

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR



BARBARA
STANWYCK
Tells Why Beauty
Is Happiness

Beginning **JOHN'S OTHER WIFE** The Intimate Drama of a Woman
Whose Husband Wanted Two Lives

SOMEBODY TO LOVE Words and Music of a **BEAUTIFUL NEW SONG** by **LANNY ROSS**

Moderns Prefer



Rochelle Hudson
Star of Columbia Pictures
Production "Babies for Sale"

PERMANENT WAVES
BY THE FAMOUS
Nestle **UNDINE**
METHOD

...R, SAYS:
...the Bob Pins
...ion. If you were
... why not be prac-
... the Bob Pins that will
...ely, invisibly. I refer
...w process. They never cut or
...at, they just *won't fall out*. This
...theory. A scientific laboratory test
...ng Bob Pins retain their original
...reading after having been forced open
...times. All of which means that DeLong
...ill keep your curls and waves in place."



June Storey
Republic Star in
"Gaucho Serenad."

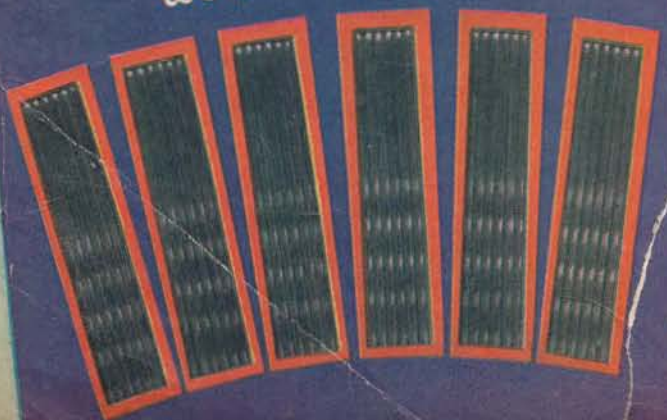
4 SHADES
Brown
Black
Blonde
Gray

4 STYLES
Crimped
Straight
Curved
Curl

DE LONG
BOB PINS

Guaranteed by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
As advertised therein

won't slip out



Won't Slip Out

...WHAT A DIFFERENCE THAT MAKES

400



Her "Ballerina" Beach Suit held His Glance —but Her Smile ran away with His Heart!

• Peppermint candy stripes in a new cotton beach frock with shirtwaist top, flaring "ballerina" skirt.



Never, never neglect your precious smile! Help guard its charm with Ipana and massage!

IF MEN beg for an introduction, but never ask you for a date, it may be your smile that's turning love away!

For, alluring and smart as your clothes may be, if you let your smile become dull and dingy... if you ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"... you lose one of the most precious charms a girl can possess!

"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning signal

If ever you see "pink" on your tooth brush... see your dentist! It may mean nothing serious... but let him decide! Very likely, his opinion will be that your gums need more exercise... need stimulation they don't get from today's soft, creamy foods! Then, like so many dentists these days, he may

suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums to health. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that refreshing "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that circulation is awakening in the gum tissues... helping to make the gums firmer and healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. And start now to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter, more sparkling teeth... a lovelier, more charming smile!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Introducing...

the loveliest
thing in make-up



Chiffon

Lipstick, new, exciting, as alluringly feminine as its name—in new shades that lend soft warmth to your lips—new lips that beckon men—lips that whisper of love.

Scented with a costlier perfume men can't resist, Chiffon Lipstick is superlatively smooth in texture.

Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these alluring new shades:

Chiffon Red, Medium, Raspberry, True Red



Chiffon Powder 10¢

Does for your face what chiffon does for romance—the finest long-clinging texture—shine-proof—cake-proof—in seven high fashion shades:



Brunette Natural
Dark Tan Rose Petal Rose Beige
Beige Rachel

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

A new, entirely different cream, the only cream you need apply for cleaning, to help clarify and soften the skin. A fine foundation. You'll be thrilled with the silken dewy texture it lends to your face.



Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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ON THE COVER—Barbara Stanwyck, by Sol Wechsler
(Photo, courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

IT'S AN IDEA

TALK about draining every ounce of good from something! Well I've done just that with my favorite radio publication. You see, every month I lose no time in getting my copy, and the first thing I look for is RADIO MIRROR's Preview of a Hit. The other day I started what I call my "Radio Music Scraps." It has Larry Clinton's "This is My Song," "Once In a Dream" by Mr. Swing and Sway Kaye (very singable), "So Comes The Rain" by Candid Camera Courtney, Bob Crosby's lilting "It's a Small World," and the Andrews Sisters' "Cut Off My Heels and Call Me Shorty." Now I'm impatiently waiting for Glenn Miller's new piece to put in my scrap book. I'm quite pleased with my book.

Perhaps other readers have done something similar, so why not tell us about it.—Rosalind Reade, West Palm Beach, Florida.

SECOND PRIZE

THEY SAVE MONEY!

As people of modest means who seldom indulge in shows and dances, my husband and I are representative of millions of young married Americans who utilize radio to the fullest. To us, radio is more than a mere means of the best in entertainment. It is the nucleus of our social life.

We don't expect to inherit a pot o' gold on any Tuesday night, but we do give a silver lining to Dr. I. Q.'s program on Monday nights by inviting in several other couples with whom we match our mental strength.

We and the "crowd" get together on Saturday nights and dance to the music of Wayne King and other radio rhythm kings. As a result, we save money. We're not in debt. But we're greatly indebted to radio.—Sue Stapp, Tulsa, Okla.

THIRD PRIZE

TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT

I Love a Mystery on Thursday nights is too highly spiced with improbable situations, and highly colored char- (Continued on page 80)

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 letters to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than July 26, 1940. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

More Women prefer Mum— Saves Time...Clothes...Charm!



Mum is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!



Leading favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.



Wives, girls in love, make Mum a daily habit. Mum guards charm—popularity!



Mum Every Day Guards Against Underarm Odor!

TODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that *more women choose Mum!* In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools... Mum is used by millions of women. For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be *dainty*, too... nice to be around at *any minute of the day or evening!*

Don't expect your bath alone to give you that *lasting charm!* A bath may remove *past perspiration*, but *Mum* after your bath prevents risk of *future odor.*

Thousands of men, too, are using Mum... it's *speedy, safe, dependable!*

QUICK! Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or after you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. *So safe* that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—make a *daily habit* of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS— More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle... guards against unpleasantness.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Day Dreams

IN a town that seemed a thousand but was only a hundred miles distant his wife was visiting a friend of college days. Home that first night was a particularly lonely castle. Even the dog had deserted him. He prowled about the living room, deciding which of the dozen things he'd been wanting to do for years appealed most. Absently he switched on the radio. It was still early, plenty of time to decide on the evening's entertainment later.

The full rich tones of the Fred Waring choir came from far away, then moved up closer, then filled the room with melody. He settled back. Might as well be comfortable for a few minutes. The program went into its closing theme song. A twist of the dial and—Lanny Ross. Why did the quiet friendliness of his voice seem to mean so much more tonight? And Lanny's songs held more of an intoxicating lilt, didn't they? Then he realized what was happening. His loneliness was disappearing. He was no longer merely an over-night bachelor twitching about trying to find something to do. He was entertaining a dozen different guests of quite rare talent.

The Sammy Kaye Sensations program began. There was sweetness of melody there, too. He found a sharper appreciation of the rhythm. Twilight had subsided into the soft darkness of a summer night. The glow of the illuminated dial set a background of faint shadows for this mood of relaxation and forgetfulness.

There, on another network were Blondie and Dagwood, lost in a torrential downpour, their new homemade trailer broken away and off through the woods like a frightened animal. Then Tune Up Time, with Tony Martin. And True or False, a rough and ready, catch-as-catch can quiz veteran. And Cecil B. De Mille from Hollywood.

If he were really going any place that evening, now was the time to break away. But first, one last twist of the dial. Alec Templeton! It wouldn't hurt to wait a few minutes longer. If he weren't quite so amusing—Oh well, there's all week ahead to do those other things . . .

If there is any moral to this story, it's simply this: the next time you desert your husband for a few days or a few weeks, be sure, before you leave, that the radio is in perfect working order. And it wouldn't hurt as a gentle reminder, to put his pipes, or the cigarette box, on the table alongside the receiver.

When you return, you'll find he has a new hobby. Listening, without talking, to his favorite program. I know—because I'm the man in this story I just told you.

Did you ever notice:

The strange mouthing of his words from Bill Hays when he begins: "Campbell Soup Presents . . . Amos 'n' Andy"?

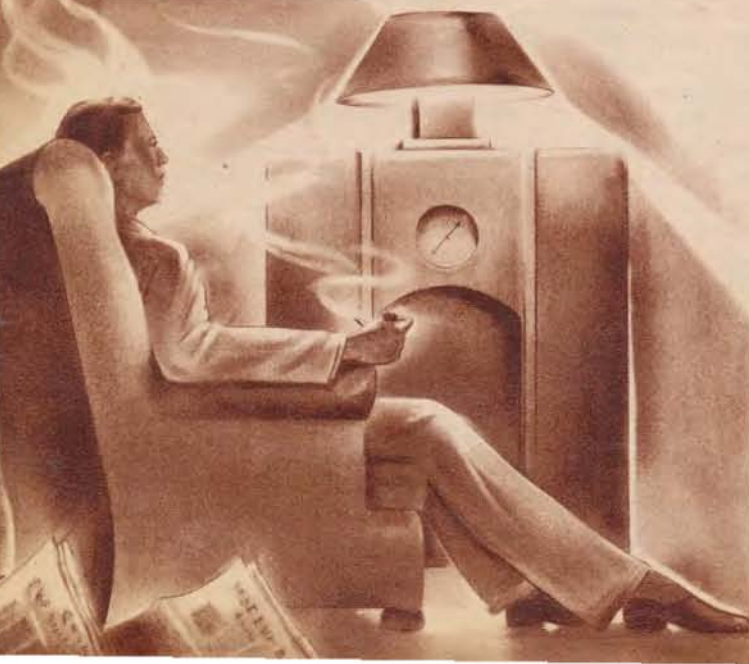
How imperceptibly but surely the Rudy Vallee program has become more enjoyable?

How sweetly Dick Powell and Mary Martin join in duets, on their very pleasant Good News program?

A new program called Where Am I From?, which stars a college professor who listens to studio guests recite a few chosen lines and who then tells the speaker what section of North America he is from, even down to the actual city?

I crashed the gate of one of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's broadcast rehearsals the other noon-hour, and came away convinced that for poise and good humor there's no radio star quite like the First Lady. With a bare twenty-five minutes to rehearse and time her script, Mrs. F. D. R.'s manner was as calm and unhurried as if she'd been to tea in the White House. Already, before coming to the studio, she'd spent the morning on a hot movie set, taking part in a "Hobby Lobby" short being made by Dave Elman; and after her broadcast she was scheduled to attend a luncheon and present a prize to a Broadway actress. But she came up alone in one of the public NBC elevators, sat down at the microphone, and sailed through her script without a quiver, while sponsors pridefully ogled her from behind a plateglass window and photographers flashed their light-bulbs in her face. And when the program director in the control-room moved his hands apart as if he were stretching a rubber band between them, she nodded and spoke more slowly. She knew what that signal meant.

—FRED R. SAMMIS



Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

*Camay now Milder than other
Leading Beauty Soaps!*

EVERYWHERE women are talking about this wonderful new Camay... finding in new Camay the beauty soap to help them in their search for greater loveliness!

And no wonder—for tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them... gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive try this wonderful new Camay... see for yourself how much its extra mildness... its more gentle, thorough cleansing... can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!



Mrs. J. H. Richardson, Alameda, Cal. "New Camay is so amazingly mild!" says Mrs. Richardson. "My skin is rather delicate—but new Camay is so gentle that it actually seems to soothe as it cleanses!"

"I don't know what delighted me most about new Camay—that lovely new fragrance or its wonderful mildness. Every woman who has sensitive skin ought to try Camay!"

Mrs. A. H. Sherin, Jr., Schenectady, N. Y.



Mrs. G. Anderton Burke, Alexandria, Va. "To women who take extra care with their skin as I do its amazing mildness is a tremendous help," writes Mrs. Burke. "And that enchanting new fragrance is so wonderful, too."



The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

At your dealer's now—no change in wrapper.



Beauty

By PAULINE SWANSON

this past season, and over ten since the program began—much more than any other star.

Yet isn't beauty every woman's business? And isn't achieving it with the least loss of time and money the goal that every woman strives for?

You'll understand better how Barbara solves this universal problem if I take you into one of the rooms of the house in Beverly Hills where she and Bob Taylor live. It's a room that expresses more frankly than any confession exactly what sort of woman she is.

It is Barbara's sitting room and bedroom on the second floor, from which casement windows, draped with gay rose colored flowered chintz and criss-crossed with white organdy curtains, look out through a shelter of sycamore boughs into the quiet garden at the back of the house.

It is a feminine room, but subtly so. In sight are no dressing tables, elaborate mirrors or perfume bars. Rather, the room has the look of a very comfortable living room. Interest is centered around a white brick fire-place in which, if there is the slightest chill in the air, a bright fire is kept burning. Here are a Victorian sofa, warm and inviting, a man-sized wing chair. Here are tables with lamps not so decorative that they are useless for people who read late at night; piles of books, a stack of the current magazines, newspapers, a silver tray with the day's mail. Out of a small cupboard near the fire come all the makings for a quick pot of coffee—for both Barbara and Bob are chain coffee drinkers.

The tufted flowered chintz bed is not so formidable that it discourages loungers; in fact, the lucky few of Barbara's friends who penetrate to this hospitable heart of her lovely house respond quickly to the quiet informality of the room and relax as it is seldom possible to relax in

is Happiness

■ Why take the hard way to loveliness when charming Barbara Stanwyck offers you the easy-to-copy rules she herself worked out when she became Mrs. Robert Taylor

harassed, hurried Hollywood.

Wordlessly, the room conjures up a complete picture of the woman who planned it—(for no decorator touched *this* room!)—a woman to whom the little things in life mean a great deal, who goes through her days and nights unhurried, content.

It explains the new confidence with which Bob Taylor has faced the problems of his profession since Barbara became his wife. It reveals so much of Barbara herself—who, though she is already in her thirties, faces each day with an eagerness and zest almost childlike, who came through the most cruelly disillusioning experiences a few years ago

with none of her fundamental love of living destroyed. She has succeeded, without burning her own intimate life as a human sacrifice to happiness. She has remained young in heart and body.

It is not easy, this thing which Barbara Stanwyck has done. Essentially it has been to live a simple life, accenting real values, in a town infinitely complex, where only the wise see life and love, giving and getting, in their true proportions.

Beauty, she has learned, is true happiness and happiness can be achieved only through simplicity and relaxation, the two keystones



■ Barbara and Bob have fun together that's Barbara's happiness formula

upon which she has built her life and her marriage.

The marriage itself is the first of her beauty essentials . . . for it is responsible for the serenity that underlies her beauty and gives it point.

This beauty business. It is not only in Hollywood that women spend hours of every day fussing with their hair, manicures and pedicures, facials and massage—for Hollywood has no corner on the urge of women to be beautiful. Barbara has no quarrel with this; but she insists they need not stay beautiful "the hard way."

"I can remember when I had to have my (Continued on page 70)

■ She loves to sprawl on the floor, alongside her seven-year-old son, Dion, and read the funnies in the comic books.



Fink Photos

■ Her coiffure—like everything else in Barbara's life—is chosen for its ease and quickness of arrangement, as well as for its beauty.

BEAUTY," said Barbara Stanwyck frankly, "is my business, just as it is every star's business to look her best always.

"But here's the difficulty. Too often the struggle for beauty means devoting long hours every day to massage, manicure, cosmeticians, hairdressers. And time is as precious to me as it is to any woman—so I've had to work out ways of keeping my wardrobe and my face and my figure up to the demands made upon them by the camera without spending half the day on this task.

"If I hadn't done this, I wouldn't have had the time I need for the job of being Mrs. Robert Taylor."

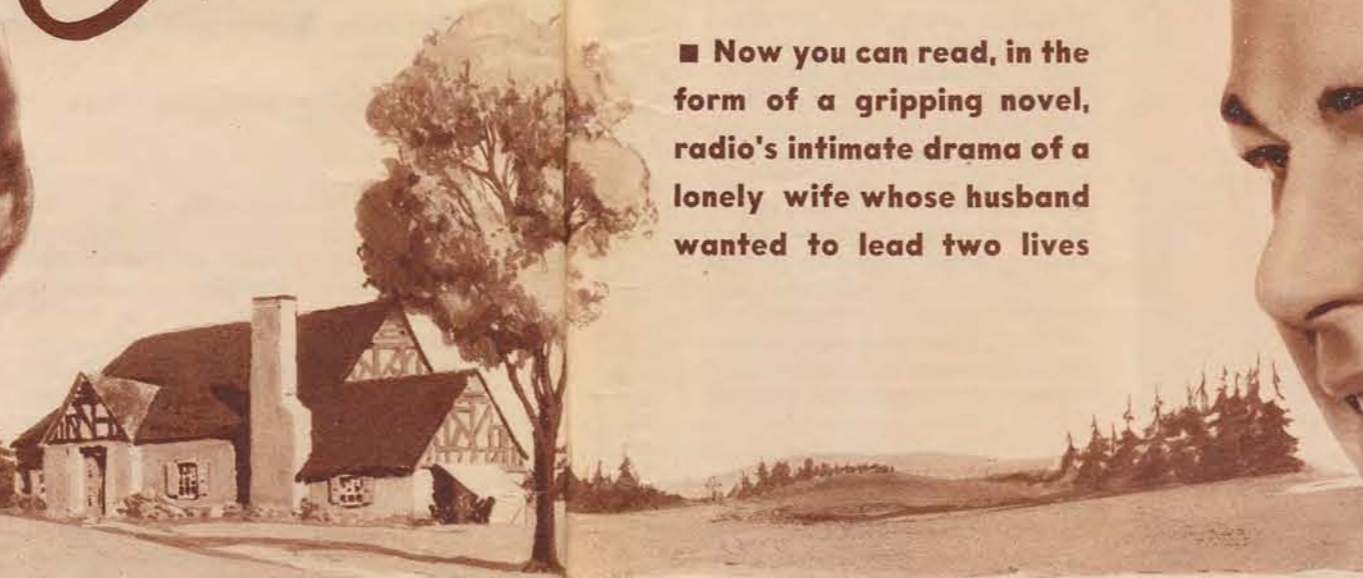
Obviously what she said is true. Being a star means dividing your time among thousands of activities. Working in front of a camera is just a portion of it. There are public affairs, parties, business conferences, interviews. And in Barbara's case there is radio. She broadcasts, I believe, more than any other movie actress who hasn't a regular program. On the CBS Lux Theatre alone, she's made four appearances



■ Elizabeth Perry was small, with soft skin, brown curls and eyes of misty blue.

JOHN'S OTHER WIFE

■ Now you can read, in the form of a gripping novel, radio's intimate drama of a lonely wife whose husband wanted to lead two lives



■ John Perry was big, broad-shouldered, with a brushing of gray at the temples.

ARRANGING the flowers in the lustre vase, Elizabeth's hands faltered. I bought these flowers, she had thought suddenly; I bought them, walked into the florist's and said, "A dozen roses for Mrs. John Perry, 146 Stedman Avenue." And I paid for them, out of the very generous housekeeping allowance John gives me every week.

How long was it since John had brought flowers home? Months, more than a year. But that wasn't important, really. The thing was that he wouldn't see these flowers when he came home. He wouldn't even know they were there. He wouldn't see them, any more than he saw the room, with its comfortable, gaily-chintzed chairs for summer, its windows framing the garden, its lights and tables cunningly arranged for convenience.

Or any more than he would see her face. Sometimes she wondered that he recognized her at all. She was just something that he expected to find against the background of his home. Like a chair, or a table, she was there for his casual, accustomed use, not for his thoughts.

Why, then, didn't he give as little thought to Annette Rogers? If his wife was always in his home, Annette was always in his office—no less ready to listen to him, to read his wishes, ready to talk when he wanted to talk, ready to be silent when he wanted silence.

Elizabeth shivered, and turned
Fictionized by Ethelda Bedford from the radio serial on NBC-Blue network, daily at 3:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., sponsored by Freezone and Kolynos Toothpaste.
Copyright 1940, Frank and Anne Hummert

away from the piano where the wine-red of the roses complemented the dark gloss of frequently-polished ebony . . . There was no sense, no sense at all, in letting her thoughts wander in that direction. Resentment, fear—they wouldn't help.

It was bitterly ironic when you came down to it. After the Martha Curtis business, she'd thought she was being so clever. Poor Martha—John had been a sort of god to her. She had loved him, yes, but she had revered him even more. Her own humble beginnings in life had called out to John's, had helped them to meet on a common ground. And, naturally, they both thought nothing in the world was quite so important as Perry's Department Store. Perhaps all this had brought John a kind of love for Martha—a love that was part pity.

But Martha had left the store, and John hadn't seemed to miss her—any more, Elizabeth reflected wryly, than he had missed Elizabeth herself when she stopped being his secretary to devote all her time to making a home for him.

"Home! That's going to be your career from now on, honey!" he'd said joyfully when they built their new house in the suburbs. "I

want some place I can come to at night, and forget all about the store. Some place I can relax!"

Well, John relaxed when he slept. But the amount of wide-awake relaxing he chose to do around his home lately seemed negligible.

Elizabeth straightened the magazines on a table into geometric exactness. She lifted her wrist and stared at the watch on it for a long time. Four o'clock. Just time enough to dress, catch the bus into town, and meet John a few minutes before the store closed. She would walk into his office; he would look up from his desk, frowning a little at the intrusion, but then when he saw who it was his face would clear and he'd jump up and say:

"Hello! I was just wishing you were in town so we could go out and have dinner together!" And his arms would go around her, hold her for a moment as though he were clasping his most precious possession.

—Only that wasn't the way it would be. He'd try to be pleasant and glad to see her, but he wouldn't be able to hide his feeling that she should have left him alone. He might explain that he was just going to have a tray sent up to the office—or that he'd planned on din-

ing with one of his assistants at the store, for a conference. And once again she would be made to feel that she was outside of his real life, excluded from that important life which was shared so fully by Annette Rogers.

With firm steps Elizabeth walked across the room and went upstairs. Perhaps, if she went to his office, she would be rebuffed—but all the same, she had to go. Anything was better than this inactivity, this—this lurking in the background. She dressed carefully, selecting the dusty-green suit with the peplum jacket she had bought only the week before.

It was five-fifteen when she paused in front of Perry's plate-glass windows. Still fifteen minutes before the store closed. She dawdled, looking at the window dis-

plays, glancing across the street at Henry Sullivan's store, Perry's main competitor in this busy mid-western city. Inside Sullivan's, she knew, was an all-pervading air of luxury and wealth: thick carpets, show-cases empty except for a few carefully arranged bits of merchandise, obsequious, low-voiced clerks. For until recently Sullivan's had been the store—until John had thrown down the challenge and set out to prove that he could capture at least some of the Sullivan's wealthy customers.

That had really been the reason Elizabeth herself had suggested that he hire Annette Rogers. All her life Annette had belonged to that wealthy class which rolled up to the doors of Sullivan's in sleek limousines—all her life until her father had died and left her little

but debts. That background, together with her undoubted good taste and ability to design startling clothes had seemed to make her an ideal employee for Perry's.

And Elizabeth had been sorry for Annette in the days following her father's death. She had seemed so lost, so overwhelmed at finding herself, all unprepared as she was, faced with the necessity of earning a living. It hadn't occurred to Elizabeth that Annette, once in the store, might find ways of making herself indispensable to John. Even if the possibility had crossed her mind, she'd have discounted it, trusting to Annette's gratitude and friendship.

Gratitude! Annette didn't know the meaning of the word!

Elizabeth pushed her way through

the revolving doors, and down one of the aisles. She stopped to examine a pair of white knit gloves—and stiffened.

The clipped, brittle voice came from a few feet away. Annette Rogers was there, standing with her back to Elizabeth, talking to a tall man Elizabeth had never seen before.

"Oh, Elizabeth's a nice little thing. Rather the domestic type—not at all the sort you'd expect John to marry. But then, that was five years ago, long before I knew him. I don't think she'd have a good time, even if you did invite her."

Shrinking back, Elizabeth heard the man laugh and say teasingly, "And, of course, you'd hate to have her come and not enjoy herself, wouldn't you? All right, Annette—

just as you say. Bring him alone, by all means, if that'll make you happy."

Elizabeth slipped behind an intervening counter and hurried to the elevator marked "Employees Only." But then, with her finger touching the signal button, a thought struck her. It was nearly closing time; she might find herself in the same elevator as Annette, and that was something she couldn't stand now. Better to walk the six flights to John's office.

Her cheeks were burning with humiliation. How lightly, how surely, Annette had drawn in a few words for that unknown man the picture of an Elizabeth Perry who was colorless, a little dowdy, a misfit everywhere outside her own home! It had been done so expertly that it was impossible not to guess the long practice behind it—impossible not to wonder how many other times Annette had drawn the same picture of his wife for John!

ON the top floor Elizabeth paused an instant to catch her breath before she went to the door which opened directly from John's office to the hall. There was another entrance, through his secretary's office, but she chose this afternoon not to use it.

She pushed open the silent-hinged door.

Annette was there before her! She had taken the elevator Elizabeth had been afraid to share with her. Now she sat in the chair at the side of John's desk, a cigarette poised in her long, perfectly-manicured fingers. She and John both looked up, surprised, as Elizabeth entered.

At thirty-five, John Perry's brown hair was brushed with gray at the temples. It lent to his appearance a worldliness which was useful in business, but deceptive. As Elizabeth knew very well, John was not a worldly man. He was frequently too innocent for his own good. As always, Elizabeth's heart responded to the sight of him.

"Elizabeth"—he began, then seeing her flushed cheeks, he added quickly, "Is anything wrong?"

All the poise she had planned on having deserted Elizabeth. "Oh—no. I was just in town shopping and—and I thought we might have dinner together—" She saw his brows tighten, and added hastily, "That is—if you haven't any other plans—"

"Well . . . the only thing is, I'd just promised Annette . . ."

Annette was leaning back in her chair, a faint, amused half-smile on her perfectly molded red lips.

■ Elizabeth felt lost, confused—like a housewife suddenly astray in a strange world.



Annette wasn't beautiful, but she had the faculty of making other women feel bumpy and awkward and hastily put-together. Her strong features and her lithe body were always under perfect control; just now, though, she didn't speak, she seemed to be saying plainly to Elizabeth, "Aren't you rather making a fool of yourself, darling?"

JOHN went on, "Annette wanted me to go with her out to Robbin Pennington's country place for dinner. He's just returned from Europe—and since he's our largest stockholder, I guess Annette's right when she says I ought to know him socially."

"I didn't have a chance to tell you the really important thing, though," Annette drawled, the smoke from her cigarette dancing in slow spirals. "Mortimer Prince is going to be there too, John."

"Prince?" John's brow wrinkled. "Oh, you know—the millionaire—practically owns two big New York department stores. I've known him for years, and his daughter Charlie is one of my *dearest* friends. If you just could interest *him*, John, he *might* put some money into our store."

John tapped his teeth thoughtfully with the end of a pencil.

"I hear he's anxious to invest here," Annette pursued. "After all, this is his old home town."

John chuckled suddenly. "Annette," he said, "you're marvelous. If there's a chance anywhere, your eye spots it. I wouldn't dare think of trying to get Mortimer Prince to put money into my store when our competition is Henry Sullivan, one of his best friends, but you calmly take for granted that it can be done."

"Henry and Mortimer aren't such good friends any more," Annette said crisply. "You don't keep up on your gossip, John. Henry was going to marry Charlie Prince—but he decided a few days ago that he didn't want such a problem child on his hands, not even for all that money. I'm afraid that rather hurt Mortimer's feelings."

Elizabeth looked from John to Annette, feeling miserably that they were talking over her head, oblivious of her presence. Robbin Pennington—Mortimer Prince—Charlie—Henry Sullivan—she knew none of these people! Once she would have known—would have made it her business to know. Once, as John's secretary, she had known



■ "I—I hope you'll be terribly happy." Surprise and relief made Elizabeth unaware of what she was saying.

more of his affairs than she knew now as his wife.

Annette crushed out her cigarette. "So you won't mind, Elizabeth," she said brightly, "if I steal John—just for tonight? It really is rather important, you see."

"Why—I—" Elizabeth began, her eyes seeking John's, unable to go on.

