

# *Radio* AND TELEVISION *MIRROR*



APRIL



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Courtship and Marriage

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... Jet Black • Black • Dark Brown  
Med. Warm Brown • Med. Drab Brown  
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CONVENIENT  
COUPON

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Canadian Office: Department 832, 22 College Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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• Very young and very feminine—a crisp navy taffeta pinafore frock with white organdy guimpe.

Her Pinafore Frock said "Linger"  
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Your smile is your own priceless "exclusive"—  
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

**A**DRESS straight out of Vogue or a hat from Harper's glamorous pages can give a girl the proper start. But there's nothing like a lovely smile to complete the journey—straight into a man's heart.

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Get a tube of economical Ipana today. See what Ipana and massage can do to add more lustre, more charm to your smile!



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**TEST THYNMOLD**  
**10 DAYS**  
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**YOU** can have that suave, smooth, flowing figure... that slimmer silhouette! Stand before a mirror in an ordinary foundation... then notice the uncontrolled waist and hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see for yourself how the ugly bumps and bulging waist and hips are instantly slimmed out.

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APRIL, 1940

VOL. 13 No. 6

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

**ERNEST V. HEYN**  
Executive Editor

**BELLE LANDESMAN**  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

**FRED R. SAMMIS**  
Editor

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**COVER—Nan Grey, by Sol Wechsler**  
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RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR



## WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

### FIRST PRIZE

#### RULES FOR LISTENING

**W**HEN I first bought a radio, I made up my mind that it would be a blessing to me and my neighbors, instead of a curse. I made a few rules and I've stuck to them.

First, I keep the radio in good condition. When it begins to sound like a couple of tom-cats fighting, I call a radio expert. I never play it full blast. Furthermore, I never try to carry on a conversation in competition with the radio.

I don't play it continuously. I buy RADIO MIRROR and mark the programs I want to hear. That way I never miss the specially good programs.—Marian Goodwin, Andover, N. Y.

### SECOND PRIZE

#### BUT HE'LL BE BACK SOON

I've been let in for a terrific wallop! Rudy Vallee is running out on me!! Rudy is out after new worlds to conquer. He is tossing aside his croon and going into the motion picture business.

I'm sure his whole public will feel that they've been-done-wrong-by, for this tireless personality has given us number one shows, number one songs, number one singing and number one acting for so long that he has become a synonym of radio.

But he will make good as a movie producer. His record in developing new talent is proof of his great ability.—Edith Williamson, Memphis, Tennessee.

(Rudy Vallee's returning to the air in March, besides continuing with his movie work.—Ed.)

### THIRD PRIZE

#### GROWING UP WITH RADIO

The radio is a "God send!" When my niece was born two years ago, I used to turn on the radio to drown (Continued on page 71)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— PRIZES —

First Prize ..... \$10.00

Second Prize ..... \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of ..... \$ 1.00

Address your letters to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than March 28, 1940. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

## Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?



**Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm!  
Keep safe from underarm odor—each day use Mum!**

**"AND HE fell in love with her for life!"**  
A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in real life too... when you're lovely to be near always... when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns—or kisses... just which you get depends on you!

So don't take chances. For where is the girl who can dare risk underarm odor—and expect to get away with it?

Don't expect even a daily bath to prevent underarm odor! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*. To avoid odor to come... more women use Mum

than any other deodorant. Mum is so *dependable*—keeps underarms fresh all day!

**SAVES TIME!** Takes 30 seconds. And you can use Mum *right after* you're dressed.

**SAVES CLOTHES!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

**SAVES ROMANCE!** Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (Men like this pleasant cream, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure... use Mum *every day!*

### CONVENIENT! SAFE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY



**Avoid Embarrassment...**

Because Mum is so safe...and so dependable...more women use it for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Try Mum this way, too!

# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



# Do you disagree?

■ In which your editor welcomes some new readers, looks toward the future, and speaks his mind with frankness

HOPE you find it as pleasant to read as I do to tell you about our success. In a period of exactly twelve months, over 60,000 of you have become new readers of RADIO MIRROR.

Next year I want to be able to report that 60,000 more friends have joined our reading circle.

Think how exciting it would be if so many of us became a community of interest, pooling our viewpoints for the good of radio. Many of you write in now but I'd like to think that all of you who bought RADIO MIRROR were taking ten minutes every month to consider in what way we could better radio.

For instance, I can't help but feel that the program starring Charlie McCarthy has been weakened since it became half an hour in length. Or perhaps it is because Don Ameche is missing and no genial master of ceremonies has come to take his place. Certainly a spirit that hovers over these broadcasts has gone.

Very soon now the Good News program on Thursday evenings is going to follow suit and, instead of an hour, will last only thirty minutes. But the sponsor is also adding Dick Powell and Mary Martin, our cover girl last month, to the cast. So perhaps these changes will be for the best.

I know you'll join me in a word of friendly advice to Kate Smith. For some weeks Kate has been unable to rid herself of a cold that has been making her life miserable. I think it's because she is trying to do too much for those of us who tune her in. Perhaps we should tell her it is better to have less of her to enjoy than to know that she is unable to enjoy life herself. So please, Kate, play more, rest more, but do less work, so we can tune you in and know that you are vibrant again with good health.

As mothers, would you approve of this experiment? In New Jersey, the Meadowbrook, a restaurant made famous by the succession of popu-

lar dance bands that play there, now has afternoon broadcasts at which high school students are admitted for ten cents. There is half an hour of music over the air and then another thirty minutes of playing for the students to dance. In place of the regular bar, a milk bar has been substituted and milk shakes, cola drinks, ginger ale and other school favorites are served. Four or five hundred children crowd in regularly for the thrill of seeing their favorite bands in person and to get together for some dancing. It's obvious what the children think of the idea. I wonder about mothers?

One thing I always enjoy—looking ahead. The past is too likely to be filled with memories of sadness, the present has already happened and what can you do about it? But, there is always tomorrow. So, if you agree, let's look ahead briefly to the next issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Perhaps you read brief newspaper accounts of the adopted boy Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor had to send back to his parents. It is a touching story. It made me want to know about Ann and her husband who is doing so well on the Screen Guild broadcasts every Sunday. So I wrote Lucille Fletcher in Hollywood to see these two and get them to tell us about themselves, their romance and marriage and way of living. The story will be in the May issue.

So will an article about Paulette Goddard who has become another charming radio guest star. I think her success on the air is added proof that here is a vital woman, whose beauty is more in her animation than her features. She is an intriguing figure, in her relationship to Charlie Chaplin, in her charm and vitality. I hope the cover of Paulette will prove as thrilling to you as it did to me when our artist, Mr. Wechsler, first brought it to me.

Let's continue this community of interests next month.

—FRED R. SAMMIS





## “—and don't forget your PASSPORT to POPULARITY”



**W**HAT difference does it make how attractive, how well-dressed, how witty you are, if you've got a case of halitosis (bad breath)? It's the one thing people will not pardon . . . a fault that stamps you a walking nuisance . . . and a condition that you yourself may not detect. Often it's due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and there's a remedy for this condition.

The soundest bit of advice any girl or man can receive is to rinse the mouth

with Listerine Antiseptic before any social or business engagement. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable. It may be just what you need for your passport to popularity and success.

### *Strikes at Major Cause*

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, said by some authorities to be the major cause of breath odors, and then overcomes the

odors it causes. It takes only a few seconds to do this and it's such a delightful and pleasant precaution. Your entire mouth feels healthier, fresher, cleaner.

Anyone may have this offensive condition at some time or other without realizing it and therefore unwittingly offend. Don't take this unnecessary chance. Use Listerine Antiseptic before all social and business engagements at which you wish to be at your best.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

*Before Business and Social Engagements . . . use Listerine Antiseptic for Halitosis (BAD BREATH)*



**LET YOUR FRIENDS IN ON THE TAMPAX SECRET!**

NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PACS  
NO ODOR

IN EVERY circle, there are women who lead and women who follow. That is how Tampax has spread so rapidly, from friend to friend, throughout the nation, until over 225,000,000 have been sold.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is worn internally, thus solving many problems of monthly sanitary protection. It does away with chafing, wrinkling and "showing." Of course Tampax is invisible, and the wearer does not even feel it. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes to you hygienically sealed. By a patented method, your hands do not touch the Tampax! It is dainty beyond comparison.

Tampax lets you dance without care and travel with a light heart. It cannot come apart and is easily disposed of. No belts, pins or odor. Now sold in three sizes: Super, Regular and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) saves up to 25%.

Read about the 3 sizes: SUPER, REGULAR, JUNIOR. Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



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New Brunswick, N. J.  
Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# What's New from Coast to Coast



■ Rudy Vallee—above with Charles Laughton and George Burns at the Masquers party—is already rehearsing for his new air show.

APRIL fifth is the date set for Don Ameche's return to the air. He'll have a Friday-night half-hour program on NBC-Red, sponsored by Old Gold cigarettes—but whether it will be a straight dramatic show, or a variety hour with guest stars, hadn't been decided when we tossed this magazine at the printer.

And of course Rudy Vallee's already rehearsing for his new program, which makes its bow March seventh in the half-hour formerly occupied by the latter half of Good News. The re-vamped Good News, thirty instead of sixty minutes long, has Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Baby Snooks and Meredith Willson's orchestra as its stars.

As for that other prodigal from radio, Artie Shaw, the latest is that his comeback is going to be via the movies. Contracts are supposed to have been signed, calling for him to appear in a picture based on his own life. It might be a good idea, though, for Artie to take some acting lessons. Did you see his performance in "Dancing Co-Ed"?

It was practically a radio first-night when "Young Couple Wanted" opened at the Maxine Elliott Theater on Broadway. Martin Gabel, who plays Dr. John Wayne in Big Sister, was the director, and Arlene Francis (Betty in Betty and Bob) and Hugh Marlowe (Ellery Queen in the Sunday-night adventures of that famous detective, but don't tell anyone we gave the secret away) were the stars. Audience and critics were just lukewarm about the play, but they all



■ And Don Ameche is returning soon, too. Above, with Mrs. A.

agreed that the folks from radio were every bit as expert behind footlights as they are behind microphones.

Barbara Stanwyck gave Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone a fancy horseshoe made out of white carnations and inscribed with a big number 13 as a present on the Bennys' thirteenth wedding anniversary. Barbara and Bob Taylor, her husband, are great pals and close neighbors of Jack and Mary—and the horseshoe proved they're not above a gag, either.

CBS program officials will think twice before they again decide to drop So You Think You Know Music from the air just before the Sunday afternoon New York Philharmonic concerts. Furious listeners sat right

down and wrote scorching letters, demanding that their beloved program be put back—and right away, too! (On the other hand, this old cynic can't help wondering if maybe the whole thing wasn't especially staged to impress an undecided sponsor.)

Sign on Fred Waring's dressing room door at the Vanderbilt Theater, where he and his gang broadcast their nightly NBC programs: "Fred Waring. Personal. Private. Quiet. Don't Knock. Don't Smoke. Don't Talk. Don't Chew Gum. Don't Come In." In other words—well, there aren't any others. You get the idea.

Over at our house it isn't the Pot O' Gold program that keeps us home Tuesday nights—it's the Aldrich Family. Having the chance to listen to that swell show is good luck enough.

Doesn't Raymond Paige's idea of using a hundred-piece orchestra to play musical comedy tunes (it's on NBC-Blue Thursday nights at 8:00; E.S.T.) remind you just a little bit of using a sledge hammer to crack walnuts?

Trust Ben Bernie to do the unex-

## By DAN SENSENEY

pected. An appendicitis operation kept him away from his Sunday afternoon show on CBS for only one broadcast. The following Sunday he was back at work, talking into a microphone from a bed placed on the studio stage. It ought to keep Winchell quiet, though. You can't hit a man when he's down.

Here's another reason why Information Please should be one of your favorite shows. Quietly—so quietly that the news didn't get out generally for more than a month—the sponsors of the program gave each of the hard-working NBC page boys who handle the crowds every Tuesday night a shiny, swanky cigarette lighter.

That Transcontinental Broadcasting System of Elliott Roosevelt's has postponed its starting date again, and it begins to look as if maybe the project is off indefinitely.

George Jessel's hair is getting gray since he and Norma Talmadge separated. But as a matter of fact, it's been gray for a good many years.



■ Third of the returning prodigals: Dick, the singing Powell.

George has only recently stopped touching it up, because now he doesn't care whether he looks young or not.

It's useless to try to talk to Sylvia Sidney—who plays the role of Sylvia Sidney in the CBS serial, Pretty Kitty Kelly—about anything but her infant

# Now! A Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps—AND CAMAY HAS IT!



It's amazing—you've made my favorite beauty soap better than ever. So wonderfully mild, so much lather and such a lovely fragrance! Thank you!  
(Signed) ANNE W. DEARBORN  
(Mrs. James A. Dearborn)  
Long Island, N. Y.

## Let New Camay Help You to a Lovely Skin!

Look for three beauty cleansing advantages in this amazing new Camay—proved by our tests against 6 best-selling beauty soaps! Camay had greater mildness than any! Gave more abundant lather in a short time! Had a fragrance that almost 2 out of 3 women voted for!

Camay brings women a definite promise that its gentle thorough cleansing will help them in their search for a lovelier, more appealing skin... a more radiant complexion... new allure! Get this wonderful new Camay at your dealer's now!



At all dealers now—no change in wrapper!

## GREATER MILDNESS

Amazing gentleness—for a complexion that invites "close-ups."

## MORE ABUNDANT LATHER

Refreshing, creamy lather that "comes quicker" to bring out hidden beauty.

## NEW, WINNING FRAGRANCE

Fragrance that makes it heaven to hold you in his arms.

Now—more than ever—THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



*I love to kiss you!*



**TANGEE**  
the Cream Base

Lipstick gives you  
smooth, alluring lips

Don't let greasy, painted lips come between you and the man you love. Tangee lips are warm, soft and tempting, thanks to Tangee's special cream base!

This world-famous lipstick doesn't blur or smear. It goes on smoothly, stays on, and helps prevent chapping. Tangee looks orange in the stick but magically changes, when applied, to your own most becoming shade of rose or red.

Ask for Tangee Natural today. Try Tangee's matching rouge, (Compact or Creme), and Tangee's remarkably delicate face powder. See how naturally lovely they look together. When you want more vivid color, ask for Theatrical Red, Tangee's new brilliant shade.



World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luff Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-up Set" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh

☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Street: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ MA49

# WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST (CONT.)

son, whom she calls Stinky. Not that she doesn't want to talk about other things, but she just can't concentrate on anything else. Stinky's father is Luther Adler, Broadway actor. And Stinky's mother, at the moment, has no plans other than radio and taking care of Stinky.

CINCINNATI—Most of the time Hazel Turner is a singer, one of the five Novelty Aces who appear on Cincinnati's WLW—but for a little while each day she is Emmy Lou, the farm girl from out where the tall corn grows.

Emmy Lou is backwoods through and through, dressed in gingham and sporting tightly-braided pigtails, a very different person from the smartly dressed, very modern Hazel Turner. But just the same, Emmy Lou is Hazel's favorite person, and she loves the few minutes on the Novelty Aces' daily Time to Shine program in which she impersonates the country girl. The listeners like Emmy Lou, too, so much so that recently an Emmy Lou fan club was organized in Hicksville, Ohio.

Winning first prize in an amateur contest thirteen years ago was the stepping stone that brought Hazel into radio. Her brother, Harold Maus, who had already been in radio, decided if she was good enough to win a prize, she was good enough to be in his act three times a week—at a salary of one dollar each week. Emmy Lou was created while the Aces were working for station KFAD in Omaha. The program director of that station needed a rural girl character, and Hazel was picked to create one, with the program director's help. Since that day, Hazel's led a double life, her own and Emmy Lou's.

Jean Dickenson, bright star of the American Album of Familiar Music on NBC-Red Sunday nights, got good notices from the critics when she made her Metropolitan Opera debut, singing the role of Philine in "Mignon." Without having to listen too closely, you'll probably be hearing her in one of the Met's Saturday afternoon broadcasts before the season ends.

Do you have trouble remembering which member of the team of Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll is Amos and which is Andy? Here's a way—provided you can remember it: there's an os in both Amos and Gosden. And so the other member, Andy, must be Correll. Simple, huh?

The next time Elsie Hitz takes anyone to the theater, she's going to find out all about the play beforehand. The twin founders of Elsie's fan club, Mary and Margaret Gordon, aged sixteen, of Jersey City, came over to visit one of her Ellen Randolph broadcasts on NBC, and after the program, for a treat, Elsie took them to see their very first stage play. The show turned out to be very frank, not to say lurid, and now Elsie is busy explaining things to the girls' mother.

When Alec Templeton came to New York a few weeks ago, NBC found itself smack in the middle of a demand for broadcast tickets that assumed Toscanini-like proportions. Alec's been voted in several radio polls the most popular new star on the air, and everyone in Manhattan wanted to be present at one of his broadcasts. With reason, too. NBC gave him a party to celebrate his arrival in New York, and never has a radio personality so charmed a large group of hard-boiled writers, editors, executives and press agents. Alec's love for life is so strong and electric that it's contagious. His latest almost incredible exploit has been to create a complete symphony—in his head! Although finished, it wasn't down on paper when I talked to Alec—he said he'd call in a musical stenographer some time during the week and dictate it.

Radio's busiest news commentator is twenty-seven-year-old Richard Brooks, ex-tramp, ex-ballplayer, ex-reporter. On New York's station WNEW, he does five fifteen-minute newscasts, six days a week. In addition, he's heard from regularly over NBC every Monday night, bringing you the news sensations of the week on Sammy Kaye's Sensation Cigarette program.



Very much the grown-up young ladies, Bonita Granville and Judy Garland wait for their escorts at the Troc.

Dick first made news when he was in Temple University, in Philadelphia, playing varsity football and baseball. In 1932, when he graduated, he joined the Phillies' baseball team, but quit after four months to bum his way around the country for a year and a half. On the road, he made a few dollars by writing a newspaper article or so, and in St. Louis he nearly starved to death, but he was only twenty and it didn't bother him.

He finally ended up in New Orleans, where a poor family living on a flatboat fed him for three months. While he was still there a friend wrote him about a job on the Philadelphia Record, so he left New Orleans as he had come—under a freight car. Until 1937 he was a sports reporter for several newspapers; then he quit and came to New York. He'd never done any radio work, but he auditioned at WNEW and they put him on the air with one fifteen-minute program a day. His salary was ten dollars a week and room-rent alone cost him six, but he did his own laundry and managed to exist.

His big break came when floods broke loose in Louisville, Ky. With only four dollars in his pocket, Dick decided to go see the floods himself. He persuaded an airline to give him a pass and managed to get to Louisville, take a row-boat, and catch a plane back to New York—arriving flat broke but with a great story.

From then on, Dick's star was on its way up. One big story after big story he managed to get the inside track, and Governor Lehman chose him for his personal announcer. And



Aileen Pringle—remember her in the movies?—plays Anne Hill now in the CBS serial, Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne.

now, despite his network commercial, he still devotes practically all his waking moments to WNEW where, incidentally, that original ten dollars has grown and grown.

One way to get yourself started in radio, it seems, is to sing in a railroad station.

That's what Parker Watkins, colored tenor, did, and it worked out pretty

well for him. A pipe organ had been installed in New York's huge Pennsylvania Terminal for Christmas, and for some reason or other it was retained to send its musical message to weary commuters long after the holly wreaths had been cleared away. One evening the organist, Banks Kennedy, was at the console when he noticed Parker, a fat colored boy, watching him. Jokingly, Banks suggested, "Why don't you step up and sing a number?" To his amazement, Parker took him at his word, and for half an hour serenaded the commuters in a rich, powerful tenor that soared out through the great station, clear and true above the rumble of trains and the shuffling of the crowd.

Parker was no specialist—from a popular song, he drifted into an operatic aria, then into a spiritual. And at the end of his concert he made a little speech, suggesting that if anyone present were connected with the music world, he'd appreciate a chance to put his voice to work. There weren't any impresarios in the crowd, but someone passed a hat, and Parker got \$15 for his music.

Every night after that for a week, he joined Kennedy and sang, until his audiences grew to 5,000 people and a whole row of ticket windows had to be closed to make room for the increasing crowds. About that time a newspaper front-paged the incident, and brought Parker to the attention of theater and radio men. He got a guest appearance on Benay Venuta's Mutual program, and was talking contract with Mutual when last heard from.

## Honey BEAUTY ADVISOR asks: "DOES YOUR HUSBAND WANT TO SHOW OFF YOUR CHAPPED, RED HANDS?"



WANT appealing, lovable hands? Don't let housework and chilly winds spoil the looks of your hands. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream regularly to help guard against harsh chapping. Hinds is extra-creamy, extra-softening. Helps tone down harsh redness. Coaxes back a softer look and feel. Hinds feels good, does good to tender hands! Contains Vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢ sizes at toilet goods counters.

NEW! Hinds Hand Cream in jars—quick-softening! 10¢ and 39¢ sizes

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## HINDS FOR HANDS





# Enchanted Love

THE CHARMING AND QUITE INCREDIBLE COURTSHIP OF NAN GREY



Beautiful Nan Grey plays Kathy Marshall in the NBC Thursday-night serial, *Those We Love*.

THE marriage of Nan Grey and Jackie Westrope is something like Hollywood itself, a shiny package doublewrapped in the cellophane of enchantment and make-believe.

Remember how you used to play house? Little girls would announce "I'll be the Mama" and little boys would say "I'll be the Papa." Then would follow magic hours of playing grown-up persons with grown-up problems and responsibilities.

The same aura of unreality seems to envelop the home and love of Nan, the Universal starlet and Kathy Marshall of the NBC serial, *Those We Love*, and Jackie, her

**By KAY PROCTOR**

famous jockey husband. They are two enraptured youngsters playing at grown-up housekeeping in a perfect doll house.

Reality admits their home is a beautiful seven-room California bungalow set amidst two and one-half acres of trees, lawns and gardens in the valley north of Hollywood proper. Actually they are eighteen and twenty-three years old respectively and both busy at successful careers. The records prove they have been married for almost a year after a strange courtship which began in adolescence.

Facts, however, melt as snowflakes before the story-book quality which persists about their life.

Perhaps it is because they are so young and so terribly in love that they seem to be living in an enchanted world. Perhaps it is because they openly scorn the world-weary sophistication young moderns seem to affect these days. Or perhaps it is just because their romance, from the very beginning, had a story-book flavor.

She was thirteen years old and he only eighteen when they first met and fell in love! Jackie's first memory of Nan is of a wide-eyed little girl with golden curls dashing into the paddock of Churchill Downs race track to ask him to win an important race just for her!

Jackie at that time was the idol of the American turf. Reared on a cattle ranch near Baker, Montana, he had started his career of jockey following the tragic death of his older brother, also a jockey, in an accident on the Caliente track. In his first sensational year he rode 303 horses to victory, thus breaking a twenty-five-year record which has not again been bested. Wherever he went the picture was the same: he was the toast of the track with wild fans cheering the name of Westrope in the home stretch and betting their money, not on his mount, but on him.

Throughout all the adulation he remained the same, a super-shy slip of a blonde boy, only five feet four and one-half inches tall and weighing a mere 115 pounds, whose face always was wreathed in an engaging smile and whose whole heart was tuned to the rhythmic pounding of flying hooves.

Nan, incidentally, frankly admits she tops her husband by a few pounds and a fraction of an inch but it doesn't worry either of them in the slightest; he simply adds an extra lift to his shoes and she is careful to wear flat heels. They were embarrassed one night recently, however, when they attempted to visit a gambling ship with a crowd of young folk for a lark. Nan, who was under age at that time, was admitted without question while Jackie was turned

down and told he ought to be home with his parents!

Caught up in the adulation of the sensational jockey that spring at Churchill Downs was a little girl from Houston, Texas, whose father was giving her the grand treat of a week with him at the racing meet. Her name was Eschol Miller and in her wildest flights of fancy she could not have pictured the future which lay just ahead. She did not dream that six months hence she would wear a new name, Nan Grey, and be under contract to a leading motion picture company in Hollywood. She did not know she was destined to become one of the original "Three Smart Girls," or the heroine of such movies as "Tower of London" and "The Invisible Man Returns." And radio, in which she was to play one of the leading roles in a serial to run over 100 weeks, was entirely beyond her horizon.

Only two things occupied her mind—her secret worship of the slim boy whom a crowd cheered each afternoon, and the scrap book in which she pasted all the newspaper accounts of his daily exploits, despite the fact she never had met him.

On a brave impulse one afternoon she slipped away from her father and, with a chum, made her way to the paddock where she came face to face with her hero astride a mount (Continued on page 58)



Perhaps it is because they are so young and so much in love that they are living in an enchanted world. Nan was 13 and Jackie 17 when they fell in love. Left, their dream house.



# THE ROMANCE

# OF *Helen Trent*

■ Beginning the vividly dramatic novel of radio's popular heroine, who met new love where she least expected it—even though she thought her heart was locked tightly, forever, upon the memory of the man she had lost

**W**HAT was it about Drew Sinclair that had sent Helen Trent's mind racing backwards, backwards into depths of memory she had tried so long to close away?

It was not that he was so like Dennis Fallon . . . rather, perhaps, it was because he was so unlike that daredevil Irishman who had torn through life welcoming danger as a friend. Drew Sinclair would not welcome danger. He would fight it, bitterly, angrily, with all of his abundant energy and every facet of his diamond-sharp brain.

She rose and moved restlessly about the perfectly appointed living room of the apartment. It was after dinner, Agatha Anthony, her elderly friend and living-companion, had gone to bed; she was alone. Looking around her, feeling the flattering touch of silk against her skin, she smiled. Hollywood! You lived in a hotel-apartment that cost two hundred and fifty dollars a month, you dressed for dinner in one of your score of evening gowns—and then you spent the evening alone. Alone, and wondering, no doubt, how soon your bank-account would dwindle away to nothing. But, with all this show, you accomplished one important thing. You kept up "the front"—you showed that you weren't worrying—and, eventually, you got another job.

Just as she had, this very day.

She would take the job, of course, because she needed it desperately—but just the same, there was something strange about it, something not quite right. And the strangeness had nothing to do with Drew Sinclair himself. It was something apart from him, something of which he had as little knowledge as she herself.

It was three months, now, since "Heaven on Wheels," the first motion picture for which Helen had designed costumes, had been released. By all the laws of success and Hollywood, that fabulously popular picture should have made her one of Hollywood's first designers. Yet Steinbloch, who had produced it, had nothing more for her to do, and it had brought two other offers of a contract—one, immediately, from Independent Pictures, which she had refused, hoping for something better. And one, today, Drew Sinclair, head of Sentinal Studios.

Drew Sinclair had been in Europe when "Heaven on Wheels" was released, but press comment and the reports of his own Hollywood agents had interested him enough so that he'd sent Helen a cable: "Please contact me when I return in two weeks."

After that, though Sinclair had returned to Hollywood—silence. She called his office, only to be told by a frosty-voiced secretary that "Mr. Sinclair was out." She sent him a

letter, a telegram. At last, she had her answer—a curt note telling her he had no immediate production plans. And that, she knew from her reading of the gossip columns, was untrue. Then, only this morning, the same secretary telephoned and in a voice that had completely thawed out, invited her to come to Sinclair's office immediately.

The interview had been normal enough, at first. It had, in fact, been tremendously brisk and business-like. This was her first meeting with Drew Sinclair, the young production genius of Sentinal, and she was, for a time, overwhelmed by his virile personality as well as by the luxury of the office in which he received her.

The first impression Drew Sinclair gave was one of strength—strength both physical and mental. Here was a man, she thought, who drove straight through to whatever he wanted. His features were blunt and deeply carved, and his heavy eyebrows and his hair looked as though they would be rough to the touch. Then, as they bent together over the book of sketches she had brought, she noticed his hands and saw, with a shock of surprise, that they belonged to an artist; they were muscular, like the rest of his body, but they were also delicate, finely modeled, with long, sensitive fingers.

He talked steadily, like a man whose mind had been made up long ago. "I saw 'Heaven on Wheels,' Mrs. Trent. Your costumes were wonderful—really new and original. I'd like you to think about doing the clothes for a new picture I'm planning—here's the script, you might take it home, I think it can do a better job of persuading than I could—"

Helen contrived not to smile. Persuading! As if she needed any! "As to salary," he rushed on, "would two thousand dollars a week

for the duration of the picture be agreeable to you?"

"I—think so," she said in a carefully casual voice.

He flipped over the pages of the scrapbook carelessly; she could have sworn he didn't see a single sketch. And then it happened. One of his impatiently moving hands touched hers. He looked up, straight into her eyes. He seemed to see her, really see her, for the first time.

It was the strangest thing, Helen thought, remembering. Apparently he felt no embarrassment as their glances met and held. She herself was blushing, but he simply stared, utterly absorbed. And yet there was no rudeness in his gaze; it was only that he had just caught sight of something that interested him very much.

Abruptly, he looked away and straightened up. "I hope you had a pleasant vacation, Mrs. Trent," he said formally.

"Vacation? I haven't been on a vacation," she said, bewildered.

"But you were out of town!"

"No . . ."

"You must have been! I've been trying to get to see you for weeks. It was only when I read your name in the paper this morning—in the list of guests at the Stanwood wedding—that I knew you were back in town."

**B**UT I wasn't away," she reiterated. "As a matter of fact, I've been trying to see you for weeks, too—I only stopped when I got your note telling me you had no immediate production plans."

He frowned, and snapped, "I sent no such letter!" Irritably he pressed one of the bank of buttons on his desk. "Miss Lawson," he said when his sleek, lovely secretary appeared, "there seems to be some mistake. Mrs. Trent tells me she has not been out of town on a vacation, that she has been trying to see me as earnestly as I've been trying to see her, and that I sent her a letter saying I had no production plans. Didn't you call Mrs. Trent's home, send her telegrams?"

"Why—yes," said the girl. "They told me on the telephone Mrs. Trent was away and had left no forward-



Photo by Seymour, Chicago. Specially posed by Virginia Clark as Helen Trent

■ But she had hardly turned the first page of the script when her maid entered. "Mrs. Drew Sinclair is here to see you, Mrs. Trent," she announced. "Helen stifled her amazement.

The Romance of Helen Trent is based on the radio serial of the same name, sponsored by the manufacturers of Edna Wallace Hopper and Louis Philippe Cosmetics. Tune it in over CBS Mondays through Fridays at 12:30 P. M., Eastern time.



ing address." She was carrying it off well, but Helen was sure she was badly frightened.

"Did you ever type a letter to her in which I said I had no production plans?" Sinclair pursued.

"Oh, no, Mr. Sinclair. No, I can't understand how that could have happened—unless it was another letter, and it got mixed up—"

There was a long, uncomfortable silence.

Sinclair broke it. "Well, Mrs. Trent, the important thing is that we did finally make connections. I'll find out later exactly what happened. In the meantime, will you take the script home and read it and let me know your decision?"

HELEN rose, accepting the hint the interview was over. As she left, she stole a glance at the secretary. She was still standing there, very neat, very poised, but with despair in her face.

It was all very mysterious—just the sort of mystery that would have delighted Dennis Fallon. . . .

Oh, Dennis, Dennis!—Sometimes it still came, that cutting pang of grief that she had first known when they told her Dennis was dead.

How was it possible to live with a memory for so long? For days, weeks, she would follow the way of her life, knowing that Dennis was dead, had been dead for two years—and then, out of nowhere, came realization that she missed him, would always miss him and could never forget him.

Perhaps the dangers they had faced together had made her love him more than it was right to love any man. Or perhaps it was because she met him for the first time at the darkest point of her own life.

She looked back upon the Helen Trent of those days as she would have looked upon a stranger. She

had thought that life was ending for her, when in reality it was just beginning. Thirty-five years old, bewildered, frightened, she had faced the world and found it ugly. . . . It was Martin Trent who had wanted the divorce, not she. She would have been satisfied—not happy, but satisfied—to live forever as his drudge, his cook, his shadow. Martin was always irritable and frequently cruel, but he was her husband. It had seemed unthinkable that he should cast her aside for someone younger and more beautiful, and after the divorce she had felt unwanted, lonely with that bitter loneliness that comes only to a woman who believes she has lost her youth, her beauty, her self-respect.

