" advent, are so emphatic that maybe there is some truth to the story after all.

By GEORGE FISHER

Carole Lombard, on the Kellogg hour, has the distinction of being the first feminine film star to have a show tailored to fit her personality.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

—Cecil B. de Mille owns a building on Hollywood boulevard which houses a grocery store operated by Frank Capra's brother?

—Grace Moore once studied to become a missionary?

—Bob Hope made his debut as a comic when he impulsively told gags on a small vaudeville theater stage, after he had been sent out to announce the following week's show?

—Don Ameche always hums to clear his throat before approaching a mike?

—Jean Hersholt, off stage, always dresses in sports clothes, and invariably carries his pipe?

—Alice Faye doesn't like to be called "dear" (the universal "pet-name" in Hollywood)? Even husband Tony Martin avoids the word and calls her "honey" . . . (and that's just as bad, too!)

—Jack Haley is unable to sleep more than four hours at a time? He gets up . . . reads . . . and then goes back to bed.

—As a young man, John Barrymore

RADIO WHISPERS

was known to his friends as "Wild Jack"?

Paul Douglas, while in Hollywood, is romancing screen starlet Joan Valerie.

If Al Jolson returns to the movies it will be in "Rose of Washington Square" . . . another cavalcade of tunes, similar to "Alexander's Ragtime Band," but based on the life of Fannie Brice.

Here's good news for the host of Haven MacQuarrie fans. We have been informed that he will soon return to the national networks with his "Do You Want to Be an Actor?" series . . . under sponsorship of a soap concern.

Eddie Cantor, who has been criticized for obtaining publicity for himself in his fight to help the underdog, is to be praised, rather than condemned. Many of his charitable acts and deeds are done on the q.t. . . . even his closest associates knowing nothing about them. Many performers, wealthier than Eddie, use their spare time and play time to concentrate on horses and oil wells . . . whereas Eddie's life seems dedicated to help those much less fortunate!

Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou will continue to entertain radio audiences

for three more years. He's signed a new contract lasting that long.

Larry Clinton and Bea Wain, his vocalist, have completed the first of a series of shorts for Warner Brothers.

20th Century-Fox seems to be the one Hollywood Studio to have a radio field-day every day. When the studio feels like getting a national "plug" for one of its new pictures it merely calls in half a dozen of its stars and notifies them to mention the picture on their individual radio shows. Don Ameche, for instance, tells the world via Chase and Sanborn; Jack Haley via his own show; Tony Martin on Good News and other radio guest spots; Jean Hersholt via Dr. Christian.

Charles Correll, Andy of "Amos 'n' Andy," may be missing from the broadcast one of these nights and be soaring over the desert looking for a bad man. He's been appointed a member of Los Angeles' County Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz's Air Squadron.

Edward G. Robinson is suffering from an acute ear ailment . . . and is consulting specialists.

The Academy Award banquet will be aired again this year. But if it isn't handled in a more sensible fashion, it will probably be as big a flop this year as it was last time.

Richard Greene, who is making frequent appearances on the Lux show, would rather go hunting than eat—or sleep! Dick recently bought a sleeping bag, and to get used to it slept in his backyard for over a week, to break it in. Greene, by the way, lives in a modest little 20-room Hollywood shack! (All right, so it's a mansion!)

It's fairly safe to predict that Freddie Bartholomew will turn to radio when, and if, he is finished with films. That the youthful star is nearing the finish of his present picture career is apparent by the manner in which his most recent pictures have been received. The youngster has grown to a "gawky" age—but his voice and acting ability will be a great asset to radio—his next money-making medium!

Despite the fact that Frances Langford's contract with her oil sponsor does not call for exclusive services . . . the gal was forced to turn down another very lucrative contract . . . because the show originated in New York.

Joe Penner was tendered an impromptu birthday party at CBS. Prize gift was a birthday cake with three yellow ducks on top. It was from Kate Smith.

(Continued on page 84)

"For Skin men find Appealing — TRY CAMAY"



WILTON, CONN.

I never trust my skin to any soap but Camay. I'm sure Camay's gentle cleansing helps to keep skin fresh and smooth . . . to bring out its natural loveliness!

(Signed) PAMELA SCHREIBER

November 23, 1938 (Mrs. Tell Schreiber)

EVERY GIRL wants the fresh, smooth skin that men find so attractive! Charming brides like Mrs. Schreiber—and thousands of other girls who win romance—tell you, "We use Camay to help keep complexions lovely!"

No other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather. It cleanses thoroughly, yet gently, too! That's why, for regular care of your complexion, and for your daily bath of beauty, you won't find a more refreshing, more luxurious beauty soap. Let Camay help bring you all-over loveliness—and the exquisite daintiness that wins romance!

Get three cakes of Camay today. You'll agree with lovely Mrs. Schreiber that you never tried a finer beauty soap—you'll be grateful for Camay's low price!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Do Both Jobs!
**AID YOUR GUMS
 WHILE YOU CLEAN
 YOUR TEETH**



Massage with Forhan's
**BRIGHTENS TEETH
 HELPS MAKE GUMS
 FIRM AND HEALTHY**

Here's a toothpaste that does *both* jobs. Forhan's not only *cleans your teeth* safely and effectively—Forhan's and massage *aid your gums*.

Brushing your teeth with Forhan's makes them sparkle with new beauty. Massaging your gums with Forhan's stimulates the gums, helps make them firm, sound and healthy—and *healthier gums mean brighter teeth!*

Cooperate with Your Dentist

What your dentist can do for soft, tender, bleeding gums is worth many times his fee. But even his expert care can fail—if you neglect your job at home. To help your dentist keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth bright and shining—brush teeth and massage gums twice every day with Forhan's Toothpaste.

TRIAL OFFER—For generous trial tube, send 10¢ to Dept. 334, Forhan's, New Brunswick, N. J.



**DOES BOTH JOBS
 CLEANS TEETH
 AIDS GUMS**



■ Fred Waring with Fern, his featured violinist. When Fern isn't fiddling, she's testing recipes on the Waring mixer.



■ A quartette that's different—The Kidoodlers. They started with a toy washboard and now have 117 toy instruments.

FACING THE MUSIC

THE reason you didn't hear any broadcasts on the networks from New York's swing-mad West Fifty-second street on New Year's Eve was because the broadcasters were afraid too many boisterous celebrants would get too close to the open microphones. . . . Alvino Rey, master and creator of the electrical steel guitar, is no longer with Horace Heidt. When the King sisters left Heidt, Alvino got lonesome. He's married to one of them. . . . The fact that more Heidt hired hands would leave was predicted in this pillar last month. . . . Drummer Dave Tough and saxophonist Bud Freeman, formerly of Benny Goodman's crew, have gone over to Tommy Dorsey.

Guy Lombardo is now recording for Decca instead of Victor. Too much Sammy Kaye at Guy's former waxing grounds to suit him. . . . Freddy Martin is now playing in the coveted Coconut Grove, Los Angeles, for an indefinite stay and NBC wire. . . . Billie Holliday, ex-Art Shaw warbler, is off the Shaw payroll. Incidentally the ambitious Artie is blowing that clarinet so hard and often, his friends are begging him to rest up a bit, fearing a nervous breakdown. . . . Casa Loma replaces Goodman in New

York's Waldorf-Astoria, with Hal Kemp succeeding Glen Gray's band in the spring. . . . The swing spots on West 52nd Street in Gotham are ruining each other by purchasing expensive acts that eat up the profits. . . . Blue Barron returns to New York's Hotel Edison in March with an NBC wire.

One of the most risqué recordings to be issued in a long while is Vocalion's "Don't You Make Me High." But don't say I didn't warn you. . . . Joan Edwards, who sings with Paul Whiteman's band, is one of the few singers who is a member of the Musicians' Union, listed as a pianist. . . . Bea Wain of Larry Clinton's crew can learn the lyrics of a new tune in ten minutes. . . . Bob Crosby broke attendance records on his recent mid-west one-night-stand tour. . . . Dorothy Wilkens, known to radio listeners as "the girl of a thousand songs" was a Detroit debutante, the daughter of an automotive parts tycoon. . . . Jack Fulton, Jr., is forming a Paul Whiteman alumni club. Some ex-King of Jazz graduates have been Mildred Bailey, Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, Harry Barris, Ramona, Bob Lawrence, Donald Novis, Ferde Grofe, Henry Busse, and Johnny Mercer. . . .

The best colored band today, if you take the word of swing critics, belongs to Jimmy Lunceford.

With that recognition Jimmy and his fifteen musicians can look back with pride on the rapid strides they have made since leaving innocuous club engagements in Buffalo six years ago.

It was then that wise veteran Harold Oxley began to manage the band. An old-time band leader himself, Oxley believed in the old bromide that you have to spend to make money. Oxley groomed the Lunceford group along ambitious lines. Today the band's expenditures are comparable to any top-flight white band. Each man buys four uniforms a year at \$51.00 a piece. Lunceford spends about \$1,500 a year for maintenance of instruments, and \$5,000 annually for arrangements.

Without these outpourings I doubt if the band would be playing today at proms in Purdue, Williams, Cornell, Northwestern, Michigan, and Chicago. The college kids actually go ga-ga over the band. No wonder, for the Lunceford men act like maniacs on a holiday during their swing sessions.

Actually, off the bandstand, the majority of the men are serious students. Five of them have B.A. degrees from Fisk University, noted negro seat of learning. Another is a doctor. Lunceford himself taught at Fisk after he was graduated. Jimmy's lovely wife was a schoolteacher when the maestro proposed; is now studying at Columbia University for a master's degree.

Why did these men turn from their originally planned careers for the life of a swing musician? I asked Oxley.

"These boys soon found out it would be very tough for them to succeed in their chosen professions. So they

By KEN ALDEN

turned to music. People accept them enthusiastically as musicians."

* * *

YOU have to be more than a musician to hold down a job with Fred Waring. He's so full of energy that it spills over in all directions, many of them not even remotely connected with music.

Last spring, while the band was on the road, Fred's doctor ordered him to take weekly injections for hay fever. Instead of hunting up a new nurse in every town he visited, Fred assigned Donna Dae, the band's featured soloist, to give him the injections. So Donna took a short course in nursing and thenceforth traveled with a sterilizer kit.

In the summer, Fred got interested in the PGA Golf Tournament at Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pa., and agreed to handle the whole show. Incognito, members of the band sold tickets, parked cars, ran the hot dog and soda pop concessions—all because Fred is a friend of Art Brown, who runs the Shawnee Club.

Later on, the gang abandoned music once again, to help Fred launch his electrical mixer, which he invented himself. Musicians demonstrated the machine in department stores, while the girls in the band tested recipes with it at home.

But the biggest job the boys ever tackled was remodeling and landscaping the new summer home which Fred bought at Shawnee. They came

up in droves and completely redid the old place.

Fred himself is no slouch at unmusically activities. A friend of his, who was running a summer theater in Pennsylvania, asked him to recommend a good leading man—one that could be hired in a hurry. Fred himself stepped into the spot and played the lead in "Penny Wise."

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby; This Is Madness (Decca 2125A) Russ Morgan—Studied syncopation. For those who like a lilt to their dance tempos (and I do). Russ sings the vocal himself in a shaky baritone.

From Now On; Get Out of Town (Brunswick 8252) Eddy Duchin—Slick waxworks from Cole Porter's new hit, "Leave It To Me."

Two Sleepy People; Blue Nightfall (Victor 26092B) Jean Sablon—A French version of the current hit tune romantically sung by Monsieur Sablon. Hope it's not true that the Parisian is leaving these shores. He hasn't been exactly a sensation here.

I Have Room In My Heart; Why Can't This Night Last Forever? (Bluebird B10011A) Frankie Dailey—A sweet job on a pair of ditties from "Great Lady." But Mr. Dailey must we have that consistently annoying "stop and go?"

Old Folks; My Reverie (Decca 2123) Bing Crosby and Bob Crosby—Not one of Bing's best but still far ahead of the usual vocal fare. Bing stopped off in Chicago to make this disk and sounds
(Continued on page 55)

Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR.

"SNOWY WEATHER IS FINE—IF YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO ABOUT CHAPPED HANDS"

Nice chapping weather we're having—but swell for skiing

My hands never chap, thank goodness

That's hard to believe, Alice, because hundreds of girls write and ask me what to do for rough, chapped skin

Look—Honey took a spill! So did Alice!

After that snow-bath, I'll bet your hands will be terribly red and rough

Let's watch and see what Honey uses for her own hands

That's Honey—the beauty advisor!

I use Hinds lotion and chapping never gets a start. Try some, Alice

I guess I need Hinds, after all. Oh—how nice it feels!

Yes—and since Hinds soothes this harsh skiing chapping, just think how good it is for every-day use at home

EXTRA SOFTENING TO CHAPPED HANDS

EVEN one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream makes chapped hands feel smoother! It's extra creamy—works fast. Coaxes back the softness that raw cold, steam heat, hard water, and dust take away. Use Hinds regularly for hands like "Honey's"—smooth, dainty, feminine. Hinds comes in 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and \$1.00 sizes.

Copyright, 1939, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

Chapping • Dry skin
Windburn • Chafing
Cracked lips
Hangnails • Body-rub
Chapped heels, legs
After-shaving lotion
Powder base

EXTRA BONUS BOTTLE

A 2-bottle bargain! Hinds medium size and Bonus Bottle—both for price of medium size. Nearly 20% extra lotion! **Money back** on medium size, where you bought it, if Hinds doesn't make chapped hands feel smoother. At all toilet goods counters.





HINDS FOR HANDS



Wear *And..* Dresses **SIZES SMALLER**



THAT is just what the Thynmold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe such a drastic change can be possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we want to send you a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear... it won't cost you a penny!

Appear **SLIMMER** instantly!

■ If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat... notice the thickness of your waist... the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied... if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
DEPT. 183, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me illustrated folder, describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name
Address

WHAT'S NEW



To look as funny as he sounds on the Texaco Star Theater, Ned Sparks donned this Tarzan costume.

actly what the changes will be is a dark-purple secret. One suggestion we could make is to eliminate the Persons You Never Expected to Meet; another is to retain the Town Hall News, exactly as it is now. . . . No, it isn't likely there'll be any changes in the cast.

Ned Sparks' appearance at the Texaco Star Theater broadcast wearing a Tarzan costume panicked the studio audience. Usually comic costumes backfire on their wearers by leaving the listeners-in cold (television not being in general use yet) but luckily Ned doesn't need a leopard-skin bathrobe to be funny on the air. Here's a fine new box of cigars to him for being the outstanding new comedian of 1938.

Hard luck is still dogging Jean Sablon, who was a very promising find when NBC imported him from Paris a couple of years ago. After many months of sustaining programs, he got his first sponsored job, singing on Hollywood Hotel—and then Hollywood Hotel went off the air. Next he was cast by RKO for a featured part in "The Castles," the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture—but latest reports from Hollywood are that he asked to be released from the role because he had decided it wasn't suited to him. From a distance, and without knowing all the circumstances surrounding the case, it looks as if Jean might have showed better judgment, because the studio was planning to build him up as a second Maurice Chevalier.

Walking along Fifty-first Street one day with a friend, Tommy Riggs came across an excited crowd. A dilapidated old fruit truck, vintage of about 1910, had broken down and was holding up traffic while its emotional Italian owner tried to get it started again. All up and down the block auto horns were blaring impatiently, while bystanders attended strictly to their business of standing by. Tommy then did what nobody else in the crowd had thought of doing—he and his friend pushed the truck to one side of the street so traffic could go by. A simple thing to do, but one that occurs so seldom to busy New Yorkers.

Because she needed a story for her CBS Column of the Air, Mary Margaret McBride turned inventor the other day and whipped up a gadget she's been needing for a long time. It's a tricky sort of stand for her French telephone which makes it possible for her to listen and talk while she works on a story or has her lunch—a great time-saver for busy women. Mary Margaret has always been a great one for trying to do two or three other things while she was holding telephone conversations, with complicated results until her new invention. The

THE most frantic scramble for big-name talent in the history of radio got under way as soon as the new Kellogg show on Sunday nights was announced. As this is being written, the smoke of battle has cleared away enough to show Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Lawrence Tibbett and Ronald Colman with contracts for the show. Almost certainly, by the time you read this and are tuning in on NBC-Red at 10:00 of a Sabbath evening, there will be other entrants. The three Marx Brothers, for instance, will probably be there, and possibly Deanna Durbin.

The news of the Kellogg show's impending arrival was a bomb-shell to the Robert Benchley-Artie Shaw program on CBS, also at 10:00 on Sunday. Not minded to go on the air against such strong competition, it went scurrying to the network to look at schedules in an effort to find a new broadcast period. You can expect it to turn up on a new night and hour any week now.

Still another mixup did this new colossus of radio shows cause. The recently-arrived Screen Actors Guild program, Sunday nights on CBS, had understood that La Lombard would be on its opening broadcast, the week before the Kellogg show was due to start. Carole's new bosses said she couldn't, and hard feelings ensued before Carole's new bosses won out.

Watch the Fred Allen show for drastic revisions along about now. After at least three years of jogging along in an established formula, it's definitely to be changed, though ex-

FROM COAST TO COAST

By DAN SENSENEY

actual working model of her idea was built for her by a New York artisan who makes a specialty of fixing up kitchen inventors' inspirations so they'll work—and the whole story made a very neat little item for Mary Margaret's air show.

It was a very colorful program Doris Rhodes, young singer on the CBS Music Box program, presented the other day. Her songs, in order, were: "Deep Purple," "You're the Only Star in My Blue Heaven," "Shades of Gray," "The Lady in Red," "Green Eyes"—and for a finale, "I Used to be Color Blind."

Dog-lover Ben Bernie keeps fourteen assorted hounds in his kennels at Miami, and commutes back and forth between New York and Florida. On every trip to New York he brings two of the dogs with him, taking them back and exchanging them for a different two on his next trip. Ben says he wants to keep acquainted with all of them, and this is the only way he sees to do so.

Franchot Tone's guest appearance the middle of January on Kate Smith's program was sort of a try-out for a regular air series. Elaine Stern



Movies' Joan Crawford and radio's Charles Martin make a twosome.

Carrington, who writes the Pepper Young's Family series, has turned out half a dozen or so scripts for his use, and now all that's needed is a sponsor.

Walter Huston, too, may be one of your ear-fillers before the season is out. He's made a record of a script adapted from one of Arthur Train's "Tutt and Mr. Tutt" stories, and sponsors are listening to it. Arch Oboler—

of "Alter Ego" and Lights Out fame—did the adaptation for him.

COLUMBIA, S. C.—"Hix the Hiker" would be a good title for Hix Thode, young violin virtuoso of Station WIS, Columbia. Although she is one of WIS' brightest stars and directs the station's string ensemble, Hix likes nothing better than to lay down the bow. (Continued on page 78)

"Happy Landing" FOR THE GIRL WITH Petal Smooth Skin

Lady Harmsworth uses Pond's Vanishing Cream daily. "Thanks for giving us this newest development in skin care—the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's."

NOW—EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN A FAMOUS POWDER BASE*

Women everywhere praise Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base... now they're excited over the extra skin care this famous cream brings. Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that wounds and burns healed quicker when "skin-vitamin" was applied to them.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to help supply extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars, labels, prices.

SKIN NEVER ROUGH, DRY OR WEATHERED LOOKING—THERE'S NO DAMAGE TO MY COMPLEXION IN ANY AMOUNT OF SPORT SO LONG AS I USE POND'S CREAMS FAITHFULLY. BEFORE POWDERING, POND'S VANISHING CREAM MAKES MY SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH INSTANTLY

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

Her Other Self

Adapted from the radio script by ARCH OBOLER

Copyrighted by Arch Oboler, 1938

On the opening program of the Wednesday-night Texaco Star Theater on CBS, Bette Davis electrified listeners with a feat of radio acting which for emotional power and technical perfection had never been equalled. Her vehicle was "Alter Ego," a gripping study of a woman in whose body dwelt both good and evil. From time to time RADIO MIRROR will publish adaptations of memorable dramatic broadcasts, together with the stories of the stars who made the broadcasts, and it is with pleasure that we inaugurate the series with this fictionization of Arch Oboler's "Alter Ego" and, on page 15, Ruth Rankin's vivid sketch of Bette Davis herself.

JOAN first heard Carmen's voice on the night her engagement to Bob was announced. The guests had gone, the lights were winking out in the big house, and Bob had stayed behind a moment to walk with her in the honeysuckle-scented garden. "Selfish of me," he admitted, "but I kept wishing everybody'd leave so we could be alone together, Joan."

"I love you, Bob," she whispered, feeling his strength beside her, something safe, something to cling to.

Yet a moment later she shivered, suddenly afraid. It was as if the cold finger of death had been laid across her brow, lightly . . . but surely. . . .

"Why, honey, you're trembling! Let me go in and get you a wrap."

"No . . . oh no, don't go," she begged, dreading the thought of being left alone there in the dark. "It's just . . . I'm only tired, that's all."

But with a reassuring pat on her shoulder, he had gone.

Then Carmen spoke to her. "Joan! Joan!" Softly, like a voice from far away. Or was it beside her, all around her? She whirled, looking panic-stricken into the silent depths of the rhododendron bushes.

"What? Who is it? Who's calling my name?" she called, and heard only a derisive laugh in answer. "Please—you're hiding in those bushes, aren't you? Come out, so I can see you! You're trying to frighten me!"

The voice was closer, taunting.

"Cover your ears, Joan—cover your ears. . . . And still you hear me. Now, do you know where I am?"

Joan, her head bowed between her hands, sobbed in horror. "No. . . . No. . . ."

"And yet it's true! I'm within you—in your own head! That's where I am. That's where I've been all these years!"

"Madness!" Joan moaned.

"Reality, you fool—not madness! The two of us—Joan and Carmen—are living in the same body. You've known I was there, haven't you?"

"No, no, I didn't! I didn't know!"

"Oh, yes you have! You've struggled against me all your life! You've choked me, smothered me, tried to



keep me covered, fought against me! Remember when you were little? You'd catch living things, you'd tear them, hurt them! I made you do it—I did! Every time you've lied, every time you've cheated, every time you've done something mean or cruel, it was because I made you do it!"

"I've hated you!" Joan cried.

"And I've hated you! You've kept me hidden away—refusing to admit I was here, hiding me in dark corners. You've kept me in chains, and I couldn't break free. I've waited so long—until you were tired—until that simple little mind of yours was tired. But now—I'm going to live! I'm going to speak words that others can hear! Do what I want with this body I live in!"

"No! I won't let you!"

"You can't stop me!" Carmen cried exultantly. "Don't try to, or you'll be sorry! I've learned how to speak at last! I'll speak through your mouth! I'll live!"

Then, at the sound of eager footsteps on the path, she fell silent, and Joan rushed into Bob's arms.

But Carmen came back. Again and again she returned, during the weeks before Joan's marriage, coaxing, wheedling, storming, demanding that Joan follow her will into evil. On the night before the wedding she came once more, while Joan lay sleepless in her room.

"Come," she whispered. "Stop fighting me. Let me live, in you. You could make things so easy—so easy for both of us."

Joan writhed in agony under the merciless, unending lash of that malevolent voice. Was there no way to

"ALTER EGO—" THE BETTE DAVIS BROADCAST THAT HYPNOTIZED AMERICA

■ "I'll live!" Carmen cried exultantly. Then, at the sound of Bob's eager steps on the path, she fell silent.



Illustrated by Seymour Ball

stop it, no way to end its constant whispering?

"No!" she insisted. "I won't! I'll go to a doctor—I'll tell him everything, all about you! He'll help me!"

"You mustn't!" Carmen said sharply. "No doctor! He'll tell you you're mad, put you away in an insane asylum. An insane asylum!"

"I don't care," Joan said wearily. "Anything. Anything to stop this torture . . . this madness."

Carmen spoke in quick, hurried words. "No, wait. A bargain! Yes, I'll make you a bargain! Don't go to anyone, and I'll give you your freedom! I'll be silent inside of you—I'll never talk again—you'll be as you once were—alone! You'll be just as you used to be—if you'll only go away."

"If I thought you meant it . . . if I could only trust you!"

"You can! Leave this house—go away—to a new town—far away! Start a new life! I'll leave you alone if you do. But go away! Go away!"

Just before dawn on what was to have been her wedding day, Joan crept out of her father's house, taking little money, leaving only a message asking her father and Bob not to look for her—to forget her. She caught a train, traveled a thousand miles to the west, to a strange city where she lived in a cheap, shabby room. Weeks passed, and she was lonely and poor, yet happier than she had been since her engagement night. For Carmen kept her promise: she was silent; she came no more to dispute possession of Joan's body.

Then Bob found her. Patiently and lovingly, he had

traced her to her refuge. He held her in his arms, soothing her with gentle words. "I don't care why you ran away, Joan. It doesn't matter now. Just so I've found you—just so I can take you home."

"But I can't go home, Bob."

He couldn't understand. He would never understand, she knew. Yet she went on trying to tell him:

"Please—if you really love me, go away and leave me here! Go back—go back alone! Please—I'm begging you, Bob! Because I love you . . . because I love you...."

"You love me, and I love you—" Bob said without comprehension. Then, suddenly firm, he demanded: "We've had enough of this nonsense! I'm going downstairs and pay our bill, then we'll pack your things and catch the next train home. And no arguments!"

SHE tried to call him back as he left the room; suddenly she was afraid to be alone. And then, within her head, came that low, insistent, horrible call:

"Joan! Joan!"

"You've come back!" Joan cried out in terror. "But you said you wouldn't! You said you'd leave me alone! You lied! You lied to me!"

"You lied to yourself. You knew I'd go wherever you went."

"You've cheated me!"

"I had to get you where you'd be alone with Bob. That's happening now, so now is when I can begin to live." The voice became low and throaty. "First, I'll take your place with Bob!"

"No! You can't do that! You don't love him!"

"What do you know about love, you little white-faced Puritan? What will you ever know about love, unless I teach you? I'll make your body burn and sing and cry! I'll make it crawl in the mud and dance in the skies! It'll be mine! Mine!"

"No, I won't let you!" Joan screamed. "Never! Never! I'll tell everyone about you!"

"They'll say you're mad," Carmen reminded her.

"I don't care—I don't care, I tell you! I'll drag you out! I'll let them see you—they'll help me destroy you!"

"I'll destroy you first," whispered Carmen.

Then Bob was back, pulling her suitcase out from under the bed, throwing clothes into it, talking lightly. But Joan couldn't hear him. All she heard was Carmen's voice, drumming against her brain, whispering words that took all will away from her.

"The scissors on the dresser, Joan . . . pick them up . . . they're sharp . . . hold them tight!"

All volition was gone. She could only move like an automaton at the commands of the voice.

"He's not looking . . . raise your arm . . . higher . . . higher . . . now—*strike!*"

. . . Then people came running into the room, then police, and soon the days were a spinning nightmare of dark cells and crowded courtrooms. Through the days there were more people, talking. People, people, always people around her, talking, talking. Lawyers, policemen, leaning toward her, their voices loud, their eyes hard and cruel. Doctors, seeking to pry into her mind, putting sly questions, peering at her sharply. "Sane . . . insane . . . sane . . . insane . . ." over and over again until the very air throbbed with the sound.

At last she was led from the cell, into a vast room filled with more people; and there was more talking. All through the court room she felt animosity and hatred. All these people, talking, shouting, arguing, wanting her to die, willing her to die! It was her trial, they said. Yet how could she speak to them, how could she tell them that it was Carmen who had killed Bob, not she?

Only one man was kind—the young lawyer who had

been appointed by the judge to defend her. Eric was his name. He tried so hard to help her. Long hours he spent with her in her cell, pleading with her to testify in her own defense. But she shook her head. The trial ended, and she had not been on the stand.

Eric said the jury was staying out longer than he'd expected—that it was a good sign. Joan had lost track of time. She could only sit and wait, with a mind blank, holding neither hope nor despair.

Then a voice cut through her lethargy—a voice that had been mercifully silent since the night it commanded her to take Bob's life.

"They won't convict you, Joan. Don't worry. You'll go free—both of us will go free. . . ."

Eric touched her arm. "Look, Joan—the jury's coming in. And they're smiling! It looks as if—"

But Carmen's voice was talking now:

"See? They're going to acquit you. That young lawyer—Eric—he got you off! Aren't you glad, Joan? Now we'll both live—for Eric. He loves you, doesn't he? First it was Bob . . . now it's Eric. . . ."

"No!" Joan said. "I won't let you! I won't let you!"

The foreman of the jury was standing up. Through the haze of her terror, Joan heard him: "We, the jury, find the defendant not—"

With the last of her strength, Joan forced the words to her throat. "Stop! Stop! I *am* guilty! I killed him! I'm guilty, I tell you! Guilty! Guilty!"

. . . They were leading her down a dark corridor—the tall heavy men in uniform and the black-robed priest. The floor was hard and chill to her feet. At the end of the corridor was a door, and beyond the door a flight of wooden steps. They walked up those steps together, Joan and Carmen.

"But I will not die with you, Joan!"

"You will! You will, Carmen. That is why I'm not afraid. I know that when I die, the evil of you dies with me."

"No! I'll be close to you for all eternity! For all eternity! I might have had life, but for you. You stole this body from me. And for that I'll never give you peace! Never! Never! . . . His hand is on the lever, Joan. You can't see, but I can. In a second—the trap beneath your feet! But no peace for you, you silly white one—never—nev—"

Her words cut off with the sharp crack of the falling trap-door. There was silence. But—was that a soft voice, almost a sigh, the watchers heard?

"You were wrong, Carmen, evil one, you were wrong. . . . You couldn't follow me here. Now there is—peace. . . ."

How could one woman play both Joan and Carmen? Read the absorbing inside story, on the opposite page, of how Bette Davis accomplished what no other actress dared to attempt

By RUTH RANKIN



In her broadcast of "Alter Ego," Bette Davis took the mind and heart of a human being and laid them open—while an audience sat fascinated.

MOMENT OF HEARTBREAK

With her own emotions torn to shreds, Bette Davis was inspired to give her greatest performance

ON the evening of October fifth, nineteen hundred and thirty-eight, several million unsuspecting persons turned their radio dials to CBS to hear the first in a new series of Texaco's broadcasts. . . .

One hour later, the West Coast listeners sat spellbound over their unfinished dinner, and the Easterners had utterly forgotten to catch up with their reading.

They had just heard a radio drama that tied their nerves in knots and left them temporarily paralyzed.

The poignant impact of the most pliable, shocking, and emotionally stirring feminine voice in the American theater did this strange thing to them.

The voice belongs to a girl named Bette Davis, who was gently reared and has had little worldly experience, so she cannot possibly have knowledge of all the subtle and insidious things she conveys through the medium of that voice.

In this particular case, she had two voices—two separate voices as sharply defined and contrasted as if they had been born in different countries. People who missed the announcement earlier in the program are still pouring letters in to ask "who played the other girl"! The people who heard the announcement are still incredulously inquiring if Bette Davis (*Continued on page 69*)



RENDEZVOUS IN RIO



Fink

■ They've laughed their way into love—plain little Annabella and Ty, who was tired of being pursued.

Tune in Tyrone Power, star of NBC's Hollywood Playhouse, Sunday nights.

"I'm in love. I'm in love as I never have been before."

These words, confessed by Tyrone Power to a friend before leaving for South America and revealed only after his secret had leaked out, confirms the truth of Hollywood's greatest surprise romance.

"I'm in love as I never have been before."

And the girl who won Ty's love and his heart is Annabella, the French actress who shared honors with the star in "Suez."

If a bombshell had been placed directly under Hollywood's front porch, the effect could have been no more devastating than the series of shocked explosives that took place at every Hollywood breakfast table when newspapers headlined this statement.

"Annabella sails for South America to keep romantic tryst with Tyrone Power."

Telephones fairly zipped with the news. Wires hummed with the repeated question of "Did you even suspect it?" And then, once the hubbub had subsided, Hollywood began comparing notes, remembering little things that had happened, remembering times when Tyrone and Annabella had been seen together at this or that nightspot.

And we have our special memory, too. Memory of an incident, so pronounced it has sprung up in our mind many times since a day, several months ago when we sat in the studio dining room lunching with Tyrone.

Tyrone had been telling us of his hopes and dreams for this very South American trip. And then Don Ameche stopped by the table for a word and as usual Don always leaves there laughing. And Tyrone and I were still laughing after Don had gone on to his own table. Suddenly we both glanced up at the same time to see Annabella, her tailored suit in keeping



by Sara Hamilton

with her short boyish bob, enter the cafe. Instantly the laugh died in Tyrone's eyes and a new look, one difficult to define, crept in. He followed her with his glance as she went quietly and unobtrusively to her table and then as he turned to speak to me, I noticed the look (one of quiet peace rather than one of interest or even excitement), was still there.

Intrigued, I looked at Annabella more attentively and saw only a plain little figure outshone by at least a dozen beautiful girls in that very room. The short clipped bob only emphasized the prominent cheek bones and wide mouth.

So we went back to our chicken a la king almost convinced our imagination had been playing us tricks.

"Besides, she's married," a member of the studio staff scoffed when we asked concerning a possible romance.

So too, add to the facts that Annabella had far from proven herself a sensation in her American picture, "The Baroness and The Butler," and that she was neither beautiful nor glamorous, she also had an attractive husband, the French actor, Jean Murat.

How then did this girl, above all others, win the heart of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor? For with both Gable and Robert Taylor frankly devoting themselves to no one but Carole Lombard and Barbara Stanwyck, Tyrone, fancy free after his romance with Janet Gaynor, is Hollywood's man of the hour; with no less than a half dozen beautiful and famous stars ready to lay their hearts at his feet.

How then (and even Hollywood is anxious to know) did this romance come to such seriousness that Tyrone could say, "I'm in love as I never have been before."

We know the answer. Through a friend of Annabella's and one or two who (Continued on page 56)

TYRONE POWER AND ANNABELLA IN LOVE! THE GLORIOUSLY ROMANTIC STORY OF HOW SHE WON THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR, SIMPLY BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T TRY

THERE is no excuse for what I did. I know that. All I can say is that I was driven by a force stronger than I—driven to a madness that was like a sudden tropical storm. It passed, but it left its wreckage behind it.

I am—or rather, I was—a radio control-room engineer, the man who sits behind the glass panel of a broadcasting studio, making the delicate adjustments which blend the music you hear on your radio set into a pleasing and harmonic whole.

My wife is a radio singer whose real name you would recognize at once if I told it. We were married when she was a struggling young nobody, all afire with ambition to be a star, and we fought her way to the top—together. It happened that when Arline did her first network program, before we were married, I was the control-room engineer for the broadcast; and in her first commercial contract she made the stipulation that I must always be at the controls for her songs.

This wasn't entirely sentiment, although sentiment did enter into it. Arline truly felt that I understood her voice and knew how to manipulate the controls so as to get the very last bit of its beauty out on the air.

We were very happy in those early days of our marriage. She was as lovely as her voice—tall, with a skin like smooth ivory against which the color of her cheeks and lips glowed like strange exotic flowers. We were deeply in love. If I had another program to do after hers, she would wait for me in the great entrance hall of the broadcasting studio, and then we would walk home together, arm in arm up Fifth Avenue, stopping to look into the brightly lighted shop windows—two comrades, perfectly in tune with each other.

But that was only at first. As the months went by, and Arline became more famous and important, she no longer had time to wait for me. Her fifteen-minute program, on the air every night at the same time, came to an end, and her new sponsors decided to make her part of a half-hour weekly variety show. That meant longer hours of rehearsal, more time spent with her singing teacher, with her dramatic coach, with her manager and agent, Patsy Flannigan—a tough little Irishman who firmly believed that Arline was the greatest singer in radio, and had no hesitation about saying so to sponsors.

And Arline loved all the rush and excitement. It intoxicated her, made her days a thrilling whirl of headlong delight. At last, she was experiencing the fame she had fought for so long and so hard. But that very fame shut me out of her life.

She didn't want to shut me out. She tried hard to keep me with her. If



I WRECKED MY
*Wife's
Career*

A star's jealous husband held her success or failure in the palm of his hand—a powerful true story about a hidden side of radio



Macfadden Studios

there was a party for the cast of the show after the broadcast, I was always invited. If Patsy Flannigan issued orders that Arline must be seen at this night club or that, she wouldn't go unless I was free to escort her. But I was never comfortable. The conversation at the parties was about people and events I didn't know, and at the night clubs I had the feeling I wasn't there at all—that I was invisible, so that people looked right through me.

THERE was nothing I could do or say. Over and over again I told myself that I was glad of Arline's success—that I only wanted her to be happy, and if fame made her happy, I was content. But I was lying to myself, and in my heart I knew it. What I really wanted was to be the dominant member of the family. I wanted to make Arline dependent on me for everything—for her work, her relaxation, her food and clothing. But she depended upon me for nothing. She had become sufficient unto herself.

I hid this jealousy in my soul, and because it was hidden and suppressed it festered and burned there like some terrible disease. My only happiness came when Arline was on the air, when her voice flowed, as it were, beneath my fingers; because then I knew that she depended upon me.

Then, one afternoon during rehearsal of the broad-

■ My plan had the devilish quality of perfection—listeners would never suspect.

cast, I found a new way to torture myself. To jealousy of her career, I added a new and more vicious jealousy—of another man.

It happened during one of those unexplained lulls in rehearsal-time, when everybody seems to be waiting for everybody else. Sitting in the control room, I looked up to see Arline standing near one of the microphones, chatting with Lief Andrews, the program's baritone soloist. Andrews was a new singer. This was his first sponsored program, and he had been on it only a few weeks. He was a handsome young fellow, full of high spirits and friendliness, and very popular with the other people on the show. On the previous week's broadcast, he and Arline had sung a duet together for the first time, and the experiment had worked out so well they were going to repeat it each week.

Now, as he and Arline stood on the platform, talking, there was something about the gayety in her face that wore a tormenting suspicion in my mind. She looked so—so happy! Suddenly I reached out and flipped the switch which opened the microphone near them.

A few seconds later I flipped it back, my cheeks burning. It was only a funny story that Andrews had been telling Arline, a silly gag which was making the rounds of the studio. Nothing (Continued on page 87)

The Eddie Cantor

Laughs written for the air but never enjoyed till now—a new radio broadcast, guest-starring Leslie Howard

IT'S Sunday night in a CBS playhouse. The theater is filled with happy, eager people, waiting to hear an hour-long Eddie Cantor broadcast. . . . What? Eddie Cantor broadcasts on Mondays, and only for thirty minutes? We know that, but just the same, this is Sunday night, the show lasts an hour, and what's more—it's a broadcast that never goes over the air!

Eddie Cantor always prepares a script that's twice as long as the one he actually uses for his program. This script is rehearsed, just as if it were a regular show, and is then performed by the full company before an audience, on the Sunday night before the broadcast. Eddie watches the audience, clocks the laughs on the different gags, and then writes a completely new script, using only the cream of the material he had in the first one, to insure a program that is packed with laughter.

But in doing this he discards many a side-splitting line, many a funny situation which you never hear on your loudspeakers. So RADIO MIRROR asked and received Eddie's permission to bring you this special radio-broadcast, adapted from the original script of his anniversary show. Except for a few lines that have been retained for continuity's sake, this is a broadcast that was never heard on the air—and furthermore, a broadcast that will make you laugh when you aren't chuckling, and

■ Eddie puts a jinx on his prize laugh getter, the Mad Russian.



roar when you aren't laughing.

And now, here comes Walter King to announce the show:

KING: The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor, and guest-starring the international favorite, Leslie Howard!

EDDIE: Hello, everybody!



