

The Strange Threat to Charlie McCarthy's "Life"

Radio MIRROR



A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

MARCH



MARTHA RAYE

Beginning CRY BEFORE NIGHT—Martha Raye's Dramatic Life
WHY HATE ROOSEVELT?—A Thrilling Broadcast by Emil Ludwig

GOODBYE DANDRUFF

*Hello
Romance*



YES, it's true! Men just simply can't resist the girl who has soft, alluring hair that sparkles with dancing highlights! That's why the smart girl—the girl who knows how to make the "one and only" man notice her and want her never allows a speck of untidy dandruff to be seen in her shining, lovely hair. She uses Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch's, you know, is the one shampoo that removes dandruff instantly, under a money-back guarantee. No long treatments . . . no waiting weeks for results. Romance is waiting for you to say "Goodbye Dandruff" — so use Fitch Shampoo each week — see for yourself how easily Fitch Shampoo makes your hair softer, lovelier, more irresistible than you ever dreamed possible!

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

ALL LABORATORY TESTS PROVE FITCH'S EFFICIENCY



1. Here is an actual microphotograph of hair strands taken after the hair was shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. See that dandruff and deposit left by the soap? It's this that makes your hair look lifeless and uninteresting.

2. Now look at this actual microphotograph taken after the hair was given a glorious Fitch Shampoo and rinsed twice. No dandruff or undissolved deposit is left to hide the natural radiance of the hair. These laboratory tests prove, beyond a doubt, why the girl who wants lovely hair that men admire — uses Fitch Shampoo each week.



DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

The F. W. FITCH CO.,

Des Moines, Iowa

Toronto, Canada

"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique
of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong.

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine everyone notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now!'"

No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

IF you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply lazy—that they need more work, more stimulation to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of gum massage.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter—your smile sparkles with a new loveliness!

* * *
DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



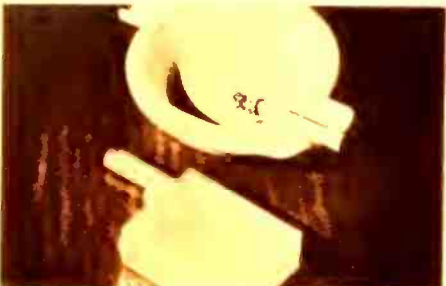
IPANA TOOTH PASTE



"I'M JUST A BRIDE
... but I'm learning fast"



Secret—"I've found out that one secret of successful entertaining is to provide plenty of good light."



Cost—"It isn't expensive. The cost for an entire evening is less than the cost of a package of cigarettes."



Keep—That's why it is a good idea to keep G-E MAZDA lamps handy for emergencies. Be sure to look for the G-E monogram when you buy lamps.



15c for 15-25-
 40-60-watts
 75 and 100-watts . . . 20c

Buy bulbs where you see this emblem displayed

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Radio Mirror

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 Executive Editor

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THE GIRL ON THE COVER—Martha Raye posed especially for this picture taken by Paramount, done in colors by Robert Reid. Hyman Fink's background pictures are actual broadcast shots of the Al Jolson-Martha Raye radio program.

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PROFESSOR QUIZ

TWENTY QUESTIONS

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

1. How did Nelson Eddy's singing once cost him an important job?
2. What 32 girls are famous because they promised not to marry?
3. What technicolor star with big ears is a new Sunday broadcaster?
4. What significance to performers are the two words Sunset and Vine?
5. What program begins each broadcast with a man shouting a row of figures that have no meaning?
6. What instrument is used for playing Amos 'n' Andy's theme song?
7. Name the sponsors of the following programs: Life of Mary Sothern; Magic Key; Hollywood Mardi-Gras?
8. What star who made newspaper editors famous in the movies is now playing the same role on the air?
9. Name the announcers of the following broadcasts: Chase and Sanborn Hour; Professor Quiz; Al Jolson.
10. What star has a Maine lodge where guests are issued handbooks of instructions telling them how to get the most out of their visit?
11. Where can you now read the dramatic life story of Martha Raye?
12. How many hours a day are the networks CBS and NBC on the air?
13. What radio singer is often accused of being Myrna Loy's double?
14. In what state is the town of Pine Ridge and why is it famous?
15. What is the last name of both Easy Aces?
16. What broadcast that is making history for NBC had its premiere Christmas night?
17. Complete this sentence: Fanny Barbour is the mother of Family.
18. What morning broadcast should you tune in if you want to avoid making any social errors?
19. Who, or what, is Crossley?
20. Who was chosen this year to take Schumann-Heink's traditional job of singing Silent Night on Christmas? (You'll find the answers on page 58)

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE...



No girl who offends with underarm odor succeeds in her job—or with men...

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S— were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a bath alone could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odor was enough for Bill. Others in the office

noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted—the job that *might* have led to love.

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember, a bath only takes care of odor that's *past*—but Mum prevents odor *to come!*

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you *all-day-long* protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop *every trace of odor.* Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's **SAFE** and **SURE.**



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WHAT'S NEW

The feature that tells what makes radio tick—a whisper ahead of the columnists, a headline ahead of the news

By DAN SENEY

SIX times a week radio's most unusual "theme song" goes on the air—the weird, unintelligible gibberish of the tobacco auctioneer's chant which introduces Your Hollywood Parade, Your Hit Parade, Melody Puzzles, and Edwin C. Hill's newscasts. F. E. Boone, old-time auctioneer, does the chanting, from a hotel room in Lexington, Ky. or Wilson, N. C., or from a New York studio, depending on wherever he happens to be at the moment.

Nobody except a trained tobacco-buyer can understand what Boone is saying, and he doesn't say the same thing on each broadcast. His spiel consists entirely of numbers, except when he gasps "Sold! To the American Tobacco Company!" at the end. In an actual auction he would only say "Sold!"—the identification of the company is for the benefit of radio listeners.

Listen to him, and you'll notice that his voice rises in pitch until it can't go any higher; then it drops down abruptly and goes into another gradual ascent. A rise in pitch indicates that the auctioneer has received a new bid. Between bids he just goes on repeating the same number.

Boone sounds hysterical on the air, but he isn't. He's just fast. He sells between 350 and 400 piles of tobacco an hour, but his record is something to shoot at—700 piles in one hour. In the tobacco-selling season he's busy all the time in southern warehouses, which explains why his twenty-minute broadcasts sometimes come from Lexington and Wilson.

Take my advice and don't even try to understand what he's saying. I've listened to him carefully for six months and haven't got so I can understand him yet.

* * *

ANDREA LEEDS, the most talked-about young actress in Hollywood, went on the air over a coast-to-coast hookup the other night without even intending to. Scheduled to rehearse at eight o'clock in a downstairs studio in



So infrequently are the Lanny Rosses together in photos that this one, with Allan Jones, is historic. Left, Wilda Hinkle is one of WLW's busiest stars.

Fink



Fink

Deanna Durbin's birthday present from Herbert Marshall was a kiss.

FROM COAST TO COAST

NBC's Hollywood building, Andrea arrived at 8:20 and made a wild dash into the studio she thought was hers. "I know I'm late, but I . . ." she began the minute she got through the door. Before she got any farther, somebody grabbed her, clapped his hand over her mouth like a villain in an old-fashioned movie, and hustled her outside. There had been a last-minute switch in studio bookings, and Lum and Abner were half-way through a Pine Ridge sketch when Andrea burst in on them.

* * *

CHARLIE McCARTHY and Edgar Bergen established a new high point in ad-lib quips when Charlie was accorded the highest honor Hollywood can bestow—the privilege of opening movietown's famous "Santa Claus Lane." For two hours they rode down Hollywood Boulevard in a gaily decorated float, broadcasting their gags over a public address system so every one of the 300,000 people who had gathered to see them could hear. Charlie's prize remark, everybody agreed, was, "All you little boys write to Santa Claus, and all you little girls write to me."

* * *

THERE'S many a Toscanini story that will never see print, but here's one that will, even if I had to swear myself to secrecy about where I got it: A special screen has been built in the NBC music library, so the Maestro can scuttle in and hide behind it while he looks over

the orchestrations for his Saturday-night concerts, safe from the prying eyes of the office help. I'm afraid it all made the office help pretty cross, too.

* * *

WHEN CBS made up its mind to use a standard "A" note for its time signal several times a day, it didn't know what it was getting into. The idea, of course, was to broadcast "A" so that amateur musicians could listen in and tune their fiddles; but what CBS found out after it had thought up the idea was that there's no such thing as a standard "A". American musicians use an "A" which is five frequencies (whatever that means) higher than the official standard of this country. French musicians use an "A" five frequencies lower than that used by musicians in this country. CBS scratched its collective head and finally decided to use the higher-frequency "A", figuring that even if it wasn't the United States' official standard it was the one American musicians would want to hear. If French musicians listen in on short-wave, and try to use Columbia's "A" to tune their instruments by, they're just going to be out of luck.

* * *

IF you ever visit Chester Lauck—Lum, of Lum and Abner—on his ranch near Hollywood, you'll probably be introduced to its most honored inhabitant. Dukey, once Will Rogers' favorite pony, has retired and is spending his last days as (Continued on page 82)

*Chapped Hands
made soft enough for
Kisses*

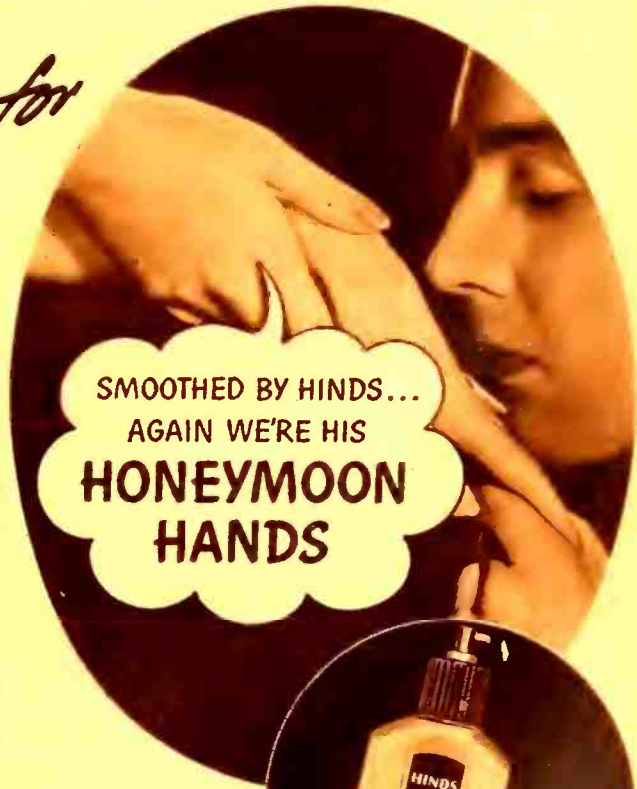
IF HANDS COULD TALK, THEY'D SAY:



• In and out all day long! Getting the milk, emptying the ashes, driving the car... Soon your hands are chapped, scarchy-rough. Like sandpaper to a man's loving touch!



Quick...smooth on Hinds! Extra-creamy, extra-good to chapped hands. Contains "sunshine" Vitamin D, too. Gives you soft, thrilling *Honeymoon Hands!*



*Hinds Honey and Almond
Cream for Honeymoon
Hands*



• \$1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size..... fits on the bottle, ready to use.



Isadore Segal

Hollywood Hotel's Frances Langford

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

it banned a speech recently on social diseases. That is too bad. Radio, of course, is a family entertainment and the family is usually gathered around it; that makes it embarrassing when some one starts talking on social diseases. Radio officials say they see no way around this problem of embarrassing the family group; doctors confess a similar dilemma. And yet it would be a shame to let radio remain silent after it has made such a courageous beginning. I have a solution that might help:

Whenever the subject of social diseases is mentioned on the radio, do not have a speaker speak directly to the listeners. Present it, instead, always as a drama. This would tend to considerably lessen the embarrassment of the family group, as none would feel that the speech applied directly to him, which is usually the case when the ordinary radio commentator speaks.

And the listeners—who probably want to really learn something about them—would feel that they were just spectators at some discussion of social diseases.

NAT RUTHERFORD,
Cincinnati, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE

McGEE AND MOLLY, HOMEMAKERS!

Every Monday evening, Fibber McGee and Molly provide us with enough laughs to make us forget the daily grind and end the day with a smile.

It is our favorite family program. The puns are delightful, the pithy, witty statements are side-splitting, and none of the

jokes need dry cleaning. Never have we heard anything offensive, or suggestive, on this program. Molly is very clever and her cracks at McGee are so natural and spontaneous that we all enjoy them. His comebacks, also, show that he is not resentful, but has learned one of life's most valuable lessons:—to be able to smile when the joke is on YOU. (Cont'd on page 84)

**THIS IS YOUR PAGE!
YOUR LETTERS OF
OPINION WIN PRIZES
FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00
SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00
FIVE PRIZES of \$1.00**

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than Jan. 28, 1938.

FIRST PRIZE

IS KNOWLEDGE EMBARRASSING?

IN the battle against social diseases which the medical associations are waging, radio has made a fine gesture in partially opening its airwaves to discussions of this vital subject. I noticed, however, that

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

HERE'S fun for everyone! Hold your own spelling bee in your own home, with this list of words supplied by Paul Wing, spelling

master of the NBC Spelling Bee.

Only one of the suggested spellings given is the right one. Go through the whole list, marking the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 87, and compute your own score, giving yourself four points for every correct answer. A passing grade is 70.

Incidentally, if you aren't already a Spelling Bee fan, listen in on Mr. Wing's broadcast, Saturday evening at 8:30 E.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.

1. *Askance* — *askanse* — *ascance*. (adverb.) With a sidewise glance; disdainfully.

2. *Obediance* — *obedeance* — *obedi-ence*. (noun.) The act of obeying.

3. *Fuge* — *phuge* — *fugue*. (noun.) In music, a form of composition.

4. *Prestidigitator* — *prestidigaitator* — *prestidigitater*. (noun.) A juggler; one skilled in sleight of hand.

5. *Panplied* — *paneplied* — *pano-plied*. (adjective.) Dressed in a full suit of armor, or in bright, magnificent raiment.

6. *Umbrajious* — *umbragious* — *um-*

brageous. (adjective.) Affording shade or being shaded; shady.

7. *Hebdomidal* — *hebdomadal* — *hebdomodal*. (adjective.) Consisting of seven days or occurring at weekly intervals.

8. *Anemone* — *anemine* — *anemane*. (noun.) A large genus of herbs of the buttercup family.

9. *Appetitive* — *apetitive* — *appe-titive*. (adjective.) Having or giving appetite.

10. *Practicianer* — *practisioner* — *practitioner*. (noun.) One who exercises an art, science or profession.

11. *Benzoine* — *bensoin* — *benzoin*. (noun.) A resin obtained from a certain tree.

12. *Apperient* — *aperient* — *appear-ient*. (noun.) A gently laxative medicine or food.

13. *Antidiluvian* — *antediluvian* — *antedeluvian*. (adjective.) Of the period before the deluge; hence, antiquated.

14. *Corrolary* — *corollary* — *corrol-ery*. (noun.) A deduction, consequence, or additional inference.

15. *Sparsity* — *sparcity* — *sparsety*. (noun.) Scantiness; want of plenty.

16. *Torpedos* — *torpedos* — *torpedoes*. (noun.) Metal cases containing explosives.

17. *Mucus* — *moucus* — *mu-cous*. (noun.) A

viscid slippery secretion.

18. *Obsiquies* — *obsequies* — *obsa-ques*. (noun.) Rites or ceremonies pertaining to burial.

19. *Inflamable* — *inflammable* — *in-flammable*. (noun.) Capable of being easily set on fire.

20. *Piromaniac* — *piromaniac* — *pyromaniac*. (noun.) A person afflicted with a persistent impulse to start fires.

21. *Cantalope* — *cantelope* — *canta-loupe*. (noun.) A variety of musk-melon.

22. *Dais* — *dias* — *diase*. (noun.) The principal table, at the end of a hall, for the chief guests.

23. *Ferule* — *ferile* — *ferrule*. (noun.) A ring or cap, usually of metal, put around a cane, tool handle or similar object.

24. *Bedisened* — *bedizened* — *be-dizzened*. (adjective.) Dressed tawdrily or with vulgar finery.

25. *Valence* — *vallance* — *valance*. (noun.) A short decorative drapery across the top of a window.

(You'll find the answers on page 87)

Strong lights, hard shadows bring
out harsh angles on your face

"Glare-Proof" Powder

*reflects the softer rays—
flatters in any light*

STRONG, HARD LIGHTS . . . and everybody's eyes on you. Playing a game under those bright overhead lamps puts the prettiest face on the spot! Powder shows up chalky . . . Highlights and shadows are sharpening your face . . .

Pond's "glare-proof" shades save you from that embarrassment! Blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light, Pond's Powder softens your face—flatters it in sharp daylight or glittering evening lights. *And doesn't show up!*

In an inquiry among 1,097 girls, Pond's got the biggest vote for "never showing powdery."

Special ingredients make Pond's soft and clinging. It stays smooth—flattering—for hours! Decorated screw-top jars—35¢, 70¢. Big boxes—10¢, 20¢.



"Hard lights never
got me fussed. Pond's
Sunlight (Light) keeps
my skin looking soft
in the brightest light."
MISS NANCY HOGUET
New York debutante



FREE! 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PP, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires May 1, 1938.)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

AN excerpt from a bygone Chase and Sanborn broadcast has W. C. Fields telling Charlie McCarthy that he is a "fugitive from a wood-pile."

"Remember, Mr. Fields," answers the impudent dummy, America's favorite graven image (and not so grave, at that), "'Only God can make a tree.'"

"And," says Fields, "only Bergen can make one talk."

That line was built for a laugh, and got it. But—well, think it over, and it's not so funny. It's too darn true.

Suppose, some morning, Edgar Bergen should wake up and discover that he *couldn't* make Charlie McCarthy talk?

It could happen. There are physicians who fear that unless Edgar Bergen takes constant care of his vocal chords, it may happen.

There is one thing all ventriloquists fear more than anything else—a throat disorder. A ventriloquist's larynx, Edgar Bergen himself told me, is larger and better developed than the ordinary person's. If anything happens to impair its delicate construction, the "stomach-talker's" career is over—and with his career, his dummy's. Chronic bronchitis may lay its croupy grip on the oral magician's bronchial tubes: "curtains" for the act. And then there is sinusitis, an impressive name for an aggravating condition. Inflammation settles in the frontal cavity of the skull that connects with the nostrils and contains air. Instead of drawing a normal breath through the nose, the burden

of the breath intake is placed on the victim's throat. If he is a ventriloquist, the throat is already overworked. You can see what happens when sinusitis becomes acute.

And sinusitis, or some thing very like it, is the menace to Charlie's life and Edgar Bergen's brilliant career. . . .