It was Agatha Anthony she had to thank for bringing her back to life, helping her and encouraging her while she found a job and rebuilt herself spiritually and physically. That was a debt she could never repay. Even caring for Agatha now, when she was old and crippled, was little enough return for the help Agatha had given her.

Then Dennis had entered her life—entered it as he did all things, suddenly and dramatically. There must be magic in the Irish; at any rate, there had been magic in Dennis. Even that first afternoon, when he had jumped into her cab and commanded the driver to race through traffic to an office-building which was the last place in the world Helen wanted to visit—even then, she had trusted him. And later, she still trusted him enough to consent when he urged her to quit her humdrum job in Mary Steward's dress shop and work with him as a secret-service operative.

How he had loved those mad, perilous days! The scent of danger was sweeter than any perfume

to him—and because he loved it, so had she. Their pursuits had led them across land and sea, into ocean liners and luxury hotels and railway trains and miserable squalid hovels, but always Dennis had had a smile for every hardship, every hazard.

Once he had been missing for days, lost at sea. They told her he had been drowned in a capsized lifeboat, but she had not believed it. And at last he had returned, safe. . . .

But the swiftly-paced life he led had taken its toll of Dennis. Death came not as he would have wished it, in the midst of adventure, but stealthily, slowly. They had called it heart disease. They might better have said his heart had had too much of living.

He had died only a month before he and Helen were to have been married.

Well . . . and here she was; two years later, about to sign a contract with Hollywood's most famous young producer to design clothes at two thousand dollars a week. Under such circumstances, surely, it was unproductive to think about the past.

Helen picked up the script Drew Sinclair had given her. It would be good to work again.

She had hardly turned the first page when her maid opened the door.

"Mrs. Drew Sinclair is here to see you, Mrs. Trent," she announced.

Helen stifled her amazement. She had known, of course, that Drew Sinclair was married, but she had never met his wife. "Ask her to come in, Louise," she said.

Mrs. Sinclair entered, a moment later—or, more exactly, she made an entrance. At sight of her, Helen wondered where she had seen her before. She was tall, voluptuous, dressed in a glittering cloth-of-gold evening gown that revealed every curve of her body. Her hair was determinedly blonde, and her face was pretty and gracious until you saw the eyes. And continuously, she reminded Helen of someone she had known years ago.

"Please forgive me, Mrs. Trent," she said in a high-pitched, bird-like voice, "for running in unannounced like this. I'd have telephoned—but I was afraid if I asked you to do a very special favor for me over the telephone you might say 'No.'" And she laughed self-consciously.

Helen murmured something polite. She knew now where she had seen Mrs. Sinclair before. In the movies, of course. Before her marriage she had been Sandra Michael, a star of the silent films but, because



Photo by Seymour, Chicago, specially posed by Reece Taylor as Drew Sinclair and Virginia Clark as Helen Trent

■ And then it happened. One of his impatiently moving hands touched hers. He looked up, straight into her eyes. And he seemed to see her, really see her, for the first time.

of her voice, unsuccessful after sound came in.

"When Drew and I saw 'Heaven on Wheels,'" she was continuing, "I simply raved about the gowns. I said to Drew—do you know my husband, Mrs. Trent?"

"Why, I've—met him," Helen said cautiously.

"WELL, anyway, I told him, 'I simply must have that wonderful woman design a dress for me. Why, she's terrific!' And now that's what I've come to beg you to do, Mrs. Trent! I usually have my clothes done by Reginald Peabody—he's Mr. Sinclair's head costumier—but—well—" She spread

her hands in a helpless gesture, indicating that Mr. Peabody would just have to get along as best he could, now that an authentic genius had appeared.

"I'd be very happy to do some sketches for you to see, of course," Helen said.

"I want you to do a very special kind of dress for me—an evening gown for a reception I'm giving for Prince and Princess Carnov—" And then, for a few minutes, Mrs. Sinclair explained her idea of a stunning evening dress—something in yellow and purple, because they were the Carnov colors, and—

Helen repressed a shudder at Mrs. Sinclair's mention of the color

scheme. "Yes . . . yes," she nodded.

"Now, you're sure you won't be too busy?" queried Mrs. Sinclair at last. "I mean, with all your other work—I wouldn't care to burden you."

"No, as a matter of fact I'm not busy at all just now," Helen said.

Mrs. Sinclair expressed surprise and horror. "You mean a wonderful designer like you isn't busy every minute? Why, I should think the studios would be simply throwing work at you!"

"Hardly," Helen smiled. "Although I may sign with one in the next day or so."

"Of course, if all the producers were like (Continued on page 68)





■ The Basil Rathbones celebrate his successful radio series, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, heard Monday nights over NBC-blue.



# MARRIAGE

## BROUGHT HIM EVERYTHING

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ Poise, fame, happiness—all these came to Basil Rathbone because, though he was afraid of life, he met and married a very wise woman

THE highest adventure in Basil Rathbone's life—and he'll tell you this himself—befell him one afternoon back in 1921. He never knew anything about it until two years later. But he's still living it today.

That was the afternoon he walked out on the stage of a Broadway theater and in the audience a woman saw him for the first time. She turned to her companion at

once and said, "There is the man I would like to marry." Two years later, at a Manhattan party, Basil and that woman met. Before the party was over they were in love. A few weeks later they were married. Thus began the most romantic adventure of the man who plays Sherlock Holmes every Monday night on NBC—the adventure he still shares with the lady of his heart, Mrs. Basil Rathbone.

High in the wooded hills of Bel-Air, Hollywood's exclusive residential park, stands today a monument to that romantic adventure—the perfect marriage of Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere. It is a massive French château type house with big rooms, full of comfortable chairs, books, old prints, volumes of symphony recordings and comfortable things.

Outdoors in the big yard, five dogs bark, two cats purr, canaries sing and one tortoise does whatever a tortoise does in the way

of saying all's right with the world.

Inside and upstairs a rosy-cheeked baby girl occasionally protests the limitations of infant life with a ladylike gurgle. She is their newly adopted daughter, Barbara Cynthia, six months old, the current apple of both Ouida and Basil Rathbone's eyes. Until war called a few months ago, the laughter of a blissful young married couple, Basil's son, Rodion, and his wife, rang through the house.

This is home to Sherlock Holmes, a home boy, if there ever was one. It is a home that clearly announces the happy fulfillment of an unusual and perfect love story—with success, health, wealth and lasting happiness.

That the Rathbones have all of these things is beyond dispute. No actor on the screen matches Basil's record of flawless performances. None in Hollywood is busier, more sought after, more respected. No freelance (Continued on page 89)



# Young Doctor Malone

■ Introducing an exciting new radio hero, Dr. Jerry, who fights with all his heart to win the love of a girl and the friendship of a town which hates him

YOUNG DR. MALONE leaned back in the comfortable chair and let his eyes wander around the spacious office in farewell. He loved the place. He loved the whole atmosphere of the vast, important Medical Foundation. He loved the faint perfume of ether, the crisp rustle of the nurses' starched uniforms; loved the immense, efficient plant dedicated to the soothing of pain. And he would miss it, he realized grimly . . . miss it badly.

"Something's on your mind, laddie." Dr. Abercrombie's glance was keen.

Jerry Malone's serious face broke into a grin at the older man's perception. In all of his years of work under the brilliant head of the Foundation, he had never been able to surprise that clever Scotch mind, that almost uncanny Scotch intuition. Well, he had a surprise for Abercrombie this time!

"Yes sir. I'm afraid I'm leaving. Decided suddenly last night. The more I think of Belmore, the madder I get. So I . . ."

"Belmore!" roared Abercrombie. "And what's Belmore? A pin-head on the map! A wee sma' town nobody ever heard of and nobody ever will. Ye've already wasted that fine talent of yours a year in Belmore. Are ye content to live and dee a country doctor when ye might be a wurrl'd famous surgeon, doing good for thousands?"

"Ah, laddie, ye force me hand! I didna mean tae tell ye this just yet, but ye hae a chance here not

one in a thousand gets. I'm not growing any younger, and I've a mind tae train ye for my post here, if ye've not set your stubborn head on throwing yourself away completely."

"I . . . I had no idea . . ." began Jerry.

"Think on it, laddie. What's Belmore got tae offer compared with

the chances ye hae right here?"

"Nothing," said Dr. Malone slowly. "Nothing but . . ."

"There's more tae this than meets the eye," accused Abercrombie. "Is it a gurrl? And only a year ago I heard ye vowing ye'd never marry until ye had your career under control, swearing that no woman would get a second look from ye until ye

## MEDICINE and SURGERY



■ Young Doctor Malone played by Alan Bunce; Ann Richards, Elizabeth Reller.

A RADIO MIRROR NOVELETTE



had yourself established. And now for the sake of some gurr! ye're going to throw aside the biggest opportunity likely to come to a man of your years. Laddie, I'm disappointed in ye!"

Jerry Malone leaned forward eagerly. "No. Don't say that," he protested. "Let me tell you first. Let me tell you what happened. Let me tell you why I've got to go back and fight it out with Belmore."

"It'll have to be good," warned Abercrombie.

"It is!" Jerry declared. "Give me just a minute to decide where to start. There's been so much packed into these twelve months. . . ."

THE story really started on the dining car. There was only one seat left when Jerry went in for luncheon. He gave the girl across the table no more than a polite glance when he asked, "May I sit opposite you?"

"Certainly, doctor," she had replied astonishingly, in a clear, laughing voice.

Then he had taken a closer look at the friendly blue eyes set in startling black lashes, hair the color of honey, a lovely mouth, grave and carefully prim at the moment, but ready to break into a curved smile.

"Don't tell me I've left a stethoscope dangling around somewhere! How can you tell I'm a doctor?"

"That's easy. I've been nursing at the Medical Foundation, and, of course, all of the nurses know the brilliant Dr. Malone. I'm needed at home right now, so I'm going back to a little town you've probably never heard of . . . Belmore."

"Indeed I have heard of it. I'm taking over Dr. Barnett's practice there."

At the unconcealed surprise in her face, Jerry found himself wondering for just a minute exactly why he was doing this thing that surprised him no less than it had all his friends. He had been happy at

the Medical Foundation for five years and his work was recognized and valued. But, when he had heard that old Doctor Barnett was retiring, Jerry had acted on impulse, drawn his savings from the bank, bought the old doctor's small practice in Belmore, and found himself on the train bound for a completely strange little village almost before he knew what had happened. All he knew was that he wanted general practice in a small community . . . wanted it badly enough to venture all of his years of training on the chance that he was doing the right thing.

Looking back and thinking of all that meeting with Ann Richards on the train had meant, Jerry could not believe that he had said good-bye so casually to her when they left the train at Belmore, had let her go without a second thought.

She came back into his mind for a fleeting moment when he saw the grim set of Nurse Kate's mouth, her steely eyes that refused to meet his, heard her flat, coarse voice. Nurse Kate had grown grey in Dr. Barnett's service, but time evidently had not had a softening effect, nor had the sight of suffering.

"Of course I'll keep her on," young Dr. Malone had promised the older man. "I'll need someone who knows your patients, knows the town. Delighted to have her."

"Good," said Dr. Barnett. "She's a none too happy woman, difficult at times, especially now because she's upset at the thought of a change."

But it was Dr. Malone who was upset when he realized just what a problem Nurse Kate was apt to be. The first patient to arrive was kindly Mr. Mead. His case was easy to diagnose. He needed an operation for gallstones before too many weeks passed. Jerry told him so. Then it was that Nurse Kate committed the unpardonable sin.

"No such a thing!" she argued. "Dr. Barnett never had to operate on you, Mr. Mead. If you'll take my advice, you'll get an opinion from an older man over at the Capital. He . . ." with a defiant jerk of the head toward Jerry, "his mighty young, and I've noticed young men are a deal too handy with the knife."

The second patient was sweet, gentle little Mrs. Penny who needed injections for anaemia. Dr. Malone prescribed them.

"I knew a sick woman who had injections and she died!" Nurse Kate informed Mrs. Penny darkly.

Jerry was shocked. It was an unheard-of breach of professional etiquette for a nurse to question a



Illustration by Griffith Foxley

doctor's decision in the presence of a patient; or anywhere else for that matter. And he was as much bewildered by the passionate dislike with which Nurse Kate regarded him as by her words. His careful reprimand brought on an astonishing storm of temper, brought Nurse Kate's furious resignation and her threat to run him out of town.

Jerry shrugged his shoulders, half in amusement, half in irritation at the ugly scene. But he did not take Nurse Kate seriously as a powerful enemy until several days later when the members of the influential Ladies Allegiance League began to transfer their patronage to the doctor in the next town. He had counted on that group to keep him going until he had established his own practice.

The only really bright spot in the first week had been his second meeting with Ann Richards. He had been called to the Murrys, where he found Ann already there, preparing for his arrival. Before the difficult birth of the Murray heir had been completed, he realized that Ann was a superb surgical nurse. Before he had bade her good night at her door, he had hired himself a new assistant.

Before the week was out, he had a complete new household. "Penny", as his anaemic patient preferred to be called, was delighted to abandon her far too strenuous duties as a cleaning woman and move into the new doctor's kitchen. Will Prout, the garrulous station



■ Bent on tarring and feathering Jerry and running him out of town, the mob was in an angry mood—but Ted Hudson was angrier still.

agent who had been courting her for thirty years liked the change, too, and enlarged his devotion to include the doctor as well as the doctor's cook and warm kitchen. And twelve-year-old Bun Dawson took it for granted that he was as indispensable to the doctor as the doctor was to him. The by-products of most of Bun's social contacts were bruises, sprains, cuts, contusions and minor breaks. Since his father worked long hours and his step-mother resented the bother of bandaging the boy, Bun found it practical to work off his considerable gauze and iodine bill by running errands.

THE ready and warm friendship of this little group blinded the young doctor to the wildfire gossip, the suspicion and fear that was springing up as a result of Nurse Kate's harangues against him. Not until he heard her boast, jeeringly, that she had persuaded his first patient, Mr. Mead, not to have the essential operation for gall stones, not until he heard that she was circulating a petition to have him removed from the post of Health Officer did he begin to realize how very serious her opposition to him might become.

But there was more than just the venom of an embittered old maid behind the petition to remove him from office. John Bogert, richest man in town, was behind it, too. After repeated calls had taken him to the miserable fringe of slum dwellings near Bogert's mattress factory, Dr. Malone investigated a refuse dump that was a pest center of contagion, and, by his authority as Health Officer, ordered Bogert to remove it.

Bogert was cynical in his cool offer of a bribe, angry at Jerry's refusal of it. The removal of the dump was an expensive business, costing far more than the good health of a few worthless workmen, in the opinion of Bogert. He meant to make Dr. Malone pay for the whole matter dearly. He meant to get rid of him as quickly as possible, because the mattress factory was not his only interest in Belmore, not the only place where an idealistic young man who believed in such stupid things as civic welfare, could make trouble. Yes, Dr. Malone would have to go, and the sooner the better.

Fewer and fewer came the calls for the doctor. Patients were far between, and those who did come were the worried workmen from across the tracks who explained, in embarrassment and in desperate appeal, "I can't pay right now, Doc, but please help me."

"Maybe I'm not the right man for private practice," Jerry mused out loud to Ann during one of the

rare moments when he allowed depression to grip him. "Maybe the whole thing was a mistake."

"Of course it isn't a mistake," Ann protested. "Just wait until word gets around what a wonderful surgeon you are. Small towns are funny. But as soon as people you've helped spread the word about how good you are, everyone will be back. And after all, you're not fighting entirely alone. Penny adores you. Will Prout will fight anyone who says a word against you. Bun worships you. And you have a pretty fair nurse who thinks well of you, too."

"You're not only a wonderful nurse," responded Jerry, "you're also a wonderful girl, Ann. I think you're . . ." Jerry caught himself. Ann was beautiful. Ann was delightful. Ann was intelligent and sweet. But he must not let himself think of the way her blue eyes lighted when she looked up at him, must not think of how soft her hair would be to touch. His work came first. Not until he had really insured his future could he begin to think of sharing it.

"And . . . as you say," he finished lamely. "I'm not alone."

Ann's shining faith cheered him for a few hours, but that same night he felt really beaten when a frightened call took him to the Mead farm. He found Mr. Mead writhing with intolerable pain. An immediate operation was necessary. There were not even minutes to waste. Through (Continued on page 77)



Presenting an episode in the life of Young Doctor Malone, hero of the radio serial of the same name, heard Monday through Friday mornings at 11:15, E. S. T., on NBC-Blue, and sponsored by Post Bran Flakes.



Illustrated by  
Harry Lucey



Listen to Alec Templeton  
Time Mondays on NBC-Red.

# Step into my world

■ A lesson in finding true happiness—read this inspiring revelation by a star who has spent his life in darkness

**H**AVE the blessed privilege of making my own world. All the men are big and strong and handsome, all the women are beautiful, and there are no things in my world but pleasant things.

This week, for instance, my room has a golden floor, and my piano is of rosewood inlaid with shimmering pearl; I look out over spacious English lawns to a green wood in the distance. Of course, this is rather new. Last week I preferred a rough brick floor under the thatched roof of an Irish cottage, with the sea and white sails under the cliffs. Next week—well, I haven't decided, and I'd welcome

## By ALEC TEMPLETON

your suggestions. You see, I can have anything I want.

I try to be tactful, but I can't help laughing whenever someone is sorry for me, because I can't see. Actually, you know, I'm sorry for him. He, poor fellow, has to live in a world which others have made and which he can't change. I don't have to see anything but the good and the happy and the beautiful, and when I decide something in my world could be better—presto! I change it.

Now about you. Perhaps you haven't as much money as you think

you need. But that's not really a handicap. Actually, it makes you one of my fortunate kin. You and I are luckier than we know—because we aren't burdened by non-essentials.

Among other things, we can hope. There's always tomorrow with us, another day when glorious things can happen. If a bad break comes along, we can tear out the page and say to ourselves, "That was yesterday. Something nice is going to happen tomorrow." Looking forward is so much fun that sometimes it seems a shame to reach our goal, since now we can't have the joy of looking (Continued on page 55)



# ONE MAN'S FAMILY

■ Beginning an exciting and unique series of biographies—personal histories of radio characters you have come to love. In these pages you'll meet each member of the vital Barbour Family, to learn his past and understand his innermost thoughts. Start now to—meet

## The Barbours

UNTIL the year 1937, the tap of a cane was as familiar to One Man's Family listeners as the organ theme, "Destiny Waltz."

Once in a while you can hear it now, rather faintly, if you are listening for it. The cane sounds the limping approach of Paul, first son of the Barbour family.

In the early days of 1917, Paul hurried to the first recruiting station to open in San Francisco; then to Newport News and across the Atlantic with the vanguard of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The winter snows found him at an airdrome somewhere behind the lines, where he watched yellow-headed kids fall in flames before the bursting fire of the Vickers. The experience burned a horrible picture in Paul's mind. The memory has never left him.

He came home in 1919 a widower, a permanent casualty of the war, and an uncompromising propagandist for peace. Doctor Thompson, family physician of the Barbour family, has never definitely committed himself on the question of shell-shock, but the inference is there. Shell-shock intermittently is indicated in his demeanor.

Paul's greatest war tragedy, however, was not a shattered leg, or possible shell-shock or the memory of pilots who never came back, but a shattered romance. When memories of the war fling open a shutter back in Paul's mind, before him stands a white cross marking the grave of an American war nurse.

Much of the story of the war nurse remains untold, although

Paul has dropped fragments, which have been pieced together by the family.

Paul's plane was shot down in France. He spent many weeks in an American hospital behind the lines. He fell in love with a nurse, and as soon as he was in a wheel chair, they were married.

Then came the influenza epidemic. His wife, whom Paul had never known, except for hurried

goodnight kisses in the candlelight of the hospital ward, was among the first to die.

Paul came home violently embittered against war. For many years the girls Paul had known since boyhood were treated with a cool, professional neglect. As the years have passed, he has grown more tolerant toward women.

Whatever members of the Barbour (Continued on page 73)



Illustration by  
B. Redey

PAUL BARBOUR





# HOUSE OF LAUGHTER

■ "Just a modest little grey home in the west," says Jack Benny, as he proudly shows you around the house he and Mary dreamed about for years

■ They've been making you laugh for many Sundays. Now Jello-O's ace comedian can have his laugh, too. Who wouldn't be happy with a charming wife, a sweet daughter and a home he's always yearned for?



■ The den's center of attraction is its enormous fire-place. Soft rose beige is the color scheme.



■ Little Joan visits her mother's luxurious bedroom with the latest style in joined twin beds.

OF course, it's just a "tumble-down shack," the Benny house on Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills, California, or so Jack says. Just a modest little grey home in the West. Even if you remind Jack of its Venetian chandeliers, inch-thick carpets, movie projection room, five bathrooms, two bars and real Battenburg lace piano cover, he insists those were Mary's ideas, not his. As star of his new Paramount picture, the rip-roaring "Buck Benny Rides Again," he could hardly admit that he likes such fripperies. Then, you say what about his mirrored dressing room, his antique mahogany highboy and his fourposter bed, whereupon he grins and says, what the heck, a guy's gotta have a half-way decent place to live in, and shows you all around, pleased as punch with the house and with himself for building it.

Well, it is something! White French Provençal set in the middle of an acre or more of ground with a swell green lawn in front; mammoth patio, swimming pool and rose garden in the back. And from the moment you enter the spacious, circular hall, papered in gray, canopied by a gorgeous chandelier fully ten (Continued on page 72)



■ Oscar, the ape, and Joan, his adopted daughter, keep Jack busy when he gets home.



■ On an acre or more of ground is the Bennys' beautiful home. Here's the backview, with Mary and Jack standing on the patio overlooking the pool, garden and playhouse.



■ The library is a comfortable room with its blue Oriental rug and flowered draperies; below, the Bennys' living room, highlighted by the real Battenburg lace cover on the piano.







**MATINEE**

# *Serenader*

■ Radio's new star troubadour of the daylight hours, Lanny Ross brings you melody in the afternoon, while most other programs are devoting themselves to the pursuit of drama. He's on CBS at 2:00 P.M., E.S.T.



■ One of radio's busiest and most successful announcers, Dan Seymour, is caught at home by the CBS cameraman in this charming family group: Baby Judy, Mrs. Seymour, Dan, and Nancy, four.



■ Glamour, excitement and thrills are hers—but do they make up for the spoiled dinners and husbandless holidays?

**R**ADIO has changed my marriage from an easy, safe, comfortable existence into an unusual, always exciting—and sometimes difficult and dangerous—experience.

You probably know Dan Seymour. You may have heard him when he goes to work in the morning on the Aunt Jenny programs over CBS, or on Saturday nights on Milton Berle's show, *Stop Me If You've Heard This One*, over NBC, or on Friday nights, on *Young Man With a Band*, over CBS.

He's the man I married—a radio announcer.

Well, what's radio announcing? Just a way of earning a living? Very true, but this particular way of earning a living brings with it complications that make my life as a young married woman anything

**By MRS. DAN SEYMOUR**

but normal. Complications, in fact, that have taught me one inescapable truth: no woman who is devoted to a radio husband can expect a normal life.

Dan's job affects not only me, but our whole family. Even Nancy, only four, knows that we aren't like other people; and Judy, too young now to care much when—or even whether—Daddy comes home to dinner, is going to learn in time. Neither Dan nor I will ever forget last Christmas, when he had to work all day long, and Nancy kept getting more and more exasperated because he wasn't home. As her impatience grew, she took to pacing up and down in front of her Christ-

mas tree and muttering to herself, "Daddy all the time working . . . Daddy all the time working."

Nancy is an announcer's child, and I'm an announcer's wife, and that means that we have to accustom ourselves to a way of living which is vastly different from that of the average wife or average little girl. Whether we like it—and I might as well admit that sometimes we don't—or not.

Until Dan and I met each other our lives jogged along in a reasonable, orderly way. But that first meeting—when he was a sophomore at Amherst and I was a sophomore at Mt. Holyoke, eight miles away—began a train of events that were consistently unconventional, and have continued to be so right up to the (Continued on page 85)



■ Below, it's not unusual for Bob to arrive at his suburban home at 7:30 A.M., after an all-night rehearsal, and meet June at the door just as she's setting out for her morning horseback ride.



■ Bob usually gets home at 3:30 A.M. June has been in bed since midnight, but she gets up and fixes a kitchen supper.



■ This is part of the routine too. June wants to go back to sleep; Bob wants to read the paper. (But June usually wins.)



■ Bob wakes baby Cathy up for a minute when he gets home, but they really have fun together in the daytime, after Bob has risen, put on old clothes, and had breakfast about one o'clock.

# IF YOU WERE Mrs. Bob Crosby

■ You'd live a topsy-turvy sort of life, turning night into day and work-time into play-time.

**P**ICTURE building a home around a husband who leaves for work at six in the evening and gets home anywhere from 3 A.M. on through the wee hours! What to do about entertaining friends—about going out together—about sitting home and enjoying each other's company?

Those were the problems that faced pretty, red-headed June Kuhn when, two years ago, she became the bride of Bob Crosby, whose Camel Caravan dance programs are heard Saturday nights on NBC. That she solved them and succeeded in making a perfect home, a beautiful marriage, and an idyllic love story come true, is a tribute to the common sense of a girl who won't be 21 until her next birthday.

Two years ago she was only a slim, lovely undergraduate at Sarah Lawrence College, a smart girls' school in Bronxville, New York—a girl with text-books under her arm, a love of life and swing— (Continued on page 51)



Photographs by Sydney Desjar, NBC

■ Making movies of the baby is the current Crosby hobby. Here Cathy is being urged to pose for a fancy technicolor shot.

■ Right, Bob and June on their way to one of Bronxville's two skating rinks. Or sometimes they attend a movie matinee.



■ Bob can usually be counted on to accompany June on shopping trips (left) and he is always the one who selects the steaks.

■ Dinner together is one of the big events of the day. Right afterwards, Bob rushes to his work at the Hotel New Yorker.



RADIO MIRROR'S  
PREVIEW OF A HIT

# It's A Small World

For lovers and dancers—a delightfully gay new song by the band leader whose Dixieland music you hear Saturday nights over NBC

Words and Music by  
BOB CROSBY

I hopped on a train you jumped on a plane, We went so far a-part we tho't we'd

not be back a-gain, But IT'S A SMALL WORLD When you're in love — I

tho't we'd both for-get Had no chance to meet and then one day I bumped in to you

walk-ing down the street, So IT'S A SMALL WORLD when you're in love — Af-ter

trav-ling— man-y, man-y miles Try-ing to e-vade love's do-min-ion. The same moon.

cov-er'd us with smiles Tell-ing us to change our o - pin-ion. I've heard man-y times

that the earth was round And yet it seemed so flat un-til we met a-gain and found, That IT'S A

SMALL WORLD— when you're in love. I love. —



# How to Sing for Money

January 25, 1940 No. 1000  
\$100,000  
YOU—THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS—The Public  
Pay TO THE ORDER OF

By CHARLES HENDERSON (with Charles Palmer)

Frances Langford Says:

"Any singer, even the most successful, will learn a lot from this book. Of course, to the beginner, it's actually priceless."

WHAT have Deanna Durbin, Ethel Merman, Kenny Baker or Bing Crosby got that you haven't?

Well—maybe nothing at all but knowledge. You never know until you try. It may just be that your voice is—or rather, could be—just as good as that of any big star. And that's the reason I've written the series of articles: to show you how you can capitalize on your voice.

Last month and the month before, you and I started out on the road of learning to sing popular music. We looked over the various types of popular songs and decided which type you, with your natural vocal equipment, should concentrate on. You committed to memory—I hope—the six spotlights of popular singing: naturalness of voice and man-

ner, clear and attractive diction, creation of a single mood, authority, sincerity and vitality, and showmanship.

Then, for a while, we studied a song and learned how to "set" it—that is, prepare it for singing, taking up the question of phrasing, pacing, choosing the proper key, and so on.

And now I want to repeat something I've told you before—that ninety per cent of today's popular singing is done in front of microphones, and that therefore it's no longer necessary for a singer to have a voice that fills Madison Square Garden. But it is necessary, if he wants to qualify to be in that ninety per cent of all popular singers, to know all there is to know about singing for a microphone. And that's what today's lesson is about.



■ This girl is so scared she actually imagines that the mike is leering up at her.

There was a broadcasting studio sequence in the 20th-Fox picture "Wake Up and Live" which gave me a grand laugh. Jack Haley was supposed to be going on the air for the first time, scared to death. So scared in fact, that the mike actually rose from its pedestal and leered toward him, making horrible faces. Most singers seem to feel about the mike much as Jack did in the picture. I've seen veterans stand in front of it with the knuckles standing out white on their hands, tense with fear. And without any reason.



■ Now, this girl is relaxed—she sings into the mike as she would talk to a friend.

the glass screen (which lets him watch you as you sing) is the sound-engineer or technician, usually called the Monitor. Essentially, he controls the volume which the mikes feed to the air. He can bring up your too-soft tones and cut down your overly loud or shrill ones. By turning up the knob which controls your mike, and turning down the one which is picking up your accompaniment, he can make your little voice overshadow the blasting of the biggest orchestra.

His guide is the skittering needle on the dial of the "V.I." (Volume

Indicator) which shows how much volume is feeding out.

Your problem as a singer is to keep your voice from fluctuating the needle too much, from moving it too suddenly, and from bending it against the far side of the dial with a sudden blast. And that, as far as strict microphone technique is concerned, is the whole problem.

## Have You a Microphone Voice?

The best mike voice has resonance. This quality must be a fundamental in the natural voice timbre. The mike discards a lot of the trimmings and goes to the heart of things, to the fundamental voice qualities; which is the reason why some performers can go on the air with a severe head cold and no listener be the wiser; it's the fundamental tones which are broadcast or recorded.

Of course, some voices are naturally phonogenic; that is, they sound well over the microphone. The only way to tell about your own is to try it, and get some expert opinions.

The good mike voice must have balance. There must be a balance between the different sounds. Sing the word *love*, and notice how the

Sometimes the offending quality is superficial, and can be cleaned up. Excessive breathiness is one; the breath comes through with the tone, and sounds like the grating of static over the speaker. Again, the top notes may be shrill or out of balance until the singer learns to "mask" them. A good voice teacher may correct these faults.

Perhaps only certain notes or certain sounds are bad, in which case the job is simply to locate the offending item; once it's located, a little experimenting with a co-operative monitor, or with personal recordings, will produce the cure. Again the V.I. needle is the guide. It is flipped up by certain shrill tone qualities as well as by blasts of volume; the singer's "flat" sounding of the vowel in a word such as *wide* or *hat* may be as destructive as a sudden loud blast. Crosby can roar in that highly phonogenic voice of his and the needle will barely move, whereas a French opera singer can almost throw the station off the air with a cutting whisper. Careful, analytical experimentation is the answer.

Many people still have the idea that the only microphone voice is that of the crooner. This isn't so.



■ Memorize your songs so that you won't have to put your chin in your chest to read the music.

consonants *l* and *v* are naturally softer than the vowel *o*, apt to be overshadowed and lost unless you "bring them up" for the mike.

The bad mike voice has, of course, some unpleasant quality in it. If this quality is fundamental, it's incurable; and the singer must look to some other field (such as bands or the stage) where the microphone doesn't enter except possibly in connection with a Public Address system. The incurably bad mike voice has some harsh, metallic quality, diamond-cutting sharpness, or gravelly rasp imbedded in it.



■ A tip for radio singers—watch the man in the control room for that okay signal.

Real crooning is almost whispering, putting complete dependence on the microphone. Though an accepted microphone technique, it isn't really "singing" as such. My idea of the best microphone volume is that of the voice which would be heard in a moderate space without the help of the mike. Crooning is a specialized technique; if it isn't natural and comfortable, don't attempt it. Crooning, and the "small voice" which the mike has made commercial, are two different things.

