ARE YOU REALLY WELL?
Read What Joan Blondell Learned About Good Health for Women

Read as a Thrilling Story
THE GUIDING LIGHT
A Great Drama That Brings Something New into Your Life

YOU THINK I'M DEAD
The Startling Confession of a Famous Star's Gamble for Love
LEARN BETTY'S SECRET

FOR Beautiful Eyes

"It's easy to have lovely, alluring eyes," says glamorous Betty Grable. "The magic secret is Maybelline eye make-up." You'll be thrilled when you see your eyelashes appear gloriously dark, long, and luxuriant. A few brush strokes of the Solid or Cream-form Maybelline Mascara create the glorious effect. Both forms are so easy to apply...tear-proof...absolutely safe.

Stirring depth and beauty for your eyes...with softly blended Maybelline Eye Shadow. Then, the joyful climax...when you form your brows in graceful, classic lines with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Just soft enough for best results.

Try these three simple beauty aids today. Then...step back and look at yourself in your mirror. Your eyes appear larger and more glamorous! There's a new, arresting beauty in your face. That's the thrilling magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

For eye make-up that's natural appearing...for eye make-up in good taste...be sure you get Maybelline. You'll find attractive purse sizes in your nearest 10¢ store.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS
HIS EYES SIGNALLED:

"You're the Song in My Heart!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!

Protect your own bright smile. Let Ipana and Massage help guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"!

SHE HAD ALWAYS HOPED it would happen this way—soft lights, smooth music, his eyes speaking volumes: "You're beautiful," they said, "beautiful!"

But then—she smiled! And his eagerness gave way to indifference. For beauty is always dimmed and darkened under the cloud of a dull and dingy smile.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES with your own priceless smile... with your own happiness. Give your gums as well as your teeth the daily care they need. And never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! The minute you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—make a date to see your dentist.

And take the advice he gives you.

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS. "Pink" on your tooth brush may not mean serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Chances are he will say that your gums, denied hard chewing by the many soft, creamy foods we eat today, have become tender, weak from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but to help invigorate the gums. So, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums whenever you brush your teeth. The pleasant "tang" you'll notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Start the healthful dental habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage... and see how much it helps your gums to become stronger, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiantly lovely.

Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush, too—specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
made for love...

the loveliest thing in make-up

Chiffon

It's literally meant for love—this alluring new Chiffon Lipstick. New, smoother texture that lends a soft enchantment to your lips. New, costlier perfume that adds a rapturous ecstasy to each kiss. Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these exciting new shades. Your choice, only 10¢.

Chiffon Red, Raspberry, Medium, True Red

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

"You'll look lovely in Chiffon"—the face powder of finer, longer-lasting texture—shine-proof—cake-proof—in seven high fashion shades:

Brunette Natural
Dark Tan Rose Petal Rose Beige
Beige Rachel

The Guiding Light .................................. Irla Phillips 10
Begin radio's dramatic story of human souls
Radio's Most Eligible Bachelor .................. Kirtley Baskette 14
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ON THE COVER—Joan Blondell by Sol Wechsler
(Photo, courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE
PEACE AT LAST

OUR radio had become a source of constant dispute among our six children. What one liked, another did not and courtesy was often disregarded in the resulting arguments, until I finally made the following hard and fast rule: Each child might choose one evening of the week for his own pleasure, turning in on his favorite programs. Sunday evening is for Mother and Dad. I find this scheme has promoted courtesy and has avoided all arguments and has developed in the children's choice and discrimination in their selection of programs.—Mrs. Andrew J. Devlin, North Troy, New York.

SECOND PRIZE
"THE LAND OF THE FREE AIRWAVES"

A lot of folks are always growling about the commercials on our American radio broadcasts. Frankly, there are times when I, too, could wish some of them were eliminated, or at least shortened. Nevertheless, I wonder how many of these chronic complainers would prefer to have the Government-interference—or, as in some countries, Government-domination—of the airwaves?

After all, we enjoy the benefits and privileges of the radio in America because thousands of sponsors make it possible. Philharmonic Orchestras, dance bands, sporting events, news-of-the-day, home helps, drama—these, and a multitude of other interesting and entertaining programs are ours without cost or obligation.

So let's thank God we live in "the land of the free (airwaves) and the home of the brave!"—Mrs. Willis J. Loar, Spokane, Wash.

THIRD PRIZE
RADIO'S STEPCHILD

Why don't some alert sponsor consider Friday night for his show? Or do they think the buying public all desert their homes on this night? It really seems that way from the caliber of entertainment emerging (Continued on page 57)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!
YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN
— PRIZES —
First Prize . . . . . . . . . . . . $10.00
Second Prize . . . . . . . . . . . . $ 5.00
Five Prizes of . . . . . . . . . . . . $ 1.00
Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than September 27, 1940. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

S.O.S. — S.O.S.
Swell Music—but Wrong Girl

Stay popular! Every day...and before every date prevent underarm odor with Mum

IT was such swell music—and such a should-have-been swell girl! But just a hint of underarm odor—even in a pretty girl—and men are quick to notice...certain to disapprove!

To stay popular...from the beginning of the evening till it's time to go home...smart girls make a habit of Mum. It's never wise to expect your bath to keep underarms fresh! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Mum every day saves you worry—makes you "nice" to be near!

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant...and Mum makes new, de-lighted users every single day! You'll be sure to like Mum for dependability and—

SPEED! Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor for hours!

SAFETY! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric...so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM! Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration, but by preventing the odor. Get Mum today at your druggist's. Use it every day. Then you need never worry that underarm odor is spoiling your charm.

MUM AFTER EVERY BATH SAVES POPULARITY

For Sanitary Napkins
More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe...guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

OCTOBER, 1940
NEW YORK at six o'clock in Grand Central Station, the heat of a mid-summer afternoon seeping into the labyrinth of tunnels and passageways choked with commuters. The radio in the club car is tuned to the dinner hour's news broadcasts. Passengers listen to communiqués of further disaster with a tenseness typical today of New Yorkers.

Chicago at nine in the morning, with the brisk coldness of a wind sweeping in off Lake Michigan. Gone is the tenseness of expression. The radio cheerfully typifies mid-west sentiment with the Breakfast Club.

Omaha at ten in the morning and the radio broadcasting a prediction that the national guard will be mobilized. The station is filled with sailors—from Omaha that never saw a sea? They explain excitedly—they are naval reserves, being called to active duty. Destination: San Pedro harbor below Los Angeles on the California coast.

Cheyenne at nine o'clock and the air is incredibly soft. The radio offers recordings, largely of Bing Crosby, proof we are approaching California, which seems to have an unlimited number of Bing's records.

Nevada on Sunday afternoon and the air between air-conditioned cars is lifeless, stifling. The radio stops a program of organ music, an announcer speaks with deliberate emphasis. Winston Churchill is about to talk from London. The club car falls silent and over the pounding of the wheels a thunderous defiance hurled at those threatening England.

Sundown and the hills actually are cloaked in the rich purple of a Zane Grey novel. Again the car falls silent. Walter Winchell is broadcasting and this listener, at least, is astonished by the attention his flashes receive.

Eight-thirty Monday morning and the new Los Angeles station. Bing is singing now from every radio—a variety of songs depending on the mood of the individual station.

Hollywood and a brilliant, blinding sun that threatens destruction through its heat and yet is never really hot. Hollywood and a wind that is startingly cold at dinner, shatteringly cold by bedtime, so that two blankets are welcome.

Hollywood which in one week produces myriad impressions:

Gary Cooper's incredible thinness, a bean pole towering above director Frank Capra.

Bette Davis' laugh at luncheon—it raises the hair at the nape of your neck until you realize it is just the amused laugh of a vital woman.

The similarity in looks between the Claudette Colbert of the screen and the Colbert in person acting at Paramount.

Bing Crosby—his incredible shirt, his warmth of welcome.

George Fisher, who rounds hairpin turns down hills back of Hollywood at forty and goes on talking as though you hadn't just choked your heart back down into your chest.

The green of NBC's Vine Street studios.

The size of Ann Sheridan's eyes and the height of her heels.

The leather jacket worn by John Garfield—fugitive from a road construction crew.

The determination of Simone Simon playing backgammon in a gay and so brief bathing suit—until the sun goes down and she starts to shiver.

The refreshing frankness of Mary Martin.

The unending vitality of John Scott Trotter.

The shattering clacking of Patsy Kelly's heels.

The whiteness of Milton Berle's skin.

The young beauty of Ann Rutherford at the Victor Hugo.

The music of Matty Malneck.

Joan Fontaine's insistence that you call her Mrs. Aherne.

The husband and wife air about Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms as they go out dancing,

Hollywood!

FRED R. SAMMIS
Girls bless the day when bulky, bunchy bloomers gave way to neat, trim shorts. For girls today want greater freedom...greater comfort!
That's why you'll find Kotex sanitary napkins preferred to all other brands! Because Kotex is less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded filler.
Made in folds with more absorbent material where needed, less where it isn't, Kotex fits better...doesn't chafe!

When you want to look swish—wear a sleek, slinky evening dress that flatters the figure. But beware of stubby-end napkins...they're bound to make "tell-tale" outlines! With Kotex your secret is safe! The flat, form-fitting Kotex ends never give you away.
What's more—Kotex has a new, improved moisture-resistant "safety-panel" for extra protection!

3 Cheers—Kotex® comes in 3 sizes...Super—Regular—and Junior. (With Kotex you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)
All 3 sizes offer you the comfort of softness without bulk...the confidence of flat, pressed ends...the protection of moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sell for the same low price!

"You scarcely know you're wearing it"
By the time you read this, Kay St. Germaine, dark and beautiful young singer on Meredith Willson's Musical Revue on NBC, should have become the bride of Jack Carson, Hollywood movie actor. The wedding was scheduled for August 14.

The Don Ameche family have just had their fourth baby—and it's another boy, bringing them up even with those other begetters of sons, the Bing Crosbys. It looks as if the title of Don's recent picture, "Four Sons," was prophetic after all. In a clear case of New World being on the side of the Twentieth Century-Fox publicity department.

Roddy Vallee still wants to be a movie producer, he announces. That was his idea a year ago when he left his long-run variety hour—and now that he's back in radio, it's still his idea.

For your "It May Happen" file: Robert Young, of the movies, is talking contract with an advertising agency to star in a comedy-mystery radio series, starting in the fall.

The Oscar Levants—he's the musical know-it-all of Information Please and she's the former June Gale—are expecting another Levant before so very many more months. And Karl Swenson, NBC's Lorenzo Jones and CBS's Lord Henry in Our Gal Sunday, will become a father for the second time in October.

After many years of apartment and hotel life, the Meredith Willsons have at last moved into their own home. Their local director of Good News of 1940 and his pretty wife have settled down in the Beverly Hills home formerly occupied by Loretta Young.

A beauty soap so different, so wonderful that women everywhere are thrilled ... so wonderful that thousands are switching to Camay. A new Camay for the leading role in a new play to be produced by The Playwright's Company, which seldom bothers with such a success that Betty was able to celebrate her initiation with all of the chips Bob and his two friends had used to start the game.

It looks as if Arlene Francis, Budd Huslick's partner in the What's My Name quiz program, is about to realize her deepest ambition. Arlene is badly stage-struck, and in the last couple of years has been in several Broadway plays. Although Arlene did good work in them, she all fopped with those that could be heard from here to Nome, Alaska. But now she's cast for the leading role in a new play to be produced by The Playwright's Company, which seldom bothers with anything but a hit.

Two of radio's most popular young people, Ethel Blonde and Pat Knight, are Mr. and Mrs. new Ethel plays the part of Betty in the new Camay sketches, and various dramatic roles on other shows. As usual, the tenor who is heard regularly in New York and frequently on network programs. They were married at a civil ceremony in Supreme Court Judge Pecone's chambers, and were the guests of honor at a reception later which was attended by about two hundred friends. The bride, a pretty blonde, wore a dress of powder-blue silk.

Officials at the NBC parking lot in Hollywood were thrown into a dither the other evening when Irene Rich came out from a broadcast and found her own car missing, but another, precisely like it, in its place. And Barbara Jo Allen, the Vera Vague of the Chase and Sanborn show, was upset upon arriving home to receive a telephone call from NBC asking her to please return Miss Rich's car and retrieve her own. "I should have realized it wasn't my car," Barbara Jo sighed. "It had a tankful of gas."

For the next day try out a lime smash, as created by Vivian Frisell, the Mary Noble of NBC's Backstage Wife. Here's the recipe: juice of one lemon and one lime in a tall glass, stir in a spoonful and a half of sugar, fill the glass with shaved ice, pour in seltzer to take up the blank spaces, and garnish with a mint sprig. It tastes good enough to be sinful.

SALT LAKE CITY—In the nine and a half years he's worked for station KDFY in Salt Lake City, Dave Simmons has done almost every kind of work there was to do except sit down at the monitor board and handle the controls. But perhaps his best known is helping Utah listeners for his six-nightly-a-week sportscast. Dave comes from Colorado, where he studied at the University of Colorado and proudly wore a Sigma Nu Fraternity pin. While he was still on the campus he lost the pin to a co-ed named Grace Schroeder—but after graduation he got the pin back in return for a diamond-studded wedding ring.

While he was in college Dave played drums in a school dance band, and in the summer of 1929 the boys got an engagement at the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Denver, where Dave was allowed to announce the numbers played over the air. He liked announcing so much that when college started in the fall he drove from Boulder to Denver every night to handle remote-control broadcasts, and in February, 1930, when he graduated, but not without honors, he moved right into a spot at KSOO, in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. There he remained until he heard of an announcing vacancy at KDFY, when he got on the long-distance telephone, talked to the president of the NBC network in the mountain area, and was hired.

Golf is Dave's favorite pastime, and he recently won a first championship in the State Open. Next to golf come football and baseball, and he's the Intermountain authority on these two sports. His pet peeve is people who (Turn to next page)
Jimmy Melton and Francia White, co-stars on NBC's Telephone Hour, display one of Jimmy’s own ancient cars at the New York World’s Fair.

His voice isn't good and he stumbles over words at the mike—but Grady Cole of WBT is one of the best-loved stars in the Carolinas.

have good jobs and don't make the most of them.

Dick Kollmar, who plays Dennis Pierce in CBS's Pretty Kitty Kelly, is an amateur movie-maker. He and his wife, columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, have written their own scenario, and part of the home-made plot deals with Pretty Kitty Kelly, so Dick brings his camera to the studio and shoots his co-workers.

TORONTO—Canada has its top dance-bands too. For instance, how about Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen? Mart has been making music for radio since 1927, and for network radio since 1934, and United States listeners have heard him frequently—but he himself has never crossed the Canadian border. At the moment, you can hear him every Sunday night at 11:30, E.D.T., presenting the show he calls Rocky Mountain Melody Time over the Canadian network and the NBC West Coast system.

The full name is Herbert Martin Kenney, and a more modest, likable guy you'd go a long way to find. He is of medium height, fair-complected, with brown hair and gray eyes, and a moustache. He was born on March 7, 1910, in Toronto, is married, and has two sons, Martin, Jr., 8, and Jack, 5.

Mart organized his present orchestra in 1936, over CJOR, Vancouver, playing in the Alexandra Ballroom. Since then he and the boys have played in hotels in Alberta, Regina, Lake Louise, Vancouver, Toronto and Banff. Mart does all the conducting and arranging, and plays most of the time in the band, stopping only for tempo changes and to give instructions. He's versatile, and can play first alto sax, baritone sax, clarinet and flute, besides singing as a member of his Three of a Kind trio.

A honeymoon that should have been taken five whole years ago was the one Laurette Fillbrandt and Russ Young started on last month. Laurrette is Virginia Richman in Girl Alone and Daisy Mae in Li'l Abner, both on NBC, and Russ is a busy Chicago announcer. Because of radio jobs they've been unable to get away for that wedding trip until now, five years after they said “I do.”

The parade of different dance bands which used to feature the MBS Show of the Week, Sundays at 6:30 Eastern time, will no longer be a parade when

the program resumes the end of September. Vincent Lopez and his orchestra will be in there making music every week—and it will be all sweet music, no swing.

When her new serial, Lone Journey, made its air debut, authoress Sandra Michael hied herself from New York to Chicago for the launching. She arrived at the NBC studios on a rainy, blustery day to find two elegant corsages awaiting her—one of purple orchids from her husband and one of white from the sponsors. “And,” mourned Sandra, “I would be wearing a four-year-old raincoat and a battered felt hat.”

The stork played an unexpected role in a recent episode of The Goldbergs. Eleanor Powers Haynes, who plays Amy in the serial, intended to make her last appearance on the air on a Wednesday afternoon, because she expected to have a baby about two weeks later. Instead, she became a mother on Tuesday night, and Gertrude Berg, writer of The Goldbergs, had to work all night and most of the morning on a new script in which Amy didn't appear.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—One of the South's most popular radio stars has a poor speaking voice, a fumbling way of talking, and practically no conception of microphone technique. He stumbles over the script, and takes time out to explain that on his way to the studio he got a cinder in his eye and so can't read. Then he goes on to say, “The other day I ran into a man whose Blue Ribbon cow got a cinder in her eye, and—” And after he tells that story he slips in a casual remark about Blank & Blank’s all-wool suits and overcoats. Next day Blank & Blank are swamped with people wanting to buy “those suits Grady Cole told us about on the radio.”

They say in Carolina that Grady Cole has a million friends, and certainly that many people listen to him over Charlotte's own station, WBT. He has been on WBT several times a day, six days a week, for more than ten years, beginning as a radio reporter for the Charlotte News, and working up until he is now head of the station's Farm Service Bureau and master of ceremonies on the program which opens the station every morning at the awesome hour of 5:30. People think of Grady, who is only thirty-three years old, as the man who can solve all their problems, from how to keep the neighbor's chickens out of the petunia bed, to how to get a proposal out of the boy friend. One listener sent him the story of her little boy, who ran across a picture of the stork. He asked his mother for an explanation, and when she had finished, asked, “Were you and Daddy there?” No, the mother said, and the little boy pondered a minute. “Hmm,” he said. “I bet Grady Cole was!” That about sums up the general attitude toward Grady.

So many farm parents have named their children after him that there is a whole generation of Grady Cole Sauces and Grady Cole Smiths growing up in Carolina. And it's no wonder that when Grady campaigned for Red Cross funds to care for the 1937 flood victims, more than $44,000 poured in from all parts of the Caro-

(Continued on page 84)
I was alarmed—

My scalp was feeling tight and itchy . . . seemed inflamed . . . and distressing flakes were showering down on my dark dresses.

And annoyed when I realized that I had a severe case of dandruff and that mere washing didn't seem to bring any noticeable improvement.

Was it infectious? So many symptoms suggested a possible case of infectious dandruff . . . and my doctor confirmed my fears and suggested Listerine Antiseptic.

Ah-h! How I enjoyed those daily treatments. So antiseptic. So cleansing. So cooling. So easy. And so effective. Flakes and itching began to disappear.

Your treatment!

Use Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day! Clinical tests on men and women who did this showed impressive results! In one series of tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms within 30 days!

It's wonderful to go to parties and dance again without having to worry about the distressing symptoms of infectious dandruff. And every week I give myself a Listerine treatment to help guard against infection.

Get after infectious dandruff now—with LISTERINE!

Clinic and everyday use prove Listerine Antiseptic's value against this scalp condition which affects so many.

Don't fool around with what may be a troublesome condition! If you are irritated, disturbed by the distressing, uncomfortable symptoms of infectious dandruff, start your home Listerine Treatment today . . . the medical treatment thousands use.

Just apply full strength Listerine Antiseptic to your scalp morning and night—all over! Massage the scalp and hair vigorously, persistently. It's as easy as it is delightful.

Cooling, soothing Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine which has been famous for over 50 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle—kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff . . . including the queer "bottle bacillus" called Pityrosporum Ovale, which outstanding specialists recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Remember, Listerine is the medical treatment which, within 30 days, brought complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in a clinical test. Start today to see what it does for you!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Even in the quiet of his study, Dr. Ruthledge felt the strong conflicting tides of life in Five Points.

By day, hundreds of feet shuffled up the stone steps to the church door; by night you saw the dark mass of its solid frame structure, sharp against the city's reflected glow on the sky. And day and night, a lamp burned in the window of the Reverend Dr. John Ruthledge's study in the parsonage.

Ellen, Dr. Ruthledge's housekeeper, complained bitterly that the constantly burning lamp meant a criminal waste of good electricity. But the Doctor only smiled at her. He would have mortgaged all he possessed in the world—which, truth to tell, was not so very much—to keep that lamp burning.

It was only an ordinary and rather homely table-lamp, made and given to the Doctor by Pasquall, one of his parishioners; but it was also a symbol. Working at his desk, he was always conscious of the light at his back, sending its friendly beam out to greet every wayfarer, of no matter what creed or station in life. The Doctor liked the universality of that lamp. It was like his church, impartially extending its welcome to everyone who glimpsed it, to those with whom the Doctor was familiar and to those unknown to him.

He could almost visualize the stresses, the strong conflicting tides, of the life in Five Points. Hundreds of people, living close to one another, crowded so that they jostled physically as well as spiritually; each with his own story, his own hopes and fears. And yet not entirely his own, for everyone had his impact upon his neighbor. So many of these people were lonely, yet none of them was really alone.

Even in the sanctuary of his study, writing Sunday's sermon in his neat, flowing script, he felt their presence. Even there, they were with him—Ned Holden, Rose Kranicky and her father and mother and brother, Fredrika Lang, Ellis Smith, Paul Burns whom he had never met—all these and many others.

He dipped his pen; then, in the act of putting it again to paper, he said, "Ned, you mustn't know I saw you."

"And I killed Foul to keep Ned from knowing the beast his father was."
paused thoughtfully, feeling anew the sense of loss that had first come when Ned Holden announced that he wanted to leave the parsonage and live by himself. The parsonage had been Ned's home ever since the day when the Doctor had taken him in, a ragged, fright­ened lad whose parents had deserted him. With Mary, the Doctor's motherless daughter, he had gone to school and played and fought, until—suddenly it seemed—they were both adults, and Ned had found himself a reporter's job on the big­gest afternoon newspaper. He could still have stayed on at the parson­age, of course, but as he had told the Doctor, his brow wrinkling with youthful sincerity:

"You've done too much for me al­ready. I want to stand on my own two feet . . . just to see if I can. Anyway, I'd like to get a furnished room somewhere—it doesn't have to be very big or fancy—and live with myself for a change. Besides, I've got some writing to do . . ."