A few Sundays ago—you may be one of those who noticed it—Charlie didn't seem to be himself. His voice sounded strained and unlike the usual McCarthian cackle. The reason was simply that Edgar Bergen was suffering from a head cold—a common or garden variety of cold. Nothing serious, to you or me. But it could easily lead to catastrophe for Charlie McCarthy. Complications resulting from it could send him into oblivion, could pack him away with his top hat, white tie, tails, monocle, polo coat, cowboy suit, Sherlock Holmes hat and all, into the velvet-lined suitcase that is now his boudoir.

And something is giving Edgar Bergen more than his share of colds. So far, the condition has been serious enough to show on one broadcast, serious enough to cause comment and rumor, and serious enough to send Bergen to seek medical advice. It has been more a warning than anything else—but a warning that must not be ignored.

The doctors are not completely convinced that sinusitis is his difficulty. Those that Bergen has consulted both in Los Angeles and New York, recognize a sinus condition, but they wonder if it is not caused by the excessive fogs of the far-famed (*Continued on page 10*)

**Is it possible that this beloved imp
and his brilliant master have climbed
to the peak of success in less than a
single year—only to face disaster?**

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



The
CHARLIE

In this scene from Charlie's first full length feature, "The Goldwyn Follies," he is serenaded by his co-star, Phil Baker.



Strange Threat to MCCARTHY'S "LIFE"

They're in the movies now—both Charlie and Edgar Bergen—in Goldwyn's "Follies." Charlie spends the money on his wardrobe.

Samuel Goldwyn Studios



have made him famous by their approval, and he hates to stay off the air for the length of time the operation would require, just on the chance that the tonsil root may be to blame.

All this, Edgar Bergen told me with a frankness one would scarcely expect from a man who is living under the perpetual threat of catching a cold which would ruin his career. But then, this quiet, blue-eyed Swedish-American is the last man in the world to grow morbid under such conditions. Taking vigilant care of his voice is part of his job, and Bergen accepts it as such.

"Another thing that may make my voice sound less flexible to the listeners," he explained, "is its lack of use. That sounds paradoxical, but it isn't. The vocal muscles are like any other muscles. If they are not exercised regularly they get slack. Athletes and prize fighters have the same trouble when they don't keep in condition.

"When I first came to the coast, my voice had plenty of exercise, because I was using it not only on the Sunday broadcast but twice a night, plus two

California climate instead of an organic weakness. Beverly Hills is a nice place to live, all right, but there's no denying that it gets foggy there in the night and in the morning; and those fogs may be what are giving Edgar Bergen colds in the head.

There's another possibility, the doctors admit. Years ago, Bergen had his tonsils taken out; and left over from that operation there's a bit of a tonsil root still in his throat. That memento of a bygone tonsillectomy may be what is irritating the delicate membranes in the priceless vocal apparatus of America's Number One ventriloquist.

THE only solution at the moment seems to be a home in a drier, less foggy district, and Bergen is looking for one right now. San Fernando's platter-shaped slopes are bright and inviting, protected by foothills from the ocean's foggy winds. A house in Encino near Al Jolson, Phil Harris, and Edward Everett Horton might be just about right. Or at Toluca Lake with Bing Crosby and Jimmie Fidler as neighbors.

Even that is only a partial solution. Bergen would still have to guard against even the slightest infection, because he would still have to come to town for rehearsals, broadcasts, and picture work—and winter-time in Los Angeles, all Chamber of Commerce blurbs to the contrary, can provide some mighty wet days.

Naturally, Bergen is reluctant to submit to another operation to remove that tonsil root. He's not certain that it's causing any trouble, to begin with. Removing it might not do a bit of good. He has his duties to the Chase and Sanborn people, and to the listeners who

matinees a week, at the Coconut Grove. Later, until a few weeks ago, I was working every day at the studio making *The Goldwyn Follies*. I finished that picture, and my first one with Universal wasn't ready, so I had no occasion to go through my routine except at the Saturday night rehearsals and on the show the following day. That, coupled with the cold I had, might have made my voice sound different."

Undoubtedly the greatest sacrifice that Bergen could make would be to lay aside the three-foot figure that for seventeen years has been his constant associate.

But, tragedy though it would be, Bergen is prepared for just such an emergency. If anything should happen to his voice, he knows exactly what he would do—settle down in a medium-sized city, about the size of Evansville, Indiana, and not too near a big city. There he would own and operate a theater, or rather a clinic of the theater, experimenting with Sunday-night concerts, Saturday-night vaudeville, little theater dramatics, especially constructed movie programs. That is, if the film moguls did not persuade him to tarry in Hollywood in an advisory capacity.

But what will ultimately happen to the inimitable McCarthy and the gifted Bergen rests with the gods . . . may they be merciful to the pair's admirers! Chances are good that a change of climate will dispel the menace that clouds Edgar Bergen's career and threatens Charlie McCarthy's life. Happily, Bergen has not become panicky over the possibility of trouble to his vocal chords. He recognizes the danger, and knows how he must fight it—with vigilance, care, common sense. And that is more than half the battle.



**Adore Martha Raye,
or condemn her, but
let her dramatic life
story tell why she
traded happiness for
Hollywood fortune**

Cry BEFORE NIGHT

Menace to public taste, rightful target of women's club's wrath, or merely amusing, beautiful young clown with tremendous zest for living? However you feel, Martha Raye this year has become one of the biggest names in the entertainment world. When she makes personal appearances, attendance records topple. When she sings on the Al Jolson program, her worshippers sit at the loudspeaker in hushed admiration.

So, RADIO MIRROR brings you the dramatic life story of this powerful contender for public favor, a biography best described by the old proverb, "Laugh before breakfast, cry before night."

It was not much more than a year ago that a nineteen-year-old girl unpacked her bags in a small Hollywood hotel, looked out of the window at the sea of brightly colored lights which at night is the most famous "little city" in the world and yelled out—for the relief of her own soul, for there was no one else in the room—"Oh, boy!"

She was an awkward, dark-haired girl with a big smile. She could sing a little, dance a little, make people laugh a lot. And Hollywood was going to be her oyster. Her name was Martha Raye.

Success comes seldom—even in the "little city" of miracles—with the swiftness it has come to Martha. When she came to Hollywood she was practically unknown. She was not new to the theater; her parents were vaudevillians, and Martha practically was born in a costume trunk. But her audience thus far had been limited to the patrons of a few stay-open-late clubs and vaudeville theaters where she had tried out her individual songs and impersonations. She was on her way, but not even Martha—who was a pretty confident young person—knew how fast she would cover the ground to the top.

Today, Martha has realized her every dream. She is a star of films and radio. Her weekly income from both is said to exceed \$2,000 a week, a figure which catapults Martha into the highest income tax brackets. Every time she makes a personal appearance, she

plays to a sold-out house. Everywhere she goes, she is besieged by mobs of adoring fans, boys and girls and adult men and women who will wait for hours in the streets for a second's look at their "Oh, boy" girl. When she concluded her recent tour, "Variety," bible of the show business, said that Martha Raye was the biggest box-office draw in ten years.

MARTHA can have for the asking anything she wants. Anything, that is, money can buy. When she came to Hollywood she owned two evening dresses, and not very luxurious ones at that. Fashionists clustered about happily when Martha visited New York recently and unrolled enough cash to purchase a complete Schiaparelli wardrobe. She has more furs than she has occasions for wearing them, real jewelry, expensive cars. Martha Raye is a walking dream come true for every girl who dreams of a career in Hollywood.

It's the old story of Cinderella, except that Martha isn't having any fun at the ball.

Not happy? When in a year she has gained admiration, fortune, fame? But look at the opposite side of the ledger. In the same year what has she lost? Her first love, her marriage, her leisure, and the companionship of her friends.

The newspapers were buzzing with the details of Martha Raye's suit for divorce from her husband of three months, twenty-one-year old Hamilton "Buddy" Westmore when I found her backstage at the Columbia theater in Hollywood waiting to be called to rehearse for her weekly radio appearance. Perhaps it was not the psychological moment for direct questions, but one popped out.

"Was it worth it?"

"Look," she said. "It's nobody's fault. Not mine. Not his. Not anybody's. It's all over now, and it's better that way. You can't have—love—and that sort of thing, and a career, too. I have my job. See the reviews of my act in Detroit? This is a swell new arrangement of 'I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby.' . . . I'm singing it tomorrow night. Start my new picture Thursday, 'The Big Broadcast of 1938.' They're starring me in it. Starring me and W. C. Fields. . . ."

"But, so what . . . who am I fooling? I wish I'd never come to this town. I wish they'd drop me right now. I wish it'd never happened."

Probably the next day, Martha would be shouting her lusty "Oh, boy" again, grinning that infectious grin of hers at everybody she passed on the street, looking over the Hollywood oyster for another point of attack. But that night she wasn't in the mood for success stories, especially her own.

"So I'm the biggest box-office draw in ten years. What of it? It doesn't mean anything, inside.

"I suppose everyone does look at me and say 'That lucky kid! A year ago singing for her supper at the Century club and now look at her!' I suppose every little high school girl in the country whoever learned to tap dance wants to come to Hollywood and be a big success, like Martha Raye.

"Gosh, tell 'em to stay at home. Why should they want to leave their families and their friends, and their pretty little houses for this? Why, I'd trade places with them any day."

Martha had just locked the door on her own little house. A charming, rambling ranchhouse in the valley back of Hollywood. It stood for everything Martha and Buddy Westmore had meant their marriage to be: fun for two, "Away from it all," and love for two—in a serious try at making this Mr. and Mrs. thing work, despite the ever present threat of Hollywood.

It was almost funny—so funny that it was sad—the way Martha and Buddy gritted their teeth, glared at the cynical and set about being a normal honeymoon pair after their return from their elopement trip.

MARTHA showed up for radio rehearsal the first day after her return in a gingham house dress. It was "pardon my appearance but we have a lot of unpacking to do this evening and I won't have much time." She was bubbling with happiness. Everyone who offered felicitations had to look at her modest wedding ring, and the tiny charm rings, one for engagement, one for marriage, which Martha wore on a gold chain around her neck. They were just the right size, she explained blushing, for their first baby.

Of course Buddy didn't make much money, in the Hollywood sense. He was just a make-up artist at Paramount, where Martha was a budding star. But lots of other young couples had lived on less than his \$90 a week, and Martha intended to have a try at it. She'd put her money in the bank, save it for a rainy day when she was no longer wanted in pictures.

Martha and Buddy moved into a small Hollywood apartment, spent their evenings happily hanging pictures and drawing plans for the honeymoon house they would build in the valley, as soon as they could afford it. Martha cooked dinner every night, and burned her fingers just like any bride.

Her girl friends invited Martha to a shower, and she warned the guests in advance that only the most practical gifts would be acceptable. She was going to be a practical wife. So the guests, humoring her whim and hiding their skepticism, brought her red and white kitchen accessories, coffee and tea cans, wastebaskets and work ladders. There were even a red and white apron, and a rolling pin among the gifts.

Martha and Buddy



Paramount Photo

It takes a girl who's had twenty-one years of hard knocks to clown with a broken heart.



Fink

worked just as hard at their "fun for two." They were a normal couple in love, weren't they? They organized hayride parties, wore overalls, and ate hotdogs and doughnuts. They went on gay excursions to the amusement piers at the beach. Martha coaxed a week's vacation from the studio, and they put on hiking boots and went off for a week's camping in the mountains. Of course Buddy got fired from his job upon his return for his trouble—for the studio hadn't included him in its permission for a holiday—but he got another job right away, so what was the difference? They had had a honeymoon.

They just had time before Martha tore away for her long-scheduled personal appearance tour to buy their little house in the valley and choose its furnishings. Martha didn't see the completed picture before she left, but she had a personal hand in all of the shopping.

The new home was ready for the bride when she returned, and the young bridegroom carried her over

She was happy once, but her marriage to Buddy Westmore lasted only three months.

fortable farmhouse furniture which had looked so appealing in the shops looked even better now that the rugs were down and the draperies at the windows. The little house was a perfect setting for happiness for two; but Martha and Buddy lived there just two days.

What could have happened so suddenly to chill this blooming young romance? The gossips chattered of quarrels, of disagreements in public places. It was another man. It was another girl. It was money.

It was none of those things. It was just that Martha was a success. The public had chosen to adore her, so her life henceforward was not her own, but the public's.

The realization of this truth came upon her during her recent tour. It was not (Continued on page 88)

IS IT

Flaming Youth

AGAIN?

It began to seem, suddenly, that every magazine I picked up contained an article proving—or trying to prove—that 1938 Youth had thrown its bonnet over the windmill and reverted to the old post-War days when you couldn't mention the word without tacking "flaming" on in front of it. Case histories about goings-on in high school, statistics about unwed mothers—there they all were, in black type on white paper.

Well, I thought, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe all these things have been going on right in front of my unseeing eyes, while I've worried a little because the very young people I know appear to have lost all preoccupation with sex and romance. Political and economic problems seem to be their main interest, not personal ones. Here I've been mourning about the lost days when I and my friends used to sit in the back seat of a parked car and neck—that's what we called it then—while all the time these busy magazine researchers have been hot on the trail of a youth which makes the old "flaming" variety look tepid by comparison.

So maybe I was wrong. But I didn't believe it. I believed, instead, that all these charges of wholesale unchastity with which the writers were rushing pell-mell into type were the result of a total misconception.

That was why I was glad to talk to Cecil B. DeMille on that very subject. DeMille, it seemed to me, could give me an honest and unprejudiced answer. Of all people, it is his business to keep close watch on the mental and moral attitude of the nation. He produced successful pictures for the young people of that "flaming" era I mentioned. He is still producing them, and they are still successful, for the young people of today. He is directing a weekly radio program,



AN INTERVIEW WITH CECIL B. DEMILLE BY KAY PROCTOR

the Lux Theater, and the public has signified that it likes what he gives it in this medium too. No man could build such a record of successful showmanship, extending over such a long period of years, and remain unaware of his public's moral outlook.

I found him in the midst of one of his rehearsals for the Lux Radio Theater. All about him was bustling activity—a large cast intently working on lines of dialogue, technicians perfecting sound effects, secretaries rushing back and forth. Yet DeMille, by a strange concentration on the problem I had put before him, seemed to have drawn a curtain which shut them all out. When he answered my questions, it was in a slow, thoughtful voice.

"It's difficult," he said, "to find the right words to present the truth, and even more difficult to find the truth in the maze of misunderstanding we get into whenever we try to discuss young people. I do believe this, however. All these charges—" he indicated several of the magazine articles damning youth which I had brought with me—"are a misdirection of truth.

"Knowledge is being confused with immorality. That's the heart of the whole problem. To know about a thing need not mean to believe in it. Today's youth responds to purity as never before. We have proof of that all about us."

He pointed to one paragraph, a few lines which proclaimed that last year there were fifty thousand unmarried mothers in the United States, according to statistics.

"How can they call that an argument that youth is morally worse today than twenty years ago?" he asked. "Twenty years ago, no one so much as spoke in so-called polite society (Continued on page 75)



Have today's children exchanged purity for disillusionment? The frank answer of a man whose finger is on the nation's moral pulse



SPONSORED BY • •

• THE CANDID CAMERA



Exclusive in Radio Mirror, a new picture program in four glorious pages—presenting, first of all, tantalizing Dorothy Lamour!



A glittering successor to the old Show Boat is the M-G-M, Maxwell House Good News of 1938, pictured on this page. Eleanor Powell, above, tapdanced on the first show.

THE LION AND THE COFFEE POT



Fink

Previews are the things these days, so Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford emote.



Fink

Robert Young and the late Ted Healy; below, Florence Rice and James Stewart.



CAMERA GOES TO TOWN



Rudy Vallee gets hot at Palm Springs and so does Hyman Fink, our ace snaphooter, who caught Rudy doing a clarinet solo.



Above, a dramatic shot of Raymond Paige as he directs the Hollywood Hotel orchestra. Below, old friends Jessel, Cantor, and Benny.



Below, Hymie saved this shot of Martha Raye, Jolson, and Sonja Henie from those he took specially for this month's new cover idea.



All pictures on this page by Hyman Fink

With Amos 'n' Andy
it's perfect team-
work all the time.



GALLERY GLIMPSES

Fred Waring's loss is Dick Powell's gain—Rosemary Lane, above, recently Fred's soloist, is now on Dick's Lucky Strike program.

Scotty Welbourne

... and left is proof that Dick knows he's getting a beautiful co-star. Tune these two in every Wednesday night at ten on NBC.

Elmer Fryer

In pensive mood, Tony Martin, Alice Faye's bridegroom and Gracie Allen's not-so-secret sorrow on her Monday night NBC broadcasts.

Gene Korman



Lights Out!

THE 13TH CORPSE

Warning—This story is exclusively for those without nerves

**By ARCH
OBOLER
FICTIONIZED by
NORTON RUSSELL**

DECORATION by BELAR

Devotees of the weird and unusual in radio programs should listen—if they don't already—to the Lights Out series on NBC every Wednesday at half an hour after midnight. It is to them that this fictionization of one of the most thrilling Lights Out dramas is dedicated. Frankly written to shock and horrify, frankly supernatural in theme, it's recommended only for readers who are willing to take such matters in their stride.

THERE was nothing in the air that night to warn them. The campus drowsed in the chill darkness of early spring. The stars glittered wanly through the bare branches of the oaks and the elms. Professor Hayden's old car stood, as it always did, at the curbing before his house. There was nothing to tell these three young men, as they stepped into the car, that they were starting a trail that would carry them to murder, to horror, madness, and death.

The motor sputtered and missed as Bill stepped on the ignition. The two other boys crowded into the front seat beside him glanced around uneasily.

One of them laughed. "It's a good thing old Prof. Hayden's deaf. If he ever heard us out here and found out we'd been borrowing his car every Saturday night to take dates out, we wouldn't be members of the undergraduate body at dear old Clinton U. any longer!"

"Y'all don't think he will find out, do you, Merv?" said the other, who would be fat by the time he was thirty.

"Ask Bill, Wally—he's our master mind!"

"Fella," Bill said laconically, "there's always a chance anything we do'll be found out. It hasn't yet. So?"

"Right!" Merv chuckled. "If there's a rule around this old college we three haven't broken, it hasn't been written yet. Quit your worrying, Wally. Leave it all

to Uncle Bill and we'll go right on having our fun Saturday nights, and the rest of the time we'll be nice little college boys taking a nice little medical course and in a couple of years we'll be nice little doctors."

The motor suddenly roared lustily.

"Let's start," Wally urged. "Them gals sho' goin' be mad, waitin' at that corner all this time. Y'know, I think—"

"Look who's comin' down the street," said Bill.

Gray, like part of the sidewalk moving, they could see little Sam Lee, a Chinaman of no age anyone knew. He was carrying his little basket of flowers on his arm.