Broadcast You Never Heard

KING: Hello, Eddie. I want to be the first to congratulate you—tonight you begin your ninth year in radio. Tell me, Eddie, was 1930 the first time you appeared on the air?

EDDIE: Yes—but it was my ambition to get into radio as far back as 1918. In those days we only had crystal sets—remember? You just tied one wire

to the bedpost—another wire to the sink—then you put on the earphones, and nothing came out but water! That was the first time anybody in our block had his face washed since the blizzard of '88!

KING: Well, never mind, Eddie—even if you didn't start until 1930, you've certainly had quite a career in radio.

EDDIE: Well—I've been sponsored by coffee, toothpaste, gasoline, and now cigarettes—the best.

KING: For eight years you've been kept on the air by four sponsors?

EDDIE: (*The proud parent!*) No—five daughters!

KING: Eight years on the air is a long time. I wonder how it feels to dig up new jokes every week.

EDDIE: When I start doing it, I'll let you know! . . . I'm kidding, Walter. Even as far back as 1930 we were up to date with our material. I remember doing one joke then where I got off the train with a heavy coat of tan, and a woman said, "Take my bags, boy"—and gave me a fifty cent tip. Of course, I refused it. . . . I said, "Madame, I'm Eddie Cantor—with me it's a dollar or nothing!"

KING: But Eddie, you did that very same joke last week.

EDDIE: Just shows you how up to date we were eight years ago!

KING: Eddie, wasn't that famous line, "We Want Cantor" started by Chase and Sanborn in 1931?

EDDIE: No, Walter—"We Want Cantor" was started by my brokers in 1929!

KING: That was one bad year for you, Eddie.

EDDIE: Yes—but the year before, things were different. I had (*Continued on page 66*)

■ Leslie Howard is guest star on this special Cantor program.



■ Announcer Walter King takes a gag right out of his boss' mouth.





LOVE IS BLIND— TO FAILURE



Wide World

■ Once Dorothy Bradshaw, now she proudly bears the name of Mrs. Novis.

■ Listen to Donald Novis sing on Fibber McGee's Tuesday night program.

DONALD NOVIS is back in the Big Time. Back in the chips. Back in the lime-light.

And all because his woman stuck by him.

Two years ago, Don Novis' star was one of the brightest in the radio heavens. He had sung his way to the top of the heap on a half-dozen popular radio series; he was much in demand on the concert stages, and he was starring in Billy Rose's lush extravaganza, "Jumbo," a monster circus-musical show whose lavish nupups had New York gasping.

Then, one evening—it was the last day of the show's run—Don, still in makeup and costume, walked to the travel desk of his hotel, rang for a sleepy attendant.

"Can you get me a reservation for the Florida train tomorrow morning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. For how many?"

By **PAULINE SWANSON**

**When all the world
was saying he was
through, one person
had faith in Donald
Novis—and stood by**

"One," said Don.

After that night, Don Novis slipped almost into obscurity for two entire years. He reappeared briefly twice—to sing for two months on "The California Hour," for a short engagement at the Drake Hotel in Chicago—and then his name dropped completely out of the news.

Today he's back again, singing every Tuesday night on the Fibber McGee comedy program. Listeners say his voice is better than ever. Critics at their radio dials say that it must have taken a lot of grit to climb back up to the top of the ladder—most of them don't do it after a bad fall.

Why did Don Novis disappear so suddenly from public attention?

What—or who—is responsible for his return?

The answers are contained in a story (*Continued on page 62*)



Rudy

DRAWS A FULL HOUSE

With white-tie-and-tails, Vallee gives Hollywood its biggest social event of the season—his opening night at the swank Coconut Grove

The Grove was packed to the rafters with celebrities, among them (below) his former protégé, Alice Faye with her husband, Tony Martin.



COLOSSAL

Is the word for it



■ Cary Grant's a good foil for the Lombard comedy skits. Cary's latest picture is RKO's "Gunga Din."



■ When Carole becomes serious, what finer dramatic partner can she ask for than romantic Ronald Colman?



■ After a too long absence, it's welcome back to Lawrence Tibbett of the Metropolitan Opera.

RADIO has finally outdone itself in signing up big names! Out of Hollywood, home of the gigantic, stupendous, overwhelming and slightly terrific, comes the season's most star-studded show—Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Ronald Colman, Lawrence Tibbett, perhaps the Marx Brothers, all in one tinsel-wrapped package. You can hear them on NBC's Red network, Sunday nights from 10:00 to 11:00, E.S.T., sponsored by Kellogg: the last word in big-time radio.




■ The movies' lovable queen of screwball comedy is ruling the airwaves—Carole Lombard in one of her more dramatic moments.

United Artists

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

The Life and Loves of a Profile



Now it's radio's turn to enjoy madcap John Barrymore—matinee idol, great lover, stormy petrel of the stage, and recently even a zany screen comedian—but always and forever in the nation's headlines

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

THE John Barrymore profile (always the left side) was as famous in its day as the Robert Taylor widow's peak or the Gable grin is now—the object of much feminine adoration and some masculine envy. Today, going on 57 (his birthday is February 15), Barrymore is still famous, but less for the profile than for his real ability as a comedian on the screen, and now—as the polished and delightful master of ceremonies on the Wednesday night CBS Texaco Star Theater. Married for the fourth time—as the result of a cross-country romance which provided a field day for newspaper editors—he now lives happily in Hollywood with his wife, the former Elaine Barrie, although for a while this marriage too was near collapse.



■ John's was an acting family. ■ His mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore, was a star of the 1880's.
Above, grandmother Louisa Drew.



■ His father, Maurice Barrymore, dropped the family name of Blythe. ■ The family about 1888—Ethel, Mrs. Barrymore, Lionel, and John.



■ Playboy Jack Barrymore was 28 when he married his first wife Katherine Harris. Right, he made a very romantic "Romeo."



THE LIFE AND LOVES OF A PROFILE



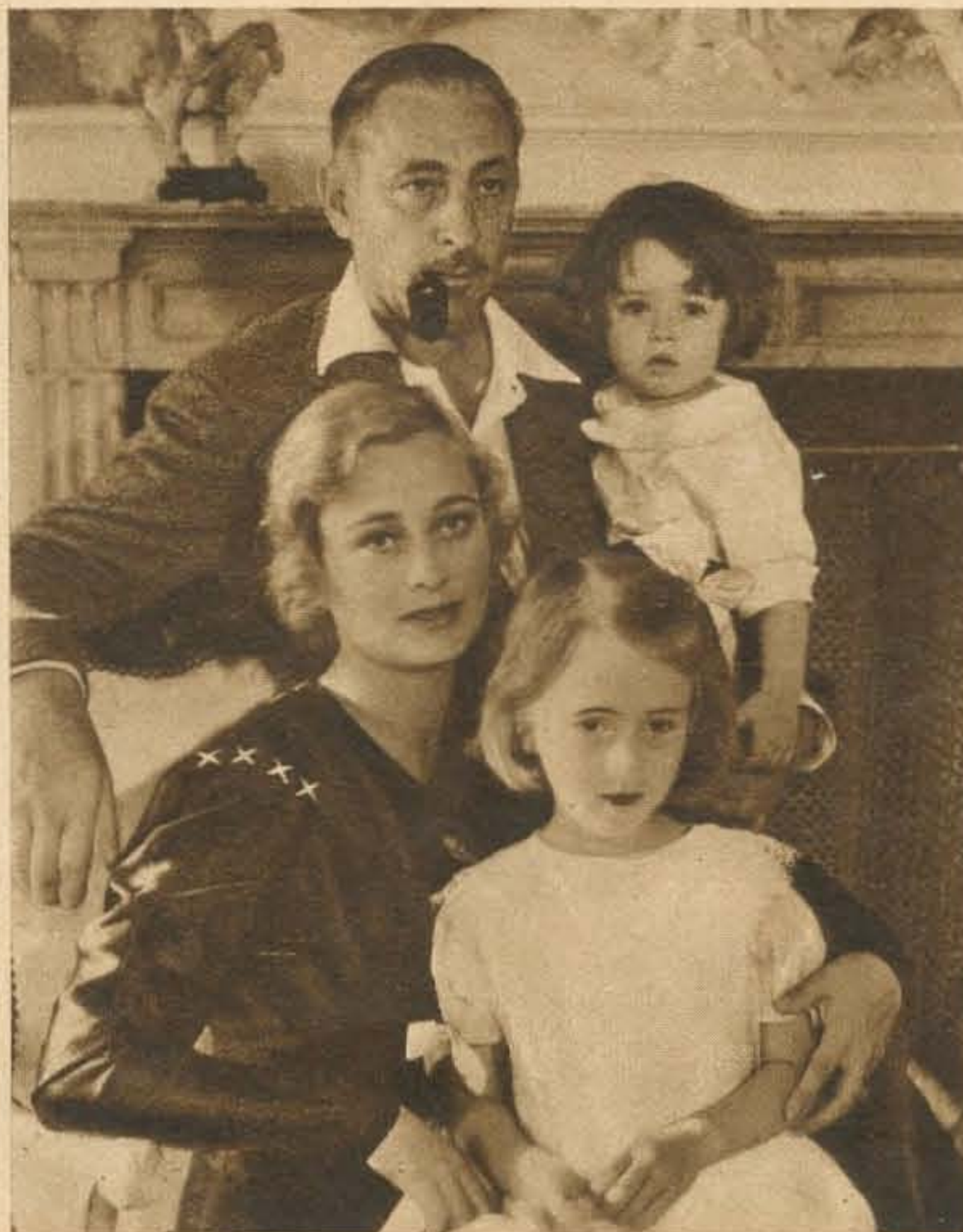
■ In 1920, John married Michael Strange, poetess (above). They have a seventeen-year-old daughter, Diana Blythe, who made her social debut this year. They were divorced in 1928.



■ Right, the kiss which culminated in John's third marriage—to the beautiful Dolores Costello who played opposite him in "The Sea Beast." Below, the bride and groom, Nov., 1928.

■ Above, in one of his first silent pictures, "On the Quiet," in 1915. Even in those days he liked comedy. Later he went in for such thrillers as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Svengali."

■ Along about 1930, John settled down to a more or less domestic life with Dolores, their daughter Ethel Mae and son, John Blythe, Jr. The marriage lasted seven years—in 1935, they were divorced.





■ At the age of 54, John married Elaine Barrie, who was 21. Their hectic courtship included a cross country chase, and after their marriage they were divorced, then married once more.

■ John and Lionel, left, have always been more friendly than John and Ethel. They've played together on the stage and on the screen. John says that Lionel is a better actor than he is.

■ Necktie-hater John Barrymore is comfortable at the mike as he broadcasts on his Wednesday night show. He got the job replacing Adolphe Menjou, after appearing as the hour's second guest star.



ARE THE
ODDS
TOO GREAT?

Will Dorothy Lamour find the solution to her marriage problem without being forced to sacrifice her screen and radio career?



Even when Herbie Kay showed publicly that he approved of Dorothy's dates with Randy Scott (above), people talked.

■
By
**ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER**
■

"It's all right to talk about long distance marriage being so romantic, but it cheats you out of the important things."



Fink

NOW that Randy Scott is free he plans to marry a motion picture star who also rates high on the airwaves. However, her divorce from a famous band leader must be arranged."

That was the gist of that famous commentator's broadcast. He didn't mention names but it was clear enough he meant Dorothy Lamour and her bandleader husband, Herb Kay. No one else fitted the description.

Some of the hundreds of thousands who heard him shrugged their shoulders. Another Hollywood divorce, so what? Others, remembering the love story behind this marriage, were shocked and sad.

Down in Cold Water Canyon in Beverly Hills, in a gracious Georgian Colonial house, Dorothy Lamour heard it too. A sickness swept over her.

"That call to New York," she said to the long distance operator. "Hurry it, please!"

She had wanted to talk to Herb about her work, not because she needed advice but for the sheer joy of sharing life to its least detail. She had wanted to tell him about the mirror her mother had bought to hang over the carved fireplace Nelson Eddy had given them, for their living-room. But these casual, happy things must wait now. Now, to dispel any doubts that fear

might breed in Herb she must dignify that malingering comment with protestations and denials.

The 'phone rang at last. Herb's voice came eagerly across the cities and prairies, the deserts and mountains that lay between them.

"Hello Honey, what's new?"

It was his customary greeting, as familiar yet exciting to Dorothy as the straight line of his neck and the strong clasp of his hand. He hadn't heard the broadcast and there had been no time for friends to tell him. Dorothy was glad of this until she tried to repeat what she had heard. Her words came haltingly. It was as if she spoke the calumny.

"I'm going to deny it publicly," she called to him. "I'm going to demand a retraction."

Herb was quietly firm with her. The way he was when he took her off an elevator in Marshall Field's department store in Chicago and made her soloist with his band. The way he was when he guided her selection of two dresses she bought with money he advanced against her salary. The way he was when she went away because she loved him and he followed because he loved her.

"You can't do either of the (Continued on page 64)

JOIN THIS MUSICAL TREASURE HUNT

HELP Sammy Kaye find words for his beautiful theme song—and maybe win a prize into the bargain! On these two pages RADIO MIRROR publishes, for the first time anywhere, the music of the haunting melody which introduces Sammy's broadcasts on the Columbia and Mutual networks. Sammy Kaye composed the music himself, but wrote only the incomplete set of words below, and he's asking you, the readers of RADIO MIRROR, to write the rest of the lyrics, filling in the blanks in the music as

indicated by the dotted lines on opposite page. Here's a hint to help you get your share of a hundred dollars in prizes: Read the rules on the opposite page carefully; then either play the music over several times on the nearest piano, or listen in to Sammy's broadcasts until you have the melody firmly established in your mind. Then you'll find it's easy to fit the appropriate words to the tune. Here's hoping you win the first prize of \$50, the second prize of \$25, or one of the next five prizes of \$5 each!

IT SEEMS LOVE HAS NO HEART — MY DEAR —

YOU SAID WE'D NE - VER PART — MY DEAR —

I RULED THE WHOLE WORLD.—YOUR KISS MADE ME KING FOR A

DAY — YOU WENT A - WAY LOVE HAS NO HEART

Win cash prizes by helping Sammy Kaye find words for his beautiful theme song, published here for the first time



CONTEST RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 15, 1939, the closing date of this contest.
3. Entries will be judged on the basis of singability and heart appeal and on this basis the best entry will be awarded a First Prize of \$50 cash. The next best will receive \$25 cash and the five next in order of excellence will receive \$5 cash each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. The judges of this contest will be the Editors of RADIO MIRROR in consultation with Sammy Kaye, composer, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry. It is understood that winning entries become the property of RADIO MIRROR and Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.
6. Address all entries to RADIO MIRROR SONG CONTEST, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

BIG SISTER

A woman's love and faith lead John Wayne out of darkness, back into the sunlight of new life and new hope

Illustrated by Franz Felix

The Story Thus Far:

RUTH EVANS went without question when a message came from Dr. John Wayne asking her to come to meet him in the car he was sending for her. Too late she found that the message was a trick devised by John's estranged and neurotic wife to place Ruth and John in a compromising situation which she could use in divorce proceedings. The trick was successful, and Norma left the deserted cabin where she and a detective had found John and Ruth, swearing that she would cause a scandal which would wreck John's career. On the way back to town, however, her car overturned and she was carried to a farmer's house near-by. John and Ruth, coming along behind her, recognized the car and followed her to the house, where John, realizing the extent of her injuries, operated upon her. He saved her life, but when she recovered she was hopelessly out of her mind and the hospital authorities, knowing of the quarrel between her and John, criticized him for operating and requested his resignation. John, unable to endure the disgrace, shipped that same night on an outgoing freighter, which was wrecked at sea. All but Ruth believed John was dead, but she insisted he was alive, and leaving her sister Sue and the invalid brother whom John had once nursed back to health, she set out in search of him. At last she found him, in the little town of Raventon, alive—but blinded by the explosion which had wrecked the freighter. Bitter and lonely, John would not accept her love, but told her to go away—that he no longer loved her.

PART III

RUTH did not feel the full impact of John Wayne's words at once. She stood with him in the dusty, disordered farmhouse, staring at the bitter lean lines of his face, and could not believe he had said that thing. After a while, her numb fingers began to feel the fabric of his coat and she saw that her hands still clutched his shoulders. Her arms dropped slowly to her sides. Still, she did not speak. What was there to say when the man she loved had told her he no longer loved her?

It was long after, when she sat on her chipped enamel bed in the Raventon Hotel, that she began to feel the hurt sick pain—and to think.

Two thoughts, conflicting, tore at her consciousness. She must go away. There was only one thing to do when a man has put you out of his life. You must go away.

But if the man you love is blind, if his life



Would he see? And if he did, would he tell her the secret she still hoped he had been hiding?

lies in ruins around him, if he exists in such despair that you wait for the moment when life itself will seem too arduous a thing for him to endure, then—Oh, no, you don't go away. You don't leave him. You stay, even if he kills you with every cold and bitter word he says.

And so Ruth stayed. She wrote to Sue and asked her to put Ned on the train for Raventon. A little brother could serve as chaperon when an unwanted lady installed herself in a man's house to take care of him against his will.

A thirteen-year-old boy could do another thing. He could very successfully disrupt the peace that John Wayne had said he prized. For sometimes—Ruth dared to think—peace is a poison.

Ned definitely disturbed John's peace. In strong boy words he flung back the doctor's own pep talks at him, said the very things that the doctor had said when Ned was in need of courage to face the struggle, the unbearable disappointments that had gone into his fight to walk on his own two legs again. Now the doctor was hearing these little lectures on gameness, on perseverance, and there came a day when Ruth believed it was working. John Wayne grumbled, he scolded, but he learned, under Ned's bullying, to walk from one end of the house to the other, unguided.

Ned and Ruth were not the only people intent on disturbing John Wayne's peace. There was the Raventon doctor, old Dr. Clayton, whom Ruth had dared to call in to see John's eyes. The fierce medical combats that ensued made even Ruth afraid that she had gone too far.

"Can't you understand a simple term," she heard John storming at Dr. Clayton on his second visit. "I told you yesterday I had a cerebral hemorrhage—a concussion at the occipital lobe of my brain."

"It's nothing of the sort," Dr. Clayton's elderly voice did not yield an inch. "My ophthalmoscope definitely showed the condition known as ablatio retinae—a simple detachment of the retina."

"Don't explain your absurd diagnosis to me. I know what ablatio retinae is. But it's impossible. The fact is that the optic nerve is dead or paralyzed."

Dr. Clayton went on calmly, "There's been a hemorrhage of the choroid in both eyes. It's simply pushed the retina back and brought about a detachment. If you don't believe me you can call in an eye man from the city. In fact, my advice is to rush him here and get the operation over at once—"

"Operation! Don't talk rot! I know what's wrong with me and I don't need you or any eye specialist to kid me into hoping I'll see again—"

Dr. Clayton laughed. "The trouble with you is that you're a doctor," he said. "You know they have a saying in the legal profession that a man who's his own lawyer has a fool for a client—"

At the sudden creak of John's chair Ruth opened the door. "John, please!" She laid a restraining hand on his arm. "Remember, I called Dr. Clayton."

"That's just the point," John said furiously. "I didn't call him. Since you asked him here, you can ask him to leave."

Wordless with disappointment, Ruth followed Dr. Clayton out. "I'm so sorry," she began on the porch.

"Don't be silly," Dr. Clayton patted her shoulder. She looked up amazed to see the smile on his lined old face. "Why do you suppose I got him so angry? My girl, it's the best thing in the world for him. It's when he sits around without spirit enough to get mad—then's when you need to worry. I think you know that." (Continued on page 80)

Sponsored by the Makers of Rinso

ORIGINATED BY LILIAN LAUFERTY AND FICTIONIZED BY HOPE HALE FROM THE POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SAME NAME

Speaking of

Jack Benny

Your ace comedian lets down his hair (what there is of it) and proves he's as funny with written words as he is on the air (we hope)

I MUST love the spot, because here I am—on it again. The editor of this magazine has just asked me how it feels to be at the top of the radio heap. The little rascal.

Why, that's like asking a man if he still beats his wife. Any way he answers, it's still the eight ball into the side pocket.

In other words, Mr. Smarty Editor, I am going to fool you. How does it feel to be on the top of the heap in radio? I dunno. Ask somebody else. But how does it feel to be Jack Benny? There's a question I can answer—and no one else can.

In the first place, Jack Benny feels just about so big. How big is that? Well, if someone has laughed at his jokes, he is about six foot three inches. If they haven't laughed, he's just three inches. Otherwise, it's always a surprise to him to learn he is five foot ten and a half, and his hair is graying.

I'd say Jack feels very fine in the morning when he wakes up and has breakfast with the wife and kid—yes, that's Mary Livingstone Benny and Joan Naomi Benny—and he likes to whistle when he goes for his two-mile hike. Also, he feels very disgusted when no one believes that he takes that hike, since it is one of

the things he really enjoys. When he's working on a picture or on his program, he gets a very shaky feeling in the pit of his stomach and gets so interested in what he's doing that he sometimes forgets to eat—then wonders why his stomach aches. Both the ache and the shaky feeling vanish if an omelet stuffed with creamed chicken is applied internally to his stomach. Incidentally, you can take it from me that Mr. Benny considers that a very fine dish.

After the day's work (if it has gone well), Jack usually has a glad feeling for being able to do that kind of stuff. If the work has gone badly, he feels very low in his mind. He gets a tremendous kick out of talking radio and pictures to practically anyone who will listen.

If he must work after dinner, he raises the devil—but does the work and feels pretty good anyway. If he gets home before eleven at night, he goes up to look at his sleeping youngster, gets bawled out for making a noise, then goes downstairs and tries to get into that book he's been trying to read. Three nights out of four, however, his eyes feel as though they have sand in them, so he trots off to get a couple extra hours of shut-eye.

by
Jack
Benny

Yep, that's about how Jack Benny feels, I'd say. What's more, he's felt that way ever since he did his first broadcast for columnist Eddie Sullivan seven years ago and all through the three hundred odd shows he's done since then.

In appearance, I'd say that Jack wasn't particularly handsome, except in a quiet, distinguished fashion. You know, sort of the Ronald Colman type. He wears his hair brushed straight back and his teeth brushed in the approved circular motion. What's more, he wears blue, gray, and brown equally well—and I guess that takes care of Phil Harris' remarks about his clothes. He lets his wife select his ties for him because there is nothing else he can do. (Continued on page 86)





THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE

BY S.S. VANDINE

Illustration by Joseph Tesar

■ Some powerful emotion broke through Dixie Del Marr's stony calm. She rose and faced Mirche.

PART VI

HENNESSEY closed the door and stood alertly watching the occupants of the room. Burke, at a sign from Heath, let his hand fall to his side, but maintained a stolid vigilance.

"Sit down, Mr. Mirche," said Vance. "Merely a little discussion."

As the white and frightened man dropped into a chair at the desk, Vance bowed politely to Miss Del Marr.

"It isn't necessary for you to stand."

"I prefer it," the woman said in a hard tone.

Vance turned his attention back to Mirche.

"We have discussed preferences in foods and wines at some length," he said casually; "and I was wondering what private brand of cigarettes you favor."

The man seemed paralyzed with fear. But quickly he recovered himself; a semblance of his former suavity returned. He made a croaking noise intended for a laugh.

"I have no private brand," he declared. "I always smoke—"

"No, no," Vance interrupted. "I mean your *very* private brand—reserved for the elect."

Mirche laughed again, and gestured broadly to indicate the question conveyed no meaning to him.

Vance ignored the man for a moment and addressed Miss Del Marr.

"You have perhaps lost an unusual cigarette-case of checker-board design? When it was found it had the scent of jonquille and rose. A vagrant association. It recalled you, Miss Del Marr."

No change was detectable in the woman's hard expression, although she hesitated perceptibly before answering.

"It isn't mine. I believe, though, I know the case you mean. I saw it in this office last Saturday; and that evening Mr.

Mirche showed it to me. He had carried it for hours in his pocket—perhaps that's how it took on the odor."

"I know nothing of such a cigarette-case," Mirche stated bluntly. There was a startled energy in his words.

"It doesn't matter, does it?" said Vance. "Only a passing thought."

His eyes were still on Miss Del Marr; and he spoke to her again.

"You know, of course, that Benny Pellinzi is dead."

"Yes,—I know."

"Strange coincidence about that. Or, mayhap, just a vagary of mine." Vance spoke as if he were merely making some matter-of-fact point. "Pellinzi died last Saturday afternoon, shortly after he would have had time to reach New York. At about that time I happened to be wandering in the woods in Riverdale. And as I started to retrace my steps homeward, a large car drove swiftly by. Later I learned that a lighted cigarette had been thrown from that car, almost at the very spot where I had stood. It was a most peculiar cigarette, Miss Del Marr. Only a few puffs had been taken on it, and there was a deadly poison in it, too. And yet, it had been carelessly tossed away on a public highway. . . ."

"A stupid act," came in soft, caustic tones from Owen.

Vance did not turn. He was still scrutinizing the woman.

"The cigarette-case I mentioned," Vance went on, "was found on Pellinzi's body. But there were no cigarettes in it. And it had no pungent aroma of the bitter almond—only the sweet scent of jonquille and rose. . . . But Pellinzi was poisoned as by the smelling of an odor."

Vance paused. There was a tenseness in the small room. Only Owen seemed unconcerned.

When Vance spoke again, his manner had changed: there was brusque severity in his voice.

"But perhaps I am not so fanciful, after all. Whom else but you, Miss Del Marr, would Pellinzi (Continued on page 73)

■ "Oh, Mr. Doolson!" cried Gracie. "That's a lovely reward! Did you really do it to get George back?"

The year's most exciting and hilarious Philo Vance mystery reaches a climax—though the real murderer might still be at large if it hadn't been for the unpredictable Gracie



RADIO MIRROR'S OWN

Quiz

Whet your wits against these
hard-to-answer brain teasers

HOW much do you know? Not enough, we'll bet, to get a perfect score on these brain-ticklers, inspired by some of radio's popular quiz programs. All the questions are brand new, never asked on the air, and guaranteed to keep you racking your brain for the answers. Also, they're a swell method of solving that entertainment problem when you have guests.

Get a piece of paper and jot down the answers—or whatever you *think* are the answers—and then turn to page 72 and check them against the correct list printed there. Give yourself ten points for every question answered correctly; if the question has five parts, give yourself two points for each part. A score of 250 is perfect, 165 is good, 120 is fair—and anything below 100 is perfectly terrible.

Suggested by PROFESSOR QUIZ

(CBS, Saturdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. What are the following wedding anniversaries? (For instance, the tenth anniversary is the tin wedding.) (a) First. (b) Fifth. (c) Twenty-fifth. (d) Fiftieth. (e) Sixtieth.
2. What are the three primary colors?
3. Where is George Washington buried? Where is Abraham Lincoln buried?
4. A doctor uses a stethoscope for which one of the following purposes? (a) To measure the patient's blood pressure. (b) To carry his instruments in. (c) To listen to sounds inside the body. (d) To look inside the patient's throat.
5. If, on a tour of the United States, you visited the Athens of America, the Empire City, the Windy City, the Automobile City, and the City of the Golden Gate—what towns would you have been in?

Suggested by INFORMATION, PLEASE

(NBC, Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. In what movies, who did the following things?

- (a) Pushed a grapefruit into a girl's face.
 - (b) Said, "Thank God! I am a doctor!"
 - (c) Pretended to be dying of an incurable ailment, when she was really perfectly healthy.
 - (d) Built a canal through the desert.
 - (e) Played "Polly Wolly Doodle" on the harmonica.
2. Name four utterly impossible things that we often promise to do, or say that other people have done—for instance, *Get his goat*, or *Paint the town red*.
 3. Name five movies whose titles contain the names of cities.
 4. Name four movie stars who have adopted children.
 5. What were the problems that faced the following famous characters?
(a) Peter Pumpkin Eater. (b) Jack Spratt and his wife. (c) Little Miss Muffett. (d) Little Boy Blue. (e) Old Mother Hubbard.

Suggested by TRUE OR FALSE

(NBC, Mondays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)
Are the following statements true or false?

1. No one on earth has ever seen both sides of the moon.
2. Pearl Buck is the first American woman to win the Nobel Prize.
3. The term "solid silver" means pure silver, without any alloy added.



■ Who pushed a grape-fruit into a girl's face—and when?

4. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street was the nickname given to Queen Victoria.
5. A dollar bill has a picture of Abraham Lincoln on one side and a picture of the Lincoln Memorial on the other.

Suggested by THE ASK-IT-BASKET

(CBS, Wednesdays, 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. What famous actors played the following historical characters on the stage or screen? (a) Rembrandt. (b) Emile Zola. (c) Queen Victoria. (d) Abraham Lincoln. (e) Parnell.
2. Name the island on which the Statue of Liberty stands.
3. Identify the following fictional characters with their proper books. (a) Sidney Carton. (b) D'Artagnan. (c) Mr. Micawber. (d) Friar Tuck. (e) Ben Gunn.
4. Who was the Prime Minister of England at the time of Edward VIII's abdication?
5. If you believe in the slogan, "See America first," you ought to be able to answer this one: Name four United States National Parks.

Suggested by KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE

(NBC, Weds., at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. What movie stars introduced the following popular songs? (a) "Thanks for the Memory." (b) "Small Fry." (c) "Cheek to Cheek." (d) "Now It Can Be Told." (e) "I Love to Whistle."
2. Identify the following musical trademarks with the band leaders who use them: (a) Rippling Rhythm. (b) Rhythmic Pyramids. (c) Swing and Sway. (d) Music of Tomorrow. (e) Blue Velvet Music.
3. What hour program has had a special "college" song written for it?
4. What singer introduced Irving Berlin's new patriotic song, "God Bless America"?
5. Name five popular songs whose titles mention an animal or a bird.

LOOK HOW THIS DAZZLING-SWIFT SKATER EASES NERVE STRAIN

"CAMELS ARE SO SOOTHING..."

SAYS MISS DOROTHY LEWIS,

petite performer who thrills society throngs at the Hotel St. Regis in New York



"FIGURE-SKATING IS A NERVE-STRAINING JOB"

Above, Miss Lewis caught by the photographer as she does the "Camel Spin." Following this, she may swing into the "Butterfly" — a difficult feat which she performs on a block of ice no larger than the floor space of a room! "Whirlwind spins, turns, and twists," she says, "put constant pressure upon my nerves. So..."

"I LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!"

she adds, "... whenever I can, I break nerve tension. I let up — and light up a Camel. Such an enjoyable way to rest the nerves!" So enjoyable to Miss Lewis, and to millions of other smokers, because Camels are mild, rich-tasting. They are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

(above) A close-up of young Dorothy Lewis wearing her skating costume of white silk, turban of silver fox. Her skill on the ice makes her a favorite with those who dine and sup in the stately Iridium Room of the St. Regis. She excels in intricate figure work, dances the Lambeth Walk on skates. "If my nerves were jittery," she says, "I couldn't keep my performance up to par. So what do I smoke? Camels, of course! They certainly are soothing to the nerves."

The Dog instinctively gives his nerves a rest...

Do we?



Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



"RUNNING A HOME can use up a woman's nervous energy," says Mrs. Frank E. Smith. "It would really run me ragged if I didn't ease up now and then. So when I feel myself getting tense, I let up and light up a Camel—a grand comfort to my nerves."

LOOK at the Gordon setter above—a fine-spirited sporting breed. When his instincts warn him: *nerves need rest*—he obeys his instincts and rests. His nervous system is like our own—highly strung. When *our* instincts warn us to rest our nerves, they are often overridden by our will-power...we keep on the go till nerves are tense. Yet think how much more pleasant life can be when nerves are smooth, unruffled! So pause frequently...Let up—light up a Camel. Smokers often say, "Camels are really soothing to the nerves!"



Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!



THE ROSE TEST
 Dip a rose into two inches of water in an ordinary glass. Remove, and see how the waxy film has repelled most of the water. Then add a little Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam to the water and dip the rose again. Now remove it; you will note that every petal is covered with water; Luster-Foam has surged into tiny pits and cracks on the petal surface in a way impossible with water alone. On the teeth, Luster-Foam acts similarly, foaming into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures on the enamel, where so much decay starts.

Told on the petals of a rose

THE MAGIC TALE OF HOW



GETS TEETH SUPER-CLEAN

THE simple little experiment outlined above, we believe, will convince you that Luster-Foam detergent, in the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, is indeed a remarkable dental discovery . . . the modern, dainty aid to lovelier, more lustrous teeth, which you should be using.

It gives you a close-up of Luster-Foam detergent in action . . . makes it easier for you to comprehend how amazingly it cleanses your teeth, reveals its astonishing power to spread into danger zones of decay.

You readily understand how this super-wetting agent, as Science calls Luster-Foam, surges into neglected, hard-to-reach areas that even water alone may not enter, and gets after tiny defects on teeth enamel,

where some authorities state more than 75% of decay starts. (See chart to right.)

The Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath"

Energized into a dainty "bubble bath" at the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam gets to these danger zones. Meanwhile it attacks those oily food films which hold fresh stains, foster decay, and make the enamel dull. At the same time, Luster-Foam aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments that attack enamel.

Is it any wonder that this new tooth paste is winning thousands of friends every day? See why yourself. Your drug counter has it in two economical sizes: Regular 25¢, and big, double-size at 40¢.



TYPICAL DANGER ZONES

WHERE SOME AUTHORITIES ESTIMATE MORE THAN 75% OF DECAY STARTS

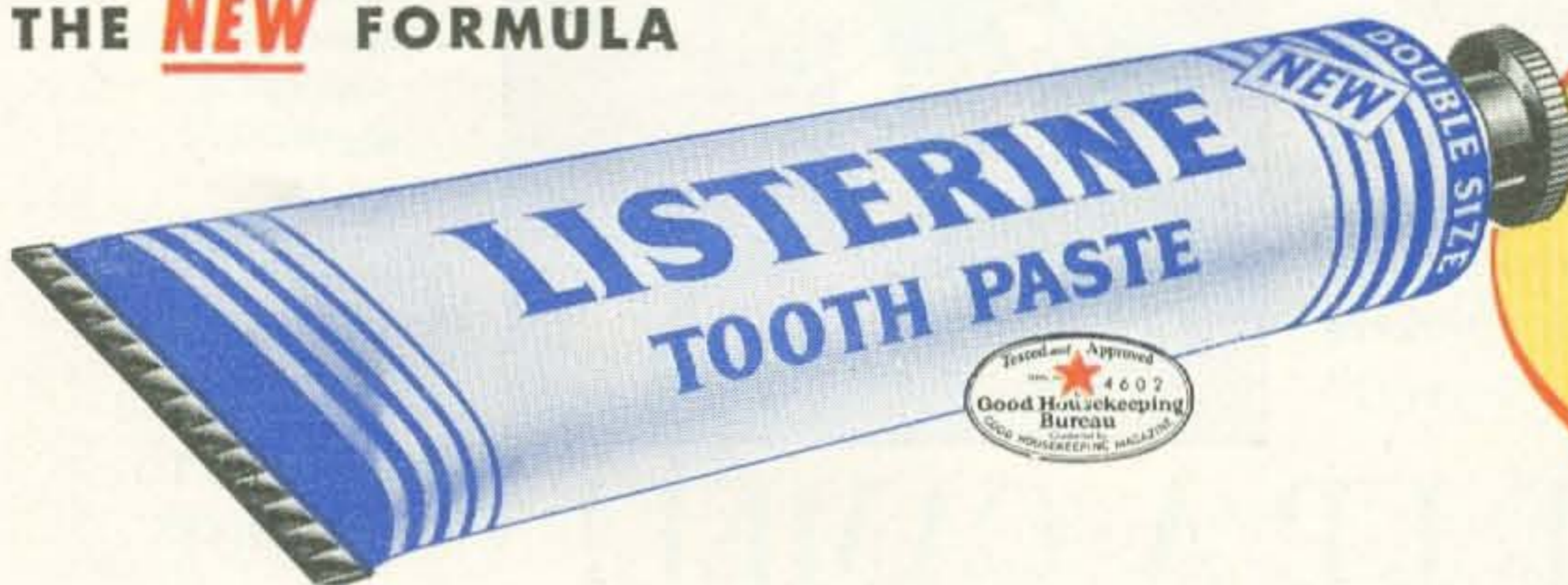


Tiny pits, cracks, and fissures in these danger zones are breeding spots of decay. A study of 12,753 persons showed that most of it is centered in the bicuspids and molars, although other teeth showed a substantial amount.

Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was created to get at these vulnerable areas, so often neglected and so hard to reach.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE **NEW** FORMULA



SALE
~~90¢~~ VALUE **59¢**
 BOTH FOR

40¢ tube of New Listerine Tooth Paste. Contains more than 1/4 pound.
 50¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Famous Tuft helps clean back teeth better.

AT DRUG COUNTERS NOW!

RADIO MIRROR •

almanac

JANUARY 25 TO FEBRUARY 23

You'll know what to listen
to every day of the month
if you use this complete
guide to network broad-
casts—packed into seven
handy, fact-filled pages.



Carole Lombard stars on the
Kellogg show, Sunday nights.

Eastern Standard Time			
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
	8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio	
	8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital	
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures	
	8:30	NBC-Red: Four Showmen	
	8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News	
	9:00	CBS: Wings Over Jordan	
	9:00	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line	
	9:00	NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock	
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Tom Terriss	
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Melody Moments	
8:55	9:55	CBS: Press Radio News	
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit	
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Press Radio News
8:05	10:05	11:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Irene Wicker
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: GREAT PLAYS
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS, MBS, NBC: Salute to Nations
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: N. Y. PHILHARMONIC
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Armco Band
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Bob Becker
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: National Vespers
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Ranger's Serenade
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: The World is Yours
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Words Without Music
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: Met. Opera Auditions
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
8:00	4:30	5:30	MBS: The Shadow
8:00	4:30	5:30	CBS: BEN BERNIE
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Malcolm La Prade
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: SILVER THEATER
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: New Friends of Music
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Gateway to Hollywood
3:30	5:30	6:30	MBS: Show of The Week
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: A Tale of Today
8:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
6:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Hollywood Guild
6:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Seth Parker
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: FORD SYMPHONY
7:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
8:00	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: WALTER WINCHELL
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
8:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Robert Benchley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: KELLOGG PROGRAM
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Good Will Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Cheerio
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Dance orchestra
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Dance orchestra

Motto of the Day



By
Irene
Rich

Be selfish with your temper—always keep it.

Highlights For Sunday, Jan. 29

SPIN the dials to your handiest NBC-Red station tonight at 10:00, E.S.T., and settle back to enjoy the third program of the new Kellogg series, that gigantic specimen of air show which stars Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Ronald Colman, Lawrence Tibbett, Robert Emmett Dolan's music, and Colonel Stoopnagle as a special writer. . . . Tonight at 8:00 is your last chance to hear Nelson Eddy on the Chase and Sanborn show, NBC-Red. After tonight's program, he leaves on his yearly concert tour. . . . In the hour before the Kellogg show takes the air—that is, from 9:00 to 10:00 on CBS—you have a

chance to hear one of the world's sweetest tenor voices . . . the one belonging to Richard Tauber. He's the guest star on the Ford Symphony program, and will undoubtedly sing some of the Viennese songs which are his specialty. . . . Jimmy Stewart, of the movies, is the guest on the Silver Theater show, CBS at 6:00. He stars in the second part of a two-installment continued play. . . . Mutual's Show of the Week program at 6:30, features Johnny Green's orchestra today. . . . The fifth Salute to Nations program, on all three networks at 1:30 P.M., E.S.T., comes from far-away Russia by short wave.



Richard Tauber, tenor, is the guest on tonight's Ford Symphony hour program.