"Here," John said, and abruptly pushed the telephone toward Annette. "Can't you call Pennington and ask if Mr. and Mrs. Perry can't both come along with you tonight?"

"Don't be stodgy, John!" Annette pushed the telephone back with an irritated little laugh. "Of course Elizabeth can go if she likes. As a matter of fact, Robbin told me to invite you both. I just thought Elizabeth would be bored."

Relief and happiness warmed Elizabeth's heart. Forcing Annette

to accept her company wasn't such a great triumph—but what really mattered was that instinctively John had come to her rescue, had included her in the party because he wanted her along. And though she dreaded this evening that was to come, nothing in the world would have kept her from going with them.

As they drove into the country in John's car, Annette took charge of the conversation and delivered a monologue on her favorite subject—herself. It was terribly hard, she announced, to economize and live on her salary; it was a good thing she was able to pick up a little something extra now and then in the stock market. . . .

"Annette's extremely clever in her choice of investments," John remarked, real admiration in his voice. (Continued on page 66)

Photos especially posed by the cast—Erin O'Brien-Moore as Elizabeth, William Post, Jr. as John, Franc Hale as Annette.



■ Betty Lou's best known roles have been in *Grand Hotel*, as Connie in Arnold Grimm's *Daughter*, and as Julia, the leading role in *Midstream*.

SEVERAL years ago, a young Southern girl stood in a Chicago studio waiting for her first audition. She kept clearing her throat and nervously rattling the pages of her script.

In the control room, a tall young director watched her with quiet, amused eyes. "She's a pretty kid, isn't she?" he said to one of the engineers. The young director then looked more closely at her as she turned anxious eyes toward the control room. She had an eagerness in her finely modelled, angular face. Her eyes were large and dark, her hair deep black and shining.

"She looks a lot like Hepburn," the young director said.

The engineer grinned. "Working up a case?"

The young director grinned back. "Don't be silly," he said. Then, leaning into the microphone, he said, "All right, Miss Gerson, go ahead." She smiled weakly. "Don't be nervous," he told her.

The girl read. First nervously and hurriedly, then she seemed to catch hold of herself and read with proper pacing and finesse. The tall, young director's eyes widened. "She's an actress," he said excitedly to the engineer. When she had

Love

■ Dividends of happiness have come from their investment in an ultra-modern marriage—meet Betty Lou Gerson, who stars in many radio shows, and her husband, who directs them

finished he came into the studio. "I think we can use you," he said.

A sort of choked up "Thanks" was all the young actress could manage.

Her name was Betty Lou Gerson. She didn't know it then, but she was thanking a young man who would someday ask her to marry him. And the young director, Joe Ainley, could hardly foresee that the nervous young girl he was hiring for a bit part would someday become the star of numerous radio shows and, not so incidentally, his wife!

Today, the Ainleys are one of the most successful and happily married couples in Chicago radio circles. Their careers and their married life are inseparable, for Joe Ainley directs programs and his wife, Betty Lou Gerson, acts in them. Betty plays the leading roles in two NBC serials. She's Connie in Arnold Grimm's *Daughter*, and Julia Meredith in *Midstream*. And in the winter, when *Grand Hotel* is on the air, Joe is its director and Betty Lou its star.

They own a beautiful apartment house in the suburbs of Chicago. They live in one of the apartments in the house. It's modern, large, filled with luxurious furniture, deep, cozy fireplaces, fine books, good paintings, and more than most young couples these days could dream of having.

When they are not working at the

Incorporated

By JACK SHER

studios, they are with each other in their home, sometimes quietly enjoying an evening alone, other times entertaining the gay, young radio crowd that pals around together in Chicago.

They are a living proof that marriage and a career can walk hand in hand, that two young people in love can be with each other constantly—and happily.

But it didn't all happen at once. Romances that last as long as Joe's and Betty Lou's take time in building. There were quite a few heartaches and separations before they became Mr. and Mrs. Ainley. Their marriage might not have taken place at all, if Betty Lou hadn't sacrificed the opportunity of a lifetime to marry Joe Ainley.

BUT let's go back to the beginning and I'll tell you the story as Betty Lou Gerson told it to me.

She was born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama. Her father was an influential executive, president of the Southern Steel and Roller Mills Company. As a child, Betty made up her mind to become an actress.

Like most wealthy young Southern girls, she was sent to a girl's seminary. There, she performed in school plays and read all the magazines she could get on the theater, on Hollywood and the radio.

"I used to listen to radio script shows by the hour," she smiled. "My favorite program was *First Nighter*, and Don Ameche was a hero of mine. I never dreamed that some day I'd be playing on the same program I used to love to listen to—and opposite my favorite actor."

When Betty Lou graduated, she made up her mind to study dramatics. She talked her parents into letting her go to Chicago, where she enrolled in the Goodman Dramatic School. She hadn't been in school very long before she got an offer to go into a stock company.

She played with the stock company for three months during the summer. (Continued on page 72)



■ Betty Lou and Joe own a beautiful apartment house in the suburbs of Chicago and live in one of the apartments. Once a week is chess night at the Ainleys. Below, some friends drop in to watch.



AN OPEN LETTER FROM

Jessica Dragmette

ABOUT FRIENDSHIP

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Many of you reading this letter I have never met; some of you have never even seen me; still I know that a great many of you are real friends of mine. Every call the postman makes brings me evidence of your friendship; in letters, cards and gifts of every description. Every time I give a concert you greet me with a tide of affection that tells me more plainly than any words could that I am among friends.

In a very important way, you who have never met me yet write me letters which begin "Dear Jessica," are the truest friends I could have. Your devotion is a kind of friendship that is unique. It has stimulated me to consider the subject of friendship in a way that I had never thought of before.

So I'm glad to write this open letter and have it published where so many will read it—for I would like to pass on to others the most precious lesson in the art of friendship which you have taught me, in the hope that it will bring to many the increased happiness it has given me.

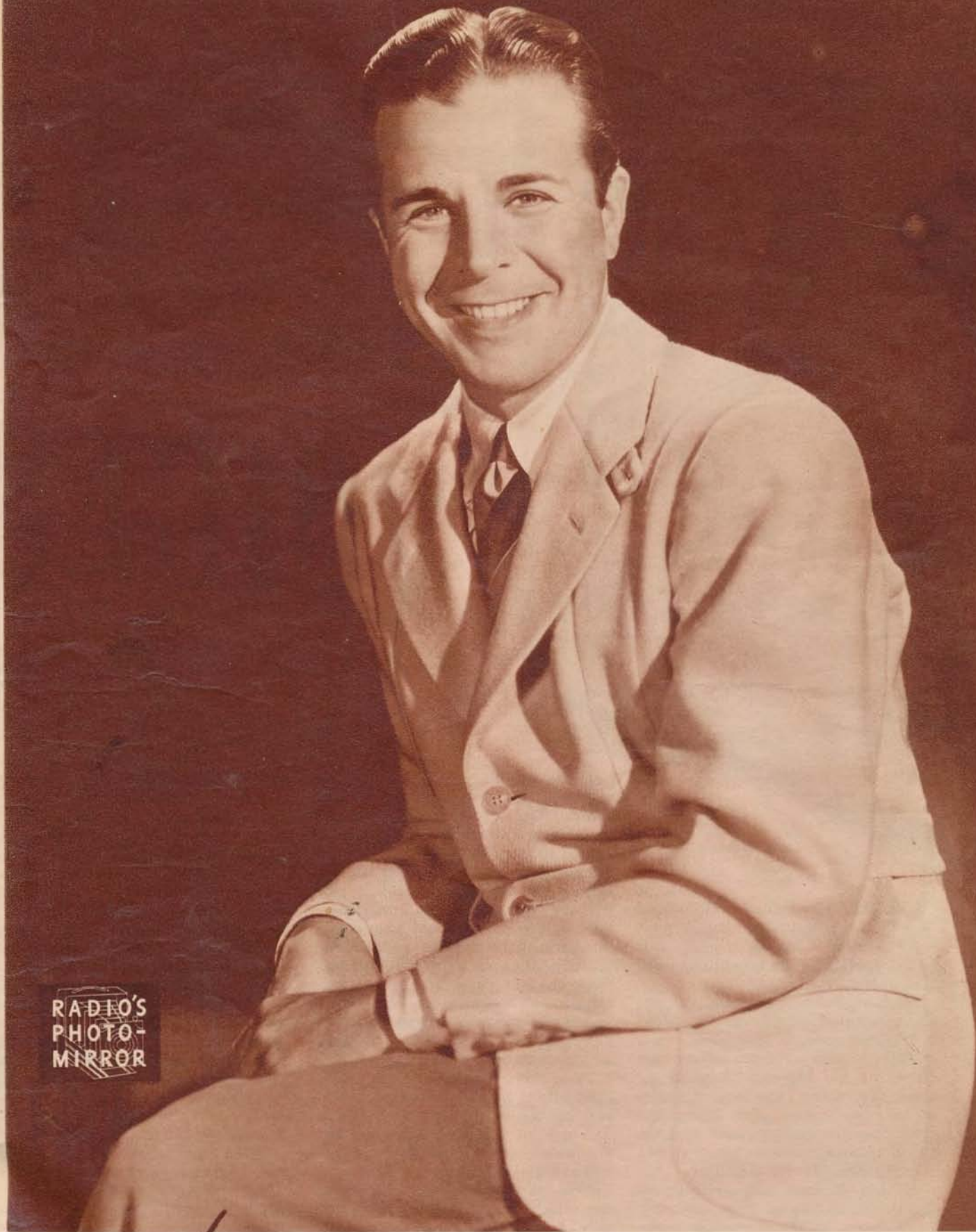
You have made me realize that most of us don't really appreciate our friends. We expect and even demand too much of them. When they seem to fail us—we think it is their fault and are hurt. If that has ever happened to you—and I feel it has to all of us—the chances are very strong that we are at fault and not our friends!

I wouldn't be qualified to talk this way if it were not for the experience gained through your friendship.

When I stopped broadcasting on a regular weekly series of programs which had extended for a period of many years, to give concerts all over this beautiful country of ours—I, with my head in the clouds and my heart warmed by thoughts of experiences to bring you more interesting future broadcasts—never felt that I had left you at all. But actually I had been away for quite a number of months and personal friends and business acquaintances began to tell me that radio audiences forget all too quickly, that I would be obliged to build up a following of listeners anew—make air-friends all over again. I thought, how can this be with friends!

A few weeks ago I did return to radio on a regular series. Despite my preoccupation and excitement with planning and welding together the countless details necessary to making an interesting and artistic broadcast, I found the joy in the thought of broadcasting again for the audience whose warm messages in the past had been my inspiration was tinged with the fear of the unhappy warnings I had refused to heed. Perhaps I was expecting too much. My listeners owed me nothing—I owed them everything. I wanted to prove it and here was my opportunity.

I called on the Spirit of Music to help me and suddenly I felt (Continued on page 75)



RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

*Dick
Powell*

■ A debonair pose of a debonair gentleman, singing host of NBC's Good News of 1940, and co-star with his wife, Joan Blondell, in Paramount's "I Want a Divorce." A better title would have been "Second Honeymoon," because it's their first picture together since "Golddiggers of 1937," which culminated in their marriage.



VOICES

■ A thrilling radio drama becomes a memorable short story—the romance of a boy who loved a voice, and a girl who dared not let him see her

ALL RIGHT, darling. Go ahead and be stubborn. Tomorrow's another day—and I'll call again. And I'll keep on calling until you give in . . ."

Michael Deemer replaced the receiver, smiled a little at the silent instrument before him, and then walked to the window. From the offices of the Mercury Advertising Company on the 18th floor of a skyscraper he looked out across the city. Over the rooftops and past the city's towers his eyes singled out the Bentley Motors Building.

He looked long and wistfully at that vertical pile of gray masonry. Somewhere in its myriad cubicles there was a girl named Linda Gale. And the music of her name and the music of her voice were melodies that reached out across the thrumming city, from that distant building to this one, like an invisible aerial, and caressed Michael Deemer and made him dream tender dreams.

Three months ago Mercury had acquired the Bentley Motors account. The job involved a certain amount of publicity and he was assigned to it. Just past twenty-four, Michael was two years out of college with vague journalistic and literary ambitions. Tall and lean, hair that wouldn't yield to a comb, long arms that dangled at his sides, an inclination to be absent-minded, these characterized him. And when someone at Mercury discovered that young Deemer was working on a novel, he was immediately dubbed a "queer duck."

Then three months ago this Linda Gale affair, in all its strange facets, had its beginning, and Michael, in the opinion of his fellow-workers, graduated from "queer duck" to downright "screwy."

Now, as Michael Deemer stood at the window and watched the curtain of dusk descend upon the city, he recalled the day when first he called Bentley. She had answered the phone, and when he gave her his name she had repeated it, and it seemed to him that Michael Deemer was a name that had never previously been uttered.

He was presently connected with Bentley but the voice of Linda Gale

echoed and re-echoed in his ears. Clear and gentle it was, like a whisper in the woods. And Bentley had no sooner hung up than Michael found some feeble pretext to call her back.

In days to come he had legitimate reason for calling and soon he learned her name. The sound of it coursed through him and thrilled him. Linda Gale. She would have a name like that. Like Linda Gale.

Weeks went by and his calls increased. Then one day he talked to her longer than usual. "You don't know what these talks do for me, Linda," he had said. "I live on them. But there are so many things I want to tell you about. So many things—but I want to look at you when I tell you." And Linda Gale would evade his hint of a meeting.

Late one day, when both of them were alone in their offices, he told her about himself and his work, about the things he hoped to do. He told her about the novel he was working on, even discussed the current chapter. Her reactions were intelligent and sympathetic, and all through it he clung to the phone hungrily, conjuring a vision of the Linda Gale at the other end of the line.

"You know, I'm really not a monster," he had said.

"I know it," she laughed, and

By JOSEPH

A fictionization of the radio drama, performed by Luther Adler and Sylvia Sydney, on Kate

when he wanted to know how she knew it she again slipped out of a direct commitment.

"I'm twenty-four. How old are you, Linda?"

"Twenty," she replied, simply.

"I knew it!" he triumphed. "I knew it! It's in your voice—you'll always be twenty!"

And quickly he had added: "Will you go to a movie with me, Linda?"

Then her tone changed imperceptibly. "I can't. I'm sorry. I wish I could explain."

A note of hopelessness tinged her reply. She wouldn't meet him and she wouldn't tell him why. She was sorry. She had to go now. And then, she hung up.

BUT the next time he called, Michael was not to be put off so easily. "Don't stop me from talking, Linda." Something imperative in his tone startled the girl at the other end.

"But, Michael,—I have work to do . . ."

"No excuses, Linda. Nothing's going to stop me today. You've got to listen to me. I first fell in love with your voice—and now I've fallen in love with you. I can't get you out of my mind."

"Please, Michael," she broke in, tremulously.

"Do I sound silly, Linda?"

HENRY STEELE

Smith's CBS Friday night show, sponsored by the makers of Calumet and Swansdown

"No. You're not silly. But this can't go on. You've got to stop calling."

"Listen, darling." Michael Deemer would not be stopped today. "I worked on my book last night. And you were beside me—whispering. When I got stuck for a line, you gave it to me. Want to hear it?"

"Yes . . . yes. Let me hear it." Linda's heart was pounding violently.

"The sweet sighing of Konrad's violin entered the room like a message from God." He read the line almost caressingly.

"Beautiful! Michael, it's beautiful!—and I know where it goes. During the operation on the soldier . . ."

"I knew you'd remember! Why, half the book is yours, Linda. I've done more real writing since I've known you . . ."

"But you don't know me," said Linda, Michael never dreaming that he was torturing her.

"You mean I haven't met you. Over the telephone I've learned all I need know about you. And, besides, we're going to fix all that this afternoon. It's Saturday and—" A sudden terror hit Linda.

Illustration by Seymour Ball

"Michael! Michael!—I must hang up now!"

"No. Wait a minute! Listen to me. You've got to listen. Look out the window, Linda. Look at those clouds hanging up in the sky. Are you looking?"

"Yes, Michael. I'm looking," she said, barely audible.

"Did you ever see such blue skies? It's Spring, Linda. Life's waiting for us, Linda. It isn't polite to keep life waiting. The whole afternoon is ours . . ."

"I can't! I can't!"

"Why can't you? Give me one good reason why you can't meet me." Michael gripped the phone so tightly his hands were in a sweat.

"I simply can't. You must believe me."

"I believe only what I know, and I know only that I've got to see you . . ." And then an unexpected fear struck him: "Say! You're not married, are you?"

"No . . . no. I'm not married."

"Engaged?"

"No." It was like a hushed whisper.

"Holy mackerel! You had me worried for a minute. Then what's all the fuss about?"

"I'm sorry, Michael. I wish I could explain. I wish I had the courage. . . ."

"All right! All right!" Michael shouted into the phone. "That settles it. You quit work at one o'clock, that much I know. Well, Miss Stubborn, I'll be parked right outside your office door. . . ."

"No, Michael—you wouldn't do that!" she cried, panic-stricken.

"Wouldn't I? I'm fed up with your unreasonable reasons. When you come out of your office you're going to fall right over Michael Deemer."

"Very well, Michael." Complete resignation in her voice. "Please don't come to the office. I couldn't stand—I mean—there are so many people here. I'll meet you at the corner of the King Building at quarter after one. . . ."

Michael almost gloated. "That's the girl! Now you're making sense. Now listen—so you'll know me, I'm driving a green coupe—I painted it myself. The front right fender is missing, and it makes a noise like two cylinders. It's the only one in captivity—you couldn't possibly miss it."

"I'll remember, Michael. I—I'm wearing a . . ."

He wouldn't let her finish it. "Don't tell me," he said. "I already know how you look. All I have to do is pick out the most beautiful girl in sight. See you later. . . ." And he hung up.

Two receivers were replaced and the telephone wires resumed other strange and assorted cargoes. Back in her office Linda Gale sat staring at her phone. Only her will kept the wells in her eyes from bursting. Like a wild film the memories of the past three months flashed through her mind. Her heart had told her what manner of man this Deemer was. And she knew she loved him. And that was that.

Linda Gale got up and faced an oblong mirror. She looked long and hard and steadily into that mirror. Her heart thumped viciously as she stared at the face that belonged to the bell-like voice.

The noon-day sun stroked her hair and it shone like new copper. Her eyes were round and liquid brown, her lips full and generous. Her skin was like ivory-colored velvet—that is—that part of her cheek that wasn't smeared with a purple patch. Raw and livid—this

was the cross that Linda bore.

This was Linda Gale of the haunting voice. Linda, the woman.

Unable longer to contain her pent-up emotions she went back to the desk, buried her head in her arms and sobbed bitterly.

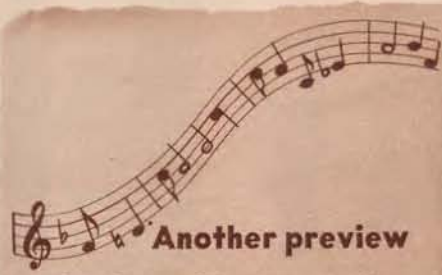
The hour of her rendezvous approached rapidly, when suddenly she was interrupted by the breezy entrance of her friend, Helen Wade.

"Time to quit, young lady," said Helen. And then she saw the tears. "Hey! What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing . . . nothing," sniffed Linda.

"Yeah, looks like nothin'. Is it that goof that fell in love with your voice?"

"He wouldn't take no for an an-



**Another preview
of a brand new popular
tune for Radio Mirror
readers—a song intro-
duced by Fred Waring—
in the September issue**

swer today," said Linda.

Helen looked incredulous. "You mean you finally made a date with him? You know what happened before?"

"Yes, I know," Linda nodded her head in tragic resignation. "I know too well. They never wanted to see me again. Every time I look in the mirror and see half my cheek covered with this horrible birthmark—this ugly purple splotch—I know it. Every time I walk in the street and see how quickly men turn their eyes from me, I know it. Oh, Helen, I've hated the day I was born—the day I came into the world with this vile smear on my face. . . ."

"You're still the swellest girl I know," Helen tried to placate her. But Linda gave vent to all her bitterness:

"That's not half enough. I don't want to be the swellest anything. I only want a man to want to caress me—to put his cheek against mine—to love me—to love me! But that's not for me."

Helen threw her arms around Linda and held her tightly, but Linda went on:

"The only way men fall in love with me is over the telephone. They fall in love with what they imagine—and when they see me. . . ." She broke into a violent fit of crying.

"This one's serious, huh?" said Helen.

"Very. He wanted to come here but I couldn't stand the thought of the other girls watching his expression when he first saw me. And, besides, I wanted to make it easy for him to pass me up. It'll hurt less."

"Enough of that," Helen said. "Pull yourself together, now." She adjusted Linda's collar. "You look awfully smart in your new black dress."

An odd expression came over Linda's face. "That's funny," she said. "So we'd know each other he told me what kind of car he was driving, and when I was to tell him how I was dressed, he said, 'No, don't tell me. All I have to do is pick out the most beautiful girl in sight.'"

Helen gave her an affectionate hug and watched her as she disappeared down the corridor.

In the maze of a Saturday's noon-day traffic a hand-painted green coupe wended its way. Its occupant was indubitably the happiest man in the world at the moment.

Michael Deemer gave the dashboard a friendly pat and addressing his jalopy, said: "Lizzie, old girl, after today we'll have to get you a fender, new spark plugs and new brake linings. Won't you be proud?"

AT the corner of the King Building stood Linda Gale. Doubt and fear and apprehension permeated her being. She had a date with Fate and knew it. Her eyes scanned the stream of traffic and sought out an old green coupe.

Michael Deemer's eyes were glued on that corner, and as he sped through the entangled traffic he narrowly missed smashing into several cars. Then suddenly he saw Linda Gale—the girl in the new black dress. That must be her! That must be Linda!

Several drivers shouted words of warning at him as he spied another girl—dressed in white. Slim and smart and—*dressed in white*. He was sure that was Linda!

Then Fate or Chance or Something took hold of things.

There was a splintering crash. Brakes screeched, cars skidded and tires slithered. Women screamed. The green coupe collapsed in a horrible mass before the impact of a big truck. (Continued on page 53)

Vague

BUT VICTORIOUS

■ Behind the daffy, fluttery comedienne of Sunday nights is Barbara Jo Allen, beautiful, glamorous and light-hearted



■ There's very little left of the beautiful Barbara Jo Allen (above) in the slightly befuddled, gushy woman you listen to as Vera Vague.



THERE are several stories, all good, but only one of them true, about the birth and creation of *Vera Vague*, the fluttery bi-monthly guest of Messrs. Bergen, McCarthy and Snerd of the "coffee show," and a regular Sunday distraction on the Pacific Slope's Signal Carnival, both over National Broadcasting Company air lanes.

The truth is that five years ago Barbara Jo Allen, for that's *La Vague's* real name, was asked to think up an amusing character to bring to an afternoon radio show called *Woman's Magazine of the Air*, and Miss Allen—fresh from a Parent-Teachers' meeting (she has a young daughter so her presence there was orthodox)—was so impressed by a fluttery, vaporish member that she sat down immediately and knocked out an imitative first piece about a diffuse-minded dame who was later to win fame as *Vera Vague*.

The best story, though, and the one that Barbara Jo Allen told us, is that *Vera Vague* came about as the result of an inhibition. The actress always wanted to do comedy and no one would let her. It seems that for some years prior to the birth of *La Vague*, Miss Allen had been a dramatic actress, and she was slightly fed up with it. She had been in a stock show of "Boomerang" at Hollywood's El Capitan Theatre, and Henry Duffy, the producer, had cast her in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "The Shanghai Gesture."

"After that I screamed my way through the leads in several mystery (Continued on page 60)

By **DOROTHY SPENSLEY**

■ Lanny, casting in his trout-stream—the real reason he purchased the farm. He should get a nibble—he planted the fish there himself.

This is Living



■ Left, leading off the apartment's two-story living room is a staircase which winds up to a balcony. Right, 36 yards of material are in those window drapes.



■ Leading a double life is fun for Lanny Ross—in his modest, white farm house in the country or in his luxurious apartment in the city

By JERRY MASON

YOU'D never believe it to look at them, but the Lanny Rosses live double lives. From Monday to Friday, they're smart, sophisticated New Yorkers whose home is a sleek, luxurious duplex apartment in one of those Manhattan buildings sandwiched between tall, gray canyons. But from Friday to Monday, Lanny and Olive toss off the Big City gloss, the well-tailored suits and faultlessly designed dresses, and settle down to being a young, happily married couple in a little white four-room farmhouse.

If they had their way, all their days would be like those of the care-lifting week-ends. Lanny, though, is very busy singing for a living. His ten CBS programs a week for Franco-American Spaghetti (an Eastern and Western broadcast every night except Saturday and Sunday), demand that he live in the city, as close as possible to radio's center of things. As a result, he has a New York apartment which is an interior decorator's dream. The minute you step off the elevator into the bookshelf-lined foyer you see why. Stretching before you is one of the largest rooms ever put together for private use. It's not quite as big as Grand Central (Continued on page 76)

■ Below, the portable home the Rosses hie to weekends—just a living room, two bedrooms, two baths, kitchen, oil furnace and a beautiful fireplace. Above, Lanny and Olive in their farm living room. Note three of Lanny's collection of antique clocks. Right, he admires the rare Colonial Ruby glassware and copper pots in the kitchen corner.

CBS Photos



■ Below, the dining room has been converted into an office for Lanny where he answers his fan mail, files his music and listens to records of his program.

■ The chintz-covered sofa is soft and comfortable, but hardy enough for Lanny to tussle about with his Irish Setter, Sande, given to him by the Jockey, Earl Sande.



Somebody To Love

■ Under summer skies you'll be humming this romantic ballad composed by radio's own popular tenor, Lanny Ross, and featured by him on his nightly CBS program

Words and Music by
LANNY ROSS

Some - bod - y to love; _____ Some - bod - y to love me _____

_____ If this could be true _____ The life would be grand _____ There'd be no

lone - ly nights when stars for - get to shine _____ There'd be the

sweet de-light of your arms placed in mine _____ Some - bod - y to love _____

_____ Some - bod - y to cher - ish; _____ Some - bod - y to care _____ And un-der-

stand _____ I'm think - ing of on - ly you _____ No - bod - y else will

do; Some - bod - y to care _____ Some - bod - y to love. _____

Tune in Lanny's program, Monday through Friday on CBS. Turn to page 43 for broadcast times.

The Man Who Wanted To Be Murdered!

TO Ellery Queen there was a nightmarish quality about the situation. It didn't seem possible that a man could deliberately tempt three of his relatives, as well as his doctor, to murder him. Yet that was what Arnold Arnold was doing.

Crazy? . . . wondered Ellery. But somehow he knew that this white-haired, red-faced old man, sitting there in the massive luxury of his bedroom at the exclusive Markheim Apartments, enthroned in his wheelchair, laughing, enjoying himself hugely, talking of death as if it were a horse-race—somehow, he knew this man was perfectly sane. There was a diabolically cool and calculating mind behind that fantastic proposition he had just made. "And so," he had said, "since my good Dr. Howell assures me I have only seven days before I must die, I'm going to have some fun, at least. I'm going to make the biggest possible bet—my entire fortune!"

Ellery glanced around at the other occupants of the room. Nikki Porter, his own personal secretary, was sitting on the edge of her chair, her shorthand notebook forgotten on her knee, fascinated by the exuberance of this strange relic of a lusty, vanished age.

For Arnold,—"Big Time" Arnold—was just that. He had lived in the grand tradition of professional gamblers. His very name evoked memories of gas-lights and hansom cabs, of champagne suppers and girls dancing the can-can, of Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliot—and most of all, of fortunes wagered on the flip of a coin or on chances even more trivial. There was nothing on which Arnold wouldn't bet, they'd said—and today he was proving it, by betting on his own death.

The others in the room had accepted Arnold's astounding suggestion according to their own personalities. Max Fisher, his attorney, at whose request Ellery and Nikki had come to this conference, looked exasperated but respectful. Dr. Howell's thin, scholarly face was all grave solicitude.

Waldo Arnold, the gambler's brother, had not changed the sour expression on his face. Perhaps, Ellery thought, Waldo had his cross to bear, in the form of feeding, clothing and bathing Big Time

Arnold since his paralytic stroke two years before—but there was no reason why he should have let it permanently sour his disposition.

Arnold's niece, Cora Moore, was a buxom young woman with blonde hair, whose easy tears had begun flowing the minute she heard Dr. Howell's statement that Arnold was suffering from a heart condition that would cause his death in another week.