"Two bits worth of Sam Lee's posies and we'll have the girls back in the right mood in a minute," Bill explained.

"Still the master-mind, Bill," Merv said admiringly. Then, in a horrible parody of pidgin English, he called: "Hi, Sam Lee! Got pretty flower for sell college boy?"

Sam Lee, the yellow dry skin of his face crinkling in a wide grin, was beside the car. He bowed and rummaged in his basket, then held out three small bunches of fresh marigolds.

"How much?" Bill snapped.

"Seventy-fi' cents, please. Velly nice flowers."

"Hey, China boy," Bill said in mock dismay. "They ain't made o' platinum, are they? Give you two bits for the lot."

Sam Lee's smile remained. "No, please. Must have seventy-fi cents."

"Go on," Merv said. "You don't eat more than a nickel's worth of rice a day. What you need money for, Sam Lee?"

"Give money to Mr. Sun Ti, so when Sam Lee die he send me back to rest with honorable ancestors."

The three boys let out hoots of derision. "Ain't this country good enough for you (Continued on page 70)

LET me make it clear that my ideas on Roosevelt were not always the same. When I visited him for the first time two years ago, I received a real New Deal Meal—at the end a cup of coffee with only one piece of sugar on the dish. Apparently in the White House, they intended to try me out first. At this I decided still more to become a Republican because I have always liked elephants better than donkeys. But then, I thought, perhaps the high taxes I have to pay for my American editions would become less, if I wrote in favor of the New Deal. When I was informed that taxes depend only upon the price of the books—to pay less taxes I had only to write shorter books—the text was not at all interesting to Mr. Morgenthau—then my sympathy for Mr. Roosevelt again received a blow.

Later on I made better acquaintance with him and I found him, although a President, extremely interesting. As I received on later occasions also more sugar, I decided to study him.

If a foreigner enters a family, sometimes he sees with his fresh eyes things which to the family remain hidden. First, because he does not know the internal differences, he looks at the entire situation more naively. So I compared this man first with the leaders of Europe—I know nearly all of them. Second with historical predecessors, men who did in similar situations similar things. So you find in my book, parallels in the Plutarchic manner between Roosevelt and Hoover, Roosevelt and Hitler, Roosevelt and Al Smith, Roosevelt and Theodore Roosevelt, Roosevelt and Lincoln.

For I worked more as a psychologist than as a political expert. I was never a member of any political party, even in my own country. I am only a man hunter—instead of collecting stamps and butterflies, I collect men. I put them in a kind of aquarium of

glass, where I look on their movements. If they are past or present men makes no difference. As an analyst in human characters, it is my business to make dead heroes live and to send living men back through the centuries. When I said to Mr. Roosevelt, "I regret you are still living," he laughed. He understood.

When Mr. Roosevelt came into my aquarium, my American friends stood around in a state of great excitement.

One said: "Look at that fish. He is not swimming in a sincere way."

Then another said: "Even so, he swims straight and fine."

Another indignant voice: "What does that mean if he uses always the wrong method?"

Another: "And what price will there be for this spectacular swimming? Hopeless indebtedness for future unborn little fishes!"

Still another unfriendly voice: "Look, that fish is red and he is surrounded with other red fishes. I tell you he is entirely poisoned with bolshevist poison."

And then one final shout: "This is a mad fish. And Mr. Ludwig is interested in pathological characters."

Yes, lecturing through this country, I was sometimes in an astonishing situation for a foreigner—to defend the President of the United States against his own countrymen.

Of Mr. Roosevelt's critics, two classes do not interest me—the rich who complain over their taxes and the Republicans who are simply party rivals. That's usual. But there are other independent earnest men against him. I asked them if they voted for him. They said "Yes." And all of them amazed me by saying, "He saved the country in 1933 but now he becomes a dictator."

To decide this question we must study Mr. Roosevelt's character. In order to understand his character,



Pictures, Inc.

BY EMIL LUDWIG

EDITOR'S NOTE

The greatest biographer of his time met his most important subject when Emil Ludwig began a life story of Franklin D. Roosevelt. At a banquet to celebrate the serial publication of this dramatic document in LIBERTY magazine, Ludwig made the speech which is printed here. Although it was broadcast over the NBC network, time commitments made it necessary to cut the conclusion off the air. RADIO MIRROR is proud to bring the complete address to its readers.

In the introductory speech to Ludwig, Fulton Oursler, LIBERTY'S editor, said, "Biography has been defined as the study of you and me, the history of the life of an individual written as literature. To this task came Ludwig, the poet. Between twenty and thirty he had written twelve plays, six of them staged, and all of them in verse. Before that he had tried to earn an honest living in legal and mercantile pursuits; until thirty he had never written prose at all. Now his portrait is finished. We who have read it believe that he has written something that is fine and true, and of permanent value."

Why

I thought I had to see his origin.

The old farm, where he is still today only the son of the house—a modest old country house without luxury but with a certain old independent dignity. Always in history there were such country gentlemen to help the poor against the rich by their own conviction. Such men were always fought by their own class. Always this kind of man was attacked from both sides.

In this sense let me compare Roosevelt with another country gentleman, Count Mirabeau, who also revolted against his own ruling class and urged it to avoid revolution by large and generous concessions. Had he lived longer, he perhaps would have hindered the revolution. Like Roosevelt, Mirabeau was suspected by all

**A broadcast to
challenge all
Americans! By
one whose own
nation traded
democracy for
a dictatorship**



Hate Roosevelt?

Acme

classes. Like Roosevelt, Mirabeau worked out a middle road between reaction and radicalism. Like Roosevelt, Mirabeau tried to reconcile the growing hatred and to alter the old system, to change it little by little without destroying it.

Europeans do not look upon Roosevelt's ideas as new. When I was a small boy we played with the stamps which Bismarck introduced half a century ago for insurance of old age for our cook and maid. Other social reforms have been made in the last twenty years in Moscow, Rome, Berlin. In such dissimilar systems we find the same collective power of the state over economics. To do it here is surprising only because it has been done so late. It is not what Roosevelt had done

but how he did it. How he educated men to think about new ways; how he arrived at great reforms without any force, without any limitations of free speech and of Congress—that is what interested us Europeans. He used the old rights and he did not abolish anything and yet he reached some aim, which in other countries is forced upon the citizens by fear and terror.

I am certain that the sons of the rich who hate him today will erect a monument fifty years from now to the "Memory of the man who tried to save Capitalism."

But there are other objections to him which are still more important for us Europeans. He would involve his country in European (Continued on page 61)



'Tain't funny!

HERE'S another in RADIO MIRROR'S gallery of rib-tickling Radio-Broadcasts—presenting Jim and Marion Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly. . . . It's early afternoon at the McGees as we tune in and Fibber has plunked himself down in his favorite chair with the newspaper, when suddenly Molly gets an idea. Their supply of coal being nearly gone, she's decided that before the new delivery arrives the fruit cellar would be a better place for the coal, and the coal bin a better place for the jars of preserved fruit. So here, at 79 Wistful Vista, arguing it out, we find Fibber McGee and Molly:

FIBBER: That's a bum idea, Molly.

MOLLY: Don't be silly, McGee. I want to move the fruit into the coal room because it's too close to the furnace where it is now.

FIBBER: Sounds like a lot of hard work for nothing, to me. Say, did you see in the paper here where. . . .

MOLLY: Now don't change the subject, McGee. If you'd worked over a hot stove all summer putting those preserves up, you'd be more interested.

FIBBER: Don't worry, I helped with that stuff. I tightened the covers on so many of them jars that for three weeks afterward, every time I come in the house, I'd twist the doorknob off!

MOLLY: Oh dear. . . .

FIBBER: Ahem. I see here there's a good race horse picture playing down at the Bijou.

MOLLY: Race horse picture?

FIBBER: Yep. . . . "The story of Louie's Pasture."

MOLLY: Well, we're not going.

FIBBER: They got a daredevil act on the bill,

Step right up, folks! Join our laugh parade led by two of the air's most rollicking clowns. Meet Fibber, the tantalizing teller of tall tales and Molly, who really thinks he's a panic



McGee



Molly, we certainly ought to watch.

MOLLY: Oh, that fellow. I hear he dives off a tower fifty feet high into a tub of water only ten feet deep.

FIBBER: Humph! Shucks, Molly, that ain't nothin'.

MOLLY: Nothin'? Dive off a fifty foot tower into ten feet of water?

FIBBER: Heck no. I used to dive off a hundred foot tower. . . . into a cup of coffee!

MOLLY: Heavenly days.

FIBBER: . . . with an anvil under each arm!

MOLLY: McGee!

(Continued on page 79)



RESURRA

By HORACE BROWN

DECORATION BY RAYMOND SISLEY

The most inspiring and thrilling ten minutes in many months of radio listening came when Boris Karloff read this soliloquy on Rudy Vallee's NBC program. RADIO MIRROR is proud and happy to publish such an unforgettable prose poem, by permission of its author, Horace Brown, script editor of the Canadian Broadcasting Commission.

TIME . . . nightfall. Today . . . or tomorrow. Scene . . . a place of crosses, dimly white . . . endless white crosses marching row on row up through a swirling mist to the top of a high hill . . . a hill that is shrouded in torn fragments of cloud, scudding under the chill November sky at dusk. Out of the mist, we hear a voice. . . .

Why am I here . . . this earth-bound clay, mid-thrust 'twixt heaven and hell, is not the answer to eternity. O God, why am I here?

I wander down the world, but I go unseen. No friendly hands reach out to quell the horror of my emptiness. I bend to play with laughing children, and find their laughter stilled. I cup a rose to grasp in hunger at its beauty, and the petals fall away. I cry in vain for understanding. . . .

Once again men talk of war. The sky darkens, and a leaden hail descends. Winged legions thunder through the twilight, East and West, North and South. Hunger and fear and blood walk in silence through the streets of death. I cry aloud for peace, but no one heeds my cry.

They shut their stupid ears. Hear me, I say! *Hear me and live!* They hear me not.

Then . . . why am I here? . . . some distant message beats in my brain, forbidding me the balm of sleep. Some words are there that even yet can save man from himself, if I could remember. But I am betrayed by all the mists of lust and greed and pain that rise around me.

Why have they not let me sleep?

I remember that April afternoon, when I first fell. The world trembled with the shock of barrage, as we struggled over poisoned ground. My comrades were melting away around me. Suddenly I stood alone . . . No fear was in my heart, only gladness, as I embraced the ultimate moment. I was being called to rest.

I felt pain, and yet there was no pain. I stood outside myself, and watched that insane, twisted thing, that had been my home for three and thirty-years leap and writhe



CTION

The month's most inspiring broadcast, to be read and treasured!

in frightful torment. But in this detached part of me there was no pain, and I slept. . .

Why was I not left alone?

They wakened me with clanging shovels. It was raining. The mud clung to my coffin . . . good, clean, wet mud. I was awake again, and yet I knew that I was dead. As they placed my clay upon a cart, they spoke in coarse voices, and carried me away.

And then I could not sleep. That inner voice kept urging me to wakefulness. My clay did not move, but my soul lived. I was resurrected!

They took me on a boat. I smelt the sea; the fog engulfed me; I almost slept again. But they came and spoke in hushed voices, and asked each other who I was, and no one knew. And I could not tell them for I did not know myself. It was then I first had knowledge of words to speak, if I could but remember.

They gave me a name. They called me the Unknown Soldier . . . Kings and statesmen came and bowed before me; Archbishops prayed; Soldiers stood rigid at attention. And I suffered. I longed to speak, but words would not come.

They haunted me, those words. I knew that I had spoken them a long, long time ago . . . There comes to me at times a vision of a flatshored sea, and fishermen stand around those shores mending their nets and gossiping. And I see myself coming towards those men. But as I start to speak, my words are lost in the laughter of guns, the chuckle of pain, the grin of death.

Then why am I resurrected, why am I tormented with a thousand hells in one memory unremembered? Surely there must be compassion somewhere, a tenderness to heal my wounded soul and make me whole again. Surely the rain does not fall, the grass turn green, and man reach upward toward a truth, if there be not some purpose.

That distant message beats again upon my brain, words that saved man once . . . words that may save man again.

I see a hill . . . a stark and lonely hill. I see three crosses, monstrous tall against the stricken sky. I see a man . . . his arms outstretched . . . a young man. . . !

. . . Now I remember . . . now I recall those words I spoke a long, long time ago.

. . . I said, "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do."

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RESURRECTION

By HORACE BROWN

DECORATION BY RAYMOND SISLEY

The most inspiring and thrilling ten minutes in many months of radio listening came when Boris Karloff read this soliloquy on Rudy Vallee's NBC program. RADIO MIRROR is proud and happy to publish such an unforgettable prose poem, by permission of its author, Horace Brown, script editor of the Canadian Broadcasting Commission.

TIME . . . nightfall. Today . . . or tomorrow. Scene . . . a place of crosses, dimly white . . . endless white crosses marching row on row up through a swirling mist to the top of a high hill . . . a hill that is shrouded in torn fragments of cloud, scudding under the chill November sky at dusk. Out of the mist, we hear a voice. . .

Why am I here . . . this earth-bound clay, mid-thrust 'twixt heaven and hell, is not the answer to eternity. O God, why am I here?

I wander down the world, but I go unseen. No friendly hands reach out to quell the horror of my emptiness. I bend to play with laughing children, and find their laughter stilled. I cup a rose to grasp in hunger at its beauty, and the petals fall away. I cry in vain for understanding. . .

Once again men talk of war. The sky darkens, and a leaden hail descends. Winged legions thunder through the twilight, East and West, North and South. Hunger and fear and blood walk in silence through the streets of death. I cry aloud for peace, but no one heeds my cry.

They shut their stupid ears. Hear me, I say! Hear me and live! They hear me not.

Then . . . why am I here? . . . some distant message beats in my brain, forbidding me the balm of sleep. Some words are there that even yet can save man from himself, if I could remember. But I am betrayed by all the mists of lust and greed and pain that rise around me.

Why have they not let me sleep?

I remember that April afternoon, when I first fell. The world trembled with the shock of barrage, as we struggled over poisoned ground. My comrades were melting away around me. Suddenly I stood alone . . . No fear was in my heart, only gladness, as I embraced the ultimate moment. I was being called to rest.

I felt pain, and yet there was no pain. I stood outside myself, and watched that insane, twisted thing, that had been my home for three and thirty-years leap and writhe

The month's most inspiring broadcast, to be read and treasured!

in frightful torment. But in this detached part of me there was no pain, and I slept. . .

Why was I not left alone?

They wakened me with clanging shovels. It was raining. The mud clung to my coffin . . . good, clean, wet mud. I was awake again, and yet I knew that I was dead. As they placed my clay upon a cart, they spoke in coarse voices, and carried me away.

And then I could not sleep. That inner voice kept urging me to wakefulness. My clay did not move, but my soul lived. I was resurrected!

They took me on a boat. I smelt the sea; the fog engulfed me; I almost slept again. But they came and spoke in hushed voices, and asked each other who I was, and no one knew. And I could not tell them for I did not know myself. It was then I first had knowledge of words to speak, if I could but remember.

They gave me a name. They called me the Unknown Soldier . . . Kings and statesmen came and bowed before me: Archbishops prayed: Soldiers stood rigid at attention. And I suffered. I longed to speak, but words would not come.

They haunted me, those words. I knew that I had spoken them a long, long time ago . . . There comes to me at times a vision of a flatshored sea, and fishermen stand around those shores mending their nets and gossiping. And I see myself coming towards those men. But as I start to speak, my words are lost in the laughter of guns, the chuckle of pain, the grin of death.

Then why am I resurrected, why am I tormented with a thousand hells in one memory unremembered? Surely there must be compassion somewhere, a tenderness to heal my wounded soul and make me whole again. Surely the rain does not fall, the grass turn green, and man reach upward toward a truth, if there be not some purpose.

That distant message beats again upon my brain, words that saved man once . . . words that may save man again.

I see a hill . . . a stark and lonely hill. I see three crosses, monstrous tall against the stricken sky. I see a man . . . his arms outstretched . . . a young man. . .

. . . Now I remember . . . now I recall those words I spoke a long, long time ago.

. . . I said, "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do."

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FOLLOW THE MOON



Beginning a romantic new serial of adventurous youth in love. Read for the first time the complete fiction story of this thrilling radio drama

**STARRING ELSIE HITZ AND NICK DAWSON
BY JOHN TUCKER BATTLE—FICTIONIZED BY DAN WHEELER**

ILLUSTRATED BY DAUSSA

With publication of the Life of Mary Sothern even more successful than had been hoped, the editors herewith bring you a new serial, fictionized from the radio program of the same name. Read the complete story up to date, then be sure to tune in every day to your CBS station, at 5:00, for further adventures. Our thanks to Nick Dawson, Elsie Hitz, John Tucker Battle and the sponsors, Pebeco Toothpaste.

JEAN PAGE turned in her saddle and looked back, down the trail, to where San Joaquin Valley lay wrapped in the violet shadows of dust. And suddenly she shivered, for no reason except that she was tired and wanted, unaccountably, to lay her head on Callie's ample bosom and cry a little. Try as she might, she couldn't banish from her mind the vision of the church as it must have been that morning—filled with well-dressed, whispering people, some of them shocked, some of them moved to smothered hilarity as it slowly dawned upon them that Jean Page, of San Francisco's upper-crust society, had left her groom waiting at the church.

She saw, too, Bart's face as it must have looked when he learned the truth—that rather than marry him she had run away; and this vision hurt her more than the first. Because she liked Bart, and she had always liked him, even if she had realized, almost too late, that liking can never take the place of love. Bart was her childhood friend, he was her father's trusted aide and confidential secretary, he was charming and witty and handsome—but there was something he lacked. Pride, integrity, solidity—whatever it was, it was something Jean Page's husband would have to have.

Bart would never have fitted into the Moonstone, for instance. She wondered, now, how she had ever deluded herself into the notion that the Moonstone was the ideal place for them to spend their honeymoon. Simply because she herself had never been so happy anywhere else—that was no reason for thinking that Bart would enjoy a ramshackle one-room-and-lean-to cabin, perched up in a cleft of the mountains above the San Joaquin. She could even see him, if he were with her now, wrinkling his nose in distaste at the primitive loneliness of the country.

And it was primitive, all right, and lonely too. It would have to be, to afford shelter for the man the police seemed to think was hiding somewhere in these mountains right now. Leaving her car in Bristow before she hired a horse for the climb to the Moonstone, she had caught sight of a poster excitedly announcing a five thousand dollar reward for a villainous-looking man with a rough black beard, whose picture was on the poster—"the Parson," mail robber and murderer.

The thought that the Parson might be lurking behind that tall tree over there would have worried Bart, she reflected. It only excited her.

Just the same, it was going to be a comfort to have Callie at the Moonstone when she got there—Callie, the epitome of faithfulness, who had mothered her ever since she was a baby, when her mother had died.