Andrea Leeds stars in tonight's Silver Theater play, on CBS at 6 P.M., Eastern Time.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 5

LAST week your Almanac mentioned the Salute to Nations programs, but didn't have room to tell you more about them. Each week a short-wave program comes from a different foreign country, all in honor of the coming New York World's Fair. Today's show originates in Canada, and Lord Tweedsmuir, Canada's Governor General, is to be on the air with a message to this country from our neighbor up north. . . . The time is 1:30 P.M., E.S.T. on all three networks, CBS, Mutual, and NBC. . . . One of Hollywood's daintiest actresses, Andrea Leeds, is this afternoon's guest star on the Silver Theater,

CBS at 6:00. . . . Bob Crosby and his orchestra star on Mutual's Show of the Week at 6:30, and all the swing fans will be tuning in. . . . Donald Dickson, no stranger to your loudspeaker, takes Nelson Eddy's place on the Chase and Sanborn program tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red. Wonder what ever happened to John Carter, last year's incumbent while Nelson was off touring? . . . Richard Crooks is the guest star on tonight's Ford Symphony program, CBS at 9:00. . . . Besides the Kellogg program, NBC-Red at 10:00, Hollywood stars come to you on the Gateway to Hollywood show, CBS at 7:30.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 12

FEBRUARY being the month of birthdays, today belongs to Abraham Lincoln, and CBS has scheduled a mammoth Lincoln program in which the American Legion will take part, and the Legion's National Commander Chadwick will speak. . . . NBC and Mutual are also doing special Lincoln's Birthday programs. . . . The Salute to Nations program today, on CBS, NBC-Red, and Mutual at 1:30, comes from Rumania, and King Carol will speak on it. The only big nation that hasn't been scheduled to take part in this cavalcade of international programs is Germany. . . . Today's Great Play, on NBC-

Blue, at 1:00, is Dion Boucicault's "The Octoroon," a melodrama which was written in 1859 and was very successful in its day. . . . Walter Gieseeking, pianist, is the soloist on CBS' New York Philharmonic concert at 3:00. . . . and Robert Casadesus, also a pianist, guest stars on the same network's Ford Hour at 9:00 tonight. . . . Leo Reisman's orchestra plays on Mutual's Show of the Week, at 6:30. . . . That Hollywood Guild program on CBS at 7:30 will have another glittering array of star names, with handsome young George Murphy as the permanent master of ceremonies. This is George's first regular radio job.



George Murphy is the permanent master of ceremonies on the Hollywood Guild program.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 19

IT'S HARD to see how any Hollywood star gets a minute to himself or herself on Sundays, what with all the big-name shows on the Sabbath air. . . . The Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00. . . . Gateway to Hollywood, CBS at 6:30. . . . Jack Benny's show, NBC-Red at 7:00. . . . The Hollywood Guild program, CBS at 7:30. . . . Chase and Sanborn, NBC-Red at 8:00. . . . Tyrone Power's Hollywood Playhouse, NBC-Blue at 9:00. . . . The Kellogg show, NBC-Red at 10:00. . . . The combined salaries of all the stars in those seven shows would make the U. S. Treasury gasp and float a bond issue. . . . And you can have them

all for nothing. . . . The Great Play, on NBC-Blue at 1:00, is Tolstoi's "Redemption." . . . The Salute to Nations, on all networks except NBC-Blue at 1:30, comes today from Norway, and Norway's King Haakon will talk on it. . . . Mischa Elman, violinist, is soloist on the CBS Philharmonic concert at 3:00, playing Saint-Saens' Concerto No. 3. . . . Dainty Lily Pons, of the flute-like voice, sings on Mr. Ford's hour, CBS at 9:00. She's always one of the most popular guests the sponsors could possibly invite to their party. . . . Al Goodman conducts his orchestra on Mutual's Show of the Week, at 6:30.



Lily Pons sings on the Ford Hour—always a popular guest to everyone's ears.

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
	8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
	8:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet
	8:15	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade
	8:45	8:45	NBC-Red: Radio Rubes
	8:00	9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
	8:00	9:00	NBC: Press Radio News
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: The Family Man
	8:30	9:30	CBS: Girl Interne
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00	MBS: School of the Air
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Central City
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
1:15	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
12:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
	9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
	9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
	9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
	9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
	9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought
	9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
	12:30	1:30	CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
	12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Bartley's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: School of the Air
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	MBS: Ed Fitzgerald
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Curtis Institute of Music
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Let's Pretend
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: Terry and the Pirates
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
	5:00	5:30	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	5:45	5:45	CBS: The Mighty Show
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Press Radio News
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Howie Wing
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Bob Trout
10:00	5:45	6:45	CBS: Sophie Tucker
	6:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Father and Son
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: County Seat
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Alias Jimmy Valentine
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill
7:30	7:30	7:30	CBS: EDDIE CANTOR
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Cavalcade of America
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Carson Robison
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: AL PEARCE
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Pick and Pat
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Those We Love
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Eddy Duchin
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: True or False
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

Motto
of the
Day

Monday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Al
Pearce

That alibi may satisfy others—but how about yourself?

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 30

USUALLY people never bother to observe a great man's birthday until after he's dead, but today the whole nation joins in honoring President Roosevelt on the anniversary of his birth—because no matter what your political opinions, you're bound to admire him. . . . It's also the birthday of *Dr. Walter Damrosch*, the symphony orchestra conductor, who was born in Breslau, Germany, 1862. . . . *Alfred Wallenstein*, the orchestra leader on tonight's *Voice of Firestone* program, NBC-Red at 8:30, is a champion of American music. Every now and then you'll hear him introducing an unknown

composition on his programs. . . . And quite apart from that, he knows how to put together a very listenable half-hour of music, with his soloist, *Margaret Speaks*. . . . *Eddie Cantor*, on CBS at 7:30, has a really new comic character on his program. He's called *Mr. Guffy*, and *Sid Fields*, one of Eddie's script writers, plays him on the show. Mr. Guffy is the chip-on-the-shoulder kind of guy everybody knows. Say something to him, and he immediately interprets it as an insult. Apologize, and he gets madder yet. Eddie's wild-eyed dialogues with him are among the comedy highlights of the 1938-1939 radio season.



Alfred Wallenstein directs the *Voice of Firestone* orchestra on NBC at 8:30.



James Meighan, alias Jimmy Valentine in the dramatic serial of that name on NBC.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 6

THERE'S a new daily serial on CBS this afternoon and every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday at 2:00. It's called *Doc Bartley's Daughters*. . . . *Scattergood Baines*, also on CBS, is heard coast to coast now—in the east at 11:15 A.M., in the mid-west at 10:15, in the Mountain states at 1:30 P.M., and on the Coast at half an hour after noon. . . . And note that two NBC serial programs have switched times. . . . *Central City* is on NBC-Red at 10:00, and *Houseboat Hannah* on NBC-Blue at 10:45. It used to be just the other way around. . . . That famous character, *Lee Randall* (Alias

Jimmy Valentine), goes his exciting way tonight on NBC-Blue at 7:00. . . . Jimmy is played by *James Meighan*, a nephew of the late *Thomas Meighan*, whom you'll remember in many a great silent movie. Perhaps the uncle is one reason James gave up his early desire to be an artist and became an actor instead. He was on the stage, playing with such stars as *Ethel Barrymore*, *Alice Brady*, and *Jane Cowl*, until 1931, when he went to watch a broadcast and was so interested that he decided radio offered great opportunities for an actor. Since then he has played almost every type of role there is.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 13

HERE'S a friendly reminder from your *Almanac*—Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day, and somebody is going to be mighty upset if you forget about it. But don't send too many comic Valentines! . . . The best bet for tonight's listening, as always, is *Mr. De Mille's Lux Theater*, which will have two or three top-flight actors in an engaging play. Be sure to listen, at 9:00 on CBS. . . . Another of those radio actresses who gets around to so many programs that it's impossible to understand how she ever finds time to eat, is *Cecile Roy*, who plays *Bessie Flounce* in *Ma Perkins*, on NBC-

Red at 3:15; *Mama Fletcher* in *Backstage Wife*, NBC-Red at 4:00; *Daisy Dean* in the Saturday afternoon *Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten* program; and *Sarah Peters* in the *Monticello Party Line*, which is heard only in the middle west but takes up just as much of her time as if it were on coast to coast. . . . The pay scale for actors in fifteen-minute programs, in case you're interested, is \$15 a broadcast. . . . But even the important characters in the daily serials can't be sure of being on every broadcast, remember. . . . Bend an ear to those fascinating *True or False* questions on NBC-Blue tonight.



Cecile Roy is heard on many of the dramatic programs coming from NBC in Chicago.



Judge Hartley in the *Ma Perkins* serial is played by a very busy actor, Earl George.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 20

HAPPY Birthday greetings to *Richard Himber*—who was just signed by his old sponsor, *Studebaker*, to make electrically recorded programs for the next fifty-two weeks. . . . How about making yourself happy tonight with fifteen minutes of *Sophie Tucker*—who is still the best of the *Red Hot Mamas*, as well as the last. She's on CBS at 6:45. . . . *The Cavalcade of America*, on CBS at 8:00, offers thrilling dramatized biographies of great American men and women. If you're interested in your country and in the things your countrymen have done, you'll like listening to this show. . . . *Dorothy*

Thompson has some pungent remarks to make on the news of the day in her five-minute spot at the end of tonight's *Hour of Charm* program, NBC-Red at 9:00. The only trouble with Dorothy's comments is that they are too brief. . . . *Earl George*, who plays *Judge Hartley* in the *Ma Perkins* serial, is also *Parker* in the *Story of Mary Marlin*, *Ray* in *Girl Alone*, *Wimpy* in *Manhattan Mother*, and *Gardo* in *Captain Midnight*. . . . *Those We Love* is rapidly getting to be a rival of *One Man's Family* for sustained interest. It's on NBC-Blue tonight at 8:30. *Nan Grey*, its star, is delightful.

Eastern Standard Time

Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time	Eastern Standard Time	Program
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Radio Rubes
	8:00	9:00	NBC: Press Radio News
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:30	9:30	CBS: Girl Interne
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00	MBS: School of the Air
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Central City
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
2:30	4:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:15	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
12:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
	12:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
	12:30	1:30	CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
	12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day Is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Bartley's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: School of the Air
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Concert Hall
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Highways to Health
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Of Men and Books
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Music for Fun
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: Terry and the Pirates
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
	5:00	5:30	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	5:45	5:45	CBS: The Mighty Show
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Press Radio News
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Howie Wing
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Bob Trout
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Angler and Hunter
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: Barry Wood
	6:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Father and Son
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: County Seat
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	6:15	7:15	CBS: Jimmie Fidler
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: Emily Post
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: Al Jolson
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: For Men Only
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: We, The People
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Mary and Bob
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Benny Goodman
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Dr. Christian
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Cal Tinney
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: BOB HOPE
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

Motto of the Day



By Myrtle Vail

Free speech isn't the right to gossip about other people.

Highlights For Tuesday, Jan. 31

YESTERDAY was the President's birthday, and today is the birthday of Mr. Roosevelt's good friend and ardent admirer, Eddie Cantor, who deserves the good wishes of everybody from Maine to California. Eddie is forty-six years old today, and if bringing joy to people's hearts is accomplishment, he has accomplished more than most forty-six-year-olds. . . . Here's a happy birthday and many of them, Eddie, from your *Almanac*. . . . Carl Deacon Moore opens at the *Music Box* in Omaha, Nebraska, tonight, and NBC will carry his late-at-night dance programs. . . . This is the night to hear two of

radio's very best comedy shows, the *Fibber McGee* program at 9:30, and *Bob Hope's* madcap half hour at 10:00, both on NBC-Red. . . . By this time the *Bob Hope* show has probably given up its guest stars—it was so funny the sponsors decided that guest stars were unnecessary expense. . . . One of the proudest boasts of *Jacqueline De Wit*, who plays *Valerie Welles* in *Helen Menken's* serial, *Second Husband* (CBS at 7:30) is that she has played with some of the biggest names in the theater—*Katharine Cornell*, *Alfred Lunt*, *Lynn Fontanne*, and *Helen Hayes*. She's a Los Angeles girl.



Jacqueline De Wit is Valerie Welles on Helen Menken's CBS serial, *Second Husband*.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 7



Thelma in *Arnold Grimm's Daughter* is played by brunette Rosemary Lambright.

IF YOU'RE an Information Please fan—and lots of people are—you're probably hoping that *Clifton Fadiman* won't be prevented by illness or press of other affairs from filling his usual post of master of ceremonies on tonight's show. There just isn't anyone else who can give the proceedings the Fadiman touch of sparkle and lightness. . . . The time, of course, is 8:30 on NBC-Blue. . . . The pretty brown-haired actress who plays *Thelma* in *Arnold Grimm's Daughter* is *Rosemary Lambright*—a photographer's model and a swimming instructor before she became a radio performer. Radio keeps her

so busy nowadays she seldom does any posing or any swimming—in fact, she doesn't have much time to pursue her favorite hobby, historical research into the life of one of her distant ancestors, *Mary Queen of Scots*. . . . Well, that's what her publicity man says, anyhow. . . . *Jean Hersholt*, who stars in the *Dr. Christian* drama at 10:00 tonight on CBS, says he's going to retire from pictures and devote all his time to radio from now on. Which isn't good news, even though we're glad he's going to be on the air. Isn't there time enough for him to do both? His fine movie characterizations will be missed.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 14

IN a sentimental mood, all the networks will do honor today to the patron saint of lovers, St. Valentine, whose own particular day this is. . . . Special programs will be on the air, and all the regular shows will take the day as their theme. . . . And in case you neglected to get your best boy or girl a Valentine, hadn't you better trot out right now and repair the omission? . . . Forty-five years ago today the *Kubelsky* family, in Chicago, received a Valentine's Day gift which they christened *Benny*. He grew up and changed his name to *Jack Benny*, and has given a gift of laughter to the people of America every Sunday

for the past six or seven years. . . . A young lady to whom it would be no chore at all to present a Valentine is *Dolores Gillen* who plays *Davey*, the baby, on the *Story of Mary Marlin*, NBC-Blue at 11:00 A.M. and NBC-Red at 3:00 P.M. . . . After her parents discovered, when Dolores was four, that she had an unusual singing voice, she was destined to be a singer—but at the age of eight she lost the voice and decided to be a pianist instead. When she was seventeen the voice came back, and she could have gone back to singing but didn't—because she preferred to be an actress.



She doesn't look it, but Dolores Gillen is *Davey*, the baby in the *Mary Marlin* serial.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 21



Raymond Paige leads the orchestra in tonight's debut of a new program on CBS.

THE month's only two new programs (so far as your *Almanac* was able to tell when it went to press) make their bows tonight, on CBS from 10:00 to 10:45, and on NBC-Red from 10:45 to 11:00—both times E.S.T. . . . The CBS program is called *One Hundred Men and a Girl*, and stars *Raymond Paige* leading an orchestra of a hundred men, and a girl singer. . . . The girl singer hadn't definitely been chosen as this was written. First candidate was *Hildegard*, the little girl from Milwaukee who went to Paris, made a sensation there and returned to the United States with a French accent; but

later reports say that *Jane Froman*, late of the *Texaco* program, has the job. So listen in tonight and see who finally won out. . . . Your *Almanac* offers best wishes for the program's success, and particularly for *Raymond Paige's* success, since he's one of the nicest and most human guys in radio. . . . The NBC-Red entrant for your ears is *Smoke Dreams*, returning to the air after several months' absence. For a quiet, late-at-night program, guaranteed to soothe the nerves, it can't be improved upon. . . . You might listen to *Uncle Ezra*, on the same network, for the fifteen minutes just preceding it.

(For Wednesday's highlights, please turn page)

Four Famous Paris Dressmakers

SPONSOR THE NEW
CUTEX SHADES



Schiaparelli
Schiaparelli whimsy in sulphur-yellow moiré. For added dash, Schiaparelli suggests finger tips in the new Cutex ORCHID.



Alix
Bonbon pink satin heartbreaker by Alix. "Emphasize its fragility," she says, "with delicate new Cutex CAMEO nails."



Lanvin
Loganberry lamé jacket—very narrow blue crepe pajamas—by Lanvin. With them she recommends nails in the new sophisticated Cutex ORCHID.



Lelong
Lelong creates a pale-blue suit with plum trim and blouse—advises mauvy nails in the chic, new Cutex CEDARWOOD.



IN a season mad-over-purple, Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Lelong and Alix sponsor three new Cutex nail shades—ORCHID, CEDARWOOD, CAMEO—to wear with their latest creations!

The new Cutex ORCHID is a rich, glowing fuchsia-rose... the new Cutex CEDARWOOD, a fresh mauvy-rose... the new Cutex CAMEO, a fragile pink, with a touch of lavender. They tone in perfectly with every purplish shade from bonbon pink to raisin, with the new mauvish blues, the even newer yellows.

Give your nails an advance Spring lift! Wear the new Cutex shades sponsored by the great Paris dressmakers! See the whole smart Cutex color lineup—15 stunning shades in all! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.



Other Smart Cutex Shades

- OLD ROSE:** Rich rose with a hint of purple.
- LAUREL:** Mauvish pink.
- HEATHER:** Deep purplish rose.
- CLOVER:** A deep, winy red.
- THISTLE:** Blended Rust and Rose.
- TULIP:** A soft, glowing red.
- ROBIN RED:** True red, subdued in intensity.

New Cutex Salon Type Polish

WEARS! WEARS! WEARS!

The new Cutex Salon Type Polish is the result of a quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing nail polish that modern science can devise. Based on a new principle, the new Cutex Salon Type Polish is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days of added wear!

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:05	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	3:00	3:15	3:30	3:45	4:00	4:15	4:30	4:45	5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45	6:00	6:15	6:30	6:45	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45																																							
		NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade	NBC-Red: Radio Rubes	CBS: Richard Maxwell	NBC: Press Radio News	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club	NBC-Red: The Family Man	CBS: Girl Interne	CBS: Bachelor's Children	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly	MBS: School of the Air	NBC-Red: Central City	CBS: Myrt and Marge	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	CBS: Hilltop House	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill	CBS: Stepmother	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah	NBC-Red: Woman in White	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin	NBC-Red: David Harum	CBS: Scattergood Baines	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	CBS: Big Sister	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life	NBC-Red: Road of Life	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	NBC-Red: Time for Thought	CBS: Our Gal Sunday	CBS: The Goldbergs	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News	NBC-Red: Let's Talk It Over	CBS: Road of Life	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge	NBC-Red: Words and Music	CBS: This Day Is Ours	NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans	CBS: Doc Bartley's Daughters	NBC-Blue: Your Health	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	CBS: School of the Air	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	MBS: Ed Fitzgerald	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker	CBS: Indianapolis Symphony	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	MBS: Time Out for Dancing	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	NBC-Red: Girl Alone	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy	CBS: March of Games	NBC-Blue: Terry and the Pirates	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine	CBS: So You Want to Be	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong	CBS: The Mighty Show	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie	NBC-Red: Our American Schools	CBS: Howie Wing	CBS: Bob Trout	NBC-Blue: Gulden Serenaders	NBC-Red: Rose Marie	CBS: Sophie Tucker	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	NBC-Red: Father and Son	CBS: County Seat	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy	CBS: Lum and Abner	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen	NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill	CBS: Ask-it-Basket	MBS: The Lone Ranger	CBS: GANG BUSTERS	NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY	CBS: CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM	NBC-Blue: Hobby Lobby	NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey	CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER	NBC-Blue: Fisk Jubilee Choir	NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT	NBC-Blue: Wings for the Martins	CBS: Edgar A. Guest	NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE	NBC-Blue: NBC Minstrel Show

Motto of the Day



By Ned Sparks

One way to get a chance is to take one.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 25

SPORTS lovers all over the country will be refusing to go to the movies, play bridge, take a walk, or in fact leave the house at all tonight. For the battle for the heavyweight championship of the world is scheduled to take place in Madison Square Garden, and NBC is going to broadcast it. The fighters, of course, are Joe Louis, the present champion, and John Henry Lewis, the challenger. John Henry, also colored, is looked upon as Joe Louis' biggest threat to date. He has won his last eleven fights, and in all his ring career has never been knocked out. It ought to be a rip-roaring fight, so if fight broad-

casts are your dish, don't miss it. . . . Birthday greetings are in order for Fred Allen's best girl, Portland Hoffa, who was born on January 25, 1910, in Portland, Oregon. Wonder if they'll celebrate her birthday on Fred's program tonight? . . . Incidentally, watch the Allen show (NBC-Red at 9:00) for changes in its set-up, the possible dropping of old features or adding of new ones. It's being whispered that some alterations are due soon. . . . An exciting show for the kids is Howie Wing, the aviation serial on CBS at 6:15. . . . and for grown-ups, Mr. Keen, on NBC-Blue at 7:15.



John Henry Lewis meets Joe Louis tonight for the world's heavyweight title.



Templeton Fox plays Eleanor in the new adventure serial, This Day Is Ours.

Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 1

RADIO has discovered war-torn China as a background for an adventure serial, in This Day Is Ours, on CBS at 1:45 this afternoon. It's romantic and exciting, and if you liked the old Follow the Moon and Dangerous Paradise serials, you'll like this one too. . . . The leading characters are Curt Curtis, played by Jay Jostyn (your Almanac will tell you about him next week) and Eleanor MacDonald, a missionary's daughter, played by Templeton Fox. . . . Miss Fox made her professional radio debut on a dare when she entered an amateur contest sponsored by a Hollywood hotel. She won the

contest and stopped off in Chicago for a radio audition en route to a New York stage engagement, and has been playing dramatic roles before the microphone ever since. . . . Hobby Lobby, which you hear tonight at 8:30 on NBC-Blue, has caused the folks at NBC to go to a lot of trouble and completely rebuild the stage in the studio where the program goes on the air. The old stage was made out of many small platforms pushed together, with cracks between them. You never could tell when a nervous hobbyist on his way to the microphone would trip on one of them and fall flat on his face.

Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 8

JAY JOSTYN, who plays Curt Curtis, the hard-boiled American newspaper reporter, on This Day Is Ours (CBS at 1:45), is a graduate of the dramatics department of Wisconsin University. . . . He made his professional debut in Milwaukee at the age of nineteen, and then played in stock companies in Spokane, Phoenix, Vancouver and San Jose. . . . He came to New York in 1936 and got a radio job the first day after his arrival; and now he is one of the big city's busiest radio thespians. . . . Some of his regular parts, besides that of Curt Curtis, are: Frank Klagger in Hilltop House, Jackey in Our

Gal Sunday, and Ben Porter in Helen Menken's Second Husband. He's married, and has two sons, Jean Charles and John George. . . . Joan Edwards, the songstress on Paul Whiteman's program on CBS at 8:30 tonight, was one of the few people in New York who were able to get on the Sixth Avenue Elevated train when it made its last trip before being torn down. She carried a big wreath with the inscription, "Rest in Peace"—and got her picture in all the papers. . . . If you like swell choral singing, don't miss tuning in on the Fisk Jubilee Choir, on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:00.



Jay Jostyn plays Curt Curtis in This Day Is Ours, and many other parts too.



Noel Mills is a new player on Gang Busters, CBS at 8:00, and a promising one too.

Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 15, 22

FEBRUARY 15: The Gang Busters' show, on CBS tonight at 8:00, has a new feminine starlet, busy playing tough little gangsters' molls. Her name is Noel Mills, and she was born in the romantic-sounding village of Haslemery, Surrey, in England, twenty-one years ago. Her family moved to America when Noel was only three months old, though, so she doesn't remember anything about the tight little isle. The Millses settled in Montreal, and Noel got her first training as an actress there, performing in French plays as a child. . . . Still in her teens, she traveled around in stock companies, and four years

ago made her radio debut in St. Louis. . . . Charlie McCarthy ought to wish his boss, Edgar Bergen, a happy birthday today. FEBRUARY 22: The nation will do honor to its first President today, for it's his birthday. Not to be caught napping, the special events departments of the networks are planning Washington's Birthday programs, and Mutual is broadcasting the George Washington Memorial Handicap horse race from Hialeah Park in Miami. The race will go on the air at 4:00 this afternoon, E.S.T. . . . The honor of having the same birthday as Washington goes to Bess Johnson, Hilltop House star.

(For Thursday's highlights, please turn page)

Life's a Whirl!



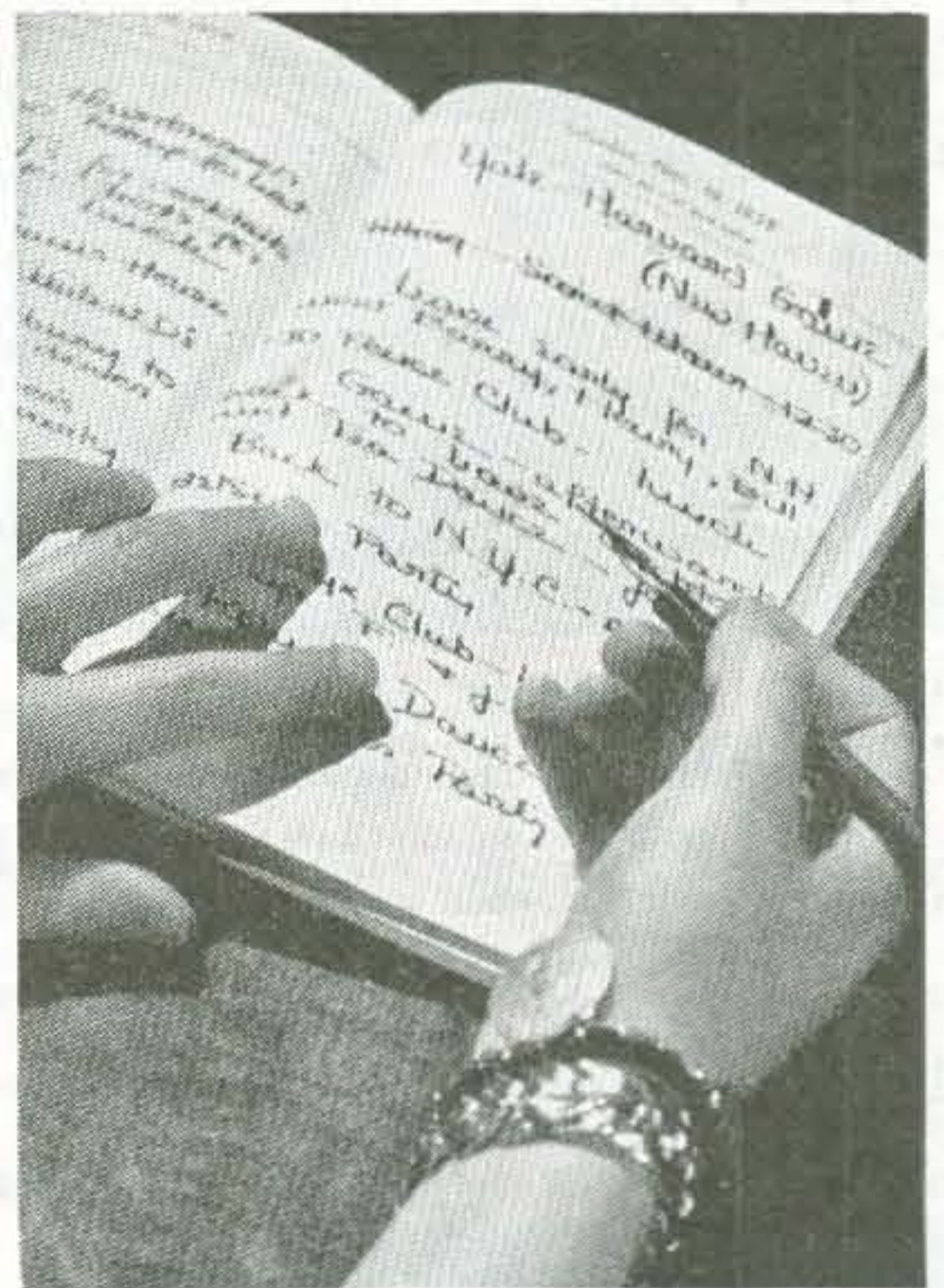
Today's Debs Take **EXTRA SKIN CARE**—They Cream **EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"** into their Skin*



In the Ritz-Carlton's Crystal Garden—Margaret Biddle, Philadelphia deb, dances. She goes in for today's extra skin care... "I always cream extra 'skin-vitamin' into my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream."



Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb. "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."



Date Book—Four parties in one evening! No wonder Phebe Thorne, New York deb, sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses Pond's. "I believe in it."



White Week End—Boston Debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) Adelaide Weld, debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy—I just cream my skin with Pond's."



Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up glamour plus."



In Pond's Laboratory—Electrically driven propellers stir and mix Pond's Cold Cream.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.

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* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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



That party put me on the front page!

"Hurry!"—the editor barked. "Grab a cab! Jump into your evening clothes! You're covering that Van Dyke blow-out tonight!" It was my big chance . . . but instead of being thrilled, I could have cried. Why—oh, why—I wailed inwardly, does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society tonight!



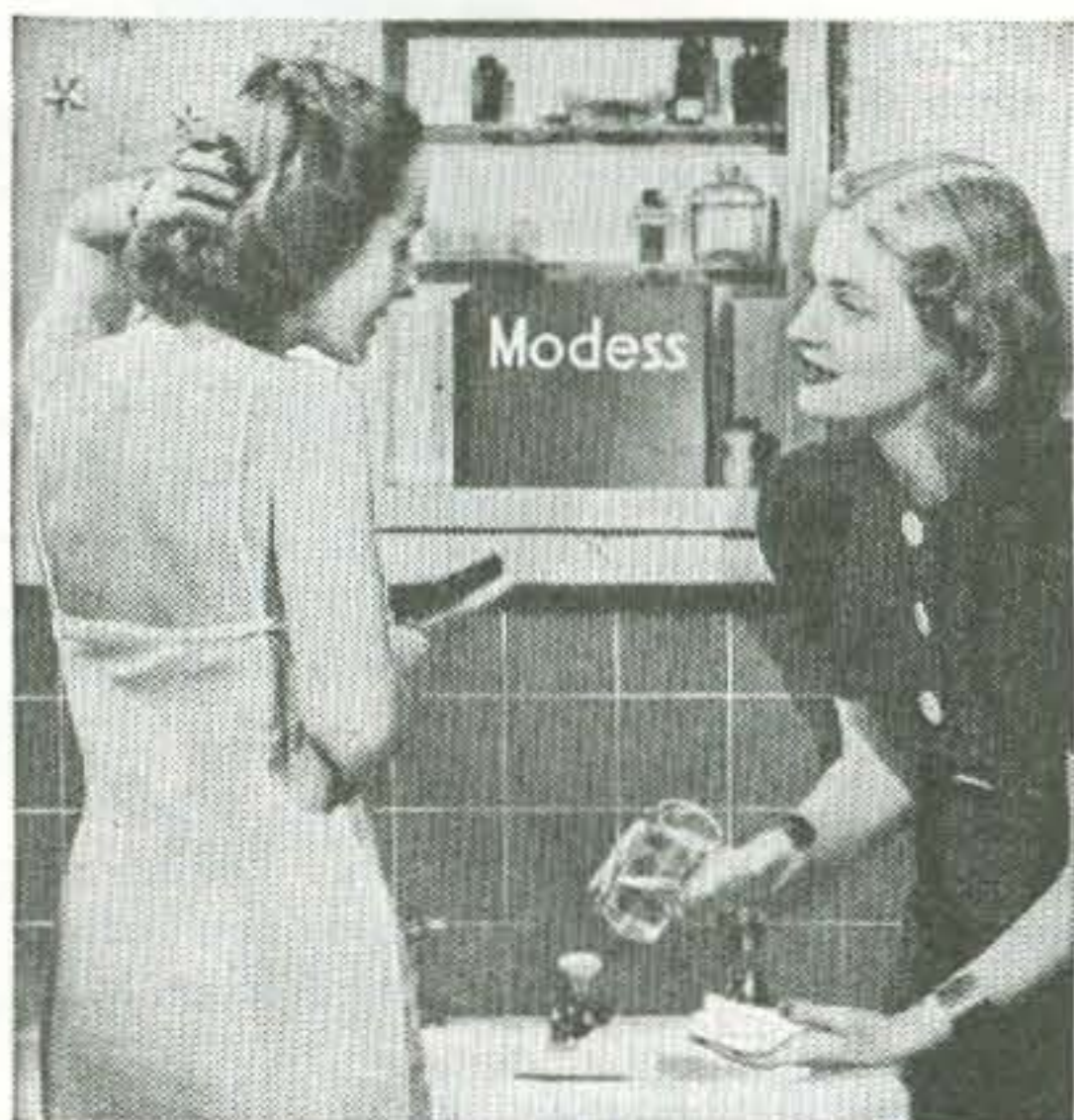
I stopped just long enough to phone my roommate. "Elsie"—I begged—"be a lamb and press my green evening dress. I've got to report a debutante party tonight! Wouldn't you know a break like this would come at a time like this? Honestly, I'm so chafed and irritable I could scream!"



"What would you do without me?"—Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed . . . velvet wrap brushed . . . and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, ducky—it's Modess—the greatest boon to womankind ever invented! I just discovered it myself this month . . . and it's a marvel."



I must have looked skeptical, for she flew to her sewing box—whipped out the scissors and cut a Modess pad in two! "Feel this," she commanded—thrusting a handful of soft, fluffy filler toward me. "That's what's in Modess! And that's why you'll not be bothered by chafing again!"



"And what's more," continued Elsie, "with Modess you can have an easy mind all evening—because it's *safer!* Watch . . ." And she took the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and dropped some water on it. To my amazement, I saw that not a drop went through!



So—off I went, cheery as a cricket, to stalk debutantes and stags at play. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, fountains of champagne, and divine Paris dresses . . . with never a moment's worry . . . nor a single moment of chafing discomfort. And—wound up the evening with a story that even an old hand could be proud of!



"Whee! On the front page—with your name signed to it!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to Little Goody Two-Shoes who told you about Modess! And think," she added, "soft, *'fluff-type'* Modess costs no more than those *layer-type* pads we used to buy!"

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD—ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)

		Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	Central Standard Time	8:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
			8:15
	8:00	9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell NBC: Press Radio News
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Family Man
	8:30	9:30	CBS: Girl Interne NBC-Blue: Smile Parade
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00	MBS: School of the Air
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Central City
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
1:15	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
12:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Young Widdier Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Let's Talk It Over
	12:30	1:30	CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
	12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day Is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Bartley's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: MUSIC APPRECIATION
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: School of the Air
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	MBS: Ed Fitzgerald
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Chamber Orchestra
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: March of Games
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Men Behind the Stars
	5:00	5:30	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	4:45	5:45	CBS: The Mighty Show
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Press Radio News
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Howie Wing
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Bob Trout
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Gulden Serenaders
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: George R. Holmes
10:00	5:45	6:45	CBS: Sophie Tucker
	6:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Father and Son
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: County Seat
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
7:45	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Jack Haley
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
	7:00	8:00	MBS: What's My Name
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Warden Lawes
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: NBC Jamboree
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: CAMPBELL PLAYHOUSE
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Waltz Time
9:00	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Death Valley Days
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Grand Central Station
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Lady Esner Serenade
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

Motto
of the
Day

Friday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Jack
Haley

Take care of the sense, and the dollars will take care of themselves.

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 27

STEADY followers of *Burns and Allen* won't have to be told that *Frank Parker* is back singing on their show and trading gags with Gracie, but if you haven't listened in for some time you'll be glad to know that Frank's voice is just as sweet and pure as it ever was. . . . It's pleasant to have him with us again on a regular program, because he's one of radio's reliable performers, and the fates haven't been too good to him lately. . . . If you appreciate music, or if you don't appreciate music but would like to, listen in this afternoon to *NBC's* hour-long program conducted by *Dr. Walter Damrosch*, that grand

old man of the symphony. It's hard to tell which is the more fun—the music he gets out of his men or the clever remarks he makes between numbers. . . . And for the astronomy enthusiasts, there's *Men Behind the Stars*, on *CBS* at 5:30. It's presented by the *Hayden Planetarium* in New York. . . . For a concise, quick resume of the day's news, listen to either *Bob Trout* on *CBS* at 6:30, or *Lowell Thomas* on *NBC-Blue* at 6:45. . . . And for music which makes a pleasant background to that Friday-night bridge game, there are the *Cities Service Concert*, *NBC-Red* at 8 and *Guy Lombardo* on the *Red* at 10:00.



Frank Parker's back on the air, singing on the *Burns and Allen* program at 8:30.

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 3

THE irregular Friday-night boxing match from Madison Square Garden is on again tonight, at 10:00 over *NBC's Blue* network. *Sam Taub* gives the blow-by-blow description, while *Bill Stern* comments between rounds. . . . There's a new program on *NBC-Blue*, too, which crept into the lists so very quietly you'd hardly know it was there unless somebody—your *Almanac*, for instance—drew your attention to it. It's the *Plantation Party*, a thirty-minute musical variety show, starting at 9:00, and it features some talented unknowns—the *Girls of the Golden West*, singing duo; *Tom, Dick and*

Harry, a vocal trio; the *Range Riders*, a male quartet; a thirty-voice choir; and *Whitey Ford* as master of ceremonies. . . . If you don't insist upon having half a dozen Hollywood stars on every program, you'll enjoy this one. . . . Forty-nine years ago this day, *Charles J. Correll* was born in Peoria, Illinois, and tonight he'll be delighting millions with his characterization of beloved *Andy* in the *Amos 'n' Andy* sketch on *NBC-Red* at 7:00. . . . Stocky, sturdy, athletic, *Charlie Correll* has black eyes snapping with Celtic humor, was married a little over a year ago to *Alyce McLaughlin*, a professional dancer.



Doing his *Amos 'n' Andy* show tonight, *Charlie Correll* celebrates his birthday.

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 10

FOR a long time radio's foremost personality in the field of children's programs, *Dorothy Gordon* is starring on her first sponsored program these days. You can hear her this afternoon at 5:45, on the *Mutual* network. . . . *Sir James M. Barrie* once called *Dorothy* the "Peter Pan of America." . . . she has spent many years traveling all over the world, seeking unknown folk tunes which she sings and talks about on her programs. One of these native tunes which she heard a Southern mammy sing several years ago soon became one of the world's best known songs. You've heard it yourself—

it's called "Shortnin' Bread." . . . There's a boxing match at Madison Square Garden tonight, and it's to be broadcast at 10:00 over *NBC's Blue* network by *Sam Taub* and *Bill Stern*. . . . Like to listen to tales of the old West? Then don't miss *Death Valley Days*, on *NBC-Red* at 9:30. Each week this program dramatizes a complete story, and does it so well that although it's not one of the high-rating programs in popularity, it has been on for many years and has a loyal group of fans. . . . *Warden Lawes* will have another half-hour play at 8:00 on *NBC-Blue*, once more demonstrating that *Crime Doesn't Pay*.



Listen to *Dorothy Gordon's* children's program this afternoon at 5:45 on *MBS*.

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 17

BOTH ends of the week have their dramatic highlights, now that *Orson Welles' Campbell Playhouse* has come along on Fridays to supplement *Cecil De Mille's Lux Theater* on Mondays. The *Campbell Playhouse*, on *CBS* tonight at 9:00, has proved that it's no slouch at presenting plays in a new and very listenable sort of way—and also at getting famous guest stars who aren't often heard on other programs. . . . Another favorite of those who like their drama served to them on the air is the long-established *First Nighter* program, also to be heard tonight—at 8:00 on *CBS*. *Barbara Luddy* and *Les Tremayne*

take the leading roles in these weekly tabloid plays—and incidentally, *Les* is once more playing *Bob* in the daily *Betty and Bob* serial on *NBC-Red* at 2:00. It's a role he used to play several months ago, and now he's back at it. . . . On the *Mighty Show*, *CBS* at 5:45, you'll hear an actor who not only always portrays western characters, but is actually a cowboy himself—one with a college education. He's *Artells Dickson*, who plays *Tex*. While a high school student in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he rode the range during summer vacations. Later he took courses in singing and dramatics in Columbia University.