Equipment has been so much improved that (Continued on page 65)



# Our Gal Sunday's Romance

## The Story:

ONLY half an hour after her marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope, Sunday was confronting a woman who said that she, Diane Bradford, was the mother of Henry's year-old son. And, when he was shown a letter he had written to Diane, Henry could not deny the accusation.

Belief in Henry's guilt was made all the easier for Sunday when she remembered that Arthur Brinthrope, his younger brother, had once wanted her to run away with him—without marriage. Arthur had disappeared after Jackey, Sunday's guardian, had almost killed him, and Henry had told her his brother was the scapegrace of the family—but might not that same cowardly and unprincipled streak be in Henry too?

Heartbroken, Sunday left Brinthrope Manor and returned to America with Jackey and Lively, her other guardian. With her she took Diane's baby, Lonnie, for Diane was ill and the doctors had told her, she said, that she could not live much longer.

It was not easy for Sunday to start life over again. It was impossible to return to Silver Creek, Colorado, where she had lived ever since Jackey and Lively had found her as a baby on the doorstep of their cabin—for Silver Creek held too many memories of her romance with Henry, and too, it would be the first place Henry would look for her. Her only friend, Bill Jenkins—who once had hoped to marry her—now was the husband of Joan Allen, a girl who had spent her vacation at a dude ranch near Silver Creek.

Sunday and the two old men decided to settle in Blue Ridge, Kansas—a town they chose at random. But Sunday could find no work there, and they were just moving on when she read in a newspaper that Henry was in New York, very ill from the strain of trying to find her. Though still

convinced they could never be happy together, she went to New York to see him, leaving the baby behind with Jackey and Lively. In New York, she found Henry delirious and calling for her, but her presence calmed him and set him upon the road to recovery.

By accident, Sunday met Bill Jenkins on the street, and he told her that he and his wife had separated, and that he himself would return to Silver Creek as soon as he had finished some business matters. When he learned that Sunday refused to return to Lord Henry, and that she had no job, Bill suggested that she go with him to Linden, Illinois, where his cousin, a wealthy manufacturer, might be able to give her work. . . .

**B**UT Bill did not go to Linden with Sunday, after all. His business in New York took him longer than he had expected, and rather than wait for him, Sunday decided to go by herself, meanwhile wiring Jackey and Lively to meet her there with Lonnie.

A few hours after she arrived she was sitting in the office of Brad Jenkins, Bill's cousin.

He was not at all the man she had expected to see. He was much older and much sterner than Bill; his hair was quite gray, and there were deep lines between his eyes and from his nostrils to his mouth.

"I hardly know what to say to you, Miss—" he began.

"Mrs. Blake," she said, as he paused, using the name she had taken in Blue Ridge.

"Yes. Mrs. Blake." He looked down at the letter from Bill she had brought him. "I don't think my cousin quite realizes—The fact is, I've just been forced to lay off fifty



■ This is a fictionization of the CBS serial, *Our*

of my old employees. If I had any jobs to give, I'd be obligated to think of them first—"

He was interrupted just then, as the door of his office flew open and a pretty, middle-aged woman, expensively dressed, entered. "Brad," she began before she was fairly into the room, "I simply must have—Oh. Oh, I didn't realize you were busy!"

The lines between Brad Jenkins' eyes grew deeper. "Mrs. Blake



"Arthur, here she is! Sunday, may I present Arthur Brinthrope?" Sunday saw his delighted smile, caught the look of sly malice in his eyes.

—this is my wife," he said shortly.

Mrs. Jenkins' greeting was cordial enough—in fact, she seemed to Sunday a friendly little person, perhaps a little vain and flighty, but generous in heart and mind. Bubbling apologies, she perched on the edge of a chair, insisting that she would wait until her husband had finished his business with Sunday.

"—So," Jenkins resumed, while Sunday's heart sank, "I'm afraid my

answer would have to be the same—even if you had a family to support."

"Oh, but I have," Sunday said eagerly. "I have a little baby—and two old men—well, they're really my guardians, but they're not able to work much. And I can do any kind of work you have. I don't care what it is!"

His businessman's face softened, and for the first time she saw that

■ At least this once it could happen—a broken heart miraculously mended when Sunday discovers Henry's love is stronger than deceit or hatred or disillusionment

he was not really so forbidding. "I'm sorry, my dear—I really am. I wish I could help you, but—"

"Brad!" Mrs. Jenkins was bouncing in her chair with excitement. "I have a job for her! Of course! I've been looking for a secretary, and Mrs. Blake would be the very person."

"A secretary? But what in the world do you need a secretary for, Laura?"

"Oh—" vaguely—"lots of things. If Alice Garretson has to have a secretary, I guess I need one too."

The shadow of a smile touched Brad Jenkins' lips. "I see. Perhaps you're right. At any rate, Mrs. Blake, I'm glad we're able to do something for you."

And so it was settled. Sunday was to report at the Jenkins home for work the next day, at a salary of twenty dollars a week—which seemed far too much to her, but Laura Jenkins said she wouldn't pay a cent less.

In the days that followed Sunday knew happiness for the first time since that horrible moment when Diane Bradford had showed her Henry's letter, tacitly admitting that he was Lonnie's father.

Jackey and Lively arrived one afternoon, with Lonnie propped up with blankets in the back seat of the rusty old second-hand car and crowing lustily. Sunday, feeling the warm softness of his hands against her cheek again, cried a little and was not ashamed of it. She had found a tiny apartment, one room and kitchenette, for herself and the baby, and (Continued on page 60)



# Sunshine

Radio Mirror's fashion preview  
of styles you'll win applause by  
wearing this summer—or right  
now, if you're going on a cruise

■ Glamorous Helen Wood, NBC dramatic actress heard on *Those We Love*, presents a two-piece slack suit of rust and beige, with an attached hood. Left, Barbara Jo Allen, NBC's Vera Vague, wears a three-piece playsuit with a badminton-print top.

*As previewed at Palm Springs  
fashionable El Mirador Hotel.*

# Ahead

■ For a casual sports dress, Miss Wood selected this pale green angora wool. Simply designed, it features crystal buttons down the front and a "Phil Socket" belt.

■ A smart new slacks outfit as worn by Barbara Jo Allen—white sharkskin slacks and plaid shirt of crist cloth with a purple raffia belt.

■ After the swim Miss Woods dons this soft, white sweater. Rosemary DeCamp, far right, NBC actress, in a four-piece outfit. The slacks—and the shorts, underneath—are purple; shirt yellow—and jacket blue.

RADIO'S  
PHOTO-  
MIRROR





Every Sunday, on CBS, stars of Hollywood appear free on the Screen Actors Guild program, giving away the talent for which they could easily charge thousands of dollars. Above, Shirley Temple and Nelson Eddy; left, Bob Hope.

## THAT OTHERS



■ Here is Hollywood's wide white door—

**E**ACH Sunday afternoon the great names of Hollywood—the Gables, the Powers, the Lombards and the Crawfords—stand before the microphone of the Gulf-Screen Guild show. Standing there they individually give away what could easily bring them thousands upon thousands of dollars.

Why?

Because a dream of stone, steel and happiness must be made to come true, and a wide white door on a side street kept forever open.

Because this star-studded Sunday afternoon program is Hollywood's way of saying, "I am my brother's keeper."

For many years Hollywood was a happy-go-lucky sort of place whose fame-touched children lived only in the glowing, opulent present. It gave scant thought to the past, even less to the future. It had one creed:

every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Today all that is changed. Hollywood has grown up to its responsibilities. It is facing the inevitable problems of need and heartbreak within its ranks and facing them squarely.

Man's humanity to man, however, costs more than words of sympathy; it costs great sums of cash.

Cash—\$10,000 in cash—is what the Screen Actors Guild is paid every Sunday for that half-hour on the air. But the Mickey Rooneys and Shirley Temples, the James Cagneys and Gracie Allens whose freely given talent make the program the most varied on the air, prefer to think of that weekly check in terms of the lives it saves, the suicides it prevents, the babies it brings back to health, the new joy it creates for countless discour-

aged, disillusioned fellow-humans.

That is why this is such a gripping story—because it tells so simply what fellow human beings will do for each other, and it shows so clearly how, under the everyday surface of our greed and our selfishness, there remains a longing to help others, to bring happiness to the desolate.

Here are some of the people for whom Hollywood gives its time and talent. I want you to meet them:

You knew the real name of Mr.

## MAY LIVE

By  
CAROLYN HOYT



e of the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

X not long ago, blazoned the way it was on billboards, newspapers and the screens of the nation. He made you roar at his antics and your throat throb with some tenderly done bit of pathos. You loved him because he entertained you. Producers loved the vast sums of money he made for them. His friends loved his unspoiled charm and fawners his generosity in a touch for five or fifty.

Suddenly his fine world crashed. No one knew how or why it hap-

Above, the executives of the Motion Picture Relief Fund—Lucille Gleason, Conrad Nagel, President Jean Hersholt and Ralph Morgan. Right, Lew Ayres and Ronald Colman get down to real work for one of the rehearsals.



pened, only that it did. Here was an actor as competent as ever, whose private life was scrupulously lived. Yet almost overnight the movie-going public turned from him. His studio soon followed suit. His contract was not renewed.

Bad news, when it is bad box-office news, travels fast in flicker town. Incredibly, no other studio sought him out. Before many months his former friends and employers were saying, "Wonder what ever happened to X?"

There followed a three year nightmare. It also is called Keeping Up a Front.

Unfortunately this is particularly true of Hollywood: if you have—or appear to have—you can get; if you have not, you get not. The quickest route to professional suicide is the public admission by act or word that saving a few pennies

and cutting a few corners might not be a bad idea. You are valued at the face value you place upon yourself. It is stupid but true.

Knowing this, X frantically poured fruitless thousands after thousands of dollars of his savings in keeping up the conventional front of success. Expensive home, servants, big cars, lavish entertaining. Desperately he piled mortgage upon mortgage to stave off admission of his plight. Everything going out. Nothing coming in.

Still he could get no work. He wasn't seeking stardom or even featured roles. He wanted work, any kind of work. Bit parts, a sequence or two, even extra work. Each time he asked he received the same ironic answer:

"Why man, you can't afford to be seen in such a role. It would ruin your career!" (Cont'd on page 84)

■ The true story of a thrilling radio program on which stars work for nothing

order that suffering may disappear and Hollywood's great charity continue



*Must send  
that recipe  
to Radio  
Mirror today*

**H**AVE you entered?  
There's really no excuse if you haven't because I want every one of my readers to get in on the most exciting contest for housewives I know about. You'll find all the rules elsewhere on this page, and the grand prizes too. There's still plenty of time for you to become one of the winners, and think of the fun of swapping recipes with women in all parts of the United States!

So send in your favorite recipe right now. While you do, I'm going to tell you about a favorite food of mine—waffles. A favorite because—though you may not realize it—they can be served over a dozen different ways, so that they make a delicious Sunday night supper as well as a breakfast, so that you can serve them at luncheon or as a midnight repast. It's truly amazing the different dresses you can fashion for waffles.

So if you've neglected waffles lately because you were tired of them, get out the iron and become the best hostess in town.

Let's start with a basic recipe for waffles, one that has always worked beautifully with me. Serve them with the traditional butter and plenty of delicious maple syrup. Or, and here's the first of the many ways, serve them with any jelly, jam or marmalade that your taste dictates.

The best recipe I know for achieving the perfect, crisp waffle illustrated is the following one:

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1¼ cups milk
- 5 tbs. butter, margarine or other shortening, melted
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine egg yolks and milk and add gradually to flour, beating only until smooth. Add melted shortening, fold in egg whites and bake in hot waffle iron.

There's almost no end to the variety of ways for serving waffles, all of them delicious. For luncheon or Sunday night supper, when you want something more substantial, serve creamed mixtures on top of your waffles. Creamed chicken, turkey, tuna fish, shrimps, chipped beef or eggs are excellent. So is any leftover roast, cut into small cubes and heated in its own gravy, or a cheese and tomato sauce, made by melting grated cheese (one to two cups, depending upon your taste) in a can of cream of tomato soup.

Broiled ham and fried peaches also seem to have a natural affinity for waffles. While the ham is broiling, pour a little of the fat into a skillet. Add peeled and sliced peaches and cook over a low flame until the peaches are tender. Add sugar to taste and turn frequently so that the sugar will not caramelize and cause the fruit to burn. Tiny broiled sausages, fried apples and waffles are another delicious combination.

And now we come to waffles served as a dessert. Unusual, yes, but no dessert is more delectable. They may be served with fresh fruits—strawberries, blackberries, raspberries or peaches—chopped or mashed and sweetened just as you prepare them for shortcake and topped with whipped cream. Hard sauce, made by creaming together one-fourth cup butter, three-fourths cup sugar and one-half teaspoon vanilla or other flavoring, is another taste tempter, and for really festive occasions place a scoop of ice cream on each waffle, with maple syrup or chocolate sauce poured over it.

But don't think, when you've served waffles in all these ways, that you've reached the end of their in-

## The Cooking Corner

By KATE SMITH  
RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELLOR

■ Good things to eat will win valuable prizes — and you can get in on the fun by entering your favorite recipe in this contest for all women!



Listen to Kate Smith's daytime talks Monday through Friday at 12 noon, E.S.T., and to her variety show Friday night, both over CBS.

### THE PRIZES

- FIRST PRIZE ..... \$50.00 IN CASH
- SECOND PRIZE ..... 25.00 IN CASH
- THIRD PRIZE ..... 15.00 IN CASH

55 PRIZES OF \$2.00 EACH IN CASH

50 Additional Prizes of General Foods  
Beautiful Special Gift Packages

### OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

#### COOKING CORNER RECIPE CONTEST

Radio Mirror Magazine, P. O. Box 556  
Grand Central Station, N. Y., N. Y.

Please enter the attached original recipe in your contest under the conditions governing the competition as detailed in RADIO MIRROR.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Single ( ) Married ( ) Number in Family ( )

### THE RULES

1. Recipes must be typewritten or plainly written on one side of sheet only.
2. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, economy, nutritional value and appeal to the eye as well as the palate.
3. For the best entry judged on this basis RADIO MIRROR will award a cash first prize of \$50.00. The next best recipe will receive \$25.00 and the third will be awarded \$15.00. In the order of their excellence the fifty-five entries next best will be awarded prizes of \$2.00 each. The next 50 best recipes will be awarded special gift packages of General Foods products. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. The judges will be Kate Smith, conductor of the Cooking Corner, and the editors of RADIO MIRROR, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. Each entry must be accompanied by an official entry coupon clipped from RADIO MIRROR Magazine. All winning recipes will become the property of RADIO MIRROR for publication and use wherever desired.
6. Address entries to Cooking Corner Recipe Contest, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, April 15, 1940, which is the closing date of this contest.



# HOLLYWOOD

## RADIO WHISPERS

By **GEORGE FISHER**

■ Tune in George Fisher's Hollywood gossip every Saturday night over MBS.

**D**ON AMECHE will pocket five thousand dollars a week when he returns to the radiolanes, on that half hour dramatic spot. Don turned down \$3,000 weekly when his former sponsors tried to re-sign him.

\* \* \*

The new "Oomph" man, Jerry Colonna, was hand-picked by his biggest booster, Bob Hope. It was the nicest case of "fixing" I've seen in a long time, but then it was all a gag so no one was really hurt. I'm sure Jerry will never take the title seriously.

\* \* \*

Speaking of Hope, he could improve his programs (and they don't need too much improving) by eliminating so many references to his pictures.

\* \* \*

Credit Jay Paley with producing some of the smartest drama shows emanating from Hollywood. He directs Charles Boyer's programs.

### BABYLAND BULLETIN!

The Jimmie Fidler will adopt a Los Angeles baby in June.

\* \* \*

Bill Bacher's Movie Nights on the radio don't seem to be worth the thirty G's Darryl Zanuck is putting out.

\* \* \*

Now that Dick Powell and Martha Raye have proved their point; that it was bad pictures not bad performances that cut down their movie careers—you can not only expect to see them on the celluloid again, but you can mark another radio opportunity for them on your calendar in June! Maybe sooner.

\* \* \*

John Conte, the singer-announcer, has added screen starlet Laraine Day to his long list of Hollywood romances.

\* \* \*

Truman Bradley, whose cultured voice was a fixture for four years on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, and more recently has been announcing the Burns and Allen fun show between film (Continued on page 74)

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR



■ No war-hero talk, please, for Charles Boyer, shown above with his air leading-lady, Gale Page.

■ One-time movie star Esther Ralston has come to radio as Marcela Hudnall in CBS' *Our Gal Sunday*.

■ Another "Dark Victory" for Bette Davis was the Lux broadcast of that great film—below, Bette, Spencer Tracy, and Lurene Tuttle.







*Like almost all other fresh fruits, strawberries yield Dextrose sugar—which is a most valuable energy “fuel” for the body.*

# Luscious ripe Strawberries are rich in pure Dextrose Sugar...and so is delicious Baby Ruth

The *natural* goodness of Baby Ruth comes from the *natural* foods so deliciously blended to make this fine candy—such foods as milk, butter, eggs, chocolate, fresh, plump peanuts—and pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Doesn't that explain why Baby Ruth is fine candy and fine *food*?

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY...CHICAGO



*By actual energy tests, a 150-lb. athlete can run almost 4 miles at a speed of more than 5 miles per hour on the FOOD ENERGY contained in one 5c bar of delicious Baby Ruth Candy.*



AT CANDY COUNTERS  
EVERYWHERE





*The most beautiful  
finger nails in the world*

**LOOK FOR THE FINGERNAIL CAP**

At all cosmetic counters you'll quickly spy the exclusive Dura-Gloss fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish—same as inside the bottle! Banishes messy experimenting, disappointment. You get just the color you want! Look for the Dura-Gloss fingernail bottle cap!

**10¢**



It's breath-taking, the new gem-hard, lustrous beauty of the nail polish that's different—Dura-Gloss! Have this fingernail beauty yourself. Tint your nails with Dura-Gloss today...you'll adore it because it lasts longer, flows on easier! See the lovely, fashion-right shades, and buy a different shade for every frock! For Dura-Gloss costs (not fifty cents! *not* a dollar!) only 10 cents a bottle! So get it today!

**OTHER DURA-GLOSS PRODUCTS**

DURA-GLOSS Nail Polish Thinner    DURA-GLOSS Polish Remover  
DURA-GLOSS Dura-Coat (polish base)    DURA-GLOSS Cuticle Remover  
DURA-GLOSS Cuticle Lotion

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERSON, N. J.

# DURA-GLOSS



# Facing the Music



■ The big tuning fork is just a joke—the Andrews Sisters don't really need it. From left to right, Maxene, Patty, LaVerne.



The "Oh, Johnny!" pair—Orrin Tucker and his pretty singer, Bonnie Baker.

**T**HERE is a good chance that Orrin Tucker will replace Guy Lombardo at New York's Hotel Roosevelt this Spring. This will surprise some who remember that Tucker replaced Guy in this spot several years ago and failed to captivate New York. But on the strength of his "Oh, Johnny" recording and the sudden prominence of vocalist Bonnie Baker, plus his Lucky Strike commercial, the story may be different this time.

Those in the know say the swank Waldorf-Astoria will never book another swing band. Benny Goodman's last appearance did not measure up. More and more the trend is toward sweet rhythm.

Evelyn Poe replaced Claire Martin with Bob Zurke . . . Rosaline Stewart is the new Babs of the Smoothies . . . Eddie Stone, formerly with Isham Jones, sings occasionally with Freddie Martin.

Larry Clinton will henceforth record only original and standard num-

bers and no more popular tunes.

Jules Alberti is the latest dance band leader. He was formerly Benay Venuta's manager. He's got a style, too; calls it "tap-a-rhythm" and employs two tap dancers as regular members of his band to employ this clog effect. You can hear him over MBS from Forest Hills, L. I.

Keep your ears tuned to young Bobby Byrne, formerly J. Dorsey's

**By KEN ALDEN**

trombonist. He's making rapid strides over Mutual Broadcasting System.

Robbins Music have just published a unique and valuable piano contribution titled "29 Modern Piano Interpretations of Swanee River." It sells for \$1.50 and is a bargain when you consider such renowned though widely diversified composers as Claude Thornhill, Teddy Wilson, Peter De Rose, Dana Seusse, Vernon Duke, Johnny Green, Victor Young, Bob Zurke and Ferde Grofe, have tried a hand at these variations.

(Continued on page 81)



Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME
	9:00	CBS: News
	8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
	8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
	8:30	CBS: Morning Moods
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News
8:00	9:00	CBS: Today in Europe
8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Four Showmen
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Tom Teriss
8:30	9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Morning Musicale
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	CBS: March of Games
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Four Belles
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Children's Hour
9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Happy Jim Parsons
10:05	11:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: News
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Music and Youth
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: On the Job
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Vass Family
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Grand Hotel
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Moods
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Democracy in Action
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Great Plays
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: So You Think You Know Music
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: N. Y. PHILHARMONIC
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Norman Cloutier's Orch.
1:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: I Want a Divorce
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: H. Leopold Spitalny
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: News from Europe
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Al Donahue Orch.
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Pursuit of Happiness
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Richard Himber Orch.
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: The World is Yours
8:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Hobby Lobby
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Musical Steelmakers
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Moylan Sisters
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Blue: Dinah Shore
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats
9:00	4:30	5:30 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Met Opera Auditions
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Saturday's Child
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Blue: Listen America
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: New Friends of Music
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Beat the Band
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: The War This Week
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: News from Europe
4:30	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: SCREEN GUILD THEATER
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Mr. District Attorney
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
7:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: ORSON WELLES
7:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Festival of Music
7:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: FORD SYMPHONY
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
8:15	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
8:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Ellery Queen
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Cheerio
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: NBC String Quartet
10:00	10:30	11:00 CBS: Paul Sullivan
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

# SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Ford's Conductor Eugene Ormandy . . . and Commentator W. J. Cameron.

## Tune-In Bulletin for March 3, 10, 17 and 24!

March 3: Jose Iturbi, famous pianist, is the guest star on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00. Eugene Ormandy waves the baton.  
 March 10: There's an amusing new musical quiz show, with Ted Weems' orchestra, on NBC-Red at 6:30 this afternoon. It's called Beat the Band, and the musicians answer the questions! . . . John Charles Thomas sings on the Ford program, CBS at 9.  
 March 17: What your wits on the Ellery Queen mystery on CBS at 10:00—just after Lawrence Tibbett has finished singing on the Ford Hour.  
 March 24: Happy Jim Parsons has taken Smilin' Ed McCannell's place on NBC-Blue at 10:45 this morning . . . Richard Craaks sings on the Ford Hour.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** The Ford Sunday Evening Hour, featuring a symphony orchestra and mixed chorus and famous American guest soloists, on CBS at 9:00.

Six years old and still going strong, the Ford Hour is broadcast every Sunday night before radio's largest visible audience—the auditorium in Detroit where it originates holds 5,000 people and is always full—and it employs one of the largest casts of performers and technicians of any program on the air.

Guest stars don't attend the orchestra rehearsal on Saturday, but wait until the day of the broadcast to put in an appearance. On Sunday morning they drive from their hotel to the Masonic Auditorium about 11 o'clock, and rehearse until about 2, then return to the hotel to rest until the broadcast.

By dint of some tall sniping, your Studio Snoopers can pass on to you the amounts that guest stars and conductors are said to be paid per broadcast by the Ford Company. The figures vary widely for the different artists. Jose Iturbi, the pianist, gets \$2,000; baritone John Charles Thomas' price is \$4,250; baritone Lawrence Tibbett ups the ante to \$4,500; while Richard Craaks packets \$3,500. Colored contralto Marian Anderson gets \$4,500, Grace Moore \$4,000, and Gladys Swarthout \$2,500. Conductor Eugene Ormandy's fee is \$1,500 a broadcast, but Victor Kalar's is only \$600. The highest fee of all

goes to violinist Jascha Heifetz—\$5,000 for one broadcast.

Early in each broadcast you hear a short talk by William J. Cameron. It's no secret that the philosophies he expresses in these talks are the philosophies of Henry Ford. Cameron is a little round man, very averse to publicity, who has been a friend and business associate of Henry Ford for years. Before that he was a preacher and then a newspaper man. Ford hired him to write editorials in the Dearborn *Independent*, and when the *Independent* shut up shop, Cameron remained as Ford's confidential assistant. He is sixty-one years old, the son of a Canadian father who came to Detroit when William was four years old. Cameron Sr. took out his first American citizenship papers and died in the belief that they were all he needed to be an American. In 1935 W. J. Cameron discovered that he himself wasn't an American citizen, an error which he immediately rectified.

He's married, and has four grown children. He lives in Dearborn, working days in the Ford plant, and spends week ends on his country place, commuting to Detroit on Sunday nights for the broadcast.

Eugene Ormandy and Victor Kalar are the two conductors you will hear leading the orchestra this month. Ormandy is regular conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony, and Kalar conducts the Detroit Symphony.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**DORIS KENYON**—who has turned her back on the movies to play Ann Cooper, the heroine of Saturday's *Child*, the serial on NBC-Red this afternoon at 5:30, E. S. T. Doris, one of America's great beauties, has made enviable careers for herself in movies, the stage, and in concerts, but this is her first regular radio job. She has been married three times, first to the late Milton Sills.



# INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac



Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
		8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
		8:00	NBC-Red: News
		8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
		8:15	NBC-Red: Do Your Remember
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet
		8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:00	NBC: News
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
		9:30	NBC-Red: Three Romeos
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		9:45	NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
		10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
		10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
		10:15	NBC-Blue: This Day Is Ours
		10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
		10:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
		10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
		10:45	NBC-Blue: Midstream
		10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	CBS: Short Short Story
		11:00	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
1:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: Life Begins
		11:15	NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
		11:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
1:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
		11:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
		11:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
1:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		11:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
		12:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
		12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		12:45	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
		1:15	NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
		1:15	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
		1:30	NBC-Red: Jack Duggan
		1:45	CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
		2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: My Son and I
		2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Society Girl
		3:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
3:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
1:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		5:45	CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
		5:45	NBC-Red: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: BY KATHLEEN NORRIS
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:15	CBS: Billy and Betty
		5:15	NBC-Blue: Irene Wicker
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
		5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: News
		6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
		6:30	CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
		6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: FRED WARING'S GANG
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: BLONDI
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: One of the Finest
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: TUNE-UP TIME
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Tommy Riggs
9:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Howard and Shelton
9:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: True or False
9:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: The Green Hornet
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: ALEC TEMPLETON
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Julian Naa, Charme Allen, Dolores Gillen, and Kingsley Colton.

## Tune-In Bulletin for March 4, 11, 18 and 25!

March 4: The Lux Theater has Worner Baxter as its guest star tonight—not that your Studio Snooper guarantees the announcement, because guest star bookings are always subject to change of short notice.

March 11: And again, if all goes as planned, the Lux Theater tonight has Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland . . . on CBS at 9:00.

March 18: Notice that The Green Hornet, adventure serial, is on NBC-Blue at 9:00, tonight and Wednesday, having moved from its old broadcast time later in the week. . . . The Lux play and star, CBS at 9:00: George Brent in "The Rains Came." His co-stars hadn't been announced when we went to press.

March 25: Life Begins is a new serial you'd like. It's on CBS at 11:15 this morning, E.S.T. . . . Ronald Colman and Muriel Angelus are booked for the Lux Theater tonight.

ON THE AIR TODAY: A Short Short Story, on CBS at 11:00, E.S.T., today, Wednesday and Friday, sponsored by Campbell Soup.

The question is: Why didn't anybody ever think of broadcasting dramatized versions of clever short stories before? And the answer is: People did, but Campbell Soup was the first sponsor with nerve enough to try it.

A short short story, you don't have to be told if you read many magazines, is a story that can be printed on one page and read in five minutes or so, usually with a surprise twist at the end. Dramatized, they make ideal brief radio plays, suitable for broadcasting in the fifteen minutes this program has on the air.

But up until now, sponsors have been afraid of tackling a series of them because they didn't think enough good short stories were available. Diana Bourbon, producer of this series, says that so far she hasn't had any trouble finding good ones.

The stories come from all sources. Some are taken from the pages of magazines; some are stories that have never been published; and some are radio scripts turned out by radio writers in dialogue form. As they come into the office of the Word Wheelock Company, the advertising agency which presents the program for Campbells, they are read by a

girl reader who sends the best ones to Miss Bourbon, and the latter, with other officials of the company, selects the one to go on the air. Wyllis Cooper adopts them to radio.

Wyllis (his name was Willis until a numerologist advised him to change it) used to write the famous, horrible Lights Out scripts in Chicago. Then he was in Hollywood, where he adopted movies for the Hollywood Hotel program and worked in movie studios. The Wheelock company brought him to New York especially for this series of short stories.

Diana Bourbon, who directs and produces the shows, is one of radio's few women directors. She's energetic, handsome, and dynamic. The only reason she isn't in the rehearsal picture above is that just as the photographer arrived Diana got a hurry call to go on and direct Life Begins, another Campbell program, because the regular director was sick. Diana is also an actress—she was on the stage in London and New York until she went into radio—and you will hear her now and then taking a role in one of the short stories.

The cost of the program changes with every broadcast, naturally, and all of radio's top-flight actresses and actors are being used, as well as an occasional personality from the New York stage.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**NIGEL BRUCE**—the perpetually bewildered Dr. Watson of The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, on NBC-Blue at 8:00 tonight. Nigel's a member of Hollywood's British colony, though he was born in Lower California, the younger son of an English baronet. He's had a long career on the stage in England and America, came to the movies in 1933, is married and has two young daughters.



Complete Programs from February 28 to March 26



Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
8:00	8:00	8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
8:00	8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: News
8:15	8:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
8:15	8:15	8:15	NBC-Red: Do Your Remember
8:30	8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
9:00	9:00	9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
9:00	9:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:05	8:05	8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	8:05	8:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
8:30	9:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Three Romeos
8:45	9:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
9:00	10:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
9:00	10:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: This Day is Ours
9:15	10:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
9:30	10:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
9:30	10:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
9:45	10:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Midstream
9:45	10:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
10:00	11:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	11:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: Life Begins
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
10:15	11:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: The Traveling Chef
10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45	11:45	11:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Our Spiritual Life
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Bartal Orch.
12:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Gallant American Women
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
1:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
1:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
3:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
3:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
3:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: Irene Wicker
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Scattered Good Baines
3:45	5:45	6:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
5:15	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
4:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: News
6:05	6:05	7:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
6:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
6:45	6:45	7:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
6:45	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: AMOS 'N' ANDY
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Jimmie Fidler
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
8:00	7:00	8:00	MBS: La Rosa Concert
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: The Aldrich Family
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: We, The People
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Cavalcade of America
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Meet Mr. Weeks
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: McGEE AND MOLLY
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: BOB HOPE
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Americans at Work
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Mammoth Minstrels
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Shebol and Waters—they originated Court of Missing Heirs.

## Tune-In Bulletin for March 5, 12, 19 and 26!

March 5: Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, is back on NBC—she's on the Blue network at 5:15 this afternoon . . . On Americans at Work, CBS at 10:15, the Stock Broker is featured. If you've ever wondered what a Stock Broker is good for, here is your chance to find out.

March 12: Listen to Virginia Verrill sing on Uncle Walter's Doghouse, NBC-Red at 10:30 tonight . . . Still another American at Work tonight is the Dentist.

March 19: There ought to be big doings on the Amos 'n' Andy program, CBS at 7:00, tonight—that is, if anybody remembers that it was just twelve years ago today that Amos 'n' Andy first broadcast over WMAQ in Chicago. . . . The American at Work tonight is the Ice Man.

March 26: A program that's been getting a lot of attention for itself, in its quiet way, is Meet Mr. Weeks, on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:30. Mr. Weeks, who talks and introduces a guest, can best be described as an amiable Alexander Woollcott.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Court of Missing Heirs, on CBS from 8:30 to 8:55 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Ironized Yeast.

You'd think that this program would be a "natural" for radio—a show on which the case histories of unclaimed fortunes are dramatized, in the hope that the rightful heirs will hear and present themselves. But it took the originators of the idea, James F. Waters and Alfred Shebol, two years of discouragement before they finally managed to interest a sponsor.