In his room on the other side of the city, Ned Holden, unaware that he was in the Doctor's thoughts, ran a frantic hand through his dark, tumbled hair and glared at the typewriter as if it were his personal enemy. At the top of the sheet of gray copy-paper it held were the numerals 125. A hundred and twenty-five pages of the novel had gone perfectly, and now he was stuck! For a week he hadn't been able to get through 125 and into 126.

Of course, he reminded himself savagely, he knew well enough why he could not work. The sweetly grave face of Mary Ruthledge came between him and the words he was trying to set down; came not as an inspiration, but as a vision of something that was unattainable. If he lost Mary, nothing else—neither his job on the paper nor his novel—was worth striving for.

He could go now—this minute—to the Five Points parsonage and ask her to marry him. At least, her answer would banish uncer­tainty. He would know then if he would have to forget the love that had shaped his whole life, ever since he had first come to Dr. Ruth­ledge's house and met the shy, big-eyed, six­year-old Mary.

But—there he came up against the Fear. Morbid fear, that was what Dr. Ruthledge had called it, on the one time he could bring himself to confide in the older man. Morbid it might be, but made it no less real. Had that fear been a childhood memory—perhaps only a dream. But there was a vision he could not erase, of a squalid room, a man whose smile was cruel and at the same time weak. Had that man been his father? Had the woman that he remembered less clearly—only that she had been a sad presence in his childhood—had she been his mother?

Other than that dim memory—if it was a memory—he knew only that he had been abandoned when he was six or seven years old, had been given sanctuary by Dr. Ruthledge. The pas­tor of Five Points had told him, "I never met your father, Ned. But I knew your mother—and she was a very lovely lady."

"But if you knew her, can't you tell me about her?" Ned had insisted.

"What was she like? Why did she leave me with you? Is Holden my real name?" The ques­tions boiled up to his lips.

Dr. Ruthledge had shaken his head sadly. "I'm sorry, Ned. I wish I could tell you more . . ."

The unanswered question, the intuitive knowledge that Dr. Ruth­ledge was hiding something from him, had combined to increase Ned's fear. A lovely lady? But how could she have been, if she had abandoned her child? Or if she had loved the man he remembered? With the uncompromis­ing sternness of youth, he judged an unknown woman, and condemned her.

In himself he felt none of the cruelty and debauchery that were in the face of the man in his memory. But it might be that ugly things were sleeping in his soul, bequeathed to him by his parents and only slumbering beneath the veneer of decency which Dr. Ruthledge's training had imparted. Or it might be that he himself had escaped them but would pass them on to his chil­dren.

He had tried to express this fear to Mary's father, and as was to be expected, he had received what comfort the older man could give. "I know you better than you know your­self, Ned," Dr. Ruthledge had said. "And I know you are clean and fine. So put those fears away. They are your greatest danger as fear is always man's greatest danger."

"Then you wouldn't object if I asked Mary to marry me?"

"Of course not, my boy! It would make me very happy. But—I do think you should wait, and try to conquer this foolish dread—this obs­session—about your parentage. As long as it is there you are not a whole man. You are carrying some­thing with you that at any moment may rise up and strike you . . . and Mary."

He had taken the minister's advice, and had tried to wait. The novel had helped. Writ­ing it had brought him a sense of achievement, and had turned his mind away from the dark thoughts where danger lurked. It had seemed, for a while, that when it was finished he might be able to go to Mary, unafraid.

Then Ellis Smith had come to Five Points—a stranger, an artist, who had given his name at first only as "Mr. Nobody from No­where." He had walked into the chapel one evening when Mary was playing the organ and had fainted at her feet. For a week after that he had stayed in the parsonage, recu­perating from the exhaustion and hunger that had caused his col­lapse, and then he had taken a room in a nearby tenement, and found a job in the paint factory. He seemed to have every intention of staying in Five Points—and since his ar­rival, it seemed to Ned, Mary had changed.

It would have comforted him if he had been able to read Ellis Smith's thoughts at that very mo­ment. In his tenement room, across the street from the church, Ellis was thinking of Mary Ruthledge—only fleetingly, with half his mind. The sound of the organ, being played in the chapel below, threaded through the ceaseless hum of tene­ment life, and he remembered Mary as he had first seen her—bright
head bent over her music, slim hands flying over the keyboard and body swaying as her feet manipulated the pedal keys. "St. Cecilia," he had called her.

He was not, however, in love with her. Ellis Smith, he would have told you himself, had lost all power to love. The girl who would prove this belief of his to be a fallacy had not yet entered his life.

Like Ned, he was working. A sheet of paper was tacked to a drawing-board in front of him; on it he was sketching in charcoal an arrangement of bowl and fruit and paring knife which lay on his table. An unfinished oil portrait of Mary was propped up against an easel in one corner of the room. That was Mary Ruthledge to Ellis: a model, a face whose delicate contours he could, perhaps, set down on canvas.

As he shaded in the handle of the paring knife, he heard a sudden outburst of angry voices from the flat below. The Kranskys again. Why was it that people who loved each other dearly could succeed in hurting each other so? It was only love that made the Kranskys quarrel—the love of old Abe and Mrs. Kransky for their headstrong, ambitious daughter, Rose. They set their own standards for her, and expected her to live up to them; and when she chafed at their restraints, neither generation could understand the other.

The Kranskys and the Ruthledges were almost the only friends Ellis Smith had made in Five Points, which did not take quickly to what it did not understand, and emphatically did not understand this thin, intense young man with the cynical mouth and the tragic eyes. His speech, his manner, and his shabby, once-expensive clothing all marked him for a world far removed from that of Five Points. Curiosity went completely unsatisfied, however. Not even Dr. Ruthledge, recipient of so many confidences, knew that Ellis Smith's real name was Gordon Ellis, or that he had deliberately disinherited himself from his wealthy family and cast himself adrift, to succeed or fail on his own abilities.

It had been a good move. He knew that now. For the first time in a rather useless life, he was happy in his day-time job at the paint factory, and in his night-time one of painting, drawing, sketching. Bent over his drawing board, he hummed, tunelessly.

Heavy footsteps tramped up the stairs and past his door. Subconsciously, his mind registered the fact that Fredrika Lang, in the next room, was receiving a visitor.

Fredrika Lang trembled at the knock on the flimsy wood of her door. She knew too well who it was, and she knew that if she did not respond the knocking would go on, louder and louder, until its noisy rhythm spread out to vibrate all through the tenement, all through Five Points, until at last it reached the ears of the one person who must not hear it.

Once more she berated herself for yielding to the impulse to return to Five Points. She should have known that Paul would guess where she had gone, would follow her, would make himself a constant menace to the happiness of her son.

Wearily, she got off the tumbled bed, turned the yellow flame of the gas-jet higher, and opened the door. Paul Holden, who now called himself Paul Burns, cast her a brief, smirking glance, then lounged into the room.

"Good evening, my dear. Don't you think you could arrange a more wifely greeting?"

"I've told you," she said, standing stiffly beside the door, which swung shut of its own weight, "that I don't think of you as my husband any more. I (Continued on page 59)
He’s rich, he’s famous, and more important, he’s good natured and good looking too. Why, when he’d make such a perfect husband (with a beautiful new home) does Beau Bergen prefer to remain single?

practically any piece of machinery that he can take apart and try to put together again.

If you asked Bergen why he has never made marriage, he would be sure to fire back some outrageous excuse, such as he gives for owning his horse, “Chief.” He kicked me once. I bought him so I could starve him to death.” The truth is, Bergen is having entirely too much fun to settle down. With and without the ladies—but mostly with.

For the mere fact that Cupid has never been quick enough on a power dive to wing him doesn’t disqualify Edgar Bergen as a ladies’ man. On the contrary, Bergen likes coffee and he likes tea; he likes the girls and the girls—well—they are scattered all over Hollywood at this very moment, staring at the telephone and heaving long, wishful sighs. They know it may never ring for weeks with the other end saying, “Edgar Bergen speaking”—but still it might. And if you ask them exactly why it’s worth all the suspense you get swamped by a rush of such gush as: “the sweetest man in the world!” and “a perfect gentleman!” and “a circus of fun!” until you begin to get the general idea. Beau Bergen is a ladies’ man, whether he knows it or not.

Late one recent night the gently snoring citizens of Beverly Hills bolted upright in their beds as a roaring series of explosions rumbled up the canyon walls and shimmied palatial windows that clung there. Hazy about just whether the Japs had landed at last or a swarm of Heinkel bombers had considerably overshot Scapa Flow, the citizens peered timorously from their darkened windows. They saw what looked like a wobbly comet snorting and leaping down the famous Beverly bridle path.

Astride the comet perched a top-hatted, white-tied young man. Clutching his streaming coat tails for dear life a sweet young thing in a filmy evening gown shrieked with delight as she bounced behind. The citizens retired again (Continued on page 66)
Joan had always taken her abounding vitality for granted—until she was warned of the danger of losing it.

Right, with her two children, Ellen and Norman; for right, Joan and hubby Dick Powell enjoy the kind of restful vacation that the doctor ordered.

You may think you are—but there's a lesson in what Joan Blondell learned about true health for women that you can't afford to ignore.

But doctor, I simply can't stop working!" Joan Blondell was lying in bed in Mt. Zion hospital in San Francisco. Solicitous friends had rushed her there the night before, when in the midst of last-minute rehearsals for "Goodbye to Love," the play she was doing with her sister, Gloria, she had quietly folded up in a limp heap in the center of the stage.

The chart on the bottom of her bed read "Nervous Exhaustion." Just a fancy name for plain overwork. And the doctor who attended her said the remedy was very simple: all she had to do was to stop working.

But Joan couldn't stop working, and she didn't think it was necessary anyway. She wasn't sick, she pointed out. Just a little tired. Certainly not in such bad shape that she had to call off all her duties and crawl into bed. She scoffed, rather angrily, at the notion that she, who had always been so superbly healthy, should upset her own plans and those of the people who worked with her. The play was opening in San Francisco in a few days, rehearsals were still going on and she couldn't possibly be spared. On her bedside table were two fat motion picture scripts, proof that her movie bosses, too, were urging her to hurry up and work, work, work!

All these excellent reasons for getting up and going back to work only made Joan's doctor shake his head more decidedly. And all he said were those familiar words: "Young lady, there is nothing so important as your health!"

And though Joan hadn't realized she was really ill, she found out that the doctor—as always—was right! "I'm grateful that I realized it before it was too late," Joan told me one day a few weeks later. "I didn't know that the first symptoms of overwork are ominous signposts of more serious trouble to come. You have to heed them, if you are going to save all the things that make life worth living: youth, beauty, and your essential vitality. Over-rule the doctor's orders for too long, and they're gone. Gone for good."

I wondered, as Joan spoke, how many other women—not Hollywood stars, but housewives and stenographers and women in the everyday walks of life—desperately need that same realization.

Are you really well? You aren't, unless you can say truthfully that your body has a fresh, un wearied zest—that you do not suffer from that too-familiar "dragged-out" feeling—that, in short, you are not tired. You may not be ill, but you do need a rest. Your body is giving you the warning signals that mean "over work."

It seems impossible, always, to stop working. All of us are so busy in this (Continued on page 80)
Y
OU know his voice.

You heard it just before Edward VIII, King of England and Emperor of India, announced his intention of abdicating his throne to marry the woman he loved.

You heard it just before Neville Chamberlain, then prime minister of Great Britain, told the world the result of the Munich conference.

You heard it again, broken with horror and tension, on the first night of England's entrance into her second war with Germany, giving out the British Admiralty's statement of the sinking of the *Athenia*.

You heard it when the German armies marched through Denmark.

You heard it when Rotterdam fell.

You heard it, taut with strain, during the retreat of the British from Dunkerque.

It comes on the air after the introduction of the American announcer of NBC, "And now we shall call in London. The next voice you will hear will be that of our representative in the English capital, Mr. Fred Bate. Go ahead, London!"

Almost always it is the forerunner of news of world-stirring importance, the herald of a world empire.

It sounds like an English voice, carefully modulated, authentically Mayfair. It should, for Mr. Fred Bate has lived in London for a long time. He's a veteran of Britain's premier crack regiment, the Coldstream Guards. He's the intimate friend and companion of royalty. From his voice and his social location you'd probably think him a product of the West End of London.

He isn't.

He rose to high fortune from the great West Side of Chicago.

Back in the days when Joe Howard was singing "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" at the old LaSalle Theater on East Madison Street, Fred Bate was eating ten-cent lunches at a bakery on West Madison Street. He was a kid then in McKinley High School. Even in that faraway time, though, he was a young man with a destiny. He knew it.

At seventeen he thought the pen was mightier than the sword. Before he was through high school he was doing commercial cartoons. If you knew Chicago in those days you'll remember one of his masterpieces. All the billboards of the town were placarded with Fred Bate's drawing, a fantastic sketch of a wild-eyed young man dragging by the hand an obviously-willing young woman as he called to her, "Come on, Min, let's go to Riverview!"

Riverview was Chicago's biggest amusement park. Fred Bate worked there during that summer vacation as assistant press agent. When he wasn't sketching cartoons for the park's (Continued on page 38)
Janet Murrow refused to leave her husband when CBS arranged to evacuate all the wives of its reporters.

Meet two men who shoulder the lion’s share of responsibility in the task of broadcasting the war—Fred Bate of NBC and Edward R. Murrow of CBS

After a blacked-out night, the thin light of dawn is creeping up over the land of England—over the hedgerows and sturdy oaks and grassy meadows of the countryside, over the smoke and grime of London and the huge industrial cities of the Midlands, over the gray, oily ripples of the Thames, over the Channel and over all the big, skyward-pointing guns. It is half-past three in England, and a slender, intense-looking man is sitting in front of a microphone in the Columbia Broadcasting System’s London office, saying:

“Hello, America. This is Edward R. Murrow.”

It’s three-thirty in London. Across three thousand miles of tossing sea, it is ten-thirty in New York—along toward the end of the evening, nearly bed-time for all the folks who must be up and working the next morning. It’s nearly bed-time for Ed Murrow too. But unlike his working compatriots in New York, he won’t get eight hours of sleep. He’ll be lucky if he gets four, and more likely it will be three or even two. Or maybe none at all, if something should happen.

The time when Ed Murrow worried about not getting enough sleep is past—long past. He’s pretty well used to it now, and he has more important things on his mind. He might very easily worry about whether the office where he works or the apartment building where he lives will still be left standing, brick on brick, by the time another British dawn rolls around. As a matter of fact, he doesn’t worry much about that, either.

Chiefly concerning him at the moment, and at all moments, is his job. For Ed Murrow is European Director for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and he must keep his finger on the pulse of all Europe. He must get the news, he must get it straight, he must write it, he must submit it to the censors, he must clear the time for broadcasting it to the United States, and he must talk it into a microphone. Of course he has assistants, but not as many as you’d expect. And anyway, he’s the boss. Seeing that things run right is his responsibility, and no one else’s.

It wasn’t like this in the old days—away back in 1937 when Ed first went to London as CBS’ European director. Then his job, while important enough, was a matter of arranging quaint broadcasts like an interview with a London cabby, or an on-the-spot show which was accurately titled, “Saturday Night in the Spread Eagle Pub at Little Barfield, Sussex.” Or he would see to it that George Bernard Shaw or H. G. Wells or the current party whip in the House of Commons was persuaded to say a few well-chosen words for (Continued on page 68)
Eagerly, this famous star seized the incredible chance that offered the only possible escape from her bitter, hateful marriage—never thinking that some day, for love’s sake, she would be forced to confess her secret.
way decent ear for music—and money.

I should have been forewarned by Grazzi's attitude toward John Custis. The old man looked on John as a very clever charlatan. But I was very young. I still believed that people were generally good, if you let them be. Besides, John Custis didn't look like a charlatan to me.

I met him the next morning at his studio, as Grazzi had arranged. The moment I saw him coming toward me across the wide, thickly carpeted studio, his hand stretched out for mine and a gentle, half smile on his lips, my impression was that he had been deeply hurt at some time. He was so handsome and, somehow, so sad. His voice was very low and had a soft, sad quality, too.

He led me to the piano and tested my voice for range. Then he made me sing a couple of songs. As I stood there singing, his eyes took on life, they glowed almost. The sadness gave way to a look of happiness. I thought it was my singing that had affected him so much and it made me very proud to be able to erase the unhappiness from his eyes so easily. How could I guess what he had in his mind? I knew nothing about him.

John Custis coached me for four weeks. I worked on a microphone in his studio. I studied the numbers he selected for me. They weren't good numbers, but they were all flashy—what we call "bravura" numbers, lots of trills and runs and high notes. And after four weeks, John himself took me to a radio network for an audition.
It all happened so fast. And it was all so easy. Suddenly, I was a discovery. I got a contract with the radio station. My name began to appear in all the papers with surprising regularity, always coupled with the name of John Custis, who was credited with having discovered me.

Of course, after awhile, I thought I could stop taking lessons from John. But he wouldn't hear of it.

"Merry, darling," he said when I mentioned leaving him, "you're a singer. You think because you have that contract you're all set for the future. But you don't know radio, the politics, the red-tape. I do. Let me handle all those things for you. You just sing."

So, just to keep things business-like, I signed a contract making John my manager and there was never any more talk of leaving him. Grazzi was furious with me. John went right on coaching me, selecting the numbers I was to do on the air, advising me, telling me what to wear and where to live. He was very clever. Old Grazzi was right about him, but I didn't see that until much later. Until too late.

I didn't see then that John was doing everything he could to keep me dependent on him. I didn't realize that I was happy to be with him only because I was lonely and there was no one else. Nor did I know that since my "discovery," pupils had been flocking to him, some with talent, some utterly hopeless, but all of them acceptable to John. I didn't know then that John didn't care how he made his money as long as he made a lot of it.

I never questioned my feelings for John until that night when he drove me out into the country and asked me to marry him. The top was down and the summer night was soft around us. There was just enough light from the moon to show me his face had that sad look on it and as he talked in that gentle way he had sometimes, I felt that he was horribly afraid I was going to hurt him.

Now, looking back on it all, I can't find any excuse for what I did. I can tell myself that I was young and foolish and romantic. But nothing alters the fact that I knew I didn't love John, knew it even while he was begging me to marry, while he was leaning over me, his nervous, supplicating hands playing on my arms, my shoulders, drawing me closer and holding me tight against his tense body. He was kissing me and his kisses didn't mean anything. But I was young, just young enough to be noble. I couldn't bear the thought of hurting him. He had been so good to me, so kind, so unselfish. I felt that I had to repay him.

And so, I married him.

At first, it wasn't so bad. There must be a certain satisfaction, a certain compensation, in being noble, I guess. Anyway, it kept me going for almost a year.

Then, gradually, John became more and more possessive. He was insanely jealous. He flew into tantrums on the slightest provocation. A cruel, sadistic streak in him began to come to the surface. I think he suspected that I didn't love him and that made him more and more aggressive in his love making, as though he thought he could break down my resistance by the sheer force of his caresses.

Our private life became just a succession of horrible scenes, when John would scream and rave at me. Often, I was on the point of leaving him. At such times, he would break down and cry. It's terrible watching a man cry. And I'd get the feeling that it was all my fault and I'd feel sorry for him and give in to him and we'd have peace for awhile.

Not that John's hold over me was purely this emotional one. No, he had me in the hollow of his hand in every way. There was that contract I had signed with him. I didn't realize what kind of a contract this was until nearly two years after I'd been married to him. Then, one day after a violent scene, I told him I was going to divorce him.

"Oh, you are, are you?" he screamed at me. "And what are you going to live on after you get your divorce?"

Naturally, I said I still had my work. By that time I was planning a concert tour and studying very hard with Grazzi.

"You won't have any work," John announced. "You won't have any work, because I'll see to it that you don't."

"I have contracts," I said.

"Sure," he said. "And you have one with me. Better read it over carefully."

I not only read the contract myself, I went (Continued on page 75)
DID YOU EVER

Lyrics by BOB MUSEL
and WOODY HERMAN
Music by LIONEL RAND

Once Woody Herman sang while Tony Martin played a saxophone. Now, Woody's a band-leader and Tony's a singer. Lovely Dillagene Plum is Woody's vocalist.
DID YOU EVER

Presenting a delightfully gay tune that we're betting will add still more fame to the reputation of its co-author and introducer, orchestra leader Woody Herman

Lyrics by
BOB MUSEL
WOODY HERMAN

Music by
LIONEL RAND

Chorus

Did you ever Walk a-round in a dream?

Did you ever Use the moon for a theme?

Did you ever Look at real es-tate views?

Did you ever Read the fur-ni-ture news?

These are things I'm do-ing more and more

You're the one that I've been wait-ing for

Did you ev-er Pluck the stars from above?

Did you ev-er?

Then you must be in love.

Did you love,
The Fashionable Forties—Irene, star of radio's Glorious One, heard Sunday nights over the NBC-Blue network, and recently starred in MGM's "Mortal Storm," is proof that the mature woman of today can be just as smart as her young daughter. For summer days, Miss Rich wears this triple sheer frock.
She's the unpredictable, unconventional and completely delightful Martha Scott, who proves you can be a great star without glamour, even in Hollywood

By HOWARD SHARPE

YOU simply can't believe it about Martha Scott. The whole thing's too improbable.

When you find out what there is to know about this girl, you learn not only the upside down story of Hollywood's Helen Hayes—as they call her out there—but also of radio's Alice Blair. Alice comes to you through Martha's voice in the afternoon, just as you finish your dusting; and you listen, millions of you.

For Martha Scott went back to radio, where she got her start, after she'd been signed right into wealth and glory by the movie fellows. She went back because she's a girl with ideals. She understands that those day-by-day radio serials bring a lot of pleasure to women everywhere. Listeners know Alice Blair as Martha's voice; if Martha slopped talking, Alice—who is a very alive and meaningful person to so many of you—would die.