A cowboy with a college education is *Artells Dickson*, of *The CBS Mighty Show*.

(For Saturday's highlights, please turn page)

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

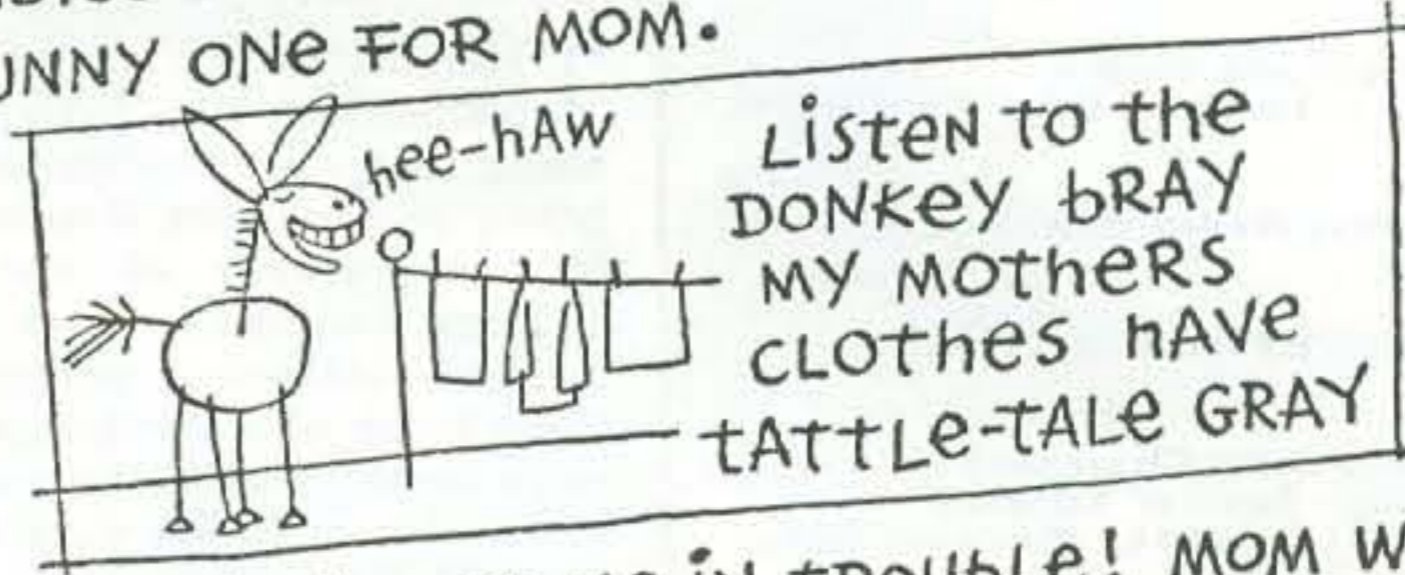
ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Ener-gine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 65 for the answers.

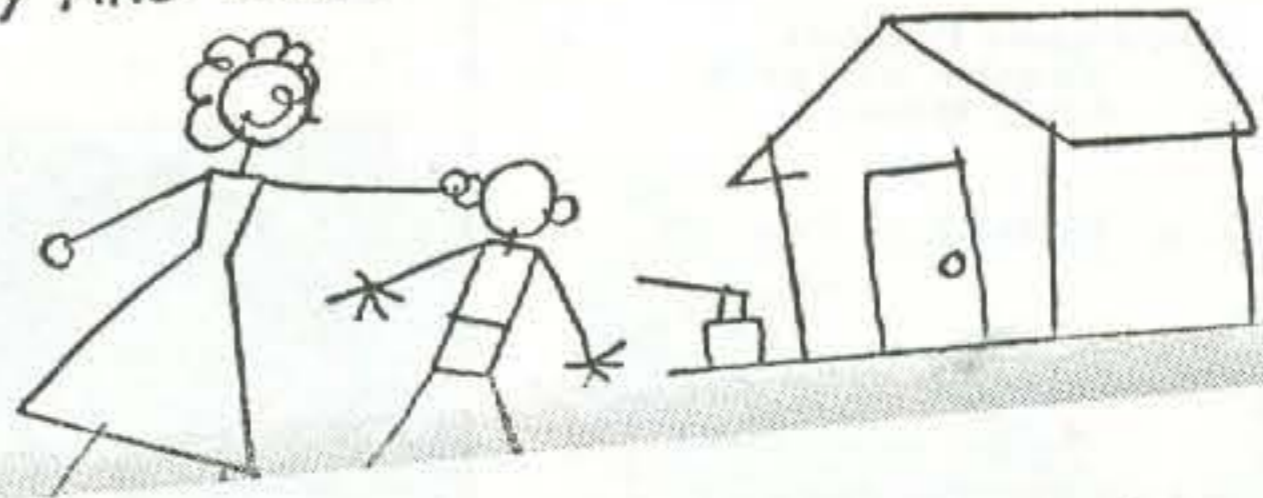
1. **Haddock—haddock—haddack.** An important food fish allied to the cod.
2. **Malleable—maleable—malliable.** Capable of being extended or shaped by beating with a hammer, or by the pressure of rollers.
3. **Assanine — assinine — asinine.** Stupid; obstinate.
4. **Accommodate — accomadate — accomodate.** Furnish with something desired; to oblige.
5. **Remiscent — reminescent — reminiscent.** That reminds one, as of something previously seen or known.
6. **Antecedents — antecedants — anticedents.** Ancestors; progenitors.
7. **Femininty — femininity — femineity.** The quality or nature of the female sex; womanliness.
8. **Mistatements — misstatments — misstatements.** Wrong statements.
9. **Rendezvous — rendevous — rondevoo.** A place appointed for a meeting; also, one at which persons customarily meet.
10. **Lentiles—lentils—lentals.** Widely cultivated annual plants grown for their flattened lens-shaped seeds.
11. **Anti—antie—ante.** In poker: A player's stake which is put into the pool after he sees his hand, but before he draws other cards.
12. **Diftheria—diphtheria—diphtheria.** An acute infectious and contagious disease in which the air passages and throat are affected.
13. **Romantisize — romanticise — romantimize.** To behave in a romantic, especially a sentimental manner.
14. **Concilliatory—concillary—conciliatory.** Mollifying; propitiating.
15. **Vacillating—vacilating—vasillating.** Wavering; hesitating through indecision.
16. **Assidulous—aciduous—acidulous.** Slightly sour; sourish.
17. **Mica—micca—micah.** A mineral popularly called isinglass.
18. **Dessicrate—desecrate—desicrate.** To violate the sancity of; to profane.
19. **Vassalage—vassilage—vasallage.** Servitude; subjection.
20. **Cravanette — cravenet — cravenette.** To waterproof by, or as by, the process used in Cravenette.

DEAR GRANNY,

ON ACCOUNT OF YOU'RE ALWAYS GRUMBLING BEHIND MOM'S BACK ABOUT THE WAY HER WASHES LOOK AND ON ACCOUNT OF I ALWAYS THOUGHT LADIES LIKE TO GET VALENTINES I MADE THIS FUNNY ONE FOR MOM.



GOSH, DID IT GET ME IN TROUBLE! MOM WAS ALL FOR WALKING ME OUT TO THE WOODSHED TILL I TOLD HER HOW YOU SAID HER THINGS HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY CAUSE HER SOAP IS A SISSY AND LEAVES DIRT STICKING IN THE CLOTHES.

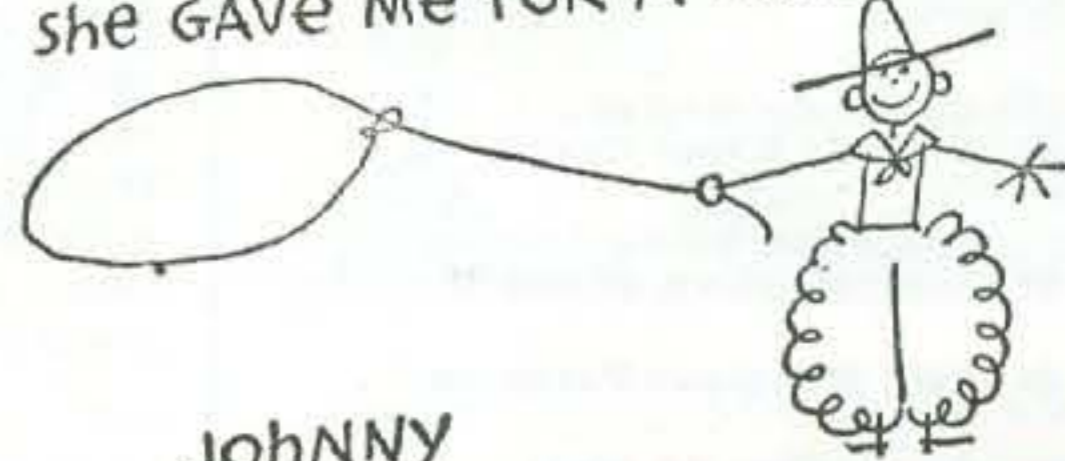


THEN I TOLD HER HOW YOU SAID SHE OUGHT TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP ON ACCOUNT OF ITS GOT HONEST-TO-GOODNESS NAPHTHA RIGHT IN THE RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND IT GETS CLOTHES WHITER THAN SNOWBALLS.



SO QUICK LIKE A RABBIT, MOM SENT ME TO THE GROCER'S FOR SOME FELS-NAPHTHA AND NOW SHE SAYS I'M AN ANGEL FOR SHOWING HER HOW TO CHASE AWAY TATTLE-TALE GRAY.

COURSE I DON'T BELIEVE THAT ANGEL STUFF, BUT I SURE DO LOOK SWELL IN THE COWBOY SUIT SHE GAVE ME FOR A PRESENT!



JOHNNY

Copr. 1939, Fels & Co.

P. S. If you want to see tattle-tale gray hurry out of your clothes—do what Johnny's mother did. Get Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's and try it! You'll find it easy on hands. Fine for your daintiest things. And it gives you the whitest, loveliest washes you ever pinned on a line!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN. HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

		Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	GENERAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch. NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
		8:15	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:30	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
		8:45	NBC-Blue: Jack and Loretta
		8:00	9:00 NBC: Press Radio News
		8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
		8:05	9:05 NBC-Red: The Wise Man
		8:15	9:15 CBS: Montana Slim
		8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Instrumental Ensemble
		8:25	9:25 CBS: Press Radio News
		8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		9:00	10:00 CBS: Hill Billy Champions
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Saturday Morning Club
		9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda Snow
		9:30	10:30 CBS: Four Corners Theater
		9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
		9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Florence Hale
		10:00	11:00 CBS: Symphony Concert
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Vaughn de Leath
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Betty Moore
		10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Radio City Four
		10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn
		10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Eastman School of Music
		9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
		9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: Education Forum
		9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Cloutier Orch.
		9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
		9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
		10:00	12:00 1:00 NBC-Red: Matinee in Rhythm
		10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Moods for Moderns
		10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Kinney Orch.
		10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: Campus Notes
		10:55	12:55 1:55 NBC-Red: METROPOLITAN OPERA
		11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: Henry Busse Orch.
		12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Rakov's Orch.
		12:30	2:30 3:30 CBS: Poetic Strings
		1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
		2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Blue: Al Roth Orch.
		2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Cosmopolitan Rhythm
		2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC-Red: Stamp Collectors
		2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Eddie Rogers Orch.
		2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Red: Swingology
		3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: Press Radio News
		3:00	5:00 6:00 NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
		3:05	5:05 6:05 CBS: Dance Orchestra
		3:05	5:05 6:05 NBC-Blue: El Chico Revue
		3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: Saturday Swing Session
		3:30	5:30 6:30 NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted
		3:45	5:45 6:45 NBC-Red: Religious Program
		4:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Americans At Work
		4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
		9:30	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Avalon Time
		8:00	6:30 7:30 CBS: Joe E. Brown
		4:30	5:30 7:30 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
		4:30	5:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Lives of Great Men
		8:30	7:00 8:00 CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS
		5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: TOMMY RIGGS
		9:00	7:30 8:30 CBS: Professor Quiz
		5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: Original Plays
		9:00	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: FRED WARING
		6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: Phil Baker
		8:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
		8:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Vox Pop
		6:30	8:30 9:30 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
		6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Half of Fun
		7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
		7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: ARTURO TOSCANINI
		7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Dance Music

Motto
of the
Day

Saturday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Fred
Waring

If Columbus had let well enough alone, he'd never have discovered America

Highlights For Saturday, Jan. 28

THE big events of the day, of course, are the Birthday Balls being held all over the country in honor of President Roosevelt and for the benefit of the Warm Springs Foundation and its fight against infantile paralysis. If there's one of these big parties in your neighborhood, be sure to go—for once in its life your *Almanac* doesn't urge you to stay at home and listen to the radio. . . . The President's birthday doesn't actually take place until next Monday, but the dances are being held tonight because people would rather dance on Saturdays than Mondays, and who can blame them? . . . *Johnny Green*, the

young bandleader-composer who has written some of today's most delightful music, starts tonight as regular maestro of the *Johnny Presents* program, CBS at 8:00. He replaces *Russ Morgan*. . . . For the sports addicts, here are a couple of items: *The William C. Trott Memorial Mile* race, from the Boston Garden, on CBS at 10:45 this evening. It's a foot-race, and an annual event. . . . The other sports item is a horse-race, the *Miami Beach Handicap*, from Hialeah Park, on *Mutual* at 4:00 this afternoon. . . . *The Radio Rogues* are the guest stars on tonight's *Tommy Riggs-Betty Lou* broadcast, NBC-Red at 8:00.



Johnny Green takes over the baton on *Johnny Presents* tonight on CBS at 8.



Phil Baker's new program supplies one more reason to stay home on Saturdays.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 4

IT'S most pleasant to have *Phil Baker* back with us again, and one more reason for staying at home on Saturday nights. Along with him, *Bottle and Beetle*, his faithful valet and even more faithful ghost-heckler, are on the program too. . . . Phil occupied the time he was off the air as star in a touring company of "Idiot's Delight," which didn't make as much money as it should have made, they say. . . . The Saturday-afternoon horse race from Hialeah Park on *Mutual* is the *Bahama Handicap*, and you hear it at 4:00, E.S.T. . . . An old favorite is back on the air—*Renfrew of the Mounted*, on

NBC-Blue at 6:30 every Saturday afternoon. Just in time for the kids to listen to before supper. . . . *The Saturday Swing Session* on CBS has moved its time up to 6:30—pretty early for any intensive rug-cutting, but it's still a good program for you to hear if you have any liking for swing at all. . . . Those *Original Plays*, on NBC-Blue at 8:30 every Saturday night, are well worth your attention. Specially written for radio, they're clever and amusing, and make half an hour seem like sixty seconds. . . . Of course, listening to them means that you must miss *Fred Waring*, on NBC-Red at the same time—may be too high a price.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 11

WEEK-ENDS supply a big feast for lovers of serious music, with all the symphony orchestras and operatic broadcasts on the air. Today, of course, there's the *Metropolitan Opera* matinee on NBC-Red at 1:55, and the *NBC-Symphony* orchestra, with *Toscanini* conducting, at 10:00 on NBC-Blue. . . . A gentleman who does more than his share toward making the latter broadcasts enjoyable is *Samuel Chotzinoff*, the intermission commentator. Not quite as expert as CBS' *Deems Taylor*, he's still a smooth, entertaining talker. Particularly smart is his determination to keep away from any detailed discussion

of music. He thinks that listeners get enough music from Mr. *Toscanini*, so he just talks about the private lives of the composers—much more entertaining that way. . . . He's a noted music critic, a former accompanist for *Jascha Heifetz* and other leading musicians, and at present NBC's music consultant. . . . Today's sport event: the *Everglades Stakes* horse race at Hialeah Park, heard over *Mutual* at 4:00 this afternoon. . . . *Stuff Smith's* orchestra ends its season at the La Salle Hotel in Chicago tonight—you've been hearing it over your nearest CBS station during the last few weeks.



Samuel Chotzinoff is the commentator for NBC's *Toscanini* Symphony concerts.



Dan Seymour is the enthusiastic announcer on *Tommy Riggs'* program tonight at 8.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 18

NOT enough attention is paid to announcers. Your *Almanac* bets that you couldn't name the announcers of your five favorite shows—and yet they do a lot to add or subtract from your enjoyment of a radio program. . . . So today we're making amends by devoting this space to one of the best announcers, *Tommy Riggs'* *Dan Seymour*, whom you'll hear at 8:00 on NBC-Red. . . . Not very old, he's packed a deal of radio experience into his short life. He started his professional career in Boston, in June, 1935, the day after he received his B.A. degree from Amherst. For a year he did everything from street in-

terviews to commentating between acts of grand opera. From then on his rise was rapid. . . . Before entering radio he'd traveled across Europe in a dramatic stock company, and he believes that this stage experience did a lot to help him in his career. . . . He's married, and has a baby daughter, Nancy Louise. Probably he's the only announcer who likes the job of broadcasting in the morning—as long as he's broadcasting news. He thinks listeners are more attentive to news than in the evening. . . . Listen to the *McLennan Memorial Handicap* race, on MBS this afternoon at 4:00 for an exciting horse race.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 9)

like he made it between trains.

* * *

NO NEED FOR A MICROPHONE

One of radio's better comics was kidding the unusually large orchestra that Andre Kostelanetz conducts. The musicians were rehearsing one day at CBS midst great confusion. The engineers were fussing around the microphones.

"Why bother with those things?" piped the comic, "Just open the door."

* * *

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Swing

Lightly and Politely; Washboard Blues (Victor 26085A) Tommy Dorsey—A successor to famed "Boogie Woogie." Sparkling solo work and exciting rhythms.

My Heart Belongs to Daddy; Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love (Victor 26100B) Larry Clinton—You haven't lived until you hear Bea Wain tear apart this saucy Cole Porter tune from "Leave It To Me." Recommended for sugar-daddies and anyone who would like to be a sugar-daddy. The reverse side is equally enticing.

Big Foot Jump; Five Point Blues (Decca 2108A) Bob Crosby's Bobcats—Strictly for the more orthodox swing addicts. Bows must be taken by Ray Bauduc, Bob Zurke, Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart.

Waters of Minnetonka (Bluebird B7870A) Glenn Miller—The Vanishing American never thought that swing arrangements of Indian tunes would further add to his woes. Glenn Miller devotes two sides of this platter to his jitterbug lampoon of this old favorite. Part II better.

What Do You Know About Love? I Wish I Had You (Brunswick 8261) Seger Ellis "Choir of Brass"—A new band crosses the swing horizon and offers some new swing phrasings. Ellis tries a little too hard to be different but nevertheless bears watching.

* * *

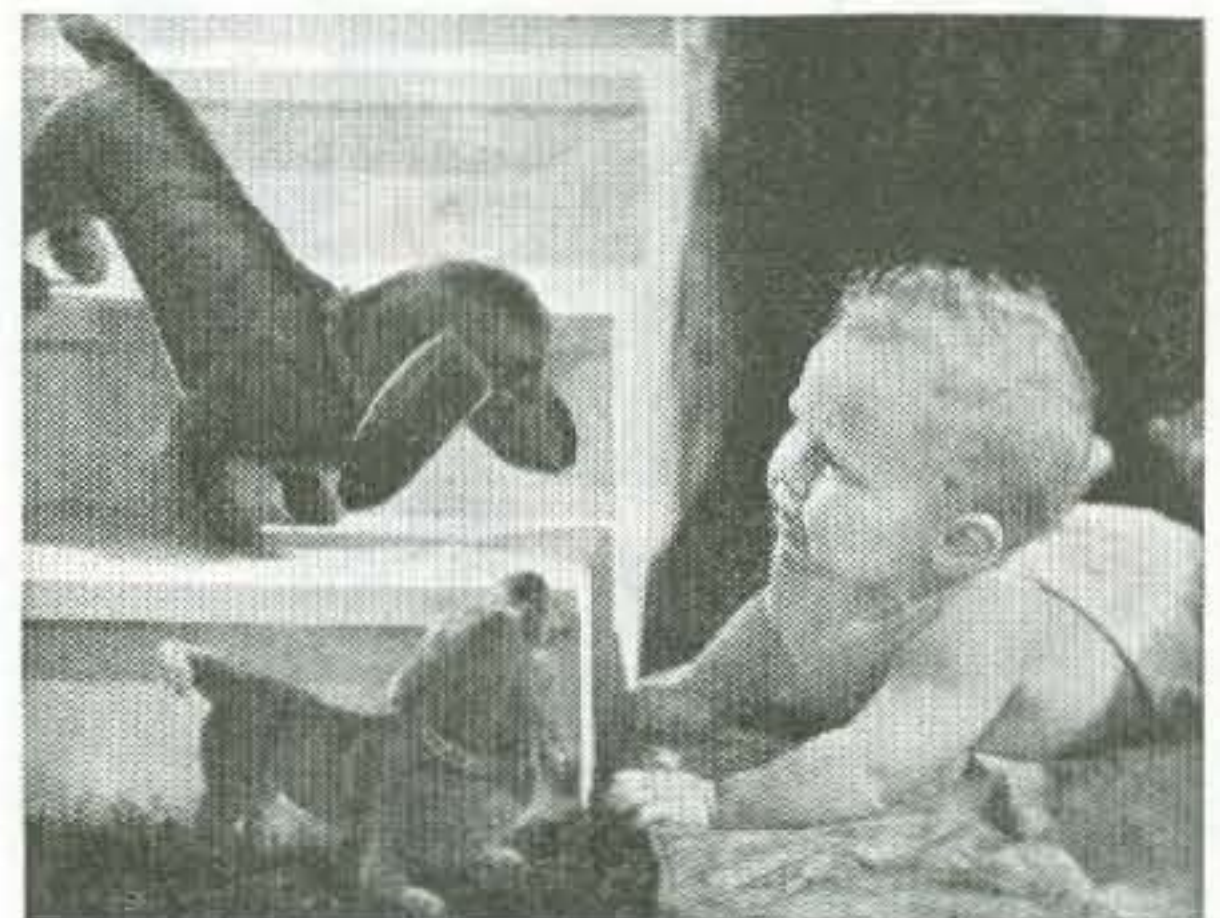
For Benny Goodman Devotees: A handsome album of four Goodman swing classics has just been released and features some entrancing work by the famed Goodman Trio.



"Hey, hey! What's all this ki-yi about? The neighbors will think I've got you both by the tail!... Oh, sure, it's okay to yelp when something hurts—I always do myself. But what is it, anyway?"



"Chafed, eh? Well, to be sure... your tummy scrapes on every step! Your chassis is too underslung, that's all."



"Matter of fact, mine is too. See? Why don't we try the up-on-the-hind-legs stuff the grown-ups do?"



"Oh, you have tried it... and it didn't work. Aw shucks!... But wait—got an idea... Johnson's Baby Powder!"



"Say! When you're slicked over with that lovely, soft, slippery powder, you'll simply glide down the stairs!"



"Leave it to Johnson's to keep a fellow's skin smooth and comfortable! It doesn't cost much, either—so why don't you get some for your baby?"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Copyright, 1939, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

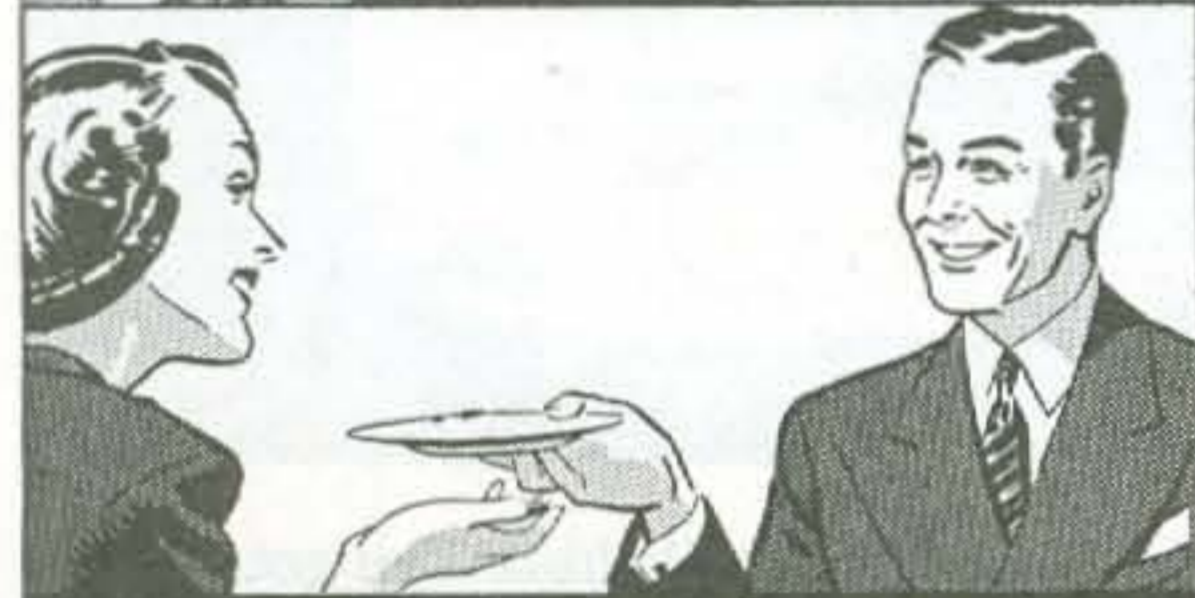
My favorite orchestra is.....

Name.....

Address.....

Rendezvous in Rio

(Continued from page 17)



SHE SERVES FINE MEALS



KEEPS OUR FOOD BILLS DOWN



ALWAYS PEPPY—READY TO PLAY



● Better-tasting meals, lower food bills, less kitchen work, more leisure! Let delicious Franco-American Spaghetti help! This is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American has a wonderful cheese-and-tomato sauce, made from a famous chef's recipe. It gives savory goodness to less expensive meat cuts, tempting flavor to left-overs.

It's a splendid hot lunch for children. On the table in a jiffy; no cooking; just heat and serve. A can holding three to four portions costs only ten cents.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for **FREE Recipe Book**

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 433
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

were close to them while "Suez" was being made, we discovered these amazing facts.

She won him because she didn't try to win him or even want him. Didn't set her heart upon him with all the tenacity given to some of our Hollywood lassies who have been determined to snare the handsome, eligible actor. And what's more important, she won him because she was the first woman he'd met in Hollywood who knew how to laugh and live and enjoy life as simply and honestly as a child.

They literally laughed their way into love.

There were no grim business conferences, harangues over money or long personal appearances to mar their friendship. And Tyrone, weary from long months of constant work and sickened by the overdone publicity that fastened itself to the Sonja Henie, Janet Gaynor attachments, found in this woman merely a good comrade who knew—more important at the moment to Tyrone than glamour, wealth or beauty—how to enjoy life.

It happened this way and we promise you this is the first and only time these inside facts have been revealed.

Tyrone first met Annabella a short time before "Suez" was scheduled for shooting. They met only as casual acquaintances, chatted a bit about their future assignment together, and that was that.

But one day a short time later Tyrone turned the corner of a sound stage on the lot to run headlong into a minor commotion. A dog was barking, a girl squealing, a truck driver howling, a spectator shouting. Arrested by the furor Ty stopped to investigate and discovered Annabella and her dog, "Puddie," had been having their usual romp before her dressing room when the truck driver had nearly run them both down.

"What the heck were you doing?" Tyrone demanded when he saw the girl was Annabella.

"It's a game," she laughed. "Look." She tossed the ball to "Puddie" who ran, picked up the ball and promptly went into a Polka in jitterbug time before bringing it back to his mistress.

Well, it ended up with Ty, the truck driver, the spectator and Annabella, all shouting directions at once to the dog and each laughing louder than the other.

"It was her disarming simplicity and amazing capacity for the real enjoyment of simple things that caused those men to realize here was something rare to Hollywood and something they weren't going to miss," one of the "Suez" workers told me. "You know, few women in Hollywood know how to laugh or play anymore. If it's tennis or badminton or golf or hunting they take up, it's all done with a do or die attitude that actually robs the sport of all its fun."

Annabella carried that same spirit to her work, out on the back lot shouting to "Puddie" between scenes or off in a corner completely lost in some simple guessing game.

"I think," this same friend confided, "the two things about her that

appealed most strongly to Ty were her ability to know, really to know how to enjoy life, and her utter indifference of him as a star and an attractive man. She liked him, enjoyed being with him but never once by word or thought or deed did she take advantage of his obvious enjoyment of her company. This very detachment, this setting him free from the chains that had already scared him to death on more than one occasion, was the thing that really brought them together."

"I have a new game," she'd announce on the set. "It's called 'An Animal, Vegetable or Mineral'."

And Annabella would join in the laughter that rose. "It's older than the hills, Annabella," Tyrone would say, "But come on, let's play. It sounds like fun all over again."

And it was. Sometimes he'd seek her out and find her off the set with a minor member of the cast, the two romping with the dog.

It was Ty who was constantly seeking out Annabella's company. Sometimes they'd strike out for a nearby restaurant for a late dinner after a long day's shooting.

And it was then Tyrone learned, bit by bit, the story of the little French girl who wanted so badly to be a cinema star. They laughed over Annabella's story of her first little theater in the chicken coop behind the house. She told him how for years she'd worn the pictures of Mae Murray and Norma Talmadge in her locket, and how one day at school the locket fell revealing the pictures.

"They're my cousins," she lied to the strict schoolmaster.

At seventeen, she told Tyrone of slipping into a Paris studio and her joy in being cast for a bit in a picture. Her face flushed with excitement as she told of her first great success abroad in "Wings of the Morning." And then the heartache and loneliness that followed on her first Hollywood venture, when lonely and alone she made the French version of "Caravan" with Charles Boyer. "I decided after that experience I was going to learn to speak English so I could talk to people," she told him.

It was to Tyrone she first introduced her father, Monsieur Charpentier, the retired French journalist, and in company with her younger brother, the four really saw Hollywood. And Tyrone saw a new and wonderful Hollywood through the eyes of Annabella and her family. When few people in Hollywood knew Annabella's young daughter by a former marriage was here with her, it was Tyrone who showered the little French girl with gifts and attention, choosing carefully trinkets that would appeal to a young foreigner in a strange country.

Then came a memorable night when Tyrone insisted Annabella visit the famous Coconut Grove. Her short clipped bob gave her an impish loveliness as she whirled about the dance floor in Tyrone's arms. The music, the setting, the lights, all so familiar to Tyrone, took on a new beauty as he danced with this French girl in his arms. Suddenly he knew he loved her. Just in a moment he knew it.

She must have sensed some change for next day, while still as comradely and friendly as ever, she said casually, "I have written for Jean to come over. You have never met my husband."

They tried very hard both of them to fight against the thing that had happened. But it was difficult to conceal even from each other. When prominent visitors came to the set they were always led first to Tyrone.

"I want you to meet Annabella," he'd say immediately.

Jean Murat, I think, knew almost at once what had happened. Annabella's work in Hollywood and his in France had kept the two apart for so long they had almost outgrown their marriage.

Before he left for home the three had talked it out. Murat and Annabella agreed the break would eventually come anyway and so when her work in "Suez" was completed, she quietly slipped away to France to arrange for the divorce.

And still Hollywood little dreamed of the drama behind the constant unending drama of Hollywood. Ty was seen with this girl and that at various nightspots and after her work in "Suez" Hollywood forgot Annabella.

FORGOT her until the newspapers revealed the secret that had been kept in both their hearts. Immediately the studio wired both its blessings and warnings. "Don't marry until you return," they wired Tyrone, wishing him happiness at the same time.

Whether these two will marry since his return to Hollywood is problematical. Close friends of Tyrone's claim they will. Loyal South American fans who haunted the two in their journeys about the city of Rio de Janeiro are sure they will.

"Well," shrugged one Hollywood beauty, "I've always had a hunch this glamourizing business is overdone. I remember when Annabella rushed into Mr. Zanuck's office one day and begged not to be re-made Hollywood style, and Mr. Zanuck promised she could remain as she was, her own natural self. And look what it got her—only Tyrone Power, that's all."

No, I can't say Hollywood as a whole is exactly pleased over the romance. But remembering the look in Tyrone's eyes that day in the Commissary, and remembering his words, "I'm in love as I never have been before," I'd say at this moment Tyrone Power is probably the happiest man in North or South America.

When Tyrone met Annabella in Rio de Janeiro, no doubt they hoped to elude reporters, fans, people—all the white glare of publicity. It was a vain hope, of course. For Ty is a famous young man now; he is reaping the rewards of a long struggle to reach the top—and he is also reaping the drawbacks which come with those rewards. If, perhaps, he is sorry that the world is watching him, wondering, speculating—then he should think back to the days, only a few years ago, when fame was something far to seek. Remembering that, he should remind himself that he is what he made himself. And he should be glad. . . .

Next month, look behind the headlines to the Tyrone Power of yesterday, as RADIO MIRROR begins a fascinating life story of this romantic young star. His boyhood—the tragedy which shadowed his career as it was just beginning—his first love affair—read about them all in the April issue of RADIO MIRROR.

"BETTY'S REALLY BEAUTIFUL—BUT..."



"I KNOW—SHE OPENS HER MOUTH, AND FLOPPO! —WHAT SHE NEEDS IS IRIUM!"



Was My Face Red-but
IRIUM SHOWED

ME how to win sparkling bright teeth...a "come-closer" smile!

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*to erase cloudy surface-stains from teeth . . .
reveal their full pearly brilliance!*

● Want a "Come-Closer" Smile . . . a smile that makes others look the second time? Then join America's landslide to Pepsodent Tooth Powder containing IRIUM! 32 million sales prove you can't go wrong!

Why is it Pepsodent Powder *has what it takes?* That's simple . . . because only Pepsodent contains wonderful IRIUM. Never before has there been so effective a cleansing agent in *any* tooth powder!

You'll discover Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM makes teeth shine and sparkle as they naturally should! Does so quickly . . . easily . . . effectively . . . for it brushes away *masking* surface-stains—thus revealing the full natural brilliance your smile *naturally should have!*

What's more — Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM is SAFE! Contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Get Pepsodent Powder now!

**FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE
START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY
with PEPSODENT
POWDER**



ONCE UPON A TIME

BY JUDY ASHLEY

Her name was Peggy and he went to kindergarten with her—Read Meredith Willson's romantic love story

THE last column that O. O. McIntyre ever wrote—a rambling, casual essay for Sunday newspaper loiterers—chatted of a love story that the columnist held was Hollywood's most romantic: the love story of Meredith Willson, an Iowa boy who is now the orchestra leader on the star-studded Good News broadcasts Thursday nights, and his kindergarten sweetheart, who for the past eighteen years—since she was sixteen—has been Mrs. Willson.

McIntyre was attracted by Meredith Willson's story because it so closely approximated his own. In that final column, which was printed two weeks after his death, he wrote:

"Until recently I never knew of anyone who married a girl out of his kindergarten days as I did. My wife and I went through most upper grades together and I carried her books from school. She was my companion at my first dance when I wore long trousers.

"We lived within a block of each other and our grandmothers were long established friends. Also my father and her mother went to school together. Unusual, but not to compare with the record of Meredith Willson . . ."

McIntyre called it one of Hollywood's "most fascinating love stories." Even Meredith Willson and his wife—who was Peggy Wilson—concede that their own romantic story should begin "once upon a time."

The Willsons and the Wilsons lived next door in Mason City, Iowa, as long as forty years ago. Mr. Willson was the city engineer, and a Democrat. Mr. Wilson was a lawyer, and a Republican. They took politics seri-

ously in Mason City in those days. So, Mrs. Willson and Mrs. Wilson didn't belong to the same bridge club.

All of the neighbors but Mrs. Willson brought hot soup to Mrs. Wilson when young Meredith came squawling into the world. Only a few months later, the same neighbors—except Mrs. Willson—trouped to the house next door to take more hot soup and more good wishes to Mrs. Willson, whose family had just been augmented by Peggy. Who was to know that those two fledglings, who soon were sunning themselves in their perambulators within a stone's throw of one another, were to start battering at the political wall between their two families almost before they were able to walk?

Meredith thought Peggy was the prettiest girl in the block from the outset. As soon as they learned their A.B.C.'s, they decided that the best use of letters was in tree carving, and soon every tree between the schoolhouse and the Willson and Wilson homes blossomed with hearts, in which were carved for all to see: M.W.—P.W., 1910.

Their elders laughed off the whole tree-carving period as puppy love but Meredith and Peggy vowed to one another that they were engaged and Meredith hoarded his allowance for four weeks to buy Peggy a signet ring to prove it. By the time they entered high school, other people were beginning to take the affair a little seriously, too. Even the high school principal declared himself in on the secret when he called Meredith to his office for a stern reprimand.

"You must stop this mushing around the yard, Meredith," he said, wagging



● According to old superstition, the sparkle in a diamond was said to be "the fire of love"—hence the diamond was thought to keep love undimmed.

Today, the beauty of a woman's skin is more important than the size or sparkle of her engagement ring. And Italian Balm, the famous Skin Softener, is "first choice" among countless women who realize that chapped, dry, coarse-textured skin is repulsive to the eye—and withering to romance.

You'll feel the difference in your skin the minute you start using Italian Balm. It will be smoother, softer, lovelier looking. Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands—yet the cost to use is negligible, because it "goes so far." It's rich, wide-spreading—not thin or watery.

See for yourself why 98% of users interviewed said: "It acts quicker in overcoming dry, chapped, rough skin than anything I ever used before." Clip FREE coupon below.

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As he struggled to the top, Meredith always had Peggy by his side.

his finger under his pupil's frightened nose. "You're setting a bad example for the upper classmen."

But Meredith and Peggy were not to be dissuaded. There was no other boy, no other girl for either—ever.

Their first parting was misery for them both. Meredith went to New York to continue his musical studies in the Damrosch institute. Peggy, after a summer in which her chief occupation was writing long letters to Meredith, enrolled in Drake University. "Sweet sorrow" or not, this parting didn't work. Before two months of the first autumn had passed, Meredith sent Peggy a third engagement ring—with an infinitesimal diamond—and warned her that he intended to come for her in the spring, with matrimonial intentions.

While Meredith's parents snorted disdainfully of "puppy love," and Peggy's father and mother read with relief of their daughter's happy days at college—her initiation into Kappa Kappa Gamma and her preoccupation with school affairs—the two youngsters went determinedly on with their plans.

MEREDITH came back to Mason City the next August, as he had promised. He was flat broke, for his school allowance made no provision for vacation trips home. But his brother, Cedric, loaned him \$12, for license and ring, Peggy said "yes," and the two were married the next day on August 29, 1920. It was Sunday, and Peggy was wearing black "piped in blue," two signs of bad luck, but Meredith and Peggy, who weren't up on their superstitions, had too many immediate problems to worry about omens.

With their two friends for moral support, they drove to Albert Lee, Minn., where they proceeded to look for the "prettiest parsonage." It was the Methodist one.

The only thing they remember about the actual wedding service is that the minister had a cold and reeked of Smith Brothers cough drops. And that, on the way out of the house, Peggy spied the dining table set for dinner with two large and ten little chairs drawn up around it, and for some inexplicable reason—cried.