The idea started with Waters, a young lawyer who graduated from De Paul University in 1928. He went to work in the office of a probate lawyer, but his heart was really in writing, not in law, and his boss shook his head, saying "You'll write yourself out of the law some day, Jim." Jim proved that the boss was correct, soon afterwards. He became fascinated by the old files in the probate courts, filled as they were with stories of unclaimed estates, and in 1932 he came to New York with a list of these stories, hoping to interest a publisher in a book he would write from them. No publisher thought the idea was worth bothering about.

In 1935 he met Alfred Shebol, an old school friend who was then working in the radio department of an advertising agency, and the two of them evolved the program, The Court of Missing Heirs. For two years Shebol worked to support both

himself and Waters, while Waters gave all his time to writing the program, recording it, and trying to sell it. Sponsors were interested, but never enough to sign contracts, until the Skelly Oil Company decided to put the show on a mid-western network of eighteen stations for thirty-nine weeks. When that contract ran out, Waters returned to New York and interested the present sponsors, Ironized Yeast.

In the first four weeks of its network series, the Court found two heirs, Carl Henry Proehl and Gee Jordan, who between them claimed estates of \$58,000. Other possible heirs are being investigated all the time, but none is ever announced on the air until executors of the estates agree that he is likely to be bona-fide.

It's a big job to run the program. Headquarters are in New York, but four field assistants are maintained, in Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Boston—all men with low training who spend their time digging through probate files for unsettled wills which also offer good, colorful stories for dramatization and broadcasting. Waters and Shebol, in New York, go through the piles of letters that come in after every broadcast—sometimes as many as 500 a day—sorting them with the assistance of four girl secretaries and trying to sift out the ones which seem to offer real clues to missing heirs.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

GENEVIEVE ROWE—soprano on Johnny Presents, tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red. Genevieve came to New York four years ago from a small Ohio town, burdened with singing prizes—Atwater Kent and others. None of them meant anything to radio moguls, so to support herself while she studied at the Juilliard Music School under a scholarship she'd won, she joined the Johnny Presents Swing Fourteen chorus, singing popular music when all her former training had been in the classical variety. After three years one of the sponsors heard her, offered her occasional solo work on the show—and then came stardom.





**Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish,** daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.

**Miss Janet Holden** of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.

*Making Her Debut*

**BUT BOTH HELP  
KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH  
AND YOUNG LOOKING  
WITH POND'S**

*Writing Sales Slips*

**QUESTION TO MISS FISH:**

Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

**ANSWER:** "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you have to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my 'teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."

Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.

**QUESTION TO MISS FISH:**

Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

**ANSWER:** "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

**QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:**

In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

**ANSWER:** "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

**A Sunday ride** in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests stopping for "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.

**QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:**

Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

**ANSWER:** "Well, Cleveland is mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away . . . by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

**Miss Holden entertains.** The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing the records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!

Life for a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is having the busiest season she has ever known.



POND'S, Dept. 8RM-CVD, Clinton, Conn.

**SEND FOR  
TRIAL  
BEAUTY KIT**

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME
	8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
	8:00	NBC-Red: News
	8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Four Showmen
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Three Romeos
8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
1:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: This Day is Ours
9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Midstream
9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:00	11:00	CBS: Short Short Story
10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	11:15	CBS: Life Begins
8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Homespun
9:45	11:45	CBS: OUR GAL SUNDAY
9:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	12:00	CBS: THE GOLDBERGS
10:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Streamline Journal
10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: Music for Young Listeners
11:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
3:30	1:15	CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: Quilting Bee
11:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
1:30	2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
12:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Mandala of Honey Moon Hill
12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
3:30	3:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
3:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	3:45	CBS: SMILIN' ED MCCONNELL
3:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: Irene Wicker
2:30	4:30	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
3:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
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3:00	5:00	CBS: News
6:05	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
5:30	6:30	CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
6:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Golden Sorenaders
6:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
6:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
8:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	7:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	7:15	NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30	7:30	CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
7:30	7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	8:00	CBS: Al Pearce
8:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Johnny Presents
8:30	8:00	NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
8:30	8:30	CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Quick Silver Quiz
8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Avalon Time
8:00	9:00	CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Green Hornet
9:30	9:00	NBC-Red: FRED ALLEN
7:00	9:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

## WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Gong: Arlene, Al, Morie, Don, Billy House, and Corl.

### Tune-In Bulletin for February 28, March 6, 13, and 20!

February 28: Today's a good listening day for sports addicts: Ted Husing summarizes the semi-finals of the National Indoor Tennis meet from Madison Square Garden over CBS . . . and Byron Field describes the Junior Championship horse race from Hialeah Park in Florida over Mutual at 4:15.

March 6: Alma Kitchell's Streamline Journal is on Wednesdays now, at 1:30 over NBC-Blue. An especially good program for the feminine half of the country.

March 13: Make this a comedy night—Amos 'n' Andy or Easy Aces at 7:00, Lum and Abner at 7:15, Burns and Allen at 7:30, Al Pearce at 8:00, a little quiet conversation between 8:30 and 9:00, and Fred Allen from 9:00 to 10:00.

March 20: Or for a musical night—Fred Waring at 7:00, Johnny Presents at 8:00, Avalon Time at 8:30 (only there's some comedy here too), and Kay Kyser or Glenn Miller at 10:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Al Pearce and His Gong, on CBS at 8:00 P.M., E.S.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., and 9:00 P.S.T.—sponsored by Dole Pineapple, and featuring Arlene Harris, Don Reid, Morie Green and her Merry Men, Corl Hoff and his orchestra, and frequent guest stars, besides Al himself.

A few months ago Al Pearce celebrated his eleventh anniversary in radio. He's come a long way in those eleven years, and the 74-station CBS hookup that you hear him on now is a far cry from the "one-lung" station over which Al and his brother Col used to present their comedy dialogue and songs.

Al rehearses his program now, too, which is something he never used to do in the old days. He still likes to think of the sensation he caused when he first came to New York, after having been a popular listening attraction for several years on the Pacific Coast. He persuaded NBC to let him and his gong have a half-hour spot five afternoons a week, without a sponsor and with very little money. On the first day, he and the rest of the comedians and musicians in the gong walked into the studio a few minutes before the broadcast was scheduled to go on the air, and went ahead without any rehearsal at all. The folks around NBC were shocked and amazed. But what Al didn't tell them was that he and his cast had worked together so long, and so well,

they could knock together an informal half-hour of fun without any trouble at all. A sponsored night-time show is a different matter, though, so the thirty minutes you're listening to are the result of a good week's work.

Like Burns and Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly, and a number of other radio companies, the Pearce Gong has settled down in Hollywood, lured there by the balmy (most of the time) climate and general ease of living. At his comfortable home, Al can indulge his hobby of raising prize-winning dogs, interspersed with a round of golf whenever he feels like playing. He has a big pine-paneled rumpus room in his house, with record-playing equipment installed, where all the members of the Gong can gather on Thursdays and listen to a play-back of the previous night's program.

Wednesday night sees two broadcasts of Al's show—one at five, Hollywood time, for the Eastern and Central time zones, and another at nine for the Pacific and Mountain states. The first one is completely informal in dress, with the Gang wearing anything from business suits and frocks to slacks and sweaters. The second one, though, after dinner, is very fancy, with Arlene Harris and Morie Bell displaying their latest dinner gowns, and the men dalling up in dinner jackets. That is, all except Al himself, who invariably wears slacks and a sports jacket.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

BURNS MANTLE—the New York dramatic critic who introduces and narrates the dramatic half of tonight's Texaco Star Theater on CBS at 9:00. Burns is a national authority on the stage. Since 1919 he's selected a yearly group of ten "Best Plays" presented on the New York stage and published condensed versions of them in book form; and he's a walking encyclopedia of theatrical knowledge. He's never written a play himself, though. Burns lives in a suburb of New York City and commutes to begin his working day at five in the afternoon. Actors like him because he never shows off his wit by making fun of a play.





# "Have you ever wished for a BRAND NEW SKIN?"

*Well, you're going to get one!" says Lady Esther*



Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe, a new skin—a new-born skin—is coming to life upon your face, your arms, your whole body!

Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

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

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream *lift that veil!* Gently and soothingly it wafts away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

## Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he's a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream *at my expense*. Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a *perfect* base it makes for your powder. See how it *does* help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it *does* help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample **FREE!**

### *The Miracle of Reborn Skin*

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying up—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!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (54)  
LADY ESTHER, 7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name

Address

City  State

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



# Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME
8:00	9:00	8:00 CBS: Today In Europe
8:00	9:00	8:00 NBC-Red: News
8:15	9:15	8:15 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
8:15	9:15	8:15 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	9:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
9:00	10:00	9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage
9:00	10:00	9:00 NBC: News
9:05	10:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
9:05	10:05	9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
9:15	10:15	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
9:30	10:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Cadets Quartet
9:45	10:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
9:45	10:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
10:00	11:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
10:00	11:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
10:00	11:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
10:15	11:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
10:15	11:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: This Day is Ours
10:15	11:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
10:30	11:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
10:30	11:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
10:30	11:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
10:45	11:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
10:45	11:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
10:45	11:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
11:00	12:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
11:00	12:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
11:00	12:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:15	12:15	11:15 CBS: Life Begins
11:15	12:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
11:15	12:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:30	12:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
11:30	12:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Rosa Lee
11:30	12:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:45	12:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
11:45	12:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
12:00	1:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	1:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
12:15	1:15	12:15 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
12:15	1:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
12:30	1:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
12:30	1:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
12:30	1:30	12:30 NBC-Red: American Life
12:45	1:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
12:45	1:45	12:45 MBS: Carters of Elm Street
1:00	2:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
1:00	2:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Rangers Serenade
1:15	2:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
1:15	2:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
1:15	2:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
1:30	2:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
1:30	2:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
1:45	2:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
1:45	2:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
2:00	3:00	2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
2:00	3:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: How Do You Know
2:00	3:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	3:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
2:15	3:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
2:30	3:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
2:30	3:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
2:45	3:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
2:45	3:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
3:00	4:00	3:00 CBS: Society Girl
3:00	4:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
3:00	4:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
3:15	4:15	3:15 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
3:15	4:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
3:30	4:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
3:30	4:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
3:30	4:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
3:45	4:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: TED MALONE
3:45	4:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
4:00	5:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE
4:00	5:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	5:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
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4:30	5:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
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4:45	5:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
5:00	6:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
5:00	6:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
5:15	6:15	5:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
5:15	6:15	5:15 NBC-Blue: Irene Wicker
5:15	6:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
5:30	6:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
5:30	6:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
5:30	6:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
5:45	6:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	6:45	5:45 MBS: Little Orphan Annie
5:45	6:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:45	6:45	5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
6:00	7:00	6:00 CBS: News
6:00	7:00	6:00 NBC-Red: The Guest Book
6:05	7:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
6:30	7:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
6:45	7:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00	8:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	8:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	8:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:15	8:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
7:15	8:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
7:30	8:30	7:30 CBS: Vox Pop
7:30	8:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
8:00	9:00	8:00 CBS: Ask It Basket
8:00	9:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Musical Americana
8:00	9:00	8:00 NBC-Red: George Jessel
8:30	9:30	8:30 CBS: Strange as it Seems
8:30	9:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Joe Penner
8:30	9:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Those We Love
9:00	10:00	9:00 CBS: MAJOR BOWES
9:00	10:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Rochester Philharmonic
9:00	10:00	9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS
9:30	10:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: TOWN MEETING
9:30	10:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
10:00	11:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
10:00	11:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
10:00	11:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL

## THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Comedian Jessel, singer Benay Venuta, and announcer Grauer.

### Tune-In Bulletin for February 29, March 7, 14, and 21!

February 29: This is the day that makes 1940 a leap year—and Jimmy Darsy celebrates his birthday today, too, for the first time in four years. . . . In honor of the day, the Calumet Workshop relinquishes its time at 10:15 tonight to a special show called Leaping Out of Character. It's a crazy sort of program—different CBS celebrities will impersonate each other.

March 7: Rudy Vallee is back, heading a new variety show from Hollywood, at 9:30 tonight on NBC-Red. . . . The new Good News, during the half-hour just before Vallee, stars Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Fannie Brice as Baby Snacks, and Meredith Willson's orchestra—with Connie Baswell and Edward Arnold missing.

March 14: Radio's biggest orchestra devoted to light music is playing over NBC-Blue at 8:00 to night, in a program called Musical Americana. Raymond Paige directs and there will be a guest star.

March 21: Bad news to those we love fans—it's scheduled to leave the air after another couple of broadcasts. You can hear it tonight on NBC-Red at 8:30, though.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: George Jessel's Celebrity Program, on NBC-Red from 8:00 to 8:30, sponsored by Vitalis.

Celebrity program is the right name for this one, because it consists of George Jessel interviewing a handful of celebrities each week—interviewing them, and then asking them to do something to entertain the folks. Most of the celebrities, naturally, are from the stage, radio, or movies, but sometimes George gets a chance to have one from a different walk of life—like the Colorado youngster who wrote not long ago: "I want to be an actor program for celebrities because I have hit more teachers in our school with spitballs without being caught than anybody else in the whole school. My friends all say I'm a genius. Will you send me corfore? My Pap says he won't give me any. . . ."

Reluctantly, George had to refuse the offer. NBC has a rule against spitballs.

George Jessel is one of the American stage's famous personalities. Although his experiences in the movies never brought him a great deal of success, he has been active in show business since the days when he and Eddie Cantor and Irving Berlin were kids singing and dancing in a Bawery beerhall. Sam Toub, the NBC sports announcer, lived near that beerhall and knew George and the others—nowadays when he meets George in Radio

City he always asks after Eddie and Irving—but he didn't approve of beer, and never heard them perform.

Benay Venuta has only recently been added to the Celebrity program as a permanent salaried, joining the show after having had a variety hour of her own over Mutual. The blunder Benay is an asset to any broadcast, with her lusty, hearty, singing voice and her good humor.

Sharing honors as George's comedy stagers, and doing their own jobs well into the bargain, are Peter Van Steeden, the orchestra leader, and Ben Grauer, announcer. The handsome Van Steeden, who also leads the band and cracks wise with Fred Allen, has another side to his activities you probably don't know about, with your ears deafened by the publicity surrounding such band leaders as Benny Goodman or Glenn Miller. During the Junior Prom season in Eastern colleges and prep schools, his band is constantly on the go, because it's the most popular musical group in the business for these affairs.

Ben Grauer, whose first name is Bennett, not Benjamin, was a child movie actor back in the days when Theda Bara and Pauline Frederick were stars. Later, he took juvenile roles on the stage. An audition for a dramatic role in radio in 1930 ended his theatrical career and started him on his way to being one of the air's top-flight announcers.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

VIRGINIA SALE—who is Martha, the cook, on tonight's serial, Those We Love, on NBC-Red at 8:30. She's the youngest sister of the late Chic Sale, comedian, and is herself one of Hollywood's busiest character actresses. On the stage she has appeared in her own one-woman show of sketches she wrote. The characters she plays are usually elderly, but Virginia is young, slender, and pretty. She was born in Urbana, Illinois, as Mrs. Sam Wren in private life, and has a son and a daughter, twins, who were born on Washington's Birthday, 1936. Besides acting, she does solo dancing and has a lovely soprano voice.





# If You Were Mrs. Bob Crosby

(Continued from page 27)

music in her heart, and a yen to meet a certain handsome young band-leader. She met him, she married him—and was overnight catapulted into a topsy-turvy life that was completely foreign to the normal, well-regulated existence she had always known before.

Nor was it long before Cathleen Denise Crosby, who celebrates birthday No. 1 on June 21, came along to be a very lovable complication. Miss Cathy insists on being fed, bathed and played with on time, and her schedule doesn't allow any compromises with the night-owl activities of her Old Man.

Bob gracefully bows and gives full credit for the success of their marriage to June—who deserves all of it. Bob was playing in Chicago, her home-town, when she managed to wangle an introduction to him. They were married on September 22, 1938, and June became Queen of the Dixie-landers, the One-Nighter Bride. She loved traveling with the band, going from one town's dance-hall to the next with Bob. It was fun watching him work in front of crowds of jitter-bugs and dance fans. Yes, it was great fun for the honeymoon months of their marriage until Cathy was on her way.

CATHLEEN arrived last June and the problems of domesticity and settling down began in earnest. Bob had his Camel Caravan radio program, now heard Saturday nights on NBC, but the band was still barnstorming around playing in theaters and one-night stands. Finally, though, word came that the Crosby band had been engaged to play in Manhattan's New Yorker hotel and the band-leader and his wife decided to pitch their tent in New York.

June happily began house-hunting. She picked Bronxville, the New York suburb where she had gone to school, as her locale. By September, the trio was settled in charming surroundings—gardens, trees, a golf course nearby for Bob, bridle paths for June and a beautiful, sunny nursery for Cathy.

Three very happy Crosbys are living in that house despite all the topsy-turviness of their life because June is just as smart as she is pretty. Her first step in making everybody happy was forgetting all about herself and thinking only of her husband and baby.

The best way to follow her day is to begin at the end of it. She spends her evenings at home alone and, come midnight, she goes to bed. At 3 A.M. she awakens automatically to wait for Bob's return. Usually, he leaves New York immediately after work and heads for Bronxville and home, getting there between three and three-thirty. They visit with each other in the kitchen while June prepares a post-midnight lunch for her husband. Sandwiches, cookies, milk—and she, not believing in eating late at night, never goes farther than an apple.

They get to bed about four and Bob tries to catch up on his newspapers and June tries to sleep, because at 7 A.M. she awakens—via the alarm clock—to feed the baby. Back to bed, up again at nine for another feeding. Sleep for another hour, and another interval with Cathy at ten. A return

(Continued on page 53)



"It used to make me hopping mad—the way my husband was always kicking about his shirts. I know they were a mess—everything in my wash was full of tattle-tale gray. But I worked like a beaver. I didn't know my lazy soap left dirt behind. I had no idea what ailed my clothes until . . .



"The lady next door got me to wash the Fels-Naptha way—and glory, what a surprise! I've tried the bar as well as the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. Both of them combine grand golden soap and gentle naptha so effectively that even the grimest dirt hustles out! You bet my husband's showering me with compliments these days—I've got the whitest, most fragrant washes that ever danced on a line!"

## Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

WHEREVER YOU USE BAR SOAP—USE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP. SEE HOW IT HUSTLES OUT DIRT—HOW BEAUTIFULLY WHITE AND SWEET IT GETS YOUR CLOTHES! SEE WHY MILLIONS SAY IT'S THE GRANDEST BAR-SOAP THEY'VE EVER USED!



Remember—Golden Bar or Golden Chips—

FELS-NAPTHA

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

WHEREVER YOU USE BOX-SOAP—USE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS. THEY SPEED WASHING MACHINES LIKE MAGIC BECAUSE THEY'RE HUSKIER—NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. THEY GIVE BUSIER, LIVELIER SUDS BECAUSE THEY NOW HOLD A NEW SUDS-BUILDER



COPY 1940, FELS & CO.



Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME
	8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
	8:00	NBC-Red: News
	8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember?
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:00	NBC: News
	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Three Romeos
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward Mac Hugh
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: This Day is Ours
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
	10:00	11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Life Begins
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Dr. Daniel A. Poling
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
	11:45	12:45 MBS: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Music Appreciation
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
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12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
3:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
3:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
3:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Name It and Take It
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	6:15 CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Ed Egan
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2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
	6:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
5:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Golden Serenaders
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Josef Marais
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
6:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ
7:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Yesterday's Children
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: This Amazing America
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Carson Robison's Buckaroos
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
8:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: What Would You Have Done
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: What's My Name
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Bob Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Behind the Headlines

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Josef Marais leads his orchestra and singers in Veld songs.

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

March 1: What's My Name?—the quiz program starring Budd Hulick and Arlene Francis (if she's clear of her stage engagements by now) is heard tonight at a new time, 9:30, instead of 7:00 on Saturdays. . . . From Madison Square Garden, NBC broadcasts a heavyweight boxing match between Bob Pastor and Lee Savold.

March 8: Larry Clinton's orchestra opens tonight at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, broadcasting over NBC by remote control.

March 15: Still another quiz program has hit the air—called This Amazing America, all its questions are about our own country. Bob Brown is master of ceremonies, and you can hear it on NBC-Blue tonight at 8:00.

March 22: After a brief tour of one-night stands, Jan Savitt's hot band is opening again tonight at the Lincoln Hotel in New York. It broadcasts over NBC.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Josef Marais and his Bushveld Singers in Sundown on the Veld, on NBC-Blue from 7:00 to 7:30.

Unless you're a dial-explorer, and like to hunt around for programs that aren't ballyhooed, it's crackers to kilocycles you've missed this—one of Friday night's most thoroughly enjoyable shows. For thirty minutes Josef Marais and his companions, in the characters of typical South African farmers, talk about Africa and sing traditional African songs, with now and then a little-known song of some other country thrown in. If you want to know what life is like on the African Veld (a country something like our mid-western prairie, only wilder) you can listen to the conversation. If you don't care about that, be sure to listen to the songs anyway.

Josef Marais is a small, dark, energetic little man in his early thirties. He was born in the Karoon, a 100,000 square mile plateau in South Africa, and all his life he's made a hobby of collecting the traditional songs of that and other countries. When he and his friends sing them tonight on NBC, you'll find that they're a lot like our own hill-billy melodies—simple and catchy. When he was a boy Josef used to commute once a week to Cape Town, a five-hour journey, to take violin lessons, and he made his first trip to England as a member of the Cape Town Symphony.

He's been in America only since last August, but he's already applied for his first citizenship papers. He still bubbles

with enthusiasm when he remembers how willing America radio officials were to listen to his idea for putting African music on the air. "That's a wonderful thing about America," he says. "Americans will always listen to what you've got to say. They may kick you out of the office afterwards, but they'll always listen."

NBC listened, and didn't kick him out, but gave him fifteen minutes, once a week, to sing his songs. Audience response was so great that soon afterwards his fifteen minutes were increased to thirty.

Josef sings, talks, plays the violin, and directs the six-piece orchestra on his program, besides providing the music from his inexhaustible list of songs and giving writer Charles Newton the factual material about Africa for the scripts.

All the music is carefully orchestrated to hide the nature of the instruments in the orchestra, and Josef gets very secretive when you ask him what they are. Your snooper can tell you, though, that there's a piano (even if you don't hear it), a guitar, a clarinet or saxophone, cello, bass-viol, and a violin, when Joseph has time to play it. Burford Hampden, Charles Slattery, and Juano Hernandez, who play the parts of Paul, Rhino, and Koos in the scripts, don't really do any singing—that department is taken care of by three members of the Showman Quartet plus Josef supplying the baritone.

For avid Marais fans, an album of his music has just been recorded by Decca.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

JEANETTE NOLAN—who left radio once but has now returned to it, and is heard in today's episode of Aunt Jenny's Stories on CBS at 11:45, as well as on the NBC Cavalcade of America, Tuesday nights, and various other dramatic programs. With her husband, John McIntire (he's a radio actor too) Jeanette retired from radio three years ago and went to a cabin in the valley of the Yaak River, in Montana, a hundred miles south of the Canadian border. Every December until May they were snowed in, and they were fourteen miles from the nearest settlement. Now they're back in civilization, at their microphone jobs.





(Continued from page 51)

trip to the twin bed beside the still sleeping Mr. Crosby until eleven-thirty or twelve, when it's time for breakfast.

After their first meal, they have the rest of the day for each other and the baby. The boys in the band gave Bob a movie camera for Christmas, and Cathy, with her two owners, can count on a daily hour on the Crosby home set. Then at two, they both contribute something to the baby's bath and lunch. June has a maid who helps her with the cooking and cleaning, but the baby is her job—and hers alone.

Once Cathy is settled, Bob and June have time for the activities of most young married couples. They go to a movie matinee in Bronxville or ice-skate in the winter or golf in the warmer months. Sometimes they just sit home and listen to phonograph records. Then, at five, they are ready for dinner. An hour later Bob is gone, and June has her solitary evening.

BOB has one night a week off—Sunday—and that is about the only time they have guests or do any entertaining. Occasionally, during the week when Bob has to spend the day in New York, June invites a couple of her ex-classmates from Sarah Lawrence College to dinner. That, too, must be a lot of fun, because if June hadn't married she would have been graduating just this summer. Most of the time, though, she is alone and doesn't mind it. She takes care of the baby, then sits down to read or knit or crochet and listen to the radio. There are times when Bob stays late for an all-night rehearsal and he'll enter the house to meet June on her way out for an early morning ride. Once in a while, she goes into town with him to watch a rehearsal or perhaps see the matinee performance of a play.

It doesn't sound very glamorous and exciting. But to June it is the most glamorous, exciting life in the world. She knows, too, that there are thousands of girls all over the country who find the same thrill and happiness in the same simple things: love for the boy she married and that huge emotion born with watching a baby kick and gurgle and grow. And she grins at Bob when she says: "Cathy says 'Daddy' already, but she hasn't gotten around to 'Mommy' yet."

## COMING NEXT MONTH

Still another in Radio Mirror's unprecedented series of complete words and music to song hits by your favorite stars of radio! Next month—a song featured by  
**The Andrews Sisters**



**She's nobody's April Fool!** With her transparent "bumbershoot" this young lady can look ahead . . . see where she's going!

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So remember this new Kotex feature — all you who believe in "Safety First"! Remember, too, all the other advantages Kotex has to offer . . .



**Many a time** — you'll be thankful for the flat (patented) ends of Kotex . . . so different from napkins with thick, bunched ends!

Thankful, too, that Kotex is made in soft *folds* (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad). This makes Kotex *less bulky* . . . more comfortable . . . than pads having loose, wadded fillers!

**Kotex\* comes in 3 sizes, too!** Super — Regular — Junior. Kotex is the only popular-priced napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

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you're wearing it!"*

**KOTEX**  
SANITARY  
NAPKINS

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Eastern Standard Time			
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
8:00	8:00	CBS: Today in Europe	
8:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch.	
8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: News	
8:10	8:10	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete	
8:25	8:25	CBS: Odd Side of the News	
8:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Dick Liebert	
8:30	8:30	CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac	
8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
8:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell	
9:00	9:00	NBC-News	
9:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	
9:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Texas Robertson	
9:15	9:15	CBS: Old Vienna	
9:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Cloutier's Orch.	
9:45	9:45	NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Wise Man	
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Rakov Orchestra	
9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: No School Today	
9:30	10:30	CBS: Hill Billy Champions	
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Charioteers	
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Betty Moore	
9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up	
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Young People's Concert	
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch.	
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Armchair Quartet	
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell	
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn	
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Hilda Hope, M.D.	
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: Education Forum	
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Eastman School of Music	
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Country Journal	
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Let's Pretend	
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: FARM BUREAU	
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth	
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors	
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Al Kavelin Orch.	
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Lani McIntyre Orch.	
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA	
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Orch.	
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Golden Melodies	
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Dol Brissett Orch.	
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Bull Session	
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Campus Capers	
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: KSTP Presents	
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Human Adventure	
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Magic Waves	
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Del Courtney Orchestra	
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News	
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten	
3:05	5:05	6:05 CBS: Albert Warner	
3:05	5:05	6:05 NBC-Blue: Johnny McGee Orch.	
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Which Way to Lasting Peace	
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted	
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Religion in the News	
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Today in Europe	
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform	
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel	
8:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Sky Blazers	
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Gang Busters	
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Gene Krupa Orch.	
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS	
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Wayne King's Orch.	
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Radio Guild	
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Stop Me if You've Heard This One	
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE	
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance	
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Youth vs. Age	
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Death Valley Days	
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade	
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bob Crosby	
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY	
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs	
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Gay Nineties Revue	

## SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Dick Leibert takes a bow at the console of the big organ.

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

March 2: Here's a really big day for sports listeners. . . NBC has the Santa Anita Handicap, a horse race from Bing Crosby's track. . . NBC also broadcasts, exclusively, the IC4A track meet between 10:30 and 11:00 a'clock tonight. . . Nat to be outdane, CBS has Ted Husing describing play by play the finals of the National Indoor Tennis championship meet. Time on this is from 2:00 to 5:00 this afternoon. . . Mutual broadcasts the Widener Cup horse race from Hialeah Park between 4:15 and 4:45—Byran Field announcing one of the big races of the season.

March 9: Bruna Walter directs the NBC Symphony orchestra for the last time tonight at 10:00 over NBC-Blue. . . The Knights of Columbus track meet is being put on the air tonight—from 9:45 to 10:15 on CBS, and from 10:30 to 11:00 on NBC.

March 16: Musical folks will be sad because today's is the last broadcast of the Metropolitan Opera matinees. . . but on the other hand they'll be glad because Arturo Toscanini returns tonight to lead the NBC Symphony orchestra.

March 23: Your Studio Snapper is still recommending CBS' Gay Nineties Revue, an at 10:30 tonight and every Saturday night.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Dick Leibert at the organ, with Darathy Dreslin, at 8:30 on NBC-Blue.

Dick Leibert could just as easily be one of the listening highlights for any other day but Saturday, he's that busy around the radio studios. But this morning he has his own program, along with Darathy Dreslin, and anyway, a Saturday morning is a good time for you to read about Dick Leibert's love story—one of the craziest, most mirthful ones you've ever heard.

Dick was just out of high school when he was playing the organ in the Palace Theater in Washington, D.C. That was just incidental. What really mattered was that he was in love with Mary McClintic, the daughter of Congressman James V. McClintic of Oklahoma, and the belle of Central High School. He was eighteen and she was not quite fifteen.

Theirs was a typical boy-and-girl romance, with marriage somewhere in the dark future, until Dick suddenly had to undergo an appendicitis operation. Mary visited him daily, and cried when she saw him so pale and weak. Seeing that, he plucked up courage and asked her to marry him. And she agreed.

But when Mary told her family she wanted to get married they—naturally enough—went straight up in the air, and absolutely forbade any more talk of marriage at her age. Dick and Mary countered by eloping in Dick's car, taking their best friends along as witnesses. They were married in Marlboro, Md., giving their ages as eighteen and twenty-one.

They intended to keep their marriage a secret, but the strain was too much for the two witnesses, and after three days the news leaked out—and all four parents had the marriage annulled.

There was nothing Mary and Dick could do. After all, they could have been sent to the House of Correction for falsifying their ages. Off to Honolulu the McClintics sent Mary, to forget. Then they sent her abroad, and then to Hamilton College in Kentucky. For five years Dick saw her just once, and even then they didn't dare to stop and talk.

Meanwhile, Dick was getting along in the world, and had a band of his own. One night, playing in the Pawhatan Hotel in Washington, he saw Mary walk in with an escort to dance—and that was their first real meeting since their first marriage.

Mary hadn't forgotten, and neither had Dick, and after a few weeks of seeing each other, unknown to Mary's family, they slipped away to Baltimore and were married all over again. It took three years for the McClintics to forgive Dick, but now they're the best of friends, particularly since little Mary arrived ten years ago.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**LYN MURRAY**—the talented musician who directs the chorus on Your Hit Parade, CBS at 9:00 tonight. He also writes the music for Sunday's Ellery Queen mysteries and directs the chorus on Pursuit of Happiness. Born in England, he came to America in 1925. Soon after, he ran away from his family and shipped aboard a freighter. Then he was a reporter for a while, but decided he liked music better, and at nineteen, was playing a piano in vaudeville. From that he turned to singing, and then to directing a chorus. Lyn is now thirty, and is married to Carol Irwin, producer of the CBS serial, Joyce Jordan.





(Continued from page 20)

forward to it any more. Though of course you and I, whether we reached our goal or missed it this particular time, can immediately choose something even nicer to look forward to next.

And then, too, we, with our advantages, can really have friends. How we pity those handicapped people who have to question themselves over and over, "Is this man really my friend, or is he just pretending to be because of what I can do for him?" Not us! When we're with our friends we can be utterly comfortable, guards down, because we *know* they like us for ourselves alone, sincere in everything they do and say.

That word "sincerity" means a great deal to me. I remember once going to a concert in Chicago to hear a great opera singer. Her voice was flawless, I suppose, and so was her performance, technically. But I could sense that she didn't understand or believe in the messages which the composers had wanted her songs to give to the hearts of her listeners.