Arnold was the only person who was really enjoying himself. In his hands was a crystal ball about the size of a grapefruit. As he talked, he played with it, rolling it carelessly from one hand to the other, caressing its smooth surface.

"I've arranged a little sporting proposition for all of you," he chuckled. "I'm betting you all that I *don't* die when Dr. Howell says I will. In my strong-box at the bank are gilt-edge bonds worth one million six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—my entire estate. If I die before the next seven days—but only if I die in that time—Fisher here, is empowered to open that box and distribute the money. A million dollars to you, Waldo,—since you're my brother, my nearest and dearest. Two hundred and fifty thousand apiece to my niece Cora and nephew Anthony Ross—incidentally," he broke off, "where is my loving nephew?"

HE called to say he couldn't come," Waldo said. "Too busy working out a new kind of poison gas."

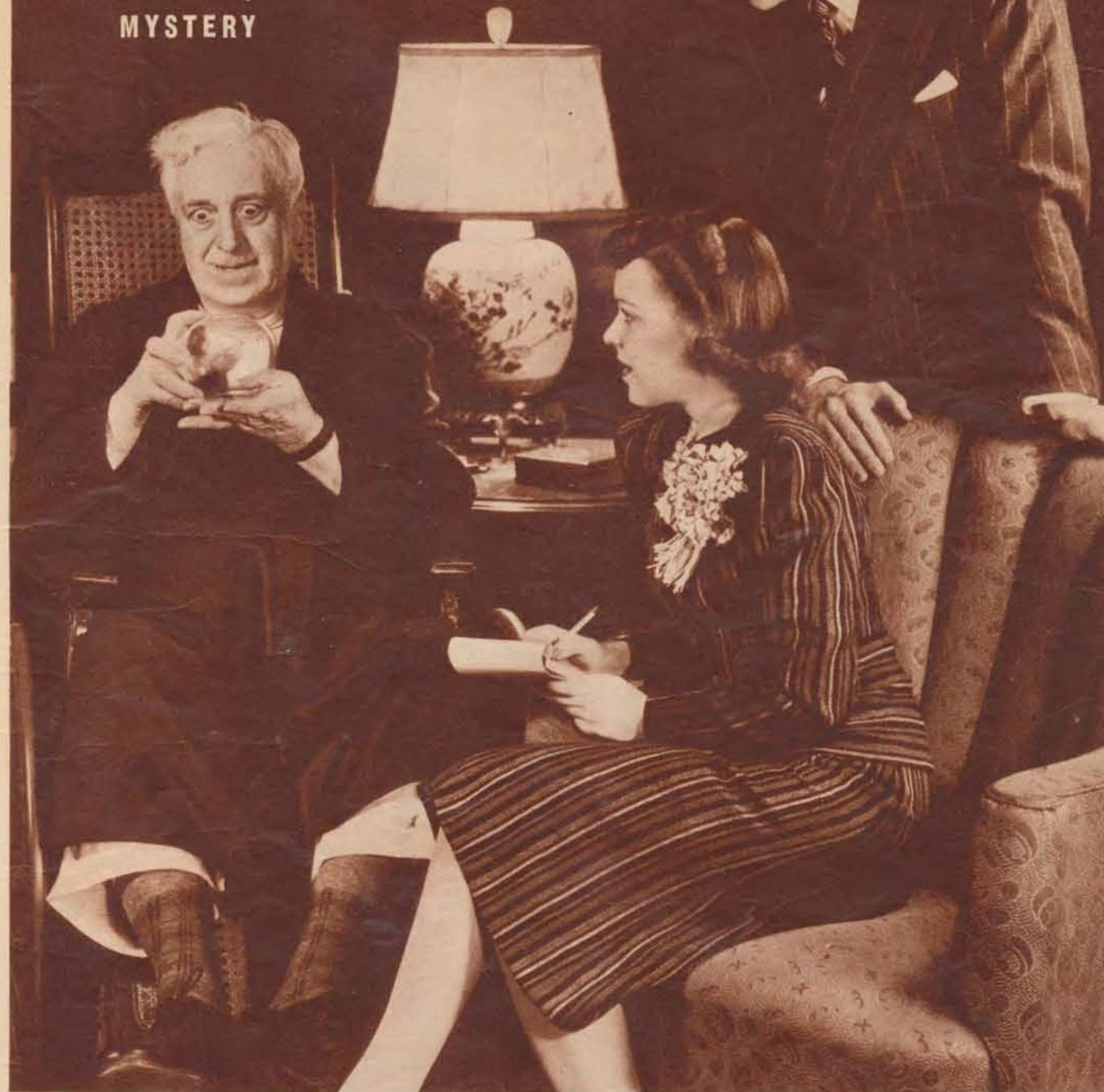
"Well, it doesn't matter. The bet stands anyway. Cora, all you have to do to win that money is to live here with me for the next week. Do you accept?"

"I don't know anything about this betting nonsense, Uncle," Cora said firmly, "but I certainly *am* going to live here with you! You need a nurse and a dietician, and I'm both!"

"Good! As to Anthony, he can live here or not, I don't care." He gave them all a benevolent look, and turned to Dr. Howell.

"Can't leave you out, eh, Doctor? If you're right, and I die when you say I will, Fisher turns over to you one hundred thousand dollars. If you're wrong and I'm still alive a week from today, you get exactly

AN ELLERY QUEEN MYSTERY



Crazy? wondered Ellery. But somehow he knew that this white-haired, red-faced old man laughing, enjoying himself hugely, talking of death, was perfectly sane.

nothing. What do you say to that?" Dr. Howell's voice was disapproving. "It's your money, Mr. Arnold. Of course, I sincerely hope I am wrong."

"Those contracts you've drawn up to give everyone, outlining the bet, are legal, Fisher?" Arnold was suddenly stern. "No loopholes?"

"Oh, they're legal enough," Max Fisher sighed. "Perfectly. If you die before the end of the week your bequests will all be carried out. If you don't, all bets are off and the money will be turned over to charity."

"Fine! . . . Now get out—all of you. No, not you, Queen. You and

your pretty secretary stay."

But this wasn't really a bet, Ellery thought as the others filed out of the room. As an old gambler, Arnold must know that a bet required stakes to be put up by both sides. If Arnold died, the other parties to the "bet" would win enormous (Continued on page 63)

MONDAY
What was the strange reason Arnold Arnold tempted four people to plot his death? Radio's famous ace detective meets his most fantastic case

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

• Listen to the adventures of Ellery Queen, Sundays at 7:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., on CBS, with Hugh Marlowe in the role of Ellery and Marian Shockley as Nikki.

SUNDAY

PHOTOS by VALLEE

TAKEN By The OLD MASTER HIMSELF



■ "No, you don't," said Dick Powell to Rudy Vallee, as Vallee snapped his picture. Now you see what happened. And what's more, right on Powell's own premises too—by the garden wall.



■ "So you want to be a success in radio?" says Benny—and here he is.



■ As far back as this (you can tell the date by the suit, tie and collar), Rudy was taking pictures. Here he's shown with the late Will Rogers which he snapped himself at his Maine summer lodge.



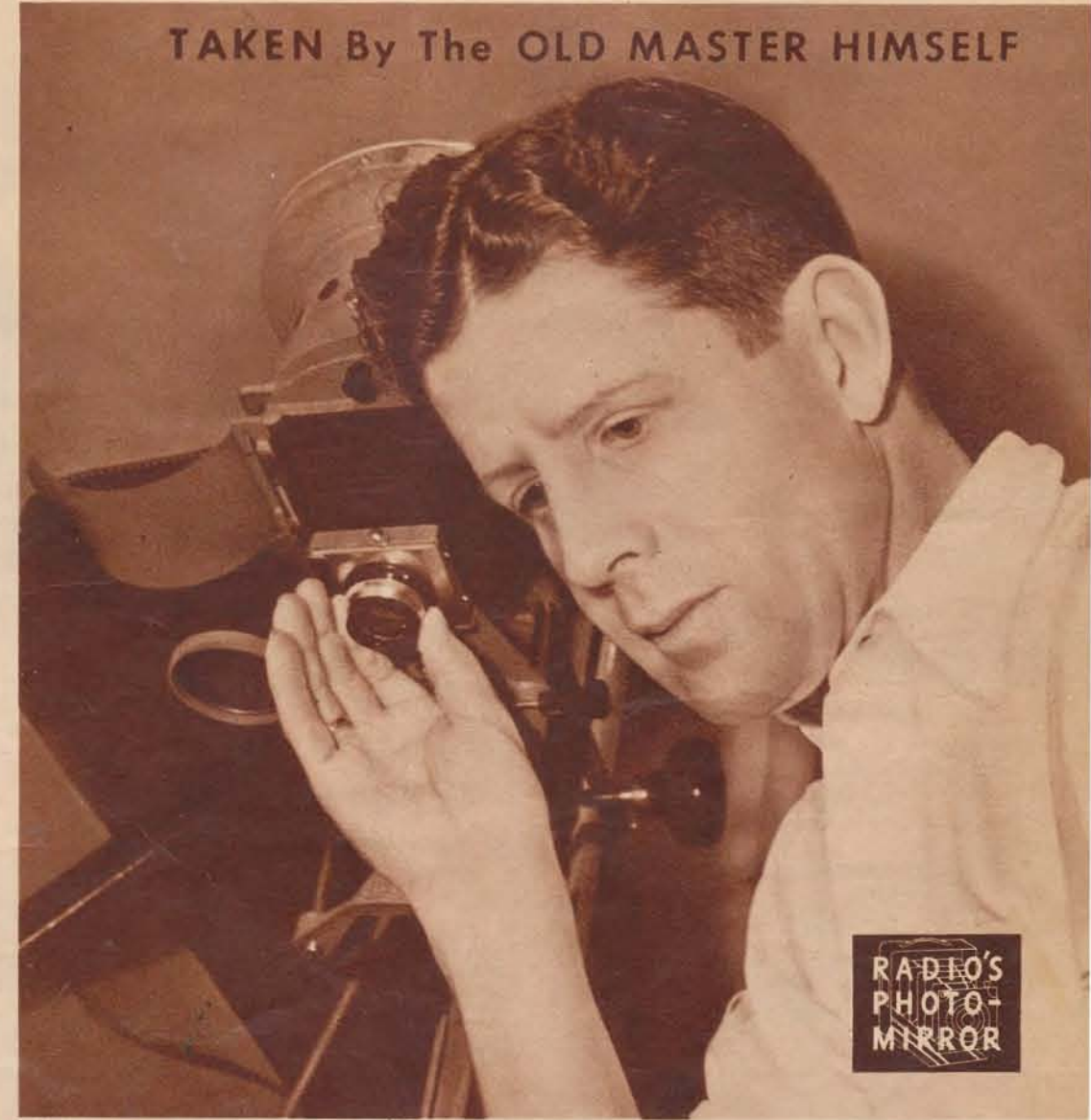
■ Rudy dropped into the Texaco Star Theater and caught Kenny Baker.



■ In sunbonnet and gingham—the lovely Alice Faye as Vallee's camera saw her before leaving New York for Hollywood movie fame. Right, Andy Devine, taking it all in while Rudy gets him in.



■ No star in radio takes his photography hobby more seriously than Rudy Vallee. You seldom find him without his Contax camera with which he goes about snapping odd poses of his friends and fellow-workers, often taking them unawares. Vallee's always spending money for new equipment. This is his latest acquisition, a trigger camera. The lenses are so heavy that they have to be mounted on a gun stock. Rudy's heard Thursday nights at 9:30 E.D.S.T., over the NBC network sponsored by Sealtest.



■ Rudy sneaked up on Tyrone Power who was waiting for his cue at a broadcast. Right, Vallee captures the famous Robinson grin in Hollywood's Brown Derby one day at lunch.



DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME?



■ Look what happens when the hostess doesn't plan entertainment in advance—bored are Rodney Bell, James Blakely, Pat Van Cleve, Chuck Shuey, Jeanne Strasser and unprepared hosts Blondie and Dagwood.

■ Was that last party a flop? There's probably a good reason why, which can be avoided the next time. Here Blondie and Dagwood show you how

Listen to Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake as Blondie and Dagwood Monday nights over CBS.



■ Don't be the pest who insists upon tuning in your favorite program when all the rest would prefer to talk or listen to another broadcast.



■ Invite guests of corresponding tastes—don't mix highbrows and people who like low-down fun. Now here's Pat who'd much rather dance than talk.



■ Getting the gang together in the kitchen for the latest story is bad manners on the part of any host. It's bound to make the women feel neglected.



■ If you want to play bridge, play bridge—don't talk to your friends while you are the dummy. Note the look Blondie is throwing at Dagwood.



■ "Oh, my," screams Blondie, "there's the doorbell! and my hair's not even combed." That's bad timing. Below, accidents are liable to happen, so don't use your best glassware if breakage will upset you.



■ Nothing makes a hostess more unhappy than to have a guest leave before she's served that special late supper. Below, uncomfortable, Rodney? A small table, conveniently placed, would have solved this problem.



RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

try and see how it works out."

Mother O'Neill laid her rough, work-worn hand on his. "If you think it's the right thing to do, Danny—why, then go ahead."

But Eileen Turner's reaction was different. He called on her the evening of the day his first "piece" about Peggy appeared in the paper, and found her with her eyes bright green, the way they always got when she was angry.

"I should think it was bad enough, Danny O'Neill, having your sister accused of murder, without boasting about it in the newspapers!" she burst out as soon as he was in the room.

"But, Eileen, I'm not boasting! I thought maybe, by writing these articles, I could help her."

"Help her! For Heaven's sake, Danny, don't you realize you're just as likely to hurt her?" She took a

deep breath, tried to speak more calmly. "Of course you don't think Peggy is guilty—but I hear things around town that you don't. And a lot of people—have their own notions. Seeing her brother leaping into print isn't going to change those notions any, because that's exactly the sort of thing people don't like. I don't like it myself!"

Something about Eileen's tone had struck into Danny's brain like a knife. "Of course you don't think Peggy is guilty!" He had hardly heard anything she said after that.

"Do you think she's guilty, Eileen?"

The sudden question startled her. "Why, I—" Her angry gaze faltered, slid away from his eyes. "Of course not," she said, almost sullenly.

The lack of conviction in her words was more revealing than her hesitancy.

"I see," he said slowly. He got to his feet and stood looking down at her. "I think I'll go on home now, Eileen," he said.

"It doesn't matter what I think, anyway," she said petulantly. "Because there's something else I've got to tell you, Danny. You know for a long time I've wanted to go to New York and study dramatics. Well—next week I'm going. I won't even be here when the trial starts."

He knew, then, that Eileen had not really been so angry about his newspaper venture. She had seized upon it eagerly, as an excuse for a

quarrel, to give her announcement that she was going away the point and drama her actress's soul hungered for.

"Did you ever really love me?" he asked bitterly. She turned in simulated anger. "No, don't lie to me," he interrupted. "You didn't—or if you did, it wasn't the kind of love a man could build his life on. . . . All right, Eileen. I hope you have lots of luck in New York."

"Danny . . ."

Her voice was pleading, timid; but he was already leaving the room, and he did not go back.

Walking home, he was amazed to find that he felt nothing—no real sorrow, no anger. This wasn't like the last big quarrel he and Eileen had had. Then he had been crushed, unable to think of anything but the hope that she might return to him. Now . . . why, now he didn't even care!

THE trial began. Three days of wrangling between the attorneys as the jury was picked. And after that, endless hours of testifying, questioning, cross-questioning. Chris Momanos, owner of the Glass Slipper, his head waiter, his chef—all testified that they had seen Peggy at the road house that night, had heard her quarreling with Gloria Gilbert, had seen her leave, just before Gloria's body was discovered in her dressing room. She had left the motor of the car running, they said, in order to make a quick getaway. Even Monte's brilliant cross-examination was not able to break down their testimony.

The prosecution brought into court the pistol that Danny always carried in the side-pocket of his car—a pistol with one bullet fired from the chamber. Experts testified that Gloria Gilbert had died of a bullet fired from that gun.

As if all this were not bad enough, the District Attorney called to the stand friends and neighbors of Peggy's—Trudie Bailey, Morris Levy, little Janice Collins. Yes, they were forced to admit, they had heard Peggy threaten Gloria's life—but only as the rash remark anyone might make in the heat of anger.

Even Monte was called to the stand and forced by adroit and merciless questioning to tell the whole story of his estrangement from his wife, and of Peggy's jealousy.

It was a sad O'Neill family that gathered around the supper table the night after Monte's testimony. Try as they would, they could not overcome the feeling of despair that hung over the whole house. When the front (Continued on page 54)



■ Janice Gilbert and Jimmy Donnelly, who play the Collins twins, Janice and Eddie, have grown up with the O'Neills show since it started on the air.



Illustration by
B. Rieger

**HAZEL
BARBOUR**

One Man's Family

■ Presenting, in this series of unusual biographies, Father Barbour's favorite daughter, who holds fast to the hope of happiness though faced with the mockery of her marriage

ANYONE who meets Hazel Barbour for the first time, or even a second time, is apt to gain the impression nothing ever happens in her life.

But make no mistake about it, her life has not flowed along uneventfully. She has moved, instead, in a cycle of infinite happiness and despair, the latter predominating.

She is Father Barbour's favorite daughter, and, likewise, he is her favorite person. Those who know the Barbour family well need no explanation of the father-daughter relationship, which represents a complete coalescence of understanding.

Now in the final years of her young womanhood, she has no more than a memory of an intermezzo in Honolulu; three children, but no promises of security for them, and friends few enough to count on her fingers. But her faith is strong.

Hazel completed her schooling at the University of California a few years ahead of Claudia, but Claudia was first to marry.

Claudia's elopement suddenly dramatized Hazel's plight. For several years, she had been of marriageable age, but there were no suitors.

She became vitriolic and restless.

One day she told the family she felt the need of getting away from the family and Father Barbour, understanding the workings of her temperament, offered her a trip anywhere she cared to go.

She decided on Honolulu.

Paul, an able counsellor of any Barbour who is in distress, told her he wanted to have a talk with her before she left. On the voyage, Paul told her, she could hold herself aloof from fellow voyagers and new experiences, ending up by gaining

nothing and being just as lonely as when she started. Or, he said, she could enter into the spirit of her new adventure, accept what came, enjoy any new emotional experience available, in which case she would probably come home a new person.

She promised Paul she would have the time of her life. Only Hazel and an itinerant portrait painter, Danny Frank, know the full story of Hazel's visit to Honolulu.

Danny Frank was a devilishly-handsome nomad who visited the fashionable watering places about the globe to paint portraits of the wealthy vacationers. Meanwhile, he kept an eye out for youth and romance which might be wandering on the beach beyond his easel.

The most beautiful girl in from the mainland during his Honolulu stay was Hazel, who fell madly in love with (Continued on page 71)

■ The Fiesta Danceteria in New York is the latest in dance spots—a combination of cafeteria and ballroom.



■ If you're a jitterbug, you won't miss Michael Todd's Dancing Campus at the New York World's Fair.

If you're coming to New York this summer for the second edition of the World's Fair, bring your dancing shoes.

Out in the carnival-keyed amusement area, hard by Billy Rose's Aquacade, a young Chicago promoter named Michael Todd has constructed a block-long rendezvous called "Dancing Campus." Admission is only a quarter and 4,000 couples can let loose shags, congas, rumbas and plain, old-fashioned waltzes, without even rubbing elbows.

Johnny Green, Van Alexander, and Clyde Lucas got the Campus off to a fast pace and more bands of that calibre are promised.

The night I was there, even a sudden rainstorm failed to halt the capers of the joyful jitterbugs. "Dancing Campus" is out in the open but they are constructing a huge awning to use when the weather gets nasty.

Another dance spot you won't want to miss when in New York is the unique Fiesta Danceteria, right on Times Square. This enormous, popular-priced swing sanctum combines the cafeteria with the ballroom. Admission, which includes a full course dinner, is only 65 cents (\$1 on Saturdays and holidays.) 28,000 square feet on two huge floors take care of the dancing needs. Jimmy Lunceford's great band held forth at Fiesta in June and more top flight dance bands are due. The capacity is 3,000.

Judy Starr, four foot, 9 inch singer is back with Hal Kemp for his vaudeville tour. Janet Blair also remains with the band.

Bob Chester is now playing from New York's Essex House, his first

real hotel break. Kay Kyser is at Fort Worth's Casa Manana.

* * *

Will Osborne now reaches you over NBC from Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel. . . . Lou Breese has left the Windy City's Chez Paree for the road. . . . Henry Busse is now in Frisco's Palace Hotel. It was in this city that the trumpeter started his career. . . . Ray Noble opens July 4th in Chicago's Palmer House with a Mutual wire.

* * *

Glenn Miller won the Billboard magazine's poll of college students. . . . Kay Kyser and Tommy Dorsey followed him. Vocalist winners were Ray Eberle, Miller's singer, and Kyser's pretty Ginny Sims.

* * *

Two bands I suggest you mark down in your future book: Harry James and Charlie Spivak. Both are comers.

* * *

Bobby Byrne's new theme song, reaching you from Glen Island Casino in Westchester via NBC, is



"Meditation at Moonlight," written especially for Bob by Peter de Rose and Mitchell Parish. This pair of songwriters wrote "Deep Purple."

* * *

Jimmy Dorsey's new record, "Julia," is named for his seven-year-old daughter.

LOWDOWN RHYTHM IN A TOP HAT

FROM the sun-flecked cabanas of Bermuda to the lofty Rainbow Room, society's skyscraper citadel, the name of Al Donahue had been synonymous with soft, soothing dance music. But Mr. and Mrs. Radio Listener rarely tuned him into their loudspeaker.

The tall, thin Irish maestro was ever welcomed when lavish Long Island estates tossed their week-long parties. Yet he couldn't fill a ballroom in Shamokin, Pa.

Though social secretaries held his name high on the list when planning swank functions, Al's phonograph records collected dust in music stores, as the customers scrambled for the more democratic disks of Miller and Duchin.

To most of us, Al Donahue's music was farther away than an invitation to sit in the Met's diamond horse-shoe with the Astors.

Then late last year, the 38-year-old bandsman turned his broad back on the so-called smart set, after receiving their polite plaudits ever since he left his home in Dorchester, Mass., more than a decade ago.

■ Left, a top-hat maestro who plays low-down rhythm—Al Donahue. Right, his pretty singer, Margie Stuart.

Al quietly announced his decision to his lovely, blonde wife, the former Frederika Gallatin, of the socially prominent banking family.

"I'm fed up with this society music," he said determinedly. "Hereafter I'm going to please the masses instead of the classes."

Frederika interrupted breathlessly, "When are you going to change, Al?"

"As soon as I finish my present engagement at the Rainbow Room." He hesitated a moment as if to prepare his wife for another shock. Then he continued, "As a matter of fact if you come to Manhattan Beach tomorrow you can hear my new band—and honey, it's hot!"

Frederika went to the sprawling seaside spot in Brooklyn. All around her were bathers rocking back and forth to the solid swing. Like a rhythmic Dr. Jekyll, Al returned, a bit sheepishly, that night to the Rainbow Room for one of his last appearances as a society maestro.

Today the band has just returned from a successful tour of one night stands. Plans were being set for a lengthy stay in New York where there would be an abundance of network wires.

I asked Al to define "society music" and why he decided to change musical oars in midstream.

"A society band is strictly for

society people. They rarely use arrangements. The band is chiefly concerned with rhythm and melody and not at all interested in such exciting things as color, variation, and style that a real musician likes to bring out. Do you know that a society band can play for more than thirty minutes without once using a special orchestration?"

With that type of set-up Al employed a small brass section and three violins. Now the violins have been eliminated, including his own, and there are four saxes, three trumpets, and three trombones in addition to the rhythm section.

AL'S shrewd business acumen also was instrumental in his making the change. He knew that as a society bandleader, engagements in ballrooms and theaters were denied him. Then, too, his lucrative side practise of booking bands on cruise boats, was brutally hit by the war.

With his new band, Al gets \$1,500 for a college date. His record sales for Vocalion have increased almost 100 per cent.

It wasn't by choice that the brown-haired creator of "Low Down Rhythm in a Top Hat," was labeled a society maestro. To put himself through Boston University law school, Al played violin in a flock of Boston bands. One night a booker spotted the handsome young fiddler.

"Listen, kid, why don't you whip your own (Continued on page 76)

THE COOKING CORNER

The



By **KATE SMITH**

RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELLOR

■ Kate Smith, in the General Foods Kitchen, where the wonderful recipes received in the contest were tested.

THE great day has arrived! In other words, the RADIO MIRROR Cooking Corner Recipe Contest has ended; the entries have all been checked and tabulated and we are happy to bring to you the names of the winners, together with the recipes which won the first, second and third awards.

It has been a task, although a most delightful one, to decide on the winners from among the many hundreds of recipes submitted—recipes for entrees and for desserts, for soups, salads and vegetables. However, this difficult business of judging has been facilitated for

your editors by the splendid cooperation of the General Foods Corporation, which generously offered us the help and advice of its trained dietitians in making our selections, and turned over to us its beautiful up-to-date experimental kitchens for testing each recipe selected.

Throughout the contest one important truth has stood out. That is that you all, everyone of you, are cooking not only with your hands but with your minds and hearts as well, using your ingenuity to create new and appetizing dishes, cherishing with pride recipes which have been handed down for generations from mother to daughter.

Yes, the contest has been a great success, and now, with our thanks to those of you who participated in this success, and our felicitations to the winners, we present the recipes which merited our first, second and third awards.

I am sorry that we have space here for only these three recipes, but during the coming months we shall bring you other winning recipes. Just think of it—some day you may sit down to a soup from Maine, an entree from Dixie and a dessert from California—and all because of the interest you have shown in our Cooking Corner Contest!

\$50 FIRST PRIZE

(Won by Carmelita Paredes from Jackson, Calif.)

Cocka Leekie Soup

- 1 doz. leeks
- 2 stalks celery
- 1 carrot
- 1 oz. butter
- 1½ qts. chicken broth
- 1 cup cooked chicken, diced
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 egg yolk

Wash and trim the leeks and cut them into half-inch pieces, discarding roots and tops. Chop celery and carrot fine, then fry slowly, being careful to avoid burning, with the leeks, in the butter. When brown, add chicken broth and diced chicken and simmer, covered, for two hours. Beat the egg yolk, blend with a little of the hot broth and add egg mixture, with salt and pepper to taste, to soup. Serve immediately. Makes six to eight good portions.

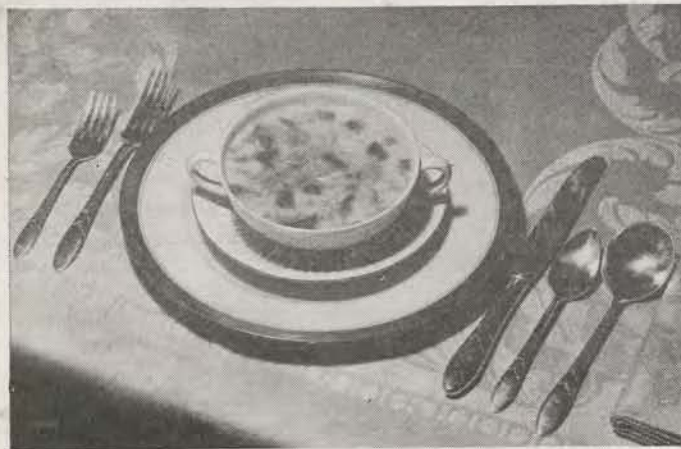
\$25 SECOND PRIZE

(Won by Mrs. W. McKenne of Milton, Mass.)

Orange Chiffon Dessert

- 3 eggs
- ½ cup sugar
- Pinch salt
- ½ cup orange juice

Listen to Kate Smith's day-time talks Monday through Friday at



■ Cocka Leekie Soup—it's a meal in itself—with plenty of diced chicken and sweet leeks.



■ Orange Chiffon Dessert will delight everyone and take care of the left-over sponge cake.

Two pages missing



■ Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt as she chats informally every Tuesday and Thursday at 1:15 P.M., over the NBC-Red network.

■ Right, Mr. and Mrs. Don Ameche dine at Ciro's. It may be their last night out until the expected new Ameche arrives.



to Coast

By DAN SENESEY

A whole month ahead of the baby's arrival they moved into a new and larger apartment; Bill must be figuring on giving his first-born plenty of room for vocalizing in preparation for a possible radio future.

* * *

Deanna Durbin's movie bosses, Universal Pictures, are denying vigorously the rumor that Deanna has signed a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company, as printed here last month.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—A voice and an appearance that go together like corn beef goes with cabbage make up the personality of Bill Bivens, ace WBT announcer. The voice is a rich baritone, the appearance is husky, handsome and cheerful, and together they bring pleasure to many a WBT listener. Besides his air duties, Bill is in frequent demand for personal appearances.