Darkness came faster than the livery-stable pony could pick his way up the steep trail to the Moonstone. She was still a quarter of a mile down the trail when a rattle of falling stones above announced the approach of another horseman. Jean clutched the small pistol she always carried with her when she went into these mountains. But her fingers relaxed when the rider



came into sight. It was only Callie, lumpishly astride an unlucky pony. Her teeth gleamed in the blackness of her face when she sighted Jean.

"Lawd, Honey, Ah'm glad to see you," she announced. "Ah wasn't goin' to stay in dat dark cabin alone—Why, wheah-at's Mr. Bart?"

Callie, Jean knew, was the only person in the world whom she could have borne, just now, to tell about what she had done. For Callie accepted the news with simple understanding, asked no questions and turned the conversation to another subject.

"Sheriff McGill was up dis afternoon," she told

Can Jean find happiness in her love for Clay, a fugitive from justice?

Jean. "Out lookin' fer dat Parson." Callie shivered, and let it be known that she wouldn't like to meet up with that murdering rascal; then went on to say that the Sheriff had asked if he could come up to the Moonstone in the morn-

ing to see Jean and meet her new husband.

"I suppose I'll have to get used to telling people there is no new husband," Jean thought ruefully.

Their ponies rounded a spur of rock, and suddenly they were at Moonstone—a grassy, V-shaped cleft in the mountains. Towering up on both sides, they increased the darkness in the clearing.

"Why, Callie," Jean asked in surprise. "Didn't you leave a light burning for us?"

"No Ma'am," Callie admitted guiltily. "It wasn't quite dark when Ah started to saddle de horse, an' Ah—Ah forgot to go back in the house."

Jean laughed. "You didn't want to, you mean. Callie, you're an old coward!"

The cabin did look dark, and somehow forbidding, as Jean dismounted before it. Callie stuck close to her heels as she walked up the steps and pushed the creaking door open. She knew where every article of furniture in the room stood, and she went straight to the table, found the lamp, and began to fumble for matches. But except for the lamp, the table was bare.

"Callie," she said, "What did you do with the matches?"

"Ah left 'em dere on de table, like Ah always does," Callie, behind her, said defensively.

Jean groped some more. "Well, they're not here!"

"Dey must be!" Callie said, with terror in her voice.

"Maybe I can help you," said a man's voice from out of the darkness across the table.

Jean was not the screaming kind. But she had to grasp the edge of the table to steady herself.

"Who—who are you?" she gasped.

"My name's Clay Bannister, Sister." The voice was deep, rich, strong, with an undercurrent of amusement in it, and suddenly Jean lost her fright and became angry.

"Well, whoever you are, light that lamp and tell me what you're doing here," she ordered. "And don't try any tricks. I have a gun here and I know how to use it!"

"Sorta hate to do that, Sister—my friends all tell me I'm a lot better lookin' in the dark."

She heard the boards of the floor creak, as if he had taken a furtive step, and she cried out in sudden panic:

"Stand where you are! What are you doing in my cabin?"

"Didn't know it was yours, Sister. It looked empty and I just figured on spendin' the night here. Down where I come from that ain't no crime."

"And where is that?"

"Arizona."

Jean fingered the butt of the pistol in her hand. There was something ridiculous in all this—standing in the dark, conversing with an unseen man while Callie quaked at the door. At least, she hoped Callie was still there.

"Light that lamp!" she ordered sharply.

"Oh well, if you say so," he agreed. A match sputtered, and against the curtain of blackness she suddenly saw his face—young, thin, bronzed from the sun and wind. He was hatless, and a shock of red hair gleamed dully in the light of the match.

He touched the flame to the wick of the lamp, and as she watched him it seemed that there was something oddly familiar about his face. . . . It was not long ago she had seen it. . . . And then, with a sharp catch of her breath, she knew: This man was the Parson! The beard was gone, but the eyes were the same.

The description on the poster had mentioned red hair. And—yes, there was a small scar on his right cheek. The poster had mentioned that too.

There was only one thing wrong. The man on the poster had looked villainous and frightened. This man didn't. He looked clean and decent, and his eyes, as he looked up from the lamp, were friendly and unafraid.

"There you are, Sister," he said cheerfully. "Feel better now?"

"Stand right where you are," Jean ordered, "and keep your hands above the table. Callie, take his gun away from him."

"Lawd, Miss Jean, don't ask me to hannel no gun!"

He laughed outright at that. "Can't say I blame you, Callie," he said. "They go off right sudden, sometimes."

"What are you doing in these mountains?" Jean asked, trying to ignore his levity.

"Why—huntin', Miss Jean."

"You don't look like a hunter to me."

"Well, perhaps I should have said I was huntin' for a job."

She flicked her eyes at his cowboy shirt and denim jeans. "There aren't any cows in this country."

"No? Didn't figure there was. I thought I might get work down in the valley—berry-pickin', or somethin'."

Without taking her eyes off him, Jean spoke rapidly.

"Callie, take my horse and ride down to Bristow. Tell Sheriff McGill I think I have the Parson here. I'll hold him until you come back."

"What makes you think I'm the Parson?"

"You look like him. You answer his description. And no man looking for a job picking berries would go around with a pistol strapped to his side."

"Very clever." And again he smiled.

"But suppose you're wrong, and I'm not the Parson?"

"I don't want you around here anyway. Callie, are you going?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Only—is yo' sure yo'll be all right?"

"Yes, of course, I'll—" Jean broke off. The Parson's eyes were fixed on some point behind her. As she watched, he said tensely:

"Don't move, either of you!"

There was a stifled gasp of terror from Callie, but Jean only said irritably, "Please don't try that old trick on me. I know there's nobody behind me."

The next moment, as if by magic, the Parson's pistol was in his hand, roaring in the tiny room. Jean's trigger-finger acted independently of her will, and her pistol added its voice to the other's.

Then there was silence. The Parson quietly returned his gun to his holster.

"Look around," he said. "You missed, but I didn't."

Jean turned. There, not four feet away from her, was a huge rattlesnake, still writhing in its death agonies.

"I just happened to see it," the Parson explained. "They come into places like this sometimes to get warm. I—" A puzzled look came to his face; he put his hand to his shoulder. It (Continued on page 77)

WARNING!

Reserve your copy of
the April issue now if you want
to be sure of reading the second
instalment of this ex-
citing serial



Posed especially for Radio Mirror Magazine

CROSBY *Takes it Big*

The camera tells tales on
the Kraft Music Hall's host



Once a year Bing Crosby takes time out to pose for pictures and this year RADIO MIRROR got first choice. At the top, Bob Burns is hushing Dr. C's vocal efforts, and—above—shows him how to sell a song. Right, Bing and John Scott Trotter listen approvingly to Bob's bazooka solo.

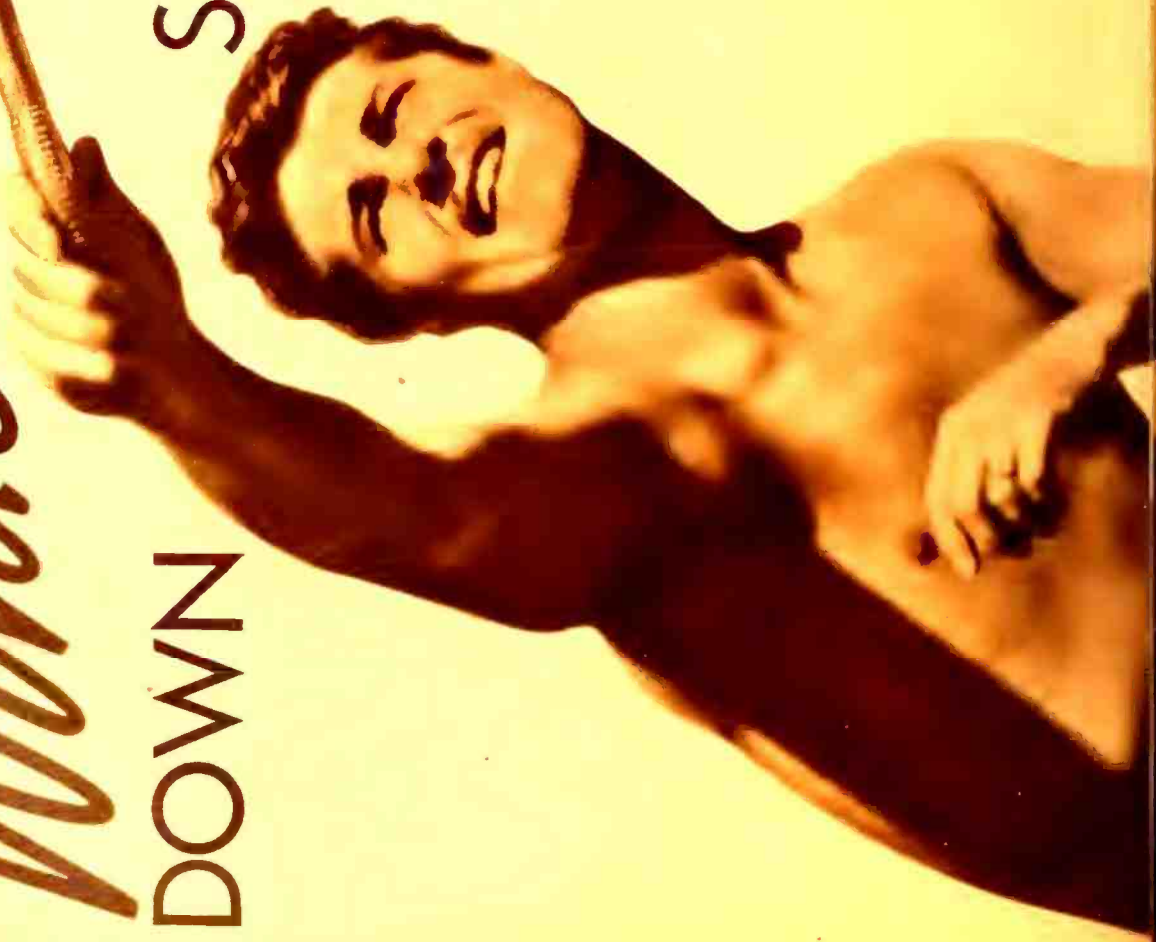


WHEN IT'S

Winter time

DOWN

SOUTH



While the sun mocks the frozen north, Don heads for Palm Springs after his Sunday broadcast whenever his movie bosses forget to watch him, and turns from a matinee idol to a bronzed athlete.



Photos through courtesy of 20th Century-Fox



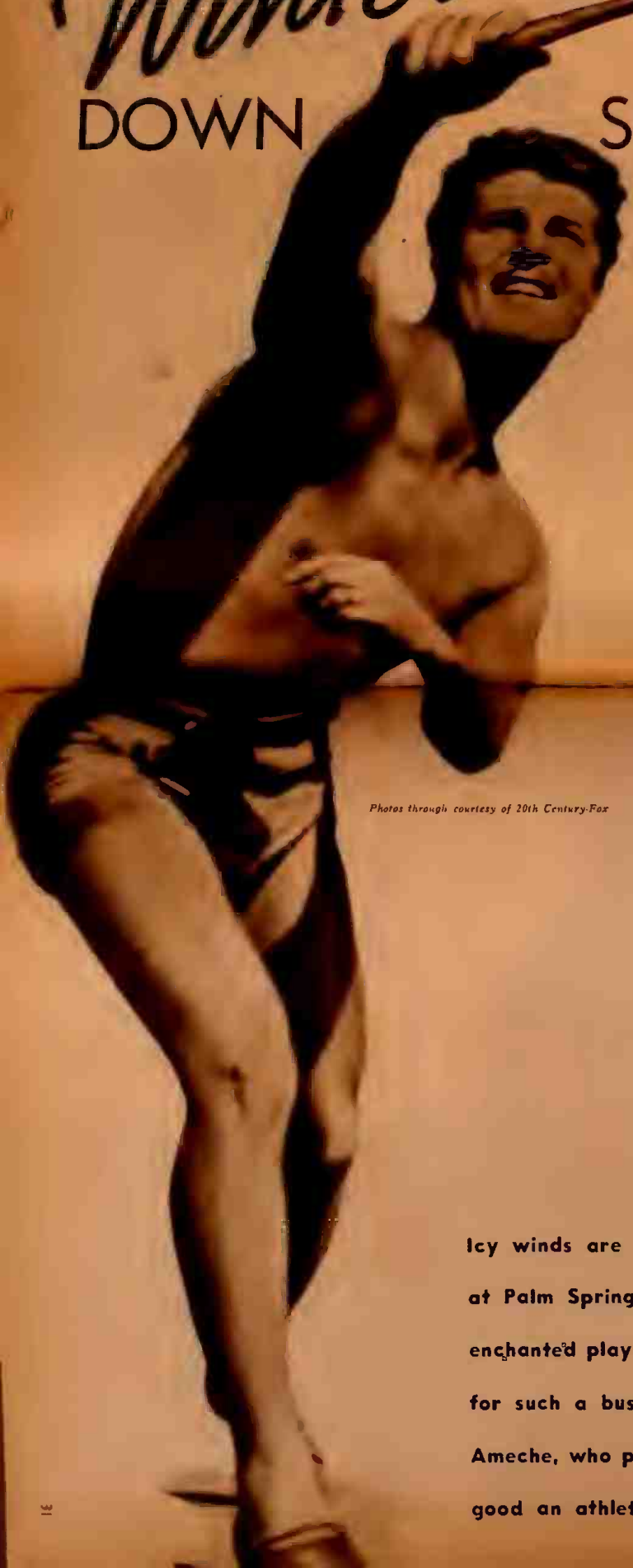
There's nothing broadcasting or movie making can do to the nerves that some sport on these pages won't fix—bicycling, high diving, swimming, or taking a brisk canter in this valley of the sun.



**Icy winds are gentle breezes
at Palm Springs, Hollywood's
enchanted playground—haven
for such a busy star as Don
Ameche, who proves to be as
good an athlete as an actor**

WHEN IT'S *Winter time*

DOWN SOUTH



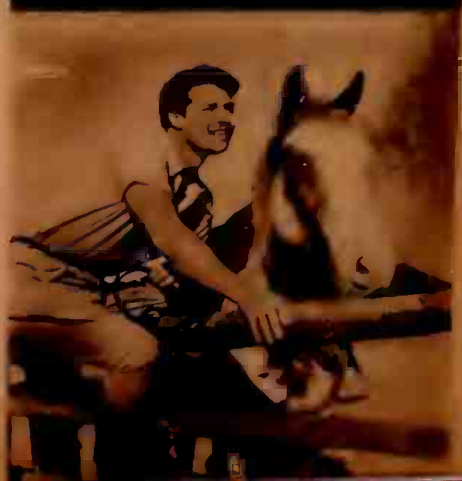
Photos through courtesy of 20th Century-Fox



While the sun mocks the frozen north, Dan heads for Palm Springs after his Sunday broadcast whenever his movie bosses forget to watch him, and turns from a movie idol to a bronzed athlete.



There's nothing broadcasting or movie making can do to the nerves that same sport on these pages won't fix—bicycling, high diving, swimming, or taking a brisk canter in this valley of the sun.



Icy winds are gentle breezes at Palm Springs, Hollywood's enchanted playground—haven for such a busy star as Don Ameche, who proves to be as good an athlete as an actor

BEHIND THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

BY JIMMIE FIDLER

Below, this autograph hunter doesn't bother George Jessel as much as movie gossip broadcasters—but read the blast Fidler (right) levels at Jessel in his column this month.

Schuyler Crail



Above, Chase and Sanborn's Stroud twins out with the Brewster girls.



HEREWITH a frown upon the Stroud Twins, whose material has been consistently retrogressing lately. Unless these two lads do something to hypo their act—to perform other than by a dead-pan recital of big words—I'm going to begin screaming for the return of funnyman W. C. Fields.

* * *

Some of your gossipers would have you believe that the break in Martha Raye's voice, when she recently rendered "That Old Feeling," came from a saddened heart and a multitude of tender memories of heart-joys gone forever. Very pretty sentiments, no doubt, but hardly facts. Martha was being treated for laryngitis at the time she sang the tune.

* * *

Ken Murray, for a man the gossips have often reported to be engaged, is certainly stepping around with the beautiful dolls. He was reported tied up tightly with Florence Heller, which is now, I understand, a matter of history. Ken's



Wide World

Claude and Clarence are radio hits, Gloria and Barbara, stage stars.

seeing a deal of Andrea Leeds and Honey Chile (Patricia) Wilder—one at a time, of course; and Glenda Farrell suddenly decided he was so “cute” she sent him a wire after a Hollywood Hotel broadcast telling him so. But there I go again, telling everything!

* * *

Olympe Bradna is that lovely brunette beauty who made such a sensational hit in “Souls at Sea” with Gary Cooper and George Raft. Paramount put her into five consecutive radio guest-spots for a big build up—but without giving her a nickel. She didn’t like that—and after five shows, said, “No more radio until a few dollars are forthcoming for Olympe.” I wonder she waited that long. And when Bing Crosby wanted her to go on his show, she shook her pretty head. Her agent argued it was a swell thing to do, but she replied, “No, they don’t pay money for appearing on the radio!” Finally she was convinced, and Bing’s sponsors, the Kraft people, came through with a fat check. She did a fine job of her first paid commercial, too.

(Continued on page 63)



What are the radio plans of Igor Gorin—above, with soprano Betty Jaynes? Vyola Von, the Mlle. Fifi of Eddie Cantor’s show, gets some coaching from the master himself.

Fink





THERE SHALL

La Golondrina

(The Swallow)

1. Where goes the wear - y, swift - ly mov - ing
 (2. I al - so) left my own be - lov - ed
A - don - dei - rá re - loz y fo - ti -

swal - low, That I can see up in the az - ure
 fath - er - land. My na - tive land for which I'll ev - er
ga - du La go - lon - dri - na que de a - qui se

sky? Per - haps the wind has made it hard to
 yearn I pass my days in lone - ly, anx - ious
rá? Oh, si'en el rien - to ge - mi - rá es - tra -

fol - low The path to shel - ter, though it vain - ly
 wan - d'ring; I can no long - er to my home re -
ria - dà Bus - can - dou - bri - go y no loen - con - tra -



BE MUSIC

By popular request, Radio Mirror brings its readers the lilting Spanish theme song of Abe Lyman's *Waltz Time* program



try. Where goes the try. Be-neath my
 turn. 2. I al - so turn. Dear bird, to
 rá. A - don - de i - rá. Jun - to a mi

win - dowledge I shall place its nest. That it may rest after its flight of the
 me you are more than a ti - ny wand - rer I'll keep your mes sage deep in my heart though the
 le - chole pon - dre su - ni - du. En don - de pue - da la es tu - ción - pu -

day. I, too, am far from my home land so blest. A - las, I
 years. And as you're sing - ing your song, ten - der swal - low, My thoughts of
 sar. También goes - toy en la re gión per - di - do, Oh Cie - lo

have no powr to fly a - way Be - neath my way.
 home will min - gle with my tears. Dear bird, to tears.
 san - tot sin poder ro - lar. Jun to a mi lar.

r.h.