With more appetite than is generally ascribed to newlyweds, the Willsons consumed a huge chicken dinner at Albert Lee's leading hotel. Then they drove back to Mason City, where Meredith promptly delivered Peggy to her home and then drove on home himself. The wedding, they had decided, was to be kept a secret for a year.

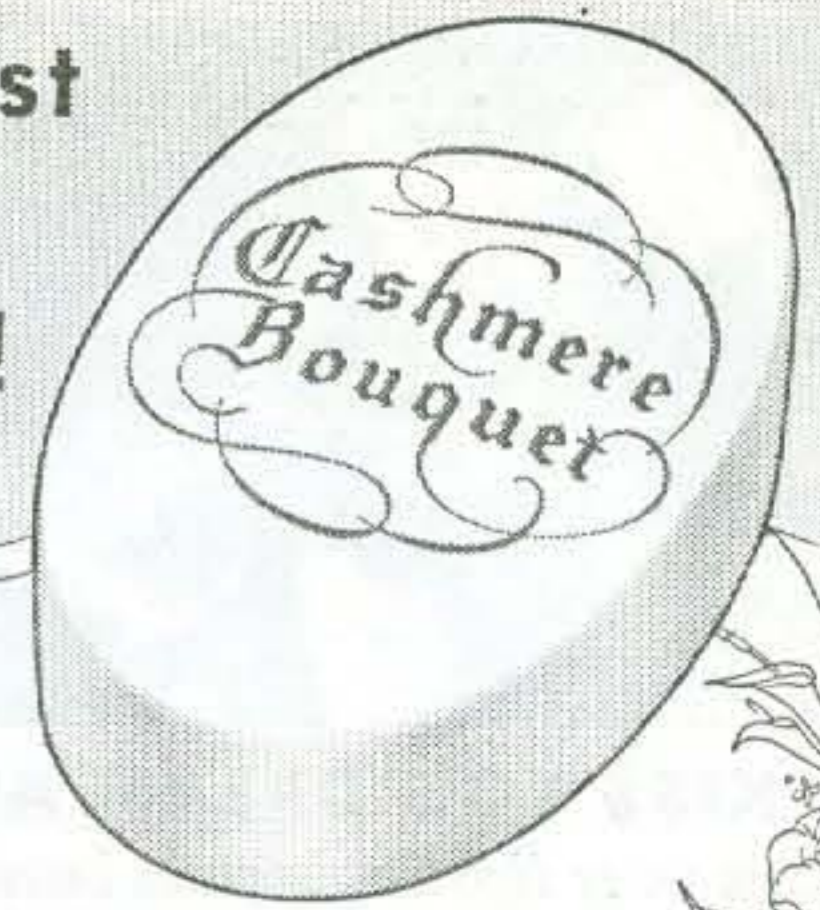
Peggy wore her plain gold "orange blossom" wedding ring on a cord around her neck—but only for a few days. By the end of the week a small crisis had arisen. The time had come for Meredith to go back to school, and he refused to budge an inch unless Peggy went with him.

So with many tears and much talk, there were confessions all around and Peggy's mother and Meredith's mother worked together for the first time since Cleveland was elected, getting Peggy's wardrobe ready for her trip to New York with her husband.

Peggy first saw New York from the windows of the McAlpin hotel. A week later, after Meredith got a job evenings playing in the orchestra in



Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!



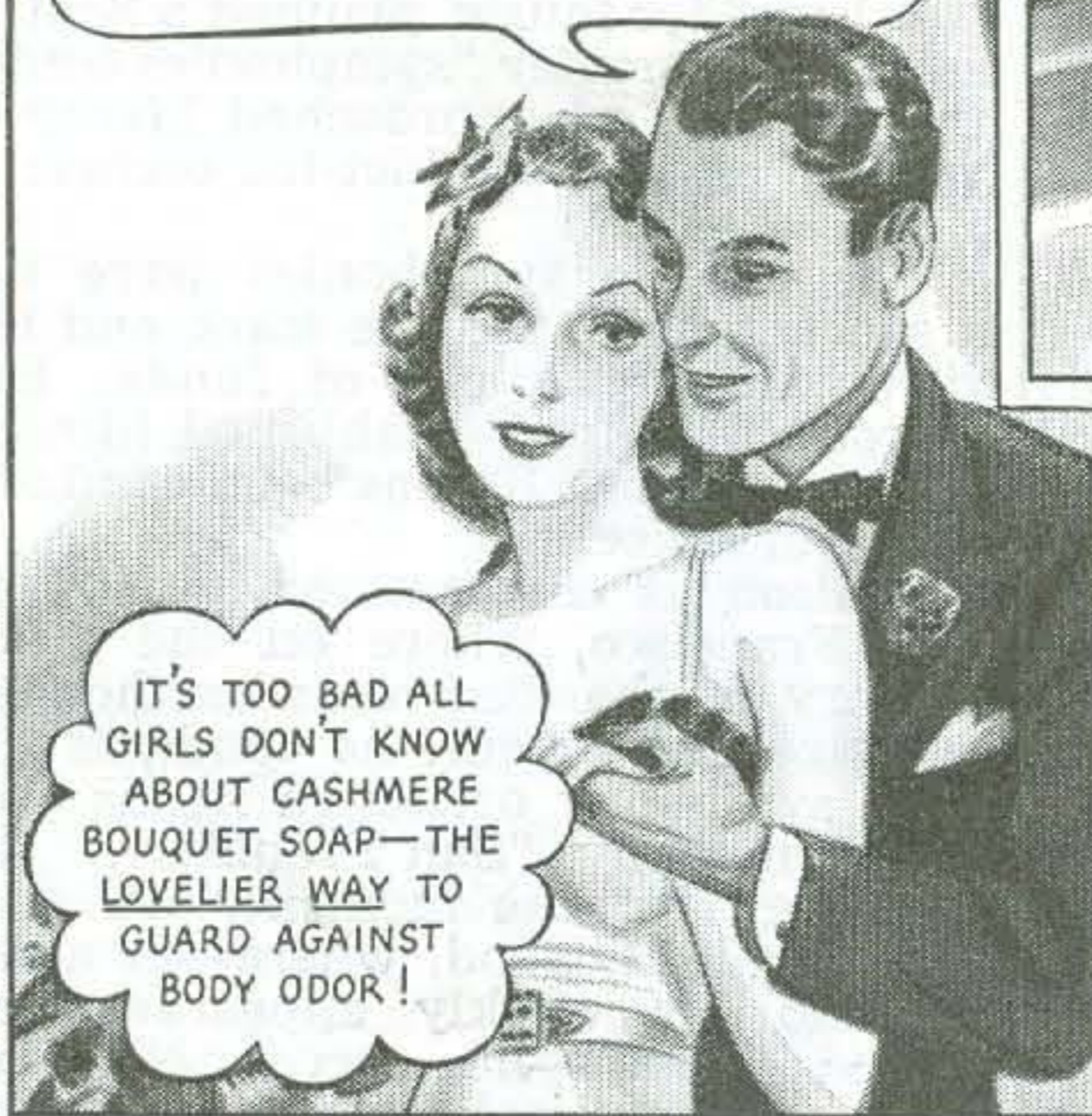
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SO, BEFORE THAT DATE, BE SURE TO BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

MEN FIND FRAGRANT SKIN SO ALLURING! THAT'S WHY I BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP. FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET'S DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR... AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER YOUR BATH IT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!



YOU'RE THE LOVELIEST THING THAT EVER CAME INTO MY LIFE! SO SWEET, SO COMPLETELY ADORABLE! SHALL WE MAKE IT A WEDDING, DARLING?



IT'S TOO BAD ALL GIRLS DON'T KNOW ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP—THE LOVELIER WAY TO GUARD AGAINST BODY ODOR!

I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!



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THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME



THE KISS YOU DREAM ABOUT!

Perhaps your lipstick stands between you and the man you love...a harsh, greasy red...that makes him think your lips themselves are hard and cold. Why not experiment...tonight...with something different?



FOR WARM, SOFT LIPS—TANGEE!

Just stroke that orange magic on. Watch it change to your shade of blush-rose... see how it makes your lips alluring, tempting...ready to kiss...and so Tangee keeps them with its protective creamy base!



MATCHED MAKE-UP, TOO. For lovely, glowing, "natural" color in your cheeks, use matching Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme...for "cameo" skin, use clinging Tangee Powder. Blondes, brunettes, redheads find Tangee gives the young, appealing look men love.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.

TANGEE World's Most Famous Lipstick *Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.



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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Flesh Rachel Light Rachel
Powder Desired Peach

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ MA39

a little theater in the Bronx, the newlyweds moved to a minute apartment on 181st Street. At first Peggy stayed home while Meredith worked, and prepared elaborate dinners from her wedding present cook book "1,000 Ways to Please a Husband." (Before her marriage her sole culinary achievement was fudge.) Then one day Peggy got lost in the subway and was a half an hour late getting home, and her anguished husband declared that she never should leave his side again. For months after that, Peggy went to the theater with Meredith every night, and sat in the front row writing long letters to her mother by the glow of Meredith's music rack light.

You may read the rest of their love story between the lines of Meredith Willson's biography in "Who's Who." The bridegroom, who had continued his musical study under Georges Barrere, the greatest flutist of his time, progressed to the point where he was chosen by the great Philip Sousa to play solo flute with his band. He left New York for three seasons on tour with Sousa, taking Peggy with him.

BACK in New York, the young musician assisted at the very birth of radio. During the earliest Lee DeForest "talking bottle" experiments, Meredith—with two other interested musicians—reported to the inventor every morning, and played scales for monotonous hour upon hour while DeForest tested one form of electrical device, and one form of insulation, after another.

Toscanini heard Meredith play, and at twenty-one the young flutist from Iowa became the youngest musician ever to play with the Philharmonic. Meredith played flute on many of the early radio programs—the Atwater Kent hour, and others. In 1926, he conducted for the first time, pacing the Howard Barlow orchestra through his own composition "Parade Fantastique." Peggy, sitting in the glassed-in listeners' booth, chewed her best linen handkerchief to threads.

In 1929, Meredith stumbled onto his big chance. A rich Westerner, with a soft heart for music, planned a Seattle season of summer "symphonies under the stars," and approached Meredith with an offer to conduct the orchestra. He accepted.

The Seattle symphonies were not a success. Rain hid the stars, and the rich backer ran out of funds. But Meredith Willson established himself as a conductor. He has been conducting ever since.

Willson is an honored citizen in San Francisco, where on the anniversary of the disastrous earthquake and fire every year, he conducts the civic symphony orchestra in his own first symphony, "San Francisco." His activities, for the moment, are centered in Hollywood, where—in addition to his weekly appearance on "Good News"—he serves NBC as west-coast musical director, and conducts his orchestra on the weekly Signal Oil Carnival broadcasts.

Peggy Willson has shared gracefully her husband's rapid rise to fame. She will have reached the thousandth recipe in "1,000 Ways to Please a Husband" when she observes her eighteenth wedding anniversary in August, and she's already ordered a "black dress piped in blue" for the anniversary party.

P.S. She has a large diamond now!



Thousands of women are changing to WINX! This finer mascara looks more natural, adds a longer, silky appearance to lashes. Gives them darker beauty, makes your eyes seem brighter. Try WINX mascara today!

Scientific laboratory tests prove WINX mascara is amazingly fine in texture.

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BIGGEST SELECTION, low prices, traditional Bastian quality—the combination that has kept Bastian out in front for 44 years. Clean cut work distinguishes Bastian Pins and Rings anywhere. Write for this new catalog today!
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WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

THE LIPTON MELODY HOUR . . .

second year for this all-musical, sponsored by Lipton's Tea on the Canadian airwaves; goes Sundays at 4:30 P.M., EST, for half-hour; stars John Biddle, Your Lipton Melody Singer, with Lydia Berezowska (pronounced Barra-zoff-ska), coloratura soprano, as assisting artist; also features the Lipton Instrumental Ensemble, under the direction of Simeon Joyce, pianist, with Blain Mathe, violinist, and Edgar Goodaire, organist; a melodic melange of favorites of yesterday and better music of today.

CLOSEUPS

John Biddle . . . inclines to the chubby side, but don't fool around with that square jaw; always a pleasant smile; works hard and has ideas; is never satisfied with anything short of perfection; started life 28 years ago in Toronto; educated at Upper Canada College and University of Toronto; always kept his eye on musical career; studied at Toronto Conservatory of Music, under Edoardo Ferrari Fontana, internationally famous tenor; worked for while for uncle, Gordon Thompson, music publisher; little lady by name of Lydia Berezowska was his secretary; achieved ambition by hopping off to New York; continued musical studies there with Enrico Rosati, teacher of Gigli and Lauri-Volpi; after concert work, chiefly as concert soloist for Choral Art Society of Brooklyn, became tenor soloist



Lydia Berezowska sings on CBC's Lipton Melody Hour on Sundays.

at Christ Methodist Episcopal Church, Park Avenue; returned to Toronto as soloist for Bloor street United church; I predict you'll be hearing the name of John Biddle more and more in next few years; favorite relaxation is reading.

Lydia Berezowska . . . it's a good Ukrainian name, but let's have subtitle: "She Married Her Boss"; yep, romance crept into music publishing business, and Lydia has been Mrs. John Biddle quite a spell; she's tiny, but like a ball of fire on rol-

ler-skates; packs more vitality than half-dozen other people and it shows in her singing; born in Winnipeg 27

years ago; father is Rev. John Bodrug, first Ukrainian Protestant minister in North America; was smart girl, winning three scholarships for all-round proficiency in high school; musical career has paralleled husband's, speaks six languages fluently; also studied in New York, earning her living as secretary while running scales, until she and John decided to make it a life sentence; played lead in first Ukrainian moving-picture ever made in America, "Natalka Poltava," now completing world showing.

I FORGOT WHO TOLD ME BUT . . . Herb May, ace announcer with "Happy Gang," now on West Coast with Columbia Broadcasting System's KNX; place now taken on "Happy Gang" by Hugh Bartlett, from out of Vancouver. . . . Dorothy Alt, former CBC beauty, re-signed by Horlick's Hour in England for another thirteen weeks, upon completion of first thirteen; lucky number, Dot?; also going on tour of English provinces with vaudeville unit; Warner Brothers said to have an eye on her for future film! . . . CBC Shakespearean series went over well; stars like Walter Huston, Raymond Massey, Cedric Hardwicke, Walter Hampden, Margaret Anglin, Maurice Evans, appeared for good old CBC and fared mightily; series directed by Charles Warburton, who did same chore for NBC couple of seasons back.

AUNTIE...IS BAD BREATH CATCHING?

OF COURSE NOT, SALLY! WHY DO YOU ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?

WELL, WHEN I GROW UP, I WANNA HUSBAND! SO I DON'T WANNA CATCH YOUR BREATH, AUNTIE MAY!

MY BREATH!

UH-HUH. 'CAUSE DADDY SAYS BAD BREATH IS WHY YOU AREN'T MARRIED. AN' HE SAYS MAMA SHOULD TELL YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST!

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

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

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S

IS HE REALLY GOING TO BE YOUR HUSBAND, AUNTIE MAY?

YES, SALLY, I REALLY AM!

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

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

Love is Blind to Failure

(Continued from page 22)

of humiliation and a recurring fear of failure which dogged a popular star who suddenly lost all faith in himself. It is contained, too, in the story of a tiny brunette who wouldn't let her man down.

It all began that night, two years ago, when the stage-hands were knocking down the big tent in which the monster musical show "Jumbo" had been housed during its long run.

Don sat alone in his dressing room for many hours after the last performance. He sat alone thinking. He was thinking . . . my voice cracked on the high note in that third act finale . . . it's raspy now . . . singing while riding bareback around a circus ring is a strain . . . the horses' hooves kick up a cloud of dust and my throat is parched . . . probably ruined forever . . . can't sing the way I used to . . . can't sing . . . Migod, is my voice shot for good . . . what next, if anything . . .

FOR the first time since headlines flashed his name across the country as the winner of the Atwater Kent contest seven years ago, Don was out of a job. Didn't think he could find another; didn't know where to look.

It would be good to lay off for a while—go away for a real vacation—sun and sleep and fresh air.

But Don had lost track of his friends. "Jumbo" had run for half a year. Before that for three months, he had been in rehearsal—song and script routines, plus two hours a day with "Poodles" Hanaford learning how to stay on his feet on the back of a horse in motion.

He could think of no one to telephone. The mailman had left a letter. Don knew from the postmark that it came from his former wife. Julietta was getting impatient about her \$600 check for a month's alimony. Marriage cost a lot—when it was over.

New York just then seemed very large to Don. A few months ago it had been an oyster—his oyster. Tonight, Don could think of only one person in the whole great city who would have a friendly smile for him, and he couldn't see her. Dorothy Bradshaw, the little chorus girl who had understudied "Jumbo's" leading lady, was far across the city in a hospital bed beginning a slow convalescence after a desperate fight with double pneumonia.

Don called the hospital, and asked after Dorothy. "Doing as well as could be expected," a crisp nurse's voice answered. "No, no visitors." Don put down the receiver, unsatisfied.

"Locking up, sir, shall I leave you a key?" the doorman's voice came through the thin partition.

"No . . . no," said Don. "I was just going."

That was the last New York saw of Don for a long time. People wondered for a while—then forgot all about him.

But, living quietly in Florida, Don found little of the peace he had expected. Strain and overwork had thinned him from 158 to 129 pounds. Worries, large and imagined, damned his sleep.

It was only when Dorothy Bradshaw joined her family in West Palm Beach that serenity came to him. Together, they fished and swam and laughed. Life began to look better to



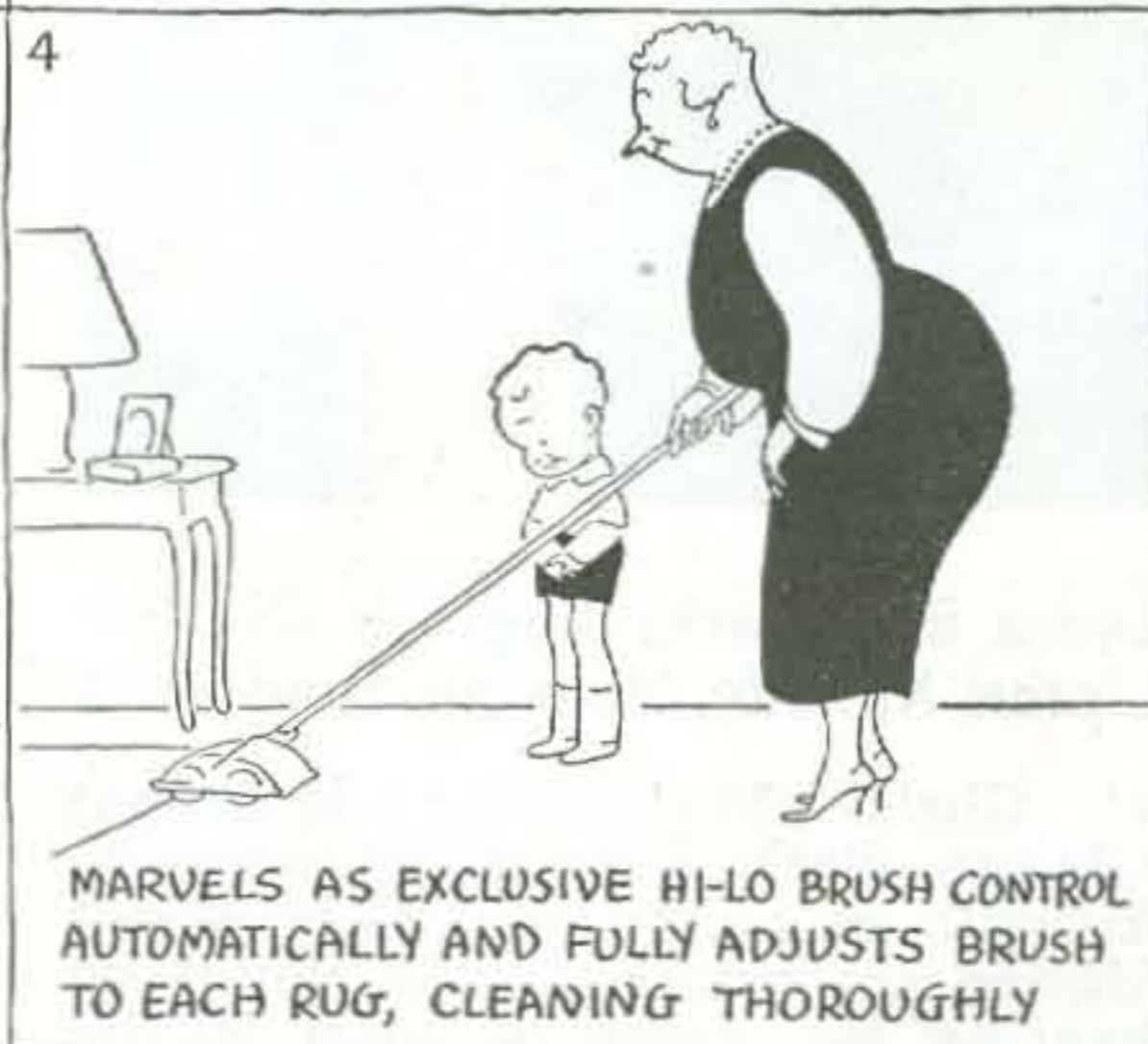
AWAITING GUESTS, DISCOVERS JUNIOR PLAYING RUBBISH MAN! NO TIME TO VACUUM—CLEAN AGAIN



REMEMBERS THAT HER TRUSTY BISSELL SWEEPER WHISKS UP LITTER QUICKLY AND EASILY



TELLS JUNIOR HOW BISSELL BRUSH-CLEANER KEEPS BRUSH IN LINT-FREE PERFECT SWEEPING CONDITION



MARVELS AS EXCLUSIVE HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL AUTOMATICALLY AND FULLY ADJUSTS BRUSH TO EACH RUG, CLEANING THOROUGHLY



THANKFUL FOR BISSELL FOR DAILY CLEAN-UPS—AND CAN SAVE VACUUM CLEANER FOR PERIODIC CLEANING

See the new "streamlined" Bissells
\$3.95 to \$7.50 at your dealer's

\$6⁹⁵

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Since 1876—the World's Leading Sweeper
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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Do you know that Abraham Lincoln was an honorary citizen of the Republic of San Marino? You will find this and hundreds of other interesting facts, with illustrations, in our latest almanac, "FAMOUS STAMPS AND THEIR STORIES". This almanac is recognized everywhere as the most instructive, interesting and fascinating work of its kind, worthy of a permanent place in your library. It is so universally admired that collectors look forward to it each year. It is now available at NO CHARGE to stamp collectors. We will mail it FREE together with a trial selection of stamps "ON APPROVAL" to responsible persons.

GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY
268-4th Ave., New York City, Dept. 221

I DO HALF DAYS IRONING in 1 hour

Says Mrs. R. C. Shelley of Virginia.

WOMEN are amazed at easy, fast, cool ironing with the new Streamlined Diamond. Self-heating, instant heat control, triple pointed base, heat-proof rosewood handle, Rust-proof CHROMIUM finish for lifetime service. No tiring hot stove work or dangerous cords—Burns 96% AIR, only 4% kerosene (coal oil). It actually IRONS FAMILY WASHING for 1 CENT!

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL! Enjoy Diamond Ironing for a month at our risk. Write for full particulars of Trial offer!

Akron Lamp & Mfg. Co.
375 Iron St., Akron, Ohio

BURNS 96% AIR

AGENTS: \$8.00, \$10, \$14 A DAY being made. Write at once.

contains Vitamin A

SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP

Smith Bros. Cough Syrup contains Vitamin A. This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

6 Oz. Bottle Only 60¢

Don, and he began to think more hopefully of the career he thought was no more.

Hating to leave Dorothy, but believing New York to be the city of greatest opportunity at the moment, Don returned to Gotham.

That started a series of transcontinental chases after will-of-the-wisp opportunities which were to constitute the period of his greatest travail.

It was summer in New York when he hit the town and most of the big radio programs had gone off the air for the season. Night clubs were running with a skeleton force during the slow period. After a hopeless month pursuing agents, Don gave up and decided to try his luck in Hollywood.

It was a game try—but it didn't work. Then he heard of a job he might get in Chicago.

Don hurried there, and sang for six weeks in the Drake Hotel.

When that brief engagement expired, it was the same story all over again. "Nothing doing yet, old man. . . Try us again. . . Awfully sorry. . ."

That started the old Fear all over again. His voice was gone, then. No one wanted him. At night, worried, tired and discouraged, he tried to coax a difficult high note from his throat.

Don decided on another stab at Hollywood. In spite of the substantial salary he had earned in the past six years, there was little money left now. Most of it had been frittered away in expensive litigations, in alimony and in costly Broadway fun.

In California, there were still the monthly alimony obligations to be met. There was the "front"—Frankenstein of downgrade performers—to be

kept up. By making electrical transcriptions, and singing occasionally in church choirs, he managed to pay his bills—but there was little left for his own living expenses.

Strange, isn't it, how we sometimes have an inner sense which warns us of trouble or anxiety on the part of those dear to us. Don had written cheerful letters to Dorothy all along—letters filled with lies.

"But I knew they were all words," Dorothy told me. "I knew, without Don revealing by so much as one word, that he needed me. So," she ended simply, "I went to him."

She and her mother, who had made the trip with her, tried all the subtle tricks known to womanhood to make Don feel important again—prevent him from feeling the humiliation of his new poverty.

No, Dorothy didn't feel like dancing. It's so much nicer sitting here on the porch in the quiet California dusk, don't you think so, dear? . . . Brown Derby? Oh, you must sample Mother's new pudding. She's so proud of it . . . she'd feel hurt if you didn't try it. We'll dine out some other time, darling. . . .

Dorothy worked as a film extra, but marriage had been waiting until Don earned some money. One day, he fished into his pocket, drew out the last remaining dollars he had; carefully counted them.

"Just enough for a plane trip to Phoenix and back, and a few dollars left for the minister. What do you say, darling?"

Dorothy nodded. And so they were married.

After their return to Hollywood, Dorothy financed the new household

for a couple of days. On the third day of their marriage—a rainy Saturday—the two took stock of their finances. Dorothy had \$10. Don was to earn \$20 the following morning, singing at a small church in Glendale.

Fortified with their \$30, they blithely went on a wedding trip to Carmel.

Impractical? Of course! But Dorothy wanted to restore her husband's old happy-go-lucky Irish personality. She knew that he would never be able to recapture the light, lilting quality in his voice unless he rid himself of the heaviness in his heart, the anxiety in his mind.

THE "cure" was an accomplished fact when a West Coast oil company engaged him for their radio program. Things happened quickly after that. His lyrical tenor, silvery and smoother than it ever was before, attracted the attention of the sponsors of the Fibber McGee program and he was immediately signed up as singing star of the popular Chicago program.

You can hear the new happiness in Don's voice. "It's there for good now," says Don, beaming at the girl who is responsible for it.

Don can remember just one day in his life when he was as happy as he is today.

"When you won the Atwater Kent contest?" It was the obvious answer.

"No," replied Don. "I was scrubbing deck on a tramp steamer. Without realizing it, I was singing at my work and suddenly the mate hurtled out of the passageway and bore down on me, livid with rage."

"How dare you?" he hissed, "how dare you play my John McCormack records?"

Can you dance 1 HOUR AND 34 MINUTES without tiring?



**ENERGY TESTS
with
BABY RUTH**

By actual calorimetric tests, an active adult weighing 120 lbs., can dance continuously for 1 hour and 34 minutes on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth candy.

Lively people are gay, interesting partners in every kind of activity. Their energy lends them charm and personality. The energy of the body comes chiefly from Dextrose, which is the primary "fuel" sugar of the body.

Baby Ruth candy, so pure and delicious, is rich in Dextrose—rich in real food energy. You'll enjoy Baby Ruth—and you'll find it helps you to forestall fatigue.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OTTO SCHNERING, President

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember
BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY
FOR ENERGY!



Are the Odds too Great?

(Continued from page 31)

Put Yourself in this Picture



The Invisible Way! Fibs, the Kotex Tampon with new exclusive features, really solves the problem of days when less protection is needed. More comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.



Quilting—so Important! Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—keeps the soft cotton sides in place—thus increasing comfort and lessening the possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert.



Yes, Fibs Cost Less! . . . only 25c for a full dozen. Try them next time. Mail coupon now for trial supply FREE.



*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

FIBS—Room 1405, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. **FREE!**

Please send me FREE trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

things you suggest, Honey," he said. "I won't let you. After all no name was mentioned. And you can't admit you're the girl he's talking about, obvious as it is that you are."

"But Herbie," she said lamely, for it's never been her way to question his wisdom, "why don't you speak then, explain you suggested Randy take me out evenings because I was growing sick with loneliness for you!"

He laughed, a choked little laugh that hurt her heart. "Don't be naive like that," he said. "It makes me love you too much when I'm far away."

"It doesn't matter what they say, funnyface! You and I know how things are!"

YOU and I know how things are. . .

Herb Kay could say that. For all their lives together he and Dorothy have been building confidence. Take, from a hundred other times, the night Dorothy went to the hospital. "Appendicitis," the doctor said. "We must operate at once." Dorothy pleaded for a day or two. She would go to the hospital on Sunday night, directly after the Chase and Sanborn broadcast. She couldn't miss that. "You might not live that long," the doctor answered over his shoulder while he called the hospital, engaged an anaesthetist, and reserved the operating room.

The nurse had the hypodermic ready. Strange how unimportant it seemed that she must miss the broadcast now. But then nothing was any longer urgent. Only one mental bumblebee disturbed her floating sense of peace. She must call Herb. San Antonio, that's where he was this week. She must tell him she would be all right. She mustn't let him worry.

"I'm coming to you," he told her. "The band can get along without me. I'll fly! Okay?"

"Okay," Dorothy said sleepily. "Okay!"

They had promised each other they would not fly. Dorothy's father was killed in a crash. But at a time like this that promise could be put aside.

"C-A-V-U." Dorothy was back in her room, coming out of the anaesthetic. "C-A-V-U. C-A-V-U." She said it over and over and over.

"It doesn't make sense to me," a doctor said. "She still must be groggy."

An interne stood by. "It's a flying term, sir," he said. "For perfect air conditions. Means 'Ceiling and Visibility Unlimited'."

Exactly! Herb was in the air. Even in her semi-conscious state Dorothy knew this. So that was how she hoped it was out there.

It is such close things, the very roots of a marriage, that news sleuths know nothing about. Their speculations must be based on what they see in places like the Trocadero, in Clubs Stork and Clover and 21. And their surmises are influenced, of course, by their constant need for exciting news. The pity of it is that their paragraphs and comments sometimes influence the very break-ups they describe prematurely.

Dorothy knows this.

"Let one suspicion or doubt be insinuated between a couple," she says, "and their marriage has a crack in it;

it's less able to withstand any pressure.

"I stopped going out with Randy. He didn't take that comment about us seriously and Herb didn't. So no harm was done. And it seemed a good plan to quit before it was. Besides I knew Herb couldn't help but find all the talk that comment started as embarrassing as I would have found it in his place."

Whereupon this item was published: Dorothy Lamour and Randy Scott just smile across the dance floor in Hollywood's night spot since their mutual studio asked them not to be seen together so often.

It wasn't long after this that Dorothy discovered she would have almost two weeks to herself after one picture was finished before she would have to give time to fittings and the preliminaries of starting on another.

"And," she told Herb over the telephone one night, "if I can get off the Sunday program that comes in between I'll be in New York with you."

Now anything she did or didn't do was important. The news hounds were on her trail. And one Broadway columnist wrote:

Dorothy Lamour and hubby, Herb Kay, will soon be vacationing in New York together just to show gossips they are thataway about each other.

She arrived in New York early one Friday morning. A gentleman from Paramount's press department was at the train to meet her. So were a dozen news photographers. She was as cooperative as she always is. She did everything but get into a sarong. She posed with her luggage. She smiled. She boarded the train and stepped off again, a porter in her wake, while the cameras clicked.

PLEASE, she said, "isn't that enough?" And because there is still a whisper of her native New Orleans in her speech and her eyes are melting and she already had given them more shots than most stars pose for they agreed to let her go. Which was just as well, for in the same moment she saw Herb Kay come through the gate and stride down the dark platform. She ran to him and his arms locked about her.

"And," says the gentleman from Paramount's press department whom I've known for years for an old cynic, "I tell you there wasn't one man among us felt he had any right to be there. They're so young and so in love, those two, that they don't know how much they're showing. I started blustering at the boys to pick up their cameras and scam and they started telling me where I got off. Just because we all were so—well, embarrassed. I wouldn't go as far as to say it was like something sacred. You get the raspberry when you pull anything like that on Broadway. But it's what I think, just the same."

Dorothy reported to the Paramount offices late that same afternoon. For movie stars, like soldiers, are subject to orders even when they are on leave. All the radio and motion picture editors and writers and critics in New York wanted to see her. The publicity department was prepared to fill every hour of her stay with important appointments.

"She made me BOIL... with her know-it-all air!"



How Helen raised her baby by up-to-date methods while living with an old-fashioned aunt!

"You ask the impossible," she said. "I haven't seen my husband in six months."

They compromised on a cocktail party at which she would meet the press en masse. She arrived at that party wearing a simple black dress, a silver fox coat not at all simple, and a hat with a big rose plopped in the middle of its high crown and big chenille dots of cyclamen color on her veil. Women watched her discreetly under lowered eyelids. Men pushed and grinned and stared, frankly admiring.

For a few minutes Dorothy and I were alone in a little ante-room. I expected to find her bitter about the attitude of the press, but she was instead patient and reasonable.

"Herb and I don't make sense to ourselves," she said. "So I don't see how we possibly could to others. And it's only human nature for people to mistrust what they don't understand."

"It's all right to talk about a long distance marriage keeping romance and excitement alive. It ought to do something, certainly, for it cheats you out of the important things—the deeply rooted friendship and the day by day companionship which, as I see it, should be a marriage's core."

NEITHER Herb nor I are in favor of things the way they are. And we're taking steps right now to change them, even if this necessitates a material sacrifice. And perhaps when we get our lives straightened out so that we can live like a normal married couple, the press will get their point of view about us straightened out too."

Herb came in, tall and handsome. Their hands clasped, casually. Then as if to make up for this concession to good manners and reserve each gave the other a little squeeze. They had been separated only a few hours, but they had a dozen things to tell each other. And Dorothy never took her eyes off Herb and Herb never took his eyes off Dorothy, except to look at me and check that I was as admiring of the other as I should be. I wouldn't have been in the least surprised if either or both of them had burst into that old song "I can fancy me fancying you; but fancy you fancying me!"

"Find out what has happened to Dorothy Lamour's marriage," the editor of RADIO MIRROR told me. And I'm glad to report that it is doing miraculously well under the circumstances. Dorothy and Herb hate the constant separation, the speculation of columnists and reporters, the frequent rumors of marital discord. They hate all this, and they have decided to take steps to put an end to it, even—as Dorothy hinted—if it means the sacrifice of her career. They know they are fighting an unequal battle in trying to combine marriage with two busy careers. All this is true. But it is also true that they love each other deeply, passionately—and they're going to hold onto that love.



AUNT: Now Helen, if I were you—
HELEN: But Aunty, we've been over that a million times already. I know exactly how to handle the baby... even if he is my first.



AUNT: Tush! You're mollicoddling the child, and you know it. Why in *our* time children grew up without all this fiddle-faddle.



HELEN: Times have changed, Aunty. Our doctor says that today children should get *special care... special food, special clothes.* Yes, even a *special laxative!*
AUNT: What! A special laxative for babies?



HELEN: Of course! Doesn't it stand to reason? After all, Bobby's only 7 months. His tiny system is still delicate. Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a mild, gentle laxative, one made especially for a baby's needs?



HELEN: That's why the doctor said to give him Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's the modern laxative made *ONLY* for children. It's on the *SAFE* side... has no harsh "adult" drugs. It works mostly in the lower bowel and won't disturb his tummy.



AUNT: Well, he certainly takes it willingly enough. I'll say that much.
HELEN: He ought to. The doctor says Fletcher's Castoria has a *grand* taste... Isn't it wonderful to know we're giving Bobby a laxative that's so dependable?

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Haddock. 2. Malleable. 3. Asinine. 4. Accommodate. 5. Reminiscent. 6. Antecedents. 7. Femininity. 8. Misstatements. 9. Rendezvous. 10. Lentils. 11. Ante. 12. Diphtheria. 13. Romanticize. 14. Conciliatory. 15. Vacillating. 16. Acidulous. 17. Mica. 18. Desecrate. 19. Vassalage. 20. Cravenette.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and **ONLY** for children

The Eddie Cantor Broadcast You Never Heard

(Continued from page 21)

just made a killing in the stock market, and I was on my way out to Long Island with my wife to show her a big surprise. . . .

(The orchestra begins to play "Just a Love Nest" very softly.)

EDDIE: Here it is, Ida—how do you like it?

IDA: Eddie! Why—it's wonderful!

EDDIE: Yes, darling . . . look at it. . . . Ten acres, fourteen rooms, a five car garage. . . . And Ida—NOBODY WILL EVER TAKE IT AWAY FROM US! (The music stops abruptly.) And Walter—nobody has!

KING: I see, Eddie—that started the "Trying-to-sell-your-house" joke.

EDDIE: That's right. . . . And because the house was so expensive, two years after the crash we moved back to the Bronx, into one of those twelve-family apartment houses.

KING: Twelve families? It must have been a big building.

EDDIE: What do you mean, building? Twelve families in one apartment!

KING: Times certainly must have been bad.

EDDIE: Bad? The landlord was on relief! In the winter we almost froze in that place—everybody complained but the couple in the apartment above us.

KING: They didn't complain at all?

EDDIE: No, but every now and then you'd hear them scream. First he'd scream, then she'd scream. I found out later they were giving each other the hotfoot to keep warm! . . . Of course, Walter, things are much better with me now, so let's not complain. No more gloomy thoughts! Everybody sit back and listen to your radios now, and have a good time.

(But Eddie shouldn't have said that, because it was just the kind of opening to rile Mr. Guffy. If you haven't met Mr. Guffy before, he's Eddie's new stooge—who reads an insulting meaning into the most innocent remark and goes around the world with a perpetual chip on his shoulder. And, as usual, he's in a bad temper now.)

MR. GUFFY: Oh, I gotta listen to the radio, huh? My phonograph's no good—I should throw it out?

EDDIE: No, Mr. Guffy—I didn't tell you to throw it out. Keep it.

MR. GUFFY: That's fine! Everybody's up to date with a radio, but I've gotta stay home with a broken down phonograph and spend a fortune for needles.

EDDIE: Who's telling you to spend money? Don't buy any needles.

MR. GUFFY: I should grow 'em in the garden like radishes, huh?

EDDIE: Listen, Mr. Guffy, I didn't start this. And please stop growling.

MR. GUFFY: Now I'm a dog. Go ahead—throw me a hunk of liver.

EDDIE: (Very, very politely.) I wouldn't throw you any liver, Mr. Guffy.

MR. GUFFY: Oh, so you're gonna make me sit up and beg for it?

EDDIE: Beg for what? Eat all the liver you want. Eat steak, chicken, lamb chops, veal.

MR. GUFFY: Just as I thought. I can't have Canadian bacon.

EDDIE: Have it. Go on and eat Canadian bacon.

MR. GUFFY: How do you like that? He knows it makes me sick.

EDDIE: Why do I deserve this?

Haven't I any rights? I'm an American citizen!

MR. GUFFY: That is the dirtiest insinuation I ever heard. I'm no citizen, huh? I couldn't vote last election day, huh?

EDDIE: Who said you couldn't? Not me! As far as I'm concerned, you voted—you voted—you voted!