Besides, young Miss Scott (she's twenty-four, to be exact) isn't going to be flattered and ballyhooed by enthusiastic critics into believing she's Hollywood's White Hope until she sees it happen. "Not on one picture, or even three," she said. "I'm going to keep an out, in case I'm like a meringue on its fourth day."

Shrewd, that one, along with her ideals.

The first time I saw her (on the "Howards of Virginia" location) Martha was a stunning Southern belle dressed in chic riding clothes of the Revolutionary period and galloping horse-back down a trail toward a bevy of rolling cameras. Side-saddle, which is the hardest way.

Three hours later I came upon an unspectacular young lady dressed in slacks and without glamour. She looked a little like one of the script girls, except that her face was more distinctive than any script-girl's face ever was (square-jawed, high-browed, with disturbingly intelligent eyes)—and she was looking speculatively up into a tree.

"Hi," I said. Then, of course: "What's up there?"

"Nothing. Somebody said if I climbed a tree this afternoon I wouldn't be stiff tomorrow from riding."

"Haven't been on a horse for a while, hmm?"

"I have never been on a horse. Until today." She limped into the sun and sat down. "I hurt," she added reflectively.

The sun up in Santa Cruz, California, is nice and warm, and there are pine trees all around and if you're on a hill you can look down at the bay, too. Martha and I sat, looked, and talked about her (or the rest of the afternoon. But maybe I'd better tell you her story from the beginning, in a straight line, so you don't get confused. It's a nice sort of tale, with its dominant overtone of love and its undertones of sacrifice, of great friendship, of struggle and of near despair. (Continued on page 55)
The selection of a fall coat is most important, for it can make or break your entire wardrobe. Sport coats will have a boxy, broad-shouldered look, and often will be collarless. Short, boxy models will predominate among fur coats—they will be sans collars and will have open sleeves and deep pockets.

"Fall frocks will feature nearly every fabric and color. Sleeves will have many new details." Hats will be perky, a bit gay and surely becoming, says Miss Head. These designer tips coupled with the photographs of Mary's wardrobe are Good News for Fall.

"Coats should drop an inch below the dress hemline. Evening clothes will have skirts longer in back."

New silhouettes, short skirts, perky hats—here's Radio Mirror's preview of fall fashions, worn by lovely Mary Martin

This three-piece costume (right) is navy flannel. The slash pockets and lining of the jacket match the lining of the top coat.

For colder days, Mary selected a gray Persian lamb jacket (left) with an off-the-face navy felt hat, and chamois gloves.
Once upon a time there was a debbie who lounged at the Colony Club every day. She lolléd around at “21” in the afternoons, shrilling about nothing with other empty-headed society girls. In the evenings, she went to the Versailles, or El Morocco, or the Stork Club. You simply MUST be seen in the right places, my dear! Twice a year, she went to Bermuda or Nassau and lazed around on the beaches with indolent young men who wore crew haircuts. She was seen with suave continentals, who never had any money in their pockets, but who did have such titles as “Duke” or “Count” or “Marquis.”

She thought she was having the time of her life. And she spoke of the things that happened to her as being “simply marvelous” or “simply wonderful” or “simply delicious.” Too often, she drank one cocktail too many and her Lily Dache hat would sit very precariously on her head. Whenever the pace slackened, she would get panicky because she was afraid to admit that life with the 400 was boring.

Do I remember her? Oh, very well. Her name was Frederica Gallatin. That girl was me.

The name is no longer Frederica Gallatin. It’s plain Freddie Donahue now. My friends are no longer the people who speak only to the 400. My friends are the real, sincere, down-to-earth people who work for a living.

Society kicked me out. It turned its back on me for committing an unpardonable breach of Blue Book etiquette. You see, I fell in love with a danceband leader and married him. His name is Al Donahue and I hope you’ve heard of him and have two children. Albert Jr., two years old. Our home is in Manhattan, Long Island. The doormen at the fashionable spots don’t see me any more because I’m too busy with the children and with trotting to the butcher and the baker. They wouldn’t recognize me if they did see me, for my face is relaxed. Living a simple, married life has given me a sort of easy, permanent smile. I’m perfectly happy and I intend to stay that way.

All I know about society these days is what I read in the newspapers. And when I read about the antics of my ex-cohorts, I sigh with relief and thank Heaven that I am no longer copy for Cholly Knickerbocker or Lucius Beebe. I paid the price every glamour girl pays for a life devoted to being seen in the right places.

It is a one-dimensional life, believe me. It’s a mad, frantic chase for a happiness you never quite catch. It makes you jittery, unhappy and, after awhile, stupid and unbearable. The people aren’t real because they have no purpose in life. True happiness lies in the enjoyment of simple things. But few glamour girls get off the merry-go-round long enough to realize this.

I might be in “21” right now, in-
Presenting an exciting, easy-to-enter contest for all mothers, in which all you need to win one of 28 cash prizes is—a photograph!

MOTHERS, here's a contest designed especially for you, the most important members of all families. For years there have been beautiful baby contests, but now mothers can get their recognition, too. And it's simplicity itself to win.

All you have to do to become eligible to win one of the twenty-eight cash prizes is to send Radio Mirror a photograph of yourself and your child, or children. The photograph, a stamp and an envelope—and you're on your way.

The sponsors of the popular CBS daytime program, My Son and I, in cooperation with Radio Mirror, are making this unique contest possible. But that doesn't mean your entry must be a mother-and-son picture. A mother-and-daughter picture, or one of a mother and daughter and son will be just as acceptable to the judges.

So send in that cherished mother and child photograph. It needn't be a studio portrait—any good, clear snapshot not smaller than 3½ by 4½ inches will do. Neither does it have to be a picture taken recently. It may bring you a cash prize, plus the thrill of seeing it published later in this magazine.

Read the rules carefully to be sure you know exactly what to do and then dig out your album or put a new roll of film in the camera, get your daughter or son, or both, pose them with yourself—and the judges will do the rest.

And just as a guide and suggestion as to the kind of pictures you can send in, here on these two pages are a variety of mother-and-child photographs, with famous radio stars posing with their children.

OFFICIAL ENTRY COUPON
Mother and Child Photo Editor, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 565, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please enter the accompanying photograph in your Mother and Child Photo Contest, pursuant to your published rules governing this contest.

Name:
Address:
City State:

YOUR CHILD and YOU

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere may compete except employees of
   Communications Publications, Inc. and members of their
   families.

2.Send in four copies of your picture:
   a. In color, if you wish.
   b. In black and white.
   c. In 3½ by 4½-inch format only.
   d. In duplicate.

3. Each picture submitted must bear the official entry coupon
   printed hereon.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of human interest and
   appeal according to the judges' discretion.

5. Entries will be judged anonymously and
   ahwill be returned to you.

6. Judges will make a fair decision after
   considering each entry.

7. No cash prizes will be awarded to
   winners of the Mother and Child Photo Contest.

8. Entries must be received on or before
   midnight, November 12th, 1949, the closing date of this
   contest.

You can submit an album shot, like the one above of Bess Johnson and daughter Jane, or an informal snap like that below of Edward G. Robinson and Manny.

Mary Livingsone and Joan Naomi Benny pose in the intimacy of their own home.
In this intimate radio novel of one woman's marriage, Elizabeth squarely faces the choice of living her own life or the one John offers her—as fate adds new irony to her dilemma.

Elizabeth Perry was resentful, fearful and terribly alone. John, her husband, whom she adored, was so immersed in Perry's Department Store that he had forgotten about his wife and home. The women with whom he worked in the store shared more of his thoughts than his own wife.

There was Annette Rogers, clever young society woman who was John's chief dress designer. Jealousy for Annette was already beginning to stir in Elizabeth's heart when she learned, indirectly, that Annette had been borrowing money from John with which to play—very successfully—the stock market. John's admiration for Annette's financial cleverness was so obvious that Elizabeth decided to a sudden decision—to beat Annette at her own game by investing in the market herself. When she discovered that the millionaire, Robin Pennington, who was a principal stockholder in the store, had been giving Annette the market tips which turned out so successfully, Elizabeth asked Pennington to help her with his advice. The next day she invested the $20,000 worth of bonds which John had given her on their marriage, in an oil stock, buying on margin. After an agonizing week she was told that she must raise another $10,000, or lose her original investment, and in a panic she mortgaged the house.

Then her plans crashed about her head. The oil stocks fell to almost nothing, and she lost her entire $20,000. Annette announced her intention of marrying Henry Sullivan, John's business competitor, and Elizabeth divined it was because she had lost the money which John had loaned her. John, desperately in need of money for the store, asked Elizabeth for her bond, and she was forced to confess that they were gone. John turned to the only backer he could find, wealthy Mortimer Prince, who agreed to put money into the store if John would hire his daughter, Carlie, and teach her store management.

Days passed before the breach between Elizabeth and John caused by her loss of the money was completely healed. Robin Pennington, seeing her unhappiness, revealed his own love for her and offered to give her a job on a commission he had recently bought. Thus, he pointed out, she could earn money to repay John. But while she pondered his offer, miraculously, her life with John became happy once more. She had dreaded the advent of Carlie Prince, but John seemed to think of the lovely, spoiled heiress only as a charming child, and of himself almost as her father. For weeks, John and Elizabeth knew their old happy relationship. Then, on a week-end when they had planned to celebrate their wedding anniversary, John was summoned by wire to Mortimer Prince's lodge at Lake Bemidji.

Disappointed at being left alone on her anniversary, Elizabeth tried to pass the time while John was away—and late on Saturday night, turning on the radio, she heard the news flash of a hotel fire at Lake Bemidji, where John Perry and Carlie Prince were listed as among the missing!

Then John turned to Elizabeth, his arms half extended, as if he were pleading with her to trust in him.

There must be some mistake! Elizabeth Perry repeated the words again and again, barely conscious they had become her prayer during that frantic drive.

A mistake. Yet, against her constant hope, her heart pounded out the staccato words of the news broadcast, announcing over and over the horror in her ears:

"... the Crane Hotel in the resort town of Lake Bemidji is on fire, a blazing inferno... among those registered and missing are John Perry... Carlie Prince..."

Only the hope of saving her husband had driven Elizabeth out into the night. When she had heard the news bulletin, as she sat peacefully by her fire, an electric switch turned in her mind, sent her into action.

Now through three of the strangest hours she had ever known, she had strained at the wheel of her car, peering through the foggy night, turning and struggling through narrow country roads—on toward Lake Bemidji.

A heavy fog blanketed the narrow road. Only by leaning far out of the car could she see as she drove. The hazard was too great for time to think beyond the feeble reach of the headlights. Had she been unwise in taking this back route to the Lake? Could she have made better time on the main highway, which, of course, would be roaring with fire engines, ambulances and speeding cars?

Copyright, 1940, Frank and Anne Hummert
“Why did this have to happen now?” she was thinking—when she had at last decided to leave John, begin a life without him.

Against the wall of fog she imagined John’s face. She strained to see the expression, which eluded her. If only he could know she was trying to reach him, that it was impossible to rush the car faster. The wild impulse wound her fingers tighter about the unyielding wheel. She tried to grip her excited heart, hold her mind still.

THIS couldn’t be the end! Five years of love, of marriage, of life together... this couldn’t be the end—for John. For her, too. How could she go on without him?

Elizabeth struggled to think of the present, in which she was hurrying to help, to find John, doing the only thing she knew to do; even though she arrived too late, even though she were powerless when she reached him. Like a drowning person, she reviewed so much of what had gone before in John’s life with her. John’s life. It couldn’t be over, because he loved to live too dearly. He lived every ounce of life richly, fully. Out in it all the time, reaching for the maximum, inviting challenge, courting the exhilaration of combat, excitement. If only she could have been more exciting to him! The feeling of inadequacy bit into her excited heart. John loved thinking of her as being out of the stimulation of business. He wanted her in a comfortable home, separated from his active world... just as she had been tonight when his world of activity and excitement reached in and found her, striking her into action with its news. Its unrest. No, the life John visualized for his wife held no terror such as this. No matter what happened John would not want her driving wildly, blindly into the night.

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Elizabeth’s heart pumped like the car engine. The sudden steep incline called for second gear. At the hill top, where the trees cleared, surely she would be able to see the fire! Would John still be missing? She could not push the other thought back longer... would Carlie be missing, too?

Why, in the greatest torment she had ever known, did she keep thinking of Carlie? Why was Carlie Prince in the hotel where John was? Why, too, was John there, when he had said he was going to Mortimer Prince’s lodge? The lodge was at the opposite end of the lake from the hotel. Miles lay between. The ugly facts, the uglier questions, marshalled themselves before her, refusing to be ignored.

Oh, did it really matter now what John had said, what she once believed and understood? What suspicion could be important now? Only one thing mattered. Only one—that John was alive. Elizabeth’s wide, staring eyes stung with guilt.

NOW, on the hill top she could see flames flashing high and wide! The lake, mirroring the flare, was fantastic.

Elizabeth’s foot pushed harder on the gas. Her hands gripped the wheel, steadying and comforting her in some small measure as a prayer burst from her heart:

“Let him be alive. . . . Let him be alive.”

How she ever lived until she saw John would always remain a mystery of horror in her memory. Seconds dragged painfully as a state trooper propelled her up the steps of a little hospital at Lake Bemidji, through the corridor, up more steps, where ether was stronger than smoke.

John was lying on a white bed. He was fully clothed. A bandage was wound about his head. He did not see her, because his eyes were closed and during that strange second as she stood in the doorway, her mind photographed every detail. That he was alone, that two lights burned strangely against the stark white of the walls and the first rays of morning sun.

“John! John!”

Elizabeth’s voice was hoarse, barely more than a whisper. She reached (Continued on page 70)
Celebrating a birthday for Blondie on the air—author A. E. Scott, Dagwood, Blondie, bandleader Billy Artzt.

Is it business or pleasure that is attracting Ona Munson, femme star of Big Town, to the big town?

Bill Goodwin, Bob Hope's announcer, will resume work on the Blondie programs, after a two months' absence trotting the stage boards with Hope.

The death of Robert Wildhack upset the plans of Al Pearce's show the other week. The famous "sneeze and snore" artist was scheduled to appear on the show.

The Dr. Christian show, starring Jean Hersholt, is already signed until 1942.

The Andrews Sisters, Maxine, Patty and LaVerne, are playing featured parts in "Argentine Nights" with the Ritz Brothers, and are so good they have been signed for three additional pictures.

Fanny Brice frankly admits that the comic strip is her favorite reading. She studies the comics in all daily papers.

Shooting of the first "Scattergood Baines" starts August first!

By GEORGE FISHER
Mutual's Hollywood Reporter

Shirley Temple will not be a voter for another decade. But this month she proved that she won't be "lost in the shuffle" before she becomes of voting age. Shirley, I am told very confidentially, has arranged for a long series of broadcasts commencing late in the fall. She has made temporary deals with two major film companies, any one of which assures us that she will remain on the screen. Which means she will be busier than ever before.

One reason Shirley's been kept off the air is that she was too young to read, which would necessitate her having to memorize radio scripts. Now that she's grown-up, look for her to continue to hang on to her place in your heart as a movie and radio favorite.

Irving Hoffman, in New York, writes that Milton Berle, the comic, is a dead ringer for Ben Lyon, since he had his nose clipped down.

Gracie Allen and Irene Dunne are guests at Carmel Myers' garden-party in aid of the Red Cross.
THE WINNERS

By KATE SMITH
Radio Mirror Food Counsellor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks over CBS at 12 o'clock, noon, E.D.T., sponsored by General Foods.

HERE I am, with more of those wonderful prize-winning recipes from the Radio Mirror Cooking Contest, just as I promised you. So many con jesters sent in recipes for desserts that my hunch that most of the eating public is dessert-minded was confirmed, and for this reason I've selected for you five desserts which are new, delicious and different from any I've ever eaten. But varied as they are, they have one thing in common— they are quickly and easily made and they require a minimum of baking time, surely an asset in these sultry days.

Since so many of you have adopted the modern method of economy—using the oven to prepare number of these desserts.

Polly Apples
(Mrs. E. E. Hughes, Wilmore, Pa.)
4 medium apples
1 cup sour cream
3/4 cup water
Cinnamon

Cut apples in half and remove cores. Place, rounded side up, in cake pan or baking dish, add water and bake at moderate temperature until apples begin to soften. Pour sour milk over apples, sprinkle generously with cinnamon then continue cooking until mixture bubbles and apples are done. This makes a nice individual dessert—two apple halves cooked in a small ramakin.

Paradise Coconut Surprise
(Mrs. Grace V. Moraw, Spokane, Wash.)
1 pt. milk
1 cup hulled strawberries
2 (16 oz.) cans condensed mushroom soup
(1) Use shredded chicken and mushroom sauce as given in original recipe.
(2) Use shredded chicken and mushroom in filling, and serve with mushroom sauce as given in original recipe.
(3) Use flaked salmon (canned) in filling and bake with rich white sauce to which one small can of peas (drained) and bananas (cooked fresh peas) has been added. One teaspoon grated onion may be added to any one of these sauces if you like it.
When you hear the strains of savage music on a piano, it's the introduction to Bob Zurke's band.

THE Artie Shaw-Lana Turner marriage is now just a front page memory, but the clarinetist is doing well enough musically, on the Burns and Allen commercial.

Benny Goodman should be out of Mayo Clinic by the time you read this. He sought relief in the famous Minnesota hospital from a sciatic nerve condition. Ziggy Elman did the baton waving while Benny was away. However, the bespectacled swinger is expected back on the bandstand for his September Meadowbrook, N. J., engagement.

Griff Williams will be a 1941 papa. ... Bonnie King, a former KMBC, Kansas City songstress, is now a member of the Bob Crosby band. ... Leith Stevens' band renewed for the Fall Big Town series.

Paul Whiteman and his band are reported to have received $30,000 for their chase in the new Mickey Rooney film, "Strike Up the Band."

Best bet for next season: Lovely Carol Bruce, hit singer of "Louisiana Purchase." Movie, record, and radio people are after the girl who used to pinch-hit for Bea Wain in Larry Clinton's band.

Marilyn Stuart, Hollywood eyeeful, has signed a two year contract to sing with Al Kavelin's band.

You can tune in Hal Kemp from New Orleans' Roosevelt Hotel and Ted Lewis from Chicago's Chez Paree.

TOM CAT OF THE KEYS FROM a backstage dressing room in New York's Paramount theater, one day last season, came the stately sounds of a Bach fugue—a strange and foreign noise for this swing citadel. Like an unheralded pied piper, the player attracted the assorted stagefolk. They listened reverently. When the concert was finished, only the distant sounds of the talkie, coming from the auditorium, broke the spell. Suddenly the pianist spun around. When he saw his audience, his face turned crimson. He got up sheepishly and closed the door.

A few minutes later this same pianist was seated at another piano—this time on the stage—and was beating out a savage boogie woogie introduction that meant one thing to the joyful spectators: Bob Zurke and his band.

That little backstage episode is the best way to describe 28-year-old, Detroit-born jazz stylist, tabbed so appropriately the "tomcat of the keys." Because back of all his modern piano hijinks is a sound knowledge of the classics. Bob says he couldn't play his kind of jazz without it.

When I asked Bob about that Bach performance, he explained: "It was opening day. My band was new. I wasn't sure we had clicked, so when I got to my dressing room I went directly to the piano and tried to play—play anything that would get my mind off that first show. I guess I was pessimistic. Anytime I'm feeling low, you see, I turn to Bach." Bob hasn't played much Bach since that memorable day. He's been too happy. The month of July saw his band in a summer collaboration with singer Tony Martin. Together they played a series of successful one night engagements that helped win this band many new friends. The Fall season promises lucrative engagements.

Bob was born in Detroit of a poor but large family. He had five sisters and two brothers. From the time he was four, his strong, nimble fingers have splashed keyboards—hurdy gurdy keyboards, Steinways, a gumbushed keyboard in a nickelodeon, and
now on his shiny, new Storytone, which utilizes specially designed electrical amplification to give full tone color to piano solos.

When there wasn’t enough money to take care of music lessons, Bob got them by other methods. He would work, or he’d win a music scholarship. By the time he and his cousin Stanley Dennis, now a well known bass player, formed their first band Bob had sixteen years of musical study behind him.

To make sure that their band was playing in the currently popular tempo, the cousins would listen for hours to the recordings of Jean Goldkette, Red Nichols, and Bix Beiderbecke, and be guided by them.

Those early recordings of pioneer swing were never forgotten. “I play now as I played then/ with allowances only for a sprightlier tempo,” Bob said.

But so enmeshed in musical finesse did Bob become that he sacrificed all attempts to learn finances or showmanship. Thus his star was late in shining. For years he banged around from one band to another. Sometimes he was stranded. Often he worked in two bands at a time.

This happened when Bob was in urgent need of cash and his mother was ill. His first chore lasted from 6 P.M. to 2 A.M. Then, while the other musicians were wearily packing their instruments, Bob would dash out to a nearby honky tonk, and tickle the keys for another four hours.

Fortunately for Bob’s fingers, his prolific pianology became known to wise musicians. The golden offer finally came. Bob Crosby’s pianist, Joe Sullivan, was desperately ill. They needed a replacement quickly.

Bob Zurke flew from Detroit to Dallas. He arrived in Texas at 8:30 and was on the bandstand an hour later. Bob quit the Crosby band last year. Some say he was never happy there since he was not one of the troupe included in the cooperative setup, and hence did not share in the yearly dividends. Others say Bob was not an easy man to handle. Then there were always offers from bookers suggesting that he head his own band.

Bob Zurke was hounded by bad luck. He broke his finger just before his band’s premiere. After that, just when the band was getting a start, swing music started to decline.

Bob has certain set ideas on how to play dance music. Here are some of his rules:

“Play the blues simple and clear. You must feel a ballad and fill out the tones. As for a rhythm number, well, just go out and pitch!”

How They Make Records

THANKS to dance music, the phonograph record industry is experiencing an almost unbelievably successful revival. There has been a 700 per cent sales increase since 1933. Last year, 50,000,000 discs were sold. There are now some 300,000 slot machine phonographs blaring forth across the country. Many of the radios sold today have record-playing attachments.