MUSIC BY
 NARCISO SERRADELL

WORDS BY
 KENNETH S. CLARK

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Radio Enters

Until the past few months shrouded in ignorance, superstition and cowardice, the subject of venereal diseases has been suddenly and dramatically thrust into the spotlight of public interest. Now radio has joined in the fight to spread the healing light of knowledge. Although hard-hitting General Hugh S. Johnson was not allowed to broadcast his scheduled speech on this subject, Dr. Morris Fishbein was invited as a more qualified speaker on a medical subject to make the radio address reprinted herewith.

KKNOWN to the world for centuries, the venereal diseases, sometimes called the social diseases, have gradually developed in increasing prevalence and prominence, while other infectious diseases have gradually been brought under control. If these diseases were transmitted chiefly by flies or mosquitoes, they would long since have been stamped out.

Any disease that is largely resultant from poverty and malnutrition, any disease that is associated with poor housing, overcrowding, or economic causes dependent on the people as a whole, is a social disease just as much as are those conditions which have been called social diseases simply because people are afraid of a word.

The word "syphilis" is not a new word. It was coined in 1530 by an Italian doctor who wrote a poem about it. But it has taken more than four hundred years to bring the word out into the light of public discussion. Simply because this disease is so intimately concerned with the personal lives of human beings, simply because it is spread primarily by relationships between

the War Against Social Diseases

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

DECORATION BY EDGAR MCGRAW

human beings, simply because it is so closely associated with the maintenance of our moral standards, discussion has been inhibited and control thereby made more difficult.

Surgeon General Thomas Parran of the United States Public Health Service should be accorded the credit for bringing the control of these diseases more prominently to the public mind. He led in opening sound scientific discussion of these diseases as a means to permanent decrease in our overwhelming rates. There are, no doubt, 400,000 to 600,000 new cases every year. His book, "Shadow On The Land," tells the facts simply and directly.

Again and again the people have been told about the havoc that is wrought by the venereal diseases. All of us ought to know that there is not just one, there are several diseases affecting the organs and tissues of men and women concerned in childbirth or in intimate personal relations. Most of these diseases are spread by human contacts. Occasionally, these infections are acquired innocently. There is the innocent infection of the eyes of the child at birth, against which most intelligent governments have taken action by the demand that physicians and midwives, at the time of childbirth, use a simple antiseptic substance in the eyes. Occasionally the lip is infected by promiscuous kissing.

There are rare instances of infection transmitted innocently, as was the case when a policeman was bitten on the thumb by a woman who was resisting arrest. The vast majority of cases of infection with the venereal diseases, however, represent intimate personal contacts. Infections perhaps acquired outside the marriage tie are transmitted in the ordinary course of life by the father to the mother, or by the mother to the father, or by the mother to the child. Those entrusted with the protection of these loved ones thus do harm to the very people whom they would most desire to protect.

Perhaps one hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago, silence regarding these disorders might have been warranted. In those days the diseases were often considered incurable. Scientific medicine was not in possession of the necessary knowledge to control or to cure. We did not know the causative organisms. We did not recognize the methods of transmission. We did not have available certain methods of diagnosis nor the vast armamentarium of drugs and other methods of treatment now available.

The little organisms, or germs that cause these diseases, are tiny indeed but the damage they can do is tremendous. Two thousand of the little corkscrew-like parasites laid end to end barely make an inch. Seen under a microscope, they are fascinating; in a human body they are devastating. They invade every tissue. They break down the blood vessels and they injure the mechanism of the heart. Perhaps ten per cent of heart disease, which is our leading cause of death, may be ascribed to their depredations. They soften the brain and help to keep the insane asylums populated. As many as three out of every one hundred babies born are said to be contaminated at the time of their birth. Unless these diseases are promptly treated, they are likely to sicken and die. And the little round germs that cause the second great venereal disease also invade the joints, the heart, eyes or the spine and make out of the human being a pitiful mass of human wreckage.

Today scientific medicine, combining its efforts with those of public health officials, is beginning an organized, sustained campaign against the venereal diseases, a campaign in which the public is participating on a tremendous scale.

Throughout the country, women's clubs, the junior chambers of commerce, and similar organizations are aiding in dissemination of knowledge. Intelligent people are voluntarily submitting themselves to Wassermann tests as *(Continued on page 69)*

JEANETTE MACDONALD, one-time pantie waist and youngest, most ingenuous chorus girl on all Broadway, sat across the table from Ernst Lubitsch. This was Chicago, and a dull grey morning, and somewhere on a marquee in this city the words "‘Boom Boom,’ Starring Jeanette MacDonald" would blink their lure to theater-goers when night had come.

She was more excited than she had ever been, or ever again will be, in her lifetime. Lubitsch's visit could mean only one thing: Hollywood—and this was a dream she had almost forgotten. She was singing at last, when for many years managers and agents had assured her that dancing was her only salable asset; the stubborn months of modelling furs, heat-wave or no heat-wave, in New York City to prove that eventually someone would hire her voice were over; and, since her salary was what it was, she had decided to relax a little from the eternal unsatisfied march to higher places.

Now the beckoning to achieve great, and ever greater, things was making her eyes bright and her heart beat fast again. Lubitsch was saying, "I saw the test you made for Richard Dix—and it's magnificent. I've been hunting for months for a girl with your beauty and your stage presence and your voice. But I can't understand why Dix didn't snatch you for that picture of his. 'Nothing But the Truth' was the title, wasn't it?"

"Yes." Jeanette frowned, remembering how disappointed she had been. "I was under contract to the Shuberts and they wanted \$75,000 to release me. Naturally the studio couldn't see it, that's all. A once-in-a-lifetime chance, too!"

"Heartbreaking," Lubitsch agreed. "Well, this is another chance—and a bigger one. I want you for the

lead opposite Maurice Chevalier, in 'The Love Parade'." Jeanette gasped, "I—I don't know what to say."

He surveyed her critically. "You don't have to say anything at all," he told her finally; "just sign the contract and then start drinking milk. You're much too thin for the screen just now."

She was at a sanitarium within two weeks. It was one of those big places full of hypochondriacs and a few real sufferers, a place of fleece blankets and suffering expressions and "cheerful" books and grim, white-

dressed women pussy footing past on crepe soles. Jeanette's idea was to be on a milk diet and gain weight, but with nothing to do and with no exercise all day her busy mind grew frantic with worry about herself and the new future named Hollywood.

The atmosphere of this rest home, the concerned glances of the other inmates, the doctors' grave airs, had their inevitable effect. She developed symptoms, vague at first but more pronounced and significant each day, a process encouraged by the psychological suggestion of her surroundings.

The doctors decided, finally, that it was appendicitis, and in Jeanette's mental condition she ran up an imaginary pain in her side almost overnight. She was thinner than ever; she was too nervous to sleep. . . .

While she was still in ice packs, under observation she remembered that it was time for her appearance in Hollywood, to begin "The Love Parade." Somewhere in the buried depths of her consciousness the old Scotch common sense that had seen her through so many crises stirred and awak-

ened. Biting a thermometer, clutching a medicine spoon in one hand and a box of pills in the other, she emerged from the ice packs and went shakily to a

By **FRED RUTLEDGE**



**Fame, wealth and a real
prince charming furnish
the romantic climax of
Jeanette MacDonald's
intimate recollections**

Make Way for



Married for love
and very proud
of it are the
Gene Raymonds.

Fink

mirror and took inventory of herself.

Her face, she saw, was drawn with nervous tension and pale—probably from the cold; but those eyes, bright and clear, were not the eyes of an invalid. That hair gleamed with vitality, even if it did need a shampoo. And the tongue mirrored there was pink with health, uncoated. Suddenly she began to laugh—

Two days later she was on a Westbound train, thinner than ever but with a ravenous appetite and an abounding good health and a spirit washed forever clean of hypochondria.

INSTEAD of the glamorous glitter-town she had always read and heard about, the movie city was a tense and nervous place in which frowning executives worried audibly at you morning and evening; in which million dollar stars of the silent era faced oblivion in the new age of talking celluloid. Jeanette didn't care. She'd had her breakdown, and while veterans of the screen collapsed about her she sailed into the production of a musical picture with determination and self-confidence.

The mysteries of microphones concealed in vases and in fat backs of sofas held no terrors for her because she had known no previous and easier technique. Her voice was in perfect form, she photographed divinely, and Lubitsch's malted milk trick gave her in three weeks the added pounds she had not been able to get in the sanitarium. His idea was to hire a prop boy to stand at her elbow and thrust a glass of malted milk into her hand every half hour.

"The Love Parade" was good, entertaining cinema. It was gaudy and gay and a little suggestive, and it had a melodic pattern. Jeanette was set. The MacDonald fan mail poured in and when she made "The Vagabond King" it tripled in size.

The memory of Bob Ritchie, from whom she received occasional letters, stayed with her. She had been quietly— (Continued on page 86)

Melody

Tizzy Lish

John Montague

Alexander Woollcott



WORDS WITH WINGS

THE American Fascist does not have a peculiar shape of skull. He is not a man with a limp or a twitch. Today he is comfortable, he is many a nice man who shrugs his shoulders and does not wish to be disturbed into insecurity. That is what he looks like today. But tomorrow he is another man. And his leader, who has been at various times a cook, a journalist, a soldier, a bad painter . . . becomes, once the game starts, that very character described in the dictators' manifesto, printed in the Authorized Version of the Old Testament and reading like this: "This will be the manner of the King that shall rule over you. He will take your sons and appoint them for his chariots and to be his horsemen. And he will set some to plough his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war. And he will take your daughters to be confectioners and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields and your vineyards. He will take the tenth of your flocks and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your King which ye shall have chosen you; and Jehovah will not answer you in that day." And it will be no use protesting as a free-born American, in letters to the papers. Because their correspondence columns will be closed to you.

—Alistair Cooke, British critic, in an NBC talk.

* * *

We're going to have a recipe tonight that's called Mexican Croquettes. Are you ready? All right! First, everybody get a jar of peanut butter and take a big spoonful of it in your mouth. Got it? Now try to talk—sticks to the roof of your mouth, doesn't it? Now, take a sirloin steak and make two holes in it—one for each eye—and then peek at yourself in the mirror. I'll wait for

you. Now in a pan put five boxes chili peppers, five bottles chili sauce, five packages of chili powder, then add five bottles tobasco sauce to sort of give it a tang. Then just before you serve, add some ginger, mustard and oil of cloves. When guests arrive, serve and while they're eating, leave the room. When they've finished and they say to each other, "What was that we just ate?"—open the door and say "Croquette?" So they'll say, "No, but we're awful sick." And now, as the firemen say when they see me—"Let's go to blazes. Tizzy!"

—Tizzy Lish on Watch the Fun Go By over CBS.

* * * *

Old age is too apt to dwell in the past. It says, "I remember when." Youth says, "What's the news?" Old age is apt to be destructive. It says, "What an awful accident!" Youth says, "Oh say, I saw something awfully funny today!" Old age is critical. "I don't think Henry should have done that." Youth says, "I should worry." If you would seem younger, avoid destructive, overcritical and reminiscent talk. It's not the exterior appearance which is most characteristic of youth. A woman or man of sixty-five may have a good complexion, few lines and lovely hair. What youth has that most older people haven't is first, curiosity. Youth is actively interested in life. Next, it has attention. It is aware of its environment and has a sense of immediacy. Finally, it has expectancy. It is eager about the next thing, about the future. But old age is just the opposite. Instead of curiosity it too often has boredom. For expectancy, it has retrospection.

—Gelett Burgess, author of "Look Eleven Years Younger," in a talk over NBC. (Continued on page 92)

RARE TREASURES ARE THESE HIGHLIGHTS FROM RADIO'S VAST VARIETY



Miss Gray is keenly interested in skating. Pictures above show Miss Gray executing figures on the Rockefeller Plaza Skating Pond in the heart of Manhattan.

Here the photographer catches Miss Gray against the famous statue of Prometheus, as she strikes the graceful finish of a backward Charlotte Stop.

Above, completing the spectacular right outside circle backward. Not so easy as it looks! "After doing spirals, fade-aways, and figures," Miss Gray says, "I'm quite tired . . .

... and ready for a Camel! Smoking Camels gives me a cheerful lift when I'm tired. Camels taste grand all the time—but especially so after skating!"

Beatrice "Milo" Gray

DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY C. GRAY,
OF NEW YORK

**feted young debutante
of the season is an
accomplished figure skater**

MISS Beatrice Gray, popularly known as Milo, is a typical member of the modern-minded younger generation. Although her family and connections are v-e-r-y prominent socially in New York and Boston, Milo is simple and unaffected—charmingly democratic in outlook. When she made her debut last fall, she was well-known to Newport and New York society. Milo finds time to indulge her fondness for sports. She swims, plays tennis and golf, and loves to hunt.

"But my favorite sport," Milo says, "is figure skating!" She has made four trips abroad, paying visits to world-famous skating centers—Innsbruck, Gstaad, and Krynica. At Beaver Dam, the Long Island pond popularized by the younger set, she is a familiar figure. She stops frequently to refresh herself with a Camel. "My friends know that I smoke nothing but Camels. So when they say, 'Want a cigarette, Milo?' I know they're offering me a Camel."

Try Camels—a cigarette that's mild—gentle to the throat. Smoke them steadily. See if you don't agree with Milo Gray, who says: "Camels are nice! They never jangle my nerves!"



Milo Gray, as dramatized by a society photographer, in blue satin. As always, it's a Camel that she's smoking. "Camels are tops with my friends also," she says. "At the parties this winter I noticed that people prefer that delicate Camel flavor!"

*Among the many distinguished women who find
Camels mild and refreshing:*

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles • Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston • Mrs. Jolin W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston • Miss Peggy Stevenson, New York
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
- Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr., New York • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia
- Mrs. Chiswell Dahney Langhorne, Virginia • Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, New York

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A QUESTION OFTEN ASKED:
*Do people appreciate the
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
in Camels?*

THE BEST ANSWER IS:
*Camels are the
LARGEST-SELLING
cigarette in America!*



*What is so lonely
Sir or Madam,
As Eden without
An Eve or Adam?*



THERE are millions who tread the lonely path; who have never known, and perhaps never will know, the sweetness of love; the tonic of good companions; the warmth of true friendship. You see them in little tearooms, hungering for a dinner partner; sunk in movie chairs drinking in the romance which they cannot share; alone in friendless bedrooms, groping for gaiety through a kindly radio. All have stood at some time, perhaps, on the threshold

of happiness only to find the door suddenly closed.

Is it worth the risk?

Of all the faults that damn you with others, halitosis (bad breath) ranks first. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. Curiously enough, no one is exempt; everybody offends at some time or other, usually due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. All you need do to stop this, is

to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Among mouth deodorants, it is outstanding because of its quick germicidal action. No imitation can offer its freshening effect . . . its pleasant taste . . . its complete safety. To fastidious people who want other people to like them, Listerine is indispensable. Never guess about your breath; use Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and between times before meeting others. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

RADIO MIRROR •

almanac

JAN. 26 TO FEB. 24

**IN SEVEN FACT-FILLED PAGES—ONE FOR EACH
DAY OF THE WEEK—A COMPLETE GUIDE TO EVERY-
THING YOU WANT TO HEAR ON ALL THE NETWORKS
PLUS FASCINATING NEWS ABOUT THE PROGRAMS!**

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN STANDARD



All time is Eastern Standard

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
NBC-Red: William Meeder
- 8:30
NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
NBC-Red: Kidoodlers
- 8:45
NBC-Red: Animal News Club
- 9:00
NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
NBC-Red: Alice Remsen, Geo. Griffin
- 9:15
NBC-Red: Tom Terriss
- 9:30
NBC-Red: Melody Moments
- 9:55
CBS: Press Radio News
- 10:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
- 10:30
CBS: String Ensemble
NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago
NBC-Red: Madrigal Singers
- 11:00
CBS: Texas Rangers
NBC: Press Radio News
- 11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
NBC-Red: Silver Flute
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Neil
- 11:30
CBS: Major Bowes Family
- 11:45
NBC-Blue: Bill Sterns
NBC-Red: Norsemen Quartet
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
- 12:30 P.M.
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
NBC-Blue: Music Hall Symphony
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion
- 1:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Red: Paul Martin Orch.
- 1:15
NBC-Red: Henry Busse
- 1:30
CBS: Foreign Program
MBS: Ted Weems Orch.
NBC-Blue: There Was a Woman
NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
- 2:00
CBS: Boris Morros Quartet
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
NBC-Red: Bob Becker
- 2:15
NBC-Red: Malcolm LaPrade
- 2:30
CBS: Jean Hersholt
NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt
- 3:00
CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
NBC-Blue: On Broadway
NBC-Red: Radio News Reel
- 3:30
NBC-Blue: Armco Band
NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
- 4:00
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies
- 4:30
NBC-Red: The World is Yours
- 4:45
NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes
- 5:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
MBS: Singing Lady
NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Auditions
NBC-Red: Marion Talley
- 5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo
MBS: The Shadow
NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
NBC-Red: Mickey Mouse
- 6:00
CBS: Joe Penner
MBS: George Jessel
NBC-Blue: Midwestern Stars
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
- 6:30
CBS: Double Everything
MBS: Tim and Irene
NBC-Blue: Fishface, Figgshottle
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today
- 7:00
CBS: Jeanette MacDonald
NBC-Blue: Music of the Masters
NBC-Red: Jack Benny
- 7:30
CBS: Phil Baker
NBC-Blue: Dzzie Nelson
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Interesting Neighbors.
- 8:00
CBS: People's Choice
NBC-Blue: Detective Series
NBC-Red: Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Nelson Eddy, Stroud Twins
- 8:30
CBS: Earaches of 1938
- 9:00
CBS: Ford Symphony
NBC-Blue: Tyrone Power
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
- 9:45
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
- 10:00
CBS: Zenith Telepathy Series
NBC-Blue: Marek Weber Orch.
NBC-Red: Symphony Orch.
- 10:30
CBS: Headlines and Bylines
NBC-Blue: Cheerio
NBC-Red: Haven MacQuarrie Presents
- 11:00
NBC-Blue: Dance Music
NBC-Red: Orchestra
- 11:30
Dance Music

Motto of the Day



By Channing Pollock

Happiness comes to him who waits, but not if he waits lying down.