It's only 25 years since Bill was born in Wadesboro, North Carolina, but out of those 25 years more than a dozen have been spent in radio. When he was only thirteen he owned and operated his own radio station W4BCW, and he wasn't much older when he landed a job as actor on WRBU, in the nearby town

of Gastonia. Before coming to WBT in 1937 he worked for WFBC in Greenville, South Carolina, and for WJSV in Washington (where, incidentally, he was called "Baby Bill," a name certainly inspired by his youth rather than his size, since he's six feet tall and broad-shouldered).

At WBT he announces many special events, and also is master of ceremonies on his own sponsored farm program. In his spare time he's a true outdoorsman. An excellent shot, he likes to hunt, and knows so much about firearms that his friends have turned him into an amateur gunsmith. Fishing, camping, and all sorts of outdoor life appeal to him. He even has a dog that's a college graduate—a setter that he sent as a puppy to a dog training college in Georgia. The training course took eight months, but then the dog was given a real diploma, with ribbons, to prove that he's one of the best-trained hunting dogs in Carolina.

Bill isn't superstitious, which he proves by putting on a special broadcast whenever Friday the thirteenth rolls around. In front of the microphone he breaks mirrors, walks under ladders, lets black cats cross his path, steps on sidewalk



■ Irene Rich, star of *Glorious One*, makes friends with a colt on the famous W. K. Kellogg Ranch.

cracks—and gets big heaps of fan mail.

His popularity on the air keeps him busy filling personal appearance en- (Continued on page 74)

HOLLYWOOD Radio WHISPERS

By **GEORGE FISHER**

Listen to Fisher Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon as well as on Saturday night over the Mutual network.



■ There's a story behind Rudy Vallee's interest in the Pirate's Den Night Club in Hollywood. Above, with some of his helpmates in costume, Rudy, Bob Hope, Ken Murray, Tony Martin, Jimmie Fidler on floor.

DICK POWELL, at this late stage, is just beginning to take piano lessons. "I've faked playing a piano so many times in pictures," he told me, "that I decided to try to learn how to play one." Dick's return to the air, I am happy to say, has given him a new lease on his screen life. He's just completed "I Want a Divorce," and goes right into "New Yorker."

* * *

The real reason Rudy Vallee is promoting that new Pirate's Den Night Club in Hollywood is to pay a debt of gratitude to Don Dickerman, who will manage it. As owner of the famous Heigh Ho Club in New York, Dickerman gave Vallee his start ten years ago. It was there Rudy climbed to fame as a band leader and crooner. It was at the Heigh Ho Club that Rudy originated the famous salutation "Heigh-ho everybody." So you can see that it's true that Rudy never forgets a friend. Dickerman had been playing extra parts in motion pictures, when Rudy accidentally ran into him at a night club. Rudy personally solicited such stars as Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Errol Flynn, Bob Hope, Johnny Weismuller and others to lend their financial support by going into the club as partners with him. The kitty holds a nifty \$75,000 to make certain it will be a success.

* * *

Does radio develop new stars? Bob Hope answered that question on his recent personal appearance

tour. Last season, he took only Jerry Colonna of his radio show with him on personal appearances. This season he also took along announcer Bill Goodwin and Brenda and Cobina. The popularity of the girls and of the announcer-turned-comic had shown such a sensational rise with radio fans from coast to coast that Hope decided to capitalize on it. He did—Hope broke box office records from coast to coast.

* * *

Mary Martin, who pulled that surprise marriage to Dick Halliday without telling a soul, except her mother, is a bride with three wedding rings. The first one was a friendship ring with two clasped hands. The Hallidays didn't like it well enough, so they went out and bought a big, elaborate one. It was too heavy for Mary to wear. The only answer was ring number three, which Mary does like. The first to wire her felicitations was the original daddy of the New York show that made her famous, Eddie Robbins. "I thought," wailed the daddy her heart belonged to, "that you were going to wait for me."

* * *

Irene Rich, who is definitely through with "ingenue" parts both on her broadcasts and in motion pictures, did more good for herself than even she expected. The Crossley rating of her show zoomed to a new high. Her film role of an

Aryan mother of two in the Nazi picture, "Mortal Storm" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer won the applause of no less a personage than Louis B. Mayer. "After all," says Irene, "why shouldn't I be able to play mother roles? Didn't I raise two kids myself?" Irene's two "kids" are Frances, an expert sculptress, and Jane, happily married.

* * *

Some whisper columns ago we told you to expect to hear Shirley Temple on the radio following her sudden departure from pictures. This prediction was scoffed at by Shirley's mother, who flatly refused to admit Shirley's exit from 20th Century-Fox and her eventual appearance in radio. But, as predicted, Shirley will be on the air and most likely the moppet will be heard along with your regular radio diet come Michaelmas. Shirley's invasion of the ether waves is a little late. Four pictures ago (1938) Shirley could have received as high as \$25,000 for a single broadcast. Now she will probably sign for 26 radio appearances for the same sum. Shirley's broadcasts undoubtedly will have a bearing upon her future film box-office draw. But whatever her film future, you can depend on Santa Claus to bring Shirley to your house on Christmas eve, and not through the chimney.

* * *

The portable radio has finally

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15	
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45	
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
9:30	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
		11:00	
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Short Short Story
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: Life Begins
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		12:00 Noon	
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		12:15 P.M.	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
		1:30	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
		1:45	
		12:45	CBS: Road of Life
		2:00	
2:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
		2:15	
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
1:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	
	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		5:00	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:15	
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
		5:30	
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:45	
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		6:00	
7:55	9:00	5:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout
		6:05	
	9:05	5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:15	
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
		6:30	
9:00	5:15	5:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan
		6:45	
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: The World Today
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: FRED WARING'S GANG
		7:15	
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
		7:30	
6:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: BLONDIE
7:30	5:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
6:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
		8:00	
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour
		8:30	
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Howard and Shelton
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: True or False
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: LUX THEATER (ends July 8)
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
		9:30	
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: ALEC TEMPLETON
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Paul Sullivan, newscaster—he's on CBS tonight.

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

July 1: Bob Hope's scheduled to be tonight's guest star on the CBS Lux Theatre. . . . The Empire Race Track opens today, and NBC and MBS both will broadcast the excitement.

July 8: Say good-bye tonight to the Lux Theatre—it bows out for the summer.

July 15: The Democratic Convention really gets into its stride today, with all the speakers jockeying around to do their stuff at night, when more people will be listening. . . . For a relief from oratory, here's a suggestion: The Telephone Hour, with James Melton and Francia White, on NBC-Red at 8:00.

July 22: Two networks—CBS and Mutual—are bringing you a description of the Public Links Championship Golf play today.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Paul Sullivan, newscaster, in three broadcasts—6:30 P.M. E.D.S.T., 5:15, C.S.T., and 9:00, P.S.T. The Mountain Time states take the last broadcast. Paul's sponsored by Raleigh Cigarettes.

There's a difference of opinion about the excellence of Paul's broadcasts—a difference that he ought to know about. Too many people object violently to his mannered, rather affected way of talking. He phrases his sentences carefully, ending each phrase with an upward lift of the voice—as if he were uncomfortably conscious that millions of people are listening to every word he speaks. Maybe this doesn't bother you. Maybe it shouldn't bother anyone, since the news he brings you is always concise and complete, and that's the main thing in a newscaster.

Paul's tag-line, "Good night and—thirty," has provoked plenty of comment among listeners too. Most people don't know what it means, and it irritates them. He has received letters asking him what he meant by "Certy," "Curtains," "Certain," "Dirty," "Gerty," and "10:30." The truth is that "Thirty" is simply the newspaperman's way of writing "the end." It originated with telegraph operators, who use the symbol to indicate the end of a dispatch.

Paul worked up to network radio entirely through local broadcasting. When he was an undergraduate at the Benton College of Law in St. Louis, in November, 1931,

he quit for financial reasons and applied at KMOX for a job as an announcer. He passed his audition but didn't get the job because they had all the announcers they needed at the station. Before that, Paul had been a bank clerk, timekeeper and chauffeur, in jobs that never lasted more than three months.

Two weeks after his audition at KMOX they hired him, and from there he went to stations in Springfield, Illinois, Cincinnati and Louisville. In the latter city he gained such fame as a newscaster that his sponsors put him on the network.

Just after he'd signed the contract for his network programs, last fall, Paul decided that he wanted to go to Europe. It made no difference that thousands of Americans in Europe just then were straining every nerve to get home. With Mrs. Sullivan, he boarded the Clipper and landed in Ireland on the day England declared war on Germany.

Flying is Paul's principal hobby. He got his biggest flying thrill when, piloting a plane alone, he thought he was going to faint. He didn't know what to do about it, and tried getting his head between his knees to restore circulation, but the quarters were too cramped for that. While he was doing this the plane just flew itself. Finally he realized he wasn't really going to faint, and flew straight for a field about five miles away, landing white-faced but intact. The experience didn't scare him off flying, though, and he has ten solo hours.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

BARBARA FULLER—one of radio's most adroit "quick-change artists," who skips from the role of Peg Fairchild in Stepmother to that of Verna in Road of Life, and then to Barbara Calkins in Scattergood Baines, all in one day. It's easy for Barbara, because she's been working in front of the microphone since she was eleven. She studies singing, loves living in a city, and her nickname is "Bardy."



Complete Programs from June 26 to July 25

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit—right—and two contestants.

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

July 2: Two new programs for you to listen to this evening—Meredith Willson's orchestra, Kay St. Germain and Ray Hendricks in a variety show, taking over Fibber McGee's spot on NBC-Red at 9:30 . . . and Tommy Dorsey's orchestra pinch-hitting at 10:00 over the same network while Bob Hope takes a summer rest. . . . NBC broadcasts tonight's fight between Tony Galento and Max Baer at Jersey City.

July 9: Big events in sports and music. The All-Star Baseball Game comes from St. Louis on all networks, and Larry Clinton and his orchestra open tonight at Meadowbrook, broadcasting over NBC and MBS.

July 16: Have you noticed that By Kathleen Norris (the current serial story is "Mystery House") has moved to NBC-Red at 10:45 A.M.?

July 23: Mal Hallett and his orchestra open at Kennywood Park, Pittsburgh, and you can hear them on NBC.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Battle of the Sexes, starring Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, sponsored by Molle Shaving Cream, and heard on NBC-Red at 9:00, with a rebroadcast to the Pacific Coast at 8:30, P.S.T.

Don't be deceived by the title. There's no battle here, although teams of men and women line up to see which sex knows the answers to the most questions. Actually it's a quiz show in which Julia and Frank do their best to help each side. And if there is a battle, it's almost a draw. In the 87 broadcasts since the show first went on the air September 20, 1938, the men have won 45 and the women 42. On points the men have another small lead, 6,478 to 6,415. Maybe the reason it's so close is that Julia and Frank are both so good-natured. If they think a question is too hard they'll hint and hint until the contestant guesses it. And they're always careful not to ask any personal questions or questions which might stir up trouble in the home and cause a real battle of the sexes.

Frank and Julia are one of the stage's most happily married couples. That they're on the air every Tuesday is a surprise to them both, because back in 1928 they bought a house near Springfield, Mass., optimistically called it "Dunrovin," and decided to retire from theatrical life. Julia was to keep house, and Frank was to take things easy and be a bond salesman on the side, just to give him something to

do. Julia discovered that she didn't much like to cook, and Frank found out he couldn't sell U. S. Treasury bonds to Secretary Morgenthau—not that he ever tried, but he knew he couldn't. They gave up their idea of retiring and went on the air.

They still live at "Dunrovin," coming to New York every week for the program. Usually they arrive on Monday, to have a night in town for a show or other entertainment. Early Tuesday evening they come to the studio and go over the one song apiece which they sing on the show, but that's all the rehearsing they do, unless you count a party Saturday night at which they try out questions from the coming week's script on their guests, just to see how easy or hard they are.

If you were a contestant on the Battle of the Sexes you'd get up on a stage and have a placard with your name printed on it hung around your neck. This is so Frank and Julia won't get names mixed up. Contesting teams are often chosen from groups which are supposed to have a natural rivalry—maids and butlers, bosses and secretaries, men and women employees of the same company, college boys and college girls, and so on. Mothers and sons were on the show once, and Frank and Julia thought the contest would be terrific, but it turned out to be a flop. They were giving away watches for prizes and the mothers were all so anxious to have their sons win that they deliberately gave the wrong answers.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

KAY ST. GERMAIN—who sings tonight on Meredith Willson's variety musical show, which is taking the place of Fibber McGee and Molly for the summer. Kay began her career with Anson Weeks, after succeeding in an audition which she took only because her friends at the University of California said she'd never dare. Kay was born in North Dakota in 1915, and traveled extensively in South America and Europe with her parents when she was a child. Even then she liked to sing. She has beautiful dark brown hair and green eyes, weighs 128 pounds, and once was rumored engaged to Edgar Bergen—but that seems all over now.



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
1:30	8:15	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
		9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
		9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
12:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
9:30	8:45	11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
		9:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Life Begins
11:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		9:45	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
		9:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		12:00 Noon	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
8:00	10:00	12:15 P.M.	CBS: When a Girl Marries
		10:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		11:15	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
8:45	10:45	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
		1:15	NBC-Red: Mrs. Roosevelt
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Right to Happiness
9:15	11:15	1:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	NBC-Red: Light of the World
		2:00	CBS: Girl Interne
2:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:30	CBS: My Son and I
1:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Society Girl
10:45	12:45	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	CBS: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		5:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:15	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		3:30	CBS: Scattered Good Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
2:45	4:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		6:00	CBS: News
6:55	8:55	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:05	CBS: Paul Sullivan
		9:05	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
9:00	5:15	5:30	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
		6:45	NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
		7:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: HELEN MENKEN
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
7:30	6:00	7:00	MBS: La Rosa Concert
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: The Aldrich Family
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
7:30	6:00	8:30	CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
7:00	6:30	8:00	CBS: We, the People
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Cavalcade of America
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Professor Quiz
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Kay St. Germain
		10:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey Orch.
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

You're a very Different Girl—*under the Summer Sun* —and you need a different Shade of Powder!

{ —AND WHEN YOU'RE CHOOSING IT
{ BE VERY CERTAIN THAT IT CONTAINS NO GRIT }

1. Day by day, the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! Are you still using the face powder that went with last winter's evening gown? Then, says Lady Esther, you are innocently wasting your loveliness! It's important to change to a summer shade that will harmonize with your skin *as it is today*—and to select a powder that contains no grit.



2. Many a romance crashes in a close-up and many a girl can justly blame her face powder. Get the right shade (I'll help you) but be sure that the powder won't give you a "powdery" look. Be sure that it is *free from grit*.



3. Make my "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder *passes this same test!* Your teeth will find *no grit!*



4. Lady Esther Face Powder is smooth—why, it clings for four full hours. Put it on after dinner, say at eight, and at midnight it will still be flattering your skin. No harsh, "powdery" look will spoil your moments of magic.

Are you using the **WRONG SHADE** for Summer?

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer—a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin *as it is today*.

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious

shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Ractel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the right shade of my grit-free powder—the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier—you will be really in tune with life.

LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER

* 10 shades free! *

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (58)

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

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

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Helen Warren, Erik Rolf and Parker Fennelly of Prairie Folks

Tune-In Bulletin for June 26, July 3, 10, 17 and 24!

- June 26: It's goodbye to the summer to two top programs tonight: Fred Allen and Charles Boyer on NBC-Red.
- July 3: Lou Abbott and Bud Costello, comedians, take over Fred Allen's time tonight—NBC-Red at 9:00. Also on the program is Benay Venuta, one of the better songstresses. . . . Gail Page and Jim Ameche are the stars of the Hollywood Playhouse, NBC-Red at 8:00, beginning tonight.
- July 10: CBS has an interesting sustaining program on at 4:00 this afternoon. It's called Lecture Hall, and presents experts talking on various subjects.
- July 17: Not a fight fan in the country will miss listening to NBC and Bill Stern tonight, for together they're broadcasting the meeting of Lou Jenkins, lightweight champ, and Henry Armstrong, welterweight champ.
- July 24: For fifteen minutes of the best kind of vocal music, you can't beat Lanny Ross, CBS at 7:15.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Prairie Folks, a new kind of serial drama, on NBC-Blue tonight at 8:00, E.D.S.T.

Every now and then this department likes to point out a program to you that you might miss if you weren't told about it. Prairie Folks is that kind of a show. It doesn't get much ballyhoo, because it isn't sponsored and it hasn't been on the air very long—but you'll find it's very much worth listening to.

It's about settlers in Minnesota in the 1870's. Lynne Thompson, the young Minnesota woman who writes the scripts, says that all the characters are fictional, but the events of the story are based on fact. Actually, Linden, the town of the radio serial, is patterned after Miss Thompson's own home town of Windom, Cottonwood County, Minnesota; and Willow Lake Farm, also mentioned in the script, is really an old farm at Fish Lake, near Windom. This curious mixture of fact and fiction keeps the people of the real Cottonwood County listening and arguing, trying to think what real persons Miss Thompson had in mind when she created her characters.

The cast of Prairie Folks is one of radio's best. Erik Rolf, who plays the leading role of Torwald Nielson, head of the Danish family which settles in Linden, is a Minnesotan himself. He's not Danish, though, but Norwegian, and his real name is Rolf Mogelssen Ylvisaker. You can see why he changed it for radio. The distinguished

stage star, Morris Carnovsky, plays Adam Bassett, the banker whose hobby is opening up new tracts of land in the West. You've seen him in the movies, in "The Life of Emile Zola" and other films.

One of radio's best dialect experts is in Prairie Folks—Parker Fennelly, who plays Smiley. You know Parker best as one of the "down-Easters" in the Snow Village Sketches. His specialty is rural dialect. Helen Warren, who is Mrs. Nielson, won this leading part in competition with many of radio's established actresses. It's her very first radio job, and gets her career off to a flying start.

The other regular members of the cast are Cliff Carpenter as Curtis Bassett, Kingsley Colton as the Nielson's son, Hansi, Nell Converse as Eldora Wilkins, Joe Helgesen (another native Minnesotan) and Josephine Fox as Mr. and Mrs. Arne Anders, and Peter Murphy and Frances Cheney as the comical settlers, the Jacksons.

NBC is giving Prairie Folks all the good things it can in the way of production and background. An Arch Oboler-trained man, Joseph Thompson (no relation to the author of the program), is the director, and he's incorporating many of Arch's ideas into his present assignment. A full-sized orchestra under the direction of Josef Honti plays background music that has been specially composed for the program by Tom Bennett.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

MARY JANE HIGBY—who was a child star in Hollywood and plays Joan Davis on the CBS serial, *When a Girl Marries*. Mary Jane was born in St. Louis, Mo., but at the age of five was taken to Hollywood by her father, who was an actor. She played in the films for three years before she decided she wanted to become a concert pianist. This ambition lasted until she was sixteen, when she changed her mind again and went back to acting. In 1937 she came to New York, was idle for just two days, and got a job on a CBS sponsored program, going from that to the lead in today's serial show. She's blonde and unmarried.



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:30 A.M. NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage
			9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
			9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
			10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
			10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
			10:45 CBS: Stepmother
12:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
			11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
			11:15 CBS: Life Begins
11:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
			11:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
			11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
			12:00 Noon CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
			12:15 P.M. CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
			12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Farm and Home Hour
			12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
			1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
			1:15 CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
			1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
2:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
			2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
2:30	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: Quilting Bee
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
			2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
			2:45 CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: George Fisher
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
			3:00 CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
			3:15 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
			3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
			3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
			4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
			4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
			5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
			5:15 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
			5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
			6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
7:55	9:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
			6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
			6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Paul Sullivan
			6:30 CBS: The World Today
9:00	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Lowell Thomas
			7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
			7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
			7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	7:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Ben Bernie
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Prairie Folks
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
7:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
			8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: What Would You Have Done?
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Plantation Party
			9:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Abbott and Costello
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Abbott and Costello
			10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE

Test your Hollywood Knowledge . . .



She can't sit down! Movie stars rest by reclining against padded leaning-boards . . . to avoid wrinkled skirts. And to avoid "tell-tale" bulges, glamorous women of Hollywood do just what most American women do . . . choose Kotex sanitary napkins! For Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show . . . the way stubby-end napkins do.



Save your sympathy! That skyline is a painted backdrop . . . that parapet only thirty inches off the studio floor! For safety of the stars is of major importance to movie makers. And your safety is of major importance to the makers of Kotex! That's why a moisture-resistant "protection-panel" is placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad.



It's nip and tuck to make the stars look slim . . . for the camera adds pounds to their appearance! So costume designers use folds instead of bunched gathers. To avoid bunchiness—Kotex also is made in soft folds, (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less where it isn't). This explains why Kotex is less bulky than pads having loose, wadded fillers!



In Hollywood — as elsewhere — stockings come in 3 different lengths . . . And Kotex in 3 different sizes: *Junior—Regular—Super!* So you can get a size that's exactly right for you! (Or you can vary the pad to suit different days!) Get Kotex in all 3 sizes this month . . . and treat yourself to honest-to-goodness comfort! Why not? *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

"You scarcely know you're wearing Kotex"

● FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS . . . PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY . . . COMPARE ITS NEW FLATTER ENDS

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Parks Johnson interviews Paul Revere's great-great-great-granddaughter.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage	
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	
		8:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack	
		9:30	NBC-Red: Escorts and Betty	
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children	
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh	
		10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly	
12:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married	
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge	
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	
		8:15	NBC-Red: Midstream	
1:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream	
		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House	
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin	
		8:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph	
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother	
12:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	
		9:30	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris	
		9:45	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor	
		9:00	NBC-Red: David Harum	
		11:15	CBS: Life Begins	
11:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life	
		10:00	CBS: Big Sister	
		9:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm	
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jonny's Stories	
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	
		12:00 Noon	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks	
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White	
		12:15 P.M.	CBS: When a Girl Marries	
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
		12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Art of Living	
		12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday	
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: The Goldbergs	
		1:00	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful	
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt	
		1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness	
		1:45	CBS: Road of Life	
		2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone	
2:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World	
		2:15	CBS: Girl Interne	
2:30	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	
		2:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley	
1:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	
		2:45	CBS: My Son and I	
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I	
		3:00	CBS: Society Girl	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	
		3:15	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	
		3:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family	
		3:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	
		4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	
		4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	
		4:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	
		4:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	
		5:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful	
		5:15	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong	
		5:30	CBS: News	
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Scattersgood Baines	
2:45	4:45	5:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie	
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton	
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
		6:00	CBS: News	
6:55	8:55	5:00	CBS: News	
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner	
		6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill	
		9:05	5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan	
9:00	5:15	5:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan	
		6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	
		7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy	
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces	
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang	
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang	
		7:15	CBS: Lanny Ross	
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen	
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen	
		7:30	CBS: Vox Pop	
		7:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn	
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn	
		8:00	CBS: Ask It Basket	
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Musical Americana	
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney	
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney	
		8:30	CBS: Strange as it Seems	
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Pot o' Gold	
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery	
8:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery	
		9:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES	
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Rochester Philharmonic	
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS	
		9:30	NBC-Blue: Toronto Symphony	
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee	
		10:00	CBS: Glenn Miller	
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing	
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing	
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: ARAFT MUSIC HALL	

Tune-In Bulletin for June 27, July 4, 11, 18 and 25!

June 27: Mutual broadcasts the Diamond Stakes race from Delaware Park at 5:15 this afternoon.

July 4: Of course you'll all be out celebrating Independence Day today (and it's something to celebrate thankfully, this year) but don't forget radio has its entertainment to offer you too. All the networks have special holiday broadcasts.

July 11: Woody Herman and his orchestra close their engagement at the Westwood Garden tonight. You've been hearing them over NBC.

July 18: There's not a great deal of classical music on the air in summer, so it might be a good idea to catch tonight's concert of the Toronto Symphony, on NBC-Blue.

July 25: For a program that will keep you excited and guessing—listen to I Love a Mystery, on NBC-Red at 8:30.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Vox Pop, starring Parks Johnson and Wally Butterworth, on CBS at 7:30, E.D.S.T., sponsored by Kentucky Club Smoking Tobacco.

Parks and Wally don't much like to have Vox Pop referred to as a "quiz" program, and you can hardly blame them, there are so many quizzes on the air. On Vox Pop it doesn't matter whether an interviewee answers a question correctly or not; he or she still gets a package of pipe tobacco or cigarettes. As a matter of fact, Parks and Wally don't know, themselves, the answers to half the questions they ask. For some time Parks has been waiting to find a stenographer who can tell him the longest word that can be formed from the letters on the top letter row of the typewriter. He isn't sure, but he thinks the word is typewriter or proprietor.

Vox Pop (it must be the only program on the air with a Latin name: short for vox populi, "the voice of the people") got its start a long time ago—1932, at KTRH, Houston, Texas. It got along right well down there, and was brought to New York as a summer replacement show in 1935. Parks Johnson, one of the originators, came with it, and still shivers when he remembers the first New York broadcast. "We were just a couple of country boys," he says, "and we were scared of what some of these smart New Yorkers might say to us. So we broadcast the first time from Columbus Circle, keeping the site of the show a strict secret in advance. We thought the safest bet was taking

people as they came without drawing any who came ready to stump us."

They were comforted by the way New Yorkers answered the question, "Where is Singapore?" It took seven weeks to find someone who knew the correct answer. Parks and Wally together dig up the questions they ask. Parks gets his by reading newspapers and magazines, and claims that just the ads in one magazine will give him enough questions to last several weeks.

Occasionally they have trouble with the people they bring to the microphone. Once a bright young man asked to go on the air, and Parks brought him up to the mike. But just as the interview began, something warned Parks, and he shoved the young man away, clapping a hand over the microphone. While Wally took over with the next interview the young man started to laugh. "How did you catch on?" he asked. "I'm a Communist and I was just going to spill a load of it on the air."

Another time, when Wally finished an interview and handed the interviewee a package of tobacco, the man remarked, "I'm a Mormon missionary and I don't smoke—but I'll take it anyway. I hear this kind of tobacco is very good for sick cattle." Wally hustled him away from the mike in a hurry.

Parks and Wally are both married, and live practically next door to each other in Great Neck, Long Island. Parks, who is the elder of the two, has two children, Betty, 18, and Bill, 16.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



KEN GRIFFIN—the actor you've all been wanting to hear about, judging from your letters. Ken plays Larry Noble in Backstage Wife and Dr. Jim Brent in Road of Life—two of radio's drama's fattest roles. He landed in Chicago a few years ago without any previous dramatic experience and with only one dollar in his pocket, and secured a \$15-a-week job as an actor at the Chicago Fair. Later he took an audition that started him on his radio career. Ken's one extravagance, now that he's a success, is his slop, Revenge, one of the finest racing boats on the Great Lakes. He's 29 years old, weighs 180 pounds and is six feet tall.

*The most beautiful
fingernails in the world!*



DURA-GLOSS

Ship ahoy, mates—aye, captains too!—did you ever see such bewitchingly beautiful fingernails anywhere—on land or sea or in the air? A striking new beauty that you've never known—your own fingernails can have it with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that has swept America because it's *different, better!* For Dura-Gloss goes on more evenly, keeps its gem-hard, glass-smooth lustre longer, resists chipping *longer!* Your fingernails—the most beautiful in the world! Go to any cosmetic counter today—no, it's *not a dollar*, as you might expect,—but *10 cents!*—so buy—enjoy Dura-Gloss.

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

*Choose your color by the
Fingernail Cap*

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

10¢

Lorr Laboratories
Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds



PACIFIC STADIUM	GENERAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
12:00	8:01	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15	
12:15	8:11	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:11	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:30	8:11	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
		10:30	
12:30	8:31	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45	
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
9:30	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
		11:00	
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Short Short Story
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: Life Begins
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Borch
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT
		12:00 Noon	
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		12:15 P.M.	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
		1:30	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
		1:45	
	11:45	12:45	CBS: Road of Life
		2:00	
2:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
		2:15	
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
1:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: George Fisher
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	
	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		5:00	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:15	
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:30	
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:45	
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		6:00	
	9:00	5:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
		6:05	
	9:05	5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:15	
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
		6:30	
9:00	5:15	5:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan
		6:45	
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: The World Today
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
		7:30	
6:30	8:30	6:30	CBS: Al Pearce
7:30	7:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
		8:00	
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
		8:30	
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
		9:00	
7:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: Johnny Presents
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Home Town
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Waltz Time
		9:30	
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Grand Central Station
7:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: This Amazing America
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: What's My Name
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Don Ameche

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Budd Hulick and Arlene Francis of What's My Name?