**I** LEFT that concert very much disappointed, because I think God sent music to the world to be loved and enjoyed, not to be performed for selfish admiration. But on the way home our taxi-driver, probably carried away by the smell of Spring in the air, burst spontaneously into a definitely original version of "The Only Girl in the World." I suppose his voice was actually very bad, but that didn't matter at all. He was singing simply because he felt like singing, and I could picture him dropping me and going home to a red-checked tablecloth, and the bubbling of fragrant coffee in the percolator on the stove, and his "only girl" meeting him at the kitchen door. He gave me what I had wanted all evening—he gave me music that I could feel.

I can't help but judge musical compositions in much the same way. If the composer *had* to write what he wrote, his song or concerto or symphony simply churning about inside him until it forced him to release it, then I like it. But if I feel that the composer wrote a limpid little melody, only to look it over with displeasure and say to himself, "Hmmm. I'd better put in some dissonants here and there to shock people"—then that composition is for someone else to play, not for me.

You see, it's a favorite belief of mine that people ought to be rewarded or censured on the basis of what they mean in their hearts to do, rather than by the way things actually turn out.

When I was in London, there was a singer at the Academy who wanted a certain engagement quite desperately. After much endeavor he arranged an audition for it, and when the great day came he sat there in the maestro's ante-room, waiting and waiting for his accompanist to appear. The accompanist never came; the appointed hour ticked away and vanished, taking the singer's great opportunity with it.

I asked him later if he held any rancor. He looked at me in rather a surprised fashion, and said, "Why, no, of course not. Poor Howard was

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## BILL STUMBLES ON THE RIGHT ANSWER!



1. "I'm not watering the flowers!" fumes Bill Calhoun. "I'm bailing out the sink because the drain is clogged again!"



2. "A clogged drain—in this day and age?" asks the woman next door. "Bill—let me introduce you to Drāno!"



3. "Drāno cleans clogged drains!" explains Bill's neighbor. "It digs out all the clogging grease and muck—completely!"



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# Drāno

CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS



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studying his score all the way to the city, and became so wrapped up in it that he rode right past his station."

That to me was a judgment worthy of Solomon. Howard's intentions had been good, therefore he was not to be blamed. If a man honestly tries to do something good for me and bungles it, I feel no resentment. But if he starts out with the intention of doing me an injury, and through bungling does me a favor instead, I must admit it's awfully difficult for me to appear grateful. Perhaps this isn't a terribly practical way of looking at things, but it's much more fun for everybody, really.

Of course, the Bible has boiled down every workable philosophy into one golden kernel—a small kernel, to be sure, but nevertheless the seed of all happiness. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Through all the centuries no one has ever improved on that, and no one ever will.

You can make your own world just as I make mine. You aren't as lucky as I am perhaps, but can't you learn to close the eyes of your memory to unpleasant things quickly, dwelling on the happy ones? Of course you can.

So see what you and I have, what priceless wealth we share, how well off we are compared with those poor unfortunates with money in your case, sight in mine. We can hope, and want, and work, and admire; we can have friends, with love that bears no question marks; we can thrill to the birds as they summon the dawn, to the smoothness of piano keys under our fingers, to the fresh lake breeze in our faces.

What more can anyone want?

I can think of only one thing. That is the joy of giving our happiness to others. Lord Byron wrote my conclusion a long time ago:

"All who joy would win,  
Must share it. Happiness was  
born a twin."

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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 open the year round with excellent accommodations at attractive prices for health building and recreation.

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# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



■ They may not look it, but these two are the same girl: Barbara Jo Allen as NBC's Vera Vague, and as herself.

THE resemblance between the two ladies above may seem very vague—but that's all right, because it all ties in nicely. On the left we have Vera Vague, that jittery, tittering, highly amusing character who likes nothing so well as a round of sparring with Charlie McCarthy every other Sunday night on NBC's Chase and Sanborn program. On the right we have Barbara Jo Allen, creator of the comedy character and one of radio's most successful actresses.

Born in New York City, Miss Allen attended the University of California and the Sorbonne in Paris. It didn't take long to discover that she had real dramatic ability, and shortly after finishing at school, she joined a vaudeville act and toured the entire country.

When her tour was over Barbara decided that she'd like to live in California, and except for a few slight excursions, has been there ever since.

Her first radio role was in Carlton E. Morse's "The Witch of Endor" and since then she has been heard in many coast and transcontinental programs including Death Valley Days, Hawthorne House and One Man's Family, in which she plays the role of Beth Holly. Jack Benny, who watched her radio career with much interest, called upon Miss Allen when the character of Barbara Whitney was introduced into his Sunday program.

The first appearance of Vera Vague, Miss Allen's most famous character was the happy result of a visit she made to a woman's club... and what followed the "we are happy to have with us today" is now radio history.

Miss Anna Geraci, Reading, Ohio: Jack Leonard, vocalist with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, was born and raised in Freeport, Long Island, New York.

During high school and college

he was quite the athlete, winning competition medals in basketball and swimming. Jack never took a singing lesson in his life, but gives credit for his musical career to his mother, who is an accomplished pianist. His first job was with Bert Block's orchestra, with whom he appeared for a time at Ben Marden's famous Riviera.

It was there that Tommy Dorsey heard him and signed him. Jack is a good looking boy, modest, shy and still single.

Mr. J. W. Baron, Brooklyn, New York: The real names of Lum and Abner are Chester H. Lauck and Norris Goff; of Fibber McGee and Molly—Jim and Molly Jordan; and of Amos and Andy, Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll.

Lucius Woodlee, Slaton, Texas: Vivian Della Chiesa, NBC's beautiful lyric soprano was born in Chicago on October 9, 1915, and has been studying music since the age of three. In addition to singing, she plays the piano and the violin. Vivian made her radio debut in February, 1935, and has been an ever-increasing favorite with the ether audiences.

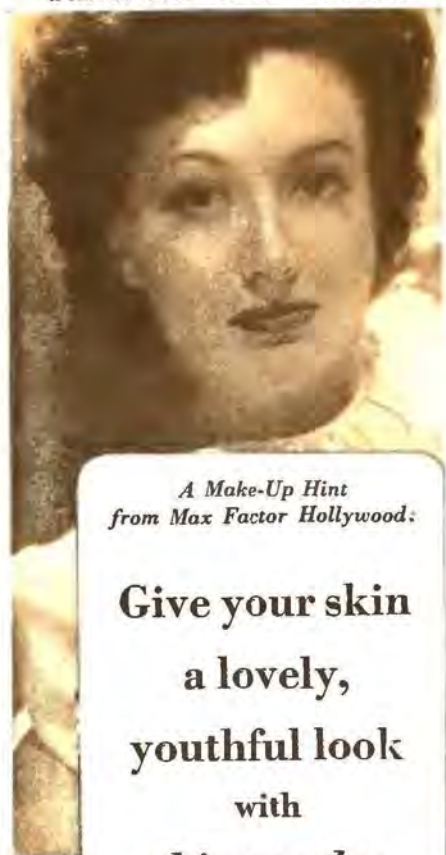
Completely unaffected and wholesomely natural in looks and personality, she is five feet five inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has blonde hair.

## FAN CLUB SECTION

Helen and James Richards of 151 Green Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., are out to make their Jerry Cooper Fan Club a coast-to-coast organization. If you'd like to join, and receive a fine photograph of Jerry, just write to the Richards.

There's a new Casa Loma Fan Club just formed by Miss Marguerite M. Harr, 543 McKenzie Street, York, Penna. She would like all Casa Loma enthusiasts to communicate with her.

JOAN CRAWFORD in "STRANGE CARGO"  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



A Make-Up Hint  
from Max Factor Hollywood:

Give your skin  
a lovely,  
youthful look  
with  
this powder

HAVE YOU sometimes thought your skin looked dull and lifeless? Then try this famous face powder created by Max Factor Hollywood. You'll note an amazing difference.

First, the color harmony shade for your type will impart the look of lovely, youthful beauty.

Second, the superfine texture will create a satinsmooth make-up that stays on longer.

Color Harmony Shades for your type...\$1.00

Tru-Color Lipstick...Four amazing features...[1] lifelike red of your lips [2] non-drying, but indelible [3] safe for sensitive lips [4] eliminates lipstick line...\$1.00

Rouge...There's a color harmony shade just for your type...50¢



Max Factor  
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★ Mail for POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK in your COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SEND: Please Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. If you send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Harmonizing Book, The New Art of Make-Up, FREE 25-4-57

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light	Blue	Blonde
Light	Light Blue	Light Brown
Medium	Green	Brown
Dark	Dark Green	Dark Brown
Very Dark	Black	Black

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
\*\*\*\*\* (NOT GOOD IN CANADA) \*\*\*\*\*



## EX-LAX MOVIES

### Big Boy Takes a Tip!



**BOB:** Say, fellow... are you taking Ex-Lax? Thought that was for women and kids.

**JIM:** Wrong, Brother! I've been taking Ex-Lax for years. It fixes me up fine!



**BOB:** Oh yeah! Well, I'm a pretty husky fellow... I need a laxative with a wallop.

**JIM:** Don't kid yourself, Big Boy! Ex-Lax may taste like chocolate... but it's plenty effective!



**BOB:** Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

**JIM:** Right you are! It's the only laxative we ever use in our family.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



## Enchanted Love

(Continued from page 11)

called *Meanie*. Breathless with excitement she spoke to him.

"Can you win this race?" she asked. Track rules, of course, forbade him answering such a question. His valet, however, spoke up promptly. "Sure he can, little lady!" he said with confidence. "Want him to win it for you?"

"Oh, yes!" she pleaded. "That would be wonderful!"

"Okay, then, it's in the bag," the valet told her. Back she flew to her father and coaxed a dollar from him "for a hot dog and a bottle of pop." The chum wheedled a like amount from her dad and together they made their first horse race bet—\$2.00 on *Meanie* to win.

*Meanie* with J. Westrope up romped in by six lengths and paid \$20.20 for every two dollars on his nose. It was a veritable fortune to the little girls but the money was nothing to Eschol compared with the great honor which had been done her.

Back she ran to the jockey's room to thank him. Her profuse gratitude left him red with embarrassment and he strode off mumbling something about "okay, it was nothing."

"Isn't he wonderful?" Eschol murmured to her chum.

"Isn't she wonderful?" Jackie demanded of the startled stranger he bumped into on his way out.

Dared by her chum, Eschol telephoned him the next day, using the handy excuse of again thanking him for winning the race for her. The next day he telephoned her. Then it was time for her to go home. She did not see him again until the winter of 1934.

IN the summer of that year she came to Hollywood with her mother for a vacation. Mrs. Miller had played in pictures nine years before and in renewing old friendships, called upon her agent. Two weeks later her young daughter had a contract and a new name. Breaking into the movies was as simple as that for Nan. Quite as simply, too, was she destined to win the coveted role of Kathy in "Those We Love" which, four years later, was to prove such a favorite story of radio audiences. She was spotted by a producer on her first air appearance in the Lux Theater presentation of "She Loves Me Not" with Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell and promptly was signed as Kathy.

Exciting as her debut in the movies was, one little thought kept prodding at the back of Nan's mind: how and where was a boy named Jackie Westrope? Day by day his image grew in her heart.

She spent Christmas of 1934 with her father in Houston. One day he was thumbing through a racing form.

"Guess who is riding at Santa Anita?" he teased Nan, thinking of her puppy-love crush of the year before. "None other than your old beau, Jackie Westrope."

The hours dragged until Nan could get back to California where her hero was riding a stone's throw from Hollywood. Again she made the first move, sending him a note. Quite obviously Jackie had not forgotten her, for he telephoned promptly and came to call on her that very night, bring-

ing as a gift a gadget bracelet.

"Jackie gave me a magnificent diamond bracelet this Christmas," Nan said, "but lovely as it is, that first junky bit of jewelry still is infinitely more precious to me."

A romance of any significance between a fourteen-year-old girl and an eighteen-year-old boy might seem difficult to credit were it not for one thing: Nan always had dressed and looked older than her real age and she took good care Jackie did not discover the truth! At that time he believed her to be sixteen and, in fact, did not learn her real age until a short time before their marriage.

TWO golden years slipped by with them having dates whenever possible. The nature of his career perforce took him away from Hollywood many months at a time, for a jockey must follow the seasons at the scattered tracks throughout the country. They wrote each other faithfully, however, and kept a standing telephone date each Sunday night. Twice he flew across the continent to spend a few glorious days at her side.

Then the ugly thing happened which threatened to ruin their idyllic happiness. They speak freely of it now but it wounded them deeply at the time. Snobbish busybodies sat in judgment on the romance and said "Thumbs down!"

By innuendo and sneering cracks, Jackie was accused of fortune hunting and trying to trade on Nan's fast-growing fame!

The charge manifestly was unfair on both counts. J. Westrope was a national figure in his profession long before the name of Nan Grey was born that afternoon in an agent's office and his fan following numbered in the hundreds of thousands. Further, it is no secret a successful jockey makes very good money indeed. Many a sunny afternoon Jackie earned a cool \$5,000 or \$10,000 for a single race and his annual income tax receipt would give many a movie star a first class case of the envies!

Nan had social prejudice to fight. It would ruin her career, she was told by self-appointed advisors (and her studio bosses were not among them!) if she continued to associate with a jockey and to marry him would be tantamount to signing a Hollywood death warrant. Definitely he was out of her class!

Nan's blunt answer always was the same. She had known and loved Jackie long before the movies played any part in her life, she said. Further, the profession of jockey was an honorable one and quite as important in the scheme of things as acting before a camera. Any criticism on that score was intolerable to her.

Staunch in their love and faith, Nan and Jackie weathered the storm of prejudice and disapproval and became engaged on a February afternoon in 1938.

After a year's engagement they decided to be married in Phoenix, Arizona, on May 4, 1939, when Nan would have fifteen free days before starting her new picture, "The Underpup." A business manager was sent ahead to complete the arrangements. At the last minute Nan was



told she must report back for work on the following Monday. It was too late to change the plans, so the honeymoon was telescoped into four days instead of fifteen.

They were married in a Methodist church before a great throng of people. It was supposed to be a quiet ceremony with only a few friends and members of the family present but a news broadcaster spilled the beans by informing all Phoenix of the impending event at noon that day.

After the ceremony they played the parlor game, *I Sent My Ship A-sailing* in a hotel garden until it was time for a banquet. After the banquet they flew to Dallas for a brief visit with her father. At ten to two on Monday morning, Nan was aboard a plane bound for Hollywood. At ten after two Jackie was roaring through the skies enroute to Maryland to ride *Cravat* at Pimlico.

MAYBE they seem to be "playing house" now because they have been separated so much of their first year of marriage. A good half of the time Jackie has been riding at Empire City, Saratoga and Belmont tracks, and Nan completed five pictures in eight months, her latest being Universal's "The House of Seven Gables" in addition to her regular Thursday night broadcasts.

"That's going to be changed," Jackie said confidently. "I'm not going to leave her again. I'm going to stick to California tracks when I do my riding."

"No, you're not," Nan contradicted him. "You're going wherever it's best for you. If there are going to be any career changes they'll be in my work. I'll stick at my career only so long as it is compatible with our marriage, and that goes for both radio and the movies. Being Mrs. Westrope is career enough for me!"

Maybe it is the way Jettie bustles around the dream house, mothering and scolding her "two chilluns," which makes them seem carefree kids playing grown-ups. Jettie is the adoring colored mammy who has taken care of Nan since she was six years old. You feel any moment she will give Nan a talking-to for drinking coca-cola at nine in the morning or spank Jackie for tracking dirt across the white living room rug.

Maybe it was the proud way Jackie showed off the badminton court, the kennels, and the electric eye which opens the garage door; and the little-girl wonder with which Nan exhibited the pink and blue powder room and the electric dishwasher. For all the world they were like youngsters with shiny new toys.

Or maybe it was the toys themselves.

Stacked around a glittering white Christmas tree in careless neglect were many fine and expensive presents. Among them were two satin-lined boxes containing a diamond bracelet (Jackie's big gift to Nan) and a diamond wrist watch (Nan's big gift to Jackie).

Leaning against the front door, however, and already showing signs of hard use were a bicycle and two pair of roller skates. And sprawled all over every available inch of floor space in their big bedroom was an electric train set!

Whatever the reason, Nan's and Jackie's world is an enchanted one. I hope they never leave it.

CLAIRE TREVOR and JOHN WAYNE in a scene from Republic's "The Dark Command". Your hands, too, can be enchantingly soft if you use Jergens Lotion.



"Love's Wisdom—keep your HANDS  
SOFT AND SATIN-SMOOTH"

SAYS

*Claire Trevor*

(Popular  
Hollywood  
Star)

HAVE COAXING SOFT "Hollywood Hands"! Masculine hearts are wax to their caressing touch.

Even the snappiest cold, and constant use of water, can't roughen and coarsen your pretty hands if you use Jergens Lotion regularly. Jergens furnishes beautifying moisture for your skin; supplements depleted natural moisture. Helps guard the delightful soft smoothness of your hands.

Many doctors use 2 fine ingredients to help smooth and soften harsh, roughened skin. Both these ingredients are in

this famous Jergens Lotion. Apply Jergens after every handwashing.

Smooth on well on wrists and finger tips. Takes no time! Leaves no stickiness! Jergens soon helps you have hands whose soft touch thrills! Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters. Get Jergens Lotion today, sure.



More women use Jergens nowadays than any other Lotion. It's so effective for lovable soft hands! Easy to use! Never feels sticky.

**JERGENS  
LOTION**

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

For satin-smooth, kissable complexion—use the new Jergens Face Cream. Cleanses expertly, swiftly. Vitamin Blend helps vitalize drab, dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



**FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE**

(Paste coupon on a penny postcard, if you wish)

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to: The Andrew Jergens Co., 3514 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

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## PALE CHEEKS DON'T THRILL HEARTS!

... White faced women look old ...

Here... revealed for the first time is one of Hollywood's most important make-up secrets: To make an actress look old or unromantic, they whiten her cheeks. To make her look younger, fresher, more desirable, they give color—the glow of real, live color to her cheeks.



The eye of the motion picture camera is no more critical than the eyes of men you wish to admire you. No man craves to touch a corpse-like cheek.

Any woman, no matter how young in body or mind, adds unwanted years to her looks by going about with white, lifeless cheeks. Colorless cheeks are repellent... they look sickly... corpse-like... cold... no one wants to touch them. And flat, one-tone rouges do little better. They look "fakey"... painted and repellent, too. They give you artificial, lifeless color... no radiance... no way to charm. But oh how different is lively duo-tone rouge!

It's really alive... it glows... its color looks real, as if it came from within... it radiates vivacity... sweetness... so warm that no one, just NO one, can ever resist its invitation! Duo-tone rouge is the easiest in the world to get, too. Simply ask for PRINCESS PAT duo-tone rouge. All stores have it in all shades. See them... one is sure to be YOUR "shade of romance"... the shade that will make YOU look younger... more really exciting to hearts!

**PRINCESS PAT**  
duo-tone Rouge



## UGLY, ROUGH CUTICLE GOES WITHOUT CUTTING!



# TRIMAL

## Our Gal Sunday's Romance

(Continued from page 33)

a single room nearby for Jackey and Lively—an arrangement that allowed the two old men to watch the baby during the day.

Laura Jenkins had immediately taken Sunday into her heart, to such an extent, indeed, that Sunday sometimes felt she had been hired not for a secretary, but for a companion. Laura was, in some ways, a pitiful figure. In that nervous little body there were huge stores of energy and unexpended love, combined with a complete innocence about people and their motives. She could have been—and probably was—deceived a dozen times a day, by people she trusted. And she trusted everyone.

It was obvious to Sunday from the first day she spent in the Jenkins house that Brad and Laura were much less than happy together. Laura's flightiness and extravagance irritated Brad to tight-lipped rage, and his business-like caution seemed only meanness to her. Almost at once she made of Sunday a sounding-board for her grievances, seemingly quite unaware that her confidences were unwelcome and embarrassing.

One day, unexpectedly, Laura said, "Sunday darling, you're not looking well. You need some life—some gaiety—that's the trouble. I want you to come back tonight after dinner—I'm having some friends in, and there's one I particularly want you to meet. A charming boy—do you like Englishmen?"

"Very much," Sunday murmured, while the sudden memory of Henry, of Henry's clipped English accent, stung her heart. "But—I don't think I'd better—"

**NONSENSE!** You're too shy, Sunday. You need to—to get out of yourself."

Since there was no arguing with Laura, Sunday returned that evening, dressed in her best—a simple dark frock that had been part of her trousseau. In spite of herself, she couldn't help feeling a little excited as she went up the steps toward the brightly lighted front door of the Jenkins home. It was so long since she had laughed, or had a good time!

Then Laura met her at the door and led her toward the drawing room, whispering confidentially in her ear.

"He's here, waiting for you. And my dear, I've given you the most wonderful build-up—I've only told him how lovely you are, but I won't tell him another thing—except that your first name is Sunday. He's so curious he could burst!"

The drawing room was empty except for one man—a man who stood with his back to them as they entered. He was tall and slim, with clothes that he wore with an easy grace. Then he turned, and as he did so, Laura said:

"Arthur, here she is! Sunday, may I present Arthur Brinthrope?"

In the instant of silence that followed, Sunday saw his secret, delighted smile, caught the look of sly malice in his eyes.

"How do you do?" he said, in the smoothest of voices. "Laura, my dear, why didn't you tell me she was beautiful?"

Somehow she managed to play up to him. Somehow she pretended that

she had never seen Arthur Brinthrope before. And as the evening went on, and other people dropped in, she began to hope that perhaps he too would be willing to keep up the fiction that she was merely a young widow named Sunday Blake, whom he had never met. It was a hope that was shattered when, at last, she said good night to Laura and he insisted upon driving her home in his car—exactly the kind of car, glittering and foreign and a little vulgar, that she would have expected Arthur to possess.

"Well, my dear Lady Brinthrope," he said as the powerful motor carried them away from Laura's home. "A very pleasant surprise for both of us—though I must confess that when Laura told me your first name was Sunday, I was prepared."

**PLEASE** don't call me Lady Brinthrope," she begged, and he laughed.

"You're quite right—it is a little formal. After all, you're my dear sister-in-law. . . . And I suppose my two good old friends Jackey and Lively are here in Linden?"

"Yes." He was playing with her, teasing her. She made up her mind she would give him little enough satisfaction; she would answer his questions and no more than that.

"Jackey, of the homicidal instincts," he mused. "It must have been a great relief to you, my dear, when you finally learned he hadn't killed me, after all."

"Arthur," she said sharply. "I want you to take me home. This isn't the right way."

"Oh, I know that. I know my way around Linden very well."

"I'm sure of that." In fact, all evening she had been wondering what Arthur could be doing in Linden. Not working, surely; Arthur didn't work. But a small place like Linden seemed to offer few opportunities for his peculiar kind of genius. "Take me home, please. It's late."

"As you say," he agreed, and swung the car around a corner. "But I really think we ought to have dinner together tomorrow night."

"I'm sorry. I can't."

"But I want to talk to you! There are several things we have to discuss, Sunday."

"There's nothing at all we have to discuss," she told him.

"Oh, but you're wrong!" She could feel him glancing at her, slyly. "There's one very important thing, anyway. After all, I have my duty to my dear brother—"

"Your duty? What do you mean?"

"Hasn't he been moving heaven and earth to find you?—or were all those newspaper stories mistaken? It seems to me I really ought to let him know where you are."

"Arthur! You mustn't!" Fear pinched her voice, made her body go numb and icy. "Henry and I are separated. It would do no good—it would only cause him unhappiness—if he were to see me again. You mustn't tell him where I am!"

"Henry doesn't seem to think so," he said softly. "I really think I should tell him—don't you? Unless, tomorrow night, at dinner, you can show me a good reason why I shouldn't." He stopped the car at the curb before



the apartment house. "You'll come, then? About seven, at the Amber Lantern, downtown?"

"Oh—yes, yes," she promised wildly. She would have promised anything to get out of that car, away from the hateful, conceited smile on the face she had once thought so handsome.

In her own room, where Lonnie slept peacefully in the new crib she'd bought with her first week's salary, her tumbling thoughts centered miraculously on one point. That night, at Laura's, there had been a few tables of bridge. She hadn't played herself, for the stakes were ridiculously high, but Laura had, and Arthur. And Laura had lost. . . .

Could that be the explanation of Arthur's presence in Linden?

The next day, quite by accident, she learned that it was.

Coming into the Jenkins house quietly, she heard voices—angry voices—in the breakfast room. Brad Jenkins was usually gone by this time, but today he was still home.

"I'm sorry, Laura," she heard him say, "but I will not give you a check for that amount of money unless you tell me why you need it."

"Isn't it enough if I tell you I do need it?" Laura's voice was tearful. "It's for something private and personal, Brad—I simply must have it."

Jenkins seemed, at that, to lose all control of his temper. "Do you want me to guess what you need two hundred dollars for?" he demanded. "Well then, I will. You want it to pay your gambling debts to that card-sharp, Arthur Brinthrope!"

"He's not a card-sharp! Is it his fault if I've been so terribly unlucky lately? Brad, you're hateful—you never like any of my friends. As soon as I meet someone who's nice you begin saying they're card-sharps or—something else just as disgusting."

Feeling sick, Sunday stepped into the drawing room and closed the door so she couldn't hear any more; and stayed there until she knew, from the slammed front door, that Brad had left the house.

All that day, Laura was subdued, and though Sunday felt sorry for her, she could not help being a little contemptuous of the woman's vanity and empty-headed frivolity—until she rebuked herself, remembering that it

*Debutante Charmer of 1940 says*

## "Skin Looks More Glamorous with Pond's New Rose Shades"

### Hard and Shiny

Under harsh lights with an old-fashioned pale powder even Miss Ridgeley Vermilye's fresh loveliness would harden . . . she'd have to take more time out for "shiny nose."



### *Soft Romantic*

With Pond's Rosy "Anti-Shine" Powder, Miss Vermilye's skin stays heartbreakingly soft and glamorous under harsh electric lights. And now, "shiny nose" isn't always spoiling her fun.



**New Rose Shades reflect only the softer, pinker rays . . . are "Anti-Shine"**

**D**EBS, who have to be glamorous for hours under bright nightclub lights, adore Pond's new Rosy Powders.

They have discovered that with one of these new Pond's Rose shades

which reflect only the softer, pinker rays, even harsh light won't harden their faces. No more dabbing at an unromantically "shiny nose"!

Emphasize your natural charm! Decide which Pond's Rose shade makes your skin look soft . . . romantic! Pond's Powders come in 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢ sizes—7 lovely shades.

Or send for free samples today of Pond's 3 Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream and Rose Brunette. Pond's, Dept. 8KVI-PD, Clinton, Conn.

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Arline Blackburn—Pretty Kitty Kelly on CBS—steals the Easter bunny's job and paints some eggs for herself.



# BAD BREATH ALMOST BROKE UP OUR HOME!



NOW SUSAN! DON'T TELL ME YOU AND FRED EVER HAD TROUBLE, TOD!

MARY, A YEAR AGO, WE WERE AT THE BREAKING POINT! THEN FRED TOLD ME WHY! I WAS HORRIFIED! BUT I SAW OUR DENTIST...

AND HE TOLD ME...

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



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



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...

NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY BE HAPPIER THAN FRED AND I ARE NOW, MARY, SD...

SO WHY DIDN'T I TAKE YOUR HINT AND SEE IF IT DOESN'T PATCH UP MY MARRIAGE, TOD? THANKS, SUSAN—I'M GOING TO!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!

20¢ LARGE SIZE

35¢ GIANT SIZE OVER TWICE AS MUCH

was not so very long ago that Arthur Brinthrope had pulled the wool over her eyes, too.

Only once, when Laura asked if she had enjoyed herself the night before, did she venture a word of warning.

"I didn't like Mr. Brinthrope much, though, Mrs. Jenkins. I don't think he's very trustworthy."

Laura's bright black eyes flashed suspicion. "Why? When he took you home, did he—"

"Oh no, nothing like that," Sunday said hurriedly. "I just—oh, he seems so very smooth and sure of himself."

"Arthur's a dear boy and comes from a fine old English family," Laura said stiffly. "But more than that, Sunday, he's my friend."

And, warned, Sunday fell silent.

As the day drew to a close she became more and more nervous and upset. The dinner with Arthur loomed up as an unbearable ordeal. His actions the night before had showed too plainly what his intentions were—to tantalize her, hold over her the threat of revealing her whereabouts to Henry. Though for what reason, she didn't know.

Afraid of Jackey's temper, she hadn't told him or Lively of her meeting with Arthur, and that afternoon, when she went home, she was forced to invent a story about some unfinished work that Mrs. Jenkins wanted her to do. "I only dropped in to change my dress and give Lonnie his dinner," she explained, avoiding Jackey's wise old eyes. "Then Mrs. Jenkins expects me back for dinner."

Jackey seemed to accept the excuse. She didn't know that while she was

dressing he went to the telephone in the downstairs hall and called the Jenkins residence—to be told by the butler that Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins had both gone out to dinner and were not expected home until late.

"Sunday never could lie to me," he told Lively grimly as soon as she had left. "Come on. We're goin' too."

The Amber Lantern, Sunday discovered, was a restaurant with high-backed booths surrounding a tiny bit of dance floor on which nobody, apparently, ever danced. Arthur was waiting for her just inside the entrance.

And all through dinner he was utterly charming, as no one but Arthur ever knew how to be charming. He deferred to her when he ordered, suggested a dish that was particularly good, talked lightly and entertainingly of impersonal matters, and never once referred to Henry.

Then, over coffee, he remarked, "Well, all this has been very pleasant, but I suppose we'd better get down to business. I still think I ought to tell Henry where you are, but—maybe I could be persuaded not to."

WHITE-FACED, hands clenched in her lap, Sunday faced him. "What are you trying to get out of me, Arthur? I'll tell you right now, I haven't any money. You can't blackmail me."

"What ugly words you use sometimes Sunday. I wouldn't think of blackmailing an old friend like you." He took a sip of the liqueur he had ordered, then held the tiny glass up to the light and rotated it slowly between his fingers. "No. I only want to... be your friend. And if, as you say, you and Henry have sepa-

rated—I've always been in love with you, Sunday—you know that."

"Love!" She knew it was foolish to let him see her scorn; foolish, because she was entirely in his power. "You don't know the meaning of it!"

"You've never given me a chance to show you how much of the meaning of love I know," he said softly.

THE enormity of his suggestion overcame her. The blood pounded in her temples and her face felt as if it would burst into flame. "You despicable—conceited—fool!" she whispered. "How a man like Henry could have a brother like you—an embezzler, cheat, card-sharp—"

"Card-sharp! What are you talking about?" he demanded quickly, and carried away by her anger, heedless of consequences, she rushed on:

"Yes, card-sharp! I happen to know that you've been winning money at bridge from Laura Jenkins—I don't know how much or how often, but I'm sure it wasn't honestly—"

His hand shot across the table, imprisoned hers in a fierce grip. "Keep quiet!"

"I know something else, too. You're not going to be able to go on taking money from Laura—because this morning Brad refused to give her any more!"

"If you've said anything to Brad or Laura about me—! By heaven, Sunday, then I will telegraph Henry!" All the polished suavity was gone now, and in its place Sunday saw the bestial temper that was the real Arthur Brinthrope. His hand was crushing hers; she was terrified.

"Arthur! Let me go!" she exclaimed, her voice rising.



"Yes, you skunk, let her go," said Jackey's voice from above her. "Or I'll smash you into the middle of next week."

"Jackey!" Sunday gasped as Arthur's grip abruptly relaxed. "Where did you come from?"

"Me'n Lively followed you. We've been sittin' in the next booth for the last hour, listenin'," Jackey said grimly. "Come along, Sunday. We're goin' home."

**T**HANKFULLY, she was led away—but not before she had had one last glimpse of Arthur, saying through pale lips: "Remember, Sunday, what I said. If you say one word against me to Laura—I'll telegraph Henry."