MR. GUFFY: Three times, huh? You say I cheated?

EDDIE: No. Mr. Guffy, no—you didn't cheat, you didn't vote three times.

MR. GUFFY: Oh, five days I spent in jail for nothing. I stayed there because I liked it.

EDDIE: I never said that—nobody likes jails. I wouldn't care if they didn't have any jails.

MR. GUFFY: My father should be homeless, huh?

EDDIE: No. . . . What home? Who voted? Canadian bacon—how did this whole thing commence? Do me a favor—go home and play your phonograph and your records.

MR. GUFFY: Something new now. I gotta quit my work—stop supporting a wife and eleven children—to sit home and play a phonograph. What's a matter with you playing it?

EDDIE: All right, I'll play it. Wait a minute—what am I doing with your phonograph? Where did I get your phonograph?

MR. GUFFY: (In great triumph.) Ah hah! That you'll tell to the police!

EDDIE: All right, I'll tell the police! I'm gonna tell the police!

MR. GUFFY: A stool pigeon! Get me Dewey! (And he runs out, spluttering with rage, madder than when he came in.)

EDDIE: Whew! Now that that's over, let's have something really good. . . . England has partly paid back her debt to America by sending us tonight her favorite son and our adopted son—Leslie Howard!

LESLIE: Eddie, I came all the way from England to congratulate you! It's amazing—eight years in radio and you're still on the Chase and Sanborn program.



Meet Peggy Zinke, actress on Mutual's Famous Jury Trials.



SO PRESENTLY-
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Well! They voted Beeman's absolutely IT in fresh, zippy flavor. And they voted me President! Said my choice of Beeman's proved my good taste.

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

EDDIE: No, Leslie. This is sponsored by Camel cigarettes. I'm not on the Chase and Sanborn program any more.

LESLIE: Then who is that chap who sits on Edgar Bergen's lap?

EDDIE: That's Charlie McCarthy—I'm Eddie Cantor.

LESLIE: Remarkable resemblance! Isn't Dorothy Lamour on that same program?

EDDIE: Why, yes, she is.

LESLIE: And Bergen has Charlie McCarthy sit on his lap? (He shakes his head dismally.) Stupid fellow, that Bergen! . . . I say, Eddie, did I say something funny?

EDDIE: No—I was just thinking about when I saw you in "Romeo and Juliet"—how you looked in those tights. Oh, those legs!

LESLIE: Wait a minute, Eddie, you can't kid me about my physique. You know, yours is nothing to rave about. You're very fortunate that television isn't here.

EDDIE: All right, Leslie, you've had a good time insulting me.—I've got somebody who'll fix you, and fix you good. Hey, Mad Russian, I want you to meet Leslie Howard—he just came over from England.

RUSSIAN: A foreigner!

EDDIE: Oh stop, Russian—Mr. Howard is an actor. Give the Russian a line from Shakespeare, Leslie, to prove it.

LESLIE: "To be, or not to be, that is the question."

RUSSIAN: What's the answer?

LESLIE: The answer? Why—"To be, or not to be" . . . that's the answer.

RUSSIAN: Before, you said it was the question! Why do you keep changing your mind?

LESLIE: Well, it isn't really a question or an answer—you see, it's a quotation from Shakespeare.

RUSSIAN: Boy, is that Shakespeare mixed up! Why don't we bring him here and let him straighten this out?

LESLIE: But, Mr. Russian—Shakespeare is dead.

RUSSIAN: Shakespeare's dead! One day if you don't read the papers you don't know what's happening! Somebody bumped him off?

LESLIE: You don't understand. Shakespeare was a famous writer who lived in Europe, and died naturally.

EDDIE: Excuse me, Leslie, but you read that wrong. You should have said: "Shakespeare was a famous writer who lived in Europe—and naturally, he died!"

LESLIE: I rather fancy that line, Eddie. I'd like to use it in my next picture.

RUSSIAN: You can't—I already used it in my last one!

LESLIE: I didn't know you made a picture.

RUSSIAN: Yes, I made one in Russia—it was released in 1933.

EDDIE: Who was the producer?

RUSSIAN: I don't know—he won't be released until 1940! (And, since he knows he won't ever be released if anybody catches him, the Mad Russian runs off).

EDDIE: Well, Leslie, how do you like our Mad Russian?

LESLIE: Very funny indeed. He wasn't around the last time I was here.

EDDIE: Lots of things have happened since you were here. For instance, in Washington, eighty-one Senators have lost their seats.

LESLIE: Really? How awfully uncomfortable!

So Smart!
So Parisienne!



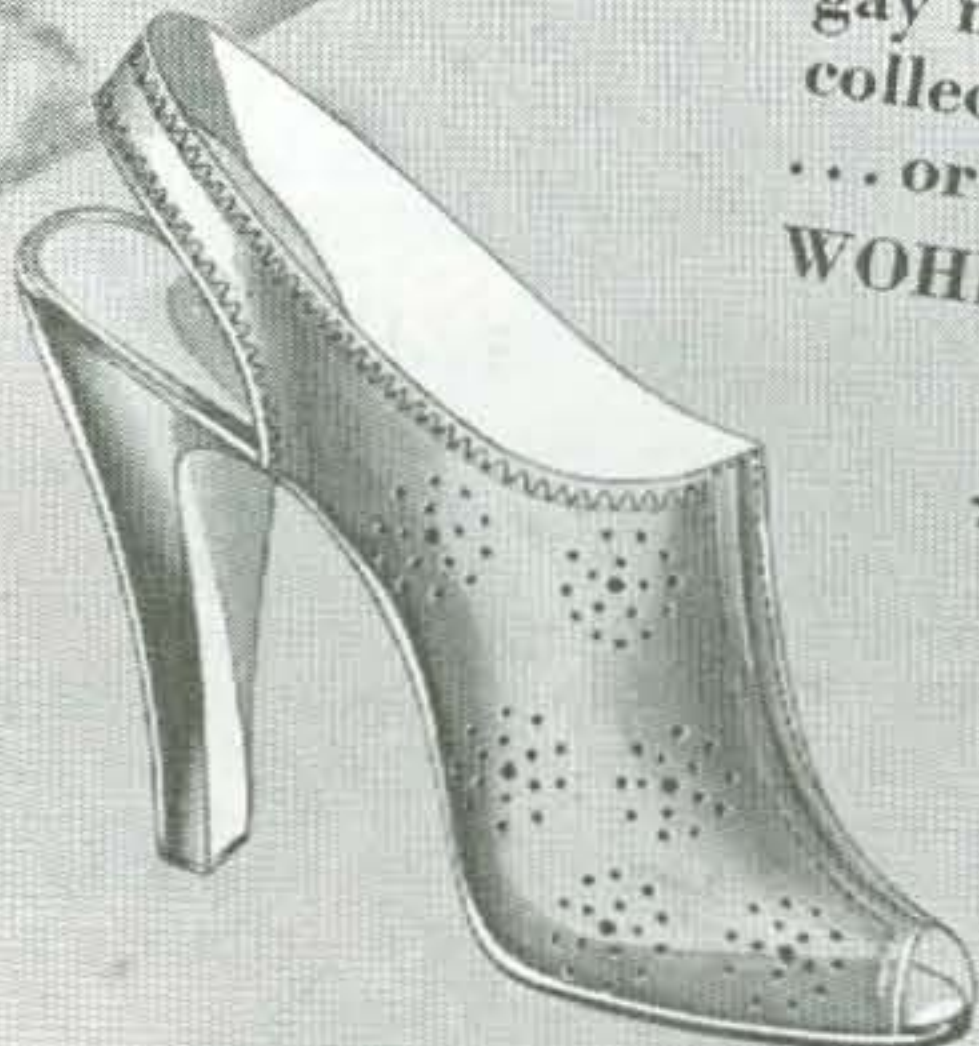
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EDDIE: And I'll bet you didn't know that right now we're having an epidemic of Jitterbugs. You should see those boys throw the girls around—ten, twelve, fifteen feet in the air.

LESLIE: Oh, not that high, Eddie.

EDDIE: Honestly! Last week in a Brooklyn ballroom, a fellow threw his girl right out of the dance hall into the front room of her home next door. Her father was sitting right there, reading the paper.

LESLIE: Was he very angry?

EDDIE: Oh no, he just looked up and said, "Well, this is the first time you got in before midnight in three years!"

LESLIE: Edward, that's not a dance they do. It sounds more like a nervous breakdown set to music.

EDDIE: Leslie, you could never get the English people to do these dances.

LESLIE: Why not? What's wrong with the youth of England? We have the equivalent to your Mickey Rooney.

EDDIE: Who?

LESLIE: George Arliss!

EDDIE: Oh well, forget swing for a minute. Another thing that's happened that you must know about—the King and Queen of England are coming to visit the White House here.

LESLIE: Yes, I know about that.

EDDIE: I understand while they're here, there's going to be another visitor at the White House—Mrs. Roosevelt. Yes, she's going to drop in for a visit.

LESLIE: I read in the paper yesterday that there's very little room in the White House—it might be a little too crowded for their Majesties.

EDDIE: (*Cunningly — he's busy hatching a dark plot. But he tries to sound casual.*) Leslie, you can make yourself a big man with their Majesties by getting them a large house and letting them live in it while they're here.

LESLIE: (*Innocently.*) Where can I get a house?

EDDIE: Where can he get a house? Where can he get a house?

LESLIE: I might do it at that . . . Will you help me find a place?

EDDIE: Well, I'm quite busy and all that, Les—but for a friend I'd *put myself out*.

LESLIE: Of course, I'd like a place somewhere in California—climate and all that, you know.

EDDIE: Does it—does it *have* to be in California?

LESLIE: Oh yes—but definitely.

EDDIE: Well, that kind of takes the wind out of my sails—or at least it's crippled *one* sale. I figured maybe you'd like something on Long Island.

LESLIE: (*Airily.*) Oh, if you're referring to that haunted house of yours in Great Neck—forget it, old boy.

EDDIE: Well, of course, if you can't recognize a bargain when you see one, there's nothing more to be said. . . . It's been nice having you here again, Leslie—and I hope to have you here every time I celebrate an anniversary.

LESLIE: Thanks, Eddie, but it might be very embarrassing.

EDDIE: Embarrassing? How?

LESLIE: Well, one year I'll be ready to go on—and you won't have a program on which to—

EDDIE: Good night, Leslie! . . . And good night, ladies and gentlemen, until next week. Meanwhile, when you're out driving—remember that the bottle and the throttle don't mix. If you must have alcohol with you, put it in the radiator, not the body. And so—until next week—goodbye!



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 205 East 42nd Street,
 New York, N. Y.

Moment of Heartbreak

(Continued from page 15)

actually did play both parts.

And even some of us who saw her give the performance wondered if we could trust our own eyes.

With the single exception of Orson Welles' freak broadcast, Bette achieved the most outstanding and the most controversial radio-drama performance in the year 1938. She gives full and generous credit to Director Bill Bacher, of the Texaco program, who found the sketch and directed all the rehearsals but the final one, directed by Max Reinhardt.

For his initial presentation on Texaco's new program, Bacher had searched exhaustively for a dramatic script that would be nothing short of sensational. He had Bette Davis, America's number one emotional actress, to find it for—and Bette is celebrated for having turned down more scripts than any other six professionals in the business. It has to be good or she won't even read beyond the first page—and Bette is politely but firmly discriminating.

BILL BACHER found his sketch. The title was "Alter Ego." It was written by Arch Oboler, who accomplished the horror-shocker "Lights Out" series. His "Alter Ego" was a flight into the realm of supernatural aesthetics.

Bacher seized it with whoops of joy. Bacher, by the way, is a good person to watch. He is one of those men known as having "vision"—only in his case, it amounts to second sight. He knew this sketch was written for the one actress, of all the actresses in the world—the one who was scheduled to appear in his opening show: IF he found a drama that would meet her exacting and critical approval.

He and Harry Kronman rushed with the script to Bette in Beverly Hills. Without a word, they handed the script to her; Bette disappeared into her bedroom to read it. She does not like to read with people around.

In a few minutes, hysterical screams of approval penetrated to the living room. When the Davis approves, she approves: there is not the slightest occasion for doubt. Bill and Harry solemnly got up and shook hands, just as a wild-haired comet shot into the room shrieking: "Bill Bacher, this is it! I never wanted to do anything so much in my life! It's tremendous—it's . . ." If you've ever seen a Florida hurricane, you will have some standard for comparison with Bette being enthusiastic.

The "Alter Ego" sketch was the history of a supremely tragic tortured life, compressed into twenty-two minutes of dialogue. The story is that of a sweet pure girl, Joan, and her other self, Carmen—Carmen, the evil destructive one, who fought against the good impulses of Joan, gradually gaining the upper hand of her and driving her to murder and the gallows. . . .

It is an allegory: an exaggerated heightening of the good and bad that dwells in all of us, the one struggling for control of the other. In "Alter Ego", these two impulses are condensed, intensified, and the conflict between the two selves is dramatized with a sharpness and clarity that is almost unbearable.

Bette began rehearsing "Alter Ego" at a time when she herself was enduring a major emotional crisis—the sep-

*Ida Lupino and Warren William in a Columbia production based on the exploits of "THE LONE WOLF".



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aration from her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, which later resulted in divorce. Those who saw her at this time, and realized the mental turmoil through which she was passing, were enormously concerned. The break-up of a once-happy marriage, the final severing of ties that have meant everything—all this is never an easy thing. For as sensitive a person as Bette it was torture.

She did not, honestly, seem to be long for this world. There was such stress of private and professional pressure that she did not sleep or eat for days. She was a haunted and wretched sight, a waxen face dominated by immense staring eyes, wild unconsidered hair, and her slender body wasted to the incredible minimum. Nothing pleases me more than to assure you that this is all over now, and Bette has never looked lovelier in her life.

The way she threw herself into those rehearsals was almost terrifying. She was not making a picture at the time and grasped with pitiful eagerness at this opportunity to do something that would absorb her mind, and keep her from thinking of her own troubles. I am sure more of the confused and tortured soul of Bette Davis went into that "Alter Ego" broadcast than into anything else she has ever done—and the transcription records of it that I am privileged to possess, I am saving to hand down to my grandchildren: "There, my pets, was an actress!"

SHE rehearsed like a woman possessed of the devil, and came out of every rehearsal wringing wet from head to foot. For three days this went on—Bette in an old checked skirt, a sweater she might have worn in high-school, no make-up—not even lipstick—wearing glasses, her hair a mess. She was stark, gaunt, almost ugly—and so irresistibly fascinating in her utter singleness of purpose, her magnificent talent, that every technician and every employee in the CBS invented excuses to sneak in and hear her.

Apart from the voice that tingled their spines, they said in awed voices that never had they witnessed such mastery of radio technique; that old-timers who had been on the air every day for years did not know how to use the microphone to such advantage.

For *Carmen*, the evil influence, Bette was up on the microphone with every nerve straining, speaking not an inch away from it, to effect that low throaty malevolent voice. For *Joan*, she stepped back three feet, to increase the higher girlishly innocent tones and the shrill fright and terror inspired by *Carmen's* diabolical control. One girl's speech crowded the other's, one almost on top of the other, until Bette seesawed back and forth to and from the microphone in a dizzying monotonous dance. Not once did she slip, not once did a single inflection of *Carmen's* voice slide over into *Joan's*.

There resulted twenty-two minutes of the highest sustained emotional pressure that has ever gone into any single performance given by any actress over the radio.

The long limp white handkerchief she had pulled to a string was held back of her in one hand where it bobbed with absurdly comical effect as she moved. But no one smiled. No one moved a muscle.

Bette was utterly oblivious of her



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physical audience, even during the actual broadcast. She played with her back to them, and only just before curtain time, consented to go to a dressing-room and change to the black duvetyne dinner gown her maid had brought, for the Texaco is a "dress" program. (She forgot to take off her glasses.) She had no consciousness whatever as to what the audience would think of her ungraceful bobbing back and forth in front of the microphone.

BETTE did her own screams—although there are professional "screamers" available at every broadcast—and she almost ruined her voice. It was a dry rasp for the next week. Once, during the broadcast, she started to cry, as scheduled—and became so emotional she could not stop on schedule. This was the one moment during the entire broadcast when, for a split second, hysteria almost took possession, in a drama which was on a continual borderline of hysteria. She says she was panic-stricken, for that second, because the impulse was to crowd it all the way down and she couldn't do that. She had to keep on sounding hysterical—but not *being* hysterical. Try it sometime when you haven't anything else to do. . . .

To make it almost unendurable, she was dying for a drink of water. Says if there had been a glass there, she knows she would never have been able to resist trying to take a quick gulp, somewhere between *Joan* and *Carmen*, and it might have been disastrous; or she might have made it. Anyway, on the whole, she is rather glad there was no water handy.

Brown, her chauffeur, sat out on the

fire-escape from the audience-room, gritting his teeth not to cry, and beat it downstairs instantly after the final line. Beatrice, her personal maid, hid in a telephone booth. Sister Bobbie, in spite of having heard several rehearsals, went all to pieces. Beatrice led her away like a child, made her wash her face and go to Bette. Bette's mother refused to be present at all. Said she simply couldn't stand it, thought the whole thing was horrible—and then owned up to listening intently to her radio at home, and to an enormous pride in her child's accomplishment—the child she calls "The Golden Goose."

All these persons who are close to Bette and who adore her can hardly be blamed for letting their emotions get pretty well out of control, and for confusing the real with the unreal. So much that was emotionally disturbing had been taking place in their favorite person's life that this broadcast seemed like a natural climax.

At Bette's final line, the most tense and motionless audience I have ever seen in any theatre, many in tears they did not bother to conceal, broke into a great roar of uncontrolled approval, an explosion of applause which the man who directs such things was powerless to stop until it ran way overtime. It was a demonstration such as few actresses ever have inspired. It seemed as if the volume of noise would blow out every fuse in the place!

The later effect was interesting—when people were going home—when the demonstration was over, and when it seemed as if echoes of that tortured tormented voice were still ringing in our ears. . . . The people who

had been torn in little quivering shreds by the power of a small girl with a voice, were scattered in the corridor, trying to assemble themselves and go out and find their cars and drive home. One saw them wandering helplessly around the vast parking-station, vaguely attempting to recall what kind of a car they arrived in, years ago at six o'clock.

Because that was the bewitched mood in which the drama left one—or is, as nearly as I can capture a fog of mind so elusive and uncanny and a little insane. There was swift transition in time and space that defies analysis, as after any great emotional experience.

It was as if Bette actually *had* spoken her last line from another world—and we were still in it with her.

RECALLING it now, the performance was almost surgical. Bette took the mind and heart of a human being and laid them open—and employing the diabolical skill of a surgeon-actress with supernatural power, she made the mind to function and the heart to beat, before our eyes—while an audience looked and listened with fascinated, marvelling, horrified astonishment—and pity, and understanding. For the good and evil selves that live in every person, to greater or lesser degree, were placed under a magnifying lens.

Bette in "Alter Ego," achieved a mental and emotional performance which establishes the absolute high—until some one comes along who can top it.

And that someone will probably be none other than—Bette Davis.



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Answers to Radio Mirror's

Mammoth Quiz

(Questions on page 40)

PROFESSOR QUIZ

1. (a) Paper. (b) Wooden. (c) Silver. (d) Golden. (e) Diamond.
2. Yellow, red, blue.
3. Mount Vernon, Va. Springfield, Ill.
4. To listen to sounds inside the body.
5. Boston, New York, Chicago, Detroit, and San Francisco.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

1. (a) James Cagney, in "Public Enemy." (b) Robert Donat, in "The Citadel." (c) Carole Lombard, in "Nothing Sacred." (d) Tyrone Power, in "Suez." (e) Lionel Barrymore in "You Can't Take It With You."
2. Here is a list of four: Eat my hat, swear on a stack of Bibles, eat his words, lay down the law.
3. These five are examples: "Last Train to Madrid," "The Saint in New York," "The Road to Reno," "Shanghai Express," "Algiers."
4. Miriam Hopkins, Barbara Stanwyck, Wallace Beery, Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, are a few.
5. (a) He had a wife but couldn't keep her. (b) He could eat no fat, she could eat no lean. (c) A spider scared her away from her curds and whey. (d) The sheep and cows he was supposed to watch got out of control. (e) Her cupboard was bare.

TRUE OR FALSE

1. True. The moon always keeps the same face toward the earth.
2. True.
3. False. A tenth part of copper is added for hardness.
4. False. It's the nickname for the Bank of England.
5. False. A five-dollar bill answers this description.

THE ASK-IT-BASKET

1. (a) Charles Laughton. (b) Paul Muni. (c) Helen Hayes on the stage, Anna Neagle on the screen. (d) Raymond Massey on the stage, Walter Huston on the screen. (e) Clark Gable.
2. Bedloe's Island.
3. (a) Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities." (b) Dumas' "The Three Musketeers." (c) Dickens' "David Copperfield." (d) "Robin Hood." (e) Stevenson's "Treasure Island."
4. Stanley Baldwin.
5. Here are eight of the most important National Parks: Yellowstone, Yosemite, Glacier, Grand Canyon, Zion, Sequoia, Crater Lake, Rocky Mountain.

KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE

1. (a) Bob Hope. (b) Bing Crosby. (c) Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. (d) Don Ameche and Alice Faye. (e) Deanna Durbin.
2. (a) Shep Fields. (b) Richard Himber. (c) Sammy Kaye. (d) George Olsen. (e) Mark Warnow.
3. Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall—"Hail K. M. H."
4. Kate Smith.
5. Here are five correct ones: "This Little Pig Went to Market," "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" "Three Blind Mice," "The Donkey Serenade," "Tiger Rag."



ROCHELLE HUDSON, charming star of "Pride of the Navy," a Republic picture.

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The Gracie Allen Murder Case

(Continued from page 39)

first have told of his safe arrival in New York? And how could he have known, these past few years, that someone else had sought and found a response in a heart which had once belonged to him? You have a large enclosed car, Miss Del Marr. A secret trip to Riverdale would have been an easy matter for you. The cigarette-case, with your subtle fragrance, was found on him. Love changes, and is cruel.

A strangled moan burst from the woman's throat. She collapsed into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, God!" It was the first break in her metallic composure.

A LONG silence followed. Mirche looked for a moment at Vance and back again at the woman. His face had regained some of its color, but a haunted fear shone in his eyes.

Slowly the woman raised her head; her hands dropped to her lap and lay there in an attitude of listless dejection. The venomous hardness of her nature regained control. She was about to speak, but she checked the impulse.

"There is still one thing that puzzles me, Miss Del Marr," Vance asked. "Why did you bring the dead Pellinzi back here to this office?"

The woman sat like a marble image, while a disdainful cackle broke from Mirche.

"Are you referring, Mr. Vance," he asked, in his erstwhile pompous man-

ner, "to the man found dead in this office? I fear you have permitted your imagination to get the better of you. The body found here was that of one of the café helpers."

"Yes. I know whom you mean, Mr. Mirche. Philip Allen." Vance spoke smoothly. "As you said that night. And I have no doubt that you believed it, and still believe it. But the truth is, Mr. Mirche, Philip Allen is quite alive. After you had discharged him and he accidentally left a cigarette-case here which did not belong to him, Philip Allen did not return to this office."

"Ridiculous!" Mirche had lost his suavity. "How else could he—?"

"It was Benny Pellinzi who lay dead here that night!"

At this announcement Mirche dropped suddenly back into his chair, and stared with hopeless defiance at the man before him. But the facts had not yet arranged themselves in his mind; and he began to protest anew.

"That's absurd—utterly absurd! I saw Allen's body myself. And I identified it."

"Oh, I don't question the sincerity of your identification." Vance moved closer to the dazed man. "You had every reason to think that it was Philip Allen. He is the same size as Pellinzi. He has the same facial contours and coloring, and that day he was wearing the same kind of unobtrusive black clothes in which Pellinzi was sent to his death. You had

just talked with Philip Allen in your office a few hours earlier, and, as you said to me yesterday, you were not surprised that he should have come back here. Moreover, death by poison changes the look in the eyes, the whole general appearance of the face. And, furthermore, wasn't Pellinzi the last person in the world you would have expected to find in your office on that particular night? Yes, the last person in the world . . . since you knew he was dead in Riverdale."

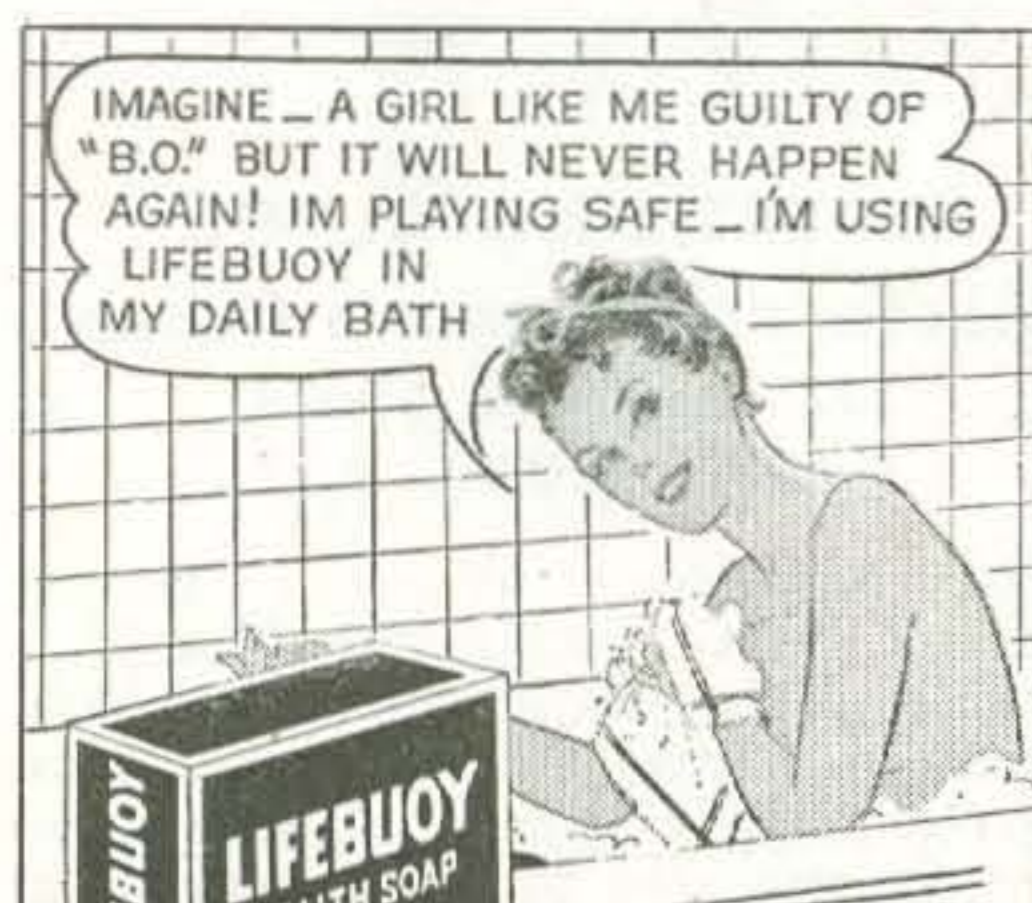
"How could I have known that he was dead?" shouted the frantic man, leaping to his feet. "You yourself said it was Dixie Del Marr to whom he would have appealed first, and—her car—her trip to Riverdale!—Bah! . . . You can't intimidate me!"

AND," Vance pursued implacably, "knowing that Pellinzi was dead in Riverdale, how could you imagine that the dead man in this office that night was Pellinzi? How natural to make a mistake in identity! Y'see: it couldn't be Pellinzi; therefore, it must be someone else. And how readily—and logically—Philip Allen came to your mind. . . . But it was Pellinzi."

"How do you know it was Benny—?" Mirche was floundering, dazed by some inner mental vision. "You're trying to trick me." Then he almost shrieked. "I tell you, it couldn't have been the Buzzard!"

"Ah, yes. An error on your part." Vance spoke with quiet authority. "Fingerprints don't lie."

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"Fool!" snapped Owen, his drowsy eyes on Mirche with a look of unutterable disgust. He turned to Vance. "After all, how futile it is—this devilish dream—this shadow across . . ." His voice trailed off.

Mirche was staring at some distant point beyond the confines of the room, alone with his thoughts, striving to assemble a disrupted mass of facts.

"But," he mumbled, as if protesting weakly against some inevitable shapeless nemesis, "Miss Del Marr saw the body here, and . . ."

He lapsed again into calculating silence; and then a deep flush slowly mounted his features, gradually intensifying in color till it seemed the blood must suffocate him.

Stiffly, and as if with effort, the man turned toward Miss Del Marr, and in a voice of seething hatred, spat out at her a foul and bestial epithet.

Through the Shadow

AGAIN some powerful emotion broke through Dixie Del Marr's stony calm. A violent primitive passion blazed in her. She rose and faced Mirche, her words came like a torrent.

"Of course, you filthy creature, I let them think that the dead man in this office—the man you had killed—was Philip Allen. A few more days of doubt and torture for you—what did it matter? I had already waited years to avenge Benny. Oh, I knew your treachery had sent him to prison for twenty years. And I could say nothing to save him. There was only one way for me to square the injustice. I must wait silently, patiently—I knew the moment would come some day. . . . You liked me—you wanted me. That thought was already in your beastly mind when you let Benny get sent up. So I played up to you—I helped you in your rotten schemes. I flattered you. I did what you told me to. And all the time I loved Benny. But I waited. . . ."

She gave a bitter laugh.

THREE years is a long time. And the moment for which I had waited came too late. But I console myself with the thought that Benny's death was a merciful end. He couldn't hope for anything, even when he had managed to break jail. He'd always have been hounded by the police. But he went mad in his cell, mad enough to think he could find real freedom from the prison where your dirty double-crossing had put him.

"But Benny never knew of your treachery. He thought you his friend. And he came to you for help. But, thank God, he called me too when he got back last Saturday. He told me he had phoned you before he reached the city. You had said that you would help him; and I knew it was a lie. But what could I do? I tried to warn him. But he wouldn't listen. He thought that perhaps, after all these years, I might have reason to keep you two apart. He would tell me nothing of his plans, except that you were going to help him. . . ."

"You're insane," Mirche managed to say.

"Shut up, fool," sighed Owen. "You can't change the pattern."

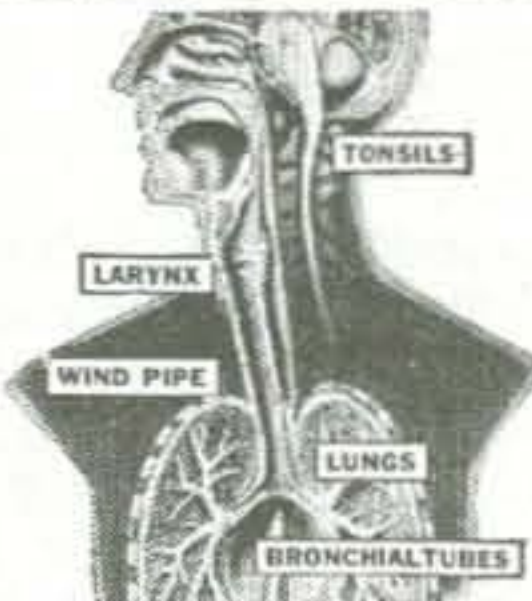
" . . . So I followed you, Dan—in the car you gave me, and with the chauffeur you supplied from your own crooked gang." She laughed again, with the same bitterness. "He hates you as much as I do—but he's

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afraid of you, for he knows how dangerous you can be. I followed you from the time you left here Saturday afternoon. I knew you wouldn't let Benny come to you, in spite of your vicious cruelty, you're a coward. And I followed you uptown, and saw you go to Tony's place. Too bad Rosa didn't squint in her crystal and warn you! And then I knew what a dirty deal you planned for Benny. But I didn't think you had the guts to do it as you did. I thought that Benny was to die only when you yourself were safely back here. How could I tell that you had chosen Tony's cigarettes for the job? I thought I could still warn Benny before it was too late—I thought I could still save him. So I followed you. I saw you pick him up from where he was hiding, far up in the park; I saw you drive north through Riverdale; I saw you stop at a lonely spot around a bend, where you thought no one could see you. And then I saw you place his body quickly beside the road and drive off."

She swept us with a burning glance.

"OH, I'm not lying!" she cried. "Nothing matters any more—except the punishment of this creature."

Mirche seemed paralyzed, unable to speak. Owen, still with his cynical detached smile, had not moved.

"Please continue, Miss Del Marr," Vance requested.

"I took Benny's body into my own car, and I brought him back here when I knew Mirche would be upstairs. I came into the driveway, as I always do, and stopped close to the side door at the end of the passage. No one could see from the street—not

with the car door open. And the ivy helped, too. My driver carried poor Benny in here, as I had instructed him, through that secret door; and placed him in the cabinet where I keep the café records locked. Yes! I brought Benny back and placed him at the very feet of his murderer! You didn't know, did you, Owl, that a dead man was in that cabinet when you sat here talking with me that night?"

"What of it?" There was no change in Owen's expression.

"And when you went out, Owl, I moved Benny to the desk and telephoned the police."

"But how, Miss Del Marr," asked Vance, "does your story account for the fact that the jonquille-scented cigarette-case was found in Pellinzi's pocket?"

"Fear!—the conscience of this animal," she retorted, pointing defiantly at Mirche. "When he saw what he thought was Allen's body, his muddled, frightened brain remembered that in his own pocket was Allen's cigarette-case; and as he knelt beside the body, I saw him slip the case into the dead man's coat. The impulsive act of a coward, by which he meant to rid himself of all association with what he thought was a second death. He shrank from any possible connection with another dead man."

"Have you anything to say before we arrest you, Mirche?" Vance's tone was low, but it cut like a lash.

Mirche stared hideously, and his flabby figure seemed to shrink. Suddenly, however, he drew himself up, and shook a quivering finger at Owen. His veins stood out like cords. Vituperation and profanity poured from

him. His wrath seemed to surpass all human bounds. His venom left him a mere automaton—insensate, contorted, repulsive.

"You think I'll take the rap for you—without a word! I have knuckled under too long already to your bidding. I carried out your dirty schemes for you. I've shut my mouth whenever they tried to twist from me the filthy truth about you. I may go to the chair, Owl, but not alone! I'll take you and your poisoned, hypnotic brain along with me!"

HE flashed a look at Vance, and pointed anew at Owen.

"There's the twisted mind behind it all! I warned him of the Buzzard's arrival, and he sent me for the cigarettes. He told me what I must do. I was afraid to refuse—I was in his power."

Owen looked at the man with calm derision: he was still aloof and scornful.

"You're an unclean spectacle, Dan." His lips barely moved.

"You think I haven't prepared myself against this moment? You are the fool—not me. I've kept every record—names, dates, places—all! For years I've kept them. I've hidden them where no one can find them. But I know where to find them! And the world will know—"

Those were the last words Mirche ever spoke.

There was a shot. A small black hole appeared on Mirche's forehead between the eyes. Blood trickled from it. The man fell forward over the desk.

Heath and the two officers, their automatics drawn, started swiftly

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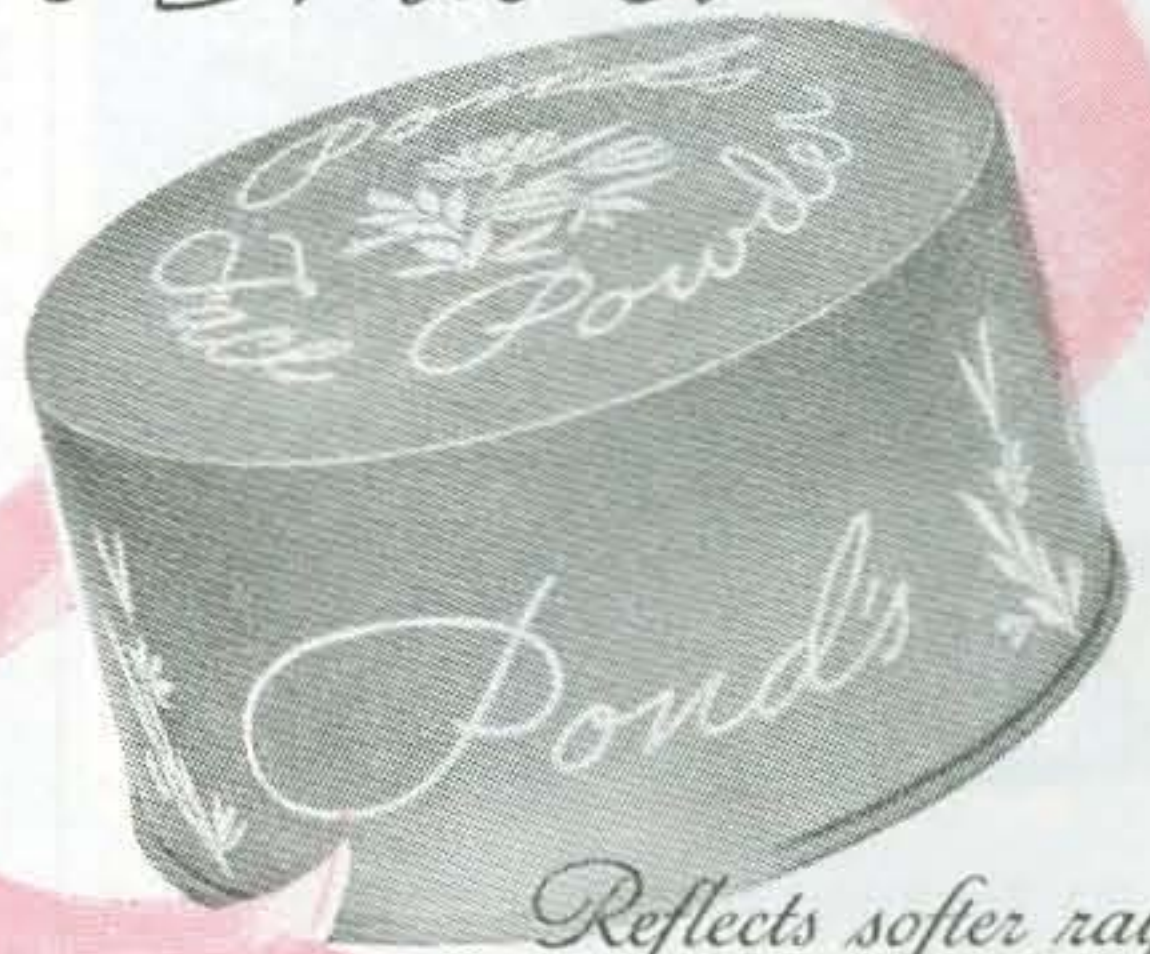
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across the room to the passive Owen, who sat without moving, one hand lying limply in his lap, holding a smoking revolver.

But Vance quickly intervened. His back to the silent figure in the chair, he faced Heath with a commanding gesture. Leisurely he turned and extended his hand. Owen glanced up at him; then, as if with instinctive courtesy, he turned the revolver round and held it out with meek indifference. Vance tossed the weapon into an empty chair and, looking down again at the man, waited.

Owen's eyes were half closed and dreamy. He no longer seemed to be aware of his surroundings or of the sprawled body of Mirche whom he had just killed. Finally he spoke, his voice seeming to come from far off.

"That would have meant ripples."

Vance nodded.

"Yes. Cleanliness of spirit.

But now there's the trial, and the chair, and the scandal—indelibly written.

A shudder shook Owen's slight frame. His voice rose to a thrill cry.

BUT, how can one escape the finite—how cut through the shadow—clean?"

Vance took out his cigarette-case and held it for a moment in his hand; but he did not open it.

"Would you care to smoke, Mr. Owen?" he asked.