Tune-In Bulletin for June 28, July 5, 12 and 19!

June 28: Another big program calls it a season tonight—Kate Smith's Variety Hour on CBS at 8:00. But Kate's continuing her noonday talks all summer. . . . The National A.A.U. Track and Field Meet begins in Fresno, California, today; and Bill Stern broadcasts it for NBC. . . . Also on NBC are the Allegheny Tennis Championship games at Pittsburgh.

July 5: Glenn Miller's orchestra opens in the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, broadcasting over CBS. . . and Johnny McGee, who's been broadcasting over NBC, closes at the World's Fair Dancing Campus.

July 12: Will Osborne's band closes at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago.

July 19: Notice that Grand Central Station is broadcasting on First Nighter's old time—9:30 tonight on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: What's My Name? starring Arlene Francis and Budd Hulick, sponsored by Oxydol and heard on NBC-Red tonight at 9:30, E.D.S.T.

Away back in the last months of 1937 two young radio writers named Joe Cross and Ed Byron were trying to find a program that would interest a prospective sponsor enough to put on the air. They had the sponsor all right, but they couldn't find the program. They concocted elaborate variety shows full of high-priced talent and auditioned them for the sponsor, who thought they were all swell but—well, not quite what he had in mind.

Meanwhile, Ed Byron was listening to Professor Quiz and thinking what a fine, entertaining radio show that was. One afternoon he met Cross, and the two of them shut themselves up in a hotel room, vowing they wouldn't come out until they'd thought up a game program that was as much fun as Professor Quiz. What's My Name? was the result. It took them all night and most of the next day to work out the idea. In a few more days they had secured Alice Frost and Erik Rolf to do the show in an audition; and they sold it to the first sponsor who heard it—not, incidentally, the sponsor they'd been trying to find a show for all along, who'd decided by that time he didn't want a radio program after all.

What's My Name? has been on the air since March, 1938, when it began on the Mutual network. For its first broadcast Alice Frost and Erik Rolf had been re-

placed by Arlene Francis and Budd Hulick, who are still its stars. Ed Byron and Joe Cross still own the idea and take care of putting the show on every week. It's been a profitable idea for them, and for Arlene and Budd. Arlene was a radio actress, busy but unknown by name to listeners, when she was hired for What's My Name? and now she's a distinct star personality. Along with Budd, she's responsible for much of the program's success. As for Budd, What's My Name? enabled him to make a radio comeback after he and Colonel Stoopnagle broke up.


Week in, week out, What's My Name? has brought in a lot of mail to the NBC mail-room. It offers ten dollars for every biography-question used on the program, and uses about seven or eight every week. Contestants from the studio audience get paid too, of course. They get ten dollars if they guess the name of a person from the first clue given, nine dollars if they need two clues, and so on down to five dollars, which they get whether they're able to guess the person or not.

One girl who appeared on What's My Name? got something much more valuable than money. Her mother's sister, who had run away twenty years before and married a man who lived in Cuba, happened to be listening in, and recognized the girl's name. She didn't even know her niece existed, and had thought that all the members of her family were dead. A letter to the girl, in care of What's My Name? brought about a happy reunion.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

ARTHUR Q. BRYAN—who weighs 241 pounds without his hat and is known to a careless world as "Little Man." You'll hear him tonight on Al Pearce's CBS program. Arthur Q. has been in radio since 1924, when he weighed only 150 pounds and sang on the air for the fun of it (which was about all you could get out of radio in those days.) He earned his living by selling insurance. Finally his singing got him the offer of a salary and he gave up insurance. In 1929 he turned announcer, then moved on to writing, producing and acting. Four years ago he went to Hollywood for a vacation and has been there since.






EVEN IF I'M "ALL IN"
AT BEDTIME
I NEVER NEGLECT
MY **ACTIVE-
LATHER FACIAL**
WITH LUX SOAP

**CLAUDETTE
COLBERT**

PARAMOUNT
STAR



PAT LUX SOAP'S
CREAMY LATHER
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9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Renfrew of the Mounted—and his creator, Laurie Y. Erskine.

Tune-In Bulletin for June 29, July 6, 13 and 20!

- June 29: If you don't find the National Barn Dance on its usual station tonight at 9:00, don't be discouraged. It has simply moved to NBC Red, beginning tonight. . . . Mutual broadcasts the Christiana Stakes at Delaware Park—time, 5:30 in the afternoon.
- July 6: NBC stations have an almost unbroken list of pleasant dance music this afternoon—that is, unless a sports event of some kind interferes.
- July 13: Although the Democratic Convention hasn't started quite yet, there will be plenty of politics on the air today. For instance, CBS has scheduled broadcasts from 6:30 to 7:00, and from 10:30 to 11:00.
- July 20: Two races, the Classic Stakes at Arlington, over NBC, and the Hollywood Derby over NBC and Mutual as well.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Renfrew of the Mounted, on NBC-Blue at 6:30. It isn't sponsored now, but NBC has high hopes, because an offer on the air of a free picture of Renfrew to any youngster who wrote in recently brought in an unprecedented flood of mail—and sponsors are always impressed by mail response.

Renfrew, the red-jacketed Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, is a fictional character, straight out of the brain of writer Laurie York Erskine—but all his exploits, as dramatized on this weekly half-hour program, are true experiences of different Royal Mounties. The name Renfrew really belongs to a city in Ontario, but the character Renfrew was conceived in Erskine's mind a long time ago—when the writer was a boy, in fact. He lived in upstate New York and used to take French lessons from a lady who lived nearby. One of the reasons he seldom paid much attention to the lessons was the portrait of a tall, handsome man, clad in a scarlet uniform, which hung on the wall. It was the teacher's brother, who had once served in the force. Finally the lady realized Laurie wasn't learning much French, and why; so she made a bargain with him. If his lesson was good, he would be rewarded with a story about her brother's exploits in Canada. That's really when Renfrew of the Mounted was born.

Laurie grew up, and when he was eighteen tried to join the Mounties, but was refused because the minimum age was twenty-two. Later on, though, he be-

came friends with a Mounties official, and was allowed to go along on many expeditions. The things he learned on these trips he put down on paper, and became one of America's most popular adventure writers for boys. As a sideline, he studied juvenile problems and juvenile psychology, and eventually became head of his own preparatory school in New Hope, Pa.

Actor House Jameson plays Renfrew on the air—and, says Erskine, looks in real life exactly like the author's own conception of his hero. He's tall, blond and wiry, with a clipped mustache and a precise way of speaking. The picture of him above, in Renfrew costume, shows how well he fits the part.

Most programs designed for children are disapproved of by grownups, but everyone, no matter what his age, seems to like Renfrew. Though it's exciting enough to satisfy the most red-blooded youngster, it teaches valuable moral lessons. Erskine's ability to combine good entertainment with good lessons is due to his long interest in boys and his sympathetic knowledge of how their minds work. He knows that any boy who admires Renfrew also admires fair play—for no Canadian Mountie ever draws a gun until he has been fired on; never arrests a person or searches a house without a warrant; never third-degrees a prisoner or handcuffs him in a public conveyance or other public place—for according to the Mountie code a suspect is always deemed innocent until proved guilty.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

ALBERT WARNER—CBS's Washington reporter, whom you'll hear this afternoon at 6:05, and whenever there's important news from the nation's capital. Warner was born in Brooklyn, and was editor of his school papers both in high school and at Amherst, from which he graduated in 1924. He's been a successful newspaperman ever since, and has covered all presidential campaigns since 1928. He gave up newspaper work early in 1939 to join CBS. By unanimous election, he's president of the Radio Correspondents Association in Washington; and he's a close friend of many important personalities in both parties.



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M. CBS: Today in Europe NBC-Red: News
			8:15 NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch. NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-Tete
			8:25 CBS: Odd Side of the News
			8:30 NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			8:45 NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
			9:00 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet NBC-Red: News
			9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
			9:15 CBS: Richard Maxwell NBC-Red: Watch Your Step
			9:45 NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
			10:00 NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
9:00	8:00	9:00	10:15 NBC-Blue: Rakov Orchestra
			10:30 CBS: Hill Billy Champions NBC-Blue: Charioteers NBC-Red: Betty Moore
			10:45 NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
			11:00 NBC-Blue: Murphy Orch.
			11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn NBC-Red: Gallicchio's Orch.
8:00	10:00	11:00	12:00 Noon CBS: Country Journal NBC-Blue: Education Forum
8:00	10:00	11:00	12:30 P.M. CBS: Let's Pretend NBC-Blue: FARM BUREAU NBC-Red: Call to Youth
8:30	10:30	11:30	1:15 NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
8:30	10:30	11:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
8:30	10:30	11:30	2:00 NBC-Red: Lani McIntyre Orch.
			2:30 NBC-Red: Music Styled for You
			3:00 NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
			3:30 NBC-Red: World's Fair Band
			4:00 CBS: Bull Session NBC-Red: Campus Capers
12:30	2:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: KSTP Presents
			5:00 NBC-Blue: Magic Waves
1:30	3:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: The Human Adventure NBC-Blue: Teddy Powell Orch.
6:30	8:30	5:00	6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
2:05	4:05	5:05	6:05 CBS: Albert Warner NBC-Blue: Reggie Childs Orch.
2:30	4:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted NBC-Red: Religion in the News
2:45	4:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today NBC-Red: Southwestern Serenade
3:00	5:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform NBC-Blue: Message of Israel NBC-Red: Art for Your Sake
7:00	5:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Sky Blazers NBC-Blue: Benny Goodman Orch.
3:45	5:45	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
4:00	6:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Glen Gray Orch.
4:30	6:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
8:00	7:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
5:45	7:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
6:00	8:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Dance Music NBC-Red: Bob Crosby
6:15	8:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs

Voices

(Continued from page 18)

The sound of moving vehicles came to a dead stop and a bedlam of human sounds rose above the awful collision.

Above everything there was one scream that hit the heights of despair and hopelessness. Linda Gale tore her way through the frantic crowd, crying:

"Michael! MICHAEL!"

The next morning came ponderously and painfully. Too, it came sleeplessly for Linda Gale who spent the night at the hospital, pacing a little room adjoining the operation chamber. She couldn't sleep and she couldn't cry, and periodically she would besiege the nurse with "Why don't they let me in? What are they doing to him? Why don't they tell me something?"

Then about eight o'clock the doctor came out. She rushed to him: "How is he? Let me go to him!"

THE white-haired man of medicine grasped her by the arms and looking gravely into her face, said: "You must calm yourself, Miss Gale. Be assured we have done everything possible. Now you may go to him, but first you must know the truth."

Linda felt faint. "Yes," she said, as if she were far away.

"That windshield must have crumbled like powder—he'll never be able to see again . . ."

Linda stifled a scream and pushed past the doctor, through the door and into the next room. She threw herself on her knees beside Michael: "Michael, my darling."

He found her hand and leaned his bandaged face in her direction. "Linda," he said, "your voice—let me hear your voice . . ."

"I love you, darling. I love you."

"I'm blind, Linda. Blind forever. The skies will never be blue again. I'll never be able to write again. My novel will never be finished, Linda."

"You will finish your novel, Michael. And there'll be other novels . . ."

"But I can't see . . ."

"Yes you can, Michael. I shall be your eyes and I shall be your fingers."

He pulled her hand to his lips and kissed it. And after an infinite second of silence, he said, "You are beautiful."

She fought back the tears and then heard him softly say, "Linda?"

"Yes, darling."

"Let me feel your cheek against mine."

"Yes, darling." Her heart raced like a turbine. She raised herself and rested her blemished cheek against his.

"There," he said, a curious contentment coming over him. "There. Now I can see. I can see things I never saw before. . . ."

THE END

An exciting story about—
A beautiful cover portrait of—
ROSALIND RUSSELL
SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR

"You little imp! HOW DARE YOU MAKE FUN OF ME!"



HE'S A SCAMP MOLLIE, BUT DON'T GET SORE. MY CLOTHES LOOKED WORSE THAN YOURS TILL I STOPPED USING WEAK-KNEED SOAPS AND SWITCHED TO FELS-NAPTHA!

TRY THE BIG BAR OR THE WONDERFUL GRINKLY CHIPS! EITHER WAY, FELS-NAPTHA BRINGS YOU RICHER, GOLDEN SOAP TEAMED WITH GENTLE, ACTIVE NAPTHA. AND THOSE TWO BUSY CLEANERS GET OUT ALL THE DIRT IN JIG-TIME!



FEW WEEKS LATER

YES, YOU LITTLE INDIAN! MY WASH LOOKS SO GORGEOUSLY WHITE THIS WEEK I BAKED YOU A CAKE FOR TIPPING ME OFF TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP. THAT BIG GOLDEN BAR SURE IS A WONDER IN A TUB

AND FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS ARE GRAND FOR WASHING MACHINES. HUSKIER, GOLDEN CHIPS — THEY'RE NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. SO WONDERFULLY SUDSY, TOO, THANKS TO THAT NEW, ADDED SUDS-BUILDER!



Golden bar or golden chips— Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



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 Box H30, Palms Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c please send me trial package of HOLLY-PAX, in plain wrapper, also *New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene*.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

The O'Neills

(Continued from page 32)

door bell rang, it was like the sudden snapping of a too-taut violin string. Except to Monte, who said, as he went to answer, "If this is only the message I hope it is. . . ."

But it was not a message. For, through the tiny hall, a booming voice echoed, "Monte! It's good to see you again. I came myself, instead of just sending the stuff. . . ."

"This is Judge Scott," said Monte, leading into the dining room a tall, gray-haired man with beetling black eyebrows and a smile so friendly that, even if they had not known him as Sally Scott's father, they would have liked him at once.

"I wired Judge Scott," said Monte, "to get me some special information about Chris Momanos in Chicago. I have a hunch Chris is behind all this, but I can't prove it. What did you find out, Judge?"

THE Judge smiled and drew several typed pages from his brief case.

"First, Monte," he began, "I found out that Chris and Gloria are both known in Chicago—as Chris Momanopolis and Gussie Harrie. Both of them have criminal records. Next, and better still, I located a man named Roberts. He's in the state prison, serving a sentence for a crime that underworld gossip says was really committed by Momanos—or Momanopolis, whichever you want to call him. We'll go to the penitentiary and see Roberts—try to get his signed accusation of Momanos. That ought to do for a start. Maybe, with it, we can break down Momanos' testimony, get at the real story back of this murder. It's possible, you know, that those witnesses are being paid or terrorized into saying whatever Momanos wants them to!"

"I'm almost sure of it," said Monte, "but I still can't prove anything! Maybe Roberts will help me!"

But the new-found confidence, the new-found hope was shattered. For Roberts died in prison before Monte and Judge Scott were able to see him.

Again Peggy's case seemed to be lost, until Monte found a new witness, a woman named Elizabeth Rowland, who had been at the Glass Slipper the night Gloria Gilbert was killed. In talks with Monte she said that she had heard Chris and Gloria quarreling that night—after she had seen Peggy leave the place.

But, under the prosecution's cross-examination, Mrs. Rowland seemed to become confused. She stammered, contradicted herself, and ended by making such a bad impression that the jury must have been more than ever convinced of Peggy's guilt.

Nothing now remained but to wait—and hope—while Monte worked day and night with his law partner, John Barton, and with Judge Scott to prepare his summation. It was a masterpiece of jurisprudence—and devotion. The jury was charged and sent out to decide the fate of Peggy O'Neill.

Two days passed before the jury filed back into the courtroom. In the midst of a quiet as ominous as thunder, the foreman rose.

"We find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree!"

Peggy, hearing the words, did not

falter or flinch. But a voice in the back of the room cried, "No! No! No!"—three sharp cries, then Mother O'Neill turned to bury her sobs in Danny's trembling arms.

He dared not break down himself, so he led his mother quickly outside. A fierce rage burned in him, and he could feel tears against his eyelids. He closed his eyes for a moment, just as he pushed through the door into corridor.

"Danny!" said a voice he remembered, and he opened his eyes again to see Sally Scott and her mother and young brother.

"We had to come. We couldn't leave all of you alone now," she said. "We just arrived in time to hear the—the verdict. Don't try to talk now. We'll get your mother into a cab. Come—quickly. . . ."

Danny was content to let her lead them into the street.

Inside the courtroom, Monte Kayden still stood, dazed and unbelieving. He watched them take Peggy away, tried to return her little, hopeless, pathetic smile. Then he turned to Judge Scott and John Barton.

"I will never stop fighting this case," he said in a quiet voice from which all emotion but determination had been distilled.

"Monte, we did everything we could," Judge Scott tried to comfort him.

"It wasn't enough," said Monte. "We've got to do more—we've got to save Peggy's life. There's only one possible hope. Mrs. Rowland. . . . I can't understand why she broke up under the cross-examination. She seemed so sure of her facts! I'd like to talk to her again. . . ."

But that was not so easy to do. Elizabeth Rowland had left her job and moved that very morning, her landlady reported. Said something about leaving town. No, she had not left a forwarding address.

But Monte found the envelope from a bus ticket in her room. It might just be that Elizabeth Rowland was leaving town on a bus. If one of the agents at the bus station could remember. . . .

Monte was gone when they moved Peggy to the hospital at the State Prison—gone on what seemed at first an endless game of hide-and-seek. He had found an agent who remembered selling a ticket to Chicago to a woman answering Elizabeth Rowland's description, and without delay he set out for Chicago himself.

CHICAGO is a big place, though. Where, in all that sprawling mass of humanity, was he to find Mrs. Rowland—if, indeed, she were actually there at all. During the first two days, going over all the facts he could make himself remember about the woman, Monte sometimes cursed himself for a fool—going off on a wild goose chase, leaving Peggy alone.

Then, suddenly, he remembered the South Side bar that Judge Scott had discovered—a bar owned by Chris Momanopolis. By now, Monte had convinced himself that there was some connection between Mrs. Rowland and Chris. He had to believe that—or confess to himself that he was acting like a child, without rea-

son or direction. Or hope.

He found the bar—an ordinary saloon, it would have been called in the old days, with its dingy brass rail and fly-marked mirrors. All afternoon and evening he waited. He dared not think that she might not come. But she did not—not that day, nor the next, nor the next.

By this time, he was afraid of becoming conspicuous, of looking suspicious to the other customers. Surely two of the men over by the bar were watching him strangely. Perhaps he'd better go.

BUT he could not bring himself to give up when he had tried so hard. He turned away from those two men, glanced toward the door.

There she was—Elizabeth Rowland, walking slowly, weakly, as if she were not well. Her face was drawn and slightly flushed as if with fever. He went to her quickly.

"Mrs. Rowland. . . ."
She looked straight at him, without fear. "I felt sure you would find me, sooner or later." She smiled, wearily. "I've been ill, or I would have come before, to wait for Chris to come in, as he will do sooner or later. You were very clever to find this place, Mr. Kayden."

"Mrs. Rowland, this is the end of a desperate search for me. My wife is in the State prison hospital—right now. I think you can help her. There isn't much time—"

"I think there is not much time for me, either, Mr. Kayden. I feel that I am not going to live long enough, after all, to pay Chris Momanopolis, as I paid Gloria Gilbert!"

Elizabeth Rowland's confession, as

she wrote it down and signed it for Monte to take back home with him, was simple.

"I am Elizabeth Roberts, wife of that same Charles Roberts who died in prison a month ago, as the result of a charge framed by Chris Momanopolis and Gussie Harrie. It was Gussie Harrie, later known as Gloria Gilbert, who lured my husband away, managed to get his money. Then she and Chris Momanopolis, with whom she worked, got him to steal for them—and die in the penitentiary for them.

"For this I killed her, from outside the window of her dressing room at the Glass Slipper, with a gun from Danny O'Neill's car which was parked outside the Glass Slipper that night. I had visited the road house many times, waiting for that opportunity. I wanted to do the same for Chris before giving myself up, but now it is too late. I am too tired and welcome the same end that overtook my husband. Signed, Elizabeth Roberts."

THE joy of the O'Neills when they read the confession was tempered by sorrow and sympathy for poor Elizabeth Roberts.

"We must do something for her," said Mother O'Neill. "Perhaps the court would let you bring her here, Monte."

But Monte shook his head. "I'm afraid it is already too late to do anything for her, Mother O'Neill," he said. "She died before I left Chicago."

"God have mercy on her soul," said Mother O'Neill.

And the family echoed its "Amens."

Having their Peggy home again was almost too much for the O'Neills. They nearly killed her with attention. Her mother admitted she was neglecting her own home for the first time in her life—but she had to get over to see Peggy every day, didn't she? Trudie Baily baked one of her famous lemon pies every day for the Kaydens, until Monte had to protest that even lemon pies could become monotonous! Little Janice and Eddie Collins became the center of attention at school, where everyone was talking about the unexpected end of the famous Peggy O'Neill trial.

Danny's foray into the newspaper business had had an unforeseen result. All during the trial he had submitted a daily column of copy to the paper. Sometimes it was printed, more often it was not. But now that everything was over, he had printer's ink in his veins, and he was able to persuade the editor to let him continue. "I can't hire you just now," the editor said, "but if you'd like to rustle around town and dig up stories for me, I'll pay you for anything we print."

It was a haphazard arrangement, but Danny accepted it. He worked hard over his stories, writing them out carefully in pencil on the kitchen table, trying to make them say what he wanted them to say.

One night, when he was at work, he heard a soft, uneven footstep in the hall. He had been too absorbed to notice the doorbell, even if it had rung, and it was quite possible that it had not. For his mother had gone out and, very likely had left the door unlocked.

"Who's there?" he called.

SISTER CALLS ME CUPID!



ON ACCOUNT OF A WHILE AGO...

LOOKIT, SIS! WHAT YOU WANT TO GO AND HANG ICICLES ON A GOOD GUY LIKE GEORGE FOR?

TOMMIE, CUPID HASN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST BAD BREATH!



COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...

I GOT THE DOPE ALL RIGHT, GEORGE-- AND IT'S A CINCH! ALL YOU GOTTA DO TO RATE WITH SIS IS SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

MY BREATH!



GEORGE SEES HIS DENTIST

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



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



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop

the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...

BOY! FROM NOW ON, YOUR NAME WILL BE THE SAME AS GEORGE'S, WON'T IT, SIS?

YES, AND FROM NOW ON, YOUR NAME IS GOING TO BE... CUPID!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE A DAY WILL HELP YOU KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY!



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

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"Quilted" for Your Protection. Special "Quilting" makes Fibs the ideal internal protection...keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.

Easy to Use. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new, exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top, no artificial method of insertion is necessary! A Kotex product, Fibs merit your confidence!

Absorbs Faster Than Cotton. Because Fibs is made of surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton; that's why hospitals use it. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

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Name

Address

City State

And Sally Scott's voice answered, "It's me! A fine welcome for a stranger in town!"

He got up then, and went to help her. It came over him again how delicately pretty she was, how sweet and friendly her smile, how little, how helpless she seemed.

"Sorry to seem so inhospitable," he said, drawing up the rocker for her. "I'm working. I'm a newspaper man now, you know."

"I know, Danny," Sally said, smiling at him. "I've seen some of your pieces. Father brings them home."

It was easy to talk to Sally—to tell her why he wanted to work on the paper. "Why," he heard himself rattling on, "there's dozens of things in this town to write about—things that ought to be written about, too! That guy at the factory out near the Oakdale Bridge, for instance. I've heard lots of his factory hands, foreigners mostly, telling how he cheats them. And he even takes away their citizenship papers so they don't dare kick for fear he'll have 'em deported. Of course, he couldn't, but he tells 'em he could! And—"

He cut himself short.

"Listen to me!" he said sheepishly. "Here I am, talking away, and you don't have a chance to get a word in. Why, I never even asked you what you're doing back in town!"

She smiled at that, her own smile that made sudden lights come into her eyes.

"I loved hearing you talk, Danny. Don't apologize. As for me, hadn't you heard that Father's going into the law firm with Monte and Mr. Barton? We're going to live here!"

Looking at her, Danny realized how lucky he was. Without doing a thing about it, without even going out and looking for it, he had found somebody he could talk to—about all the plans he had, all the ideas that were buzzing around in his head. This was going to be something different from his feeling for Eileen. Maybe that had been just a preparation, getting him ready for a girl like Sally.

He grinned back at her.

"It couldn't have been arranged better if I had done it myself," he said. "If you'll help me get two stories

done tonight, maybe—well, then, maybe you'd go to the movies with me tomorrow night."

They went to the movies often, after that. It wasn't too long before they could go any night they liked, because Danny's work for the paper was so successful that the paper put him on the staff, with a column of his own. Not without an argument, of course. Danny had to convince the editor that he could write a column about things in their town—that there were plenty of things to crusade for. . . .

NOW that Sally was there to encourage and help him, he felt invincible. She had read a great deal more than he had, for her lame foot had always made it impossible for her to get about much or play or work actively. She gladly gave Danny the benefit of all her knowledge.

She was always so right, in everything she said about his work. In everything she said about anything, for that matter. Or—was it possible that he was fooling himself again? He hadn't meant to say anything about it, but one night, while his mother and he were doing the dishes, it just came out.

"Mother," he said, "I'd like to marry Sally Scott!"

Mother O'Neill finished folding the dish towel she was hanging up to dry, then she turned. "That would make me very happy, son," she said. "I can't think of a girl I'd rather have for a daughter-in-law!"

"That's fine," he said a little thickly, because he was trying to be nonchalant when he didn't feel that way. "I can't think of a girl I'd rather have for my wife!"

He hadn't felt awkward about asking Eileen to marry him. But this was different. He never did know just what he said to Sally, later that night.

He did know, however, that the look on Sally's face was something he didn't understand. Happiness? Yes. Love? Yes, surely. But that other expression? Fear? Doubt? Sorrow?

"I—I almost wish you hadn't asked me, Danny," she said at last, her voice trembling. "Or no—I can't say that truthfully. I've been wanting you to, for ever so long. Really."

■ Bess Johnson, the star of Hilltop House, with her daughter Jane, are often seen on Central Park's riding trails.



"Well then, it's all settled."

"Danny!"

Yes, that was fear. That was terror. "Danny, don't make it any harder than it is. I can't marry you dear!"

CAN'T marry me. . . ." She was on the little stool at his feet; her face was turned away and he leaned forward, trying to see it. "Of course you can. Why not?"

"Can't you guess?" she asked pitifully. "Don't you see—I'm a cripple! I couldn't be a real wife to you, Danny—I couldn't have your . . . children. . . ."

Danny, uncertain whether to laugh or cry, slipped down to the floor beside her, took her in his arms. His lips close to her ear, he whispered little, broken phrases of comfort and reassurance: "That doesn't matter—not to me, it doesn't. Why—it doesn't make a bit of difference to your sweetness—your understanding—all the things you are—in yourself, I mean. And besides—there are doctors—they can help you—"

"Oh, no," she sobbed, "I've been to see a doctor—since I met you, Danny—and he says there's only one chance. A very delicate operation, that could just as easily be fatal as successful. . . . But—I'd take a chance on that operation, Danny, for you—"

"Sally!" He grasped her by the shoulders and looked straight into her eyes. "Sally, listen to me. I was a long time finding you. I'm not taking any chances on losing you. I want you the way you are, darling—just you. Nothing else matters to me. I'd be happy just to spend the rest of my life making things easier for you. You must believe me—and you must never

take any chances with your life—because it's more precious to me than my own!"

As she listened to him, a grave and overwhelming joy came into her eyes.

"I—I believe you," she sighed at last. "I just don't know what I've done to deserve such happiness. I'm not afraid now. And I'll marry you whenever you say!"

Sometimes, when they were getting ready for the wedding, Sally would come quickly to Danny and want his arms around her. They would be hanging pictures, maybe, in the new cottage. Or he would be writing and she would be stitching curtains in the O'Neill kitchen.

"Danny, hold me close," she'd say. And he would hold her close, hard.

He got the feeling that she was thinking things she did not tell him at these times, but he did not like to press her or seem suspicious. He told himself all girls were like that before they were married. Certainly Peggy had been jittery enough.

Then there was the time they went to see Peggy's new baby. Sally just stood there, looking at it, and the tears came to her eyes. She caught at Danny's hand and wouldn't let it go. He felt she was stung with a sudden regret, thinking about the children they could never have. So he stooped and whispered in her ear, "Remember, sweet, it's just you I want."

Her quick smile made him think she was satisfied.