All night Sunday lay awake. If Arthur let Henry know where she was, she would have to leave Linden. Once again she would be left without an anchor—without a home, without money or the means of earning it. Once again she would be a fugitive.

All this she knew—and yet, never once did she doubt that she would warn Laura against Arthur.

It would be sensible, wise, to let Arthur go his way, let him fleece this silly, ridiculous woman of money which, after all, meant little to her. It would be the part of wisdom to keep silent.

Wisdom? But you couldn't discard all that was right and honest, and call that wisdom. She knew she would never know a moment's peace if she allowed Arthur practically to steal money from Laura, and—perhaps—end up by ruining her marriage. For Brad Jenkins wasn't the sort of man who would stand very long for having his orders disobeyed.

The next morning she went straight to Laura.

"Mrs. Jenkins, there's something I have to tell you—"

Laura looked up abstractedly from her coffee and morning mail.

"Yes?"

"It's about Arthur Brinthrope. I—I tried to warn you yesterday—"

The pretty, soft face changed expression at that. "Warn me? What in the world are you talking about?"

"He's no good, Mrs. Jenkins. I—I knew him before I met him here, and I know he's a thorough rotter. What Mr. Jenkins said is true—he's been cheating you at cards—winning your money dishonestly—"

Laura's eyes and mouth as she listened to Sunday's story, opened simultaneously. One perfectly-manicured hand fluttered to her cheek and then away again. And, at last, she had a fit of very thorough hysterics.

When her employer had been put to bed and dosed with sedatives, Sunday went slowly downstairs, trailing one hand along the polished oak of the banister. So—here was the end of another chapter.

**S**HE pulled on her shabby felt hat and tweed coat, let herself out of the big house. For the last time she walked the few blocks to her apartment house, going through the tree-lined streets which even in a few weeks she had learned to love.

Jackey and Lively were in the apartment, playing with Lonnie, when she quietly entered. They looked up, wide-eyed with surprise at seeing her home so early.

"We're leaving Linden, darlings," she announced. "I think—I think

Henry will be coming here soon to look for us, and I want to be gone when he gets here."

"You told Mrs. Jenkins 'bout Arthur?" Jackey asked.

Sunday nodded, and they both rose. Lively held out his arms to her, and then for a few moments she could give way to her unhappiness, cry on the rough, tobacco-odored old shoulder as she had when she was a little girl.

"There, there," Jackey murmured. "I was hopin' you'd tell on him, even if he did let on to Henry where you was. Ain't nothin' in life, Sunday, worth sellin' your soul for."

**B**ECAUSE it could only be a matter of hours before Arthur attempted to see Laura Jenkins and, being refused admittance, would know that Sunday had betrayed him and would telegraph Henry, they lost no time in packing their few belongings into the second-hand car and setting out.

"Ain't you goin' to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins?" Lively asked.

"Oh, I suppose I should—they've been so kind. But I don't want to have to answer any questions," Sunday objected, and Jackey patted her knee and said, "Now, Lively, don't go tryin' to make Sunday do anythin' she don't want to." And so, unheralded as they had arrived, they drove out of Linden.

"We haven't been very lucky in small towns," Sunday said as the car wheezed northward. "Let's go to Chicago, and I'll try to find work somewhere there—in a department store, perhaps. It won't cost much to get there, either."

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"Never did like cities," Lively grumbled, but Jackey nodded his head sagely.

"Best place in the world to lose yourself is a big city," he remarked.

Chicago—no longer a place to wander through for a few hours between trains, but a vast, unfriendly expanse of dirty-gray buildings; of noisy, dusty streets; of dingy brick-fronted houses. It frightened Sunday as they drove through the cheaper districts in search of a place to stay, and it frightened her more when they had settled down in a frowsy rooming-house and she had started out to look for work.

For long hours she sat in the personnel offices of department stores, winning at last the privilege of five-minute interviews with sharp-eyed, intelligent but dreadfully impersonal officials. She filled out application after application. She walked mile after mile, to save car fare.

SOMETHING seemed to be dead within her. Nothing mattered any more except a job, and money to buy food and clothes for herself and the three people dependent upon her. She didn't even think about the past—it didn't seem possible that she was the same girl who had danced her way across the Atlantic to marry Henry Brinthrope.

"We'll let you know," the people in the employment offices told her. But they wouldn't, she knew. They would never let her know.

Jackey and Lively, seeing her come in pale and exhausted at night, looked at each other in shame and sadness. One of them was always out looking for work too, while the other took care of Lonnie. But who would want an old man who had never learned any other work but mining?

Late on an autumn day, she walked along La Salle Street, on her way to one more call—a mail-order house which might be taking on new people now that Christmas was coming. The light coat was becoming inadequate for the cold lake winds; she shivered as she passed the gloomy bulk of the La Salle Street station.

"Sunday! Sunday!"

She looked around, and then she began to run, stumbling a little in her high-heeled shoes over the rough cobbles of a cross-street; sobbing; fighting against an impulse to turn and run in the other direction, straight into the arms of the Lord Henry who had so miraculously appeared on La Salle Street, instead of away from him.

He soon overlooked her, held her struggling figure in his strong arms while he murmured brokenly, "Sunday, my darling! Do you know what a time I've had finding you?"

But she couldn't answer. All she could do was sob against the velvet collar of his overcoat.

It was to the prosaic surroundings of a Fred Harvey restaurant that he led her, a little later, to talk.

"To think that if I hadn't walked out of the station for a breath of fresh air I'd never have found you!" he marveled, his eyes devouring her. "I've been down in Linden, giving everyone the third degree—Arthur, the Jenkinses, even the woman who owns the apartment house where you lived—and none of them knew where you'd gone. Sunday, darling, how could you be so heartless?"

"I—I don't know. It just seemed

better if we—never met again."

"But I've so many things to tell you! God knows I don't blame you for leaving me—but aren't you going to give me a chance to tell you the truth?"

A ray of sunlight from one of the high windows fell across her tear-stained face. "The... truth?"

"Yes—about Diane Bradford and the baby she said was mine. Sunday... maybe you won't understand, but here's the truth. When I was younger, back in England, I was a kid like any other kid. I ran around with a crowd that believed in having a good time—I—well, I suppose I sowed a few wild oats, as you say over here. One night I went to a party—Diane Bradford was there—everyone was drinking, and I drank too much, myself. Afterwards, I didn't remember what had happened. And I didn't see Diane again before I left for America. I stayed in New York more than a year before I went out to Silver Creek to look for Arthur, and in Silver Creek I met you, Sunday, and fell in love with you.

"I swear I didn't hear from Diane at all until a few days before we were to be married. Then she wrote, telling me that she'd become the mother of my baby. I didn't know what to think. I got panicky. I wrote to her—the letter she showed you—and hurried up the plans for the wedding. Oh, I should have told you, and we could have postponed the wedding until I'd investigated. But I was afraid she might be telling the truth, and that I'd lost you, so I—" He made a helpless gesture.

AND then, on our wedding day, she came to Brinthrope Manor with the baby and—well, you know what happened then. I couldn't deny her story. All I could do was stand by and watch that stricken, hurt look on your face. And by the time I'd come to my senses enough to try to do something—you'd gone, Sunday. I was like a madman then. I went after Diane and made her admit the truth—that she'd hoped to marry me herself, and thought she still would have a chance if she broke up our marriage. She intended to see you before the ceremony, you see. The baby wasn't hers at all—it was just one she'd adopted."

For a moment Sunday's throat tightened, and she couldn't speak. The weary, aching months since she had left Henry flashed before her—all so cruelly unnecessary, so futile, so sad.

"Oh, if I'd only known!" she breathed. "And I never even gave you a chance to tell me. Don't you hate me, Henry?"

"Hate you!" he said with a smile that quivered a little. "If I did, would I have chased you all over the country? Oh—Sunday, I love you so! You're going to come with me now, and we'll adopt little Lonnie—poor little kid—and give him a real home, for once in his life. And—I suppose Jackey and Lively are still with you?"

"Of course."

"Well, we'll—we'll find them a mine to play with, somewhere."

"Henry—darling—" Laughter was dancing again in Sunday's eyes.

What happens to Sunday and Lord Henry after their unexpected reunion? For the further adventures of this delightful heroine and hero, tune in *Our Gal Sunday* on CBS Monday through Friday, 12:45, E. S. T.



## How to Sing for Money

(Continued from page 31)

a trained voice, if controlled, comes out of a loudspeaker sounding almost exactly as it does going in. An untrained singer, however, must expect the character of his voice to be changed to a considerable degree, since the non-fundamental elements haven't been distilled out of it by training. This change may very likely be for the better. I have in mind one girl whose voice goes into a mike thin, pallid, and completely unimpressive. The mike sluffs off this unattractive shell and transmits only the fundamental voice which turns out to be amazingly rich and full of character. However, as a general thing, the more you put in, the more you get out.

### What Is Microphone Technique?

Here is the prime principle: Treat the Mike as an Ear, Not an Auditorium.

This "ear" business is the key to the whole thing. Imagine that you are singing into the ear of a sensitive, critical friend. You'd avoid startling him with sudden blasts of volume; you'd move a little closer to whisper, a bit away to speak loudly lest you offend or shock him; you'd keep facing him, of course, and avoid any irritating affectations. Treat the mike with the same courtesy and consideration, for, figuratively speaking, your whole audience is sitting within it, a matter of inches from your mouth.

LET'S take a quick look at each of the Seven Commandments.

"Sing in your normal voice." To the trained singer, this means the volume which you have selected as the best for the song, or for you in general. To the untrained singer, it means simply the volume at which you sing with the greatest ease and comfort. The attempt to sing in any uncomfortable or unnatural volume means strain, loss of tonal quality and ease, and—worst of all—loss of vitality. Sing right out if you feel best that way; nine times out of ten the Monitor will be able to control it.

"Restrict your dynamic range." Naturally, the more showy the song, the broader the dynamic (loud and soft) range can be without offense to the listeners. It won't be offensive to the Monitor either if you swell gently into your big effects, or notify him when you are going to change volume suddenly. One sudden blast can overload the telephone lines and amplifiers from here to New York. Don't attack explosively, and don't "pound".

"Get 'placed', then don't wander." The Monitor will cheerfully experiment with you at rehearsal to locate your proper placing; that is, the distance from the mike at which you should stand when singing in normal volume. This placing varies. Whisperers come in so close that the skinned nose is an occupational injury; Crosby stands about a foot out, some opera singers two or three feet away. The average distance is about a foot.

As a general thing, soft sopranos (without "sharpness") and crooners are in close; baritones midway; operatic sopranos, and full or "cutting" voices well back. A breathy voice

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should be moved back so that the mike will get the tones but lose the rasp. However, standing too far back from the mike brings in that echoey "room tone" which makes the voice sound as though it were coming out of a rain barrel and tends to smother it under the accompaniment. So sacrifice a little of that big voice of yours if necessary to earn a placing closer in. The closer the placing, the "bigger" the small voice sounds, which is the device by which such voices are tricked into effectiveness over the mike.

And once placed, stay there except when you move in and out intentionally with changes in volume. Jeanette MacDonald is such a creeper that they nail a chair between her and the mike to keep that glorious voice of hers out where it belongs. If you find yourself becoming a chronic crawler, try marking your normal position on the floor with chalk.

"Move in and out of the mike slightly with volume changes." This is what radio men mean by "microphone technique," or "working the mike." Stand easily, with one foot forward, in your normal placing, but lean forward a bit for the low and soft tones; back a little for the high or loud ones. This motion isn't more than six inches forward or twelve inches back in any but the softest whispers or the biggest effects. Naturally, these movements must be made gently and gradually—treat them as subtly as you do the musical crescendos and diminuendos which they accompany. As a matter of fact, you should do very little moving during the average song which you render in an even volume, and what little you do is in the nature of a subtle flow of motion. Just keep that "ear" in mind.

"Stay in the beam of the mike without swinging or bobbing." The slight motion allowed with changes in volume is only straight forward and straight back. Don't turn your face much as you sing, don't bob and weave; all of these motions cause an apparent waver in the voice. When you get partly out of the beam, the mike picks up only the sounds from the side of your mouth, until the voice seems to thin out; get entirely out and your voice has to hit the walls and bounce back before it is picked up. By the way, watch out for loud shuffling and toe-tapping which may be picked up by the mike.

"Keep your balance in diction and tone." Keep those loud vowels and soft consonants reasonably near equal, watch out for the explosives, and remember that the "whispered" consonants of the opera singer aren't a bit louder than those of the crooner. Your diction must, of course, be clear, even at a slight sacrifice in tone now and then. Balance in tone means simply that you must sing in approximately even volume through all the notes of your vocal range; and if you can't manage that, either choose your keys so that you use only that part of your range which you can control, or set about learning to "mask" the loud high notes and "bring up" the soft low ones. This tonal balance applies to timbre as well as volume, and the suggestion as to restricting your "range" is effective. This whole matter of balance is the key to microphone competence.

"Avoid exaggeration." The mike, especially when you sing close to it, exaggerates to such an extent that the proper technique is one of understatement. The most common offenses are dictional, but audible breathing, lack of smoothness, and deviation

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from true pitch are right up in the running.

Every once in a while I hear a new singer brush off advice of this sort with the comment, "What is the Monitor for!" Well, in a way it's a reasonable question and deserves an answer. The answer is that every time you make the Monitor twist a knob, you've forced him to do something unnatural to your voice; the very fact of a change can't help but alter the unity of your rendition. When he cuts your voice down suddenly, he thins it and cuts some of the qualities out of it. If he removes your fuzziness by cutting out your highs, he reduces your brilliance. His manipulation, no matter how clever, results in a performance that isn't as good as though he hadn't had to touch you; sometimes this loss is really marked, as in the wiping out of a soft or low note just after a loud passage.

The moral is, Be Your Own Monitor. Learn to handle yourself so that the boys in the control room can go out for a smoke while you're on. They will learn to love you for it, and so—though it won't know the reason—will your public.

AND when the Monitor's advice floats down from the control room during rehearsal, heed it. He's hearing you as you sound over the system; he has heard lots of others, and he knows best. Even if you did things differently at M-G-M last week, remember that this man knows his own equipment. The only time to argue with a sound-man is when he's too easily satisfied.

### Some Miscellaneous Tips

See that you're comfortable; your music rack is in a spot where you can read your song without getting out of the beam, and your mike at the right height, placed so that you can see the control room, orchestra leader or accompanist, show director or announcer (anything or anybody you need to see as you sing), without turning your head.

Learn the signals in use at the place where you are singing (sign language is a necessary thing when the mikes are "hot"). The universal signal is the "finger-circle," which with lifted eyebrows asks "Is it O. K.?" and with an affirmative nod means "That's perfect."

Cast an occasional glance (especially during the doubtful spots) at the control room to catch the Monitor's reaction—by means of pre-arranged signals.

Learn the etiquette of the place. It's radio etiquette to keep quiet and as motionless as convenient when others are on the air. At a recording, absolute quiet is *obligatory*. Always keep an eye on the red light or whatever gadget notifies you that the mike is hot or that a take is going on.

Whether the red light is burning or not, the mike is usually open to the loud speaker in the control room, so watch your conversation. If you want to grouse about the engineer or tell the pianist what happened after last night's party, get away from that mike and speak softly.

If you are in the control room, keep quiet while sound is coming in. The others in the control room are listening. And don't get between the

sound-man and the loudspeaker which is guiding his monitoring.

Time your numbers and all selections thereof. Stop-watches are as common as regular watches around radio and recording studios. If your 2:15 number must be cut to 1:40 nobody has time to sit about while you experiment with guesswork cuts. Know. Someone has said that radio singers whose watches are in pawn can time the boiling of an egg perfectly by singing three choruses of one of their numbers; if the egg is underdone, it's because they left out the eight-bar tag.

DON'T put your chin in your chest to read your music. If possible, know your number so well that the copy is simply a reassuring reminder. Keep in the habit of memorizing your songs against the day when you'll be singing to flesh audiences.

And, lastly, a cure for mike fright. Imagine a porthole in the mike through which you see a friendly audience, and sing to them. But a better cure: Know your song and your trade so well that you have nothing to worry about.

Suppose you've just been given your big chance—an opportunity to audition for a radio program or a dance band. Will you be able to "knock 'em cold" in that audition room? Or will you betray your lack of experience by doing all the wrong things? Get ready for that moment by reading next month's chapter of "How to Sing for Money," which tells, clearly and concisely, all the things you should and should not do at an audition—in the May RADIO MIRROR.

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## The Romance of Helen Trent

(Continued from page 15)

my husband I'd understand, but—You know, he's had several woman designers, but he's never seemed to be able to get along with any of them. I tell him he's too much of a slave-driver, too much of a perfectionist—but what I don't tell him is that everyone calls him a genius and I think he tries to live up to it! Such a temper! Of course, frightfully exciting to work with, but—

"And now," thought Helen, "I know why you came to see me."

"Around home, of course, he's a perfect lamb! But some of the stories I hear about the way he acts at the studio! Poor Marjorie Mayes—she used to design for him, you know—she'd simply be in tears at the end of the day, after Drew had flown into a temper and torn up all her sketches—"

"And I don't believe," Helen thought further to herself, "that you're being so terribly smart, either."

"Then there was Constance Marshall—so talented and just beginning to be known—but after she couldn't make a go of it with Drew it seemed to set her career right back. None of the other studios would touch her. I've often wondered what happened to poor Constance. . . . Well, Mrs. Trent, thanks so much for your kindness—I'll drop around soon to see the sketches, shall I? Or you might come in for cocktails—any afternoon, I always have a crowd around."

Still effervescing cordiality, she departed. For a moment Helen stood very still, smiling a little. "I don't," she said half aloud, "believe a word of it, Mrs. Sinclair! And I wonder—could you possibly be the one who got that poor little secretary to keep me from seeing Mr. Sinclair?"

AFTER a week of working for Drew Sinclair, Helen was telling herself that his wife's description of his character had been falsehood from beginning to end. No one could have asked for more kindness, co-operation and generous approval than she got from Drew. She had a comfortable office and an efficient secretary of her own, an apparently unlimited budget, and a comparatively free hand in carrying out her own ideas of costuming the new picture. More than that, the picture itself was Sentinal Studios' biggest project for the year, a magnificent showcase for her designs. It was to be called "Fashions of 1939," and was, in effect, a cavalcade of styles.

Reginald Peabody, Sentinal Studios' head staff designer, whom Helen had expected to be at least a little resentful of her, proved to be a good-natured young man with elegant clothes, fluttering hands and a nasal voice, who took her to lunch at the studio commissary and babbled amusing gossip for an hour.

"You know, I thought you'd treat me as an interloper," she told him. "Instead, I feel like a guest of honor."

His pale-blue eyes widened. "Interloper? For heaven's sake, my sweet, why? Because you're getting stuck with the biggest headache of the year? Believe me, I didn't want it—I have my hands full grinding out clothes for all the little orphan pictures nobody else bothers about, now

that your 'Fashions' is ready to go into production."

Mrs. Sinclair burst into Helen's office one afternoon, crying, "Mrs. Trent—you wicked person! Why didn't you tell me this was the studio you expected to sign with? I'm so embarrassed I could die—telling you all those things about Drew and getting you afraid of him right at the start!"

"It doesn't matter, Mrs. Sinclair," Helen said. "I wanted to tell you, but—well, I've learned that in Hollywood it's better not to talk about things until the contracts have been signed."

"My dear, that's so wise!" Mrs. Sinclair said solemnly, as if Helen had just voiced a completely new and very profound bit of philosophy. "Tell me—are my sketches ready?"

YES, I have a few here," and Helen produced them from a folder on her desk.

Mrs. Sinclair pounced, shuffled through them avidly, and uttered little screams of delight. "So smart . . . beautiful . . . lovely! I really don't know which. . . ."

In the end she selected the sketch Helen thought least attractive, and suggested one or two changes which ruined it completely; but Helen promised to have it ready in a week for the first fitting.

Steadily, sketches went out of Helen's office to Drew Sinclair, were enthusiastically approved, and began to take shape under Helen's own supervision and that of the wardrobe mistress, a blunt Hollywood veteran who rejoiced in the name of Verlaine Lafferty.

Then, one morning, Drew Sinclair sent for Helen, and when she stepped into his office she saw that he was worried.

"Mrs. Trent," he said, "I've just heard some news that may be rather important to us all. Steinbloch, over at Consolidated, is working on a picture called 'Modern Modes'—and it seems to be very much the same sort of thing as our 'Fashions'."

"Oh, Mr. Sinclair!" Helen gasped. Comparative newcomer to Hollywood though she was, she knew the meaning of that news. It would be a battle, now, between Consolidated and Sentinal to see which of them could get its fashion picture before the public first—and also to see which could produce the biggest and most spectacular film. Millions of dollars would be the prize for the victor—and a tremendous loss might be the punishment for the loser.

"You used to work for Steinbloch, didn't you?" Sinclair remarked with a smile. "Well—all I can say is that I'm glad you're not working for him now! As it is, I think we've got a good chance of making him sorry he ever thought of 'Modern Modes'."

"Thank you, Mr. Sinclair," Helen said. "I hope so."

"Well—I just wanted to make sure you knew about the competition, and were aware of all it means to us. We'll have to shoot the picture through even faster than we'd planned, and even at that it'll have to be twice as good—" He broke off, one of his sudden, boyish smiles appearing on his face. "Might be a good



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idea to send you over to Consolidated to do a little spying, mightn't it?"

"Oh—I couldn't—"

At that he broke into a real laugh. "Don't take me so seriously, Mrs. Trent. That was a poor attempt on my part at a joke."

Helen was still a little shaken when she left the office. As a matter of fact, she had known that something was up at Consolidated. Gordon Decker, head scenic designer there, was one of her best friends in Hollywood, and the last time she had seen him he had been strangely secretive, almost brusk. A spy! That's what he had been afraid she might be!

She tried not to let Gordon's distrust hurt her. After all, even friends had betrayed each other in this strange industry. . . . But it rankled a little. She hadn't thought Gordon would ever be afraid of her loyalty.

After that, production was rushed on "Fashions of 1939." Wardrobe room, set designers, actors, extras, light and sound crews—all were working at top speed.

**REGGIE** PEABODY dropped in now and then to cluck his tongue sympathetically over the rush, and contribute a bit of his stock-in-trade, gossip. "Y'know," he remarked one morning, "there's more in all this than meets the eye. 'Fashions,' unless I'm very much mistaken, is Drew's big gold chip in this poker-game they call 'The Industry.'"

"Gold chip. . . ?"

"Big stake, my sweet. If he loses it, he loses everything. Or that's the way the wind seems to blowing, if I read all the signs aright."

"Oh—but Reggie!" Helen said in dismay. "Why, that couldn't be! Mr. Sinclair is one of Hollywood's biggest producers."

"The bigger they come—et cetera. Helen, this is a screwy business. And I think the Sentinel backers are not pleased with the box-office receipts on the last few pictures."

If it hadn't been for this hint-filled talk with Reggie, Helen would not have attached any importance to Drew Sinclair's sudden departure for New York in the midst of "Fashions of 1939's" production. As it was, she wondered. . . . Drew did seem worried and jumpy on the day before he left, when she saw him for a few minutes in his office.

But, she told herself, her job was to design the best clothes she could, and not worry about things that didn't concern her.

Reggie, who had been helping her with some of the detail on costuming the picture, fell ill while Drew Sinclair was away, and was out of the studio for a few days; as a result she had more work than she could properly take care of, and had to let Ver-laine Lafferty take care of dressing the chorus girls in the elaborate night-club sequence. She was sorry, too—she had looked forward to being on the set and seeing all the pert red-and-blue costumes she had designed for the girls. But it didn't matter. . . .

Then Drew Sinclair was back, and so was Reggie, looking perfectly healthy again, and the work was less demanding. Until—

It was late on the afternoon of Drew's return when the telephone call came through. Sinclair's secretary—no longer Miss Lawson—was on the wire.

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in projection room Number three, Mrs. Trent.

She hummed as she walked along the bright, flower-bordered sidewalks, past the Administration Building, around a corner, through a heavy door and into the jewel-box luxury of the projection room.

As she entered she heard a hum of conversation which ceased abruptly. Several people were there—Drew Sinclair, "Fashions" director, some men she knew vaguely as assistant directors and script writers, Reggie Peabody, Mrs. Sinclair.

Drew's face was grim. He glanced down at a page of sketches in his hand, then met her eyes directly.

"Mrs. Trent, I've just seen the rushes on the night-club sequence. Did you design the costumes for those chorus girls?"

"I—why, yes, Mr. Sinclair." What in the world was wrong, she wondered with a sinking heart.

"I'd like you to see the rushes too," he said. "All right, Pearson."

THE lights flicked off and at once bright-colored shadows were dancing on the screen. But Helen had watched only for a moment when she gave a choked gasp. There, instead of the charmingly impudent costume she had designed, was a hideous, drab creation, multiplied time and time again as the chorus girls, wearing identical dresses, capered and skipped and pirouetted.

"Oh, stop it!" she cried. "Mr. Sinclair—that's not my costume the girls are wearing! That is—I made a sketch for a costume something like that, for another sequence, but I discarded it! It should never have been made up at all—"

The lights went up; Drew Sinclair held the sheet of paper in his hand out to her. On it was a sketch for the dresses she had just seen, and on the corner of the page were the words "O.K. for night-club chorus girls—Helen Trent" in her own handwriting. She stared at them, unable to say a word.

"You understand," Drew said coldly, "this means the whole sequence will have to be re-shot, at enormous expense. I can't allow a film like that, bearing my name, to go before the public. Those costumes... they're frightful! I couldn't believe you had designed them until I saw these sketches, with your okay."

"I can't understand," Helen stammered, feeling as if she were going mad. "It's not possible..."

"Didn't you see the completed dresses, after they were made up? Weren't you on the set when the scene was shot?"

"Why, I... I couldn't get to the set, because you were away, and Reggie was ill, and I was snowed under with work. But I should have seen the made-up costumes..."

She passed a trembling hand over her forehead, trying to think. And yet, in her confusion, one fact glared out. If her world was crashing down around her, it was not because the wrong costumes had somehow crept into the night-club sequence. That was bad enough, of course, but it was not what made her

feel weak and ill, and as if she might faint at any moment. No—the worst thing, the heartbreaking thing, was the puzzled, hurt look in Drew Sinclair's eyes, the look that told her she had failed him. For the first time, she realized how much his friendship and consideration had flattered her. She had valued it deeply. And now... now he must be cursing her stupidity! For she remembered—she had not seen the made-up dresses.

"They weren't brought to me... I should have insisted on seeing them," she said. "But it slipped my mind..."

"How it happened is beside the point," Drew said. "The thing we have to face is—that it did happen." He gave her a curt nod. "Well—thank you for coming in, Mrs. Trent. If I should need you again, I'll call."

Dismissed. She walked, on legs that felt as if they were made of ice, out of the room.

Drew Sinclair sat down in one of the huge, heavily upholstered armchairs and closed his eyes wearily for a moment. "I can't understand why Mrs. Trent did a thing like that," he said to Atkinson, the director. "A woman as intelligent as she is, with her talent..."

"Isn't it plain enough, darling? It is to me."

He looked up. His wife was standing above him, a faint smile on her full lips.

"What do you mean?"  
"You're such a sweet innocent, Drew. You never look past the surface. Now, just think a minute. Where did this Mrs. Trent work before you hired her? Who gave her her big chance?"

"Steinbloch—Consolidated."

**PRECISELY.** And who is one of her—shall I say very good friends—someone who takes her out every now and then to dinner or dancing? But you wouldn't know. Gordon Decker, Steinbloch's head set designer. And who is making a picture to compete with 'Fashions of 1939'? Oddly—Steinbloch. Does it make sense?"

Drew didn't answer, so she turned to Reggie Peabody. "Reggie? What do you think?"

"I think," Reggie said, "that it makes a great deal of sense, Sandra dear. Personally, I've never fully trusted that Trent woman..."

Drew Sinclair sighed deeply. "Miss Parker," he said heavily to his secretary, "take a memo... to Mrs. Trent. Dear Mrs. Trent. I regret that owing to your unforgivable—" he paused, searching for a word—"unforgivable lapse in connection with the night-club costumes for 'Fashions of 1939' I must request your resignation."

Is Helen herself responsible for the terrible mistake made in the costumes for "Fashions of 1939"? Or has someone else succeeded in ruining her career at Sentinal Studios—and ruining, too, her friendly relations with Drew Sinclair? Don't miss the next installment of this fascinating novel of a woman's search for success and happiness in love—in the May RADIO MIRROR.

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## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

out her continuous crying.

At six months I turned it on to lull her to sleep. At one year, I turned it on to attract her attention. At eighteen months, I turned it off to please her. Now, at the age of two, she turns it on to listen to music so that she can do the swing dance. Think of it—at two years of age. What will she do at twenty?—Miss Rose Debs, Poughkeepsie.

### FOURTH PRIZE

AS LONG AS IT'S MUSIC

"Oh how I hate to get up in the morning!"

Ever since I was mustered out of the army twenty years ago the refrain of that old song has stuck in my mind. When 7:00 A.M. rolls around, I hate to get up.

Recently, however, I have discovered a pleasant way to be yanked from the arms of Morpheus. Some new neighbors have moved into the house next door and every morning a radio lifts me from my dreams to the strains of sweet music. What an ideal way to be awakened!—Ralph Pyne, Oakland, Calif.

### FIFTH PRIZE

YOU'RE WELCOME

The very beautiful radio which you presented to me in the RADIO MIRROR contest arrived yesterday and it exceeds my most enthusiastic hopes. Already I have had London, South America and Japan.

May I thank you again for selecting my letter? Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could see Shirley Temple in a television broadcast?—Marian W. Lamb, Portland, Oregon.

### SIXTH PRIZE

TAKE A BOW, HANLEY

It's high time some attention was given to Hanley Stafford. He is the hardest working man in radio today.

He runs up high blood pressure once a week acting as Snooks' daddy, and in between time he plays heavies, irate fathers, and every imaginable role on several radio programs. He manages to turn in a fine performance on every show, and I, for one, marvel at his endurance and versatility.—Maxine Baxter, Norwood, Ohio.

### SEVENTH PRIZE

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Still in love after thirteen years! Barbara Stanwyck gave this horseshoe to the Jack Bennys for their anniversary.

**House of Laughter**

(Continued from page 23)

feet long and sentinelled by a beautiful grandfather's clock, you realize you are in not only a house but a home.

The drawing room (Jack won't call it that, but Mary does) is done in soft rose beige tones with harmonizing satin-striped wall paper. The carpet is beige, the drapes beige and apple green satin brocade and most of the furniture is antique with beige and apple green coverings. But here and there a scarlet chair or cushion provides a bright color accent.

Back of the drawing room is the playroom, a gay, homey place with corner seats upholstered in scarlet or green, pool, card and backgammon tables scattered conveniently about, and a projection room opening off one end, its door cunningly concealed by two large pictures.

The very formal beige and brown dining room opens on a gay little chintz hung breakfast room, where Jack and Mary and Baby Joan eat when there isn't any "company." The library is a comfortable room with a blue Oriental rug on the floor, shelves full of books that look as though they have been read, and a handsome desk which Jack says is too fancy for any real transaction of business. Several secret closets, tucked away behind movable book shelves, were when we viewed them stuffed full of Santa Claus' Christmas presents for Joan.

Upstairs you'll find Mary's bedroom. It is very luxurious, decorated in the same quiet beige shades as the drawing room, but her dressing room,

as big as some people's living rooms, is a gorgeous affair of mirrors and crystal fittings. Across a little hall, Jack's bedroom, dominated by the simply huge highboy we mentioned and his equally huge four-poster, is a pleasingly masculine room done in browns and tans, with leather upholstered chairs and even a leather upholstered *chaise longue*. And, yes, Jack's dressing room is lined with mirrors, though he vows he never looks in any of them—well, hardly ever!

Upstairs there is also a gay nursery for Joan and beyond that a sun deck built especially for her. There is a guest room, too, a pretty, quaint apartment complete with dressing room and bath.

The playhouse, a separate building beyond the swimming pool, has another big bar, more card and game tables, a barbecue pit and dressing rooms for swimmers. The furnishings are done in scarlet and green.