With this rebirth, the manufacture of recordings has improved considerably. Contrary to popular belief, there is no wax or rubber in records. The material is composed of resins, shellac, and various types of fillers in a formula that is constantly being changed. This takes the form of a huge mass of black dough, before it is pressed into discs. The master record is cut in a large studio, where the bandleader checks with the sound engineer to insure high quality acoustics and proper microphone placement.

Often a song is played a dozen times before perfection is reached. Then another engineer watches the groove on the master through a microscope to make certain its depth is correct.

This record then undergoes a metalizing process, receiving two applications of bronze powder and a silver cyanide treatment in order to form a silver plate from the disc.

The disc is then passed to the engraving division where any imperfections are engraved out. Old or imperfect (Continued on page 83)

A lump of “biscuit dough” is inserted in this machine and in 35 seconds out pops a perfect record.
The Southernaires, one of Hollywood’s most versatile radio companies, and heard tonight as Madge Harrington in Irene Rich’s serial, Glorious One. She was born in Geneva, Switzerland, and her real name’s Aneuta Zakovsky. Coming to America with her parents in 1910, she went to school in Chicago, then studied dramatics and began acting. In Hollywood, she’s appeared in pictures as well as on the stage.
**MONDAY’S HIGHLIGHTS**

Ted Collins and Kate Smith go speed-boating between broadcasts.

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

September 2: It’s Labor Day, the last holiday of the summer—so make the most of it. ... For racing fans, NBC has the Washington Park Handicap from Homewood, Ill.; and both NBC and CBS broadcast the opening day race at Aqueduct Park. ... Drew Pearson and Robert Allen and their Washington Merry-Go-Round do their last broadcast tonight. ... Those We Love returns—CBS at 8:00.

September 9: Two of your old favorites return to the air tonight—True or False, on NBC-Blue at 8:30, and the Lux Radio Theater, on CBS at 9:00.

September 16: Listen to Richard Maxwell’s new program, A Friend in Death, on CBS at 3:45 this afternoon.

September 23: Ted Husing broadcasts the opening of the Belmont Race Track this afternoon over CBS.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Kate Smith Speaks, on CBS at 12 noon, E.D.T., sponsored by Grape Nuts.

It’s a semi-vacation that Kate Smith is having this summer. When the sponsors of her noonday talks decided they’d like to keep the show on the air through the hot weather, Kate countered with a request that she be allowed to go on the air from her summer home at Lake Placid—and that’s what was finally decided, to everybody’s satisfaction. You ought to see the comfortable set-up Kate and her manager, Ted Collins, have put up there in the cool mountains. Kate’s home is on Buck Island, about a mile and a half off shore from the town of Lake Placid. It’s almost like a small village in itself, because both Kate and Ted have their homes there, plus guest houses, boat houses, a tennis court and a big outdoor barbecue pit. Three speedboats are moored to the dock, so that nobody need be disappointed when the urge to go somewhere comes. Kate herself is an expert at operating a speedboat, and usually insists on taking the wheel. She loves speed of any kind, and drives a car so fast that everyone worries about her safety.

The broadcast today comes from a special room in Kate’s house. Kate, Ted, Mrs. Collins and the Collins’ daughter, Adelaide, all live on the island, but the program crew, consisting of a CBS engineer, a United Press news man to take care of the news teletype machines, and script writer Jane Tompkins, all live at the hotel in town to keep in better touch with what’s going on in the world. The CBS engineer, John McCartney, has the most envied job of the summer. His sole duty is to handle the controls for fifteen minutes five days a week; other than that he doesn’t have to do a thing. And here’s the joke—when he finishes his long summer at Lake Placid late in September, he still has his vacation coming to him! Kate doesn’t lack for entertainment between broadcasts. There are the speed-boats, of course, and the whole lake to swim in, and her garden to take care of, and her cooker spaniel, Freckles, to take walking, and fish to catch, and her own movies to take. At night while the party can grill steaks over the barbecue pit, and later go into town to see a movie (Kate is a rabid movie fan) or drop in at the Beach Club. Or they can stay on the island and run off some of the numerous movies they take themselves.

Some time during the summer they all hope to drive up to Nova Scotia for a week, doing the broadcast from different points on route. Only one thing worries Kate while she’s at Lake Placid. Every time she looks at her garden she thinks of the one she has in New York, on the terrace of her penthouse apartment—and she frets a little. She wonders if it’s getting along all right.

**SAY HELLO TO . . .**

**PAT MURPHY—Girl Alone’s Scoop Curtis on NBC. Pat is a genial, friendly Irishman who has been in radio since 1930, just after he left college. He’d been trained to be a concert pianist, but radio seemed to offer a better living. Since 1935, when he came to Chicago, he’s been in demand as a leading man on the air. Pat married Lu­cille Edwards, formerly of station KSTP, St. Paul, in 1936.**
TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Treasure Chest, starring Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights with Jean Forney, personality singer—on NBC-Red at 8:30 P.M., E.D.T., sponsored by Tums. Yes, this is another quiz program, but it's the only one on the air on which you can win romance as well as money. Steady Heidt fans for the last few years may remember a stunt he began when he was leading his band in New York's Hotel Biltmore. It was called Answers from Dancers, and was originated long enough ago to be on the ground floor of the quiz craze. In it Horace would pick out dancing couples, bring a portable microphone within range of them, and ask them questions—the whole proceeding being broadcast.

The Treasure Chest is Answers from Dancers adapted to a radio studio instead of a dance floor. Horace chooses couples from the studio audience. Each couple is handed a string attached to a bell, and Horace asks a question that can be answered with the name of a tune from the orchestra score. As soon as the contestants think they have the right answer they pull the string and the bell rings, thus timing them. Six couples take part in each half-hour broadcast, each couple getting ten dollars for a correct answer—plus a grand prize of thirty dollars to the couple answering in the shortest time. Couples who miss the question altogether have to "walk the plank"—with the sound-effects man supplying the splash.

Frequently Horace selects individuals instead of couples, pairing them and introducing them together on the air—and that's where romance comes in. Several times, since the show went on the air last June, these temporary studio pairings-off have continued outside the studio. No marriages yet, but things look promising. You'd enjoy meeting little Jean Forney, the newest and youngest member of the Heidt troupe. Jean is only sixteen, but the Treasure Chest engagement is the second one she's had with Horace. She joined the Musical Knights two years ago, but illness soon afterward forced her to leave the crew until a few months ago, when Horace once more in the middle west, re-signed her. Jean is still in high school; but her work in Chicago with the Musical Knights takes her away from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, her home town, so she's taking a correspondence school course. Jean's very pretty, but too young to have any serious romance, so all the boys in the band see to it that she's always properly chaperoned.

As this story is written, The Treasure Chest and its companion program, Pot O'Gold, both came to you from Chicago; but the first cool days of fall will find the Heidt brigade returning to Horace's native California to appear in James Roosevelt's first major film production, called (oddly enough) "Pot O'Gold."

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

September 3: The First Nighter, one of your favorite dramatic shows, is back for another season of broadcasting tonight, so tune in CBS at 8:30. ... Mutual is to broadcast the World Series exclusively, so tonight at 10:15 (and every Tuesday at that time) it's previewing World Series previews. Tonight it takes a look at the Brooklyn Dodgers.

September 10: That Martha Webser serial on CBS at 11:15 this morning is the story of Life Begins, under a new name.

September 17: A welcome bit of melody in the midst of quiz programs is Johnny Presents, NBC-Red at 8:00.

September 24: Last year's comedy sensation, Bob Hope, returns tonight at 10:00 on NBC-Red for another triumphant season of laughs.

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Have a dandy day!
"I’d rather have a beautifully-cared-for skin than Beauty.” So you asserted pridefully—rightfully.

And, contrariwise, this beautifully-cared-for skin of yours proclaims you a Beauty!

For no girl who exercises such care of her skin—joyously and meticulously—ever fails to exercise similar care of two other aspects of her person which, indeed, set off her skin’s beauty. Namely, the shining sculptured glory of her well-kept hair, the chic simplicity of her dress.

All three are matters of Taste. Games of Skill!

Play your part in the exciting game of skin care with enthusiasm and with a wise head—and you will have exciting rewards. Play it, as do many members of our foremost families, according to the authoritative rules laid down by Pond’s:

There are five moves in this stimulating Game. Each has its definite intention, its ample rewards.

### QUICK RELEASE
Bury your face under lush, luxurious Pond’s Cold Cream, and spank it forthrightly for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes—with cream-wreathed fingers. Pond’s mixes with the dried, dead cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on the surface of your skin, softens and sets them free.

### REMOVAL
Clean off the softened debris with the white tenderness of Pond’s Tissues. Wiped off also are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

### REPEAT
A second time spank your face with cream-sof tened fingers. This spanning increases both the actions of Pond’s Cold Cream—cleansing and softening. Again wipe off with Pond’s Tissues. Notice that superficial lines seem less noticeable—pores look finer.

### COOL ASTRINGENCE
Now splash with cool, fragrant Pond’s Skin Freshener, slapped on with cotton dripping wet.

### SMOOTH FINISH
Last, mask your face with a downy coating of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. This cream’s specific duty is to disperse remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, leaving your skin silky, smooth, pliant! Wipe off after one full minute for the richest rewards. Then observe with what ease your skin receives its powder, how surprisingly it holds it.

Play this through at least once daily—before retiring or during the day. Repeat it in abbreviated form when your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily rules for a fresh and flower-soft skin.

### Send for Trial Case.
Forward at once the coupon below. Pond’s, Dept. 8RM, Clinton, Conn. Please send me complete Pond’s kit of the 7 Pond’s Creams and 7 Pond’s Powder shades. I enclose $1.00 for postage and packing.

Name: ________________________________
Address: ________________________________

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**WOMAN - SKIN**

so different from a man’s in its compelling softness... its infinitely tender look and feel. Instinct-wise, women since time began have nurtured and protected the priceless heritage of flower-fresh skin, made it a true and natural accent of their essential femininity.

---

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY), like many other members of distinguished American families, has for years observed the Pond’s rules for skin care.
ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Uncle Jim’s Question Bee, on CBS at 8:00 P.M., E.D.T., rebroadcast to the West Coast at 8:30, P.S.T., and sponsored by Rinso.

Uncle Jim’s Question Bee is an old-timer, but you’d never recognize it from its present streamlined form. It has several new features, culled from suggestions sent in by professional writers, advertising agency executives, and amateurs with ideas. One suggestion to pep up the show was to give everyone in the audience five dollars, but this was rejected as being too radical.

Uncle Jim, the third Uncle Jim since the Question Bee first went on the air, is really Bill Slater, as interesting a personality as you could hope to meet. Bill Slater leads a double life. Daytimes he is headmaster of Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn. In radio, besides being Uncle Jim, he is also a well-known sports broadcaster.

Bill is a West Point graduate—entered that famous school at the very young age of sixteen. Since his graduation he has taught, and got into radio nine years ago while he was an instructor at Blake School, Minneapolis. Since then he has carried along the two careers simultaneously. He picks people to go on the Question Bee by strolling through the audience about twenty minutes before broadcast-time and asking for volunteers. People who raise their hands are asked for their names, their home towns and occupations. While he talks to them Bill looks them over, and if he finds them smart and responsive, with eyes that sparkle with good humor, he picks them for the show.

Uncle Jim’s Question Bee has a system of money awards that is so complicated we can’t try to explain. It’s enough to say that if you’re lucky and smart you could walk out of a broadcast $69 richer than when you walked in. The contestants (only the lowest scoot have a chance to recoup their losses at the end of the program, when Bill fires questions at them while a man on the sidelines blows up balloons. If a contestant can answer a question before the balloon bursts, he gets a dollar.

The saga of the balloon-blower has gone on all summer, and may still be going on. Archibald Braunfeld, the certificated accountant who keeps score for the contestants, was first drafted to blow the balloons to recoup his money. To tell the truth, Mr. Braunfeld was only an amateur at puffing up balloons, and took so long at it that he slowed the program up and cut into the prize-money bankroll. Besides, he didn’t like the job much anyway—had to wear a mask because the balloons bursting in his face were bad for his nerves.

So a professional balloon-inflator, probably the only one in the United States, was hired. His name is P. Raymond Wany, and he has been in the balloon-blowing business for fifteen years, first as a street-corner peddler, later as a salesman for a balloon factory, a job in which he was called upon to demonstrate the strength of his wares. He has blown balloons at Elsa Maxwell parties and at debutantes’ coming-out balls and responsible, with eyes that sparkle with good humor, he picks them for the show.

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“A Miracle is happening to You right now
A ‘NEW-BORN-SKIN’
for your OLDER Skin!” says Lady Esther

Is that possible? Yes it is! It is not only possible, it is certain. For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger, it can make you look lovelier and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.

JUST BENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every mortal breath you draw, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a more glamorous skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it can! If...

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should any woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Yes, why should she be a victim of her old, her worn-out, her lifeless skin? asks Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes... and the tiny rough spots vanish! Impurities are lightly whisked away... your skin looks fresh as youth itself... so smooth that powder stays on for hours! Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses so thoroughly and so gently that it actually helps nature refine the pores!

All the world sees your skin in all its New-Born Beauty!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the purest of creams can make your budding skin as beautiful as it should be.

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, for any skin condition, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn’t true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about to be born!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See if it doesn’t bring you New-Born Beauty—if it doesn’t keep your Accent on Youth!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—always crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!
THURSDAY’S HIGHLIGHTS

**Bess Johnson and two Glendale “orphans,” Jean and Jerry.**

Tune-In Bulletin for August 29, September 5, 12 and 19! August 29: The P.G.A. Golf Tournament is on CBS today, being broadcast by Ted Husing. . . . And Mutual has an all-star football game, with Bob Elson at the mike. For instruction, tune in the Adventures in Science program on CBS at 4:00, and hear Dr. Cassius Way, guest speaker. September 5: Good News, with Mary Martin and Dick Powell, comes back tonight—listen at 8:00 on NBC-Red. . . . On the same network, at 9:00, Ida Lupino, the actress who is suddenly gaining places in the movies, is Bob Burns’ guest star on the Kraft Music Hall. September 12: To many a listener, Thursday night wouldn’t be complete without The Aldrich Family, on NBC-Red at 8:30. September 19: More and more people are appreciating the message of The Guiding Light, on NBC-Red at 11:45 this morning—and that’s why RADIO MIRROR is publishing the complete story of this program, starting on page 10.

**ON THE AIR TODAY: Hilltop House, starring Bess Johnson, on CBS at 10:30 A.M., E.D.T., rebroadcast to the West Coast at 12:30 P.M., P.S.T., and sponsored by Palmolive Soap.**

Hilltop House is one daytime serial which has dared to be commonplace, and has proved that commonplace isn’t a mistake, by climbing to the top brackets of listener popularity. It simply tells the daily occurrences at Glendale orphanage, where Bess Johnson is the matron. Of course, there’s love too. Bess is in love with Captain John Barry, and now, after a long separation, they are re-united. But whether or not they’ll be married is another question—even though some seven million listeners keep bombarding the sponsors, saying that Bess has martyred herself long enough and ought to find happiness for a change.

Bess Johnson, whose name is the same in real life as it is in the radio serial, is a beautiful, stately blonde woman with a mature charm. She looks upon her radio career as a fulltime job, and always sees to it that she gets to bed at night by eleven in order to wake up with a clear, strong voice. Her biggest interest, outside of work, is her daughter Jane (nickname “Jop”), twelve years old, who goes to private school in New York and lives with her mother in a modest Manhattan apartment. They invariably spend weekends together, riding horseback or driving into the country in Bess’ car.

**Bess is very easy to work with, everyone connected with Hilltop House agrees, but there is one thing she won’t allow, and that’s a clash of personalities or temperaments. If an actor’s voice is suited to his role and he does a good job, it doesn’t matter to Bess whether or not she likes him personally—she’ll work with him in perfect amiability, and expect him to do the same for her.**

Most of the Hilltop House actors have been with the program ever since it started. There’s Janice Gilbert and Jimmie Donnelly, as Jean and Jerry, who have practically grown up with the show. J. J. Jostyn and Thelma Gildey from the beginning. A comparatively newcomer is young Jerry Tucker, 4 years old, who plays Roy Barry. Jerry is a veteran actor, though. He was in Hollywood for nine years, appearing in Our Gang comedies, with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, and in fact in pictures made by every major studio. Roy Barry is his only radio role now, since he’s devoting most of his time to getting an education.

David Gouthard and Joe Curtin, as John Barry and Steve Courtland, are the two leading men who vie for Bess’ love—but as every listener knows, John has the inside track.

Hilltop House has one of the largest casts in daytime radio, with about forty characters who come into the story from time to time.

**SAY HELLO TO . . . EVELYN LYNNE—the pretty and youthful little singer who brings melody to NBC’s Club Matinee. Evelyn is different from most singers, who take music lessons and then get on the air. She did just the opposite. Only 18 years old, she’s been singing, without lessons, as long as she can remember. In 1934 an amateur contest landed her a job on a Dallas station; then in 1938 she went with Eddie Foy’s orchestra as vocalist, joining NBC in 1939, about the time she started to take lessons. She’s unmarried, 5 feet 3½ inches tall, has dark brown hair and eyes, and likes tennis, horseback riding, and bowling.**

RAD0 AND TELEVISION MIRROR
Babies take to Clapp’s!

He’s our first baby, so naturally my wife and I got worried when he didn’t seem to care about some of his vegetables. Sometimes we begged and pleaded, and sometimes we’d play games and try to sneak a spoonful in while he wasn’t looking. One night I got annoyed and tried to force it down him. In the scuffle, the whole dish landed upside down on the floor.

Just that minute in comes our neighbor, Mrs. Blake, and her little boy. “I don’t know how it will work with you,” she said, when she heard about our troubles, “but I always had very good luck with Clapp’s. Richard seemed to take to Clapp’s, right away, and just see how well he’s grown and thrived. And when he outgrew Strained, he went on Clapp’s Junior Foods as slick as a whistle.”

“IT’s Clapp’s textures that babies like, as well as flavors. They’re not too coarse or thick, nor so thin a child doesn’t learn to eat. “You see, Clapp’s don’t make anything but baby foods. And my land! They’ve been making them most 20 years, lots longer than anyone else, and getting tips from doctors and mothers all the time—no wonder they know what will make a hit with babies!”

17 Strained Foods for Young Babies
Soup—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables
—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Pears-and-Peaches • Cereal—Baby Cereal.

14 Junior Foods for Toddlers
Soup—Vegetable Soup • Combination Dishes—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • Vegetables with Chicken • Vegetables
—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Creamed Vegetables • Fruits—Apple Sauce Prunes • Dessert—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.
FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

- Two smart kids, Cynthia Cline and Van Dyke Tiers, with Grant Wood.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 30, September 6, 13 and 20

August 30: Ted Husing will be all over your CBS station today if his plans work out. He wants to broadcast the finish of the P.G.A. Golf Tournament from Hershey, Pa., then hurry to Forest Hills, N. Y., for the National Lawn Tennis matches. But whether he makes it or not, both events will be on CBS.

September 6: Alec Templeton returns to the air tonight, replacing Quiz Kids on NBC-Red at 10:30.

September 13: Another old favorite is back with us, beginning tonight—Robert "Believe It or Not" Ripley. He's on CBS at 10:30.

September 20: Still another returning program proves that summer's over and another air season is under way—Kate Smith's variety hour, on CBS at 8:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Quiz Kids, with Joe Kelly as master of ceremonies, on NBC-Red at 10:30 P.M., E.D.T., and sponsored by Alka-Seltzer.

Grant Wood, famous American artist, visited a Quiz Kids broadcast and remarked afterwards, "I've always known that some youngsters could ask impossible questions, but here are some who answer the impossible." Because this is a question-and-answer program in which children from 7 to 15 years of age do the answering, the questions aren't easy, either.

Quiz Kids went on the air last June as a summer fill-in during Alec Templeton's vacation, and Alec will return on September 6 to take over the spot again; but the fill-in show has become so popular that the sponsors are thinking about keeping it on the air at another time. So if you're one of those who have been enthusiastic about it, don't be discouraged when it leaves the air—you may be hearing it again.

A Chicago publicity man, Louis G. Cowan, conceived the idea of Quiz Kids. With Sidney L. James, a magazine editor, he gathered a group of intelligent children and made a record of the program. Only a month later a sponsor, having heard the record, had the contract ready.

The youngsters you hear on the program aren't unusual children. They have high intelligence ratings, true enough, but they aren't infant prodigies and they don't spend all their time studying. Girard Darrow, 7-year-old expert on plants and animals, showed up for a recent broadcast with a bonged-up leg of a ball game as the result of a vacant-lot baseball game.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

ARTHUR MANN—master of ceremonies on tonight's sports quiz on CBS, Choose up Sides. Arthur knows all about sports today, but there was a time, when he was a youngster, that the rest of the kids used to tell him he could play all kinds of a ball game in right field. He didn't find out for a long time that he was also entitled to a turn at bat. Besides learning about sports, Arthur has been an artist, actor, cartoonist, police reporter, drama critic, and writer for radio and magazines. He's married, and lives with his family on a farm which he tries hard to make self-supporting.
This new kind of heater
FLOODS your floors with warmth!

A NEW blessing comes with oil heat this winter—even more important than cleanliness and convenience!

Now you can enjoy heat that floods your floors with cheerful warmth—heat which is forced into far corners... into other rooms—heat that costs less than oil heat ever did before!

Forced circulation—with Power-Air* enables the Duo-Therm to heat better "from the ground up"! Heat is driven to the floors, and is kept in constant circulation at the living-level—as opposed to "loafing" at the ceiling. You get more uniform comfort in your rooms from top to bottom!

You get something no fuel oil heater has ever given before: a positive forced circulation of heat like that of the latest basement furnaces! And Power-Air means a sensational saving in fuel costs!

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you better heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house warmer—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air! And—Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

Has most efficient burner model! The handy front dial "tunes" your Duo-Therm to any heat! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner operates at any setting with equal efficiency, cleanliness and silence—gives more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! The special waste-stopper saves fuel! Another grand comfort is the radiant door—open it and you're warmed through in a jiffy! And a Duo-Therm is safe—all models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Keep cooler in summer, too! The same Power-Air blower that drives heat in the winter can be operated independently of the heater to give a cooling 27 mile-hour breeze in the summer!