He did not know that she locked herself in her room an hour before the wedding, fought off the tears that would reddens her eyes and betray her, fought off her fears too, and prayed for courage to do what she

had to do.

But everybody said there had never been a lovelier bride. and her "Something borrowed and something blue" came, for luck, from Peggy's own hand. There was nothing wrong, nothing at all.

And anyway, how could Danny think of anything being wrong when he was bringing his own bride to his own home? He would not have believed he could be so happy, that night as he sat in front of the little brick fireplace in the living room, if it were not actually true. Looking around, he could see all the things they had bought together, could touch the shiny new andirons, smell the wedding flowers in vases all over the place.

UPSTAIRS, he could hear Sally's footsteps—the strange, soft, uneven footsteps that were so peculiarly Sally's. Soon he would go up—but meantime, he felt a peculiar sensation of shyness. It was wonderful, but a little frightening, to think that Sally—so sweet, so slim and defenseless—had put herself and her happiness into his hands, trustingly, completely.

He was leaning forward, looking into the fire, when she came softly down the stairs. He didn't hear her, didn't hear her open the hall door, inch by inch, creep out, and shut it gently behind her.

When the house was silent he went upstairs, turning out the lights, and, a smile on his lips, opened the door of the little blue bedroom where they had hung the curtains only two days ago. But the room was empty. On the night table, a square white envelope was propped against the lamp.

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HOLLYWOOD

"For Danny."

He tore open the envelope. "Dearest, please don't be angry with me. If it weren't for my love for you I would never have had the courage to do it. But my cowardice is not going to stand in the way of our having the most complete kind of marriage two people can have. I have gone to Chicago to be operated on. I'm not afraid and I don't want you to follow me. Your love, yes—but that will follow me anyway and give me the courage I need so badly. All my love, dearest, until I write you to come for—your new wife."

He read the note again. Then the letters all blurred before his eyes. It couldn't be true! It was some time before he was able to think again, to make his mind begin to plan. He must stop her, of course! But how? He glanced at his watch. Of course!—ten-fifteen. She must have taken the ten o'clock train. He dashed out of the house, bound for her parents'.

But the Scotts knew nothing of Sally's plan. The thought of her, keeping this to herself, planning it to make his happiness complete, taking her life in her hands—for him!—caught at his heart.

It was morning before Mrs. Scott finally unearthed an old letter in Sally's room. On the envelope was a doctor's address. The letter was gone.

It was a bare chance, but Danny took it. Hastily he telephoned his mother, then jumped into his car and set out for Chicago.

The address on the envelope took him to an office that was plain and businesslike, with an air of authority about it. At least, he thought, this doctor was no quack, no charlatan. He walked past the waiting patients to the young lady in the nurse's cap at the desk.

"I've got to see the doctor," he said. "It's about Sally Scott. She is now Mrs. Danny O'Neill—and I'm her husband. Where is she? She can't go through with this operation. I forbid it!"

The girl's unruffled calm reassured him. But her words did not.

"The doctor is still at the hospital," she said. "He operated on Miss Scott this morning."

Danny O'Neill never wanted to live through another time of waiting like that one. If only she hadn't done it!

He tried not to think of her lying on the operating table, then back in her bed, gasping for breath, perhaps, her pulse slowing, needing a transfusion to keep her alive. Oh, no, no, no!

The sky was deep blue velvet when they called him to come in. A man who must be the doctor pressed his shoulder silently in the doorway. Danny was afraid to go toward the light above the bed.

For, under it, the face of Sally O'Neill was white and still. Slowly, her husband forced himself to move toward her, to touch her hand. It was a year's agony before she opened her eyes. Her "Danny!" was hardly a whisper, but to his ears it sounded like all the trumpets of heaven.

He knelt by the bed.

"Sally, are you all right?" She only smiled, but the nurse at the other side of the bed nodded reassuringly.

"She's very weak. I wouldn't stay if I were you. Come back in the morning—and we'll have a new wife for you!"

He kissed Sally gently on the forehead. Then he stumbled out of the room, to sob out his relief against the hard white walls of the corridor. . . .

THEY were all grouped around the piano where Sally was playing "Did Your Mother Come from Ireland," her strong new right leg pumping the pedal joyously. They were singing, too, singing as if their lives depended on making as much noise as possible. Peggy and Monte, Mother O'Neill, Trudie and Morris, the Collins children, the Scotts. Even the Kayden twins, from their play pen over by the steps, chimed in tunelessly but heartily. And the new Kayden baby, asleep in an improvised crib in the dining room, awakened and emitted a distressed yell.

"A fine comment on our music, I must say," said Danny O'Neill to his sister. "Why don't you teach your young son better manners?"

They all laughed, and it was Mother O'Neill who said, "Get on with your singing. I'll take the baby upstairs and then put on the tea kettle."

Surely, never music sounded so beautiful, thought Mother O'Neill, tucking the baby into bed. She stood a moment at the top of the stairs, where she could see them in the living room and not be seen herself. She was feasting her eyes and mind on their happy young faces—the O'Neills, secure and safe and happy once more.

Times had not been easy for any of them, and would probably not be so again. Particularly for Danny and Sally, who had purchased their happiness at such a risk. Or maybe that would make it all the more secure. For, looking at Danny, with his head thrown back as he sang, she knew that he would go on with his work, that nothing would stop him from writing the truth as he saw it, in spite of the opposition she knew he was already facing. And Sally—why, the child was positively transfigured with happiness. Mother O'Neill would have no cause to fear for her boy's future.

And Peggy and Monte? They, too, had proved themselves. Now there would be just the same old problems of growing children—as there had once been when Peggy and Danny were themselves children. It would be like living all over again, watching her grandchildren grow up as she had watched her own children. But now she had help. She was no longer alone, as she had been in the old days, when Patrick was taken away from her.

She wished that he could see them tonight. His family, grown up into the kind of men and women he would have wanted them to be.

She offered up a silent prayer of thankfulness, standing there on the stairs, that she had been able to help make them so.

"Thank God I was able to do it, Patrick," she was saying in her heart. And feeling sure that she could hear his response:

"The O'Neills are a great family, Margaret."

Their voices came up the stairs, full of joy and confidence.

Yes, Patrick was right. The O'Neills were a great family.

Tune in the further adventures of the O'Neills on your radio, over the NBC-Red Network, twice a day, Monday through Friday, sponsored by the makers of Ivory Soap.

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS By HORACE BROWN

MARRIAGE and career don't mix, you say? Nonsense! Consider the perfect blend achieved by Mrs. H. M. Aitken, happily married and with two grown daughters attending University of Toronto, who is one of Canada's best-loved and most widely known radio entertainers. Furthermore, she's the only one I know who proudly uses her married name before the microphone.

Every morning at 10.30 o'clock, EST, Mrs. Aitken's cheery voice comes into thousands of Canadian homes for fifteen minutes via CFRB, Toronto. Sponsored by Lyman Agencies' Products, who handle Tintex Dyes, Glyco-Thymoline, Gibbs Dentifrice, Pacquins Hand Cream, Icilma Shampoos, etc., this vibrant, charming little lady is liable to hand out a cooking recipe one moment, a dissertation on the latest book or movie the next, and wind up with a dash of finely-mixed philosophy. Warmly human at all times, her fan mail is of the personal, homey kind. There is a fan, for instance, in Peace River, Alberta, thousands of miles from nowhere, who listens daily to la Aitken, and writes every month with an order of groceries. Mrs. Aitken transmits this order to the Hudson Bay's Company Store in Edmonton, from whence it is conveyed by air-

plane to the Peace River fan.

Mrs. Aitken isn't the only star on the show. Horace Lapp, popular dance maestro of Toronto's Royal York Hotel, presides at the organ, and also engages in "ad. libs." with Mrs. Aitken that are a distinct feature of the program. Announcer Ross Millard has a large following, and adds to the wit of the proceedings. But, when all is said and done, Mrs. Aitken is the "show." This was proven when, after six years of sponsoring by a starch company, someone persuaded the company to drop her in favor of newspaper advertisements. A week later, flooded by protests from its customers, the starch company realized its mistake, and frantically tried to re-sign their consumers' favorite lady-friend. It was too late. Mrs. Aitken had already signed with her present sponsors. The starch company moguls are still looking for the "someone" who suggested dropping her, and I just hope they never catch up!

Mrs. Aitken was born at Beeton, Ontario. At sixteen, she was a school teacher. Love entered the picture, and a school-teacher became a bride engaged in poultry farming with her husband. Her flock of white Wyandottes earned her two world's records, and brought her to the attention

of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. She was given lecture assignments, leading to an interest in the advertising game. A fire in 1933 wiped out the poultry business and the family fortune, and Mrs. Aitken, nothing daunted, proceeded to enter radio, as a means of helping her husband and her growing family.

You'd think her daily radio program would be enough, but Mrs. A. seems to like nothing better than work, unless it is more work. She is now director of women's activities for Toronto's huge and far-famed annual show, the Canadian National Exhibition. This year she plans to feature a Clothes Clinic, designed to make every woman a "glamour girl." Canada's wartime effort is also getting her attention, and there will be special knitting competitions... which should be a break for long-suffering soldiers' feet!

MRS. A. is brown-eyed, black-haired, with just a distinguishing touch of gray in the hair. Five-foot-six and a little in height, she balances off nicely at 120 pounds. Dresses usually in attractive black, set off by exquisite costume jewelry. The way I would describe her is to say: "She has something more than mere beauty; she has an infinite charm."



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Vague But Victorious

(Continued from page 19)

plays," Miss Allen tells, wrinkling her nose in distaste.

In addition to the mystery-screamers—she would go out on lone country roads to practice her screaming, for where, in a city, can a girl practice a good eerie shriek?—Barbara Jo was a competent radio dramatic actress, whose voice came out of thousands of loudspeakers in Hawthorne House, Death Valley Days, Winning the West, as Beth Holly in One Man's Family, and as Barbara Whitney in a Jack Benny stint.

"If there is a fairy godmother in my story, it might as well be National Broadcasting Company," said Miss Allen. "I was tired of straight dramatic roles, and longed for something new. My chance came when the San Francisco branch had its studio party. They call it Talent Parade or something like that, and everyone is given a chance to show what abilities he has.

IT'S really a grand idea. Page boys get up and sing and stenographers play the fiddle. I had been to a club meeting and had seen this slightly befuddled, gushy woman in full action and I couldn't rid my mind of her. At home I found myself imitating her voice, her mannerisms. So I put her down in a script, read it at the studio party, and that's the way *Vera Vague* came about.

"At first she had no name," continued Barbara Jo. "She's 'very vague,' I told my husband. And from that description, the name *Vera Vague* naturally evolved. Once I had done *Vera* I was satisfied. That was all I wanted of her, but the sketch brought so many laughs that soon the NBC executives talked about putting her on the air.

"I said 'no,' I had had enough of *Miss Vague*, but Mr. Gilman, the company's president, insisted that we make a series of *Vera*. So here I am, winning attention not as the good dramatic actress that I thought I was, nor as the fine light comedienne like Ina Claire that I hoped to be, but as the vacuum-brained *Vera*."

It's all very sad, in an ironic sort of way, but there are compensations. First, there's money in it. Not so much at first, of course. Five years ago *Vera* earned \$9.00 a week on the *Woman's Magazine of the Air*, then her salary leapt to \$11.25. There's no telling what comfortable checks Chase and Sanborn and Signal Oil give her now for her frequent ditherings. And, importantly, the chance to be a film actress—that's what *Vera Vague* has brought her creator.

For ten years the very handsome Miss Allen has been trying to crash

Hollywood and films. In a small, lusterless way she gained recognition in some RKO short subjects. Last year, after guesting with Messrs. Bergen and McCarthy, Barbara Jo's film career gained real momentum. She was invited to do *Vera Vague*—not Barbara Jo Allen—for Republic Pictures' "Village Barn Dance" and then Paramount Pictures snapped her up on a term contract and her first film is "Destiny," the Basil Rathbone starrer.

The irony of the situation is that Barbara Jo, standing on her own slim and shapely legs, is a fine figure of a woman, very handsome, and she should have been able to crash films on her beauty alone. Instead, by reason of a near-hysterical voice and a zany characterization, thousands of air listeners imagine her to be a flustered, neurotic fussbudget, and the films—now that she is a part of them—are helping the illusion. It's enough to wear down any good-looking woman's spirits.

Pictorially, Barbara Jo is the Kay Francis type. Tall (five feet seven inches), dark-haired, with blue eyes that are fringed with long dark lashes.

Barbara Jo's real name is Marian Barbara Henshall, and she was born in New York City. Her father was an Englishman, a horse fancier, who died when his only child was nine. But he lived to instill a joy of life in his daughter, and to lead her through a pattern of gay days that influences her to this moment.

"My father was twenty-two when he married my mother, and she was only fifteen—one of the famous Campbell Clan of Scotland," Barbara Jo says. "Daddy was English and a sportsman. He bought horses and sold them. He'd buy a race horse in England, run it once at an American track and sell it . . ." she flashed a smile. "Isn't that what is called a 'long-shot'?"

There were seasons at Saratoga and in Florida and two wonderful years in Cuba before Barbara Jo was left an orphan, for her mother preceded her father in death. Barbara Jo was sent to California to be reared by her aunt and uncle, conservatives—these, living in Los Angeles. Her uncle is a banker . . . "I never mention their names in connection with my profession," she says.

In due time Barbara went to college. Rather, to colleges—the University of California, to California at Westwood, to Stanford, and lastly to Paris' Sorbonne. "I wanted to go to Stanford," she explains, "but it took A's to stay there and I got B-minus, usually. And I wanted to see Paris,

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YOUR FAITH

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too, so the Sorbonne was a good excuse. I lived on the Left Bank for eighteen months and had the time of my life. I came home by way of Italy. Stopped off in Algiers. When I returned to America I went into a stock company."

She may have been a B-minus girl in school, but she was strictly A-plus when it came to real life observances. If she were not observant, keenly conscious of life around her, she could not write and act *Vera Vague*. But all this was very much in the future. Barbara Jo got a job in stock in Atlanta, Georgia.

"I used the name of Barbara Joallen then," she says, explaining the evolution of her name, "and on the program, the first night, the printer made a mistake, printing it 'Barbara Jo Allen.' It was a good name, even if it was an error, and so I kept it, professionally."

Non-professionally, she has changed her name twice for she has been married two times. Her first marriage gave her a little daughter, Joan, now eleven years old, and on occasion Joan may be heard in air programs. Her second husband was Vernon Paterson, author, whose new book "Wise as a Goose" is soon to be published.

WHEN not rattling off copy for the gusty *Miss Vague* or doing *Vague*-like roles in the film studios, Barbara Jo is pretty much the careerwoman-home-body, even if she doesn't cook. Preparation of meals she leaves in the competent hands of Melanie of Westphalia, who has been with her for two years, and in that time has assiduously avoided the making of *sauerbraten* and *leberkloesse*, for Barbara is strictly a salad eater, eating meat only once or twice a week.

At the moment Barbara Jo, who likes nothing better than to dress up in her gayest dinner dress and dine out, is re-decorating her comfortable house in the Hollywood hills. She has some nice Sheraton and Chippendale pieces and she is adding a few French Provincial numbers for color. Spending her time in this pleasant fashion can be considered a luxury, for she is now doubly busy with studio and radio commitments. So busy, in fact, that she is considering, for the first time, having someone write her scripts for her. She has tried out several writers but to date no one has pleased her.

The task is not easy, for Barbara Jo Allen's *Vera Vague*, with all her shrewd satire on a certain type of woman, is never cruel. It is not because the actress plays her with light-hearted abandon, but because fundamentally Miss Allen has sympathy for the fluff-brained *Miss Vague*. "I was that kind of girl, myself," she says, surprisingly. "I always looked so much smarter than I really was when I was in school and later.

"People always took it for granted that I knew more things than I did, and I can recall the awful panic that would overcome me when I made a *faux pas*. For that reason I have the deepest sympathy for all fluttery women of the *Vague* type. I know the horrors that they live through trying to 'cover up' their lack of knowledge and poise. They are not as funny to me as they are pathetic.

"And I have always been told if you put comedy and pathos together you have true humor. That's what I have tried to do with *Vera Vague*."



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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



■ She's still amazed by her sudden radio "break." Yvette is the appealing, new singer over NBC-Red Network, Sundays.

IF YOU should hear a sultry kind of voice, limpid and somewhat intoxicating, coming over the NBC Red network on Sunday afternoons at five o'clock, it's very likely to be Yvette, the glamorous singing discovery who began her radio career just a few months back.

Yvette arrived in New York City from her home in New Orleans to spend the Christmas holidays with her sister, and with the hope of remaining here to study art at the Pratt Institute. Fate, however, intervened. One afternoon, a guest at the girls' apartment heard Yvette sing and was so impressed that he decided to take a hand in launching on a theatrical career, this little girl who could interpret a popular ballad with such appeal.

An audition was arranged for her with Max Gordon, who was seeking talent for a new musical comedy production. An NBC executive chanced to be present and was so immediately impressed that he hurried Yvette over to NBC for a radio audition. And before she could say "Where am I"—she had a contract.

Yvette still can't believe it's true, and feels pretty much as Alice must have, looking on the other side of the locking glass into Wonderland. She's wide-eyed with amazement at the size of New York City and its activities. You'll often find her visiting the various departments at NBC, asking questions, attending broadcasts and querying page boys. But what surprises her most of all is her good luck which came so suddenly. (She very modestly says . . . "I've had my voice for such a long time.")

We believe it is more than good luck which has brought so many new friends and so much acclaim to Yvette. It's a charming manner, an infectious personality and a silken voice. We're that sure you are going to hear a lot more about her.

Rose Frega, Bronx, New York: The

theme songs of the following programs are: Woman in White — "Interlude" by Lucas; Midstream — "Serenity"; Life Can Be Beautiful — "Melody in C" by Becker.

* * *

Theresa Girard, Montreal, Canada: Dick Todd, that genial baritone, was born in your city, Montreal, on August 4, 1914. He's been on the radio since 1933, but actually his first leap to fame came on a day back in 1922 when he outsang the rest of the young fry in Montreal to get the lead role in a home talent show. The number which caused the vocal furore by the eight-year-old Todd was Here Comes the Sandman. He's grown up now to 5' 11" and to 185 lbs. He's got brown eyes and is a real carrot-top. Dick has sung with orchestras, made movie shorts and an endless list of song recordings for Victor and Bluebird. For a fellow whose parents wanted him to become an engineer, Dick Todd has turned into a first-class baritone.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Betty Allard, 2735 No. 54th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is anxious to join an Orrin Tucker Fan Club. If there is such an organization, will the secretary please communicate with Miss Allard?

There's a new Jessica Dragonette Fan Club, and for all the readers who are interested in joining, we suggest you write to Mrs. Florence Brubaker, 2009 North St., Harrisburg, Penna.

Mary Martinovich, San Francisco: You can join a very active Kenny Baker Fan Club by writing to Mr. Allen L. Smith, 12 Wayside Avenue, Lawrence, Mass.

Miss Adelaide Downes, 19 E. 4th Street, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., would like to increase the membership in her recently organized Dinah Shore Fan Club. If you're interested, why not write her?

The Man Who Wanted To Be Murdered

(Continued from page 25)

sums of money. But if he lived, he himself would win nothing—except, of course, and Ellery smiled, ironically—his life.

Arnold cocked a shrewd old eye up at him. "I suppose you're wondering why I had Max Fisher bring you down here, too, Queen?"

"Well—rather. But first tell me something else. What's that glass ball you've been playing with all this time?"

"Eh?" Arnold looked down at the crystal as if surprised to find it there. "Oh, I suppose to a stranger this would look funny. I'm so used to it . . . It's just my luck piece. Ever since I've had this, Lady Luck has smiled on me. If anything should happen to it—if it should break, or get lost—my luck would change. For a moment the expression on his face was terrifying in its intensity—then it relaxed. "Silly, eh? . . . because after all, it's just a solid piece of glass, worth a dollar or so."

HE turned and tenderly placed the ball on a carved wooden base which stood on the table.

"Well, to get back to those bets," he said briskly. "As a keen-witted detective, you must have noticed that out of my \$1,625,000 estate, \$25,000 is still unaccounted for. That's where you come in, Queen. You see, there are four people who now have good reason to hope I die within the week. They'll all profit handsomely if I do."

"What a wicked thing to say, Mr. Arnold!" Nikki said in a shocked voice.

"It's a wicked world, my dear . . . and I am rather a wicked old man. I like to see people squirm. For instance, I intend during the next week to play Enrico Caruso's records over and over on that phonograph. I love Caruso's voice, and it drives Waldo crazy. That only makes me love it all the more." Laughter bubbled up in him, making him shake all over.

"And is that why you're tempting these people to kill you?" Ellery asked directly. "To see them squirm?"

"My dear Queen—I don't call it tempting them. I'm simply making a little bet with them . . . and I'm making a bet with you, too. I'm betting you twenty-five thousand dollars that you can't prevent my being murdered before the week is out!"

"Do you think he's crazy, Max?"

Ellery asked some thirty minutes later, as he and Nikki and Max Fisher drove downtown in a cab, bound for the chemical laboratory maintained by Arnold Arnold's nephew, Anthony Ross.

"Noooo—not exactly crazy. He's always been eccentric, and he's always been a gambler. He loves excitement—and he's devilish enough to like making other people uncomfortable."

"I think it's a perfectly terrible idea, tempting four people to murder him!" Nikki cried.

"It is terrible, but it's legal." Fisher replied dryly, as the cab drew to the curb and stopped before a building that looked like a warehouse. Assailed by a wide variety of smells, they made their way through dark hallways and up creaking stairs until they reached a door marked only by

a thumb-tacked card "A. Ross." Fisher opened it without ceremony. They looked into a little room where Bunsen burners hissed, retorts bubbled, and gas fumes made the air stifling.

A young man, black-haired, heavy-browed, dressed in a much-stained rubber apron, looked up, glared at them, and then returned to the chemical apparatus.

For a few minutes they stood quietly, waiting in vain for him to acknowledge their presence. Then Fisher cleared his throat. "Mr. Ross—" he began.

Anthony Ross said irritably, "Wait a minute, can't you? I can't stop in the middle of this—" A moment later, with a muttered imprecation, he seized a beaker and threw it violently against the wall. "Well, I hope you realize you spoiled a day's work! This place is getting to be a public thoroughfare!"

Quickly, Fisher explained the terms of Arnold Arnold's "bet" and handed over to Ross a folded contract.

Ross laughed shortly, unpleasantly. "Stupidest thing I ever heard of. Of course, I'm sorry to hear the old boy's cashing in his chips, but I'll be glad to get the money."

"For your researches?" Ellery asked quickly.

"Of course. Those fools at the Foundation!" His voice grew bitter. "They said I couldn't do it—but I have. Just a little more time—and money—and hard work—"

"What are you working on, Mr. Ross?"

"Poison gas. The most potent ever made by man—it'll revolutionize modern warfare."

"What valuable work!" Nikki sniffed.

ROSS ignored her. "One smell of it causes instant death. It's odorless, dissipates quickly, and leaves utterly no trace in the body—" He broke off, eyed them suspiciously and said, "I don't know why I'm telling you all this. Who are these people, Fisher?"

"Just friends of your uncle's, Mr. Ross," Max Fisher said evenly. "We'll be going now."

Outside in the grimy, dark hall, Nikki shuddered. "Ugh! What a nasty man—making gas to kill people!"

"Not nasty," Ellery corrected her gravely. "Dangerous."

Ellery did not take up residence in Arnold Arnold's apartment until three days before the end of the week. He conjectured, and correctly, that if any attempt were to be made on the life of Arnold, it would not take place until the seven days were almost up.

When he did move in, he wished he hadn't; for Big Time Arnold was carrying out his announced intention of playing Enrico Caruso's records incessantly. Before long, Ellery felt as if his head were about to split in two, but still, from behind the closed door of Arnold's bed-sitting room the golden voice continued to shake the wall.

And nothing happened. Nothing except this continual nerve wracking suspense. There in the room next to him sat a man who had wagered over a million dollars he would be dead in less than a week, a man who had practically offered four different peo-



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ple a fortune to kill him. And here, pacing up and down the hall outside—waiting—seemingly helpless to prevent whatever crime the old man was bent on, was Ellery Queen.

Waldo went glumly about his business, dressing and feeding Arnold. Cora Moore bustled around, carrying with her an aura of irritating and patently false cheerfulness. Ellery decided he liked her less than either Waldo or Anthony Ross. At least, they didn't try to hide their bad tempers.

The days went crawling by, minutes stretched interminably into interminable hours. Nor was there any sign that Arnold with his booming laugh, was any closer to leaving this earth than the first afternoon Ellery had met him.

Then finally it was the seventh of the scheduled days, the last day Arnold had given himself to die—in reality, the last day he had given his doctor, his cousin, his niece and his brother to collect over a million dollars.

The morning passed in the same monotonous routine. In the afternoon young Ross came in to see Arnold. They banished Cora to her own room and held a long conversation, while Ellery listened conscientiously at the door. But Caruso's voice, going full blast, prevented him from hearing anything.

Nikki dropped in a few minutes after Ross had left, during Dr. Howell's daily visit and Ellery was recounting his woes and general boredom to her when Waldo entered the room.

"That man's here again," he announced. "The same one that came this morning. Smith."

"The insurance agent?" Ellery asked. "But Mr. Arnold said he wouldn't see him."

"I know—but he won't leave."

"Well—I'll see him myself," Ellery decided. "I'm rather interested in this fellow Smith—I caught a glimpse of him this morning, and he looks less like an insurance agent than anyone I ever saw."

NIKKI had to agree when Waldo showed the visitor in. Mr. Smith was short and tubby with a red face, a dented nose and flashy clothes. His words, when he announced that he didn't believe Arnold was really sick, came out of the side of his mouth which was not occupied by a black cigar.

"Did you say you sold—insurance, Mr. Smith?" Ellery inquired after Waldo had backed grumblingly out of the room.

"Never mind what I sell. Do I see Arnold or don't I?" A burst of Arnold's laughter sprayed over the music from the bedroom. "Hey—that's Arnold! Now I know he ain't sick! I'm goin' in!"

The bedroom door swung open. Dr. Howell stood there, looking at the little group inquiringly. He closed the door behind him.

"Who is this man?" he asked.

Mr. Smith spluttered in fury. "Never mind who I am! Pullin' the sick gag, is he? Lissen, that fat chiseler's no sicker'n I am—and you can tell him for me that he's gonna see me tomorra—or else!"

"Mr. Arnold is seriously ill—you can take my word for that as a physician," Dr. Howell told him. "And I absolutely forbid you to disturb him. Any shock at this stage of his ill-

ness would be fatal. Excuse me."

He passed them, walked down the hall toward the back of the apartment.

Mr. Smith's tiny, deep-set eyes shifted suspiciously from Ellery to Nikki and then to Arnold's door. Obviously, he was only half convinced. And from the room beyond the "Celeste Aida" aria was working up to its stirring climax. For a moment even Ellery was held by a glorious sustained high note.

And then, intuitively, he knew something was wrong. Without thinking, he leaped to the door, pounded on it frantically. No answer. He tried the knob. The door was locked.

In the throbbing pause after the high note, they heard a dull sound, as of a heavy body falling to the floor. "Help me, Smith!" he snapped. "We've got to break this door down." Together they rammied their shoulders against the wood; the lock snapped, and they almost fell into the room.

Stretched out on the floor was the body of Big Time Arnold.

WELL," said Inspector Queen glumly, "anybody could have killed him. A fine watch dog you are, son."

"I know, Dad," Ellery admitted. "I'm afraid I'm better at solving murders than I am at preventing them."

The Inspector and his men from the Homicide Squad had been all over the apartment; the Medical Examiner had come and taken all that was mortal of Arnold Arnold. The routine examination of the premises had been completed. And now Ellery and his father and Nikki with the assistance of Sergeant Velie were going over the few facts they had discovered.

"Only two doors into the room," Ellery murmured. "One into the hall—locked from the inside. The other, unlocked, leading into Waldo's bedroom. But there's that terrace outside, with its open French windows. It runs all around the apartment, and it's accessible from the courtyard too, via the fire-escape . . . so anyone could have come in here, from outside, while I was in the hall with Nikki and—er—Mr. Smith."

"Mr. Smith!" Inspector Queen grunted. "I told you Ellery, that guy's name isn't Smith. He's Louie Mott, professional gambler and thug, and I know him well. Recognized him the minute I saw him."

"Yes, Dad," Ellery murmured absently. "I know—but Mr. Smith is such a beautifully inappropriate name for him." He wandered aimlessly around the room. "One thing missing," he observed. "Poor old Arnold's glass ball." He gestured at the empty wooden base on which it had stood.