There are several other things, too, about the Benny house which make it quite complete—things like huge servants' quarters, fireplaces in every room except the dining room and kitchen, a mammoth butler's pantry (well stocked with jello) and a perfectly ducky powder room on the first floor.

All in all, the house that Jack Benny built is something to be proud of—and who wouldn't be with a charming wife like Mary and a beautiful adopted daughter like Joan to share his long cherished dream?

**COMING—**

A famous Ellery Queen mystery, taken from the exciting radio program and presented in thrilling story form exclusively in—

**RADIO MIRROR**



## One Man's Family

(Continued from page 21)

family may silently suspect about Paul and Beth Holly, who visits the Sea Cliff estate for weeks at a time, no one doubts there's been only one love in Paul's life—the war nurse.

Paul, now gray at the temples, often depressed, and with a rolling cadence of maturity in his voice, is in his early forties.

He runs a flying school, gives advice at the drop of a handkerchief, lives with the family, plays a detective at the first wink of trouble, and frequently surrounds himself with an aura of mystery.

All of the sons and daughters in the Barbour clan except Paul arrived after Father and Mother Barbour had acquired considerable wealth.

**PAUL** came along in the early days of their marriage—son of Henry Barbour, a farm boy who was trying to get a start in business in San Francisco.

Born in this period of struggle, Paul has grown to be more of a realist than his younger brothers and sisters. His boyhood memories are not of ocean-side estates, feasts at Thanksgiving and Christmas and other luxuries which younger members of the family have become accustomed.

What profession he would have followed had he not gone to war has never been indicated. Unquestionably, he would not have entered Father Barbour's bond business, which he has icily side-stepped.

The war sharpened his appetite for flying and adventure, and resulted in the opening of Paul Barbour's Flying School a few months after the Armistice. The flying school has been profitable, and remains profitable, but Paul is not wealthy. However, he is a man of considerable leisure; time to think things out, take long, mysterious trips, and acquire many philosophies.

One of his philosophies governs his flying school: Don't deliberately strive to make money. Give your job the best you have in you and the money question will take care of itself.

His favorite formula for success: Always do the little thing that's ahead of you; don't delay it until tomorrow. If you form the habit of doing all the little things as they arise, the big problems will be easier.

Some of his philosophies lacked this mental serenity and Paul found himself in tiffs with Father Barbour; disagreements in which he was not always the winner.

Paul believed he had lost face with the family. Cornered, he embodied his prodigious sciences of life in a book. A publishing house liked his book, but it found less favor with the public.

Slowly he mellowed and became less erratic. Since the failure of his literary attempt, he has never been one to criticize human weaknesses. Through his tolerance he has become the sounding-board of the family.

If a Barbour is planning a revolutionary move either in business, love or domestic life, Paul's opinion is sought; and he does not hold back his opinions.

Cliff, second son of the Barbours, acquired some years ago a custom of bringing his dates to the Barbour home to meet the family.

Among the first was Beth Holly. Obviously a bit on the wild side, the family was not enthusiastic about her.

Paul began seeing quite a lot of Beth and for the past six or eight years she has visited the Barbour home for periods of weeks at a time.

Various members of the family tried to sound out Paul on his relations with Beth, but encountered the silence which so long has characterized Paul's life. Not the least of these inquisitors was Father Barbour.

In later years, the family has been involved in domestic problems which overshadow the mystery of Paul and Beth and has taken an attitude of letting them work out their own destiny. Paul, the family now reasons, is old enough to know his own mind, and wise enough to avoid embarrassing entanglements.

Family suspicions about Beth and Paul are based not on what the family knows, but what it doesn't know; not on what Paul has said, but what he has diligently left unsaid.

Beth Holly often grows impatient with Paul and delivers an ultimatum. If he loves her, contends Beth in moments she sometimes regrets, he must marry her. If he doesn't love her, she should know it.

**TWICE** she has tried to force him to a decision, but Paul is a man who prefers to leave those matters to a later day. Beth went her way and married another man. The marriage, somewhere in the East, was followed by a honeymoon in Europe.

Months later, she came back with a child. She told Paul her husband had been killed in an airplane crash.

Once again, Paul persuaded Beth Holly to move into the Barbour home. While she was there, something seemed to be threatening her. Again she came around to the subject of marriage, but Paul was evasive. One morning Paul found a note from Beth. She had left during the night, taking her child with her.

Beth Holly is one of the many unexplained mysteries of Paul's life. Two years ago, he received a series of telephone calls, each resulting in his disappearance for a few days, apparently on missions involving espionage.

Once he was in Washington for several weeks, assisting federal agents.

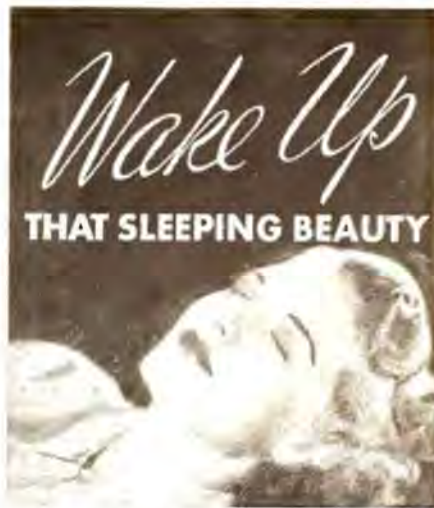
He has adopted Teddy, now fifteen years old, as his daughter. Teddy, an orphan, came to live with the family next door. The Barbour neighbors, unable to care for her, agreed to her adoption by Paul, who was enormously fond of her. Teddy could not ask for a more dutiful, more understanding parent.

His talks with Teddy provide some of the most memorable episodes in the life of the Barbour clan.

Teddy is now at the dangerous age. She has no mother to guide her through adolescence and relies on the straightforward advice from Paul, who counsels her:

Don't use up all your emotions in two years. They have to last you for the next forty or fifty years.

Coming next month: "Cliff Barbour," the second in this fascinating series of pen-portraits of *One Man's Family*.



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## Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 40)

chores, is married. "Brad" eloped to Las Vegas with Hollywood actress Myra Bratton. His second marriage.

### ADD BABYLAND BULLETINS!

Chet Lauck, Jr., baby son of radio's "Lum" of Lum and Abner.

Hollywood's big-time-big-name radio shows are planning personal appearance tours throughout the country. Jean Hersholt and his Dr. Christian series has just returned to Hollywood following a trip across country to New York with broadcasts en route. Gene Autry's Melody Ranch will tour the nation starting this month. And Eddie Robinson's been broadcasting from Chicago and New York.

It's the Spotlight for Sam Balter, sports commentator, whose "inside stories about sports" are terrific. Take a bow, Sam.

Diana Lewis' brother, J. C. Lewis, is a radio executive at Mutual Don Lee in Hollywood. Jay insists Diana and her groom, Bill Powell, will co-star in a radio version of "The Thin Man."

Yippee! Arthur "Dagwood" Lake is eating-off-the-shelf, and he's giving up the saddle. At Palm Springs the other day, Lake was tossed off his horse into a cactus of giant size!

Did you notice that Amos 'n' Andy did not place in the first ten of the radio popularity poll for the first time since the poll was started?

And Jack Benny won the number one comedian spot in spite of his adverse publicity in '39?

A critic lambasted Errol Flynn in print for having the nerve to send Orson Welles a gag gift of a ham with a beard on it, commenting: "Who is Flynn to talk?" Orson wired the critic that Flynn is not the guilty one, that no doubt it was his press agent's dream, "and what's more," says Orson, "who wants an arrow in the back?"

"The Great Train Robbery," one of the first films ever made, is a monthly telecast feature over the Tommy Lee Television Station W6XAO.

Middle Westerners note: Frank Parker, chirper on the Burns and Allen series, is signed for a concert tour that will take him to the key cities between St. Louis and New York during the late spring.

I don't know if there was really a reason for Jack Benny signing Barbara Stanwyck to appear on his "birthday" show, but anyway, last year on that date, Robert Taylor was the guest star and he kissed Mary Livingstone, long and realistically. Benny retaliated this year.

The one thing Charles Boyer does NOT want to be is a hero. I found it out very quickly the day the genial French actor returned to the Hollywood Playhouse series... his first job since being released from the service of the French Army. "Are you still subject to call from France?" I asked him. "Please, must we discuss it?" said Boyer. "I think your fans would like to know," I replied. "In that case, the answer is yes. I have been released from service because France didn't need men of my age group. I was just six months over the limit. But I am still subject to call." "Did you serve as an officer?" I asked. "No," Boyer said with a smile, "just as a buck private."

Eddie Cantor is answering a flood of requests for his safe-driving campaign slogan: "If you have a tankful, be thankful; if you have a car full, be careful; and if you have a snootful—hail a taxi!" Glad to help you out, Eddie.

Mary Martin will be making many radio appearances as guest star by the time you are reading this, and in March she'll start co-starring with Dick Powell in Good News.

New fame has come to Gene Autry. The screen's Public Cowboy Number One was born in Tioga, Texas. It's just been renamed "Autry Springs": population: "fifteen hundred on Saturday nights."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has leveled charges of uncricket-like conduct at NBC for putting the studio in the middle on the proffer of \$5,000 to Finnish Red Cross if Greta Garbo would appear on its Curtain Calls program. NBC was told that if and when Garbo went on the air, \$5,000 would be but a drop in the bucket, compared to the price she would ask for—and get!

Lum and Abner will attempt to bring their whimsy to the screen—they've just signed with a new film corporation to make a series of pictures.

Betty Jane Rhodes, the "first lady of television," has organized a new group: "hillbillies and swing". It's terrific.

It's surprising how many details can escape our observation even in very familiar places—such as Hollywood Radio City is to me. For instance, have I ever told you before that Martha Tilton, who used to be star vocalist with Benny Goodman's orchestra, is on the NBC staff? That Warren Hull is a fine horseman and often appears at rehearsals of Good News in riding togs? That Fanny Brice will use any excuse to see a good stage play, that she is seeing a local stage show for the third time this week? That Meredith Willson is just about finished with his newest symphony about California Missions, and is already making plans for its premiere presentation by an orchestra other than his own?



## 75



# There's Beauty

IN RELAXATION



■ A few minutes of rest daily and well-groomed hands are two often-neglected beauty aids, say Joan Blaine (right) and Ginny Simms, Kay Kyser's lovely vocalist.



By DR. GRACE GREGORY

**D**O you know that one excellent way of making yourself more beautiful is simply—to sit comfortably in your own living room, listening to the radio?

Yes, it's true. There is beauty in relaxation, if only more of us were wise enough to realize it. Sit quietly, health and beauty experts tell us, for at least fifteen minutes every day. And we reply, "That's all very well, but where can I find the time?"

The answer is to do something useful while you are enjoying your beauty rest, and then you won't feel that you can't spare the time. For instance, there's the simple but fascinating and profitable pastime of crocheting. Crochet fifteen minutes every day while you're sitting back, letting the weariness of work wash away, and you'll not only—through relaxation—help erase those lines that are beginning to form, but you will soon find yourself the proud possessor of a new sweater, or of a winter sports set like the one Joan Blaine, star of *Valiant Lady* is wearing in the picture above. Any department store has instructions if you have never learned to crochet.

But—and here's the practical beauty note in this month's discussion—if you're going to crochet, you're going to spend a little time watching your hands. And that might be a very good thing. Other people look at them a lot. You can't crochet, or play cards, or even act as hostess at luncheon or dinner without showing off your hands—and many knowing people

will judge your grooming not by your face, but by those same two hands.

Nowadays, hands with harsh, roughened skin are inexcusable. The outdoors girl and the housewife can have velvet-soft, exquisite hands.

Take Ginny Simms, for instance. She is an all-around active girl; golfs, swims, drives, and romps with her bird dog, Tex, when she is not singing with Kay Kyser's band on NBC's Wednesday night *College of Musical Knowledge*, or making Vocalion records with her own band.

Virginia Simms has a profile like a cameo, a slim, lithe figure, and expressive hazel eyes. You remember her in the movie "That's Right, You're Wrong." She began her career when she was a sophomore in Fresno State College, California, by organizing a trio with a couple of sorority sisters and singing over local stations. Her fresh young contralto with its haunting deeper notes was bound to attract a wider public, and a nationwide career was under way.

Ginny Simms' face could never be less than beautiful. But her hands could. They are the hands to delight a palmist, which means there is nothing pretty-pretty about them. Strong, capable, a little on the large side, and every sensitive fingertip a slightly different shape. But how exquisitely cared for! The muscular structure is

firm, as befits an athlete and musician; but the skin is satin-smooth and delicate. She wears a polish of jewel-like brilliance, although she prefers the more conservative rosy tint.

The rules for hand beauty are simple. Soften any water in which you immerse your hands just as you do your bath water (and that includes dish water too.)

Of course you will use the blandest soaps and soap powders. Any soap that bites when you touch it with the sensitive tip of your tongue has no business outside the washing machine.

But the greatest help towards beautiful hands is the regular and frequent use of a good hand lotion or hand cream. There are plenty of good ones, compounded of healing, soothing ingredients, non-greasy, inexpensive. Every time your hands have been in water, give them a treat with your favorite cream or lotion.

Besides keeping the entire hand youthful and soft and smooth, you will be surprised what such regular treatments do for your nails, especially the cuticle. It is ridiculous to cut the cuticle, ever. If you start it, you have to keep on. And at that it never looks as well as a cuticle that is kept soft by hand creams and lotions, treated with a special cuticle cream when you manicure, and pushed back with an orange-wood stick. Such a cuticle looks well all ways. The cut cuticle looks well for a couple of days after the manicure, and then begins to be uneven and grow up on the nail.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY



## Young Doctor Malone

(Continued from page 19)

the night they rushed for the nearest hospital, some twenty miles away at the county seat. There Jerry encountered a shocking setback.

Dr. Jones, chief of staff, had heard of the petition to remove Jerry as Health Officer of Belmore and when Jerry arrived, expecting the operating room to be ready, an embarrassed resident physician had the unpleasant duty of telling him that permission to use the hospital had been withheld. Dr. Jones had ordered the operation delayed until he could arrive to perform it himself.

JERRY had no choice. He waited, watching the fluttering pulse of Mr. Mead grow weaker as his fever mounted. Dr. Jones was due in half an hour. But in half an hour, the poison would have spread, Mr. Mead would be beyond help. The situation was desperate. Jerry took matters into his own hands, demanded the surgery, ordered the anesthetic. By the time Dr. Jones arrived, Jerry was working swiftly under the brilliant white lights of the operating room, every ounce of his skill mustered for the slim chance of saving the old man's ebbing life.

Jerry did not look up when Dr. Jones entered the operating theater. He did not look at him until the last precise move in the delicate job was made. Dr. Jones waited, severe, unsmiling.

"I'll see you in my office when you've finished scrubbing up, Dr.

Malone," he said as he strode out of the operating room.

Jerry gave Ann a long look. "This fixes me!" he said flatly. "Looks like the farewell performance of Dr. Malone, general practitioner."

"That was as fine a piece of work as I've ever seen, doctor," said Dr. Jones with unexpected cordiality, when Jerry walked wearily into his office. "Sorry I delayed you, but evidently you don't know there's a lot more than skill needed in general practice. Lots of politics, in our profession. This move to oust you as Health Officer has been brought to the attention of the State Health Department by influential people. I was asked to investigate and I'm very glad I can turn in an entirely favorable report as to your competency."

"Thank you, doctor," said Jerry gratefully. "This makes me feel that maybe my luck is turning."

There Jerry was wrong. His luck was set dead against him and its tide was running strong. He answered a call to the slum-like cottages of the factory workers, without a hint of the disaster that was to follow his hopeless attempt to save the life of a boy who had been neglected for days, who was dying even as he walked in the door. The injection he gave to fan the faint spark of life long enough to get the patient to the hospital, was of no avail. Even as he withdrew the needle, the boy sighed, and died.

"You've killed him, and you're

gonna pay for it!" shouted Mike, big, bullying brother of the dead boy. "I saw you! All he had was a bad cold and you stuck that needle in him and he died. I'll get you for this, and I'll get you good! We bin warned you was full of fancy notions. . . ."

Jerry paid little attention, thinking the man's anger would pass away as he grew used to the shock of his brother's death.

BUT there he reckoned without Mike and without Bogert, for whom Mike worked. The factory owner had been waiting for just such a chance to pay back Jerry for his order to remove the refuse dump. Bogert lent a willing ear to Mike's accusations, fanned the flame of Mike's anger by sympathetic questions, watched with sly satisfaction, as Mike raved him elf into a mood for action.

Mike expended some of that urge toward action by lifting his elbow a good many times too often at a bar where his rowdy friends met. That night, about the time that Jerry was getting ready for bed, an angry mob hurried through the streets, Mike in the lead, roaring for tar and feathers and a rail on which to run the new doctor out of town.

Will Prout was funny, but he was also fearless. He ran for help to Ted Hudson, the editor of Belmore's only newspaper, who had become one of Jerry's few fast friends in the town. Together the men reached Jerry's gate just as the young doctor planted

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a blow on the jutting jaw of Mike with the same precision he would have used in administering ether . . . and with much the same effect.

Jerry's knockout punch and Ted Hudson's vitriolic word-lashing combined to disperse the mob. It went off reluctantly, still in an angry, suspicious mood.

The incident was the last straw for Jerry.

"That petition should have been enough to tip me off," he said bitterly, the next morning. "But when things reach the point where they want to run a doctor out of town on a rail. . . Oh, it's no use! I'm going back to the Medical Foundation in the morning. I had idealistic dreams of making myself useful to these people. I still have, but not enough for tar and feathers!"

"You can't leave now. That would be quitting. A doctor can't be a quitter!" Ann's protests were voiced with more feeling than she had meant to reveal.

"Don't say that." Jerry spoke with his head turned away. "I can't stay and let you see me become a failure. Oh, Ann, the chief reason I've held on this long was . . ." Jerry caught himself and then continued . . . "was to justify your faith in me."

WHAT was the use of telling her that all his hopes and plans for success and security had been doubly important because their realization would give him the right to declare his love?

"Oh, Jerry . . . Jerry! I do believe in you. That's why I want you to stay." Ann moved a step closer.

If I take her in my arms now, we're both lost, thought Jerry.

If he doesn't kiss me this minute, he's a fool, thought Ann.

Into the tense silence of the strained scene suddenly came the shrill voice of Penny, high in horror.

"Dr. Malone! Dr. Malone! The new Town Hall's collapsed. Ted Hudson's on the phone and he says there's ten men in the wreckage. He says to hurry . . . hurry . . ."

Their personal problems dropped from their conscious minds as Ann and Jerry sprang into action, once more doctor and nurse on an emergency call.

Five still figures lay on the sidewalk when Jerry and Ann arrived at the ruins of the Town Hall. Four more men were brought out of the wreckage as the doctor and nurse worked feverishly to relieve their agony. With pity they recognized Bun's father among the injured.

"Don't know how it happened," Ted Hudson told Jerry as he knelt beside Dawson to administer morphine. "The men had just gone to work when the foundation caved in and the whole darn building went."

There was an hysterical shout as a woman pushed through the crowd, scanned the faces of the groaning men with anguished eyes and then screamed: "Where's Walt? Where's my husband?"

Jerry looked up. "He's still in there, Doc, pinned under a girder," declared one of the men who had been aiding in the rescue work. "Walt's hurt pretty bad . . . looks like a goner. We did everything we could to get him out, Doc," he added apologetically, "but that wall is coming down any minute. We've got wives and children ourselves, Doc . . ."

"You're right. It's no job for married men. I'll go," jerked Jerry.

"I'll go with you." Ted Hudson gripped the doctor's arm.

"And I" . . . "And I." Several of the younger men stepped forward.

Directly under the wall that was still standing, they came upon the unconscious foreman of the building crew, Walter Mills. "He's got a hemorrhage in the right leg," cried Jerry. "It must be a femoral vein. Look, the only way we can save him, is for me to crawl under that girder and hold the vein with my fingers while you men try to move the girder."

"If we move the girder, the wall is going to fall on you and Mills," argued Hudson. "The girder is all that is supporting it now."

"We've got to risk it," commanded Jerry, who already had reached the man's side. "Hurry, I can't hold this vein much longer."

Using a great beam as leverage, the men strained and heaved and succeeded in moving the girder slightly but not enough to free Mills. And then one final effort and the unconscious man was pulled to safety. The wall started tottering. Several bricks fell on Jerry but quick hands lifted Mills, and with the doctor still clutching the vein in the injured man's leg, the party made its way across the debris to the ambulance which had arrived from the county hospital.

The long day in the hospital was a bad one for Dr. Malone, a nightmare succession of bloody swabs, dripping forceps, scalpels stained the bright red of life blood as he battled for the lives of the injured workmen. All of his skill was not enough to save Bun's father, who regained consciousness only toward the end; long enough to beg Jerry to look after his boy, and to gasp out an ugly tale of corruption that had put faulty materials into the foundation of the Town Hall and graft money into the pockets of the mayor and John Bogert.

JERRY left the hospital and those pitiful death beds in a towering rage, determined to do something . . . he didn't know quite what . . . but something about cleaning up Belmore before he left it forever.

Belmore was as quick to swing toward the new doctor as it had been to unite against him. Overnight the ladies of the Allegiance League had made a legend of Jerry's masterly work at the scene of the demolished building and his saving the life of Mills, at the risk of his own. One by one they came into Jerry's office, apologizing for their desertion, asking diagnoses of hastily imagined ills, and murmuring with admiration at Dr. Malone's plan to take Bun Dawson into his own care permanently.

Even John Bogert, frightened as he was by Jerry's persistent inquiries about the collapse of the Town Hall, realized that this was no time to press his campaign against the young doctor, and contributed handsomely, if craftily, to the new car by which the grateful town planned to show its appreciation for Jerry's heroism and help.

Among the callers was the dashing Julie King, just back from a year abroad and already bored with small town life. Julie was not at all confused when Dr. Malone could find no trace of an injury she claimed to have on her first finger . . . or was it the second that was hurting so badly? Perhaps Dr. Malone could drop up



for dinner? Surely by dinner time she would know where the injury lay.

Jerry was no match for the high-powered Julie. He went to dinner, and before he quite knew how it happened, he was going back for cocktails, back for other dinners at Julie's bidding. Part of his interest in the new friendship was amusement at the vital Julie. Part of it was a deep hurt at the behavior of the gentle Ann. How could he guess that Ann was accepting the attentions of young Jack Bogert for no other reason than to persuade the boy to use his influence with his father to try and end the animosity of the influential older Bogert against Jerry?

Jack Bogert didn't care why Ann went dancing with him, so long as she went. He was head over heels in love with the beautiful nurse, and he was determined to marry her, whether she loved him or not.

PERHAPS he would have had his way, perhaps the tender thing that had been growing between Jerry and Ann would have been distorted into a permanent misunderstanding, a life-long hurt, had not Fate stepped in.

Julie was not one to wait in maidenly hope until she was asked in marriage. She believed in knowing what she wanted and getting it.

On a week-end at which all four of them were guests in a mountain cottage, Julie took advantage of the witchery of the moonlight, of her own great attractiveness and teased Jerry for a kiss.

"You love me!" she cried, joyously triumphant as she felt Jerry's strong arms about her. "I knew it! We were fated for each other. Oh, Jerry, forget that mild little nurse! You might as well, because she's after Jack Bogert's money. Can't you see? Are you blind?" She pressed her lips to his again.

In the middle of that kiss, Ann and Jack walked into the room. If ever Ann needed the iron control of a nurse, she needed it in that moment when she felt all her dearest hopes tumbling.

She left the cottage for the short run back to town, early in the morning. Her mind was in a whirl of misery. Hardly knowing what she was saying, she promised to marry the insistent Jack, and hurried into the house to seek comfort from the understanding Penny. But, for once, Penny failed her. It was a frightened Bun, who met her at the door and told her that Penny had collapsed with a sudden heart attack.

"Why haven't you called Dr. Malone?" Ann demanded fiercely.

He had called the doctor right away, Bun explained tearfully. Miss Julie had said the doctor wouldn't be back at the cottage until late afternoon. Ann's face grew stern.

"I'll get the doctor. He's right there in the cottage, where I left him half an hour ago."

When Jerry realized how nearly Julie had caused Penny's death by delaying his return with a selfish lie, he told her coldly just what he thought of her, and turned with a fresh feeling of freedom to a strangely troubled Ann.

"You can't!" he cried in shocked protest when she told him she was going to marry Jack. "I won't let you . . . I . . ."

"I've promised him," Ann replied miserably.

"Oh, Ann, my dear . . ." Jerry

started toward her and then checked himself. "I guess I don't know what I am saying. I wish you every happiness, of course," he finished stiffly and went to his laboratory, mentally berating himself for a clumsy fool. All he wanted, all he needed most had been waiting in the lovely person of Ann, and he had not had the wit to do anything about it, to sidestep the silly overtures of Julie, until it was too late and he had lost Ann to the worthless son of a dishonest father. This business about a doctor having no right to let romance hinder his career . . . Bosh!

Young Dr. Malone's heart gave a wild leap at an ugly thought, a few days later when he was speeding through the night on an emergency call. He did not look at Ann's white face across the operating table on which lay the limp body of Jack Bogert. Why couldn't Jack have ended his life in that automobile crash? Why did he have to live, Jerry thought rebelliously. Then he pushed the whole hideous speculation from his mind, swept his surgeon's brain clear of everything but the necessity for his greatest skill. Jack's injuries were as bad as they could be. The most delicate of brain operations was his only hope, and that a slim one. Jerry steeled his mind, shook his head once, laid the shining knife with a firm hand against the skin and watched the thin line follow its cut.

And later he watched with wistful pangs, the relief in Ann's face when he told her that Jack would not be paralyzed, that his sight would be saved, that he would recover.

"Jerry, that was the most wonderful operation I ever hope to see, and you are the most wonderful man I ever heard of," breathed Ann.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you," Jerry answered soberly. "I hope I've given you back what you really want." Before Ann could answer, he turned away, unable to face the look of loving admiration in her eyes.

JACK'S recovery was slow. Querulously he demanded Ann's presence for long hours and the girl grew pale and thin under the strain of giving him the reassurance, the peace and happiness necessary to his recovery.

Jerry made one appeal to her to forget her engagement, but she listened to him with a controlled, averted face. "I promised," she said woodenly. "He's never had anything to believe in. If I fail him now, you know what it will do to him. I'm going through with it."

There she was wrong. She had not reckoned with the discarded Julie, with Julie's vast distaste for a quiet exit from Belmont, or with the little hidden streak of sweetness in Julie which made her realize that Jerry would never find happiness if Ann were lost to him. A strange, dangerous, confused, troubled girl, Julie. But Jerry had reason to remember her kindly all of his life.

Julie waited until Jack was completely well before she made a move. Then, with the forthright coolness of a girl who will have her own way, she asked him, bluntly, to marry her. Jack was speechless with astonishment. He had been madly in love with Julie, before he met Ann and Julie had never treated him with more than teasing scorn.

"Ann doesn't love you, and you know it," announced Julie flatly. "Be-



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sides, think of the seven days wonder. Our elopement would mean in this dopey little town. Come on, Jack. We're alike. Neither of us is much good, but we get along. Ann will want to stay in this hick village forever, and I'm already so bored with it I could commit mayhem. So are you. Let's leave, together . . . now."

It was a dazzling idea to Jack. He was weak enough to be tempted by a bizarre farewell to Belmore, shallow enough to abandon one love for another. And, subconsciously, he realized the truth of Julie's words. Ann didn't love him and never would.

Jerry was astounded by Ann's reaction to the news.

"Eloped? Oh, how wonderful. Oh, Jerry, I am so happy. . . ."

"Then you don't care? . . . I mean you DO care? . . ."

Jerry wondered if the dispensary bell always rang at the wrong time when he heard its insistent tinkle, just as he moved toward his sweetheart. Another emergency call.

**L**IGHT-HEARTED for the first time

in months, Jerry hurried to the bedside of the pathetic Mary Henderson who had come home to die, and was having a hard time doing even that in peace. Mary was not recognized by the good ladies of Belmore. Mary had led a gay youth and a none too savory one. The disapproval of the town had driven her away years before, when she was a hearty, laughing young woman. Jerry could see only faint traces of the former attractiveness in the thin, anxious face, ravaged by disease and something else . . . something he recognized as the terrible desire of a drug addict.

Her mysterious death turned the town once more against Malone. When the cause of her demise was diagnosed as an overdose of morphine, a devastating amount of circumstan-

tial evidence pointed to Jerry as the responsible man. His record of unselfish service was soon forgotten by the townspeople. He was arrested on suspicion of first degree manslaughter. It was only through the perseverance and loyalty of his friends that the real facts behind Mary's death were uncovered—facts which broke up an incipient narcotics ring and conclusively proved Jerry's innocence.

But the whole unpleasant episode left its mark on Malone. It shook his confidence in himself. He saw plainly how insecure small town popularity could be. He had gone back to the Medical Foundation for a visit . . . to find an answer to the turmoil of his troubled mind and heart.

"So you see, Dr. Abercrombie," concluded Jerry, "why I've got to go back and fight it out with Belmore, don't you?" Dr. Malone leaned back in his chair. He was tired. But somehow the stating of the highlights of his year in Belmore had clarified the whole thing for him, and he saw just where his duty lay. And then there was dear, lovely Ann, waiting.

"You're a real doctor, laddie!" Abercrombie laid a kindly hand on Jerry's shoulder. "And you've a real fight ahead. But my money's on me laddie, so get back there and gie them the wurks!"

"And," added Dr. Abercrombie with a merry look in his knowing eyes, "it's no sic a bad idea to hae a gude second in a fight . . . a second wie bonnie blue eyes and yellow hair. If ye're asking me, which I don't notice ye are, ye better take care of that angle furrst of all!"

And so young Dr. Malone returned to Belmore—where you can follow his further adventures Monday through Friday at 11:15 A. M., E. S. T., over NBC-Blue.



Prize-winners Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh and James Stewart broadcast their acceptances of the New York Film Critics' award for best pictures and acting of the year.





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## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 43)

### SWING'S THREE OF A KIND

There just was never the slightest doubt among the Andrews Sisters that they would succeed. Though their climb to radio's front ranks was a series of detours through drafty theaters, no stumbling-block could be a match for the combined courage and confidence these girls possessed.

La Verne Andrews—twenty-four and the oldest—knew that someday, somehow, they would catch up with success. It took nine years, but this patient and wise girl would have waited even longer.

Maxene Andrews, twenty-two and next in line, was the one-girl cheering section. She could stop the most pessimistic opposition with an inexhaustible gift of gab.

Patty, because she's only nineteen, felt it all in her heart, head, and voice.

Even Daddy Andrews needed no convincing when the going got tough. He would just recall those pleasant days when his little girls would upset the routine of his thriving bowling alley with frequent outbursts of song, and then smile proudly.

And Mother Andrews, perhaps more than any of them, had the greatest faith. For wasn't it she, in her quiet way, who had rocked the children to sleep with Norwegian lullabies that gave them their first musical baptism?

HOW the eventful nod from Fate came was never in the girl's dream book. A little Jewish melody that most thought would live and die in New York's Ghetto, tossed the girls into this country's ether waves, across its many footlights, and upon a million phonograph records.

"We couldn't hum 'Bei Mir Bist du Shoen,' let alone pronounce it, when our manager first told us about it," says Patty, "but it became our national anthem."

The Andrews speak of this tune reverently. It was their pot o' gold, their bank night, or whatever you want to call the jackpot a few of us get a chance to break in a lifetime.

Their original Decca recording sold 150,000 copies, and brought them offers from all over the country. From it stemmed their current engagement with Glen Miller's band over CBS.

Edgar Bergen knew the girls were good, almost ten years ago. He happened to catch their act, which was part of an annual kiddie show put on by a Minneapolis dancing school. La Verne was fifteen, Maxene twelve, and Patty only ten, but the now-famous ventriloquist saw in them future stars. Bergen wanted to put the girls in his act. But it wasn't Charlie McCarthy who squashed the deal. The girls and Mother Andrews decided the offer was a bit premature.