Highlights For Sunday, Jan. 30

THE Heinz Magazine of the Air has gone and changed its time again. But this time Your Almanac has a hunch it will stay put for a while—on CBS at 5:00 this and every Sunday afternoon—E.S.T., of course. The cast lineup stays as is—Channing Pollock, famous writer; Mark Warnow's orchestra; Morton Bowe, tenor; and a different guest star each week. . . . A new comedy show, which Your Almanac didn't like very much on its first couple of airings, but which may have improved by now, is *Double Everything* at 6:30 on CBS. It stars Al Shaw and Sam Lee, the double talk experts, with a good lineup of musicians. . . . At 8:00 practically everybody who has a radio will be

tuning in on *Charlie McCarthy*, *Don Ameche*, *Nelson Eddy* and the gang, *Clarence* and *Claude*, those *Stroud twins*, who are regular features on the *Chase & Sanborn* show now, are just twenty-seven years old and they really do look alike. They've been in vaudeville, circuses and night clubs for the last fifteen years, first doing an acrobatic act. *Elisabeth Rethberg*, distinguished Metropolitan Opera soprano, is tonight's guest artist on the *Ford* program, CBS at 9:00. Nelson Eddy's solos tonight are "The Hills of Home," "The Sleigh," the "Evening Star" from Wagner's "Tannhauser, and "Soldiers of Fortune," from Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West."



Elisabeth Rethberg stars on the Ford program tonight at 9:00 o'clock on CBS.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 6



Rosemary DeComp, alias Judy Price, of Jean Hersholt's Dr. Christian over CBS.

JASCHA HEIFETZ, who will start preparing for his movie debut in a few more months, is tonight's guest soloist on the *Ford Symphony* program, CBS at 9:00. After holding out against Hollywood's lures for several years, this famous fiddler finally capitulated to Sam Goldwyn, and is to have the leading role in a Goldwyn music festival, playing, of all persons, himself. At least, that's the plan Mr. G. has for him at present. . . . This afternoon you'll be listening to *Jean Hersholt's* dramatic serial, *Dr. Christian of River's End*, which is being broadcast from Hollywood once more, now that Jean has had his New York vacation. While he was in Manhattan, Jean and Mrs. Jean ate their dinners in an out-of-the-

way Scandinavian restaurant, mainly because they didn't want too many people to recognize them. Another reason, of course, is that Jean is a good Dane, and loves Scandinavian food. . . . *Rosemary DeCamp*, who plays *Judy Price*, Dr. Christian's secretary, in the *Hersholt* program, is an Arizona girl who made her first Broadway stage appearance in 1935, and followed that up with a part in *Frank Parker's Atlantic Family* radio show. . . . She's had two narrow escapes from death—once when a rattlesnake bit her and once when a doctor pronounced her dead from a flu attack. A Mexican nurse cured her of the snake-bite, and the doctor was mistaken. . . . She's five feet two, with auburn hair.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 13

SEND birthday greetings today to *Lysbeth Hughes*, harpist with *Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers*. . . . At 1:30 this afternoon, on *NBC-Blue*, there's a new program you'd like to listen to. It's called *There Was a Woman*, and each Sunday it dramatizes the lives of the women who influenced famous men. . . . Other Sunday highlights: *The Magic Key of RCA*, on the *Blue* network right after *There Was a Woman*. . . . *Thatcher Colt's* detective drama on *NBC-Red* at 2:30. . . . *The New York Philharmonic* on CBS at 3:00. . . . *Guy Lombardo* on the same network at 5:30. . . . Unless you prefer *Mickey Mouse* and his friends, on *NBC-Red* at the same time. . . . *Jack Benny* on the *Red* at 7:30. . . . *Tyrone*

Power on *NBC-Blue* at 9:00, followed by the all-wise *Mr. Winchell*. . . . *The Ford Symphony's* guest star tonight—also at 9:00, on CBS—is *Lauritz Melchior*, who has sung the role of *Tristan* in Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" more often than any other man alive—and it's betraying no secret to say he's sung it better, too. . . . *Mr. Melchior* is a hearty, happy Dane, and a good friend of his famous countryman, *Jean Hersholt*. He likes to eat, play, sing and hunt. He's been honored by his own nation and many others with a string of medals which he always wears on the lapel of his suit for all full dress occasions, such as the one tonight. His title at the Metropolitan Opera House is "leading heldentenor."



Heldentenor Lauritz Melchior is the Ford program guest star tonight at 9 o'clock.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 20



Lucille Ball, feminine stogee for Phil Baker, is funny but not funny looking.

AS the *Mickey Mouse* program nears the end of its second month, it ought to be something no American youngster in his right mind would think of missing—and if a lot of adults join in, that's nothing surprising. . . . Incidentally, *Your Almanac* has an apology to make—last month it listed the time and network of said *Mickey Mouse* show all wrong. The correct time is 5:30, the correct network, *NBC-Red*. . . . These little mistakes just have to happen now and then—*Your Almanac* has a batting average for accuracy that it's pretty proud of, thanks to its many sources of information, but when sponsors change their minds suddenly, there's nothing to be done about it. . . . *Lucille Ball*, *Phil Baker's* feminine

foil, is enough to kill once and for all the notion that girl stogees have to be funny-looking in order to be funny. *Lucille* was a fashion model in New York when a Goldwyn scout saw her and brought her to Hollywood, where she studied diction under *Ginger Rogers' mother*. She worked in the movies, but her first big hit came when she did a series of comedy falls in the *Lily Pons* picture, "That Girl from Paris"—and her next when she played one of the wise-cracking actresses in "Stage Door." She's a brilliant dancer and an excellent musician. As *Your Almanac* hurried to press, *Phil* was getting ready to return to New York, hoping to bring *Lucille* along with him.

All time is Eastern Standard
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 8:15
 NBC-Blue: William Meeder
 NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
 9:00
 CBS: Metropolitan Parade
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:15
 NBC-Red: Frank Luther
 9:30
 CBS: The Road of Life
 9:40
 NBC: Press Radio News
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Tony Wons
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 CBS: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 CBS: Carol Kennedy's Romance
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 MBS: Myra Kingsley
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: The Interior Decorator
 12:00 Noon
 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
 12:15
 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Hymns
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45
 CBS: Hollywood in Person
 2:00
 CBS: Kathryn Gravens
 2:15
 CBS: The O'Neills
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over
 3:00
 NBC-Blue: Rochester Civic Orch.
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 CBS: Jennie Peabody
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 CBS: Ted Malone
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30
 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafeo
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Follow the Moon
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
 5:15
 CBS: Life of Mary Sothorn
 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
 NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
 5:30
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
 5:45
 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:30
 Press Radio News
 6:45
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies
 NBC-Blue: Music is My Hobby
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
 NBC-Blue: Three Cheers
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
 7:30
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter
 8:00
 NBC-Red: Burns and Allen
 8:30
 CBS: Pick and Pat
 NBC-Blue: Grand Hotel
 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
 9:00
 CBS: Lux Theater
 NBC-Blue: Philadelphia Orch.
 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly
 9:30
 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
 10:00
 CBS: Wayne King
 NBC-Blue: Warden Lawes
 NBC-Red: Contented Program
 10:30
 MBS: The Lone Ranger
 NBC-Red: Public Hero No. 1

Motto of the Day



By
Gracie
Allen

Getting ahead is fine if it doesn't mean getting a big head.

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 31

HERE comes a new program to liven up the radio month—and not only a new program but a new star. *Rush Hughes*, son of the famous novelist Rupert Hughes, starts a new five-times-a-week, fifteen-minute show this afternoon at 4:30. It'll be heard from now on, *Mondays through Fridays*, at the same time on the *NBC-Red network*. . . . *Rush* has been heard on the networks before, but never in a program of his own. He's been in radio work since 1927, and at different times has been announcer, program manager, news broadcaster, and even operator of a radio station. . . . Born in Jamaica, Long Island, *Rush* went to various schools until he was sixteen. Then the desire to do something on his

own hit him hard, and *Blanche Bates* persuaded his parents to let him play in "Getting Together" with her. The play ended its run—and *Rush* ran away. He didn't come back until he'd earned enough to pay his own fare and buy some new clothes. School didn't seem much fun after this adventure, but he relieved the boredom with fliers into stage and screen work and short-story writing. . . . Out of school, he went to the Coast, and found himself, broke, in San Francisco. He managed to get a job as night clerk in the Hotel Mark Hopkins. One night the announcer for *Anson Weeks'* radio program fell ill, and *Rush* rushed in to pinch hit, finding he liked radio so much he's never left it since.



Rupert Hughes' son *Rush* starts a new five-a-week program today over *NBC-Red*.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 7



Hollywood's Cinderella girl these days is *Lois Collier* of *CBS' Hollywood in Person*.

BY sliding your eyes to the left a fraction of an inch, you'll find yourself looking at Hollywood's current Cinderella girl—*Miss Lois Collier* by name. *Lois* was selected by *Captain Bob Baker* of the *Hollywood in Person* program—*CBS* at 1:45 P.M., E.S.T., Monday through Friday—to accompany him on his trips to the studios. Under his guidance, she meets famous directors and plays opposite motion picture stars she once admired hopelessly from outside the studio gates. . . . *Lois* was born in a South Carolina town called, unlikely at it may seem, *Sally*. She came to Hollywood as winner of a talent and beauty contest, but it didn't do her any good. She couldn't get continuous ex-

tra work, let alone bit or featured parts. When she heard *Bob Baker*, on the air, announce a contest to select a permanent leading lady for *Hollywood in Person*, she sent in her application and won. . . . *NBC-Blue* has a new program for your ears. It's called *Margot of Castlewood*, and it's on the air at 10:00 A.M., starring *Barbara Luddy* and the matinee idol of silent days, *Francis X. Bushman*, who is making a radio come-back these days. . . . At 8:30 tonight, on *Grand Hotel*, you listen to *Don Ameche's* kid brother *Jim*, who's suddenly become one of *NBC's* busiest Chicago actors. Your *Almanac* will have more to say about him in another day or two.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 14

SPECIAL reminder to all sweethearts, wives, husbands, sons and daughters—this is St. Valentine's Day, and anybody who forgets it doesn't deserve to be loved. . . . The networks have special events scheduled to remind you what day it is, in case you show signs of forgetting. . . . Swinging along with the spirit of the day, *Your Almanac* offers a list of romantic air shows for you to listen to: *Dan Harding's Wife*, *NBC-Red* at 9:45 A.M. . . . *Pretty Kitty Kelly*, *CBS* at 10:00. . . . *Tony Wons*, *CBS* at 10:30. . . . *The Woman in White*, *NBC-Red* at 10:45. . . . *Carol Kennedy's Romance*, *CBS* at 11:15. . . . *Girl Alone*, *NBC-Red* at noon. . . . *The Romance of Helen Trent*, *CBS* at 12:30. . . . *Words*

and *Music*, *NBC-Red* at 1:30. . . . *Club Matinee*, *NBC-Blue* at 4:00. . . . *Follow the Moon*, *CBS* at 5:00. . . . *George Hall's orchestra*, *CBS* at 6:35. . . . *Poetic Melodies*, *CBS* at 7:00. . . . *The Hour of Charm*, *NBC-Red* at 9:30. . . . *Wayne King's music* at 10:00 on *CBS*. . . . But should all this romance pall, listen to *Pick and Pat* on *CBS* at 8:30. *Edward Roecker*, who has been the baritone soloist with these two comedians for almost a year now, is also a football coach for a professional team. He's twenty-three years old, and was born in Merchantville, a suburb of Philadelphia. Critics say his voice compares favorably with *Lawrence Tibbett's*. Got his start with the *RCA* radio program.



Edward Roecker, baritone with *Pick and Pat*, is a football coach in spare time.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 21



Mary-Ann Bock, *Hour of Charm's* new singer, can hit notes above the top piano keys.

RADIO'S own discovery is little *Mary-Ann Bock*, the really astonishing ten-year-old singer on *Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm* show, tonight at 9:30 on *NBC-Red*. . . . Have you got a piano in your home? Go over to it, hit the highest note on it. *Mary-Ann* can sing even higher than that, and if you don't believe that's almost impossible, try it yourself. . . . Born in *McKeesport, Pa.*, *Mary-Ann* first demonstrated her remarkable voice when she was five by imitating bird songs. Her mother, an accomplished pianist, trained her and taught her a repertoire of songs. When *Spitalny* and his all-girl orchestra came to *Pittsburgh* a few months ago he conducted an amateur contest, and *Mary-Ann* entered it. She

didn't win the contest, but she won something much better—*Spitalny's* interest. He immediately signed her up as a soloist with his orchestra and brought her to New York. She's a full-fledged member of "*Hour of Charm, Inc.*", with equal voting power with all the other members. While she's in New York her seventh-grade school studies are continuing under a tutor. *Mary-Ann* plays the violin and piano too, and composes—she's already written a school song. She likes to listen to symphonic music but doesn't think much of swing. . . . And her only complaint against *Phil Spitalny* is that he wouldn't let her bring her two-wheeled bicycle to New York with her, for use in *Central Park*.

All time is Eastern Standard
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 9:00
 CBS: Music in the Air
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 9:15
 NBC-Red: Frank Luther
 9:30
 CBS: The Road of Life
 MBS: Journal of Living
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Emily Post
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 CBS: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
 NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 CBS: Carol Kennedy's Romance
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: Homemakers' Exchange
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 MBS: Myra Kingsley
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
 12:00 Noon
 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
 12:15 P. M.
 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Hymns
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45
 CBS: Hollywood in Person
 2:00
 NBC-Red: Fun in Music
 2:15
 CBS: The O'Neills
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 NBC-Red: Federated Women's Clubs
 2:45
 MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
 3:00
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00
 CBS: Academy of Medicine
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 CBS: Ted Malone
 NBC-Red: Mary Martin
 4:30
 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Follow the Moon
 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
 5:15
 CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
 NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
 5:30
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
 5:45
 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:00
 CBS: Let's Pretend
 Press-Radio News
 6:45
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: Hollywood Screenplays
 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
 7:30
 CBS: Helen Menken
 NBC-Blue: Dorothy Thompson
 NBC-Red: Hendrick W. Van Loon
 8:00
 CBS: Edward G. Robinson
 NBC-Blue: Those We Love
 NBC-Red: Jolynn Presents
 8:30
 CBS: Al Jolson
 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
 NBC-Red: Wayne King
 9:00
 CBS: Al Pearce
 NBC-Blue: Alemitte Half Hour
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson
 9:30
 CBS: Jack Oakie
 NBC-Red: Paekard Mardi Gras
 10:00
 CBS: Benny Goodman
 MBS: Eddy Duchin
 NBC-Blue: Gen Hugh S. Johnson
 10:30
 NBC-Red: Jinnie Fidler
 10:45
 NBC-Red: Dale Carnegie

Motto of the Day



By
Al
Jolson

Sharpen your wits on the whetstone of failure.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 1

FOR the benefit of the younger members of the family, CBS has the *Cincinnati Symphony orchestra* playing a children's concert this afternoon between 3:30 and 4:30, E.S.T., with Eugene Goosens waving the baton. If today's children don't learn the difference between a symphony and a concerto, it won't be for lack of telling. But sometimes your *Almanac* wonders if today's children particularly care. . . . Serious students of modern history ought to remember that Dorothy Thompson, wife of Sinclair Lewis and the most famous woman reporter in the world, is on the air twice a week nowadays—tonight at 7:30 on NBC and Friday at 10:45 on NBC-Red. Tonight she talks about *People in the*

News, and since she knows most of them personally, she's well worth listening to. . . . After a long session on the air, *Husband and Wives* has finally retired from the fray, and its place has been taken by a weekly half-hour serial called *Those We Love*. Time and network, 8:00 on NBC-Blue. Nan Grey, young movie star, has the leading role in *Those We Love*, and Your *Almanac* will devote a future day to telling you all about her. . . . Do you want to know How to Make Friends and Influence People? Dale Carnegie, expert in that particular branch of knowledge, is starring on his own network program now on NBC-Red at 10:45 tonight—right after *Jimmie Fidler*.



Eugene Goosens leads the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra in a children's concert.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 8



Mark Hawley is the narrator on the new MBS show at 7:45—*Famous Fortunes*.

THE Boy Scouts of America are in convention assembled today, and all the networks are going to drop in on them some time during the day with their microphones and see what's going on. . . . Mutual has a weekly program, starting tonight, from 7:45 to 8:00 P.M. It's called *Famous Fortunes*, and dramatizes the lives of well known American millionaires such as Vanderbilt, Carnegie (Andrew, not Dale), Wanamaker, Morgan, Astor and Rockefeller. . . . The network isn't very large, so here's the exact list of stations that will carry the show: *CKLW, KSO, WSM, WLW, KWK, WMT, KTAT, WHN, KTOK, KFEL, WCAE, and WOR*. . . . Mary Hawley, the narrator for the programs, is an

institution at *WOR*, where *Famous Fortunes* originates. He began his radio career while he was still a schoolboy in Nutley, N. J., by building crystal sets. He built so many that he had to give most of them away to friends and relatives. At seventeen he was an announcer for *WMAK, Buffalo*, and he's been announcing ever since. For many years he was the "Voice of Pathe" on newsreels, and today you hear him talking on Paramount news shots. For the past two and a half years he's been with *WOR* and *MBS*. He's twenty-eight years old—that is, he will be on February 17—six feet tall, with black hair and mustache, and blue eyes. And here's his tip for would-be announcers—study singing.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 15

THIS is a great day in the history of radio—it's the birthday of the man who first proved that a dummy could be funny on the air—*Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy's* foster-father. . . . A couple of weeks back Your *Almanac* promised to tell you more about Nan Grey, star of tonight's half-hour serial drama, *Those We Love*. Young Miss Grey's best-known movie performance was that of one of the "Three Smart Girls," with *Deanna Durbin*, although she's been working in the films since 1934. Born in Houston, Texas, she went to Hollywood that year with her mother for a two-week vacation, and remained to start a new career. Nan's mother looked up some old Hollywood friends, one of whom had become an

actor's agent. Struck by Nan's beauty, the agent brought her to the attention of several producers. . . . her screen tests were highly satisfactory. . . . and three contracts were offered simultaneously. . . . Millions of girls would have given their right arms for such a chance, but Nan was unimpressed. She'd always hoped to be a newspaper woman. However, she signed one of the contracts and has been coming along nicely ever since. . . . She's still young enough, and romantic enough, to refuse to take a Hawaiian vacation because she wants to save that particular part of the world for her honeymoon. . . . *Those We Love* is her first radio work except for a guest appearance with *Bing Crosby* on the *Lux* show.



One Smart Girl—Nan Grey, star of the new Tuesday-night serial called *Those We Love*.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 22



Paula Winslowe, on *Big Tawn* tonight, is one of Hollywood's best acting bets.

YOU know already that George Washington was born just 206 years ago today, but did you know a few other things about him? For instance, that his family had already lived in America for three generations before he was born? . . . That if it hadn't been for his refusal, the United States might have been dragged into the French Revolution? Popular sentiment was strong for helping the revolutionists in France, but Washington refused, thereby becoming very unpopular with the people who had voted him into office. . . . That before his second term was finished he had already become an unpopular president, which saddened him so much that it was one of the reasons he refused to run for a third term.