"Ball's broke," Sergeant Velie said stolidly. "See these splinters of glass on the table?"

"Those didn't come from Arnold's crystal," Ellery said. "They're not large enough—they're pieces of a glass bubble, wafer-thin. And Arnold's ball was solid glass. I handled it myself. . . . Funny."

"Say!" said Velie. "How do we know Arnold was murdered? Maybe he just died from heart failure and hit his head against the andirons in the fireplace when he fell. He was lying right next to them when we found him."

"Maybe," said Inspector Queen, "But—"

Max Fisher hurried in. He had been summoned by telephone and he carried Arnold's strong-box, taken from the bank. But when they looked into it, expecting to find securities worth \$1,625,000, they had a new surprise. There was nothing there but a \$100,000 life insurance policy, naming Dr. Stephen Howell as beneficiary—and a note which read:

"Dear Waldo, Cora and Anthony: Take my advice—don't bet on sure things. Also, don't bet with a professional gambler. But if you *have* to bet, make the other fellow cover. The joke's on all of you, I'm afraid. To Mr. Ellery Queen I bequeath an interesting case. Happy hunting, Queen!"

THE double-crossing old humorist!" Ellery growled.

"Velie!" shouted Inspector Queen. "Get Doc Prouty to rush an autopsy report on Arnold's body! I'm going to crack this joke right now!"

The next morning Ellery was with his father in the latter's office at headquarters, the medical report spread out on the desk before them. It stated that Arnold had been murdered, had died from a heavy blow on the skull with some hard, heavy object—and that—

Dr. Howell came into the office. He looked as if he hadn't slept and his eyes were red-rimmed.

"Dr. Howell," Inspector Queen said directly, "my son tells me you insisted Arnold was about to die from a heart ailment. Yet the autopsy report here says that his heart was as sound as a dollar! Not a sign of heart disease in any form!"

There was a long silence. Howell

seemed to wilt. At last he said in a low voice, "Yes. That is true. Except for his partial paralysis, he was perfectly healthy."

"And not only that, but he left a brother, a niece and a nephew—yet his insurance policy, his entire estate, is made payable not to them, but to *you*—a stranger!"

"I may as well tell you the whole truth," Howell said wearily. "Arnold was my—father. I can prove it, although it's been kept a secret from everyone, even Uncle Waldo. No one knew my father had ever been married. He kept it a secret because he was afraid his profession—gambling—would hurt my career. He always wanted me to be a physician."

"Um. That explains why he made you his beneficiary—but not why you said he had a bad heart condition."

"He made me. He was in trouble—owed a hundred thousand dollars to a gambler named Louie Mott."

"Oh, so that's where Louie comes in," Inspector Queen remarked.

"Yes. Mott was threatening to kill Father for welching on the debt, and he had to keep out of Mott's way, so he asked me to help him rig up a serious illness."

"But why did he make those crazy bets?"

"I think I can answer that, Dad," Ellery put in. "Arnold was afraid Louie would kill him. But how would Louie get the money if he did? Probably he knew of the insurance policy—remember, he was posing as an insurance agent—and he intended to force Arnold to change his beneficiary—to make the policy payable to Louie! Consider Arnold's position—flat broke, at the sorry end of a long

life. All he had was his insurance, and it was worthless until he died. His only thought must have been to keep Louie Mott from getting that insurance, so his son could collect."

"You mean he—wanted to die?"

"Yes, Dad. And he was too healthy to die naturally for many years; suicide was out of the question because the policy was less than two years old and the company wouldn't honor it if he killed himself—so he planned his own murder."

"Good Lord!" murmured Howell. "No wonder he was so tight-mouthed with me! I thought it was just a crazy whim!"

"And," Ellery went on, "he called *me* in because if his plan didn't work—if none of the three people he tempted *did* murder him—he was ready to kill himself in some fashion that would make his death look like murder. And he wanted me on hand to substantiate the fact that he'd been done away with."

"Well, his plan worked all right," Inspector Queen growled, "and it looks as if the murderer was getting away with it."

WHEN Howell had gone, Ellery murmured, "I can't figure out that business of the glass ball! The one Arnold had was solid—yet after his death it was gone and all we found were the remains of a broken glass bubble. Somebody substituted that for the solid one—and if we only knew who, and why, we'd have the murderer."

"Anybody could have done it," Inspector Queen reminded him. "Waldo, Ross, Cora Moore and Howell himself were all in Arnold's room a few hours

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before the murder."

A detective came in with a paper which he laid on Inspector Queen's desk. The Inspector looked at it, and handed it to Ellery. "Just a list of the clothes Arnold was wearing."

Ellery glanced at the paper—casually at first, then with sudden interest. "Only one sock! Is this right? Was Arnold wearing just one sock?"

"That's what the report says." Ellery groaned. "And I never noticed it! I must be losing my grip. . . . Why it's all perfectly simple, Dad! I know who killed Arnold! Get everybody together and I'll tell you!"

Inspector Queen was a little piqued by Ellery's announcement, and for the rest of the day he did some heavy thinking. Then he called Nikki and Sergeant Velie in and talked things over with them. By evening they were sure they had the solution.

EVERYONE connected with the case was in Arnold's apartment that night at eight. If Ellery had not been so full of his own solution he might have noticed that his father, his secretary and Sergeant Velie were looking uncommonly like cream-fed cats.

Cora Moore, Anthony Ross, and Waldo Arnold were all taking the fact that Arnold had left nothing but the insurance with bad grace. Howell still looked sincerely grieved. Louie Mott, alias Smith, was belligerently relieved that his presence in the hall with Ellery at the time of the murder afforded him a cast-iron alibi.

Ellery stepped forward to begin his dissertation. "I've asked my father to get you together tonight in order that I may explain—"

"Hold it, Ellery," said Inspector Queen. He was smiling. "I'm doing the explaining tonight."

For a moment Ellery was flabbergasted. Then he smiled, too.

The Inspector barked—"We know someone substituted a hollow glass ball for Arnold's solid one, sometime during the day of the murder. Now, mark this—when Ellery and Nikki heard Arnold fall dead in his bedroom, there was a Caruso record playing in that room. Remember, Ellery, you told me that just before you sensed something was wrong, Caruso's voice hit a long, sustained high note?"

Ellery nodded.

"Well, it's an established scientific fact that a very high note from a powerful singing voice can produce such strong vibrations that it will shatter a wine glass!" Inspector Queen looked about him triumphant. "What happened was that Caruso's voice shattered the thin glass shell the murderer had put in place of Arnold's solid luck piece. Startled, Arnold tried to get out of his wheelchair, but in doing so, he slipped and fell, striking his head on the andirons

in the fireplace."

"I see," Ellery said thoughtfully. "And your conclusion, Dad?"

"That that hollow, thin glass bubble was filled with . . . poison gas! A new type of gas—odorless, deadly, a kind of gas that was described in the presence of Nikki Porter by its inventor—Anthony Ross."

Sergeant Velie grabbed Ross by the arm. That dark-visaged young man began to sputter angrily.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ross," Ellery said in the midst of the commotion. "I'm afraid my father owes you an apology. I know you aren't guilty—and so will Dad in a minute."

There was instant quiet, while everyone turned toward Ellery.

"You see," he explained calmly, "there's a flaw in Dad's reasoning. Since Arnold Arnold was paralyzed from the waist down, it's extremely unlikely, if not absolutely impossible that he could have thrown himself out of the chair with such force as to fall and strike his head a fatal blow on the andirons . . . though the real murderer hoped we'd reason just that way—that we'd figure out quite logically that the head wound came from falling after the gas had escaped from the glass ball shattered by the Caruso record. But there's still another clue that Dad overlooked. . . ."

Inspector Queen smiled.

"The trouble is," Ellery said, "that you looked for a complicated, clever solution—and ignored the obvious one. The glass slivers were planted by the murderer just to make us believe Arnold was killed by a hollow ball filled with gas. In other words, to pin the crime on Anthony Ross. The murderer wanted you to ignore the obvious—because in this case, the guilty person is the obvious one!"

No one moved.

"What became of Arnold's missing sock? That is the other clue that Dad forgot. There were two things missing from the room when we found Arnold's body—his sock, and the heavy glass ball. And we know now that Arnold was struck over the head with a heavy object. What was that weapon? Put a heavy ball into a man's sock, push it down as far as it will go, and use the top part of the sock for a handle, and you have a deadly weapon—one that can kill as swiftly and surely as a hammer!"

Nikki screamed. "Oh—I know!"

"Yes, Nikki. Who was the person who stood to gain most—he thought—from Arnold's death? Who had easiest access to Arnold's room, because his own room adjoined? Who habitually dressed and undressed Arnold, and so would be the only person able to take a sock from his foot while he was alive—under the pretext of getting him ready for bed? The obvious suspect—Arnold's brother Waldo!"

John's Other Wife

(Continued from page 11)

"Extremely lucky, you mean!" Annette caught him up. "Robbin Pennington and Mortimer Prince give me tips on the market. Old friends of the family, you know. But even so, I never seem to have any money. I have to borrow it when I want to make an investment. And I'm lucky there, too!" she ended with a meaning in her tone which Elizabeth found vaguely troubling.

Elizabeth was thankful when the

car turned up a winding shell drive which curled to a hilltop, and she knew their drive was nearly over. Bright windows glowed in a sprawling white house. Several cars were parked in the drive and there was a feeling of gaiety in the air.

Entering the oblong living room, she was conscious of a shifting blur of people against a backdrop of luxury—and then, in sick dismay, she was looking up into the face of the

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same man she had seen Annette talking to that afternoon in the store.

"This is Robbin Pennington, Elizabeth," Annette was saying. "Robbin—Mrs. Perry."

She searched his face, afraid she would find there some trace of recognition. But no, his deep-set blue eyes were untroubled. He did not release her hand immediately. "Mrs. Perry?" he repeated after Annette. "I had an entirely different picture of you." Yes, Elizabeth said inwardly, I know that.

All the while she was forcing herself to return the polite, indifferent greetings of the other guests, Elizabeth was conscious of Robbin Pennington's scrutiny.

She accepted a glass of sherry and forgot to taste it. Somewhere over on the other side of the room were John and Annette; she heard John's deep, unaffected laugh. . . . Perhaps she had been foolish; perhaps she should have let him and Annette come alone. At least, if she had, she wouldn't be standing here now, feeling out of place and faintly ridiculous.

But Robbin Pennington offered her his arm when dinner was announced, and he seated her between himself and Mortimer Prince, a white-haired, florid-faced old gentleman who seemed singularly unassuming for a man reputed to possess millions. Annette and John were seated at the other end of the table.

It was easy to keep a conversation going between Mortimer Prince and Robbin Pennington, and for the first time Elizabeth began to feel at ease—until she was once more made acutely conscious of herself by Robbin's musing remark:

"You are so much less domestic than I'd been led to expect, Mrs. Perry."

There it was again—that word *domestic!* Never until today had it occurred to Elizabeth that it might be possible to insult a woman by calling her "domestic."

She might have countered, but didn't, by telling him that he was not at all what she had expected, either. When people described Robbin Pennington they naturally used the words "man about town . . . playboy." He didn't look like a playboy to her. More like a man she would choose for a friend. In his late thirties, he had the serious eyes, the sensitive features of an idealist and dreamer.

They wandered back into the living room, and Robbin sat beside her on the couch, where they drank coffee from small cups. Watching John and Annette across the room, he said, "Do you mind having me tell you what a capable husband you have, Elizabeth? I don't think I've ever made a better investment than the stock I hold in the Perry store."

Elizabeth was amazed at the ease with which she could talk to this man. They had known each other scarcely an hour, yet already, following his smiling suggestion, they were using first names. And, a little later, she was neither surprised nor offended when he said directly:

"You know, Elizabeth, I don't like Annette Rogers. At the risk of poking into what is none of my business, I want to warn you against her."

With any one else she might have pretended to be surprised. Instead, she replied quietly, "Thank you. But I think I know what you mean."

"Yes . . . of course you do. As a



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matter of fact, I once had an experience with Annette. I didn't know her very well then—not well enough to know that her God is Annette Rogers. I learned that, soon enough, and took a trip around the world to get over the jolt of learning it."

"I—I'm sorry," Elizabeth said. "Oh, I don't need sympathy now. Thanks just the same. I got over it all rather well... I only hope you get over her with less trouble."

This was incredible—that she, Elizabeth Perry should be sitting here, listening to a man she had just met, warning her that another woman was about to break up her home! Yet, with an intense effort, she managed to set down her coffee cup with a steady enough hand. Perhaps this was what she had needed: to have John's disloyalty and her own danger shown to her by another person.

ANNETTE was telling us in the car that you sometimes give her stock market tips," she said.

"Meaning, that's strange behavior for a man who says he doesn't like Annette?" he asked with a smile. "It's sheer self-protection on my part, my dear. Annette is less of a nuisance when you give her what she wants. But you'll notice I don't loan her the money to play those tips. She has to raise that—somewhere else. As a matter of fact, I think she was able to borrow some today. About ten thousand dollars."

Elizabeth looked at him quickly. He refused to meet her glance. But in that instant, she knew! "I have to borrow money... And I'm lucky there, too!" That was what Annette had meant in the car. John had let her have ten thousand dollars to put in the stock market!

An unseen hand began slowly to constrict her throat, until she had to breathe deeply and hard in order to get enough air. For a moment the people, the objects in the room receded until they were tiny, crystal-clear and somehow horrible to contemplate; and the murmur of voices around her turned into a vicious humming sound.

Then this sensation passed, leaving only an immense weariness and disgust. She couldn't understand, now, why she had forced John and Annette to bring her here.

"I'm very tired," she said abruptly. "I wonder if it would be too terrible of me to leave now?"

"Won't you let me drive you home?" Robbin asked.

At any other time she would not have dared to tell John that she was leaving, that he must stay and have a good time and follow when he was ready. But tonight she made her excuses neatly, not even bothering to look at John's face to see if he were surprised, displeased, or unhappy.

In the car, sitting silently beside Robbin Pennington, with the warm summer air rushing past them and the radio going softly, she realized that she was coldly, tensely angry. How dared John do this to her?—loan money to that calculating, greedy little schemer, Annette Rogers? This proof that Annette had an even greater hold on her husband than she had suspected should have frightened her, she supposed; instead, she was conscious only of an overmastering desire to fight and beat Annette.

When Robbin stopped the car at her own door she turned to him. "Will you give me the same market tip you

gave Annette? And the name and address of a broker? I have some money of my own I'd like to invest."

He stared at her, then silently took out a card and wrote on it. Co-operative Oil Refineries, Atchinson Dobbs, 3 Pine Street.

Elizabeth read the strong, black handwriting in the dim light from the dashboard. For an instant she saw the situation in a new perspective, one that tempted her to tear the card into bits. But that passed, and resolution hardened in her. This was the only way she could fight Annette Rogers—with Annette's own weapons.

"It's a good stock," Robbin said, "and though Dobbs has a rather unpleasant personality, he's reliable."

"You're terribly kind," Elizabeth said. "And I know you understand—"

"Oh, yes, I understand perfectly... There's one other thing I should tell you. Annette has been seeing a good deal lately of Henry Sullivan—rather too much, I'd say, for an employee of Perry's."

He saw her to the door, then turned and went back to his car.

She hadn't expected to sleep at all, but the stress of many emotions had deadened her mind, so that she did not even hear John come in.

BEFORE breakfast she telephoned Atchinson Dobbs for an appointment, and at eleven o'clock she was in his office, bringing with her the \$20,000 worth of bonds which she had always before been satisfied to let John use as his own. But they belonged to her, and were in her name.

Atchinson Dobbs was a square-faced man with oily dark hair. His eyes and skin were darkish and even though he was well dressed and immaculate, she had the feeling that his skin was oily. He seemed to know his business, though. He nodded approvingly when she named the stock she wished to buy.

"A very good stock. And you wished to invest how much, Mrs. Perry?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

Once more he nodded, and made figures on a pad of paper. "Of course you'll buy on margin?"

"Why—no," Elizabeth said. "I'd thought of buying the stock outright."

Mr. Dobbs could not entirely approve of that procedure, it seemed. "Of course," he said, "you understand that your profits won't be as great. And since the market is purely speculative—there's no use kidding ourselves, Mrs. Perry—why not speculate in a way that makes good odds."

"Well—I don't know... " Elizabeth said doubtfully.

"On margin, you'll be able to purchase much more stock, and your profit will be proportionately greater," he urged.

Elizabeth felt lost, confused—very like a housewife suddenly astray in an alien world. And this feeling brought her to a decision. She would not be the sort of woman who hung back, pondering, letting opportunity slip by! She would be the sort who made quick, sure decisions...

"Very well," she said. "I'll buy it on margin."

Realization of the enormity of her gamble was slow in coming. It wasn't really until she was home that she recognized her own reckless daring.

Twenty thousand dollars! If she hadn't acted immediately, she would never have gone through with it—even though it was the only way to hold John, to prove to him that she

was still worthy of all his love and respect. Alone in the study she sorted out the jumbled thoughts whirling in her mind. She had gambled, yes. But so had John, with money loaned to Annette. All her thinking kept pivoting back to this one point.

It was two weeks before she heard from Atchinson Dobbs again. Two weeks that became a duel between her impatience, her worry, her fear, and her overwhelming desire to show John how capable she really was. Unwillingly, each morning, she sought out the back pages of the paper, ran a finger down the stock listings until she found Co-operative Oils. There was never more than a point of difference in the quotations.

Then, late one afternoon, Dobbs called and said cheerfully, "The market broke a bit today, Mrs. Perry—I'm going to have to ask you for a little more money."

"More money? But I—I haven't any more money."

Dobbs sounded hurt when he said, "But I thought you realized, Mrs. Perry—when you buy on margin and the stock goes down, you must be prepared to cover—"

"How much money do I have to give you?" Elizabeth whispered.

"Ten thousand dollars. Oh, it's nothing to worry about, Mrs. Perry; the market is a bit bearish just now, that's all." He launched into a friendly explanation that explained nothing to her bewildered mind. Only one thing was clear: she must raise another ten thousand or lose what she had already invested.

In a numb sort of panic, Elizabeth mortgaged the house, the deed to which was in her name.

She wanted desperately to tell John what she had done, and have at least the comfort of confession. But John was not very approachable these days. Ever since the party at Robbin Pennington's there had been a barrier between them.

THE day after she gave Dobbs the additional ten thousand dollars, Elizabeth saw a taxi drive up and stop in front of the house. Annette Rogers stepped out.

When Elizabeth met her at the door, Annette smiled sweetly. "Elizabeth, darling—I was hoping you'd be in."

"I usually am," Elizabeth said. "As you know, I spend most of my time at home."

A tightening of Annette's face showed that she caught Elizabeth's meaning. But she said nothing more until they had seated themselves.

"I came to bring you some news," she said. "I wanted you to be the first to know—because I'm sure you'll be happy. I'm going to be married . . . to Henry Sullivan."

"To Henry Sullivan! I—I hope you'll be terribly happy." Amazement and relief swept over Elizabeth. But then came suspicion. Why had Annette hurried to tell her this news? Why, after so obviously pursuing John, had she suddenly decided to marry some one else?

She withdrew the hand she had impulsively put on Annette's after the latter's startling announcement.

"I don't understand," she said slowly. "Isn't this very sudden?"

Annette's long lashes drooped. "I—I can't pretend to you, Elizabeth," she said. "Surely you know why I'm marrying Henry! Isn't it the best way out of an—an intolerable situation? Believe me," she leaned for-

ward with an air of great frankness, "John will get over me. Everything between you will be as it was before I came along. And I—I'll be happier with Henry than I would be with John—knowing that I had ruined a home. . . ."

In the long silence that followed, the telephone rang sharply. Her eyes still on Annette, Elizabeth answered, "Yes?"

Atchinson Dobbs' voice was thick and oily. "Mrs. Perry, I've bad news. Unless you can raise more money to cover, I'll have to sell you out."

"I—can't. Nothing whatever," Elizabeth said in a low voice.

"Co-operative Oil was a great disappointment. You're not the only one, Mrs. Perry—"

"Not the only one . . ."

She hung up the receiver. She whirled on Annette.

"For a minute you almost had me fooled!" she cried. "Fooled into thinking John loved you, wanted to divorce me so he could marry you! Now I know you were lying! You lost money in Co-operative Oil too, didn't you? John's money! Does he know it?"

ANNETTE'S face had gone white. "I—yes, I told him," she faltered.

"I thought so! And that was enough for him—he saw through you at last. But you weren't satisfied to leave things at that—you had to come here and try to ruin our lives by making me believe he loved you—and that you were only marrying Henry Sullivan to send John back to me!" Hands clenched into small fists, Elizabeth leaned forward. "I know why you're marrying Henry Sullivan—because you tried to get John, but you overreached yourself by losing his money! And Sullivan's second-best!"

Annette had risen, was backing away from Elizabeth's fury. She tried to be brazen. "Oh, stop it! I'll give John his precious money back some day."

"You'd better go now," Elizabeth said. "Quickly!"

Elizabeth heard the taxi leave, heard another car drive up and stop. She ran to the window in time to see John getting out of his car.

She opened the door. He rushed in, dropping his hat on the floor like a man in a daze.

His hands reached out to her, caught her shoulders, as though in touching her he would be given courage. His eyes were tragic.

"Elizabeth, I need money—need it badly. Sullivan's has declared war. Their summer sales will put us out of business if I can't buy as much advertising space and promotion as they have. The bank won't help—you'll have to let me have your bonds—"

"The—the bonds?" she faltered, her mind racing, a mass of swirling thoughts. How could she tell him what she had done? And if she did—how could she ever tell him it was the only way she'd known to hold him?

She felt his hands tighten on her shoulders, but all she could hear now was the question in her tortured heart, "Have I lost him, after all?"

What will Elizabeth Perry do now? What will be the outcome of this wife's courageous struggle to hold her husband's love. Read how she faces her problems in next month's installment of John's Other Wife in RADIO MIRROR.



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Beauty is Happiness

(Continued from page 7)

hair set every day. I was wearing lots of curls. Now I choose the simplest style possible. I have my hair shampooed weekly, in a style which will stay! I brush it nightly, a few brief rounds. Bob likes it better—because it looks natural.

"Manicures are allotted to the same once-a-week importance. My nails are done while my hair is drying. I keep identical shades of polish at home in case of accident—ruby to match my jewels, and colorless. So—Another three hours a week for fun."

Barbara is one of the fortunate few whose healthy, glowing skin asks for no pampering beyond soap and water, perhaps her tendency to be natural has helped to keep it so.

She doesn't rush the simple beauty routine she observes at home. She doesn't have to, after freeing herself from the bondage of the beauty shop. In the morning, before work, a shower will do, but she revels in warm tub baths. Before dinner nightly she pulls off her daytime clothes, jumps into a tub scented with gardenia oil, piled round with bath crystals, brushes and enormous towels. She emerges sparkling, wraps herself in a feminine hostess gown to go down to dinner fresh, fragrant and relaxed. Never will she go into dinner before this beauty bath. Her servants know the rule is adamant. If Barbara is an hour late in arriving home from the studio, dinner is served at nine or ten . . . or eleven. And Barbara and Bob face one another across the table happily removed by their leisurely homecoming from the hectic hours of the working day.

The chore of keeping thin is daily drudgery for many Hollywood stars. Barbara can write reducing off her time-schedule, having lost fifteen pounds during her legal difficulties two years ago which she has never regained. She weighs 106 pounds.

LIKE every wise motion picture player, she takes a certain care in diet and exercise for granted. No woman can eat starches, a quantity of sticky pastries and stay glamorous enough for the cameras. If such weakness did not show up in her figure, it would pop up as "nerves." Knowing that, Barbara avoids potatoes, bread and desserts unprotestingly—as she would avoid poison—and though she has a small appetite, she forces herself to eat generous portions of the foods which are permissible. Steaks two inches thick, green vegetables with butter, salads, fruit, milk and always coffee. Gallons of coffee.

She need never go on those strenuous four-day to eighteen-day diets which leave the reducer weak, irritable and distinctly unglamorous. She knows how much of her natural attraction is due to a flow of healthy energy—she wouldn't take chances of cutting off that flow. So, for breakfast, she has stewed fruit, toast, jelly and coffee. For lunch, a large salad, or prime ribs of beef with vegetables, tea at four o'clock with chocolate cookies for the necessary last-minute push before her escape to the comfortable privacy of her home. For dinner, an hors d'oeuvre, lean meat, heaps of vegetables and a dessert of fresh fruit or an occasional custard.

Plenty of energy in such a menu—for beauty's sake—but no avoirdupois.

As a result, Barbara has the athletic, lean figure of a young girl—a figure which makes no clothes problems.

She loves clothes. She is not, as an unfriendly Hollywood commentator once inferred, either untidy or careless about her dress. She is glad to let down the informality of very casual clothes when she is with Bob at the ranch, or in the country for occasional week-ends. In town, however, she is as style-conscious as any clothes horse. Only she refuses to give her life to it.

She likes simple, well-made clothes, good fabric and line, so shopping is easy. For the studio and daytime engagements she likes man-tailored suits. She chooses the fabrics herself, hard fabrics for suits, tweeds for topcoats. She is sure that her first suit from a new tailor is perfect. After that she can replenish her wardrobe by selecting new cloth.

HER afternoon and evening clothes are as characteristically simple. Having found an expert designer in Monica, she orders classic draped evening gowns, dinner gowns in prints, hostess gowns (Bob and Barbara do not dress for dinner at home unless there are guests) and afternoon dresses, usually black.

Occasionally she will find a dress which pleases her in a shop, but before she wears it, every furbelow (the mark, she feels, of standardized fashion) disappears—clips, buttons, bows, belts. Simple and unadorned, except for the ruby jewelry which Bob Taylor has chosen for her, the dress becomes a background for its wearer. Too many women, Barbara believes, are content to accept the formula in the reverse.

Two other pitfalls are common in Hollywood marriage, Bob and Barbara have decided. They are an over-emphasis on work, and too much social life.

"Bob and I learned through experience," she told me, "that we can't have the sort of marriage we think will work, and at the same time keep up with all the thousands of activities peculiar to Hollywood and the motion picture business."

"So we simplified our routine of living from the start. Both of us made concessions. Bob gave up the lazy ranch life he loves. We moved to Beverly Hills to save the two hours each day of driving to and from the studio. We want to spend those two hours together. I cut down, as I mentioned before, on the time I spent in beauty parlors and with dressmakers."

"We love to go out, and we love to entertain—but we decided that we could afford the time for only a few dress-up 'occasions' and a few simple little dinner parties at home. When either of us is working even those few sprees go immediately off our calendar."

"As a result, even when we're both working we have leisurely, uninterrupted hours together every day of the year. So we live, and have fun!"

The Taylors are absorbed in their business, each intensely interested in the other's career. But they refuse to

limit themselves to that interest alone. They go to pictures, their own included, and discuss them intelligently. But they don't rush off to a theater every night, as so many players of their importance feel they must. Nor do they discuss movie making to the exclusion of all else across the breakfast and dinner table.

Knowing the danger of becoming one-sided, they make a point of keeping up with the news of a world much larger than Hollywood. It means reading many magazines and newspapers, but they have time for that.

The temptation to "go social" is stronger. Barbara and Bob love dancing—they like to dress up and go out and be gay. But they curb their inclinations in this direction in favor of seeing their friends in their own home.

THE house itself avoids formality—the living room is no eighteenth century torture chamber—so they entertain in the same key. Small dinners—never more than eight—and conversation afterward. Not small talk—the races—styles—and servant problems—but man talk. This is a routine almost unheard of in Hollywood.

Many film colony women feel it necessary to spend many days in a show of active charity—bazaars, benefits, hospital visits. Barbara avoids all that. She gives in great generosity to institutions in which she has faith—and nearly all of her charities are those devoted to helping children. She follows a procedure which is designed to avoid all publicity and it is for this reason that she seldom

appears personally at the institutions for which she does most.

With the strictly feminine demands upon her time reduced to a minimum, the emancipated Mrs. Taylor has a wealth of time to be just Mrs. Taylor—to play golf and tennis with her husband, to swim with him in their pool, to stay up late and read, or to sit by the fire and talk. No wonder their world seems complete of itself!

Time to spend together every day has been the secret.

There have been other little things. Barbara confesses to a broad streak of Craig's wife . . . full ash trays and untidy bathrooms, especially, drive her crazy. But she has stifled the urge to hop about constantly, emptying ashtrays, straightening towels, in favor of her cure for everything—relaxation.