Even with Power-Air, a Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! Get immediate delivery now on the easy payment plan. Go to your Duo-Therm dealer today and see the 12 beautiful models. They heat 1 to 6 rooms—come in the console or upright cabinet type. All can be equipped with Power-Air. For further details—mail the coupon now!
SANTA FE, New Mexico—It would be to adopt it to radio.

Rolph Edwards, announcer for many a quiz program, had the idea. For a long time he’d believed that people called on as contestants might have more fun if they engaged in some physical activity, indulged in a bit of acting or horse-play. That’s as far as the idea went, until Rolph happened to attend a weekend house-party at which the youngsters played the old Truth or Consequences game. It looked like such fun that soon the adults were playing it too—and Ralph suddenly saw how easy it would be to adopt it to radio. As it was finally put on the air, here’s the idea: A contestant picked from the audience is asked a question by Ralph Edwards, who besides thinking of the show is its master of ceremonies. If the contestant answers correctly he gets fifteen dollars—if he doesn’t, he has to pay the consequences by acting out some humorous feat. Consequence-payers are always awarded five dollars as a consolation prize, and every contestant, win or lose, gets six cakes of Ivory soap. In addition to these prizes, there’s a twenty-dollar award which goes to the best consequence-payer of the evening, so it’s really possible to go to a Truth or Consequence broadcast and walk out twenty-five dollars richer.

Here are some of the idiotic consequences which have been used on the program: One woman had to portray the role of Juliet in the “Romeo and Juliet” balcony scene, interspersing her lines with commercial plugs for her father’s tailor shop. Another woman had to play a kitchen band, consisting of a washtub, teakettle, garbage pail and foot lever, dish pan, and wooden spoons. A barber was asked to play a patient in a dentist’s chair, having his tooth extracted while under the influence of too much laughing gas. A burly Brooklyn construction foreman was told to imitate a baby crying for his bottle. We could go on, but the consequences listed sufficed to illustrate the idea.

Ralph Edwards, the master of ceremonies, is red-haired, twenty-seventeen years old, and comes from a farm near Merino, Colorado. He used to think he wanted to be a playwright, and actually turned out plays for the graduating class at his high school six years in succession. But while he was majoring in English at the University of California he participated in a college broadcast and did so well he got a job in an Oakland radio station. That about finished his play-writing ambitions.

Ralph says contestants would frequently rather pay the consequences than win fifteen dollars—knows because he’s seen several people deliberately fail to answer questions in order to have a try at the consequences.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

FRAN ALLISON—who plays Aunt Fanny on Uncle Efra’s program tonight at 10:00 over NBC-Red. As you can see from the picture, Fran isn’t at all the old lady she sounds on the air. She comes from LaPorte City, Iowa, and can both sing and act. When she graduated from Cole College in 1927 she got two jobs, one as a school teacher, the other singing over a local radio station. Gradually her radio work got more important than her teaching, until finally she gave the latter up and joined station WMT full time, signing an NBC contract in Chicago in 1937. Fran’s tall, brown-eyed, dark-haired, weighs 130 pounds and is single.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 31, September 7, 14 and 21

August 31: There’s plenty of horse-racing for you to hear today if you’re interested—the Hopeful Stakes and the Saratoga Cup Stakes on all three networks at 5:30, and the Prairie Stakes from Washington Park at 5:45 on Mutual alone. . . . And Ted Husing is broadcasting the National Lawn Tennis matches on CBS. . . . Cesare Sodero is guest conductor on Mutual’s Pop Concert tonight at 9:30.

September 7: NBC broadcasts the horse-racing from Aqueduct Park. . . . The Brush Creek Folies, on CBS at 2:30, is funny and clever.

September 14: For some unusual music, listen to Yella Pessl play the harpsichord on CBS at 6:30. . . . NBC offers another race from Aqueduct Park.

September 21: Wayne King and his orchestra are back again, starting tonight at 8:30 over CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Truth or Consequences, on NBC-Red tonight at 8:30, E.D.T., sponsored by Ivory Soap.

With Truth or Consequences, the radio quiz program reaches its peak of insanity. In it, the great American public not only gets up and tries to answer hard questions, but everyone who fails to perform some crazy consequence.

Ralph Edwards, announcer for many a quiz program, had the idea. For a long time he’d believed that people called on as contestants might have more fun if they engaged in some physical activity, indulged in a bit of acting or horse-play.

That’s as far as the idea went, until Ralph happened to attend a weekend house-party at which the youngsters played the old Truth or Consequences game. It looked like such fun that soon the adults were playing it too—and Ralph suddenly saw how easy it would be to adopt it to radio.

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SATURDAY’S HIGHLIGHTS

RALPH EDDWARDS (right) helps a consequence-payer cry like a baby.

Radio and Television Mirror

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

RALPH EDDWARDS (right) helps a consequence-payer cry like a baby.
I Married the Guy
(Continued from page 31)

I was falling in love. Just about everyone but I knew I was falling in love.

One day a friend of mine was about to return some records he'd borrowed from Al. I said I'd return them for him. I wouldn't admit I wanted to see Al. I kidded myself into believing I was only doing a favor for a friend.

When I got to the hotel and found Al, I said, "Here are your records. I was asked to bring them back."

"Have you heard any of them?" Al asked.

"No," I fibbed.

We lugged a Victrola down to the beach and began playing the records. After that, I began collecting records as an excuse to see Al. For a long time, I pretended that all I was interested in was his knowledge of music, but it didn't fool him. I guess he knew from the beginning that I was in love with him.

Most of my friends thought it was very quaint of me to be going with an orchestra leader. They never thought for a minute that we would get married. When I told my mother how serious I felt about Al, she raised an awful fuss. She hadn't met him, but she thought all musicians were worthless, addle-headed young men. So, when I brought Al to meet her, I didn't tell her who he was. I introduced him as a young man I had just met.

After he left, she said, "That's the first man I've ever seen you with that has any sense." And when I told her who he was, she laughed and gave us her blessing.

Al and I were married in New York at St. Vincent Ferrer, a fashionable church. My own wedding was the last society function I attended. I knew before I married Al that it would mean my breaking off with the exclusive set, but it was a break I've never regretted. For, from that day on, I began to wake up and learn about how the "other half"—the sane, sensible half—lives.

One of the experiences that taught me most about people was my first trip on the road with Al's band. I learned how musicians live and the hardships they go through on one-nighters. As we traveled about the country, I learned how to get along with and appreciate everyone, from bus drivers to the coal miners who came to hear Al's music. In short, I learned that real people don't care what boat your grandpappy came over on as long as you're a regular person now.

It was not only educating; it was exciting and fun. Whenever Al was on the road and I stayed home to take care of the children, these are the people with whom I pal around. They have taken me into their flock. I now speak their lingo, understand their problems and share their laughs.

Not long ago, when Al was playing at Meadowbrooke, a number of my old society friends dropped out to look me over. They found me at a table with a publicity friend of mine and two song publisher pals. The deb's and their escorts sat around yawning and sniffing as of old. They battle of it. After that, whenever I saw him, we would quarrel. Rather, I would be nasty and he would be amused. Just about everyone but I knew I was falling in love.

One day a friend of mine was about to return some records he'd borrowed from Al. I said I'd return them for him. I wouldn't admit I wanted to see Al. I kidded myself into believing I was only doing a favor for a friend.

When I got to the hotel and found Al, I said, "Here are your records. I was asked to bring them back."

"Have you heard any of them?" Al asked.

"No," I fibbed.

We lugged a Victrola down to the beach and began playing the records. After that, I began collecting records as an excuse to see Al. For a long time, I pretended that all I was interested in was his knowledge of music, but it didn't fool him. I guess he knew from the beginning that I was in love with him.

Most of my friends thought it was very quaint of me to be going with an orchestra leader. They never thought for a minute that we would get married. When I told my mother how serious I felt about Al, she raised an awful fuss. She hadn't met him, but she thought all musicians were worthless, addle-headed young men. So, when I brought Al to meet her, I didn't tell her who he was. I introduced him as a young man I had just met.

After he left, she said, "That's the first man I've ever seen you with that has any sense." And when I told her who he was, she laughed and gave us her blessing.

Al and I were married in New York at St. Vincent Ferrer, a fashionable church. My own wedding was the last society function I attended. I knew before I married Al that it would mean my breaking off with the exclusive set, but it was a break I've never regretted. For, from that day on, I began to wake up and learn about how the "other half"—the sane, sensible half—lives.

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Easily work this lovely miracle yourself... help save your
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POOR HANDS! They soon feel unpleasantly rough—if you let water, cold and wind take nature’s softening moisture from the skin. Better supply your skin with new beautifying moisture by using Jergens Lotion.

Thousands of girls use Jergens for the silken-softness of their hands. Goes on so quickly—leaves no sticky feeling! And Jergens contains 2 special ingredients many doctors use for helping soften and smooth coarse, harsh skin. For soft, delightful hands, start now to use this famous Jergens Lotion. 50c, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00.

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Address

NO WONDER MY HANDS GET ROUGH— IN WATER SO OFTEN!
MY HANDS WORK HARD, TOO. BUT JERGENS LOTION HELPS KEEP THEM NICE AND SOFT!

WHEN Al’s away, I very often go out with friends of his in the music business. He knows this and encourages it. I know he goes out for relaxation when he’s on the road and it doesn’t bother me a bit. Neither one of us is jealous and that’s why we’ll stay married. The more pretty girls he sees, the better it is. That keeps him from falling for one.

Learning about the music business is another thing that has kept us happily married. Musicians lead a grueling, upsetting life. Al often comes home nervous and temperamental. The minute he walks into the house I can tell whether or not things have gone badly. If they have, I leave him completely alone. There is nothing a musician likes better than silence and peace after a tough night on the bandstand.

Not long ago, Al was breaking in a new band. During that time I kept out of his way as much as possible. When things were running smoothly, he came to me and thanked me for the way I had been. That repaid me a hundred times for any inconvenience I went through.

We lead a very “take-it-easy” life out here in our Manhasset home. Al’s work keeps him up late, but we spend most of our afternoons swimming or playing tennis together. There is never any rush to catch trains, or have meals on time, a problem that’s irksome to most women. I do have to stay up late at night, for Al seldom gets through work until two in the morning. But all my life I’ve kept late hours. That’s the only thing I can thank my former society friends.

It doesn’t seem as though Al and I have been married seven years. It seems only yesterday that I was one of society’s sillies, unhappily flitting from place to place. Maybe getting married and having a family isn’t the most important thing a woman can do in the world, but I feel it’s important and makes me happy. I also feel that my life has some meaning, now that I am no longer trying to be the Number One glamour girl of this, or any year.

I’ll admit, though, that the day Al proposed to me in Bermuda, I had no idea I would be giving up night clubs for a home. And loving it!
It begins very pleasantly on a farm just outside Jamesport, Missouri. She was born there, and there she lived for ten years which, from the standpoint of later romance, started her off wrong; it made her a rural kid, you understand. And it made her shy, because farms are lonely. Worse, it made her a tomboy—what can you expect of a girl when she’s got to play with two boy cousins and nobody else? But there was one good thing. She found out how to live alone and like it, how to amuse herself without any help, and how to let Martha Scott look out for Martha Scott.

These qualities, and pigtails and a homemade dress and cotton stockings she had when her family moved to Kansas City. They put her into a high school attended by the country-club set offspring, and Martha was eleven, just walking into adolescence, and the other girls had silk hose and marcel waves and boy friends and Martha had her drag plaited hair with the straw in it.

THAT’S when she fell in love. It would be, No half measures, either: he was the best looking, most athletic, tallest, god-like Senior of them all. Martha could have died for him, and often wanted to. He didn’t know her, of course. But she could sit in chairs he had vacated, thinking, “This chair is holy.” She had good taste, for her age. He was chosen the Ideal American Boy that year. Also—and this is important—he was chosen for the lead in the school play.

It popped into Martha’s mind that maybe if you added courage, shrewd planning and Work to an Ideal, you might come out with something pretty big. There was a heroine in that play who got soundly kissed several times (think of the rehearsals) and rescued in the third act.

Martha decided to get the part. She did. She walked through clouds to the first rehearsal, too, and floated into his arms, and came down precipitately with scarlet fever. After four weeks the doctors got worried. “The child doesn’t seem to care about getting well,” they told Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. Scott talked to Martha’s teacher.

Martha’s teacher sent Martha a note. It said: “We’ve decided that the play must have a prologue, and you’re to read it. Please manage to get well before opening night…”

And that was that, of course. She crawled out of bed, a cadaverous convalescent and staggered to school. It was her first triumph.

By the time Martha was through high school she’d stopped being scrawny, and had learned what to do with her hair; and she’d bought a lipstick.

There were other boys then, as there have been since, although none of them as important. Other things were worrying her, anyway. The Scotts, financially, had fallen on evil days, and there was no money for college. Martha rather thought she’d like to be a teacher, but there it was.

She was just about to relax and take any old kind of job she could, wangle when a letter came from a distant relative, a school teacher named Ida Lilly. Enclosed were Ida’s savings, $1500, which Martha, the let-

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**Easy, now, to have Smooth Skin that tempts Kisses... let this new “One-Jar” Beauty Treatment help you against drab dry skin**

HERE, at last, is beauty care for your face as simple, as effective and lovely, as Jergens Lotion care for your hands!

It’s the new Jergens Face Cream!—the “One-Jar” Beauty Treatment that helps to beautify every type of skin.

This one new cream (1) cleanses expertly; (2) helps soften your skin; (3) gives a velvet finish for powder; and (4) makes a lovely Smooth Skin night cream that helps amazingly against sensitive dry skin. This is important to every girl, because very dry skin tends to wrinkle early!

Jergens Face Cream was created by Jergens skin scientists, working with Alix—famous designer of beautiful Paris fashions.

You want your complexion to be fresh and satin-smooth. Start now to use this new “One-Jar” Beauty Treatment. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the big economy jar, at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream today, sure!

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Miss Ruth Eastman, Springfield, Mass.: “I tried one expensive cream after another for my ‘difficult’ skin. Then, being a Jergens Lotion fan, I tried your new Jergens Face Cream. I use it daily, now; and my skin is smooth and so much clearer!”

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ter said, was to use for college and pay back later, when convenient, without interest. Further checks would be forth-coming, as needed.

In the University, while she was learning to be both a teacher and an actress—she was pretty sure about wanting to teach but that stage. But the rest kept biting—Martha found out a lot of things about herself. She was popular at last, because she could by the right colors, and nobody wore them well; and she learned what to do with her hair and how to use such things as lipsticks and rouges. She bought for the first time, after being graduated, whereupon she knew that class-rooms were not for her ... and the next years aren't a very nice part of the story, because they're full of poverty and little roles in road shows and long hours of work behind counters in candy stores.

Until she got the part of Emily in "Our Town." That was swell, since the critics raved about her, and the play did well, and Ida Lilly could start receiving checks in payment for that magnificent loan. You know, probably, that Martha's fine work in that play lured Hollywood into bringing her in out of the picture, and you may have read all the times Hollywood said, "She's terrible, she isn't pretty, she'll break the cameras, send her back!"

Then it was that radio saved Martha. Scott for the movies, by giving her a chance to play Susan. That was a year and a half ago, and radio kept her alive while Hollywood was trying to make up its mind whether or not she was good enough for celluloid. Radio did more than that. The boys on the program would just nod when she came in again for the sixth time, of the brightness and May.

"I've got another chance for a test," or, "There's a spot in a play I'd like to have a go at." They'd set their recording program accordingly, give the kid a break.

"You'll get there, honey," they'd tell her with that terrific kindness only godly people seem to have.

"Run along," they'd say, "we'll fix up something.

That's the debt she owes radio, now in these days when the best stories are being bought at fabulous prices for her pictures and the top producers are airmailing plays for her to read, in the hope she'll accept for a season. Martha pays her debts. She sent Ida Lily her last installment with an advance from the "Our Town" assignment, and when you listen to the Alice Blair program you'll hear Martha's voice just as it has always been; except now the announcer can call her by her name.

"Our Town," The Howards of Virginia, Three Cheers for Miss Bishop, as Alice—and all the rest of it.

Martha Scott is a woman, with sporadic periods of discipline, in Hollywood. When she's working she throws everything she's got into the job; and with the second complications of her personal life, she puts just as much energy into her late afternoon-and-evening activities. Everything has to get in front of the nearest mirror and take stock. I remember we were sitting in the Beachcomber's one afternoon and a very remarked she had to meet a certain columnist I knew, and I said I'd introduce them, and she said, "In about three weeks, swell. I'm going into hiding until I look like an ingenue again. My eye-lids are dropping to my knees."

This was an over-statement. She looked as if she were only eighteen, except for her eyes. They were a little tired, and no wonder. "Howards of Virginia" is an epic, and she'd been sailing it for months. But the rest she takes, when she takes it, is complete. She tells everybody she's going up North or down South or somewhere else, and shuns herself up in her house at Balinby, with a discreet and solicitous housekeeper, and stagnates peacefully. It's a house designed for the housekeeper.

So it was all right. Perhaps stardom, and Hollywood will be a lot more than she ever tell. But somehow Martha doesn't have much taste for the things that transform women when terrific money and glamour and adulation come to them. Gosh, she'd like to give up eating oranges in bed, she couldn't leave her shoes and stockings off in the house, that way she does now, or practically ever touch her teeth, or light a match on her thumbnail when she wanted a cigarette.

She's too intelligent, too busy untangling her private affairs and being a fine actress, to go caviar on anybody. So long as you want her, too, she'll find those hours every week to thumb her nose at Hollywood and go to a broadcasting station and cut into wax transcription records the very human character of Alice Blair. Listen to Alice's voice as it comes from your loud-speaker. If it ever does.

Like this, down-to-earth, rich-with-simplicity quality, then, I was wrong.

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It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in any shade. AILOVALON will do all of different shades. Try LOVALON.

2. Instantly removes gray.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

**ANY PHOTO ENLARGED**

Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller it desired

**47¢**

Send no money in advance, only photographic prints that you want enlarged with your request and use cover to look at new set of three free postcard prints. You will be notified of status as mentioned on this set.

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**RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR**
from the radio on Friday nights! Don Ameche and the Oxydol program are the highlights of the evening. Please, sponsors, we all haven't parted with money to be able to take trips every weekend.—T. F. Donovan, Lewiston, Maine.

FOURTH PRIZE

"OH! JOHNIE, OH!"

In regard to television, I'm beginning to wonder if it really would be enjoyable to see the person perform. I've always gotten a kick out of hearing "Wee Bonnie Baker" sing with that baby voice of hers, and have always associated that voice with a petite blonde, blue-eyed baby-doll. But lo! and behold, Rano Misson's picture of the Baker gal kind of knocked my little "dollie" in the head. After seeing the picture I don't think I can stand hearing "Oh! Johnie" sung in that tone of voice again.—Mrs. J. Dorer, Los Angeles, Cal.

FIFTH PRIZE

IS SHE BURNED UP?

Concerning Jack Sher's article about Don McNeill. To say I was disappointed is putting it mildly. I was burned up. While it was a very nice article it sounded as if it was a year old. What does he mean that Don McNeill is "second best master of ceremonies" and a "shadow ahead of Bing Crosby"? In case Mr. Sher hasn't been mobbed by 31,000 Breakfast Club fans, will you please inform him that Don placed first as master of ceremonies and that the Breakfast Club was voted the best variety program. Also, the favorite program of all programs was the Breakfast Club with over twice as many votes as the program placing second.—Mrs. W. A. Ronzar, Hutchinson, Kansas.

SIXTH PRIZE

A TRIBUTE TO THE STARS

May I be the first of the many who, I know, will write thanking radio for such a marvelous program as the Red Cross two-hour show on June 22nd. Never have I heard such an impressive group of celebrities together and never have I seen such wholehearted enthusiasm and sympathetic support as was given this worthy cause.—B. Nelson, Walkermine, Calif.

SEVENTH PRIZE

ORCHIDS TO DICK POWELL

A dozen orchids to the producers of the Good News of 1940 for selecting Dick Powell as Master of Ceremonies for their new half-hour show. Since he has joined their group the program has taken on a new sparkle and zest. The half hour moves at a fast and peppy pace and the pleasing warbling of Dick and Mary Martin whether in solo or duet form is enough for all of us to sit up and beg for more. Incidentally why doesn't some wise producer sign these two to co-star in a motion picture? It would surely be as big a hit as their radio romancing.—Miss Sheila Maher, Ridgefield Park, N. J.

THE MOST DELICIOUS BREAKFAST IS QUAKER OATS

says Betty Winkler, famous Radio Star

"I give with the vote of Americans. Quaker Oats tops for deliciousness," says the charming star of "Girl Alone," coast-to-coast daily dramatic show. Independent investigators say that Quaker Oats leads all cereals in popularity. In many communities the choice is three to one over any other.

YOU GET A GREAT TRIPLE "ENERGY-FACTOR"* TOO

says Science

* Science now knows that Quaker Oats contains an important extra, Thiamin (Vitamin B1), needed daily by all, helps turn food into energy. No Thiamin, no pep. Instead fatigue, nervousness, often other handicaps. Oatmeal contains Thiamin enough to "spark" itself and twice as much additional food into energy.

Give Your Family This Protection Against Tiredness...Nervousness

• "We are not getting enough Thiamin," say scientists. Modern refining of foods has caused a widespread shortage of this precious element, absolutely necessary if we are to feel our best, look and think at our best. Thiamin affects nerves, growth, digestion. It is needed for energy. In fact, acts as a "spark-plug" that helps turn food into energy.

How wonderful to get precious Thiamin in the breakfast already found an overwhelming favorite for flavor, in independent investigations — delicious Quaker Oats!

What's more, Thiamin is not stored up in the body, like some other vitamins. You need a fresh supply daily. So make the delightful Quaker Oats breakfast a daily habit. So economical—gives two to three times as many servings as six other leading cereals, per penny of cost. Prepare in as little as 2½ minutes. Get a package at your grocer's today.

AMERICA'S POPULAR YEAR 'ROUND BREAKFAST

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Quick Quaker Oats

QUAKER OATS AND NOOTHER OATS ARE IDENTICAL

They are the same in Thiamin content. They have the same famous, delicious flavor. Remember to get a package today.
The voice of Francia White blends beautifully with James Melton's on The Telephone Hour, heard Monday nights on the NBC-Red Network.