To Bess Johnson, star of *Hilltop House*, belongs the honor of being the only radio performer whose birthday is the same as Washington's—the only radio performer Your *Almanac* knows of, anyway. . . . You're listening to one of Hollywood's most versatile and dependable actresses tonight on *Edward G. Robinson's* program. She is *Paula Winslowe*, who doesn't have the same part every week, but who usually shows up on the program playing one or even more characters. Seldom credited in the announcements, Paula has nevertheless been on the *Lux Theater, Hollywood Hotel* and most of the other major programs broadcast from Hollywood. After Jean Harlow's death, Paula imitated her voice in "Saratoga."

All time is Eastern Standard
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 8:15
 NBC-Blue: William Meeder
 NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
 9:00
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 NBC-Red: Women and News
 9:15
 CBS: Madison Ensemble
 NBC-Red: Frank Luther
 9:30
 CBS: The Road of Life
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Tony Wons
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 CBS: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 CBS: Carol Kennedy's Romance
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 MBS: Myra Kingsley
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Hello Peggy
 12:00 Noon
 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
 12:15 P. M.
 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Betty Crocker
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45
 CBS: Hollywood in Person
 2:00
 CBS: Kathryn Cravens
 2:15
 CBS: The O'Neills
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 2:45
 MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
 3:00
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 CBS: Jennie Peabody
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 CBS: Curtis Music Inst.
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00
 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30
 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Blue: P. T. A. Congress
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45
 CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafeo
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Follow the Moon
 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
 5:15
 CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
 NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
 5:30
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
 5:45
 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:00
 CBS: Dear Teacher
 6:45
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: Hobby Lobby
 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
 7:30
 NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
 NBC-Red: Alistaire Cook
 7:45
 CBS: Boake Carter
 8:00
 CBS: Cavalcade of America
 NBC-Red: One Man's Family
 8:30
 CBS: Eddie Cantor
 NBC-Red: Wayne King
 9:00
 CBS: Lawrence Tibbett
 NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight
 9:30
 CBS: Ben Bernie
 10:00
 CBS: Gang Busters
 NBC-Blue: Gen. Hugh S. Johnson
 NBC-Red: Your Hollywood Parade
 10:30
 MBS: The Lone Ranger
 12:30
 NBC-Red: Lights Out

Motto
 of the
 Day

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
 Uncle
 Ezra

After a girl picks a husband she ought to stop picking.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 26

EDDIE CANTOR'S amusing little *Mademoiselle Fifi*—you hear her on his show tonight at 8:30 on CBS—sounds as if she'd been born and brought up within shouting distance of the Eiffel Tower. . . . As a matter of fact, she's never set foot outside of the United States in her life. She was born in New York and went to Los Angeles a few years ago. There she got her start on the road to Eddie's program by studying French in high school. She was good at the language—so good that she won the right to represent her school in a contest to select the boy or girl who was best at reciting the poem "The Grasshopper and the Ant" in French. Fifi's rendition of this classic was voted the best, and she was award-

ed an engraved gold medal. Not only that, but the contest was reported in a Parisian newspaper and Fifi got a letter from Premier Laval of France. It all led to the best prize of all—a two-year contract with Eddie Cantor. Fifi's real name is Vyola Von, and she's nineteen years old. . . . When an Englishman looks at America, particularly American movies, he finds out things we Americans never think of—and that's why you'd enjoy listening to *Alistaire Cook*, on NBC-Red at 7:30. He hasn't much to say about Hollywood gossip, but when he goes to town on the movies themselves his opinions may excite you or anger you, but they won't bore you. . . . Don't forget *Lawrence Tibbett* on CBS at 9:00.



Vyola Von—you know her better as *Mademoiselle Fifi*—is on Eddie Cantor's show.

Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 2



Jone Pickens is the singing star of Ben Bernie's CBS comedy program this evening.

IF Candlemas is fair and clear, There'll be two winters in the year" Your *Almanac* tried to find out where the old legend about the groundhog and his shadow started, but the farthest back it could get was this old Scotch jingle, which doesn't mention groundhogs at all. Today is Candlemas Day as well as Groundhog Day, though, and you get the idea. . . . The networks will have their men and microphones out today to check on the first groundhog to poke his nose out and look for his shadow. If he sees it, of course, he'll scurry back in and we'll have another six weeks of bad weather. . . . Groundhogs or not, Wednesday night is a good time to listen to the radio, with *One Man's Family* on NBC-Red

at 8:00, *Lawrence Tibbett* on CBS and *Fred Allen* on NBC-Red at 9:00, and *Ben Bernie*, *Lew Lehr*, and *Jane Pickens* on CBS at 9:30. *Bernie* needs no introduction to anybody. . . . *Lew* is the German accented comedian of the newsreels. . . . and *Jane* is the only currently-heard member of those famous *Pickens* sisters. She can sing an aria as well as the most recent popular ballad, is still studying, and hopes some day to sing at the Metropolitan. When she was singing with her other two sisters, *Helen* and *Patti*, the three of them made a fan out of the famous pianist and composer, *Serge Rachmaninoff*, who wrote an arrangement of his own "Liebestraum" for them to use, he liked them so well.

Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 9

WHEN *Lum* and *Abner* go on the air tonight at 7:30 over NBC-Blue, one of them will be celebrating his birthday—*Chester Lauck*, who plays *Lum*. . . . The organ solo which introduces *One Man's Family* at 8:00 on NBC-Red comes from the nimble fingers of *Blonde Sybil Chism*, who may not have her name announced on the network, but rates a salute just the same for doing her little bit to help the show on its way. . . . Once more *Your Almanac* wants to emit a loud cheer for *Dave Elman's Hobby Lobby*, on CBS at 7:15. You never knew there were so many peculiar and fascinating hobbies in existence, until you tune this program in. *Dave*, of course, as he likes to explain, has his own hobby—collect-

ing hobbies. . . . *Dick Powell*, star of *Your Hollywood Parade* on NBC-Red at 10:00, has a collecting hobby of his own—an excellent stamp collection. . . . He likes to prepare his favorite dish himself—it's ham and eggs. . . . His full name is *Richard Ewing Powell*. . . . In school he was called *Samsom*, but he hasn't the least idea why. Maybe it was because his hair was so thick and curly. . . . He made his first solo airplane flight after only two hours of instruction. . . . He thinks, probably mistakenly, that he'd make a good carpenter or mechanic. Also wouldn't mind being an insurance agent. . . . For all except the eastern states, *Mutual's Lone Ranger* serial goes on the air at 10:30, E. S. T.



Sybil Chism plays the organ for *One Man's Family's* theme song, on NBC-Red at 8:00.

Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 16 and 23



Interviewing police officers on the *Gang Busters* show is Col. *Norman Schwarzkopf*.

FEBRUARY 16: While *Phil Lord* devotes himself to program planning, directing and producing, his place on the air in the *Gang Busters* program has been taken over by *Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf*. It's the *Colonel* you hear, but *Phil* is always there in the background. Last March, you *Gang Busters* fans probably remember, it was *Schwarzkopf* who took *Phil's* place when the latter went on a brief vacation. . . . Until he resigned in 1936, *Schwarzkopf* was superintendent of the New Jersey State Police for sixteen years. He came into national prominence in connection with the *Lindbergh* case. . . . *Phil*, incidentally, is nursing along a new program idea which may hit the airwaves soon if it hasn't

done so already by the time you read this page of *Your Almanac*. It's nothing less than a show presenting the parents, brothers and sisters of famous people on the air, to tell how they acted when they were little. Personally, we always get embarrassed when we hear our mother talking about the cute things we did when we were little. . . . You won't hear it on the air, but there's a convention winding up today that's important to every listener—the annual meeting of the *National Association of Broadcasters*, in Washington. FEBRUARY 23: Just room to remind you of one Wednesday highlight you might miss otherwise—the *Curtis Institute of Music* broadcast, on CBS at 4:00.

All time in Eastern Standard
8:00 A. M.
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
9:00
CBS: Dear Columbia
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News
9:15
NBC-Red: Frank Luther
9:30
CBS: The Road of Life
MBS: Journal of Living
9:45
CBS: Bachelor's Children
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Aunt Jeimima
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
10:30
CBS: Emily Post
NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
10:45
CBS: Ma Perkins
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Woman in White
11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: David Harum
11:15
CBS: Carol Kennedy's Romance
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: Homemakers' Exchange
11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
MBS: Myra Kingsley
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
12:00 Noon
CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
1:15
CBS: Hymns
1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Red: Words and Music
1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person
2:00
NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild
2:15
CBS: The O'Neills
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over
2:30
CBS: School of the Air
NBC-Red: Alissa Keir
2:45
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
3:00
CBS: Theater Matinee
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
3:15
NBC-Blue: Eastman Music School
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
3:30
CBS: U. S. Army Band
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
4:00
CBS: Science Service
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
4:15
CBS: Ted Malone
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
4:30
CBS: The Goldbergs
NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
4:45
NBC-Red: Road of Life
5:00
CBS: Follow the Moon
NBC-Blue: The Four of Us
NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
5:15
CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
NBC-Blue: Oon Winslow
5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
5:45
CBS: Hilltop House
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:15
CBS: Hollywood Screenscoops
NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
7:30
CBS: We, The People
8:00
CBS: Kate Smith
NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
8:30
NBC-Blue: March of Time
9:00
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
NBC-Blue: NBC Concert Hour
NBC-Red: Good News of 1938
9:30
NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting
10:00
CBS: Tish
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall
10:30
CBS: Victor Bay's Orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC Jamboree
11:15
NBC-Blue: Elza Schallert

Motto of the Day

Take stock of the rumors you hear before you take stock in them.

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Jim
Ameche

Highlights For Thursday, Jan. 27

IF any member of your family is a fight fan you needn't expect to get your hands on the radio dials tonight, because they'll be set to the nearest NBC station, waiting for the broadcast of the fight between *Tommy Farr* and *Jimmy Braddock*. Madison Square Garden, New York, is the scene of the battle and NBC has the exclusive rights to broadcast it. . . . If you don't care for fights, there are plenty of other things you can wrap your ears around tonight—*George McCall's Hollywood Screenscoops* on CBS at 7:15. . . . *We, the People* on the same network at 7:30, with *Gabriel Heatter* bringing a fresh batch of unusual human beings to the microphone. . . . *Rudy Vallee* on NBC-Red at 8:00, followed by *Good*

News of 1938 on the same network at 9:00. . . . If you've never stumbled across *America's Town Meeting of the Air*, on NBC-Blue at 9:30, consider yourself guided there tonight by *Your Almanac*. . . . First you'll hear well-known speakers discuss both sides of a controversial question of the day; then you'll hear the audience get to its feet and start to heckle these same speakers. And there's nothing backward about the heckling, either. Before the hour's broadcast is ended, you'll be likely to hear a bitter three-cornered argument. . . . Flash! Just as your *Almanac* goes to press comes news that the *Farr-Braddock* fight has been set forward to Jan. 21. Our deep apologies for a mistake over which we have no control.



Tommy Farr fights Jim Broddock tonight in Modison Square Gorden—over NBC.

Highlights For Thursday, Feb. 3



Frances Corlon, leading lady in the new daily serial on NBC-Blue, *Attorney-at-Law*.

TIME you were meeting the cast of the new five-a-week serial, *Attorney-at-Law*, heard on NBC-Blue today and every other week-day at 10:30 A.M., E.S.T. . . . They're *Frances Carlon*, *Jim Ameche*, *June Meredith*, *Lucy Gillman*, *Fred Sullivan* and *Grace Lockwood*. First, *Frances Carlon*, who plays *Sally Dunlap*, *Jim's* secretary. She came to radio after distressing experiences on the stage and in Hollywood. A member of a touring theatrical troupe, she found herself stranded in Iowa. When she got out of that situation she secured a part in a Broadway show which flopped. So she went to Hollywood, where she was put under contract by one of the big companies. That would have been nice, except that

for a year she sat around doing nothing but collect her pay check. The contract ran out, and she headed east again—got as far as Chicago and broke into radio by reading commercial announcements. Then came bit parts, and now, in *Attorney-at-Law*, her first leading role. . . . Fran's hoping that playing opposite the young Ameche will be as lucky for her as playing opposite his older brother was for such stars as *June Meredith*, *Anne Seymour*, *Barbara Luddy* and *Betty Lou Gerson*. They were all unknown when they made their debuts with *Don Ameche*—and now they're all prominent radio actresses. . . . *Grace Lockwood* plays *Jim's* mother; *Fred Sullivan* plays his father; and *Lucy Gillman* his sister.

Highlights For Thursday, Feb. 10

TODAY, let Your *Almanac* introduce you to *Jim Ameche*, who plays *Terry Regan*, hero of *Attorney-at-Law* on NBC-Blue at 10:00 A.M. . . . *Jim's* no radio newcomer, because for some time he's been *Jack Armstrong* in the serial of that name and for several months he's handled the leading roles in the *Grand Hotel* plays. . . . He's *Don Ameche's* brother, and looks a lot like him, but his radio success came entirely through his own efforts, without any of *Don's* influence to help him. . . . He's twenty-three years old, and like *Don*, he was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Also like *Don*, he made his radio debut in Chicago. Last summer, when he visited his older brother in Hollywood, there was some talk of having the two

of them appear together on *Don's* radio show; but it had to be dropped, because their voices were so much alike. They were afraid listeners would be confused or think a trick was being played on them. . . . *Jim* is quieter than *Don*, less easy to get acquainted with, but just as friendly once you get to know him. In school he spent less time in athletics than *Don*, more in studying and debating. For two years he was on the debating team which won the Wisconsin state medal. . . . He has a passion for looking at new cars in automobile shows, and has spent as much as five hours at a time gloating over new models. . . . Incidentally, next month RADIO MIRROR will have a grand feature story about the two Ameches.



Don Ameche's younger brother Jim becomes a star in the *Attorney-at-Law* program.

Highlights For Thursday, Feb. 17 and 24



June Meredith, of the *Attorney-at-Law* serial, once was leading lady for *Don Ameche*.

FEBRUARY 17: To complete this gallery of *Attorney-at-Law* stars—here's *June Meredith*, who plays *Dorothy Wallace Webb* in the serial. . . . Playing opposite an Ameche's no novelty to *June*, because she was *Don's* co-star in his first sponsored night-time show. She's been on the stage, both in New York and on tour. Her radio bow came during a vacation trip to her home in Chicago. . . . She'd turned down several chances to go on the air because she didn't think she'd be any good, but finally consented when the sudden illness of another actress made a substitute necessary. She was not only good, but excellent, and has been kept busy in front of the microphone ever since.

FEBRUARY 24: Do you want to know

how to go about opening a shop? Then listen to *Alissa Keir*, on NBC-Red at 2:30 this afternoon. She'll tell you how to do it—and, what's more, how to make it pay. . . . The *Tish* sketches have changed their time, to tonight at 10:00. . . . Did you know that *Mary Margaret McBride* is on five times a week now, instead of only three? Monday through Friday at noon, on CBS. . . . If you're a fan of *Good News of 1938*, on NBC-Red at 9:00, better listen in every week and enjoy it while you can—there's talk going the rounds that it may not be a permanent fixture of the airwaves. By the time you read this, *Charlie Winninger* may have been called in to be a week-to-week member of the cast, too.

All time is Eastern Standard

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

9:00
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News

9:15
NBC-Red: Frank Luther

9:30
CBS: The Road of Life

9:45
CBS: Bachelor's Children
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Aunt Jeanna
NBC-Red: John's Dther Wife

10:30
CBS: Tony Wons
NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
CBS: Ma Perkins
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Woman in White

11:00
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
CBS: Carol Kennedy's Romance
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
MBS: Myra Kingsley
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Hello Peggy

12:00 Noon
CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: The D'Neills

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob

1:15
CBS: Betty Crocker

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Red: Words and Music

1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Gravens
NBC: Music Appreciation

2:15
CBS: The D'Neills

2:30
CBS: School of the Air

2:45
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax

3:00
NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
CBS: Jeannie Peabody
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

4:00
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
CBS: Ted Malone
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

4:30
CBS: The Goldbergs
NBC-Red: Rush Hughes

4:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe

5:00
CBS: Follow the Moon
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
NBC-Red: Dick Tracy

5:15
CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
NBC-Blue: Don Winslow

5:30
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:45
CBS: Hilltop House
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodjes
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Arthur Godfrey
NBC-Blue: Dr. Karl Reiland
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
NBC-Red: Hendrik W. Van Loon

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Bughouse Rhythm

8:00
CBS: Hammerstein Music Hall
NBC-Blue: Grand Central Station
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert

8:30
CBS: Paul Whiteman's Dorch.
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days

9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel
NBC-Red: Waltz Time

9:30
NBC-Blue: Tommy Dorsey Orch.
NBC-Red: True Story Hour

10:00
CBS: Song Shop
NBC-Red: First Nighter

10:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

10:45
NBC-Red: Dorothy Thompson

Motto of the Day



By
Raymond
Paige

When you've reached one goal don't forget to reach for a new one.

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 28

ON this page Your Almanac is trying a new stunt by devoting practically all of the space to one program and the people in it. The show: *The Woman in White*, the serial by *Irna Phillips* which replaced *Today's Children* early this month on *NBC-Red* at 10:45 A.M. *Today's Children* was the leader among daytime serials in popularity, and since *The Woman in White* is by the same author, sponsored by the same firm, it's something you ought to start listening to right away. . . . *The Woman in White* herself, *Karen Adams*, is played by *Luise Barclay*. Like most actresses in Chicago radio, *Luise* is a *Don Ameche* alumna—got her first professional radio experience playing opposite him. You've heard

her before now as *Hope Carter* in *Modern Cinderella*, which isn't on the air any longer. . . . Born in Philadelphia twenty-four years ago, she wanted to be a concert pianist, and took courses at the Cincinnati and Philadelphia conservatories. . . . Her first job was playing an organ in a church, and with her first week's salary she went out and bought a book called "How to Play the Organ." . . . *The Woman in White* is about a nurse and her experiences in a big hospital, and it's interesting to know that the reason *Irna Phillips* decided to write it was that she herself spent four months in a hospital. While she was there she came to realize just how big a nurse's job is.



Star of *The Woman in White*, on *NBC-Red* at 10:45 A.M. five days a week—*Luise Barclay*.

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 4



Macdonald Carey is *Dr. Lee Markham*, the leading man in *NBC's The Woman in White*.