She will drive herself only in emergencies. Last year, during one of her pictures, she spent five weeks on a rough and ready location—took cook-house food, cold water, uncomfortable cots for granted. Her hairdresser and good friend, Holly Barnes, reports that she took the thing in stride without an irritable moment. She hasn't forgotten her tramping days.

When seven-year-old Dion, her blond little boy, took seriously ill last fall with a strep infection of the throat she nursed him through the crisis alone—and went to the hospital herself as a result.

Except for such occasions, she looks upon her varied roles as wife, mother and career girl with more humor than reverence.

Of course that's the reason it works.

One Man's Family

(Continued from page 33)

him. In a voice that soothed and lulled any qualms, he told Hazel he was in love with her.

Some weeks later, she left Honolulu, and wondered how she could live until Danny Frank fulfilled his promise to visit the mainland.

She arrived home completely happy, told the Barbour about Danny Frank, his mischievous laugh and his eyes; what he said to her on the beach, and under the coconut tree; and his coming visit to San Francisco.

As the weeks went by, she pretended it was unimportant that he had not written her, but the Barbour observed that she spent more and more time alone in her room.

Soon, her old restlessness had returned.

Then, by chance, Paul introduced her to one of his old war-time flying comrades, Bill Herbert, but Hazel was no more than cordial to him.

Paul and Bill had been through quite a lot together in the war. Bill had been shell-shocked, but Paul, considering this of no import, did not mention it to the family inasmuch as he now appeared normal again.

Bill encountered considerable difficulty in fitting himself into the post-war economic scheme. He had purchased a dairy ranch down the peninsula from San Francisco, was struggling to get it going, and needed the friendship, as Paul knew, of someone like Hazel, as badly as Hazel needed someone like Bill.

Eventually, she consented to marry

him. But a few hours before the wedding Danny Frank sent her a flippant cable. "So you couldn't wait?" it said.

Hazel came within an inch of calling off the wedding. But, recalling Danny's irresponsibility, she went through with it.

It was obvious to the Barbour that during the first eight months of her marriage she was not altogether happy, but no one considered the possibility of a separation.

A few weeks later, Danny Frank arrived in town, penniless.

Nevertheless, to Hazel, his old charm returned and she found herself fiercely intrigued by his presence. She was aware of his short-comings, but she found it difficult to send him on his way.

Ultimately, Danny forced a showdown. Hazel must decide between himself and her husband.

Assuming that Danny Frank meant she must decide which man she wanted for a husband, she listened. Soon it became apparent that Danny's demands did not include marriage.

Disillusioned again, she decided to stay with her husband.

A year later, Hazel showed no outward signs of remembering Danny Frank. With her diligent assistance, the dairy ranch was beginning to prosper and the indebtedness was disappearing.

The Herbert twins, Hank and Pinky, were born. They are now seven years old.

Around the time of the first birth-

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TRIMAL

day of the twins, Bill seemed to behave in a manner that Hazel could not understand. Adding to her perplexity was the information that for several weeks Bill had been meeting a strange woman quite frequently in San Francisco.

As it turned out, Bill had not lacked in fidelity. Bill's old war-time trouble had returned, creating slight mental aberrations. The woman was his war nurse, who was, secretly, helping a specialist to restore his balance. Bill had withheld the facts from Hazel so that she might avoid the ordeal of worrying about his condition.

He did not improve immediately and was forced to spend several months in bed at home. Hazel tirelessly worked at keeping the ranch going.

At the end of this illness, Father Barbour gave Bill and Hazel a trip around the world.

They were deeply in love when they returned. This marriage was going to be the most successful in the Barbour family.

Shortly afterward, their third child, Margaret, was born.

Last summer Bill's old mental dis-

order returned in a more violent form. Physicians told Paul he had developed a split personality. He was capable of carrying on his day-to-day activities, but he had lost all memory of Hazel and his three children. He seemed to remember Hazel as the wife of a friend.

THE break came at the outset of the current European war. Psychiatrists attributed his mental collapse to the outbreak of the new war.

Medical science holds no hope for his recovery. Hazel is aware of the finality of the medical pronouncement and is preparing herself accordingly.

Dr. Thompson and Judge Hunter, both bachelors and old friends of the family, spend a great deal of time with her, taking her to the theater or to dinner, to soften the shock.

Paul keeps a check on Bill's condition through the doctors and has promised Hazel he would let her know when and if there is an improvement.

She asked Paul to keep in touch with Bill's physicians, indicating that she hasn't given up entirely. Her faith in her eventual triumph over an evil fate isn't easily shaken.

Love Incorporated

(Continued from page 13)

Then she returned to Chicago and the dramatic school. She had been in Chicago just one year when she decided to audition for NBC. "It seemed like a wild idea at the time," she laughed. "I never thought they'd actually put me in a show."

The radio script for which Joe Ainley hired her was called "Talkie Picture Time." She worked like a trouper to justify his faith in her. Their first meeting wasn't a case of love at first sight for Joe. He admired her talent, thought she was lovely, but he was a busy young director bent on making a name for himself. For quite a while very little passed between them.

"That wasn't my fault," Betty Lou said. "The second time I talked to him I knew I was in love with him. There were other girls, of course," she smiled, "but I had made up my mind and persistence finally won out. After a few months, he asked me to dinner."

But what a dinner that turned out to be! Joe had been invited to dinner by Madame Schumann Heink, an old friend of his whom he loved dearly. "Bring a girl," the famous singer had said. So Joe brought Betty Lou. He had even forgotten to tell Madame Schumann Heink whom he was bringing. The place card at the dinner table read, "Joe's girl!"

"I got very little attention on that first date," Betty Lou laughed. "But then, I had terrific competition. Joe hadn't seen Madame Schumann Heink for quite some time and he spent most of the evening talking to her. He made up for it though," she added, "by asking me out again."

For a year, Joe and Betty Lou went "steady." It wasn't all soft moonlight and romance, not by a long shot. Betty Lou was a fiery creature, hot tempered and quick to speak her mind. She was driving to get ahead in her career and making progress, but here and there she was making enemies by flaring up and losing her temper.

Joe, on the other hand, had experience in radio. He had worked at many more jobs than Betty Lou. He had been a musician, a radio director in Los Angeles, a production man at WCCO in Minneapolis. He had gone through the mill of show business, knew where the bumps were and how to handle the amazing things that came up.

JOE was about the only person who refused to quarrel with me then," Betty Lou said. "He's always been a very calm person. He took my temper and my emotional outbursts in his stride. He showed me where I was wrong, not by arguments and quarrels, but by patience. The few times we did have words, his silence afterwards always thoroughly chastized me."

Joe realized what Betty Lou needed. He knew that marriage then might have ended disastrously. He waited for her to mature, to become a well integrated, understanding person. And his influence finally did change her as a person.

Things were happening in radio in Chicago just then. Don Ameche was making a national name for himself. Joe Ainley was becoming a first rate director. And Betty Lou Gerson was given the feminine lead on First Nighter. Shortly after she started on the show, Don Ameche was beckoned by Hollywood. The show, it was decided, was to go to the West Coast.

And just at this time, Joe Ainley and Betty Lou Gerson had decided to get married!

"We can postpone our marriage," Joe said.

"But I don't want to do that," Betty Lou answered.

"Well," Joe said, "maybe you ought to get away—make sure you feel the way you think you do about me. Besides," he said wisely, "these long distance marriages don't often work out."

They talked and talked about it.

Finally, Betty Lou decided to go to the Coast with the First Nighter show—on Joe's advice. He went to the train with her. She almost didn't get aboard. When the train pulled out, Joe, waving from the platform, wondered whether or not he had made the mistake of his life. And Betty Lou, on the train, was miserably unhappy.

Hollywood is exciting. In the dizzy whirl of the movie capital, a girl can forget what has happened in the past in the glamour of new things. If the foundation Joe and Betty Lou had built in two years was going to crumble, surely it would crumble here.

But it didn't. The postman rang twice. Once every day at Joe Ainley's apartment in Chicago, once every day at Betty Lou Gerson's place in Hollywood. And in every letter they wrote, they talked over their plans for marriage. Every letter was another strong link in the chain that would encircle them and bring them back together again.

AMECHE clicked. If one radio star was movie material, then why not another? Betty Lou Gerson, for example. Warner's offered her a tempting contract. Possible stardom. All the things a young actress battles for determinedly, particularly a fiery, career-minded girl like Betty Lou Gerson.

Two years ago, when she had first met Joe, she might have taken the offer without thinking. But, alone in Hollywood, she fought a battle with herself. Was it to be sudden fame in Hollywood, or a life in Chicago radio with success, perhaps, and Joe Ainley, for certain?

Reading over one of Joe's letters, she found her answer. She not only turned down the movie offer, but quit her job on the First Nighter program and wired Joe she was coming home!

They were married almost as soon as she got off the train. They hurried to a small chapel, picking up their witnesses on the way. There were no friends or relatives. They wanted to

get married simply and quickly. The way people do when they know for certain what they mean to each other.

For a few short days they were blissfully happy. Then, Joe had to go to New York to direct the Edwin C. Hill show. It was necessity this time, so Joe went. For twenty-six weeks, he flew back to Chicago every Monday night. The honeymooners would have Tuesday and half of every Wednesday together.

They worked hard. Betty Lou worked on script shows, determined to do her share toward building herself a career in radio again. The First Nighter show came back to Chicago, but a fine little actress, Barbara Luddy, had firmly entrenched herself in Betty Lou Gerson's starring role. Joe was given the job of directing the First Nighter program.

Betty Lou hammered away until she won three starring roles for herself again, in Arnold Grimm's Daughter, in Midstream, and in Grand Hotel. Two years after they were married, Joe and Betty got around to taking their honeymoon. Because their work was so demanding, it could only be for two weeks. "It was heavenly, though," Betty Lou said. "But then," she added with a smile, "home is pretty nice, too."

They decorated their new apartment themselves. "Joe's bed is seven feet long," Betty Lou laughed. "All his life he's wanted a bed that would be long enough for him. You see, he's six feet four inches tall."

Betty Lou isn't domestic and she admits it. "I can't cook or sew," she said. "But I'm a good chess player—and that's Joe's favorite game."

Once a week at the Ainleys is chess night and once a week is music night, when Joe, who plays the fiddle, invites a group of musicians in to make music until the wee hours of the night.

"The landlord can't complain any more," Betty Lou laughs, "because, you see, we're the landlords."

And the tenants, it must be said, are quite proud of the happy, celebrated, couple to whom they pay their rent.



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An Open Letter From Jessica Dragonette

(Continued from page 14)

myself on the top of a hill made up of all the songs I had ever sung. This curious composite of musical notes, musical instruments, composers, faces, audiences, microphones—was moving incessantly—and out of this ceaseless activity I heard a wonderful new song more glorious than any I had ever sung before: martial music to rally the most indifferent listener, persuasive music to woo the distracted; tender music to awaken memories of loved ones; rollicking music to beguile; throbbing music to comfort those in sorrow.

I sang to win my friends anew with every persuasion of mind and heart.

But there you were, all of you, as always, waiting to pick up the golden thread of friendship where we left off, as your countless messages testified.

I MARVEL at the quality of true friendship, symbolizing all of you, some of whom have never even seen me, and yet go on being my friends. Your friendship is genuine and completely undemanding. You do not even ask that fundamental need of friendship—that we meet and talk. You understand and forgive when I cannot answer all your letters. We are friends without any thought of personal gain. You ask nothing more than that I sing to you the songs you love to hear. You give me every opportunity to express myself as I will. It is as if you say to me—"So you want to sing, Jessica—by all means, go right ahead and sing to your heart's content—and we'll be listening and applauding!"

So this amazing thing happens—your friendship which asks so little of me becomes the most powerful force in my life! Your friendship has kept me working, dreaming, hoping to be the best singer ever—for only the best is good enough for you. In a more practical way, your friendship has meant more to me than I can ever tell you. When I began broadcasting on the Ford Hour it gave me the feeling of coming home to people who know and love me.

As I continue to meditate on this rare friendship, I feel that most of us do not realize how much we owe our friends. Isn't it true that we usually think of what they owe us!

In one way or another, we set standards and patterns for our friends which we ourselves could not match. We expect them to have in abundance all the good qualities which we, perhaps, lack.

When we're depressed we want their cheerfulness, when we're in trouble we demand their sympathy. When we roam we expect their steadfast loyalty. We seek their company when we want companionship and expect them to leave us alone when we want solitude. Unconsciously we pile up grievances against our friends for imagined slights as if they had real obligations toward us.

The result of these demands on friendship will disappoint us sooner or later because the pattern we have cut for them is not theirs but our own, and their personalities cannot be expected to fit our pictures.

How much wiser to reverse the process! Demand nothing of our

friends, but everything of ourselves!

We don't know exactly what happens when we are first attracted to certain people. We only know that there is a spark, a feeling of sympathy, between us and the person who becomes our friend. With time, acquaintanceships ripen into friendships. Companionship reveals mutual interests and fine character traits. We feel friendly with people interested in the same things we are, who work at the same kind of job—know the same people, and sometimes just because we find some people amusing and entertaining.

These attractive qualities, so near our own ideals, sometimes lead us to demand perfection of our friends. It seems a human desire to seek perfection in what one loves. However, it is wise to realize that this demand can be a dangerous instrument, fatal to friendship. If we remember to apply these same standards to ourselves, we will not fall into this error. The higher standard you set for yourself, the closer you will bind your friends to you. To have a friend, one must be a friend! Don't expect your friends to be thoughtful for your sake; be thoughtful for theirs. Don't expect them to do anything for you; do things for them.

"But what good is a friendship if it is all giving and no receiving?" The friendship I've just described isn't that kind by any means. Because of it, you are receiving the most precious thing of all: human understanding. And you receive other good things. You are being molded into a finer person. You are happy in knowing that you are loved and respected by those who know you.

THIS is the happiness you, my friends, who listen to me on the air, give me. Every letter you write, every handclasp sent across space, tells me that you are with me, wishing me well, spurring me on to work harder to become more the person you want to know. May you experience the same beautiful friendship in all your daily lives.

You have made a living reality of Longfellow's familiar lines which say so beautifully what I've tried to tell you about friendship:

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Always faithfully yours,

Jessica



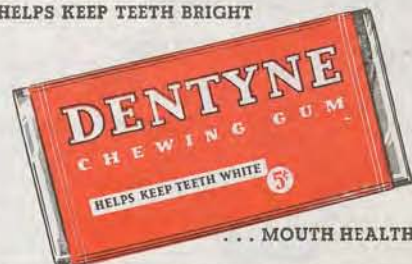
It's fun to talk to my dentist, Dad. He tells me stories—true stories.

Yesterday he told me about savages that have extra strong, white teeth—kept polished and healthy by chewing on rough, tough foods. He said the soft, civilized foods we eat don't make us chew enough—we need Dentyne!

Dentyne's special chewiness, he explained, gives your teeth the tough workout they need. Peps up lazy mouths—tones up your gums. Starts more saliva flowing too—helps clean and polish your teeth.

I started chewing Dentyne right away. It's great! Grandest flavor—spicy as Grandma's cinnamon cookies. I like the flat package, too. Slips into your pocket, neat and handy as you please. Dad and Mom have started the Dentyne habit, too. Try it yourself—get a package today!

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This is Living

(Continued from page 21)

Station—but almost. Statistically, it is 30 by 30 feet. The distance from floor to ceiling measures 24 feet.

Any housewife would automatically wonder how in the world to make such a room seem livable. Olive, though, is a very clever young woman and has solved that problem admirably. Once you're in her living room, you forget all about the wide-open spaces surrounding you. The chintz-covered sofa is a soft, comfortable thing, fairly crying for a tired body. Chairs and lamps and tables are scattered around with wonderful convenience and good taste.

One huge wall is almost entirely covered by well-thumbed books of every kind. Over in one lovely corner is a 200-year-old secretary which Lanny picked up in a Cape Cod junk-shop. There's a grand piano and a specially built radio-phonograph combination. Five aged scatter-rugs are placed judiciously on the wide-plank, dark-stained floors.

The walls and ceiling beams are painted a cool, restful blue. That same color motif is carried over to the colorful drapes framing the gigantic 20-foot windows. Those drapes were one of Olive's biggest problems: each of the two windows required 36 yards of material! Leading off the two-story living room is a staircase which winds up to a balcony and the upstairs rooms. Downstairs, the dining room has been converted into an office for Lanny, where he can answer his fan mail, file his music and scripts and keep all his business records. So the large balcony landing became a flower-papered dining alcove. There, placed in an open, Colonial-break-front cabinet, is the Rosses' precious collection of early American china and some of their antique glassware.

Lanny's own room, with its simple, modern furniture, is the sort of den that every man at some time or other has dreamed of: it smells of pipe tobacco; there are furniture scars where shoe heels were slapped down; books and papers and Lanny's stamp collection and records of his programs are scattered around.

The apartment is luxurious and smart—but it still feels like home. And, if you don't believe that, ask Sande. Sande, an Irish Setter pup given to Lanny by Jockey Earle Sande, roams upstairs and down as

if he owns the place. Just once did he have serious trouble, and that was when he started to bury a bone under the pillows of the chintz sofa.

But all three of them have more fun up on the 400-acre farm, two hours away from New York. Lanny bought it because it has a stream which delights his trout-fisherman's heart; woods which make for perfect small-game hunting; fertile acres where Olive plants her flowers and trees and he tries his hand at a little wheat or corn planting. They tore down the old, battered farmhouse and, within three days, were living in their new house. That happened because they read a mail-order catalogue and sent away for a portable home. Between Friday and Monday the house was completely equipped with living room, two bedrooms, two baths, a kitchen, oil furnace and a beautiful fireplace. The house itself could be placed—with plenty of inches to spare—in the living room of the Ross apartment.

They have brought nearly all their priceless antiques up to the country. Both Lanny and Olive are collectors who buy nothing but products of Colonial times. They're proudest of their rare collection of ruby thumb-print glass. Yet, Olive doesn't hide it away in tight-locked closets. One of the largest collections in the country, it gets every-day use. What were once sauce dishes are now finger-bowls. A butter dish holds fruit and nuts; a celery holder is a flower vase; cocktails fill toothpick holders. Hanging in the kitchen are ancient copper pots and pans which are put to use two or three times a day. Not quite so useful is Lanny's collection of clocks. Running off and on, three of them are up on the mantelpiece.

Yet time, from Friday to Monday, means nothing. No worries about the 7:15 show or the 11:15 re-broadcast to the West Coast. But early Monday morning they head back for the city, where they play gracious host and hostess at least twice a week—between shows—or where, on one of the nights in town, they visit a play and Lanny stoically misses last acts in favor of a return trip to the studio and the repeat broadcast.

It may be a double life, but the Rosses are one radio family who have discovered how to make it strike a perfect balance.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 35)

band together?" the man suggested. "Why, with your looks and that beantown accent, you can't miss in the swanky spots."

Al remembered these rough words of wisdom when he got his law degree but no funds to open an office. Soon after he organized his band, Al played the fashionable Hollywood Beach Hotel in Florida. Al's music was made to order and he played that hotel five consecutive seasons.

When the lad chucked his law degree, the Donahue family did not object too strenuously. Ever since Al and his younger brother Jack, now a member of Al's band, were kids,

their mother saved pennies from the household budget to give the boys and their sister Molly, music lessons.

From Florida Al was engaged by the Bermudiana Hotel, Bermuda. Since the owners of this hostelry were the Furness shipping people, it didn't take the aggressive Al long to convince them that he could supply their cruise ships with exact duplicates of his original band.

Life was soft and easy. When Bermuda had its seasonal lull, Al would return to the states and play the Waldorf, the Rainbow Room, Long Island's snooty Sands Point Bath Club and private functions.

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BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

The colorful little island gave Al more than just a fat bank-book. It also provided him with a wife.

The Donahues reside in a big, rambling house of 15 rooms at Manhasset, L. I., with their two children, Al junior, six, and Nancy, two.

Since Al's transition from society to swing, he has had only one setback. Paula Kelly, his pert, black-haired, dark-eyed singer left the band to have a baby. She is married to Hal Dickinson, a member of The Modernaires Quartet.

After many auditions, Al picked Margie Stuart who used to have her own all-girl band, and twins Mona and Lee Benton. Phil Brito is Al's male vocalist.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Latinos Know How; It'll Come to You (Victor 26579) Leo Reisman, Irving Berlin's latest hits from "Louisiana Purchase" with expert deliveries by Anita Boyer.

Tonight; Fools Rush In (Decca 3119) Tony Martin. The first has a rumba lilt and Alice Faye's ex takes able advantage of it.

Strauss Waltzes (Columbia C-13) Al Goodman. The most attractive album of the season. Viennese as coffee cake and just as easy to take.

Shake Down the Stars; Boog It (Bluebird 10689) Glen Miller. Chalk up this one for dynamic Marion Hutton. An equally enticing Miller disk is his "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" on 10657.

Believing; They Ought to Write a Book About You (Victor 26562) Hal Kemp. The old Kemp staccato returns brilliantly for a standout recording, aided by Bob Allen's superior pipes.

Schubert's Symphony No. 7 in C Major (Columbia) The Chicago Symphony plays this masterpiece forcefully. For serious music lovers, Victor has released a number of black label records at reduced prices. One of the best is Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony."

Some Like It Swing:

No Name Jive (Decca 3089) Casa Loma. Two sides are devoted to Larry Wagner's fast-paced tune and the result is sizzling.

Back Beat Boogie; Night Special (Columbia 35456) Harry James. A band that is rapidly climbing in favor. **My! My!; Let's Scuffle** (Columbia 35442) Eddie "Rochester" Anderson. Jack Benny's colored comic makes his first record. 'Nuff said.

Ten Mile Hop; Lady Says Yes (Victor 26575) Larry Clinton. One of Larry's better productions. Not too brassy, yet swiny enough.

Johnson Rag; Ho! Sa Bonnie (Decca 3088) Merry Macs. Put this on when you're too tired for any more dancing. The results are invigorating.

Blue Ink; Can This Be Love (Decca 3081) Woody Herman. Top-notch handling of one new tune and an old one. Try and pick out Woody's oversized flugel horn.

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music
RADIO MIRROR Magazine
122 E. 42nd Street, New York

I would like to see a feature story about

I like swing bands

I like sweet bands

(Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want a direct answer.)



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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

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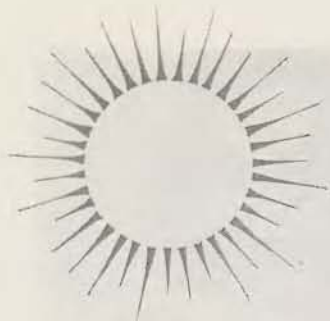
The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Summer-Proof Beauty

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

THE hot months give the most searching test to personal loveliness. If you can be charming in the dog days, when the thermometer soars and everyone fairly wilts with perspiration, then you have mastered the secrets of daintiness.

Genevieve Rowe is my pet example of a woman who is lovely under all circumstances. I have seen her under the most unprepossessing conditions—in all weathers—and she was just as entrancing as she is when she sings for you on the Johnny Presents show on Tuesday nights over WEA, or as a feature on Joe Howard's Gay Nineties Revue. Innate fastidiousness makes her attentive to the fundamentals of charm; so, hot or cold, Genevieve is herself.

Genevieve is unselfconscious. She hardly thinks of herself as pretty (although she is one of the most beautiful women I know). But the point is not worth arguing, because her personality, her gay humorous friendliness, her bright courage, are so heartwarming that you hardly notice the expressive brown eyes, the warm, well-shaped mouth.

Genevieve Rowe brings to her radio audience an unusual background of musical education. Her father was the head of the Music Department of a college in Ohio which is noted for its sound scholarship. From the beginning her remarkable musical genius and her lovely voice were under capable guidance.

In 1929 she was the youngest soprano to win first prize in the Atwater Kent National Auditions contest—\$5,000 and two years of study. The



Genevieve Rowe who sings on the Johnny Presents show, is an example of feminine loveliness—hot weather or cold.

prize money, supposedly in safe investments, vanished in the crash, and Genevieve made her way by singing in churches, in vaudeville, and wherever she could. In 1932 she won the MacDowell Music Club Contest, and next year the highest award in the National Federation of Music Clubs contest. She made her debut in Town Hall, and slowly but inevitably, by sheer merit, she attained her present high place in radio.

I said summer is a trying time. It is necessary to health that we should perspire—literally, a quart or so a day. Frequent baths with plenty of good soap are necessary. But for complete personal daintiness at all times, they must be supplemented with a good deodorant. There are a number of excellent ones from which to choose. There are liquids, creams, and powders, each having its own special uses.

Some deodorants actually check perspiration where they are applied locally. Many women use them not only for under-arm, but also to relieve the discomfort of clammy hands and perspiring feet. Other deodorants without checking perspiration remove all possibility of offense. It's just a matter of personal choice.

There are little saturated pads to be used on the underarm which give five day protection. And now there is even a deodorant stick made to carry in the purse so that you will never be taken by surprise.

Fastidious women are taking full

advantage of the amazing recent progress in developing effective and harmless deodorants for every purpose. They keep a supply of all kinds on hand and take no chances.

ADDED SWIMMING CHARM

ANOTHER thing to be careful about in summer is the problem of superfluous hair. Bathing suits are very revealing. Here again, thanks to recent progress in perfecting depilatories, we have a varied assortment of excellent ones from which to choose. They are quite safe if used according to directions. There are creams which may be used on limbs and under arm and on the face. They are very satisfactory, and it has been my observation that they do not cause a noticeable coarsening in the regrowth. They are far more effective than a razor, leaving a smoother surface and a more lasting result.

For the face, there are waxy preparations which you warm and spread on the surface to be treated. A quick jerk, and the wax is off bringing the hair with it, literally out by the roots. It is not in the least painful, because the jerk is so quick one has no time to feel it. And the hair does not return for a long time.

If the hair on the limbs is a light growth, sometimes one of the good bleaching rinses will make it unnoticeable. But if that is not sufficient, get a good depilatory and see to it that you are ready to look charming in a bathing suit.



RADIO MIRROR * * * * *
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Each story submitted under this offer will be considered strictly on its own merits and, if it contains a certain degree of excellence, its bonus will be determined by the editors and paid regardless of the quality of any other stories submitted.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of True Story Group are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive a correspondingly liberal bonus with our congratulations.

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What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

acters to appeal to those who don't require so much excitement.

Let Carleton E. Morse write mysteries, but let him make the situations more matter of fact. The stuff will be just as dramatic, if Mr. Morse writes it without jungle settings and dying religious fanatics.—J. A. Roberts, Hartford, Conn.

FOURTH PRIZE A TRUE AMERICAN

The feature that I enjoy most of all on the radio is the fifteen minute Kate Smith chat. Her encouraging words and her honest, wholesome outlook on life convey an uplifting, happy thought that stays with one throughout the entire day. Her loyalty to America makes us all glad that we, too, are Americans.—Mrs. Ethel Aylor, Los Angeles, Calif.

FIFTH PRIZE FOOD FOR THE SOUL

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the General Mills, makers of Gold Medal Flour, for their most interesting program, "Light of the World." It portrays man's faith in God. At this point, it is very interesting—Noah and his sons building the Ark for his family's safety, when the earth and everything in it shall be destroyed by water.

I suggest for those who do not have time to read the Bible, to listen in every day, Monday through Friday at 2 P. M., for a program I know you will enjoy.—Mrs. Nora Schaller, Hamilton, Ohio.

SIXTH PRIZE A DISGRUNTLED CANADIAN

Information Please must be in such high feather after receiving that approving pat from the "Saturday Review of Literature" and that big hand from the Hoboes as to be able to stand a disapproving croak from a disgruntled Canadian.

Here it is. The sponsor's product proudly flaunts the name of the Dominion, but the country of its origin does not figure so prominently in Information Please. The mention of a Canadian city or town in conjunction with the name of the sender of a question in this program is so rare as to bring the feet off the fire-guard with a bang. So my question for the Board of Experts is "What famous beverage pleases Canadians although its Information Please doesn't?" No prizes! Incidentally, will U. S. A. readers please refrain from rushing off a letter that there was a question from Toronto recently. It was that one that brought my feet off the fireguard and put a pen in my hand.—S. B. McClean, Montreal, Canada.

SEVENTH PRIZE OH, THAT MUSIC!

Fibber McGee is good. Molly is a darling. The little girl that appears on the program is Molly "I betcha." She is a scream; but I can not understand with all the wonderful music in the world why they can not have a better theme introduction to announce them instead of one sounding like a tin pan serenade.—Mrs. L. B. Mayes, Crystal, Michigan.

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