FRANCIA WHITE, lovely singing star of the Telephone Hour, heard over the NBC Red network at 8 o'clock on Monday evenings got her radio break in a most unique fashion. How would you like to audition for a network show and avoid the usual accompanying jitters just because you didn't know you were having an audition? That's precisely what happened to Francia.

It all came about like this: Miss White worked in Hollywood as a singing-double in the role of Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, in the film version of "The Mighty Barnum." A New York radio producer saw the picture and was so thrilled by the lovely, anonymous voice that he immediately wired the coast for further information as to the unseen star. Before a week had elapsed, Francia was in possession of a radio contract and was on her way to New York and a new career.

Though this success sounds rather effortless, in reality, Francia had to work very hard. She is the daughter of a music teacher, and hearing her mother's pupils sing their scales made Francia realize that she'd like to reach for high "C" herself. After a number of years of study with her mother, she progressed to other teachers. Just after she entered college she received a vaudeville offer—and decided to give up her books to travel with a musical troupe in order to gain the poise and assurance which would naturally develop. At the age of 18 Francia was invited to appear with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and at the Hollywood Bowl in grand opera presentations. From time to time she would "lend" her voice to the movies—which brings us back to her radio audition. And we would be the first to admit—it's a grand way to get into broadcasting!


Mr. Mark Wilson, Pasadena, Calif: There was a lengthy feature on Betty Lou Gerson in the August issue of Radio Mirror Magazine. If you want to write to her, address your letter to the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. H. M. Sayers, Freeport, Long Island: Henry Burr, known as the Dean of Ballad Singers, was born in St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada, on January 5, 1885, and made his first vocal appearance at the age of seven. He made his formal vocal debut at the age of twenty, after a number of years of hard and intensive training, and was such an immediate success that he soon had a contract to make Victor records. Burr proved to be one of their best salesmen because eventually his name was put on more than nine million phonograph records. He has been on the National Barn Dance program for a number of years, and is constantly in receipt of scores of letters from fans who want to know if he is the same Henry Burr they used to hear on the phonograph.

Doris Wilson, Philadelphia, Penn: Following is the cast of Glorious One: Judith Bradley, Irene Rich; Jeff Bradley, John Lake; Susan Bradley, Florence Baker; Don Bradley, Larry Nunn; Madge Harrington, Anne Stone; Dr. Stevens, Gale Gordon.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Miss Barbara MacCracken, 113 Highland Avenue, Fitchburg, is the president of a very active Clyde Burke Fan Club and would like to hear from all the Burke enthusiasts.

There's a thriving Gene Autry Friendship Club for those persons interested in the Singing Cowboy. You can get all the information by writing to Dorothy Pinnick, Box 165, East Gary, Indiana.

If you listen to Pretty Kitty Kelly, you like Arline Blackburn, why don't you write to Miss Carol Brickley, Box 45, Talmadge, Ohio.
don't even want to see you."

He looked scornfully at her thin, stooped figure, at the face which illness and imprisonment had faded to a grayish pallor.

"It's no treat to look at you either, Frances—I beg your pardon, Fredrika. I keep forgetting you've changed your name."

"What do you want?" she asked fearfully.

"What do I always want? I haven't your miser's instincts, sweet. I can't live on nothing a day. To be brief—I want money."

He threw himself down on the bed.

Anger shook her. "You dare to come back here and ask me for money! After what you did with that check Ned gave me..."

He smiled mockingly, and said, "I really don't know what you're talking about. If that check was raised, it was before you gave it to me. I told you that before."

REMEMBERING Ned Holden's face, the night he had confronted her with the check, Fredrika was unable to speak. Everything had been so beautiful until then. She had met Ned at Dr. Ruthledge's, had talked to him, feeling the boy's instinctive liking for her, and the experience had been like balm to her soul. And when Mary Ruthledge had admired her brooch—the one remaining bit of jewelry left to her by twenty years of marriage to this beast who now watched her narrowly from the bed—she had wanted to give it to the girl. Instead, Ned had asked if he might buy it for Mary, offering her a hundred dollars for it. Rather than combat his pride by insisting that he accept it as a gift, she had consented.

And when Paul Burns, the man who was Ned's father, had come to her demanding money, she had committed the incredible folly of giving him the check, never thinking that his clever fingers could or would raise it to a thousand dollars.

She had not known that she could still be hurt as deeply as she was in Chicago, Radio Mirror's editor, Fred R. Sommis, chats with Evelyn Lynne, NBC Club Matinee vocalist.
hurt by the scorn in Ned's eyes when he brought her the check. Luckily, the bank had not honored it, and Ned did not prosecute her. She would have preferred prosecution, even a prison sentence, to seeing the death of Ned's friendship for her.

"It's no affair of mine," Paul Burns was saying now, "if you raise checks and get yourself into trouble."

"Be quiet!" she said. "Let me try pretending you think I raised that check when you know you did!"

With a shrug, he said, "Have it your own way, if it makes you feel better. At any rate, I didn't get any money out of it, and I need some. Either you get it for me, or I'll go to Ned and tell him I'm his father's daughter."

She took a step toward him. "Paul! You've got to let him alone! I don't want him to know who his father and mother were—he must go on thinking of me just as Mrs. Lang."

"How pretty!"

"He's doing so well, Paul. . . . He's working on a newspaper, and he's writing a book, and I think he and Mary Ruthledge are in love. We mustn't spoil his life."

"Who wants to? It wouldn't hurt him to contribute a little to the support of his father."

She said desperately, "Paul, I'll come back to you—we can go away together. I'll work, we can get along, I'll give you everything I earn. But don't go to Ned—don't make me go to him."

SWINGING his muddied shoes impatiently off the bed and sitting up, he abandoned his suddenly careless manner. "Listen. We aren't going anywhere together—I'm as sick of you as you are of me! But you'll ask that young stuffed-shirt for money, or I will!"

Standing there, feeling sick hatred for this man grow in her breast, she saw a swift parade of the years. Her face, and found...
Enjoy the complete comfort of oil heat with SUPERFLEX! For only "blow," and warm air continues to circulate. SUPERFLEX has heated shutters. They're for complete, healthful comfort patented! With shutters closed, in your home all winter long, get warm oil circulates through can·...

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**PERFECTION PORTABLE HEATER**

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Please send me FREE booklet describing SUPERFLEX Heat-Directers or PERFECTION Heaters.

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County _______ State _______
**WATCH THE LOOK IN ANY MANS EYES**

WHEN HE SEES A LOVELY

"SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"

TO HELP KEEP YOUR SKIN ALLURING, USE THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS!

I NEVER SAW SUCH A GIRL! ALL THE
MOST DESIREABLE MANS EYES ONLY
FOR YOU AND YOUR LOVELY
"SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"! MY SKIN
IS SO DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING!

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED PALMOLIVE,
SUE? I'VE FOUND IT SIMPLY
MARVELOUS FOR KEEPING MY
SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH!

WELL! NEVER DREAMED THERE COULD
BE SUCH A DIFFERENCE IN SOAPS! BUT
NOW I'LL USE ONLY PALMOLIVE! I WANT
TO HAVE A "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" TOO!

MADE WITH
Olive and Palm Oils
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

The quarrel Ellis Smith had heard the night of Paul Burns' murder had been a decisive one. Ever since she had gone to work at the Cunningham Publishing Company, Rose had resented her father's affectionate criticisms, her mother's solicititude, her brother Jacob's youthful curiosity. Then she had been promoted to be Charles Cunningham's secretary, and the ties of home had seemed to become even more burdensome, until at last, in the angry discussion Ellis had overheard, she told her parents that she had leased a small apartment in another part of the city, where she intended to live alone.

"It isn't that I don't love Papa and Ma," she said in difficult self-justification to Dr. Ruthledge. "I do. But—oh, they were born in the old country, and they've never left it. Not really. They want me to act like they acted when they were young. To them it's a sin if I wash out a blouse on a Friday night. They don't seem to care what a beast his father was!"

"It would be better for Ned if he did know," Dr. Ruthledge said.

But this she would not believe. She had seen, and read correctly, the fearful, stubborn pride in Ned's face.

Alone in his study, Dr. Ruthledge wrestled with his conscience. By all the laws of his church, he was bound to keep the confidence Fredrika had given him.

The only person in Five Points who felt almost no interest in Fredrika Lang's trial was Rose Kranisky. Rose, the daughter of the pawn-shop keeper, had important problems of her own. For the first time in her life, she was experiencing freedom.

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my life their way, or mine. Both ways are good—it just happens that my way is better for me."

"I hope so, Rose." He might have said more, but wisdom forbade him. He knew that this tempestuous girl, with her dark, flashing beauty, came to him for approval and not for the criticism she found so abundantly at home. And, though he could have criticized her wildness, her selfishness and her impetuous spirit, why should he, when there were so many things about her to praise?—her generosity, her young courage, and her vision of a world beyond the confines of Five Points. He only feared, sometimes, that her good qualities might combine with her bad ones to bring her unhappiness.

**TOO, he wondered a little about her new job, which she had had only a few weeks.** Mr. Cunningham's former secretary had been Helen Ryder; rather unpleasant hints had been circulated about the illness that had forced her resignation.

"You like Mr. Cunningham?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! He's a wonderful man to work for—so kind, and thoughtful." She giggled, reminding him of how young she really was. "My job isn't work at all! Oh, and I came over especially to tell you," she added, "I just read the first chapters of Ned's book, and he likes them. He told me if the rest of it is as good as the beginning, he'll publish it."

Dr. Ruthledge beamed with pride.

"That is good news, Rose. I must tell Ned. In a way that's justification for me, because he didn't want a publisher to see the book until it
was all finished, but I persuaded him to let Mr. Cunningham read what he'd written. This ought to spur him on.

Ned needed little spurring on just then. Page 125 had been left far behind, and he was working swiftly, efficiently, every night. It was only in the short, cloudy moments between sleeping and waking that his old fear came to trouble him, reminding him that his parentage was still shrouded in mystery.

Fredrika Lang kept her promise to herself. She held grimly to her refusal to testify in her own behalf. The trial was almost routine, and its outcome fore-ordained. Fredrika was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to death. They took her away to the State Penitentiary to await the day of her execution. But there were still delays. Months passed while the law ran its careful course. All trials, it seemed, which had resulted in a death penalty must be carried automatically to the Court of Appeals for affirmation; so once more lawyers argued and judges listened. Then the higher court handed down its approval of the lower court's decision, and at last the date for the execution was set.

Dr. Ruthledge felt a strange little thrill of horror when he read the date in a small story buried on an inside page of his newspaper—for Fredrika Lang's case had long since lost its fascination for the public. May the fourteenth. The day before that which fascinated for the public. May the fourteenth. The day before that which

THE Governor's chair creaked slightly as his heavy body shifted in it. "Why have you told me all this, Dr. Ruthledge?" he asked. "Are you hoping I'll pardon her?"

"I hope nothing," the minister told him. "I've told you her story because someone in authority should know it. It is too heavy a responsibility for me to bear alone. I do not judge Mrs. Lang—but you may. If, on the basis of the information I have just given you, you feel some sort of clemency is justified... why, I shall be happy, but only because I feel that punishment should be in God's hands, not man's."

"Mmm," said the Governor. "I see what you mean. Lately, most voters don't feel that way. It would be political suicide for me to pardon Mrs. Lang without making some sort of public explanation."

Dr. Ruthledge felt a sort of dismal weariness, not because of the refusal, but because of the motive of expediency which prompted it. He bent his head and rose to go. But the Governor was speaking again, a slight smile on his lips:

"In the present case, I don't have to consider that aspect of the situation. Strictly in confidence, I am retiring from politics at the end of my present term—so Mrs. Lang's pardon is entirely between me and my conscience. I'll talk to her, Dr. Ruthledge, and make my decision in a day or so."

Neither Fredrika Lang nor the Governor ever divulged what was said at the interview which took place two days later. But an executive pardon was issued soon afterwards. Fredrika came to Five Points on the afternoon of May fourteenth, the day she was to have been executed, the day before that set for Ned's and Mary's wedding. She had only one purpose there—to see Dr. Ruthledge and thank him for what he had done. And then, she told herself, she would go away and never return.

She waited until evening, and then called Dr. Ruthledge on the telephone, asking him if she might come to the parsonage to see him.

"Of course, Mrs. Lang," his deep voice answered. "Come right over."

She hesitated. "Ned—where is he?" she asked. "I don't want to see him."

"That's all right," he told her. "He was working swiftly. He had given him new wisdom, not more..."

But she hurried through the crowded streets of Five Points toward the parsonage, she tried not to wish that she could be at the wedding. It was quite impossible, she reminded herself. Every contact with her son had brought only trouble. She dared not risk another—not even so slight a one as that of creeping into the church and watching the marriage ceremony from the shadows.

BARBARA KINDT, FRESHER AT UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY, SAYS:

It's a Beau Catcher... that modern natural look!

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

To give you the piquant natural charm of gay, young "collegeiens"—the modern trend in makeup—Hudnut has created Marvelous Face Powder, the remarkable new powder you need to blend the color of your eye!

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring... gives you that disarming natural look men like so well.

So, whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel, it's easy now to find the shade that's right for you! Just ask for Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder... the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

Marvelous Face Powder goes on so smoothly, clings for hours, agrees with even sensitive skin! For complete color harmony, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me free Hudnut Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Check the color of your eyes! Brown □ Blue □ Hazel □ Gray □

Name

Street... City...

(Use only to U.S.A. and Canada, except where locally prohibited.) MF-June
Yet even then fate was arranging one more disastrous meeting for this woman and her son.

Ned and Mary had not gone to their new cottage, but only for a walk. Arm in arm, they strolled away from Five Points, up Grand Boulevard Drive. At about the time Fredrika reached the parsonage, they turned and began to retrace their steps. Ned looked down into Mary's happy face.

"Mrs. Ned Holden," he murmured. "Like the sound of it?"

Mary squeezed his arm. "It's the most beautiful name in the world," she said.

"Mary—no regrets?" Ned asked.

Her eyes met his in candid surprise. "Regrets? Why should there be, Ned?"

"I was afraid—once—that you were in love with Ellis Smith," he confessed.

"Oh," Her gaze left his, and she walked beside him for a moment in silence. "I like Ellis—I'm sorry for him. But I'll never love anyone in the world except you, Ned. I thought you knew that.

"I do, now," he said humbly. Then he smiled. "But I'm glad I didn't before. It was not knowing—being jealous of Smith—that made me ask you to marry me, instead of—"

"Instead of what?"

"Instead of waiting until I had more money," he said after a pause, in a different tone. For suddenly the fear had come again, reminding him that he had disregarded Dr. Ruthledge's warning to wait.

Mary was aware of the change in his mood, and they did not talk as they came to Five Points and walked up the path toward the parsonage. At the door they stopped, knowing they were my daughter marry—hearing Mary's call, Ned was stunned to deny Ned's charge.

Ruthlessly, the boy continued. "And who was my father?"

Still she did not answer, and he leaned down and gripped her shoulders. "Tell me— who was my father?"

Gasping with pain, she whispered. "The man I killed—the man who called himself Paul Burns. He was a thief—a scoundrel—I didn't want him to ruin your life . . ."

Gradually his tense fingers relaxed. "A thief! A thief—and a murderess. They were my parents!"

His voice sharp, Dr. Ruthledge said, "Ned! Get hold of yourself! You're acting like a child—"

Ned whirled on him. "And you knew! You knew—but you went on telling me that my mother was a lady! You were even willing to let your daughter marry me—knowing what monsters our children might be!"

Mary saw Ned stiffen and close his eyes. He put out one hand to touch the wall and steady himself. "Dad!" Mary called, knowing only that she must stop Mrs. Lang from saying anything more.

Before the suddenly silent pair in the study could recover from the shock of hearing Mary's call, Ned was in the room.

"What did you say?" he asked thickly. "Who is your son, Mrs. Lang?"

She did not reply, but stared at him in immobile terror.

"Who is your son?" he repeated, almost screaming. "Am I?"

"Ned, please—" Dr. Ruthledge interrupted, hoping to give Fredrika time to collect herself. But a glance at her, cowering in her chair, told him that it was useless. She was too stunned to deny Ned's charge.

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Mary, standing in the doorway to the hall, held out her arms. "But don't you see, Ned—that was only because Dad knew your mother! He knew that no child of ours could be anything but good and fine!

Ned looked around at them, pressing one hand dazedly against his forehead. "I've got to get away," he mumbled. "Away by myself . . . to think this thing out."

At first slowly, then more rapidly, he walked out of the house, into the busy streets of Five Points.

So at last Ned has learned the secret of his parentage. Will his soul, under mined by fear, be able to withstand the shock? Be sure to read the coming chapters of this dramatic story in next month's Radio Mirror.
WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

WALTER BOWLES . . . every week day at 6:15 P. M., EDT, for over a year, I have been hearing a voice. It comes to me over CBL, Toronto, and belongs to a young man of fifty-one named Walter Bowles. The program is the newscast of the Toronto Daily Star, Canada's largest-circulating newspaper.

Now, there are some very fine newscasters in Canada. I'm thinking of Christopher Ellis of Montreal and Jim Hunter of Toronto. But, if I'm to be allowed a personal preference, I'll plump for Walter Bowles.

Walter has a style all his own. In the first place, he has a deep, sincere and quiet voice; there's no sensationalism in Walter's delivery whatsoever, but somehow it's more compelling than the accepted newscasting technique. Too, it's distinctly Canadian. When Walter Bowles signs off, he leaves you with the feeling that the news has been presented clearly and impartially by an intelligent friend, who thinks deeply and straightly.

And I have yet to hear Walter mispronounce a word or make a grammatical error, which is probably the schoolteacher coming out in him. Walter is my idea of that overworked term ... "cosmopolite." This is all the more strange, when you consider that, in his own words, "I was born in Toronto, I've lived here all my life, and what's more, I've never lived east of Yonge Street."

In appearance, Walter gives definition to the word "sturdy." In the first place, he has a deep, sincere and quiet voice; there's no sensationalism in Walter's delivery whatsoever, but somehow it's more compelling than the accepted newscasting technique. Too, it's distinctly Canadian. When Walter Bowles signs off, he leaves you with the feeling that the news has been presented clearly and impartially by an intelligent friend, who thinks deeply and straightly.

In 1919 he became first Warden of the newly-opened Hart House, the great undergraduate and alumni institution established at the University of Toronto by the Massey fortune.

After two years in that position, he took postgraduate work in France, and returned to teach in Appleby School in Oakville.

For some time he had his heart set on Radio. He had appeared in numerous radio skits, and the samples only whetted his appetite for the whole. After some years in the Educational Department of the Oxford University Press, he resigned to become an aerial free-lance. In 1938 he wrote and played the title role in the Imperial Tobacco series, "Dexter Randall." This led to an important role in that concern's big show, "Canada in 1937" and "Canada in 1938."

FOR this program he toured across Canada, broadcasting each week from a different center. His broadcast lasted seven out of the thirty minutes and had to include not only the historical background, geographical features, and industrial development of his place of broadcast, but also an interview with an interesting personality. That those seven minutes, so crammed and seemingly dull on paper, became highly colorful and interesting at Walter's hands speaks well of his ability.

His big "break" came after this success, when the Toronto Star hired him to be its newscaster. It looks as if he's going to be doing just that little thing for a long time to come.

"We've been a Pepsi-Cola family ever since our Wedding Day"

For over 35 years delicious, wholesome Pepsi-Cola has been a family favorite. Now a favorite with millions—the big, 12-ounce bottle is packed with flavor... and one handy Home Carton takes care of a big family. Pleasing to the taste... easy on the purse... that's Pepsi-Cola.

And this is the big, new, streamlined bottle of Pepsi-Cola, favorite with millions... because it's bigger and better!
THE price you pay for a well-known brand always represents value for your money, with full weight and measure assured. Insist on well-known brands, always.

Visit Your Drug Store During NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK OCTOBER 4TH TO 14TH

TORRID TEST in DEATH VALLEY (100° IN THE SHADE)
NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

Yodora protects under most difficult conditions! A dramatic series of tests proves it! In Death Valley, under the supervision of a registered nurse, Miss L. H. applied Yodora. Then she played two sets of badminton at 100° in the shade! Even after this grueling test, the underarms remained dainty...untainted by Underarm Odor! You can trust Yodora. It's delightfully pleasant to use—smooth, silky, agreeably scented. Yodora

Honest info! A jumbo package of Royledge shelving is only 5c! Nine feet of smooth, clean surface to protect your shelves...with a gay, lovely fold-down border to decorate the edges! This curl-proof border, two layers thick, wears for months, needs no tacks, no laundering. It's a heap-big household buy...and a heap-sight more decorative than plain or painted shelves.

Try ROYLEDGE in your kitchen, and see!

Dear old-fashioned patterns, or bright modern motifs, at the shelf-paper counters of S & lO, neighborhood and department stores. 5¢ and 10¢ sizes.
Capr. 1940, The Royal Lace For or Works, Inc.
Bakem., N. Y.

This sticker identifies Royledge.

Radio's Most Eligible Bachelor

THORA TAYLOR, pretty little NBC contest winner from Ogden, Utah, was Bergen's date the night he got bounced from the Palomar dance hall. Thora had stepped out with Bergen to the Cocoanut Grove, mostly for publicity purposes (The perpetually fresh list of new cuties coupled with Bergen's name spring from his obliging nature in this direction) and Bergen liked her. She could talk brightly and intelligently, which he likes, and besides Thora was comfortably engaged to a boy back home. They went to Rosa Ponselle's party in the afternoon. Bergen wore a new sports outfit, he was particularly proud of with an open neck shirt. After the party it seemed like a good idea to run down to the Palomar and hear Artie Shaw. But when they rolled up to Los Angeles' jitterbug Heaven, in Bergen's town car, with his chauffeur driving, a man followed them inside, frowning darkly. The moment Edgar sat down at a table, this dour individual collided with him. "You'll have to beat it, Mac," he ordained, "you ain't dressed right."

The situation was terrifying to Thora, but Edgar found it intriguing; instead of getting angry he tingled in the funny-bone. "I've suspected this for some time," he informed his captor, at the door, "What's wrong with my get-up?"