The man's eyes contracted. Vance dropped his cigarette-case back into his pocket.

"Yes . . ." Owen breathed at length. "I believe I shall have a cigarette." He reached into an inner pocket and drew forth a small Florentine-leather case.

"See here, Vance!" snapped Markham. "This is no longer *your* affair. A murder has been committed before my eyes, and I myself order this man's arrest."

"Quite," Vance drawled. "But I fear you are too late."

Even as he spoke, Owen slumped deeper in his chair; the cigarette he had lighted slipped from his lips and fell to the floor. Vance quickly crushed it with his foot.

Owen's head fell forward on his breast—the muscles of his neck had suddenly relaxed.

Happy Landing

THE following morning Vance was sitting in the District Attorney's office, talking with Markham. Heath had been there earlier with his report of the arrest of the Tofanas. Sufficient evidence had been unearthed in the cellar of their house to convict them both—or so the Sergeant hoped.

Dixie Del Marr had also called, at Markham's request, to supply such details as were needed for the official records. As there was no question of pressing charges against her for the part she had played in Mirche's affairs, she was comparatively content when she left us.

Soon after she left, the buzzer sounded, and a voice announced the presence of Mr. Amos Doolson in the outer office.

Markham looked at Vance.

"I suppose it's about that preposterous reward. But I can't see the man now—"

Vance stood up quickly.

"Keep him waiting, Markham! An idea smites me."

Then he went to the telephone and

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YOUR
FAITH

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

spoke to the In-O-Scent Corporation. He hung up and smiled.

"Gracie Allen and George Burns will be here in fifteen minutes." He chuckled with genuine delight. "If any one deserves that reward, it's the dryad."

Miss Allen, with Mr. Burns, arrived shortly thereafter.

"Oh, what a terrible place!" she said. "I'm glad I don't have to live here, Mr. Markham." She turned troubled eyes on Vance. "Have I got to go on with my detecting? I'd much rather work at the factory."

"NO, my dear," said Vance kindly. "You have already done ample. And the results you have achieved have been superb. In fact, I wanted you to come here this morning merely to receive your reward. A reward of five thousand dollars was offered to the person who would solve the murder of that man in the *Domdaniel*. It was Mr. Doolson who made the offer; and he's waiting in the other room."

"Oh!" For once the girl was too puzzled and stunned to speak.

When Doolson was ushered in he took one amazed look at his two employees and went direct to Markham's desk.

"I want to withdraw that reward immediately, sir," he said. "Burns came back to work this morning in excellent spirits, and therefore there is no necessity—"

Markham, who had readily adjusted himself to Vance's jocular but equitable view of the situation, spoke in his most judicial manner.

"I regret extremely, Mr. Doolson, that such a withdrawal is entirely out of the question. The case was completed and shelved yesterday after-

noon—well within the time limit you stipulated. I must pay that money to the person who earned it."

"But—!" he began to expostulate.

"We're frightfully sorry, and all that, Mr. Doolson," Vance cut in dulcetly. "But I am sure you will be quite reconciled to your impulsive generosity when I inform you that the recipient is to be Miss Gracie Allen."

"What!" Doolson burst forth apoplectically. "Preposterous!"

"No," replied Vance. "Simple statement of fact. Miss Allen had everything to do with the solution of the case. It was she who supplied every important clue . . . And, after all, you did get back Mr. Burns today."

"I won't do it!" shouted the man. "It's chicanery! A farce!"

"On the contrary, Mr. Doolson," said Markham, "I am forced to regard the money as the property of the young lady. The very wording of the reward—dictated here by yourself—would not leave you a leg to stand on if you decided to make a legal issue of it."

Doolson's jaw sagged.

"Oh, Mr. Doolson!" exclaimed Gracie Allen. "That's such a lovely reward! And did you really do it to get George back to work for the big rush? I never thought of that. But you do need him terribly, don't you? . . . And oh, that gives me another idea. You ought to raise George's salary."

"What?" For a moment I thought Doolson was on the verge of a stroke.

"But just suppose, Mr. Doolson," Miss Allen went on, "if George got worried again and couldn't do his work! What would become of the business?"

The man took hold of himself and studied Burns darkly.

"You know, Burns," he said almost placatingly, "I've been thinking for some time that you deserved a raise. You've been most loyal and valuable to the corporation. You come back to your laboratory at once—and we can discuss the matter amicably." Then he turned and shook his finger wrathfully at the girl. "And you, young woman. You're fired!"

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Doolson," the girl returned with smiling nonchalance. "I bet the raise you give George will make his salary as much as his and mine put together now—if you know what I mean."

"WHO cares what you mean!" And Doolson stalked angrily from the room.

"I believe," said Vance musingly, "that the next remark should come from Mr. Burns himself." And he smiled at the young man significantly.

Burns, though obviously astonished by the proceedings of the past half-hour, was nevertheless sufficiently clear-headed to understand the import of Vance's words. Grasping the suggestion offered, he walked resolutely to the girl.

"How about that proposition I made to you the morning I was arrested?" Our presence, far from embarrassing him, had given him courage.

"Why, what proposition?" the girl asked archly.

"You know what I mean!" His tone was gruff and determined. "How about you and me getting married?"

The girl fell back into a chair, laughing musically.

"Oh! George! Was that what you were trying to say!"

THE END.

Modern AS A JITTER BUG

"Swing-master" . . . ARTIE SHAW



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extra choice, extra long-
aged tobaccos give extra
rich flavor . . . extra Cello-
phane wrapper assures ex-
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ALWAYS FRESH! Doubly protected
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OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM of pack.

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TUNE IN on "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)



*Women that stop
men cold
always stand out
alone or in groups*

ONE REASON will usually be found in the way they look and feel.

A clear skin . . . that is, a skin not only clear, but beaming with health and vitality . . . actually excites one to admiration.

Men are smart enough to always want to look their best, too.

rich, red blood necessary

And all this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess genuine vitality . . . the kind that makes for strength, energy . . . a wholesome complexion . . . and that assurance of well being.

If worry, overwork, undue strain, colds, or some sickness has reduced your blood strength, S.S.S. Tonic, in the absence of an organic trouble, will help you to build the blood back up to normal again.

an aid to digestion

Further, S.S.S. Tonic will help you to enjoy and get more value out of the food you eat . . . it whets the appetite . . . and stimulates natural digestive juices . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

*S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the
appetite and helps change weak
blood cells to strong ones.*

put a pack on her back, and hike solo through the wildest mountains.

Maybe it's her pioneer blood. The original Thode migrated from Hanover, Germany, in Colonial times, and the family owned a large plantation before the Civil War.

Hix was born in Walhalla, S. C., in December, 1910, and has studied the violin at the Nashville Conservatory of Music as well as under Edouard Detheir of the Juilliard School. Besides the violin, she plays the piano, the viola, the 'cello, and even the ukulele—and she can tap dance too.

Every summer she hikes off alone into the wildest and loneliest mountain regions she can find. For instance, last July she spent in the Great Smokies, where the only living thing she met was a big black bear. He was more frightened than she, and beat a quick retreat. One night she heard a wildcat sniffing around her camp, and next morning found tooth-prints in her cake of toilet soap.

* * *

With Orson Welles barely started on the Campbell Playhouse Friday nights, rumors have already begun to buzz that the former sponsor of Hollywood Hotel will return to the "Hotel" type of program—a variety show, that is. Over in this corner, those rumors sound pretty silly. There are many variety shows on the air, but mighty few outstanding dramatic programs—and outstanding is exactly what the Orson Welles plays are. Well and cleverly written, thoroughly rehearsed, and excellently cast, the first few programs have been delights for the ear. So let's have no more talk about replacing them with a variety hour, please.

* * *

Artie Shaw, bandleader on the Benchley program, has great faith in his new vocalist, Helen Forrest—to prove it, he's just put her under a five-year contract with him. . . . Lanny Ross loves fishing, and of all fishing the kind he loves best is the deep-sea variety. This is also the kind he can't indulge himself in—for every time he goes deep-sea fishing he gets very, very seasick. . . . Jay Meredith, who plays Jean Carter in the CBS serial, The Mighty Show, was severely burned by an explosion in her kitchen, but didn't miss a single broadcast although she was in great pain. The burn extended from her wrist to her elbow, and new skin had to be grafted to it—but doctors say there'll be no scar. . . . Ray Noble's hobby is inventing new parlor games. His latest, a race-horse number called "They're Off!" is a wow, according to his bosses, Burns and Allen. . . . Roy Atwell (he's the double-talk expert on the Joe Penner program) owns the only double-talking parrot in captivity. Her name is Ella, and she owes her proficiency at talking double to the lessons given to her by Roy. . . . Jimmy Fidler rehearses two hours for every one of his fifteen-minute programs. Don't ask us why.

* * *

DALLAS — Hal Thompson, ace sports announcer on WFAA, as a reformed singer. He was taking voice lessons from a Fort Worth teacher

when a local radio station offered him a job selling time for commercial programs. He took the job, worked at it for a month without selling a single second of time, and was on the point of deciding he'd better go back to singing when something happened.

During an hour set aside at the studio for auditions, the regular announcer stepped out to dinner, and Hal, being the only other employee present, was pressed into service. The station manager liked his voice so well that soon he was made a regular member of the announcing staff.

In between regular broadcasts, he sandwiched descriptions of football and other games, sometimes doing as many as four football games in a single week end. His next move was to WFAA, where he advanced to broadcasting college football, and later to a sports program of his own. It's on the air six nights a week, at 9:15, C.S.T.

* * *

Joe E. Brown's love for sports carried him a little too far one day when he went out to the University of California campus in Los Angeles to watch his son practice football. Joe begged the players to let him practice too, and they consented. But once in the game, Joe discovered that everybody was being very careful not to play roughly, so he called a halt and insisted that they go on playing just as if he weren't with them. The next thing he knew he was at the bottom of a pyramid of husky pigskin-tossers. He extricated himself, said he thought he'd had enough, and walked nonchalantly off the field until he got out of sight—and then he collapsed!

* * *

Under the head of Lum and Abner items: The boys have a sound-effects man for their CBS broadcasts, but Lum (Chester Lauck) always insists on working some of the sound devices himself. He's the one who rings the telephone, opens and shuts doors and windows, and blows whistles. Just loves it. . . . The reason you never



Hal Thompson, sports commentator for WFAA, Dallas, Texas

Neatest Trick of the Month!

hear either Lum or Abner laugh heartily (only twice in their seven years on the air have they done so) is that the boys find it's too easy to slip into their natural youthful guffaws. . . . Snake Hogan, who recently made his reappearance on the Lum and Abner show, is really a villainous character. He's been off the air for a whole year, simply because his snarling voice is too hard on Chet Lauck's throat. Now that the plot has made him necessary to the show once more, Chet is taking special throat treatments after every broadcast.

* * *

Hal's twenty-six years old, unmarried, and has two hobbies, sports and photography—not singing. He writes his nightly programs himself, as well as putting them on the air.

Just about his most embarrassing moment on the air came during one of his own shows, when he was interviewing two famous sports writers. Both of them "froze up" before the microphone, but not in the usual way—they couldn't stop talking!

* * *

A Hollywood tradition is Rudy Vallee's annual opening night at the Coconut Grove. No other dance-band opening is ever quite so exciting and glamorous as Rudy's, and on his first night there this year he attracted such celebrities as the Spencer Tracys, the Harold Lloyds (neither of which couples ventures out night-clubbing very often), Sam Goldwyn, Joan Bennett, June Lang, Gail Patrick, Frances Langford and Jon Hall. It was a glittering tribute to Rudy's popularity—and also the long-enduring popularity of the Grove itself. It was the Grove, you may remember, which originated that gag dear to Hollywood hearts—the insulting waiter who spills soup down Milady's back, tells the big director where to head in, and mixes up reserved tables, all as a practical joke.

* * *

MIAMI—"Uncle Mac," known to his parents as Norman MacKay, holds the kid population of South Florida in the palm of his hand every Sunday morning when he reads the funny-papers from 8:00 to 9:00 o'clock over Miami's WQAM.

Mac was born in Providence, Rhode Island, around the turn of the century, and graduated from Brown University in 1922, having worked his way through college playing in an orchestra. Armed with his sheepskin, he went into the stock and bond business for a while, then took a fling at Rhode Island real estate, then got a job as reporter on the Providence *Daily News*. The Florida boom brought him and the new Mrs. MacKay to Miami, where he talked the editor of the *Miami Herald* into giving him a job on the very same day he arrived.

He joined the staff of WQAM in 1929, and since then has done everything that needs to be done around a radio station, from running the control room to writing and enacting the scripts. His pet program, however, is the Sunday morning children's hour. According to Mac, children can spot insincerity like a flash, and there's nothing that makes him prouder than his popularity with some 50,000 young Floridans.

The Sunday "Funnies" hour isn't all amusement, either. He has made the youngsters accident-conscious, and never stops urging them to put safety first.



COCONUT MACAROONS A CHILD CAN MAKE

½ cup Eagle Brand Magic Milk
2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Magic Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes 24.

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GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO. Dept. T-383, Newton, MASS.

Big Sister

(Continued from page 35)

Ruth shuddered, agreeing. "If you'd seen him when we first came— But he doesn't want us here, you know—"

Dr. Clayton's hand was warm on her shoulder. "Don't be too sure," he said. "One thing I can tell you. Quite literally you have saved his life. And your job's only begun. You've got to stick it out."

Ruth sighed. And there was the question of finances, too.

"Need money?" The doctor's old eyes were shrewd on her.

She gasped. "Is it as plain as that?" "No," he chuckled. "It's just a safe guess. Most people do, most of the time. And this time I can fix it. My office assistant has been wanting to quit ever since she got married. Now she can."

"But do you think—"

"I know. I'll expect you tomorrow at nine. Meantime, if your young man gets a change of heart and calls me back, don't be surprised if I give an impersonation of a sorely offended professional man who requires considerable coaxing."

RUTH found herself smiling as she went into the house. For the first time in months she sensed strong support in the difficult course she had laid out for herself.

That knowledge carried her through the storms and the sickening apathetic calms, the times when John barked furiously at the patient colored man of all work, Horace, even at heart-broken young Ned who tried to "take it," remembering what Dr. John had done for him—through these times and the worse times when he ignored them all.

But it was less than a month before John humbled himself and asked Dr. Clayton to come back on the case. There followed a month of indecision, consultation, the visit of the New York surgeon—and the operation. The day came, as Ruth had begun to believe it never would, when they would know whether their gamble had won or lost.

John Wayne paced up and down, a few steps each way, in the darkened hospital room. "Come on," he grumbled at Dr. Clayton, "let's get those bandages off. Let's find out."

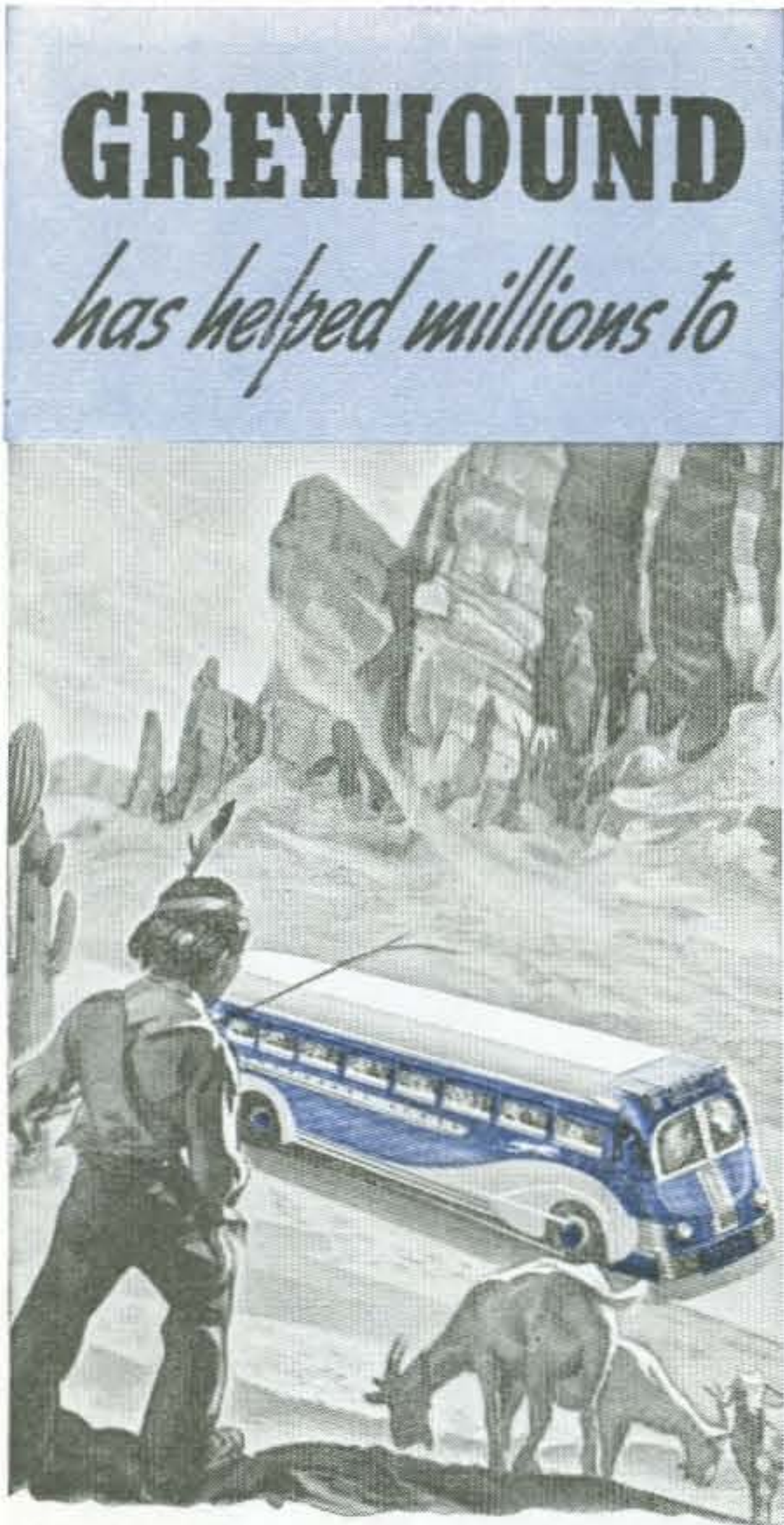
Ruth had slipped into the room, unknown to John. She stood, now, against the wall, waiting silently, scarcely daring to breathe lest John realize she was present.

"All right, Wayne," Dr. Clayton said. "Sit down here." He led John to a chair in the center of the room, directly facing Ruth. Standing behind it, he began removing the white bandages around John's head. They fell away, one by one. At last Dr. Clayton's skilful old fingers lifted the last.

"Easy now," he said. "Don't try to focus at first. Just let things take shape as they will."

There was a long moment when nothing happened, when it seemed that nothing would ever happen again in the world. Would he see? And if he did, would that first off-guard moment of seeing her, when he had not known she was there, tell her the secret she still hoped he had been hiding?

Ruth heard the tiny ticking of her watch, stood tensely watching John's



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face. But John still stared as sightlessly, it seemed, as he had done through all these months. Ruth's terrified eyes lifted to Dr. Clayton's face. He gave her a reassuring nod. Still there was no life, no recognition in John's eyes. Had his own diagnosis been right—tragically right?

But then it happened. Hardly had Ruth seen the wakening gleam—there was no time even to rejoice—before John was out of his chair. "Ruth!" His voice was a shout, strong with a masculine strength she had not heard there for months. The wise old doctor, with now visible evidence of the success of his operation, stole softly from the room.

RUTH leaned against the wall for support, her heart thumping with joy. And then she was caught in a grip that kept her dizzying knees from failing her. And John's lips were on hers, shutting out the world, filling her with a flooding sense of wonder and joy and light after months of fear and blackness.

How long they stood there locked together in a closeness that erased all the misery and doubt between them, they did not know.

Afterward, Ruth was to be grateful for that interlude, when for a little while she had glimpsed happiness. For hours—days, even—it was enough that John could see, to know too that his love for her had never for a moment been eclipsed even by his brave attempt to save her from sharing the life he thought was hopeless.

And then Ruth began to see that John's eyes were the lesser part of his problem. It was his belief in himself, his sense of power to do good

work—that vital part of him did not recover with his eyes.

Seeing John caught in the grip of his black moods, Ruth thought that Norma from her place behind the barred windows of an institution still kept John trapped. Ruth battled valiantly against those moods. She tried to interest him in the village life that flowed through Dr. Clayton's office. In the autumn, this flow of life became a raging torrent when an influenza epidemic suddenly swept through the town, taking terrific toll among the poorer sections.

Dr. Clayton worked half a week at a time without a pause for sleep, and Ruth worked at his side. With few enough hours at home for a quick cup of coffee and a nap, she found time to plead with John.

"Listen," she begged one morning. "A woman came into the office today with a little baby in her arms. She wouldn't let anyone take it from her, even the doctor. She kept saying she had to get it warm, it was so cold, so cold. At last Dr. Clayton examined it while she held it. And—Oh, John, the little thing was dead."

John stared out the window silently. "Did you hear, John? The woman couldn't seem to realize the baby was dead. She just kept rocking it and crooning and promising to get it warm somehow. John, I went back with her to her house—if you could call it a house—because I was afraid of what might happen if she went alone. And John, if you could have felt the air in that shack she lived in! The walls were damp with half frozen streams of leaking water. I could see daylight in several places through those walls. The house is below the

level of the road, on stilts in a sort of swamp, and you risk your life on the board walk that leads to it. Listen, John. Please don't just stare at me. This is a terrible thing I'm telling you!"

"I've seen that sort of thing all the time I've been practicing," John said in a toneless voice. "There's nothing you can do. If people persist in living in such places—"

"Persist!" Ruth's voice was furious. "They *have* to live there. They have no choice. The town political boss owns those houses. He has a deal with the mill owner to supply housing for the mill workers and the mill simply cuts the rent out of the man's pay. Dr. Clayton says the death rate in those houses from tuberculosis, influenza and pneumonia is almost twice what it is in the rest of the town."

"Well?" Wayne asked wearily. "It's that way everywhere. People who get excited about slum conditions have been handing out figures like that for years, but what good does it do?"

WELL, I may not be able to do anything about New York and Philadelphia," Ruth said hotly, "but I'm not going to sit back in a little town like Raventon and admit nothing can be done. I'm going to do something. Won't you help, John?"

"What do you propose to do?" John asked.

"I don't know. I thought maybe you could suggest something. Couldn't we go to Asa Griffin, the man that owns the Flats, and tell him what the health conditions are there?"

John Wayne laughed. "Sure. That would be news to him. I suppose no

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one has ever brought it to his attention."

"Dr. Clayton hasn't talked about it to him for a long time," Ruth said. "He's decided he's too old to buck Griffin. He says people who try that always find themselves outside the city limits sooner or later. And at his age Dr. Clayton can't start over in a new place. But we aren't too old, John. We haven't anything to lose—"

"You're right there," John said bitterly. "We haven't. But if you think you can reform this Griffin by showing him the error of his ways you're wrong. I know. He's just like all the rest, in it for the money and playing it the way it brings in the biggest take."

But Ruth would not give up. Somehow the people must be made aware of the conditions in their town. She met with a committee of the Women's Garden Club. A date was set for her to speak, but the speech was never given. The President, wife of the Mayor who had been put in office by Asa Griffin, wrote that a change of plans necessitated cancellation. The local newspaper, owing to advertising contracts to Asa Griffin, was closed to her.

Vainly Ruth explored all the avenues of Raventon publicity. Then a mad idea came to her. Jerry. She sent him a long night letter urging him into the mad enterprise of making the dream of every newspaper man come true in Raventon. Starting a competitive newspaper would cost money, would be blocked at every turn, but Ruth counted on Jerry's taste for a good fight.

WALKING back from the depot where she sent her wire, her brain raced, planning what they would do in Raventon with a newspaper on their side to tell the truth. Perhaps her thoughts slowed her footsteps just enough to keep her from ever seeing Dr. Clayton alive again.

She stepped into the office quickly, hearing the persistent ringing of the telephone. Then she stopped. For right by the phone Dr. Clayton was slumped over his desk, unmoving. She ran to him, seized his hand. It was still warm, but hung limp in hers. She felt for his pulse and did not find it. Then, holding the edge of the desk to steady her, she picked up the receiver. A voice, loud and familiar during this last month, screamed into her ear.

"Doctor, listen, you come quick. The little boy has got it now—Nicky, the one that had the double mastoid. He's hot and then he's cold and he aches—You said it would be bad with him if he took flu from the older one, so come quick—"

The voice broke, trembling in fear. Ruth forced her voice to calmness. "All right, Mrs. Novick," she said. "Keep the boy warm and quiet and we'll get the doctor to him as soon as we can." She hung up the receiver and immediately took it down again to ring John Wayne's number.

"John. Will you come over to the office right away. It's Dr. Clayton—yes, hurry!"

It was only ten minutes later that John looked up from the still old form of Dr. Clayton and shook his head. "His heart just stopped," he said.

Ruth felt tears on her cheeks. "That great old heart," she murmured brokenly. "He asked too much of it." Blindly she felt for John's hand

and held it close against her cheek.

The phone called her back to consciousness of the town's predicament with Dr. Clayton gone. An influenza epidemic raging and no other doctor here.

No other doctor? She stood up and faced John Wayne. "John," she said earnestly, "there's a little boy down in the flats who's still weak from a mastoid operation. Now he's coming down with influenza. I promised his mother we'd get the doctor to him right away. Will you keep my promise?"

JOHN WAYNE stood quite still, his dark eyes fixed on hers. Ruth held her breath. On this decision—on this split second—hung John Wayne's future. If he stepped into this emergency and took up the work he had been afraid to start again, his confidence in himself as a doctor and as a man would be on the road to recovery.

John's hand tightened on hers. His eyes flashed with a new light, his lips tightened at the corners. He said, "I guess your promise must be kept."

But what a promise! Fate had unerringly selected the one test it seemed no one could win. And if he failed—

For Nicky Novick, tiny and wan at six years old, had barely survived the double mastoid operation and now, so low in vitality, so undernourished, short in resistance, he was an easy victim to influenza. John came from his third visit looking grim. "Call up the hospital," he said. "We're going to take the Novick boy over there."

Driving to the Novick home, he said, "It's just about a toss-up which

way is worse. If I thought this was a simple case of plain influenza I'd shoot anybody that took him fifteen miles in this weather—"

"Isn't it?"

"It may be. Perhaps I'm an alarmist with the jitters. But I don't like the way it's going. I've not been able to pull his temperature down one tenth of a degree in three days. If he has pneumonia it won't be a case you can treat in *that* house—"

John's hunch was right. What Nicky had was lobar pneumonia.

They didn't have long to wait for the crisis. The thin line of red began to rise in the thermometer. 103. Then in half an hour, 104.

At the end of eight hours everyone in the whole town and in Raventon too had become aware of the fight for life that John Wayne was waging in that little country hospital.

Into this scene the arrival of Jerry, bringing Sue with him, went almost unnoticed. Ruth had forgotten her crusade against the slums, was giving her whole being to the fight for one slum life.

At the end of eighteen hours, John Wayne stood up. "We'll know pretty soon."

When they did know they did not believe. It was too miraculous.

And then Ruth and John were left alone. With a deep sigh, he stood up, and Ruth thought she had never seen him look so tall. In spite of the lines of weariness on his face, he had a look of new peace—a calm peace, the peace of a man who has found himself.

He was standing beside her, his hand caressing the bright gold of her hair. "Thank you, Ruth," he said

softly. "You did this for me. I'm whole again—thanks to you. I thought I could run away from my responsibilities. When life became too much for me, I wanted to turn my back on it. You showed me how wrong I was."

She said nothing. Her words must not break the spell of this moment.

"I WANT to stay here," he went on. "In Raventon. And you're right, Ruth—right, as always. I must go on fighting, against the injustice and disease that are part of Asa Griffin's rule of this town. Will you help me?"

"You know I will, John."

Then for a few moments there was silence. When he spoke again it was with quiet acceptance of life. "Perhaps love isn't for us, Ruth." She knew he was thinking of Norma Wayne, helpless and alone in the sanitarium. "But we can work together, accomplish good things together, and perhaps . . . some day . . ."

Ruth's heart swelled with happiness. For even to work by John's side, knowing that he was strong, alive, well—even this was so much more than she had ever hoped. She was content—more than content—to wait.

"Perhaps," she echoed softly, "some day . . ."

(Continue the adventures of Big Sister, Ruth Evans, on CBS every morning except Saturday and Sunday—and watch for the April issue of RADIO MIRROR for a complete synopsis of the further romantic adventures of Ruth. Follow the story of Big Sister right up to the present moment of the broadcasts)

"Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"



BARBARA STANWYCK

RKO-RADIO STAR

TO pass the Love Test, skin must be soft and smooth. The eyes of love look close—and *linger*—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap! Its ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*. Foolish to risk the *choked pores* that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! This care leaves skin soft, smooth, *appealing*.

Sue takes this tip—has skin that passes the

LOVE TEST



out of 10

Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

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So...next time say "De Long"



TRAIN FOR Electricity in 12 Weeks in Shops of Coyne
 —Learn by doing—many earn while learning. Free employment service after graduation. You don't need advanced education. SEND FOR BIG NEW FREE BOOK, and my "PAY TUITION AFTER GRADUATION" PLAN.
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EASTER LILY

The Natural Beauty and Fragrance of this SIBERIAN CORAL LILY with 12 to 20 Deep Scarlet Blooms from ONE Spike, will add a Spiritual Touch to each Easter occasion. Comes in Own POT with Bulb Fibre. Keep DAMP and it will bloom by Easter. Cellophane packed in Box. Postpaid for 25c, three for 50c. Order AT ONCE for the early Easter.
 Regal Bulb Co., Dept. 80, Westport, Conn.

YOUR choice of watches FREE with every ring ordered and paid for promptly on our new plan!

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ACCURACY GUARANTEE enclosed. JEWELLED. Rich. Your choice FREE of extra charge with every ring ordered NOW and paid for promptly in 2 monthly \$2 payments. (Total \$4—includes watch and ring; Simulated diamonds set in 925/1000 pure Sterling Silver, decorated in 1/30 14K yellow GOLD. WEAR 10 days FREE TRIAL. We gladly trust you. SEND NO MONEY with order—send postcard—your order shipped SAME DAY by RETURN MAIL—
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Easy to Beautify Skin with **MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM**
 Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.
Try Phelactine Depilatory
 For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.
 Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 4)

SIXTH PRIZE

ANOTHER WILL ROGERS?

Not so many years ago the country was shocked by the sudden death of Will Rogers. America had suffered a loss which was thought irreparable, but today, someone has stepped forward to fill the shoes of the beloved comedian.

Today we are able to enjoy once more the simple and rustic humor that was characteristic of Will. It is Bob Burns, star of screen and radio, who has given us again that type of humor and philosophy that made Will Rogers the most respected and beloved figure in the field of American entertainment.

What more glowing tribute can we pay Bob Burns, than to say that he is the reincarnation of Will Rogers.

IRVING REIER,
 New York, N. Y.

SEVENTH PRIZE

A VIVID PORTRAYAL

Her Second Husband, starring Helen Menken, is a simply swell play. My husband and I argue over which is better, the play or Miss Menken, and so far, in the two years which this serial has been running, we have been unable to decide whether it is Brenda Cummings or Helen Menken who makes this play so vivid. Anyhow, it is nice to listen to truly adult drama, and Miss Menken's (or Mrs. Cummings') good sense in meeting and solving her problems is a great help to me. Miss Menken was grand on the stage, but she is equally so on the airwaves.

JANET GOLDSMITH,
 New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 7)

The most amazing thing about Jane Warren, says Rudy Vallee, who discovered this 15-year-old Virginia-born singer, is the fact that she's actually had only 15 months of vocal instruction and she practices only 30 minutes a day. Jane studied 14 months under an instructor in Norfolk, Virginia, and one month in Pasadena, California. At present she is having three singing lessons a week. She is in the sophomore class at Hollywood High School.

Truman Bradley, who announced the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, avers he's lost \$25,000 by accepting a film contract which, over a period of seven years, will net him \$100,000. Bradley explains the loss by saying that the \$25,000 was cash on the line this year for sponsored programs in Chicago, and that the \$100,000—and a possible film reputation—is only available after seven years' hard work in a brand new field. Bradley says he still cannot understand why he ever gave up radio for films.

You should have seen Al Jolson burn up when Parkyakarkus appeared for a recent broadcast wearing Jol-



BLONDES

Light Hair Requires Special Shampoo to Keep It Golden

To keep blonde hair from darkening, fading and losing its attractiveness, it is always necessary to wash it with particular care. A shampoo suitable for dark or auburn hair may quickly ruin the charm of golden hair. New Blondex, the shampoo for blondes only, helps preserve the natural golden beauty of light hair, washes it shades lighter and brings out the glorious, shimmering radiance that can make blonde hair so attractive. You'll be amazed and delighted with the results of even the first shampoo. Blondex leaves the hair fluffy, soft and lustrous. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing better for children's hair. Get Blondex today at any good store.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

Send to Dept. 132, Blondex, 21st St. & Borden Ave., L. I. City, N. Y., for generous free sample.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO



It's here! World's Smallest 1939 model No. 1000 TUBES BATTERIES Radio MODERN PLASTIC CABINETS
 Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 4 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. NO CRYSTALS to adjust—NO UPKEEP—only one moving part. "Audiphone" gives superior performance. ENTIRELY NEW PATENTED DESIGN. Has 3-1 gear & enclosed luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance. Sent complete with instructions for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, etc. TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT. Receives FREE operating power from radio stations.
SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only \$2.99 plus postage on arrival or send \$2.99 (Check, M. O., Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. GUARANTEED. A most unusual value. ORDER NOW!
 TINYTONE RADIO CORP.
 Dept. L-3, Kearney, Nebr.

NEW 1939 MODEL

I WAS ONLY LOOKING FOR LOVE

The Story of a Divorced Girl's Dramatic Fight to Be Herself!

Married women distrusted her. Sweethearts resented her. Husbands and bachelors alike subtly changed their attitude from respect to familiarity. Yet Elsa Baxter, herself, was sure she had not changed.

Yet overnight she found herself shunned by those whose respect she needed, alone against the world—save for the man she hated. Could she escape the tragedy that walked at her shoulder?

In one of the most soul searching stories ever penned she now reveals the struggle that every divorcee must face—in order that the world may read and learn. By all means get your copy of the new True Story today and read in her own words the graphic record of her dramatic fight—"I Was Only Looking for Love."

True Story NOW ON SALE

TUNE IN!—"Mary and Bob" every Tuesday night over N.B.C. Blue Network and "Doc" Sellers True Stories Monday through Fridays over 100 stations. Consult your local paper for nearest station and exact time.

son's overcoat turned inside out. Parky is twice as large as Jolson, and during the broadcast Jolson kept muttering, "Don't rip that coat, you dope . . . don't rip that coat" . . .

It's interesting to note that in the latest poll, conducted by the Cleveland Plain Dealer covering the year's biggest radio personalities and best shows in radio, that the first six programs—in order of popularity—are headed by film folks: Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy, Bing Crosby, Nelson Eddy, Don Ameche and Eddie Cantor. Fred Allen follows next, but despite his single film appearance, Hollywood cannot claim him as her own. Incidentally Rudy Vallee is next on the list . . . and he just left Hollywood, after nine weeks at the Coconut Grove.

San Francisco's World Fair, centered on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay, has two Hollywood radio notables to handle all radio activities for the Fair. They are Jack Joy, formerly of Warner Brothers radio station, and Ted Bliss, who won recognition for his bravery during the famous Los Angeles earthquake of 1934.

Radio singers Lanny Ross and Jessica Dragonette are the voices behind the Prince and Princess in the cartoon filmization of "Gulliver's Travels".

Lovely and talented Betty Jane Rhodes, 18-year-old radio singer, was signed this month to a seven-year Television radio contract by Willet Brown, General Manager of the Mutual Don Lee Network. Miss Rhodes,

who has been in radio since she was twelve years old, has had an interesting career. At 14 she was featured singer at the World Famous Coconut Grove; at sixteen she was signed by the Paramount Studio, where she appeared in seven pictures; at seventeen she left Paramount for a year term at RKO. She's the first radio personality to rate a long-term contract for Television—and undoubtedly her name will go down in Television history!

A unique "Wizard of Oz" air show, with original music motivating the action of the entire program, will be presented simultaneously with the release of MGM's technicolor version of the Oz stories.

The announcement that Jean Hersholt is parting with 20th Century-Fox and will confine his work entirely to radio, with the exception of one picture commitment a year in the "Dionne Quints" films has caused quite a flurry in both picture and radio circles. Story receiving the most credit locally is that Hersholt balked at playing in the "Mr. Moto" series . . . in a part that required him to talk out of the corner of his mouth.

Dick Barthelmess, making a film comeback currently in Columbia's "Plane No. 4," has been signed for six guest appearances on various coast-to-coast air shows. You can expect to hear him any day now.

NBC'S Hollywood Radio City sound technicians little knew when they installed a huge steer-hide drum . . . which measures six by six feet, that they were installing the station's auto-

graph album . . . but that's exactly what happened. The drum is a sound effects prop designed to create artificial thunder storms for the microphone . . . some wise-acre figured it would really make a permanent autograph album, and when I looked it over I found such names as Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, Jack Benny, Nelson Eddy, Don Ameche, Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. The most highly prized signature, however, is that of Mrs. Knute Rockne, who signed it when in town for the USC-Notre Dame game.

Ray Noble's famous band has been signed by Earl Carroll for his new Hollywood Theater Restaurant and he will be heard nightly over the Mutual Network if present plans go through.

Another new show is being rounded up in Hollywood to be headed by Singer Smith Ballew . . . and Victor Young's orchestra.

Phil Regan, the singing cop, made his peace with Republic Studios, so you can expect to hear him on the air again shortly. While he was fighting with the studio, Phil was unable to accept any radio offers.

That hardy perennial, "One Man's Family", has again been renewed for a straight 52 weeks . . . making this show one of the two oldest radio programs on the air. It will be One Man's Family's ninth year on NBC, and their fourth year with their present sponsor.

Women

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO Earn UP TO \$23 Weekly

-and in addition get All Your Own Dresses FREE!

in this New Kind of Work for Married Women

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON

Fashion Frocks, Inc. Dept. CC-200, Cincinnati, Ohio

I am interested in your Free offer. Send me all the details how I can make up to \$23 weekly and get my own dresses without a penny of cost.

Name

Address State

City Dress Size

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Lena Andri
Chooses this
stunning Rose-
wine print
with accordion
pleated bodice
and pockets.

● No Experience ● No Investment Necessary

Here's a wonderful offer for ambitious married women. Be the direct factory representative for glorious Fashion Frocks. Wear the lovely dresses offered to you free and show to friends, neighbors and all women. Take their orders and earn up to \$23 in a week doing this easy, fascinating and dignified work.

You can turn your spare hours into profit and get the thrill of having many new smart dresses, luxurious lingerie and fashionable silk hose, at no cost to you. Our plan starts you quickly and requires no regular house-to-house canvassing. And you don't have to invest one penny. Everything you need is furnished you free. Besides a chance to make a nice weekly income, you can save enormously through getting, in addition to the cash, all your own clothes Free. Mail coupon at once for this amazing free opportunity. There is no obligation. Nothing to pay now or any time.