The kiddie show was a huge success. The director of the dance school was urged to devise another edition featuring the kid trio. But ominous reverberations from the mothers of thirty-five other musical moppets nearly put the dancing school out of business.

"You feature those Andrews kids again," warned one jealous parent, "and you lose the rest of us!"

When the next kiddie show was

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**LOVALON**

presented, only Patty Andrews got in it and as a very small and very obscure chorus girl. But Patty kept her ears open. She discovered that Larry Rich, the headliner, had auditioned all the local talent for his new vaudeville show. None was picked. Patty implored the weary actor to hear one more act.

The first Andrews Sisters audition was a success and Rich returned in the Fall for his new kid trio. Though he paid their hotel bills and gave each one a dollar a day for meals, no salary was included. To evade the children's societies, Rich made his wife the girls' legal guardian.

"Think of the experience," Rich told Daddy Andrews. Their father did, but just to be on the safe side, he gave his little girls \$500 and employed a tutor to accompany them.

"Daddy was doing nicely at the time," explained Maxene.

EVER since Peter Andrews came to these shores from his native Greece, he had done nicely. After a job in an ice cream company, he married his best friend's sister, borrowed \$15,000 and opened a bowling alley. A year later he paid all his debts, told his wife Ollie that they must now have plenty of children. "Ten of them," he reiterated, "and all boys." Four children came but they were all girls. The first one named Angelyn, died of pneumonia before she was two.

There were fifty-two other people in Larry Rich's act and every one of them managed to borrow part of the Andrews' \$500. But the girls didn't write home for fear their angry father would stop their singing.

The act played ten months and broke up in New York. In a magnificent gesture, Rich staked the girls to a fortnight in the big city. Afterwards, they intended to return to Minneapolis. But a midget who had appeared with them in Rich's act told them Joe E. Howard, a song writer, was looking for singers.

Howard hired them at \$100 a week, calling the act "Joe E. Howard & Co."

Flushed with this happy turn of events, the girls implored their mother to tour with them.

But vaudeville was on its last legs in 1933 and when the Howard act finished in Milwaukee, the girls sought a job with a dance band, and eventually joined Teddy Mack's orchestra.

This engagement was pleasant enough. But the Andrews Sisters were just another trio. Good voices and a natural sense of rhythm were not enough to excite the populace.

"You kids all sound like the Boswell Sisters," complained one critic. This criticism stunned the girls but

they knew it was partly true.

"We got to thinking then," says Maxene, "that if instruments could phrase and play the hot licks in harmony, why couldn't we apply it to voices?"

After work the girls listened attentively to Teddy Mack's musicians during jam sessions. As the boys would improvise, the Andrews would adapt the instrumental technique to their voices.

About this time, Daddy Andrews met financial reverses, and the whole family turned its efforts to making stars of the Andrews Sisters.

The girls managed to get frequent engagements all over the country. Although musicians and booking agents raved about their act, the public simply refused to get excited. The trouble was they were singing too much for the musicians and not enough for the audience.

When they joined Leon Belasco's orchestra early in 1937, the veteran bandsman gave them some sound advice: "Just look at the best song sellers. If the public likes the tunes, you sing them!"

The girls immediately chucked all their difficult arrangements that brought praise only from swing addicts and concentrated on more commercial music. But this decision came almost too late. They were out of work again and back in New York.

From the next family conference came a dramatic decision. The girls would give themselves six more months in which to click.

A band directed by Billy Swanson was then playing at the Hotel Edison. He struck a bargain with them. The girls would get \$15 each time Billy broadcast over Mutual. The girls accepted. The money would pay the rent bill and give them valuable air time.

However, the arrangement didn't last long. Swanson's regular vocalists resented this thrice-weekly intrusion. One night Lou Levy, an astute manager, heard the girls, saw possibilities, and signed them up. He got Dave Kapp of Decca Records to hire the girls for one recording. The record flopped but two months later Decca asked them to do another platter. The "A" side would be Gershwin's "Nice Work." No one knew what tune should be sung on the other side.

Levy scouted. Decca scouted. Even Daddy and Mother Andrews toured Tin Pan Alley.

Then one day Levy rushed into their hotel room, waving a music sheet, and roared: "Sing this song in Jewish and you'll kill 'em!" While the girls struggled with the foreign tongue, the manager hired songwriters Cahn and Chaplin to write English lyrics.

## WHEELS of DEATH

■ Dragged beneath the heavily loaded coal car from which he had been hurled, this railroader says, "I felt myself being shoved toward the rail." Would he be ground to a lifeless pulp? What passes through the brain of a man who is only a step from eternity is vividly told by Hugh Holton in his story I HAVE SEEN DEATH in the March issue of the nonsectarian magazine

## YOUR FAITH

At Your Newsdealer's

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION



This month the girls get another annual royalty check from Decca. It comes to \$15,000. Since "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen," the Andrews Sisters have made dozens of hit records—"Joseph, Joseph," "Hold Tight," "Beer Barrel Polka," "Oh Ma-Ma," and have sung on a flock of radio shows. When they play the New York Paramount they get \$3,500 a week. With money like that, why worry?

"Probably the next time we get into a serious conference," concludes La Verne, "will be when one of us decides to get married."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: But since Ken Alden talked to the Andrews Sisters, they have had several important conferences about that very subject—getting married. You probably read some of the lurid details in the newspapers. But watch next month's Radio Mirror for the story they didn't tell the papers—the first complete explanation of the family argument that set Broadway buzzing with conjectures.)

## OFF THE RECORD

### Some Like It Sweet

Naughty Waltz; Missouri Waltz (Decca 2843), Guy Lombardo. The neglected waltz should recapture some popularity with this excellent platter, measurably enhanced by some grand twin piano playing.

Little Red Fox; Fit To Be Tied (Columbia 35295), Kay Kyser. A merry musical chase introducing Little Audrey, the pip-squeak soloist.

After All; Blue Rain (Victor 26418), Tommy Dorsey. Vocalist Jack Leonard returns to warble two soothing ballads. Superior dance music.

Whose Theme Song? (Royale 1795), Richard Himber. A grand disc for parties, as the theme melodies of Dorsey, Shaw, Lombardo, Kyser, Goodman, Miller are veiled in mystery. Toughest one for this reviewer to guess was Himber's.

Careless; Vagabond Dreams (Bluebird 10520), Glenn Miller. Since the trombonist swept to public acclaim he has favored sweet tunes. Here are two syrupy ones fringed with distinctive color tones. Vocalist Eberle is improving.

### Some Like It Swing

Hot Dog Joe; Many Dreams Ago (Varsity 8082), Van Alexander. The liveliest novelty tune in many a month spiritedly interpreted by Butch Stone.

Aunt Hagar's Blues; 57th Street Drag (Bluebird 10513), Bob Chester. Strictly for the solid senders. All-around good work by the rhythm section and the saxes.

El Rancho Grande; Speaking of Heaven (Columbia 35295), Eddy Duchin. Not strictly a swing tune but definitely an out-of-the-ordinary Duchin disc. Lou Sherwood is the gay caballero.

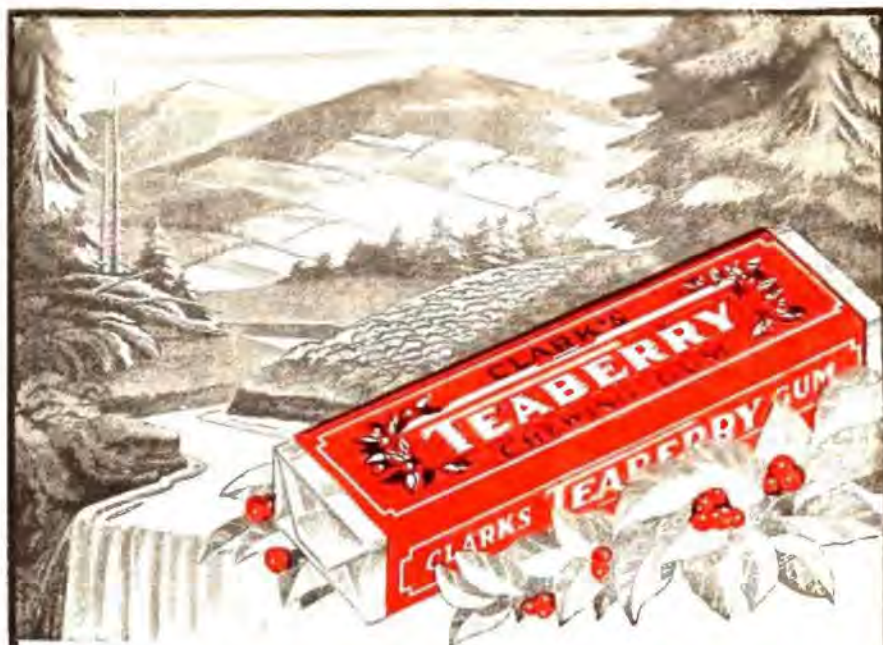
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# That Others May Live

(Continued from page 37)

No one apparently could believe the desperation of his need. It was too fantastic.

Finally he faced his defeat and the folly of further pretense. With his wife and child he moved into a succession of homes, each more modest than the last. Then apartments, then rooms by the day.

Never once did he seek to make a touch, for all the untold sums he had so gladly given to others in need in his better days. His pride and self-respect forbade it. He wanted only work. Eventually he admitted the futility of that and stopped asking. No one saw him. No one heard from him. After a while no one missed him from the scene.

He stood before the wide white door of the Motion Picture Relief Fund one day last week, this man who had had so much and been the envy of millions. The coat on his shoulders was shabby and thin. Wads of newspapers were stuffed in the gaping holes in the soles of his shoes. In his eyes was stark fear and ringing in his ears was the angry warning of a cheap boarding-house landlady. Pay up or get out!

Slowly he opened the door, approached the girl at the desk.

"I don't want anything for myself," he said in a choked voice, "but I've got a wife and a kid. They haven't had anything but stale bread and canned milk for three days. For God's sake, can you help me get them something to eat?"

The girl at the desk smiled...

NOW come and meet the girl who is listed as Case No. 579 on the Relief Fund rolls, a strangely blank name for one of her youth and beauty. Her given name doesn't matter anyhow for few of you would recognize it. She was just one of hundreds of young and beautiful girls earning a precarious living doing extra work. She was the sole support of an aged mother, however, which made her small job of filling in the backgrounds of pictures of vital importance to her.

For a time all went well with them. A day's work here and a day's there kept them in necessities and a few of the comforts of life. Then suddenly came a production slump; fewer pictures were being made and fewer still in which extras were needed. Slowly her little hoard of savings dwindled. Then came another blow; the mother fell acutely ill. Doctors had to be called and prescriptions filled. Finally a special brace was needed for the mother's withering arm. No money was left to buy it.

Grimly the girl took the one way out; she pawned her wardrobe of smart hats, coats and dresses, the tools with which she worked.

Ironically the tide turned within a week. Central Casting called four times to offer studio work. One call after the other had to be refused. She had neither clothes nor the precious \$12 to get them from the pawnshop. The fifth call sent her to the Fund door.

The next Sunday Ronald Colman and Joan Crawford gave up their personal plans for the week-end to appear on the Gulf-Screen Guild show, and a hairdresser at Paramount gave 50 cents of her weekly check because

of Case No. 579 and others who may some day find themselves in her shoes.

And then there is Case No. 671—a studio cutter, one of those men whose important and difficult job it is to edit the daily "rushes" of film sequences and patch them together into the completed story. He was married and the father of three children, with a fourth due in a few months. A nagging cough sent him at last to a doctor. The verdict was tuberculosis. If he went at once to a sanitarium, he was assured, he had every chance of complete recovery.

"You must stay away from home if you value the lives of your wife and children," he was told.

He borrowed to the hilt on his life insurance and went away. Six months later, swamped with debts and frantic about the future, he returned to work before his weakened body was ready. In a few weeks the dread cough was back. Once more he heard the same orders. This time there was no insurance to fall back upon; this time, too, there was an extra mouth to be fed.

"We've got one last chance," he told his wife. "The Relief Fund. If I can't get help there..."

Script writers don't make all the happy endings in Hollywood. Though no one ever hears about them, the Fund writes them too. In these stories just told, the once famous star was given immediate financial help and a studio pressured into giving him steady work; the extra girl's wardrobe was retrieved from the pawn shop and temporary sustenance given to tide her and her mother over for a few weeks until extra work picked up; and the cutter and his family were established with a nurse in a little house on the desert where all bills will be paid until he is again completely well.

ORDINARY charity when it is labeled and dished out as such is a bitter dose indeed for a man to swallow. Too often it shatters the last vestige of his self-respect and spirit; too often it defeats its very aim—his reestablishment in his just place in the world.

The helping hand of the Fund is not considered charity, either by those who give or those who receive. It is, rather, hard-luck insurance to which each recipient has contributed according to his means; therefore he is receiving of his own.

There is no name over the wide white door to blazon to the world that he who enters it is asking help of his fellow man; only the address, 6902 Santa Monica Boulevard, greets the eye. Inside is a pleasant reception room, not unlike a prosperous doctor's office. Off that is a snug library with comfortable chairs, book-lined shelves, and bright reading lamps. Down a long hallway are small consultation rooms where a man and the Fund can talk over his problems in private.

Necessary questions, sometimes painful questions, must be asked to determine his needs, but those questions are neither prying nor loaded with implied reproach; sprinkled between them are compliments on his work in the past, encouraging proph-



ecies of the future. Above all he is made to know that the Fund considers his problem a confidential matter and that no word of his unhappy situation will go beyond the four walls. Nor does it. Cases are discussed only in numbers, never names. The little fellow, now on his uppers, is entitled to his pride; the big shot, down on his luck, to his privacy.

Technically the Motion Picture Relief Fund was established in 1924 but due to lack of proper financing and increasing case load, it steadily was losing ground until 1937 when its administration was taken over by the combined Screen Actors Guild, Screen Directors Guild and Screen Writers Guild. Today it is headed by Jean Hersholt as president and serving with him on a board of trustees are three producers, six writers, six directors, six actors, one cameraman, one publicist, one cutter, one make-up man, and one each of the allied motion picture crafts.

EVERY motion picture worker from top executive to unimportant carpenter voluntarily sees fifty cents out of every \$100 he earns deducted from his weekly salary check and turned over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Frequent benefit premieres, polo games and other entertainments are staged and the proceeds given to the Fund. And many private donations are gratefully received—such as the bequest of \$1,000 left by the late Louise Closser Hale. The realization that she alone of those who have died carried her love for Hollywood beyond the grave, she who had the least and gave the most, has shocked many another star and producer into following her example.

But until radio came with its gift of \$10,000 a week, the Fund's dearest hope seemed far from fulfillment.

With all the demand upon its resources, the Fund never seemed to have quite enough money for everything it wanted to do, for everyone it wanted to help. The old age problem was constantly increasing, too. Workers were growing too old to survive in an industry which is notorious in its demands for youth and stamina, and in which the top earning period is limited as in no other business.

It was for these elderly workers that the Fund hoped to build a home where they could round out their lives in comfort and security. Part of the Fund's regular income was set aside each year toward this building program. But as the demand for

emergency relief grew, the slowly growing building fund had to be thrown into the breach. You cannot let a man go hungry today while you plan his home for tomorrow.

So that was the situation when someone—and they say that someone was Mary Pickford—conceived the idea of a monster radio show to be sold to a sponsor, on which every member of the three Screen Guilds would work for the benefit of the Fund. The proceeds from the sale of the program would be kept exclusively for the building fund, thus freeing more money of the regular Fund for direct relief.

The program was sold to the Gulf Oil Company and got off to a brilliant start on January 8, 1939, with Jack Benny, Joan Crawford, Judy Garland and Reginald Gardiner in the first guest star roles.

The rest is radio history.

Last year's radio season earned \$220,000 for the Fund—and every penny of it went either into a bank or into United States Government bonds. The present season, barring unforeseen accidents, will bring in another \$390,000. Construction work on the home will begin when the half-million dollar mark is reached—which should be early in 1940.

WHEN the Fund officials say they are planning a home, they really mean a home, too. Here will be no million-dollar showcase of a place with nothing to run it. Jean Hersholt and his fellow workers promise that. It will start on a modest scale, with a large sinking fund behind it to guarantee continued support.

There will be nothing barren or institutional about it, either. Present plans call for a community of small cottages built around one main hall which will house a large recreation and club room and a dining room. The individual cottages will cost approximately \$2,000 each, and will consist of a bed-living room, kitchenette and bath, housing two persons. Each will have its own little plot of ground and its flower garden.

Like those who go through the wide white door on Santa Monica Boulevard, the people who live in the new home will never be made to feel that they are objects of charity. They will be receiving their just rewards—the rewards of the pleasure they have given, the rewards of their profession's own generous heart.

Hollywood is indeed its brother's keeper.

## I Am An Announcer's Wife

(Continued from page 25)

present day.

Our marriage, for instance . . . you couldn't call that ordinary. Graduation from college was still three months distant when we decided we'd passed the school-boy-school-girl stages. So, in April, 1935, we left classes one bright afternoon, slipped down to Boston, became Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, returned to school and told no one. Until graduation, we kept our secret. No one at either of our schools suspected. Both of us took our final examinations, finished well in our classes and when our sheepskins were handed to us in June, broke the news of our elopement.

That's a pretty exciting way of starting off a life together. There is

something about a tremendous secret like that, shared between two people, that creates a great bond. But, after all, it was nothing to some of the excitement we've shared since.

We went, after graduation, to Boston—a city where neither of us had a relative or a friend. We had a small grubstake, the combined savings from our school allowances, but we were near the end of that by the time we both got jobs. Dan had always been interested in dramatics and speaking in college, and thought he could make use of his training in radio. He won an announcer's audition at a local Boston station, and landed a job at \$22.50 a week.

We didn't see much of each other

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**FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR**

that first year. Dan's was one of those staff jobs on which he went to work almost at the crack of dawn and got home at any or all hours of the night. I was working, too, in a book shop, and finally I became used to returning to our small walk-up apartment and preparing dinner for myself while Dan worked at the studio—not a very pleasant routine for any wife, but particularly not for a new bride. Still, we were young and, in a harum-scarum sort of way, it was fun.

The next spring, when the time for Nancy's arrival drew nearer, I gave up my job. We were thrilled. It was exactly as we had planned it—a child we could watch grow up while we were both young. The hard part was not seeing Dan as much as I wanted to. He couldn't change his long hours, so I spent most of my days in the hospital alone—and lonely.

THEN, that summer, the Community Sing program came to Boston for a try-out. The show was important and auditions were held to select the announcer. Here was just the sort of break Dan had been hoping for. When he came home with the news that he had won the job, I knew our luck had come.

Now, I thought, we could settle down to regular hours and lots of leisure time to spend together. That shows how much I knew about it. Only a few weeks after the Community Sing program started Dan secured a job with CBS in New York. That meant that while Community Sing was still being broadcast from Boston, Dan had to commute there from New York (where we moved at once, of course) every week. He not only commuted, he flew; and his work, if anything, became more demanding than it had ever been before.

In September, though, Community Sing moved to New York, and Dan got the coveted post of announcer for Major Bowes. We really spread ourselves then. We moved into an apartment out in the suburbs—and had just nicely settled ourselves when Community Sing moved again, this time to Hollywood. Like the tail on the end of the dog, we went along—uprooting our carefully planned home in the suburbs in the process.

A year in Hollywood—and then whisk! back to New York again. And now our life really became complicated. Dan went to work on the Benny Goodman program, and on one of those early-morning news broadcasts. He had to be in the studio at 6:45, which meant leaving home at 6:15.

I was the loyal, helpful little wife for the first week or so of that schedule. I got up regularly to prepare Dan's breakfast. But Dan discovered he couldn't eat that early in the morning (I suspected he just felt sorry for me), so I stopped getting up.

Evening meals were a problem, too, and still are. We never quite know when we can expect the head of our family. After a while I got used to placing the dinner on the table, waiting, watching it get cold—then a telephone call: "Darling, we've got to make recordings (or do a movie short or rehearse right up to broadcast time or something) and I can't get home for dinner. I couldn't call you earlier because I was in the studio."

But what really makes life difficult are the quick airplane trips Dan has

to take when one of his programs goes on tour. They began when the Goodman band went on the road. Its commercial radio program went on the air Tuesday nights at 9:30, and Dan was busy in New York with other programs until 2:30 Tuesday afternoons. He'd get the first plane out and fly back that same night for his early morning commercial.

My worst experience in those days occurred a short time after a plane crash in Cleveland, when every person on board was killed. The Tuesday when Dan was to fly was stormy and foggy. To make things worse, the show was coming from Cleveland. The scene of the crash. When he called me from the airport to tell me all flights had been cancelled, I breathed a sigh of overwhelming relief.

Five minutes later he called me back. The airport officials had decided to try sending one flight through. Dan was leaving on it—"and please don't worry," he added.

Not worry! As soon as I hung up the telephone, I turned on the short wave band of our radio. Long since I had learned that I could follow the complete line of flight when Dan was in the air by tuning in the airplane band and listening to the conversations between pilot and airport.

This night, I sat glued to my chair, listening to those laconic, unemotional words coming through the stormy night. "Fog . . . rain . . . trying to fly above . . ." In themselves, they didn't tell me much. But they were reassuring. As long as I could hear them, I knew Dan was safe.

Then, suddenly, they stopped, when the plane was within three miles of the Cleveland airport. The weather reports were increasingly bad.

What was happening? Impotently, I sat there in my comfortable living room and pictured Dan crushed in the midst of wreckage, somewhere in the snow-covered country near Cleveland.

The hands of the clock crept around to 9:25. I switched the radio back to the commercial wave band and tuned in WABC, the Columbia station in New York—and waited. Every one of those five minutes was longer than the one preceding it.

The station break—theme music for the Goodman program—and at last: "This is Dan Seymour ushering in . . ."

IN those lonely hours of suspense I had made one decision, and a month later I had my chance to put it into effect. Again it was a stormy Tuesday; again Dan had to fly, this time to Detroit. But I wouldn't let him go alone.

"Nancy and I are flying with you," I said stubbornly to all his arguments. "If anything happens, it happens to all of us."

The storm when we reached the airport was even worse than the one of the month before. Flights had been cancelled, but one plane was being sent through. It was scheduled to arrive in Detroit exactly one hour before the program went on the air. We climbed aboard. The storm seemed to have been waiting for us to reach the right altitude before unleashing its full fury.

Lightning crackled around the wing tips, and the plane rocked and dipped as if it were completely at the mercy of the elements. I was more frightened than I had ever been in all my life. But Nancy sat there and giggled



# WOMEN IN "40's"

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Do you dread those "trying years" (38 to 52)? Are you getting moody, cranky and NERVOUS lately? Do you fear hot flashes and weakening dizzy spells? Are you jealous of the attention other women get? THEN LISTEN—

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Pinkham's Compound is the best known and one of the most effective "woman's" tonics you can buy. Try it!

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every time we hit an air pocket. Atmospheric conditions worried her not at all.

We came down, at last, in Buffalo, defeated. No plane could go through that weather to Detroit. The second we hit the ground, Dan ran to a telephone. He talked first to a railroad official. A cab got us to the station in record time. There, a second engine had been added to the Detroit train, and we reached our destination twenty-five minutes ahead of schedule, thanks to the obliging railroad official Dan had talked to on the telephone in Buffalo!

Waiting at the Detroit station was a famous speed test driver, with a car, and he gave us the wildest drive I ever made or undoubtedly ever will make. He got us to the Fine Arts Museum, where the broadcast was being held, exactly forty seconds before air time. If you heard the show that night, you heard a young man who practically panted out, "This is Dan Seymour . . . ."

Enough experiences like that and you get hardened—not accustomed—to being an announcer's wife.

LAST summer we rented a beach cottage. We planned to spend a month there—Nancy and I staying all the time, and Dan joining us over week-ends. It just didn't work out. As soon as we moved to the beach, Dan was assigned a new job, and out of that whole month, he spent exactly forty-eight rainy hours with us.

Then there's the business of Christmas and Thanksgiving and wedding anniversaries. This year, Mr. Seymour was busy with the Walter O'Keefe program on our fourth anniversary. We didn't even have dinner together.

Dan says I've been a very thoughtful announcer's wife. Nancy was born on a Thursday—the one afternoon out of the whole week that Dan had free. Judy was born on a Wednesday evening, exactly three hours after her father went off the air. But the hours before he did arrive were pretty bad ones. A husband isn't much practical good at such times but he is a lot of comfort.

Judy was born on December 28, 1938. Dan and I had planned to have a quiet New Year's Eve celebration in the hospital. It was a nice idea but it never happened. I welcomed the end of 1938 by switching on the radio beside my bed and listening to a description of how Times Square greeted the New Year, voiced by an announcer stationed on the marquee of the Paramount Theater. He was a good announcer—and why not? He was my missing husband.

In spite of all the disadvantages, there's a thrill, a sense of vitality, about our life. And of course I'm thankful for the material things Dan's success has brought—a nicer place to live, a maid, a family, security for that family.

But I'm certain that in no other home—given a husband and father as loving as Dan is—could an incident occur such as happened in our house last week. For seven full days Dan hadn't once gotten home before Nancy's bed-time. On the seventh evening, he called just before Nancy went to bed, and after I spoke to him I gave her the telephone. Apparently, he said "Hello, Nancy," to her; and she, without a word in reply, turned to me in great surprise: "Mummy, it's Daddy—remember him?"

## LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT CORNS



A corn is a mass of dead cells packed into a hard plug (A) whose base presses on sensitive nerves (B).



Blue-Jay felt pad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure.

Special formula (D) gently loosens corns so it can be lifted out.

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**LUX SOAP** IS A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE! FIRST PAT ITS **ACTIVE LATHER** LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN



NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COOL. YOUR SKIN IS LEFT **REALLY CLEAN**



NOW DRY THE FACE WITH QUICK LIGHT PATS. IT FEELS SOFTER, SMOOTHER. SEE HOW **FRESH** IT LOOKS!



**9 out of 10 Screen Stars  
use Lux Toilet Soap**



## Marriage Brought Him Everything

(Continued from page 16)

star commands a higher salary on the screen. In radio, too, Basil is one of the few dramatic actors who can make his own terms. Last year Kellogg's struggling *The Circle*, rich with the biggest names in film, had to call on him to save it. He has been highlighting guest star spots on big Hollywood shows since radio came to town.

Socially, too, the Rathbones are probably more firmly and favorably established than any couple in Hollywood. In it the Rathbones are acknowledged leaders. As hosts, they are a Hollywood legend. No event since, has matched the brilliance of their famous "Bride and Groom" costume ball celebrating their eleventh wedding anniversary. Nor has any Hollywood wedding reception been staged with more finesse and charm than that of Basil's son, Rodion, and his bride, last year.

And all of this—the good things of the private life of Sherlock Holmes—are the fruits of Basil Rathbone's romantic adventure with his wife, Ouida.

I suppose there is no actor in Hollywood who epitomizes poise, self-confidence, even conceit and arrogance more than Basil Rathbone does to one who sees him on the screen or hears him over the air. His speech is clipped and precise, his bearing straight and proud, his mind and wit sharp and compelling. He seems a man to master any situation in life with ease.

Yet when Basil first met Ouida Bergere he was, by his own confession, a man with an inferiority complex, a man shy to the point of awkward confusion, a social flop! Worse still, he was dazed into a state of aimless drifting, rudderless, without a grip on the realities of steering a successful career.

Basil lived through two years of front line fighting and crawling, as he puts it, "on my stomach over every inch of mud in No Man's Land" without any injuries, except a few light wounds and barbed wire slashes, which scar his legs to this day. But, like many another soldier, the long days and nights when death was just beyond the tick of his wristwatch,

robbed him of any concern about the future or any power to plan it.

So with peace, Basil came back to the stage, aimless, ambitionless, living from day to day. Neither money nor fame meant anything to him. He shrank from decisions, he took what he was offered. He avoided parties and people. His aggressiveness and his hope for the future had vanished while time stood still in the war. All he wanted was to be left alone.

Naturally, in the most competitive profession on earth, acting, that is anything but a formula for success. Despite Basil's talents, he began to lose this part and that, ones he had counted on. His career began slipping away and he was too negative to halt the slide. He was like this when he met and married Ouida Bergere.

The union with her positive personality has changed his whole life and his fortunes, Basil swears. To understand that, you must know something about the remarkable Mrs. Rathbone.

Ouida Bergere Rathbone is small and dainty but with the strong personality which often goes with red hair. Hers is flaming. She is colorful, sharp-witted, practical, educated, intelligent. She is bursting with energy and strength. When Basil first met her, Ouida was an extremely successful Hollywood screen writer—making a thousand dollars a week at Paramount studios. He was just another British actor. The day they were married she stopped writing—sacrificing her own career to her husband's, because, as Basil points out, "she was canny enough to realize that marriage seldom works with two pay checks in the family."

If you believe Basil, his wife alone has taught him to be important to himself, to have self-confidence and to push his fortunes. She alone has developed that "social side" in which he was so sadly lacking, banishing a smothering inferiority complex and turning his painful timidity into the sparkling charm which has made him a famous figure at Hollywood gatherings. And you can readily believe Basil when you know him and understand the type of man he is. In no other, perhaps, would such a complete



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If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Contest closes Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

### CONTEST RULES

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

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING. THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

### Prize Schedule

10 Prizes at \$1,000 each.....\$10,000

30 Prizes of \$ 500 each..... 15,000

40 Prizes Total \$25,000

### Contest Rules—Continued

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

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This contest ends Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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transformation have been possible.

He is extremely sensitive, for one thing. The cats who prowl about his house today are there because Basil couldn't bear to see them drown. He rescued them from a watery grave. One of his dogs, Judy, wandered in, lost and hungry. She has never left. His police dog was a gift from their friends, the Jock Whitneys.

While the Rathbones possess the most enviable Hollywood reputation as hosts, they entertain very little. When they do, of course, it's an event. Easily three hundred evenings of the year they are home reading, or listening to Basil's vast library of records. Both, too, are avid camera fans, concentrating now, of course, on baby Barbara. Basil keeps physically fit with golf at the sporty Bel-Air course down the hill and fencing with Fred Cavens, Hollywood's foils expert, whom you've probably seen in action in "Captain Blood," "The Count of Monte Cristo," or "Romeo and Juliet."

ONE of the finest gifts his wife ever brought him, Basil believes, was the reunion with his son, Rodion. Rodion is the son of Basil's first wife, from whom he was separated in 1919. When Basil came to America, Rodion stayed with his mother in England, was raised there and educated as an engineer. The long years that separated them made him a stranger to Basil. Knowing that bringing them together again would mean much to her husband's happiness, Ouida, unknown to Basil, made friends with Marian, his former wife, wrote to Rodion in England and made friends with him, too.

It was entirely through her efforts that Basil and his son were brought together again in Hollywood.

When war broke, Rodion, like his father before him, knew his duty. He joined up with the Canadian engineers and was given his orders.

The night he was to leave Basil had dinner with his son. But Ouida, who had brought them together and made them mean so much to one another, was not at the farewell dinner table. This occasion, she concluded wisely, was for father and son.

They had dinner together. Basil and Rodion, at Chasen's in Beverly Hills. They talked lightly of gay, frivolous things. After the meal Rodion challenged Basil to a game of ping-pong—and beat him. The dinner broke up in laughter—no talk of war, no frowns.

Rodion took to his car then, with his young wife. It was the hour for leave taking. "You drive on," said Basil, "and I'll follow. Somewhere along the road, at a turn or something, I'll pull up and blow my horn—and you answer. That's goodbye—eh?"

"Right!" said Rodion.

So they drove—Rodion and his wife in the car ahead, Basil alone behind. They were miles out in the San Fernando Valley before Basil could find just the right fork in the road. But it must be sometime, so he pulled to the side and pressed his horn. The car ahead answered and its red tail-light grew dim—with the distance, or something.

Basil Rathbone sighed and turned his car around. Behind him his son roared off to his great adventure, war. Ahead, back home, was Basil's—the ever young adventure of his marriage, his home, and his love for Ouida. The adventure of peace.





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