"No tie," the bouncer informed him. "You can rent one for fifty cents, if you wanna stay."

So Bergen rented a fifty-cent tie to go with his expensive tweeds, the very loudest one they had. And before they drove away in his town car he was dickering with the Palomar manager to buy the tie-renting concession! He said he thought it held a great future. Miss Thora Taylor will probably not forget that evening soon.

Bergen dotes on surprises, impromptu fun and an obey-that-impulse way of acting. He usually calls up his girl friends, saying, "We're going to do such-and-such. Would you like to join us?" instead of making dates ahead. Often he'll disguise his voice in one of the many dialects he's good at and work up a character and situation over the telephone before he gives himself away. By that time the girl usually is too weak to say no.

About a year ago NBC asked him to come down to the studio with Charlie and pose with some of their...
young starlets for publicity pictures. As usual Edgar, who loves to help any newcomers, took Kay St. Germaine, Helen Wood and a group of young Hollywood hopefuls on a trip and turned them into models. Then he mixed them into the business of getting photographed. When it was over, Bergen suggested that the gang go to some six or seven—come up to the Beverly Hills Hotel that evening “for an informal party.” He said he’d dig up dates for the men and—dresses, hat, jewelry, eyes—or experience. Being a true Swede (both his mother and father were born there) Edgar sees that plenty of pale blues and yellows are scattered about his house and his wardrobe too. But the Irish comes out when he gets around girls.

The rhumba, incidentally, is Beau Bergen’s favorite caper and he’d rather dance that than do anything, except perhaps take a clock apart, or invent something like his new electric ant trap. When they arrived, they found a full sized rhumba orchestra from a Los Angeles hotel, a big buffet spread, champagne, balancettes and dancers to teach everyone the rhumba, and fifty other guests! The party got that way in a couple of hours.

The rumpus room is one of Beau Bergen’s favorite caper and he’d rather dance than do anything, except perhaps take a clock apart, or invent something like his new electric ant trap. "Let’s have a party," they know it means the Rumpus Room. They know, too, that when they get back home they’re going to ache all over from an evening of what impolite people call belly laughs.

Edgar Bergen’s Rumpus Room is the only newly built part of his magnificent Beverly hilltop home, where he lives with his mother, Mrs. Nellie Bergen (the correct spelling of his name) and his two Swedish house helpers. It has been designed strictly for fun and that’s what it gets—in big barrels.

There’s a small built-in stage and footlights, why not? The room is covered with small town ads, the same kind of a curtain that used to roll up before Edgar and Charlie in their less affluent days. There’s a midget battered piano, a closet full of collapsible chairs, a modern fireproof projection room, complete movie sound equipment and reels of funny film, including, by the way, “The Lovin’ Swede.” Edgar’s particular parlor specialty is magic and legerdemain. But he’s no birdcage是一种 function, he’s fairy capers, shells, drums, wands and other traps necessary to pull a pigeon out of his best girl’s fluttering bosom.

Bergen’s personal tastes in women run very definitely to brunettes. In all his beauteous activities in Hollywood he has taken out but one blonde, the alabaster Anita Louise, but that was even more ephemeral than the average Bergen fling. His other feminine fetish is green. Anything green catches his eye—dress, hat, jewelry, eyes—or experience. Being a true Swede (both his mother and father were born there) Edgar sees that plenty of pale blues and yellows are scattered about his house and his wardrobe too. But the Irish comes out when he gets around girls.

The rumpus room is one of Beau Bergen’s favorite capers and he’d rather dance than do anything, except perhaps take a clock apart, or invent something like his new electric ant trap. "Let’s have a party," they know it means the Rumpus Room. They know, too, that when they get back home they’re going to ache all over from an evening of what impolite people call belly laughs.

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He selected Mary Hanrahan, his personal secretary and general all-around Girl Friday, out of one hundred secretarial applicants because she wore a green dress that matched her eyes!

Mary is, after all, the real head woman in Edgar Bergen’s life. He calls her “my boss.” She’s the only other living person who holds Charlie McCarthy at broadcasts. She’s a tall, capable Irish girl with dark hair, light eyes and a way of getting things done. Clarence, Edgar’s brother, handles the many Charlie McCarthy novelties of the big business Edgar Bergen, Incorporated, has grown into. But Mary dabbles in everything, radio, dolls, the comic strip, and very efficiently too. When Bergen acquired his house, she selected all the furniture and supervised the decorating. Edgar would probably be pretty lost without Mary.

PROBABLY the most fun he has out of life, besides steering Charlie McCarthy through a welter of funny business, is tinkering. Out behind his house is a workshop with all the tools you can think of off hand—wrenches, electric drills, and things. Every new piece of machinery he sees he hears years to investigate. The other day he put in an order for a Mitchell movie camera. They’re the newest and best in professional use at the studios and maybe you’d better not know how much they cost. Someone asked Edgar Bergen why he had so many cars; he said he’d dig up dates for the little gang—some six or seven—coming to the Beverly Hills Hotel that evening “for an informal party.” He said he’d dig up dates for the men and—dresses, hat, jewelry, eyes—or experience. Being a true Swede (both his mother and father were born there) Edgar sees that plenty of pale blues and yellows are scattered about his house and his wardrobe too. But the Irish comes out when he gets around girls.

To want to take it apart,” replied Bergen.

Which, about as well as anything, sums up radio’s most eligible bachelor who, with an income of a quarter of a million dollars every year, should be able to make any girl like riding behind him on a red motorcycle.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is also open the year around, with accommodations at greatly reduced rates for the winter months, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis, has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden’s treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

The Physical Culture Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department’s governmental authorities, where character building is the chief part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to twelve, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request. Address inquiries to: Bernarr Macfadden, Room 717, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
They Also Serve
Fred Bate
(Continued from page 18)

Edward R. Murrow
(Continued from page 19)

advertising he was pinch-hitting for the amusements on the big lot. He ballyhooed the Johnnie-One-Leg panorama. Some of you must remember that spectacle.

Later he was to take his portfolio of sketches and his vaunting spirit to the University of Chicago. History doesn’t record his scholastic attainments there, nor does it highlight the few years after his graduation. Everyone knew that he was smart, ambitious, and capable, but it took the bugles of 1914 to change the course of Fred Bate’s destiny. In the first year of the World War he was gone. Some one said he was leaving to study art in Spain. He never got there. He fell in line instead with those who sped their memorable way to Ypres and the Marne. In London he joined the Coldstream Guards.

The Guards, veterans of generations of wars for Britain, was a regiment to stir his flaming imagination. The Coldstream Guards was marching in the World War and with it, head high, eyes gleaming, went the tall, straight-shouldered boy who once had lived more than half a world away from its barracks.

On a summer day when peace had come once more to a war-weary world the society columns of the London Morning Post carried the announcement of the marriage there of Mr. Frederick, three of the Guards to the daughter of his colonel, the goddaughter of the Dowager Queen Alexandra.

Already royalty had found Fred Bate a gay companion. The gayest crowd in London—it was then the gayest crowd in the world—made him one of their own. The Mountbattens, the young Marchioness of Milford-Haven, Lady Furness, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, the Guinea girl, the Rajahs and the Maharajahs took him to their hearts and to their parties. Definitively he was one of The Gay Young People. By day you’d see him in Piccadilly or Bond Street with the Prince of Wales. By night the two of them would take London in their travel to the Kit-Kat Club. Americans abroad saw them in Cannes, in Paris.

From the Crillon to Fred Kiley’s in the CBS Montmartre showtime, spent upward because even in his blithest moments he was consumed with ambition and energy, Fred Bate was high in the ranks of the NBC in England. Ironically, it fell to his lot to sound the death knell of power for his old friend, his fellow soldier. It was Bate’s voice you heard just before Edward spoke farewell to his people on that momentous afternoon when the man who was king declared an empire well lost for love.

Now it is a serious voice that tells of men who die in Flanders mud, of great gray ships that stand guard, of watchful old men and prayerful women. The British would claim it as a mirror of their own virtue of endurance; but anyone who knew the West Side of his youth must know that any boy from our own midlands, born and bred where people struggled, could find forever the spirit of all the boys and girls who worked and played and set their courses by the far-away stars that shone dimly above the crowded streets of Chicago.
At that, he was lucky. Nowadays there wouldn't be a 23-passenger plane available. Before the war, Ed used to fly a great deal over Europe, co-ordinating CBS activities, but now, naturally, he remains in England.

Through the crisis years he watched communication between himself and his assistants in European key cities get more and more difficult. He always knew when a crisis of some kind was brewing, and where, because for a day or so ahead of time it would be impossible to get long-distance telephone calls through to that particular city. Frequently he had to resort to ridiculously roundabout methods to get instructions through to CBS men in the Axis countries—like sending a cable to Berlin by way of South America.

When you consider all the difficulties Ed Murrow overcame in getting the news and broadcasting it to America, you're apt to conjure up a picture in your imagination of a hard-hitting, aggressive individual. On the contrary, Ed is very quiet and very diplomatic. When he talks to you he looks directly into your eyes and speaks in a rather hurried, low voice. He doesn't often smile, which is natural enough, but he never loses his temper, which is remarkable, in view of the extreme nervous tension under which he works and lives. He's a good reporter, but he is mainly interested in the meaning of the facts he reports—likes to look past them to the underlying forces and trends to which they are clues. In the present world, he's like a man watching a volcano erupt—he sees the smoke and flame, but he's busy thinking about the greater chaos beneath the surface of the earth, and trying to decide what caused it, and where it will break out next.

In his broadcasts, though, he sticks to the facts, and almost never editorializes. He did make one blood-chilling remark, though, which becomes more frightening the more you ponder it. "I believe," he said, "that this war is for the control of men's minds."

Ed is married to a very pretty young American woman whose name is Janet, and they live in a flat across the street from the CBS offices and near the BBC building. Early this summer, when CBS made arrangements to evacuate the wives of its correspondents in European capitals, Janet refused to leave. They have no children, and Janet said that her only responsibility was to stay with Ed. Janet furnished their flat herself, and though she didn't stick to any one period of decoration, she has excellent taste and created a charming home. There are a few New England antique pieces which she brought over with her from the United States, plus some modern furniture purchased in England. Ed's study is filled with American Indian rugs and pottery which he collected as a hobby in the days when he was traveling around the United States.

Janet is an accomplished pianist, and Ed is making a reporter out of her as well. Frequently he puts her on the air with stories about London's food supply or the evacuation of children.

The Murrows haven't much time now for entertaining, but they used to do a great deal. Janet, who does most of the cooking herself, would go to Selfridge's, the big London department store, and buy American ham or bacon, coffee, and maple syrup, and on Sunday mornings they would invite people in for real mid-western American breakfasts. The imported delicacies were expensive, but delicious, since no American living abroad ever gets used to English breakfasts. Ed has managed to cultivate a taste for English cigarettes, but not Janet—she still shops for the American kind.

HOME life for Ed and Janet since Germany marched into Holland has been confined to brief meetings at odd moments and an occasionally nodding of the heads across the width of street which separates the windows of the Murrow apartment from those of the Murrow office. They are living in the same city and under the same roof, but the times are so far from normal that Janet sees almost as little of her husband as if he were in the army.

In a way, he is. For if you believe, as he does, that the war is for control of men's minds, radio, with its command of so many millions of ears, is on the firing line.

TWO Kinds of Heat for Price of ONE! Coleman not only circulates—it radiates, too! Open Heat Reflector Doors for quick warm-up radiant heat! See the full Coleman line now, at your Coleman dealer's!
the bedside and fell to her knees.  
"John—it’s Elizabeth!"

No sound, no movement. His skin was—cool, purple, moist. His mouth and eyelids unware. She couldn’t bear it. Clenching his shoulders with wild hands she screamed his name as loudly as she could.

Suddenly arms clamped around her body and dragged her backward. She reached out and took hold of the foot of the bed, held fast. With a hard jerk of her elbow, she freed herself and turned to face—Carlie Prince, wild-eyed and almost breathless.

"Leave him alone, you!—how did you get here, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth was back at the bedside, leaning over the still face, calling and crying. With grim terror she heard Carlie blurting out what had happened.

"A brick struck him. The doctor says he’ll be all right—he’s exhausted—has to rest. They gave him something to make him sleep."

Carlie yanked—Elizabeth’s arm, pulling her to the middle of the floor.

"The doctor says he’ll be all right?" Elizabeth went over the words at the top of her voice.

"Stop yelling. I told you once! You’ve got to leave him alone!"

But Elizabeth wheeled back to the bed, holding Carlie at arm’s length.

John’s eyelids fluttered, his lips closed and mumbled.

NOW the two women leaned over the bed together.  
"Elizabeth..." came forth plainly.

"Yes, John.
Elizabeth let tears of relief, of gratitude and joy drop down her cheeks. She was talking and laughing and pressing her face against John’s. Telling him of her anxiety, how she had heard the news broadcast—of her endless drive.

But gradually through it all she became aware of Carlie Prince. Carlie bringing the nurse, saying in a tight whisper:

"I have just gone out to get some water. I didn’t know she was here. Now—can’t you do something... make her understand she has to leave him alone!"

The nurse, austere in white uniform, looked at Elizabeth, then at Carlie.

"I have other patients who need me," she said to the girl. "Those seriously injured."

She turned on her heel and disappeared down the corridor.

John was sitting up on the bed, his fingers pressed to his temples. Elizabeth, half-kneeling, half-sitting on the floor beside him thought she had never known such happiness in her heart.

"I’m all right," John said. "Did this handage scare you?" He began to unwind the gauze.

"John—" Carlie’s whole attention went to him, "please, don’t take that off. You’re—you’ve got to rest, like the doctor said."

"Why—what’s wrong with me?" he shook his head.

Elizabeth sat there, hearing Carlie tell him a brick had fallen from the chimney, struck him, when he was carrying her through the hotel grounds.

"John, you saved my life. I—I’ll never forget that. You—you were wonderful to me."

Suddenly Carlie crumpled in a heap at the opposite side of the bed. As if to hide her tears, she bent her arm over her face. Her uncontrolled sobs vibrated through the small room.

Elizabeth, suddenly standing, started to go over to Carlie, but the odd expression on John’s face held her still. His hand clumsily stroked Carlie’s unshaven cheek.

"Now, child. What’s there to cry about? What’s wrong?"

Concern over Carlie’s tears made him forget everything but her high, hysterical sobs.

His hand slipped through her curls, found her chin, turned her tear-streaked face toward him.

"Are you hurt, child? Tell me—are you all right?"

She nodded, unable to stop the deep sobs.

"Why are you crying? Tell me."

"The papers—" Carlie sobbed. "They say, John. Because you are all right. But it’s so awful—to think I owe you my life and still you won’t let me take care of you—like the doctor said."

"It takes more than a sock on the head to keep me down for long. Didn’t you know that?" His eyes held hers with tender reassurance.

"Yes—I do know." The quivering smile which parted her lips, told him much more, Elizabeth thought. It changed the whole atmosphere of that room—and clamped Elizabeth’s mind like a vise.

With strange new energy, John Perry seemed to recuperate. He swung his legs over the side of the bed and pressed his hands to his head. He looked at Elizabeth leaning against the wall and seemed to realize with a feeling of guilt that she was there.

"Little dizzy yet, but tickling," he smiled at her. "She got on his feet."

"Here, hold on to me," Carlie was around the bed, beside him.

ELIZABETH made no move, taking in with aching alertness the picture Carlie Prince made, in a light purple nightgown which made her look even more childish, more appealing. But in her long-lashed eyes was an expression impossible to misinterpret. Carlie Prince was in love with John. And John—she told herself, knew it.

Elizabeth felt dizzy. Her hand, brushing the hair from her eyes, was ice. Had she driven nearly all night, to learn this, that Carlie and John were in love? "I only wanted him to be alive," she reminded herself.

In a kind of daze Elizabeth witnessed John slowly coming into action.

"Wait—Elizabeth, did you say you heard a news broadcast—heard my name?"

"The papers—" Carlie said, wide-eyed. "I wonder—if they told you how you saved me? I—Oh—"

The nurse started again, saying many phone calls had come inquiring about Mr. Perry’s condition.

John’s fingers plowed through his hair, in that way they always did when he was nervous. His eyes went to Carlie; then he turned to Eliza-
beth, his arms half extended, as if he were pleading with her to trust in him. But it was Elizabeth who first spoke.

"Hadn't we better be starting back?"

"Yes" John's thoughts came back from far away. "I want to call the office—"

Sitting on the bed, he lifted the phone. He was talking to his secretary when Robin Pennington's keen figure appeared in the doorway.

"Why, Elizabeth?" Robin was beside her. "I didn't know you were here—too, you aren't hurt?"

Elizabeth shook her head, feeling her face go crimson. Her heart contracted strangely and her hand waved toward John and Carlie.

"John—you all right? I saw the early paper and came as quickly as I could. Paper said you were struck!"

"John kept miserable fangiers kept tracking through his hair as he talked.

"It was nothing, Pennington. You drive here from your country place?"

"Mortimer Prince was staying with me and the only way I could keep him from making the trip was to make it myself. You see, he was up-set about Carlie—"

"Prince—with—you?" John asked, frowning. His eyes went to Carlie, standing back in Pennington's room.

"I expected him to meet me at his lodge last night. He wired me to meet him to talk over business."

"Haltingly he continued. "Naturally when he wasn't at the lodge I checked up about Carlie."

"Prince—with—you?" John asked, frowning. His eyes went to Carlie, standing back in Pennington's room.

Carlie spoke for the first time since Robin's arrival.

"Dad is a worrier." Looking at John, then, "I'll fix everything up with him all right. Really, John, I will. I tell him you saved my life, he'll—"

It was suddenly as plain as if it were traced in neon letters that Carlie had sent John the wire yesterday, that her father had known nothing of the date with John at the lodge.

Elizabeth broke the tension: "You can drive yourself back to town, can't you, John? I'll have to drive my car."

"It was such an effort to sound natural. Her voice went to Carlie, her face went crimson. Her heart con-tracted, again and lighted a fresh cigarette. Pennington stepped out into the corridor and Carlie followed.

John's hand on Elizabeth's arm delayed her.

"Elizabeth—I can explain it all to you when we are alone. I realize how you must think I did—"

Elizabeth shook her head. "You failed to tell me Carlie was to be at your business conference. Did that prevent your asking me along?"

"Elizabeth, it's all right, I tell you. You've got to believe that. I can explain everything, but not now. I've got to get back to the store...

A frown crowded between his eyes. She had never seen him look so tired. She had never felt so weary herself.

They walked down the corridor together. She waited while John went through the necessary details for leaving the hospital. While he got into his roadster, drove away.

Robin Pennington stood beside her, in the gravel drive beside the hospital—they watched them as they drove away. And they both knew the thing they had not voiced—that Carlie Prince had gone to John. She had known that if her father were not at his lodge, it would be the natural thing for John to check in at the Crane Hotel, the only hotel on the road.
"Well," said Robin, talking straight to the thought in Elizabeth's mind, "Carlie couldn't possibly have figured on the hotel burning.

"No," she said flatly. "But if John could have protected her I'm certain he would have . . . Robin, I guess you were right about people changing." His hand touched her arm, as he said: "Elizabeth, don't think about it now—you're tired. Let's go find some coffee. I'm certain everything will look brighter then.

In a roadside diner, over numerous cups of steaming coffee, Elizabeth made a decision that morning. "Robin, now I know I want to take you up on that radio offer—if it's still open. I want to go to New York, as you once suggested."

"When will you go, Elizabeth?"

"A week—still be there.

In New York she could not think—there would be too much excitement. Rehearsals—voice lessons, dramatic lessons, making up—she preferred to go to New York. 

But as if Nature had turned against her, she was gone, she knew John would not come there to sleep. He would not come home at all—just stay in some hotel near the store.

She would close the house—just as she would close her heart. John no longer wanted to be in either.

When John did not come home except for a few hours sleep during the following three days, she knew in some strange way, that she had not deceived him. There had been a certain stimulation in holding her plans secret from John.

She had been lying in bed for the last days and went to bed early. In a frenzied daze she got through the nights—as if nature were her ally in escaping loneliness and contemplation.

But as if Nature had turned against her, Thursday morning she awakened feverish. Her hands were dry and her eyes stung. Sitting on the side of her bed, she began to cry helplessly.

When asked was that he be alive . . . she reminded herself. "I want him to be happy—and I want a chance myself. After all my life wasn't meant to be a series of worries over other women sharing my husband's interest. He can't help being that way—and I can't help being the way I am. John needs two lives—one as a husband, one as a free soul."

Elizabeth stood up, feeling the burden of the world on her head. But the doctor had dizzily back on the back of the bed. The ceiling whirled and her heart pounded ominously. She lay there, listening to her heart beat what seemed hours before she rang for Molly, her maid.

She stayed in bed all that morning, leaving the dainty breakfast which Molly prepared, untouched. At noon, she dressed and phoned Dr. Pender-...
had elated her, lifted her spirits—now she felt doubtful that it was a solution to her problem.

If doubt had not assailed Elizabeth, she would not have hesitated outside John's office. But she did wait, thoughtfully, a few minutes and those moments changed the whole course of her life.

She saw John's office door burst open, saw him come tearing out like a wild man. His hat was tossed, his coat unfastened. There was a flushed, nervous expression on his face—one of panic.

His whole body was trembling. He turned back towards his open door with clenched fists.

Then Elizabeth saw the crowd in his office—the men, with angry faces and jutting jaws.

"I reduced your salaries because I had to reduce the entire budget of Perry's Business. I can't keep spending when we show no profit. You, heads of departments, daring to come to me and ask a time like this, questioning my actions..."

Jerome Williams, a middle-aged, gray-haired man who had been employed in Perry's ever since John had become president, stepped out of the group. His usually sallow face was bright pink.

"John Perry, you've brought this on your own conduct. The decent, moral citizens of this town don't want to patronize a store whose president gets his name broadcast and in the newspapers as you have during the last week. It's not right that we have to suffer through your lack of decency."

Elizabeth had to act quickly to stop John. She couldn't scream or plead. She saw his fists, saw him start toward Williams. But Elizabeth, miraculously, was quicker.