● Write for Portfolio of 120 Smart New 1939

Advanced Spring Dresses

Many as Low as 3 Dresses for \$3.98

Fashion Frocks for Spring of 1939 are the finest in our 31 years of dress manufacturing history. They are advance styles direct from Paris, Hollywood, Riviera and other famed fashion centers, and have been personally selected by twenty-five prominent screen actresses. Fashion Frocks are approved by leading fashion editors and other recognized style authorities. They are never sold in stores, but by direct factory representatives only. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and known to women everywhere.

● Mail Coupon for This AMAZING FREE OFFER!

Fashion Frocks enjoy such national acceptance that women are eager to see the newest Fashion Frock dress creations for Spring 1939. This tremendous demand has forced us to increase the number of our representatives, so this glorious opportunity is open to you. Just mail coupon for details of this amazing offer.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Dept. CC-200, Cincinnati, O.

Speaking of Jack Benny

(Continued from page 37)

I think the most interesting thing about Jack Benny is the way he works. I know it's a surprise to him each week that he gets a show on the air.

When Jack first went on the air, he did long monologues just as he had done on the stage before that. However, he soon ran out of those long monologues, so he added new people to his cast to give his shows freshness. And some of the people have certainly been fresh. It was pretty obvious right away that comedy based upon situation and the character of the cast would be the easiest and most believable comedy.

ONE of Jack's most important activities during preparation of his program is riding herd on his writers, Bill Morrow and Eddie Beloin.

He usually gets together with them each Monday to talk over what he's to do the following Sunday. He meets with them again on Tuesday to try to remember what was said on Monday. On Wednesday, Jack drops into their apartment and discovers that they have gone to Palm Springs.

On Thursday afternoon, there is finally action. Jack gets a telegram from his writers saying, "HAVING A FINE TIME. WISH YOU WERE HERE." You can imagine how that relieves Benny, who has been pretty upset about not having a script. On Friday, Bill and Eddie come back from Palm Springs. And would you believe it? They bring back no material, but the most beautiful sunburn you've ever seen. Benny spends all of Friday afternoon rubbing sunburn lotion into them. As a result, he usually has a pretty good script on Saturday for first rehearsals.

There is one more peculiarity about Jack's method of working, I understand. That is, that he reads the entire script over for the cast before the cast reads it. Strangers have read great importance into this reading, but let me tell a secret. The real reason Jack reads the whole script first is: He wants to have, just once, all those funny lines Kenny and Mary and Phil Harris have.

The real big secret in Jack Benny's life is that he's really very fond of Mary Livingstone.

They've just built their little love-nest in Beverly Hills and it certainly is some joint, if I do say so myself. Jack feels that inasmuch as Paramount keeps propping him up in front of a camera every so often, and his sponsor keeps renting an NBC microphone for him every Sunday, he might as well live out in the land of sunshine.

Of course, the other reason for Jack's decision to stay in California is Joan Naomi Benny. Of course. Mr. Benny is prejudiced, but he will sit on anybody who says Joannie isn't the smartest little trick that ever dumped her spinach off the high chair.

Oh, I'd better explain this for Jack while I'm at it. Although Mary has been Mrs. Benny for eleven years, she and Jack ignore that in front of the microphone because they feel it gives a broader comedy angle to be single. After all, Mary couldn't talk about her dates with Clark Gable . . . and Mr. Benny couldn't talk about Dolores Del Schmoos . . . if they also talked about being married to each other.

Well, that's Jack Benny, folks.

STOLEN FROM THE SOUTH SEAS MAIDEN!

The Secret of Her Strange Enchantment



TATTOO for lips . . .
instead of pasty coating!

Does the glamorous little South Seas maiden entrust her charm to greasy pastes that might drive Romance from her lips? Indeed not! Far too charming for that, she tattoos her lips with an exciting red stain that leaves nothing on her lips but color of the most bewitching kind! No pasty coating at all. TATTOO is her idea improved for you. Put it on . . . let it set a moment . . . then, wipe it away and discover your lips gorgeously TATTOO-ed with ravishing South Sea color that stays . . . and stays . . . and stays. TATTOO your lips with one of the six gorgeous shades of TATTOO. Select the \$1 or the 55c size . . . anywhere.

CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . NATURAL . . . PASTEL . . . HAWAIIAN
BLACK MAGIC (NEW..BLACK in the stick..RED on your lips)

TATTOO

YOUR LIPS for romance!

More Beautiful Than Ever!
PHOTO RING
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Featuring the New Magnified Setting! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this Beautiful onyx like ring. (Photos returned). Indestructible. (Expertly painted). 10c extra!
ring. (Photos returned). Indestructible. (Expertly painted). 10c extra!
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Enclose strip of paper for ring size.
Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 48c we will pay postage. (Canadian Orders Must Send Cash).
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WE don't promise a "wonder cure" for children's colds, BUT—most folks advise a good "clearing out" as the first step in dealing with colds, and FEEN-A-MINT's ideal because the youngsters take it gladly. No tears, tantrums, or peevishness to contend with. FEEN-A-MINT tastes grand and it's thoroughly dependable. Imagine, they get all its famous benefits simply by chewing. No wonder folks say: "FEEN-A-MINT seems just like magic!" Millions, young and old, rely on FEEN-A-MINT. Make it your family standby, too.

FEEN-A-MINT

Tastes like your favorite chewing gum!

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Much nervousness is caused by an excess of acids and poisons due to functional Kidney and Bladder disorders which may also cause Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Swollen Joints, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Excess Acidity, Leg Pains and Dizziness. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids, and this soon may make you feel like new. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing.



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Genuine sterling silver ring set with large and brilliant simulated diamond in an artistic filigree setting of modern design. A real value at the price. Wear beautiful wrist watch we furnish free of extra cost. Free Watch Offer included with Ring.

SEND NO MONEY—just name and ring size (piece of string wrapped around finger will do). Pay postman C. O. D. of only 98c plus few cents postage. Rush order to EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., DEPT. 103, JEFFERSON, IOWA

WHAT'S GOING ON IN HOLLYWOOD?

Read

"Shearer and Gable Take a Dare" in which Lupton Wilkinson reveals the difficulty in filming "Idiot's Delight" on account of the nature of the original play.

"The Secret Correspondence of Errol Flynn" who is famous for the ribbing wires and cablegrams he sends. This is a collection of the best of them.

"Corrigan vs. Hollywood" in which Sally Jefferson tells you the effect that Hollywood has had on the lad of "wrong way" fame.

"Who Rules Hollywood Society?" by Ruth Waterbury, who explodes the theory that it isn't the big stars who rule Hollywood society. You may be surprised when you learn who does.

The features described above are highlights of the contents of MOVIE MIRROR MAGAZINE for March. In addition there are a score or more of exciting and enlightening features, stories and departments that you will love. By all means get your copy today of the magazine that brings Hollywood into the home every month.

movie MIRROR

MARCH ISSUE NOW ON SALE

I Wrecked My Wife's Career

(Continued from page 19)

like I had foolishly imagined.

But the doubt, once planted in my mind, refused to die. Every rehearsal, from then on, was agony to me. From the darkened cavern of the control room, I watched every move each of them made, listened in on the live microphone when they thought it was shut. It was not hard to catch the admiration in Andrews' face and voice, the affectionate raillery in Arline's. Once started, I couldn't keep my eyes and ears away from them. It was as if I wore an invisible cloak, bringing me to their very elbows without their knowledge.

IN my own mind, I was sure my suspicions were correct—that my wife and Lief Andrews were in love with each other, even though they might never have admitted it even to themselves. Yet with all my spying, I could find no actual proof.

Some day, I thought in my obsession, I would catch a whisper over that live microphone—a phrase, a word, spoken by either Arline or Andrews, which would furnish the proof I wanted. And then—and then I would have it out with Arline, giving her a choice between Andrews and me, but demanding that if she chose me, she must give up her career.

I was hardly sane in those days. Only those who have themselves been jealous know the poison that was in my mind. I couldn't sleep; I got up in the mornings feeling sick and miserable. The few hours I had with Ar-

line I spoiled completely by being sullen and short-tempered.

The end of the thirteen-week contract period on Arline's program was approaching, and with it came the rumor that the sponsor would not renew, but would go off the air entirely. This was scarcely a surprise to anyone, for the sponsor's product was a cough remedy which was widely advertised during the winter months only, and now it was nearly spring. But the possibility that Arline might be without a program only stirred Patsy Flannigan to renewed activity.

He came rushing up to the apartment one night, a few days before Arline's last program for her old sponsor.

"Got something for you, Arline—something hot," he burst out. "New sponsor—just coming into radio—one of the vice presidents heard you and Lief Andrews the other night, and thinks he wants to hire you both for a romantic singing pair."

Arline laughed at his enthusiasm. "Just like that? No auditions or anything?"

"Well, that's the point. This outfit has funny ideas. They don't like auditions—say they don't prove anything. Instead, this fellow that heard you and Lief is getting all the big bugs of the company to listen in next Monday, to your regular show, and if they all like you, they'll hire you. Lucky you've still got one show to do!"

I listened, anger making me speech-

less. This was the crowning indignity, it seemed to my fevered imagination—that my wife should become part of a "romantic singing team" with Lief Andrews! Not only this, but it appeared that the new sponsor had already reserved time on another network, and my mind, racing ahead, told me what this meant—that I would not be the control-room engineer for the new programs. Arline and Andrews would no longer be under my watchful eyes as they worked together.

After Flannigan had gone, Arline said, "A new program, Jim. Do you think I'll get it?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said shortly.

"You don't want me to, do you?" she asked suddenly. "You hate having me so busy all the time. Yet you knew how ambitious I was, when we were married." There was a kind of cold weariness in her voice, and because she spoke the truth, it angered me all the more.

"Yes, I knew," I said.

YOU'RE being very unreasonable, Jim."

"All right—I'm unreasonable!" I shouted angrily. "Let's let it go at that."

"Perhaps we'd better," she said quietly, and left the room.

If I could only have spoken then! But I was not only jealous, I was deeply ashamed of my jealousy. I couldn't find words to justify it. I couldn't unlock my heart before her.

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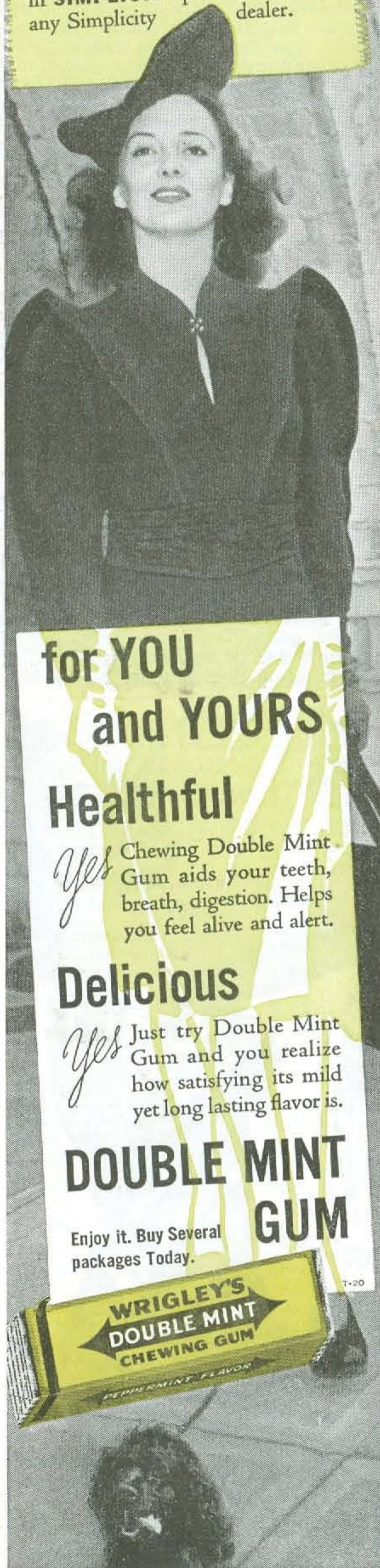
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I scarcely saw Arline at all during the next few days which intervened before the rehearsal of the final program.

It was afternoon. I sat at the control desk, while the cast gathered in the studio. The last program—and the program upon which so much depended.

All at once I thought: What if tonight's broadcast is a failure? Suppose something happens to the transmission of the duet—something that would distort Arline's and Andrews' voices?

It would be so easy—so pitifully easy for an experienced engineer. A "filter", inserted in the circuit of the microphone which was used for the duet. A switch, attached to the filter and hidden beneath the projecting control panel, near my knee, where I could reach down and flip it open, unobserved, when the duet began. The filter would cut out the higher frequencies of their voices, completely ruining them. And after the duet I could flip the switch back, restoring the microphone to perfect usefulness again. It would be the work of only a few minutes, after the program was over, to take the filter out of the circuit completely. And no one would ever know.

THE rehearsal was a good one. Arline's voice had never been fuller or sweeter; in the duet it had never blended more perfectly with Andrews'. I tried to forget the thought that I could ruin the perfection of that duet, but as I listened, I felt the palms of my hands grow moist. If the new sponsors heard that song, I was done for! They'd put Arline and her singing partner under contract at once.

The rehearsal ended. Arline and Andrews stood for a moment, talking. I switched the microphone on, but they were too far away from it—all I could hear was a murmur. Then, with a smile at him, she turned away and came toward the microphone, looking at me in the booth and making signs that she wanted me to open the mike so she could talk to me. I nodded, and she said:

"I'm going to run down to the drug store for a sandwich. Can you come along?"

In the second it took me to throw the mike switch back so I could talk to her, I fought a battle with my soul—and lost. "No," I answered. "I'll stay here. I have some work I want to do."

She nodded, and went out with Andrews. I watched them go, my heart hardening. Then, as soon as the studio was clear, I set to work. My mind was somehow made up. I'd destroy this thing that had separated me from my wife—her career! With my own hands I would kill it, crush it, so that it would never rise again.

It didn't take long—a simple job, if you knew how. When I finished, I too went out for a sandwich.

My mind was blank. I kept it that way. I didn't want to think of the consequences of what I was about to do—except one: Arline and Lief Andrews would not be on that new program together.

The studio was filling up with spectators when I returned. Arline hadn't come out of her dressing room yet—she always brought her evening clothes down to the studio, preferring to change there rather than rush home between rehearsal and performance—and the musicians were taking their

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places on the platform. I thought with satisfaction that the orchestra would sound all right during the duet, since it came in over another mike. My plan had the devilish quality of perfection. I had chosen a filter which would distort the voices just enough to fool ordinary listeners into thinking the singers' voices were at fault. Radio-wise people would know it was the transmission—but I didn't care about them. Nor would the studio audience be aware that anything was wrong—no loudspeaker was used in the studio for this program.

Then the hands of the clock crept around to the hour—and we were on the air. Sitting beside me, Danvers and Ovatt, two production men from the advertising agency, turned the pages of their script, watching the program, listening. Arline swept from the wings onto the platform and sang her first solo, the tender, half sad, half gay "Alice Blue Gown." I felt my throat grow thick as I listened, for there was a haunting, plaintive note in her voice which I had never heard there before.

THE program raced to its conclusion to the moment when Arline and Lief Andrews would sing their duet. No! I couldn't do what I had planned. I would let them sing, let them make their success—lose Arline if I must. But then Arline, meeting Andrews at the mike, gave him a smile that went through me like a knife. How long since she had smiled at me like that! The first notes of their song came through the loud-speaker in the control-room—full, rounded, perfect.

It was not my will that threw the switch beneath the desk. It was something stronger than my will—some deep, primitive jungle instinct.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Danvers and Ovatt stiffen with surprise. For the song had already gone into a high register, and it was so diminished and distorted that it was hard to believe we were really hearing Arline. Andrews' voice, when it chimed in, was also so thin that it was unrecognizable.

As if panic-stricken, I began fussing with my controls, checking them against each other. I had to pretend to be as shocked as the other two men in the control-room. What I did would not have fooled another radio technician, but I knew they were sufficiently ignorant of the control board to be deceived.

"Nothing wrong here," I murmured at last. "Something must have happened to the mike."

Through the glass we could see the studio—the audience attentive, silent, Arline and Andrews, singing confidently, unaware that all over the land listeners were staring about them in astonishment, thinking, "What's happened? Those two are terrible tonight!"

Listening to the horrible caricature of Arline's voice that was coming over the loud-speaker, I felt a sudden wave of disgust, of horror. What had I done to her? With a touch of my hand I had tampered with her future, perhaps ruined it. I fumbled beneath the desk for the switch. For a second or so my trembling fingers couldn't locate it. Then I touched it, threw it over—but too late. For in that instant the song ended.

The audience broke into frantic applause. Never in the history of the program had there been such an ovation. I saw Arline and Andrews bow-

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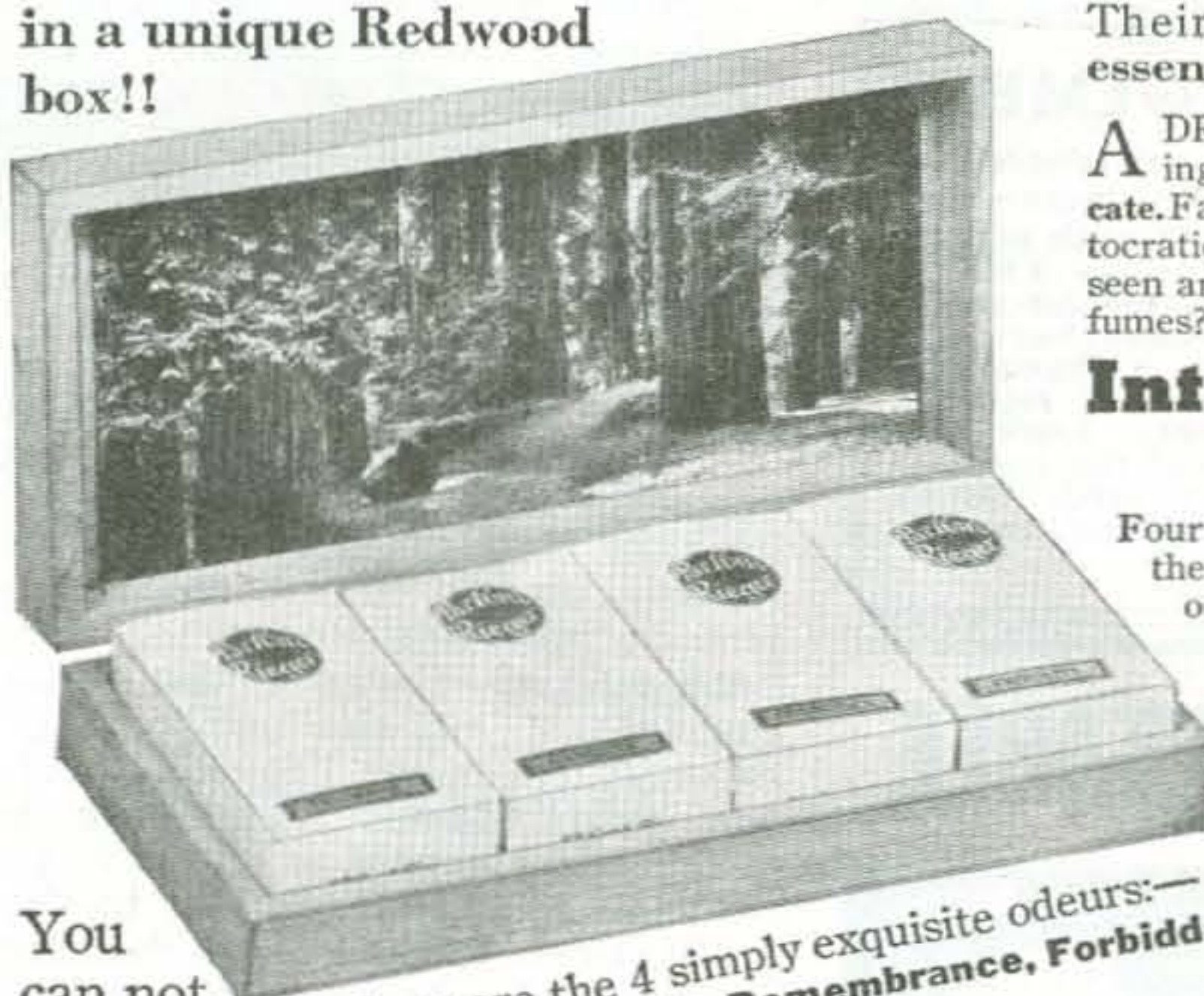
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ing, smiling. In the corner of the studio the announcer began talking, making the closing announcements, but the audience paid no attention. I had to throttle down their noise so he could be heard on the air. And then I saw Arline, overcome by emotion, turn and run from the studio.

Now the full realization of what I had done swept over me. Arline and Andrews had done the greatest singing of their careers—the hysterical applause of the studio audience told me that. But I—Arline's husband—had turned their performance into a farce.

Only one thing mattered—I had to find Arline, confess, and beg her forgiveness. Never again would there be peace for me if I did not. As soon as we were off the air I ran for the door. I had planned to make a pretense of going over my controls, and in doing so to take out the filter beneath the desk, but now there was no time for that. Let them find it, as they surely would before long.

Paying no heed to the demands of Danvers to be told what had happened, I raced into the studio, out at a side entrance, and down the corridor to Arline's dressing room. But the door was open, the room was empty.

"SHE'S not here," said a voice behind me. I wheeled, to find Patsy Flannigan standing there. He had followed me quietly down the corridor. His eyes were cold, accusing, and the wild thought flashed through my mind that the filter had already been discovered, or that somehow he knew of what I had done.

"Where's Arline?" I demanded. He shrugged. "On her way home, probably, crying."

"But—But how could she know?" "Know? Know what?" he asked suspiciously. "What's happened?"

"I ruined her broadcast, Patsy," I confessed. "I've got to find her and tell her. I put a filter into the mike circuit, so it distorted her song—hers and Andrews'. I don't know what made me do it—"

I have never seen such utter contempt as that which filled his eyes. "I ought to beat the devil out of you," he said slowly. "Do you know why Arline ran out of the studio, crying? Not because she knew her song had been ruined—I was in the studio and I'm telling you she never sang more beautifully in her life—but because a few hours ago she called me up and said she'd decided to quit radio and I wasn't to try to sell her to the new outfit, even if they liked her tonight. She said her career was wrecking her marriage, and if she had to choose, she'd take the marriage. That's the kind of a wife you have!"

I could not speak. Stricken with the knowledge that I had betrayed Arline, betrayed the trust my employers had put in me—and all for nothing—I could only stare at him. His anger passed. "Oh, well," he said wearily, "it's none of my business, I guess. You and Arline'll have to straighten things out between you. I'll have my hands full getting a job for that Andrews kid, after what you did to him."

In a daze, I went back to the studio. Only a few minutes had passed, yet it seemed like years. It was almost with relief that I entered the control room to find that Danvers had called in another engineer, and the filter had already been discovered.

(Continued on page 92)

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BEAUTY'S COLOR

BY
JOYCE ANDERSON

A LITTLE color added to your cheeks will add color to your life. More and more women are learning the art of make-up, and the proper use of rouge is as important as powder and lipstick.

Margaret Speaks, the distinguished soprano of the Firestone Concerts, heard each Monday night at 8:30, over the NBC-Red network, takes her career as a singer seriously, but she also considers her make-up seriously too.

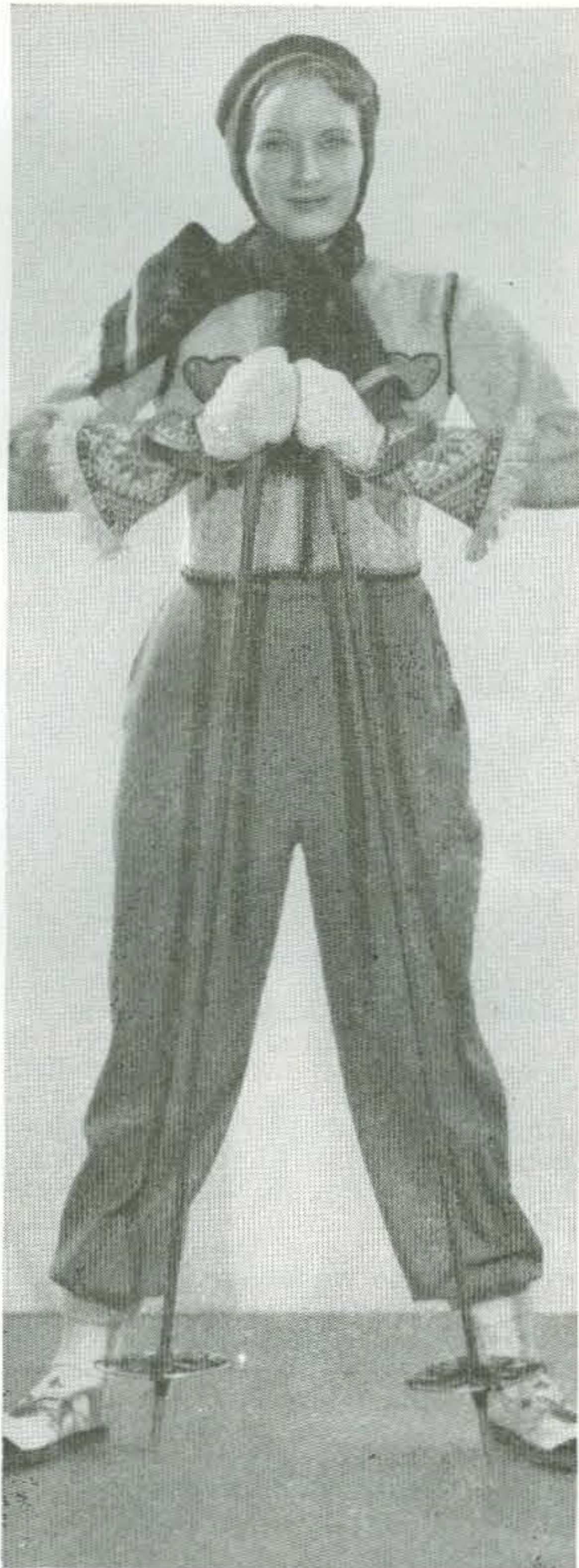
"Because we have to think about the serious business of living is no reason why we should neglect the small things that make living more pleasant and interesting," says this lovely soprano. "And I believe that cosmetics are of certain importance in every woman's life."

No doubt you already use rouge—most women do, since fortunately the time is long past when rouging your cheeks was considered "vulgar." The big point is, however, do you use this flattering aid to your beauty in the right way? It can be anything but flattering, you know, if you don't. Do you really know how to apply it, or do you simply dab some any old where on your cheeks and let it go at that? And, even more important, do you use the correct shade for your complexion and coloring?

Of course, too much rouge does not flatter you and it requires a certain amount of practice to get that natural glow to your cheeks. The rouges of today are manufactured to meet every girl's personality and coloring. They come in the creme or compact form that blends perfectly with your individual complexion.

Miss Speaks uses both the creme rouge and the powder rouge. For day time or evening she uses a thin powder base. Over this she gently applies a creme rouge. Then she lightly powders her face and afterwards applies another tiny touch of rouge. The second application is sometimes creme and sometimes powder rouge. "I find this method of powdering over the first coating," says Miss Speaks, "adds a final touch to your make-up and gives it permanence it does not otherwise have." She always carries the two types of rouge in her bag in order to make facial repairs when necessary.

When selecting rouge, give special consideration to the shade you choose. Remember the loveliest effect is obtained when the rouge subtly blends



■ Margaret Speaks, star of NBC'S Firestone Concerts, poses in her ski outfit.

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Add a dash of rouge to
your make-up and get
that youthful, glow-
ing look in your face

with your individual skin tones and personality. The sales clerk can usually help you select the color that is best suited to you. If your skin is unusually dry, then the creme rouge is best.

A few pointers in applying rouge are these: First, that age-old rule is, smile, for that brings out the part of the cheeks that should be rouged. For the oval face, apply rouge only on the crest of the cheekbone and blend in a triangle to a point not too near the nose. Pat the rouge on—do not rub. Then smooth outward toward the temple and downward toward the chin.

If you have a round face, place the rouge high on the cheekbones and almost directly beneath the eyes. Remember, always blend the rouge carefully so it doesn't look blotched. And the amount of rouge should depend upon your type. Also, never place rouge in the hollows of the cheeks.

After applying rouge, you may find it a good trick to blend and smooth it lightly with a soft make-up brush which looks rather like a miniature replica of father's shaving brush. These brushes come in sets—a large one for dusting powder, a small one for blending rouge.

"I believe," says Miss Speaks, "that in general, brunettes can use more rouge than blondes. And surely the color of your costume must influence the amount and shade of rouge you use."

Many rouges now come in such a variety of shades that you can select several to keep on hand for use with your different dresses. Of course, it takes study and practice to find the precise shades which will harmonize with different costumes, but you can do it—just as you have learned the colors which are most flattering to you in the costumes themselves.

And while we're on the subject of different shades for different clothes, don't ever try to put on one make-up over another. Remove the original make-up and apply a fresh one. You'll find it's well worth the extra trouble. Also, if possible, apply your rouge and other make-up under the same type of light you expect to be under on your "date."

Get the habit of adding a dash of color to your face, to give it life and make you more lovely. And, if you look lovely, your life will be more colorful and sparkling than it has ever been before.

(Continued from page 90)

"Look, Jim," said Al Revell, the other engineer. "How the dickens did this thing get into the mike circuit?"

"I put it there," I said evenly. "You! But you'll be fired for it, Jim!"

"It doesn't matter," I said and I went out to the ante-room, put on my hat and coat, and left the building. I'd walk home. With the vividness of a nightmare, one scene kept recurring in my brain—the studio at the end of the duet, the applause, Arline and Andrews bowing, Arline's sudden dash for the door. She had been singing her farewell, for my sake she had been saying goodbye to fame—and I had robbed her even of that.

I let myself quietly into the apartment. The living room was dark.

"Hello, darling," Arline said softly. "Please don't turn the light on just yet. There's something I want to tell you—" her voice broke.

I crossed the room and fell on my knees beside her. "Wait," I said—and then the confession came out.

AFTERWARDS, I went to your dressing-room to tell you, and met Patsy. He told me that—you'd already decided to give up your career.

She listened in silence. Then I felt a light touch on my hair, and heard her voice, very low, very soft. "Poor Jim! Why didn't you tell me? I knew you were jealous—I knew you hated having me busy all the time. I even suspected that you were jealous of Lief. But I never thought it would make you do what you did."

"It's all over," I declared. "I've learned my lesson—I'll never be jealous again. I want you to go on with your work. They know it was my fault, down at the studio, and I'll get the story of what really happened into the papers, so everybody listening in will know too. And then you can go on—"

"No," she said, still stroking my hair. "No—it's funny, but I don't want to. All this has been my fault too, Jim. And—I do need a rest. We both need a rest, Jim. We have enough money saved up to live somewhere, very quietly, for a year or two. And that's what I want to do. Let's see if we can't forget what's happened."

"But your career," I said. "Have you forgotten it?"

"Maybe, some day," she answered. "Suppose I try being a wife, for a while. . . ."

It was some time later before I remembered to ask, rather ashamedly:

"How about young Andrews? Isn't there something I can do to make up for what I did to him?"

She laughed softly. "I wouldn't worry too much about Lief. He's a talented youngster, but there's something about him you didn't know. He's also a very rich young man—his father's a millionaire and his name isn't Andrews. And anyway, I think Patsy Flannigan can take care of him all right."

Unseen, I blushed. Her tone, even more than the words, told me how foolish all my jealousy had been.

That is the story of why I am no longer a radio engineer. I was immediately dismissed from my network, and I knew I could never get a similar job in another studio. But it is right and just that I should be punished for what I did. I only thank God I didn't lose my wife's love.

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1. TAKE ONE of two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons, no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take!

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

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Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

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\$2.00 For Letters About the Ads

Look through the advertisements in this issue of RADIO MIRROR, pick out the one you like best or like least. Then write us a letter, telling why. You need not praise the ad, but your letter must be frank, must contain original suggestions or criticisms. Or, if you prefer, write us about the product itself; whether you like it or dislike it, and why. For instance, how do you use the product, has it great economy or a measure of convenience, or some other outstanding fact? Fancy composition is not important. Fifty words is plenty for your letter. The Macfadden Women's Group* will pay \$2.00 for each letter accepted. Address letters to:

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 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

*The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experiences, Love & Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.



CAKES with SPICE

Delicious to eat and quick to prepare are the new molasses flavored and nut-filled goodies

LEGEND tells us that after King Alfred had allowed the cakes to burn, the poor peasant woman who had planned to serve them to her family forgave him upon learning who he was, but I doubt that today even a king would be forgiven if he allowed a cake to burn, for more and more are cakes becoming our most popular dessert. And no wonder, for can anyone resist a slice of spice-laden cake, bursting with nuts and fruit? Of course not—and that's why I scouted around this month to bring you some delicious cake recipes.

They're recipes that have been favorites in the family of Marion Barney for years. That's recommendation enough for any recipe, for Marion is almost as famous as a connoisseur of good food as she is as Mrs. Young in the ever-popular NBC serial, *Pepper Young's Family*. High on her list of preferred cakes are molasses cashew nut cake, pictured here, and fig cake. She selects them for two reasons—for their delicious flavor, and because they are easily and quickly prepared.

MOLASSES CASHEW NUT CAKE

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 tbs. shortening
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup New Orleans type molasses
- ½ cup milk
- 2¼ cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ¼ tsp. soda
- 1 can moist packed coconut

Cream together the sugar and shortening, and add the beaten egg and

the liquids. Sift together the dry ingredients and combine the two mixtures, mixing well, then add the coconut. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for forty minutes, using a square pan. When cake is cool, cut into squares. Slice each square through the center, spread the bottom slices with the filling given below, and replace the top slices.

FILLING

- 4 tbs. butter
- 1½ cups confectioners' sugar
- 1½ tps. milk or cream
- ½ tsp. lemon extract
- ⅓ tsp. vanilla
- Dates
- Raisins
- Cashew nuts
- Pistachio nuts

Chop fine the nuts and fruit (you will need a generous cupful). Cream together the sugar and butter, stir in the liquids and flavoring and add the fruit and nut mixture. No cooking needed.

FIG CAKE

- 1½ cups flour
- 2 tps. baking powder
- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ cup milk
- 5 tbs. melted shortening
- 2 eggs

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

LESSON NUMBER ONE in how to keep a family pleased, is to give them the things they like to eat . . . And when it comes to desserts the choice nine times out of ten is cake . . . Fluffy angel foods . . . Skyscraper layer cakes with gobs of creamy filling between the layers . . . Fruit cakes . . . Devils food . . . The variety is endless, but whatever the choice, it will be the best ever and prepared with the minimum of labor if you will remember to select as your basic materials the fine cake flours and the excellent shortenings that leading cooks everywhere rely on for their cake baking triumphs.

By
MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

■ Try this Molasses Cashew Nut loaf says Marion Barney of *Pepper Young's Family*.

Sift together the dry ingredients, and add the milk, melted shortening and beaten eggs to form a batter. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) in two layer pans. While the cake is baking, prepare the following filling, and when both cake and filling have cooled, spread it between the layers.

FILLING

- ½ lb. chopped figs
- ½ cup powdered sugar
- ½ cup water
- ½ cup sherry wine

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan and cook, stirring constantly until it thickens.

WHEN IT'S FRIED

TURN a man loose in a restaurant and he will order steak and French fried potatoes. He shows good judgment, too—for nothing blends quite so well with a thick steak as piping hot "French fries," crisp and golden brown on the outside, mealy and white within. The only wonder, since they are so good and so easy to prepare, is that they don't appear more often on the family dinner table. Yes, I said easy to prepare, and that's just what I mean, for with the new varieties of shortenings on the market—the same ones you use for your fanciest cake recipes—you can be sure of maintaining the steady high temperature so necessary for French frying.

Other vegetables can be French fried with equally happy results. Eggplant, cut into inch and a half cubes and onion rings take on new interest when prepared in this way. Tiny canned mushrooms and artichoke hearts take to French frying as though they were made for it.

Deep fat and a candy thermometer will make your French frying much easier. Potatoes require a temperature of 390 to 400 degrees. Canned vegetables should be French fried at 375 to 390 degrees. As a final hint, be sure all excess moisture has been drained off before you put any of these foods into the hot fat.

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feels upset

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Alka-Seltzer

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



■ Alice Frost, Big Sister's heroine, with sister Sue and brother Ned.

If a vote were taken to determine the leading daytime serial on the air, we think Big Sister would stand a good chance of coming out on top. (See third instalment of the fictionization on page 34, this issue.) The program is heard Monday through Friday at 11:30 A. M. over the Columbia Broadcasting System and below are short biographies on three of the leading members of the cast:

Alice Frost, who is Big Sister or Ruth Evans Brewster, on the program, was born about twenty-eight years ago in Minneapolis, Minn. She attended the University of Minnesota and while working at a department store, took a course in a small dramatic school at night. She got her first job acting in a Chautauqua production of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." In private life Alice is Mrs. Robert Foulk, wife of a young New York architect. She is five feet seven inches, weighs 125 pounds and has gray eyes.

Haila Stoddard, who plays the part of Sue Evans was born Nov. 14, 1912 in Great Falls, Mont. When Haila was four she appeared in "The Bird of Paradise." After graduation from the University of Southern California in 1934, she started her theatrical career seriously by playing in a local production of "Merrily We Roll Along." Haila is pert and pretty, has big blue eyes, is five feet four inches and weighs 110 pounds.

Junior O'Day who portrays Ned Evans, the young crippled boy on the program, is Michael James Gregory O'Day. Junior's birthday is June 27. He made his radio debut with Nila Mack's "Let's Pretend" program. He's a round-faced, chubby lad, with dark eyes and a secret fondness for sketching members of the cast on his script while waiting for his cues.

* * *

Marie Gurska, Bklyn., N. Y. — I'm sorry, but we do not have a service

for furnishing pictures to our readers and do not know where you can obtain those you requested.

H. F. Turner, Salem, Oregon — Seth Parker may be heard over the NBC Blue Network at 7:30 Sunday nights.

Mary Catherine Grogan, Houston, Texas — Del Casino was born in Brooklyn and is about twenty-six years old. He weighs 148 pounds, is five feet ten, has black hair and brown eyes . . . To my knowledge, no Jim Ameche fan club has ever been organized.

A Devoted Listener, Reidsville, N. C. — At the present time, Tony Wons is not on the air and we do not know whether he expects to return.

E. V. R. M., Baltimore, Md. — Lord Henry of Our Gal Sunday is played by Karl Swenson . . . We never heard of Ray Whitley and his Six Bar Cowboys. If you can give us some further information as to the station over which they formerly broadcast, etc., perhaps I can be of some assistance.

FAN CLUB SECTION

George Ream, treasurer of the Sammy Kaye Swing and Sway Club is striving for an increased membership and would be happy to hear from boosters all over the country. Just address him in care of the Swing and Sway Club, Elizabeth, N. J.

Readers interested in joining a Frances Langford Fan Club should get in touch with Ed Lally, active president of the Official Frances Langford Fan Club Federation. He may be reached at 123 Gore Street, East., Perth, Ontario, Canada.

This is to inform our readers of a change in officers of the Rudy Vallee Rooters. Miss Nina F. Comer is now president, succeeding Dorothy Yosnow. She will be happy to receive your letters. Address her at 906 E. Henry Street, Savannah, Ga.

Write to Mary Wilson, 807 Eighth St., West Park, McKeesport, Penna., for information about the Kay Kyser Fan Club of Pittsburgh.

3 SIMPLE STEPS TO Beauty



1 Maybelline Eye Shadow comes in six flattering lovely shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

2 Maybelline famous smooth-marking Eye-brow Pencil. Shades—Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

3 Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored metal vanity, 75c. Refills, including new brush, 35c. Shades—Black, Brown, Blue.

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