In one swift movement she was between her husband and the irate Williams, her small body holding the two men apart.

Williams backed into John's office, as she stepped up on the desk chair, then mounted the glass-topped desk.

"Listen," she looked down at them thoughtfully, a few minutes and those doubts had not assailed Elizabeth, she would not have hesitated outside John's office, but she did wait, thoughtfully, a few minutes and those moments changed the whole course of her life.

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Hollywood Radio Whispers (Continued from page 37)

That song “Who’s Yehudi?” is the property of Fred MacMurray. It’s his because Fred owns a music publishing business, which he bought to help out his former musical buddies, “The Collegians.”

It may be a coincidence, but the happy family life as depicted on the Penny Singleton-Arthur Lake programs seems to be having its effect on members of the “Blondie” staff. Since the series opened there have been four weddings! Joe Donahue, former producer of the show, and Mary Eastman were married in the fall, to be followed by Leone LeDoux, character actress, and Ted Carter, Hanley “Mr. Dithers” Stafford and Vyola Vonn; and “Ashmeade” Scott, writer and director, and “Fig Turner, actress!

Carl Haff, the band maestro of the Al Pearse shows, reports that fan mail was addressed to him during the past month in the following variations: Karl Haff, Carl Haff, Carol Off, Carl Coff, but not Micky Mouse. P.S.: He’s still Carl Haff!

Frances Langford recently made a long distance phone call from Hollywood to husband Jon Hall on location at Kajenta, Arizona. The conversation happened to take place over the longest single phone line in the United States, stretching a hundred and forty-seven miles from Flagstaff, Arizona, to Kayenta. Jon asked Frances to send along a home remedy for his cold and the next day, unshamed that they had listened in, several people wrote him suggesting better remedies.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Lana Turner’s studio, is throwing up its hands at Lana’s irrational and ill-advised everyday moves. Lana rushes in where angels fear to tread, and the latest act varnished with nonsense was Lana’s decision to pose with her husband and George Burns for publicity pictures, and the moment later telling folks about her separation!

Photographers missed a chance the other night when Bing Crosby strolled into Hollywood Radio City to appear on the special NBC short wave broadcast to Little America. He had dressed up from head to foot like a fashion plate. With his wife, the former Dixie Lee, looking every inch the starlet, Bing was seen in a sport suit from the latest pages of a masculine fashion magazine, two-tone shoes and a new straw hat. Bing generally makes his appearance around NBC in those loud "outboard" shirts, a floppy hat, and a pipe dangling from his mouth!

Cliff Nazarro, that funny little double-talking fellow on Meredith Wilson’s Tuesday show, is working out a new double-talk mouse character for an animated cartoon. Cliff has done a lot of work for Disney, Looney-Tunes and other cartoon comics.

The chief concern in Hollywood this month is not so much over what programs will be deleted from the fall radio schedules as over a lack of programs good or bad. Retrenching for months against real and fancied hard times, radio was sort of hard-pressed to supply “inexpensive” shows which they are “showcasing” during the summer months.

By this time, more than thirty programs of the small budget variety are at the tip of your radio dial. They are quiz shows, in which the main talent is comprised of members of the audience. So, by the time fall radio sets in, you can expect “audience participation” radio shows replacing the more expensive variety shows. In dollars and cents, it means this: Instead of sponsors paying five and ten thousand dollars a week for talent, they’ll be spending five hundred or a thousand dollars.

Hollywood radio circles woke up one morning to find their favorite comic, Bob Hope, on the "pan." The reason: it was reported Bob Hope had gone "big-headed," demanding a one hundred percent increase in his radio salary. To this harsh squawk, Hope’s producers maintained a shocked silence. But Hope himself announced the remark: "Believe only half of what you read, and nothing of what you hear. Beyond this, Hollywood is not going to accept Hope’s comment on the rumor as the last word. In other words, he’s still a comedian and a good fellow: not ‘high hat’ at all."

The Dick Powells moved bag and baggage to the Beach for a three months’ rest period. They’ll headquarter at Balboa, with Dick returning to Hollywood once weekly for his radio show.

Perhaps many of you heard “Meet the Stars,” the other Tuesday, when it presented George Burns and Ed Norris. Highlight of the show was Jessel’s stage appearance before the broadcast. Georgie was amusing the audience with his comedy and wisecracks: He said: “Fisher is the only columnist who didn’t make cracks when I married Lois.”

He continued by complaining about Eddie Cantor’s remark, made in San Francisco, that Jessel’s wife was teething. “The saving grace for that remark,” Jessel answered, “is that Lois will be biting, long after Cantor can’t!”

Three years ago, when your reporter was doing the Walter Winchell radio program, while Walter was vacationing, I suggested that every radio station sign on and off by playing the Star Spangled Banner. Hundreds of wires were sent to me, from radio station managers, saying they would be doing it, too. I was too happy to follow my suggestion. Consequently, all over America, you’ll hear stations playing that Sentimental favorite when they sign on and off. But the fact still remains a great many radio stations are not playing the National Anthem ... why?
to a lawyer with it. And I found out that I had practically signed away my life for the next ten years. The contract stipulated that John was to have the final word in everything I did. If he didn't approve of a contract, or even a song I had choosen, he could stop me from working. And he had complete control over all my earnings. By this time, I knew John well enough to know that he would make full use of his power over me. If it hadn't been for the work I was doing with old Grazzi, I think I would have gone mad.

The only happy hours I had were those I spent in Grazzi's studio, preparing my repertoire for the concert tour. It was good working with the old man, learning serious music that was so different from the trashy pieces John always made me sing, those things that Grazzi called "cheap vocal gymnastics." And at Grazzi's there was Tony Allan.

Grazzi had hired Tony Allan to be my accompanist on the tour. The old man knew him very well and had recommended him highly, as a pianist and a person. He needed help, because I liked Tony immediately and we got along famously.

WHEN John heard I was taking a male accompanist on the tour, he went into another tantrum. He threatened to prevent the tour, by the terms of his contract. But this time, Grazzi handled him. I still don't know how he did it, but John gave his permission in the end. Of course, John didn't give in graciously. No. He threatened to kill both Tony and me, if we had anything to do with each other. I won't bother telling you about the tour. You know about it. There were ovations and triumphs in city after city. I was very happy. I was free of John for awhile. And it was pleasant being with Tony, traveling, talking, having supper after the concerts with him. He was my kind of people. There was much to talk about, much to laugh over.

The time passed quickly, too quickly. It seemed no time at all before we were back in New York and I was giving my last recital of the season at Carnegie Hall. And then there was John again.

We took up exactly where we had left off, only this time John had an object for his jealousy. Tony Allan. Why didn't you divorce me? You think I'm dead, don't you? You have grounds, even for New York.
I SHOULD have known better, but the prospect of a holiday was too entic- ing to be put into my plan. Tony knew I had a cousin in Albany of whom I was very fond. I was to have my cousin wire me that the train was due. Then, I would get on the Albany train under John's watchful eye and start off. And at one of the small stations along the route, Tony would be waiting for me in his car and we would drive the rest of the way to the hills.

I wrote my cousin right away. She knew I was unhappy with John, asked no questions and sent me a wire immediately.

As it turned out, it was very simple. John was very preoccupied with some business or other and when I showed him the telegram, he hardly noticed it. He just nodded and said it was all right with him. I got quite a kick out of my little plot.

Tony was waiting for me at a small station along the route, as we had planned. It was such a small station that I didn't stop and when I showed him the telegram, he hardly noticed it. He just nodded and said it was all right with him. I got quite a kick out of my little plot. It was amusing and exciting to be putting something over on John, even such an innocent thing as a week-end in the country with a group of people.

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I did any of the flashy, soprano numbers John had always made me sing on the air.

I went along, minding my own business, doing my work and feeling very pleased with myself. I was through with men for the rest of my life. They were poison to me. They had brought me nothing but grief.

I TURNED to Paul. "And then," I said, "you came along." For the first time in my life, I was in love—and there was no question about it. "You poor kid," he said. "Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me right away?" "I was wrong," I said. "I loved you so much and I was afraid to spoil it. I was wrong—I know—but I thought it might make a difference to you.

"Why should anything that you did before I met you make any difference to me?" Paul asked. "Even if you didn't—" Paul said patiently. "Don't speak of it. I've already forgiven you. You're a dope. But I want to marry you anyway."

"But I can't get married," I said. "Legally, I'm still married to John."

"Then you'll have to get a divorce," Paul said.

"Yes—but the publicity—the scandal—" I said.

"Forget it," Paul said. "I'll make that monkey behave. What you've got to do is get a quiet divorce in some small town where no one knows you and no one is likely to remember the name of Meredith James. That's simple enough."

"John will contest the divorce," I said. "I told you so!"

"No, he won't," Paul said, his face getting hard and stubborn. "I'll beat his head off, if he does."

Paul wasn't too of us to fly to New York at once. It took hours of persuasion to talk him out of it, to convince him that if John knew why I wanted to leave him, he might do some thing in his power to make it impos- sible. A brawl wouldn't help. In fact, it might give John just the sort of weapon he needed. I sympathized with Paul's desire to beat the law, but I knew that wasn't the right way.

We saw a lawyer the next day and learned that to avoid publicity we would have to get John to agree to a divorce. If he should contest the divorce, and I knew he would unless I could scare him sufficiently to silence him, the papers would make a Roman holiday of it. But how to frighten him?

"There's only one way," Paul said. "His business, his whole life, depends on keeping his reputation as a gentleman—a discoverer and developer of talent. All right. Just ask him how he thinks it will sound in the newspapers."

"I've already done it," I said. """Why else would you come back?"" That took me unawares. I stared at him. ""Yes," I stammered. ""How—how did you know?"

I regretted my composure immediately. "Will you step into the studio, please, Miss Ware," he said.

The studio was even more magnificent than the reception room. It was more than the old studio we had shared. The very air breathed luxury. Money, lots of money, had gone into the decorations and furnishings. It struck me that John must be doing very well, indeed, to be able to afford all this grandeur.

In a moment, John appeared in a doorway, murmuring the name I had sent in. Miss Janet Ware, he said. In that low, sad voice. He came toward me, his hand stretched out for mine and a gentle, half smile on his lips. Still the same old act.

THEN he recognized me. His face turned white. "You're in love, aren't you?"

"Yes," Paul said, his mouth hard. "You're in love, aren't you?"

"I knew you were trying to get rid of me. But I knew too that it wouldn't work. I knew you'd have to come crying back to me some day. You're in love, aren't you?"

I did not answer.

"Of course," John said. "Your—friend, Tony Allan, came and told me you weren't on that train, as soon as he read about the accident. When you didn't come back the next few days, I knew you were trying to get rid of me. But I knew too that it wouldn't work. I knew you'd have to come crying back to me some day. You're in love, aren't you?"

But I wasn't listening now. He
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Regular medical care during pregnancy is vitally important. Your doctor can regulate diet to provide minerals essential to the formation of bone and teeth and protect both you and the baby from possible disease development in the baby. Ask his advice on feeding infant.

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Are You Really Well?
(Continued from page 17)

fast-moving world, each in her own little sphere of activity. So much depends, we think, on our active brains and willing hands.
The busy housewife can’t give up and go to bed. Who would wash the children’s clothes and cook three meals a day? Why, without her, she thinks, the house would be too filthy after two days for human habitation.
The young working girl can’t stop going to the office. And her protests, doctors say, are the most moving. She must earn her eighteen dollars a week. Her mother, perhaps, depends upon it for a living, or a young brother can go to school because of that weekly check.

No matter what our jobs, we’re apt to think we can’t be spared. Yet sometimes, if we ignore her too long, Nature calls a complete halt, and then—Well, let Joan tell you what happened to her.

“You think you have to do this play and these pictures right away,” her doctor told her. “All right, go ahead, if you must. I can’t tie you into bed.”

“But remember that if you do, you’re taking a chance at their being your last play, your last pictures for a while.”

“What do the motion picture studios pay you for, do you think? Do you think they’ll pay your salary to a neurotic woman, prematurely middle-aged, whose ill health is written all over her face in wrinkles and sallow skin and listless, sagging lines?”

“And if you won’t think of your career, think of your family. You may think your husband and children will be sympathetic, when you have over her her hair for a WHOLE WEEK.

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again—a sensation she'd lost without knowing it.

Just the prospect of a rest improved Joan's spirits so much that she completely forgot at the outset that she was a near-invalid and under a physician's orders. It was the best medicine in the world to her, that "relax and have fun" order.

Is it the medicine that you, too, should take?

Of course you probably think you can't stop. Your hands are full with your job, whether it be at a typewriter or at the kitchen stove, and your family no doubt would have to make drastic adjustments if suddenly you laid down your burden.

But try it.

All the problems you're worrying about can be solved so much more easily if you can give a rested mind to them. And the things which are necessary to health fun once more. Because you'll be—really—well.

It's surprising, doctors say, how few women really observe a few simple health rules which would do wonders in preserving their beauty, their vitality, and—yes, their happiness.

None of these rules is difficult to follow. Mostly, they're only common sense. But read them, and ask yourself how many of them you observe religiously. You may be surprised at the answer.

RULES about sleep: A woman should have eight hours of sleep every night. It doesn't matter particularly, many doctors say, whether you go to bed at nine, at midnight, or at three in the morning; sleeping late in the morning is all right, provided you really sleep. Just lying in bed isn't enough.

In addition, a woman should have from forty to sixty minutes of rest in mid-afternoon, if she can possibly arrange it.

Rules about eating: Avoid devitalized foods like white sugar and white flour products, substituting vital foods like white fruits and vegetables in their natural colors and forms. Avoid toxic drinks like water, Sunshine, Fresh Air, Exercise, and Elimination, and instead of being constructive thoughts, because these bring about a haggard look. Cultivate charity and beauty.

Rules about exercise: Housework doesn't take the place of real exercise; so you should walk at least two miles every day in the open air, and take ten minutes off every morning to exercise that part of the body which contains all the vital organs. This ten-minute setting-up routine can be simplicity itself—squat with the upper part of the body held erect, and bend and twist with the legs held straight.

Rules about your personal habits: Excessive smoking and drinking will coarsen your skin and upset the nervous system, resulting in that drab haggard look. Cultivate charity and good will, and think kindly and constructive thoughts, because these bring beauty to your face and make you your job, whether it be at a typewriter or at the kitchen stove, and your family no doubt would have to make drastic adjustments if suddenly you laid down your burden.

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TIPS ON FINGERTIPS

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

THERE is no denying that the lacquered nails in jewel-like colors do something for your hands that the natural or faintly tinted ones do not. Nails worn a little long and accented with brilliant red or dusky rose make even stubby fingers look tapering and glamorous. But there are still some people—especially some men—who have not gotten used to the idea. Then the question is, whom are we trying to please? And is there a compromise?

Thinking of pretty hands, my mind naturally turned to lovely and lively Dinah Shore, who sings for you regularly over NBC, Sundays at 4:30, and Fridays at 10:30 P.M. That brilliant young star was moving with comet-like rapidity through a busy morning of making records for R.C.A. Victor (the ones with the Blue Bird label), but when I finally caught up with her she was more than willing to tell her beauty routines for hands.

Dinah’s hands are naturally beautiful, with slender tapering fingers and soft, yet firm, palms. But she leaves nothing to chance. Once a week or oftener she manicures, pushing back the cuticle and carefully shaping the nails so as to flatter the natural outlines of the finger tips. Too-pointed nails, she thinks, suggest claws, especially when one wears them rather long, as she does.

Between manicures, she soaks her finger tips in warm olive oil every day or so for a few minutes, to keep the cuticle soft. In addition she uses a special cuticle cream.

Dinah solves the question of what shade of polish by having several kinds. She herself likes the brilliant reds. She varies them to match her lipstick, or her costume, or the preferences of her friends. For her more conservative friends, she wears duller shades, a dusky rose rather than red, dark enough to give the tapering effect but not so startling.

The vogue for long nails is flattering to the hands, but it creates the problem of keeping the nails from breaking. Dinah finds it sufficient protection to use a good polish foundation and two coats of polish. Also she is careful to get plenty of calcium in her diet. Nails and teeth are weakened by deficiencies. Plenty of milk, and frequent sea food meals are a genuine beauty requisite.

If you play the piano, or use the typewriter, or if you are a busy home-maker, it is hard to keep the nails from breaking. Learn to use the fingers so as to spare them as much as possible, and do not try to wear them extra long. When you dial a phone, use a pencil, not your finger. It is not the polish that causes splitting, but the length. Some women find that painting the nails with white iodine toughens them. Use the iodine on the nails before applying the polish foundation, and under the nails after each hand washing. It is certainly harmless and sometimes gives surprising results.

No one likes clammy hands. If yours tend to perspire too readily, use on them one of the good deodorants of the type that checks perspiration. And, meanwhile, try to build up your general health. Clammy hands usually mean a rundown condition of some sort.

HANDS YOU LOVE TO HOLD

If the hands are to be kept smooth and lovely, they must never be exposed to any but the best soap. It is worth a little experiment to select your favorite. None of the better soaps contain any free alkali. You can satisfy yourself of that by a tip-of-the-tongue test. (Free alkali would cause a burning sensation when you touch the soap with your tongue.) But aside from that, some soaps agree with some skins better than others. Soaps vary a little in the fine oils composing them. Here, as in choosing all toilettries and cosmetics, it is worth while to experiment a little before you settle upon a preference. If your hands must be washed very frequently, or are much in water, and roughness occurs, do not blame your good soap. Soften the water if possible. Dry the hands carefully, and apply a little of your favorite lotion, kept handy to the wash basin.
records are ground up and used over again in the giant mixer. A finished record takes 35 seconds to print off the master. The valued master print is then filed away in huge vaults.

At RCA-Victor, Mignon Smith has an odd job. She plays one out of every 50 records pressed and checks any defects that may have sneaked through. She hears about 70 records a day, five days a week, and has performed that task for 13 years. I wonder if any of you rabid jitterbugs could stand this strain?

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:
All This and Heaven Too; Where Do You Keep Your Heart (Bluebird 10751) Charlie Barnet. A slick ballad obviously dedicated to Bette Davis, coupled with another smooth tune.

The Lord Donald up My Soul; Lovely Day Tomorrow (Columbia 35502) Kate Smith. America's songbird chirps delightfully. A word must be said for Jack Miller's orchestra and chorus. A must.

Falling In Love; Thine Alone (Royale 1882) Jan Peerce. This fine tenor sings two lovely Valse Herbert ballads.

Down By the O-hi-o; Orchids for Remembrance (Victor 26633) Sammy Kaye. Radio Mirror's 1940 favorite rolls off with its usual impressions.

Contrasts; Tonight (Decca 3196) Jimmy Dorsey. Jimmy's theme song played just as you've heard it on the air dozens of times.

When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano; Where Do I Go from You? (Decca 3213) Guy Lombardo. A long title that will make a short trip to success. The Lombardo tempo is unchanged.

Knit One, Purl Two; I Can't Resist You (Vocalion 5577) Dick Jurgens. A novelty that may go places backed by a romantic piece.

I Love to Watch the Moonlight; I Hear Blackbirds (Victor 26665) Hal Kemp. Can't get tired of shouting Hal's praises when they roll off as smoothly as this platter. Benedict Bob Allen sings happily.

Some Like It Swing:
Art Tatum Album (Decca) The blind colored pianist is truly a genius. Improvisations that make you tingle with joy. Recommended without reservations; particularly his version of "Sweet Lorraine."

Marcheta; I'll Never Smile Again (Victor 26628) Tommy Dorsey. A revamped version of "Marcheta" that certainly pales the original.

Six Lessons from Mme. La Zonga; No Name Jive (Columbia 35508) Gene Krupa. Hot and Havana, backed up by a drummer's delight.

Pennsylvania 6506; Rug Cutters Swing (Bluebird 10754) Glenn Miller. A sizzler that gives many of the boys solo spots.

Mr. Meadowlark; Crazy Rhythm (Columbia 35497) Benny Goodman. One side is sedate, subtle swing. The reverse has no holds barred.

Conga latina; Perúdiá (Varsity 8310) Eddie LeBaron. The conga and rumba highlight of the month.

I Got It; What's Your Story (Columbia 35510) Jimmy Lunceford. Originality from start to finish.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 41)
We pay as much as 5c PER WORD for exceptional True Stories

Read This

September is here—the vacation season is pretty well over—writers are hard at work. During the next few months we expect that many excellent true stories will be forthcoming and we, on our part, are cooperating by offering a graduated scale of word rates that permits writers of true stories to get paid in accordance with the excellence of the stories they submit. Under this special offer if, during September 1940, you send in a true story suited to our needs that is better than average, not only will you receive the regular basic rate of approximately two cents per word, but in addition you will be granted a handsome bonus of one, two or, if outstandingly better than average, three cents per word, putting the pricewise figure of five cents per word well within your reach—as much as $250 for a 5,000-word story—$500 for a 10,000-word story, etc. Think of it!

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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N E W S broadcasts are the favorite programs. The older folks like to learn about the weather and the farmers want to know the tobacco prices in season, since nearly all their cash comes from this crop. The young folks follow the "Cats" from the University of Kentucky in all their sports, and they know as much about the latest popular music as any big-city jitterbug.

Since electricity is uncommon in the hills, only five of the thirty-two radios are of the usual electric type. The more work on Delco light plants and the remaining twenty-five are battery sets which must be used sparingly to conserve power—since a dead battery means a trip to the nearest electric source for re-charging.

Listening to a radio program down in the backwoods means more than a casual twist of the wrist—but, for that very reason, it's a greater and more enduring pleasure.
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Lovely Black Color To Hair That Is
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THIS remarkable new creme shampoo discovery, TINTZ Creme SHAMPOO HAIR COLORING, lathers and washes out dirt, grease and grime as it INSTANTLY gives hair a real smooth, JET BLACK TINT that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don’t put up with gray, faded, dull, burnt, streaked, off-color hair a minute longer. TINTZ Creme SHAMPOO contains genuine PARAPHENYLENE DIAMINE and is a real INSTANT HAIR COLORING. The first application leaves your hair completely tinted; black, lovely, easy to manage. No waiting for results. Colors so smooth and even, experts find it difficult to detect. Won’t hurt permanents. Now being specially introduced all over America by mail for only $1.00.

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