THE leading man in *The Woman in White*, *Macdonald Carey*, is rapidly getting to the point where he's the first person radio producers think of when they want to cast the part of a young doctor. He had the title role, that of *Dr. Glenn Warner*, in *Young Hickory*, and now in *Woman in White* he plays *Dr. Lee Markham*. . . . Also, he's the *First Nighter* in the weekly show of that name, which hasn't much to do with the medical profession but is a part he does very well just the same. . . . Born in Sioux City, Iowa, *Macdonald* was educated at the *University of Iowa*, where he made a name for himself in the campus little theater. It didn't take him long after that to get to Chicago and begin getting radio

jobs. . . . Besides acting, *Macdonald* writes plays himself and hopes some day to produce them. He's a bachelor, six feet tall, with brown eyes and dark hair. He doesn't think the number 13 is unlucky, and no wonder—he was born on March 13, 1913, made his radio debut on Friday the thirteenth, and drives a car with 13 in its license number. . . . Besides *The Woman in White*, there are plenty of other things for you to listen to today—*Dr. Damosch's Music Appreciation* course on both *NBC* networks at 2:00 this afternoon. . . . *Dr. Dafoe* on *CBS* at 4:45, *Follow the Moon* at 5:00, and *The Life of Mary Sothern* at 5:15. . . . *Dr. Karl Reiland* on *NBC-Blue* at 7:15.

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 11

TO go with our quick review of *The Woman in White*—*Ruth Bailey*, who plays *Alice Day*, the heroine's roommate, is a Vassar College graduate. . . . She was born in the same state as *Luise Barclay*—in Pittsburgh, Pa., and was educated in private boarding schools before she went to Vassar. Also like *Luise*, she first intended to be a concert pianist, and then switched to the stage, going to Pasadena and becoming a member of the famous *Pasadena Playhouse* acting company. She made several movie shorts while she was on the West Coast too—then came to Chicago with the *Goodman Theater*, auditioned for radio, and went on the air. She's unmarried, blonde, and very pretty.

. . . *Willard Farnum*, who got his radio start because he looked like *Harold Teen* of the comic strips, plays the part of *John Adams*, the heroine's brother. . . . Tonight, don't forget to listen to *Paul Whiteman* at 8:30 on *CBS*, broadcasting now from New York. His variety show has guest stars, *Oliver Wakefield* and *Deems Taylor*, plus the incomparable *Whiteman* music. . . . The old *True Story Court of Human Relations* has changed its name to *A. L. Alexander's True Story Hour*, but it's on at the same time—9:30 on *NBC-Red*—and it's just as good as it ever was, if not better. . . . And late tonight there are *Jimmie Fidler* at 10:30 and *Dorothy Thompson* at 10:45 on *NBC-Red*.



Playing the part of *Alice Day*, *Ruth Bailey* is second lead in *The Woman in White*.

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 18



The heroine's sister *Betty* in *The Woman in White* is played by *Antonia Gillman*.

ONLY seventeen years old, *Antonia Gillman* won one of radio's highest honors when she was cast for the role of *Betty Adams* in *The Woman in White*. She was brought back to Chicago to play the part at the express wish of author *Irna Phillips*. . . . She made her debut on the air eight years ago in a show written by *Miss Phillips*. Her ambition even then, when she was only nine, was to be a great stage actress, and *Miss Phillips* encouraged and coached her. The result was that after four years *Tony* went to New York, did quite a bit of work in Broadway productions, including one leading role. Afterwards, she went to Hollywood and was cast in several big-time radio shows—

maybe you remember her as *Mrs. Wallington* on the *Eddie Cantor* program. But when *Miss Phillips* wrote the part of *Betty*, she couldn't see anybody playing it but *Tony*, so now she's still with her first radio friend. *Tony* back studies under a private tutor, taking lessons in art, French, dramatics, and the history of the theater. She isn't much interested in boys or marriage, but spends most of her time thinking about her work and how to do a better job of it. She's the elder sister of *Lucy Gillman*, who's also doing right well for herself in radio. . . . You can hear *Hendrik Willem Van Loon*, the famous author, tonight and every Friday at 7:30 on *NBC-Red*.

- All time is Eastern Standard
- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 9:00
CBS: Roy Block
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: The Wise Man
- 9:15
NBC-Red: Sunshine Express
- 9:30
MBS: Journal of Living
- 9:45
CBS: Fiddler's Fancy
NBC-Red: Landt Trio
- 10:00
CBS: Fred Feibel
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Amanda Snow
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade
NBC-Red: Charioteers
- 10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend
NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
NBC-Red: Manhatters
- 11:00
CBS: Symphony Concert
NBC-Red: Florence Hale Forum
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Ford Rush, Silent Slim
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Our Barn
NBC-Red: Half Past Eleven
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Call to Youth
NBC-Red: Abram Chasins
- 12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.
- 1:00
NBC-Red: Don Bestor Orch.
- 1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Campus Capers
- 1:55
NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Opera
- 2:00
CBS: Madison Ensemble
NBC-Red: Jimmy Dorsey Orch.
- 2:30
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo
- 2:45
CBS: Merrymakers
- 3:00
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Gale Page
- 4:15
CBS: Ted Malone
- 4:45
CBS: Four Clubmen
- 5:00
CBS: Story of Industry
- 5:30
NBC-Red: Stamp Collectors
- 5:45
CBS: Coolidge Quartet
NBC-Red: Lang Thompson Orch.
- 6:00
CBS: Chorus Quest
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Weber's Orch.
NBC-Red: El Chico Revue
- 6:30
CBS: Syncopeation Piece
NBC: Press-Radio News
- 6:35
NBC-Blue: Alma Kitchell
NBC-Red: Sports Question Box
- 6:45
NBC-Blue: Johnny O'Brien Orch.
NBC-Red: Religion in The News
- 7:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten
- 7:30
CBS: Carborundum Band
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
NBC-Red: Linton Wells
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Jean Sablon
- 8:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Red: Robert Ripley
- 8:30
CBS: Johnny Presents
NBC-Blue: Spelling Bee
NBC-Red: Jack Haley
- 9:00
CBS: Professor Quiz
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
NBC-Red: Al Roth Orch.
- 9:30
CBS: Your Pet Program
NBC-Red: Special Delivery
- 10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade
NBC: Arturo Toscanini
- 11:00
CBS: Dance Music

Motto of the Day



By
Bruce
Kamman

To keep out of war—fight for peace.

Highlights For Saturday, Jan. 29

AS usual, the last day of the week is crammed full of classical music. Besides the regular *Metropolitan Opera* broadcast on *NBC-Blue* at 2:00 in the afternoon and the *Toscanini Symphony* concert on all *NBC* stations at 10:00 tonight, the day offers two other symphonic programs At 11:00 this morning, the *New York Philharmonic* plays in a young people's concert, with *Rudolph Ganz* doing the conducting and talking about music. The network is *CBS*. . . . And at 9:15 tonight, *E.S.T.*, *Mutual* has the *Chicago Orchestra*, conducted by *Dr. Frederick Stock*, in a concert that lasts until 11:00. . . . At 3:30 this afternoon, on *NBC-Red*, *Gale Page* goes on the air in her singing capacity. She's

equally effective as an actress, as her performance of *Gloria Marsh* in the recently-departed *Today's Children* showed. And besides being both actress and singer, *Gale* could win a beauty contest if she wanted to try. In private life she's the socialite daughter of a bank president, the wife of a Chicago investment banker, and a member of the Junior League. Her real name is *Mrs. Frederick Tritschlar*, and she was already married before she made her radio debut in 1932. That happened when she made a visit to her former home in Spokane, Washington. She liked the work so much that when she returned to Chicago she applied to *KYW* for a singing job, and got it.



Singer-actress Gale Page is on the air today in her musical capacity—*NBC-Red*.



Forest Boone is the man who chants the gibberish that opens the *Hit Parade* show.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 5

LISTEN to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer tonight at 10:00 on *CBS* as the *Your Hit Parade* program gets under way. . . . The auctioneer is a real one, not an actor, and his name is *Forest Boone*. Your *Almanac* doesn't know whether or not he's a descendant of the famed *Dan'l*. Tobacco buyers know what he's saying, even if you don't. . . . Your old favorite *Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten*, has lost its sponsor and changed its time, but it's still on the air. A good thing, too, because a lot of people wouldn't know what to do with their Saturdays if they couldn't listen to the professor and his obstreperous charges. *Bruce Kamman* is the professor, and *Johnny Wolf*, *Thor Ericson*, *Merrill Fugit* are

his pupils . . . not that almost any member of *NBC's* Chicago staff isn't likely to show up on the *Kindergarten* show at a minute's notice. It's that kind of a program. . . . Right after the *Kindergarten*, on the same network at 7:30, comes one of *Your Almanac's* favorite story-tellers and commentators, *Linton Wells*. . . . And after his fifteen-minute talk, *Jean Sablon* entertains with songs sung in the distinctive *Sablon* manner. It's one of radio's mysteries why *Monsieur Sablon* of the *Boulevards* hasn't been hired by a sponsor—but then radio has never gone in very heavily for imported talent, and that may be the reason. . . . *Professor Quiz* is still asking those brain-twisters, on *CBS* at 9:00.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 12

LINCOLN'S Birthday . . . and the networks will honor the memory of a great man with special programs. . . . Did you know that the day of *Lincoln's* death, *April 15, 1865*, was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the day he began to practice law in *Springfield, Illinois*? The plot to kill *Lincoln* was only part of a plan to murder several prominent Administration leaders of the day—at the same time *Lincoln* was shot, *Secretary Seward* was stabbed. But *Lincoln's* murder was the only one that was carried out successfully. . . . The favorite program of many people for many years is on the air tonight at 9:00, on *NBC-Blue*—the *National Barn Dance*, with *Henry Burr*, *Verne*, *Lee* and *Mary*; the

Hoosier Hot Shots; *Lulu Belle* and *Arkie*; *Uncle Ezra*; the *Maple City Four*; and *Master of Ceremonies Joe Kelly*. . . . *Henry Burr* is the same *Henry Burr* you used to hear on your phonograph—the same man who made the first record of "*Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet*" and who still holds the world's record for the sale of his phonograph records. The total: more than nine million black wax disks. His best seller was a song most of us have probably forgotten: "*Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night*", which sold three million copies. Other favorites were "*Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight*" and "*Rose of No Man's Land*". . . . He's been on the *Barn Dance* five years now.



Henry Burr, Deon of National Barn Dance, on the air tonight at 9:00 on *NBC-Blue*.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 19

AFTER tonight there'll be only one more chance to hear *Arturo Toscanini* conduct the *NBC Symphony Orchestra*—next *Saturday night* he leads his last concert—so better listen in and then you can tell your grandchildren you once listened to the greatest musician of them all. . . . And if you've been wishing you could be one of the favored few who are admitted to the studio, to watch as well as listen, here's some comfort: You hear the music much better in your own home, over your loudspeaker, than you would if you were actually present. The studio is so small that most of the listeners are closer to one bank of instruments than they are to the others, with the result that they hear

that one instrument too much and the others too little. But the microphone blends them all into a harmonious whole, to the benefit of your living-room seat. . . . Those white satin programs *NBC* distributes to its studio audiences for the *Maestro's* concerts aren't entirely swank—the crackle of paper would be picked up by the microphone and annoy home listeners. On the other hand, programs printed on blotting paper are just as noiseless. . . . Earlier in the evening, *NBC* has another kind of swell program—*Paul Wing's Spelling Bee*, on the *Blue* network at 8:30. *Paul* is a tall, friendly man who likes spelling bees because he always finds out something new about the English language.



Paul Wing, master of the *Spelling Bee* program broadcast this evening at 8:30 *E.S.T.*

This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

*"Smooths lines out
marvelously — makes
texture seem finer,"*

Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.



Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream



Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

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

(Right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.



with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

**SEND FOR THE
NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS**

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

You who are looking for beauty
and a charming personality, what
are you doing about your smile?

Jean Dickenson's proof of what a smile can do.

Ray Lee Jackson



Beauty WITH A SMILE

By JOYCE
ANDERSON

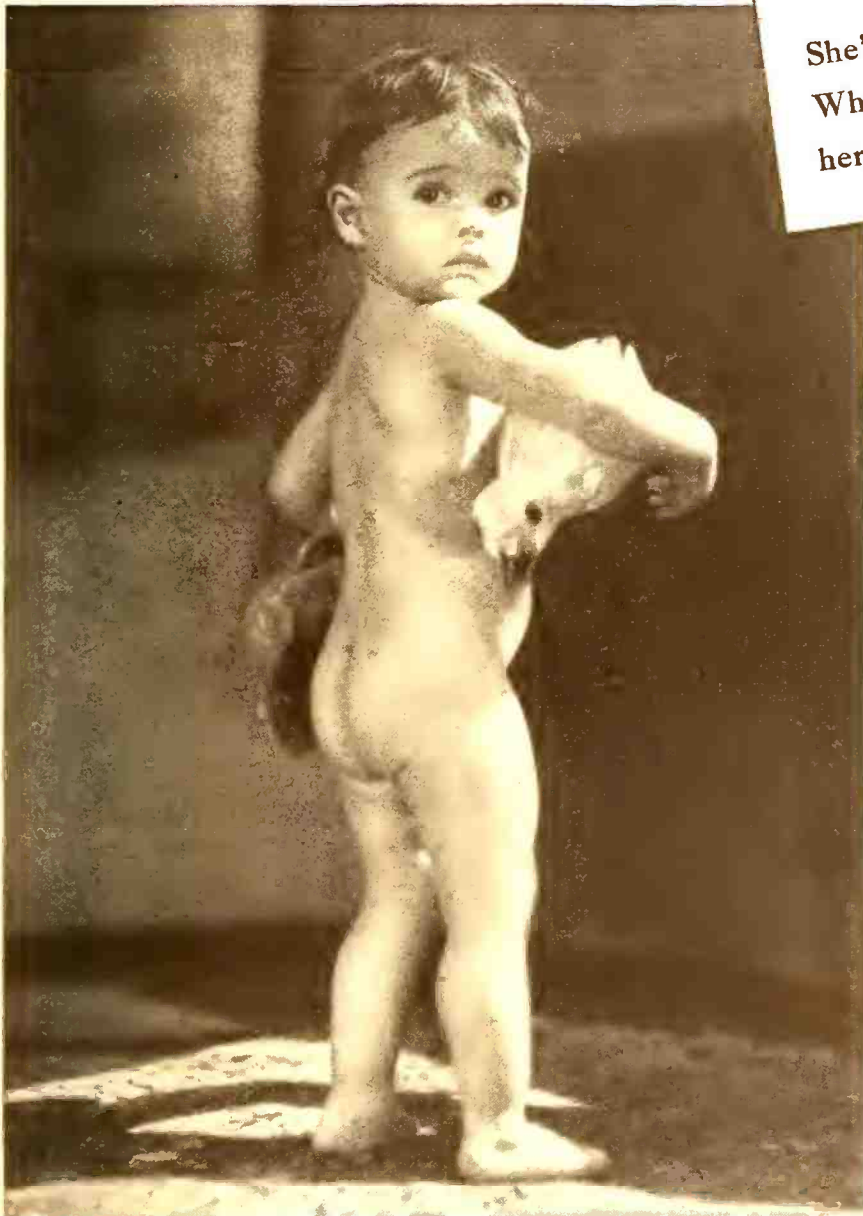
MARK TWAIN once said, "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it!" Well, nowadays everybody's talking about personality, the most important part of beauty—but people are definitely doing things about it, praise be!

When you get right down to it, what is personality? Certainly, it isn't aloofness, coldness, or downright disagreeableness. The one thing in the world which most definitely characterizes it is a *smile*—one which shows willingness, cheerfulness, honesty and friendliness. So—you who are looking for beauty, eagerly seeking to build a charming personality, what are you doing about *your* smile?

"It's rather sad," observes little Jean Dickenson, the sensational young coloratura soprano who's heard with Frank Munn on NBC's American Album of Familiar Music Sunday night, "but I think there would be many more smiles in the world if so many people didn't have inferiority complexes about their teeth. The knowledge that one's teeth are just a little crooked, or not quite a good color, has killed many a smile before it was born. Worse than that, it dulls the whole personality (Continued on page 90)

RADIO MIRROR BEAUTY PAGE

NEW!... for older babies Clapp's Chopped Foods!



She's outgrowing Strained Foods!
What now? Should you prepare
her vegetables, soups and fruits?



"No!" say doctors. Baby specialists have long urged Clapp's to make more coarsely-divided foods for older babies and small children, as the next step after Clapp's Strained Foods.

They say that while older babies need *coarser* foods, they still need *uniform* texture. Mothers who mash foods carefully often get them too fine and mothers in a hurry often leave lumps and long stems. Also, few home kitchens can pressure-cook foods to save vitamins.

Only the new Clapp's Chopped Foods offer all the advantages that doctors want.



"No!" say you with relief. Mothers and babies are just as pleased with the new Clapp's Chopped Foods as doctors! Who wants to begin a round of special marketing and cooking and preparation—if it isn't necessary?... Or even wise!

And of course babies love the new Chopped Foods—soon learn to feed themselves. For Chopped Foods have the same delicious flavors as Clapp's Strained Foods, the same fresh young vegetables, carefully seasoned.

• Ask your doctor when to promote your baby from Clapp's Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods. Or order them for your little runabout child today. They're at your dealer's—8 varieties.

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

Clapp's Chopped Foods

Made by the makers of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods

Elizabeth Harkrader was one of the famous test group of babies in New Jersey who thrive and grew so splendidly on Clapp's Strained Baby Foods. Elizabeth is about two years old now, and it's hard to say which was more delighted to have the new Clapp's Chopped Foods... Elizabeth or her mother!



Prize recipes for modern homemakers, when cooking time is short and the family appetite is sharp

MEALS
IN
MINUTES



DASH here—dash there—dash home to prepare dinner. That's the general scheme of things for the modern homemaker. Wonder if she realizes how whole-heartedly the manufacturers of food products and household equipment toe the mark so that she conscientiously may continue to dash here—dash there—and dash home to prepare a corking good "hold your man" dinner.

Of course she does, for Mrs. Homemaker is the one who crusaded for soups that come from cans rather than soup bones and for main course dishes that are made in minutes. And she got 'em! She's clever; she capitalizes on every short-cut—uses ready-cooked spaghetti when she wants hot spaghetti casserole at the drop of a hat and makes her a la kings with a cream soup base—but she individualizes each little "quickie" on her pantry shelf to fit her own particular family's whims.

With all this in mind, I am happy to share with her some of my favorite time saving recipes and ideas, and I

can't think of a better one to start with than this recipe for "baconized" spaghetti in onion cups.

**"BACONIZED" SPAGHETTI
IN ONION CUPS**

Cook the desired number of Bermuda onions until tender but not soft. (Give yourself a break by cooking the onions in the morning, while you're washing the breakfast dishes and dusting). Drain onions, and, when cool, remove their centers to form
(Continued on page 88)



Eleanor Howe, nationally known home economist, is heard on Homemakers' Exchange, NBC-Red, 11:30 a.m., Tuesday and Thursday, sponsored by the Associated Ice Industries.

I learned this at a college prom—



I simply fled! Escape—that was all I could think of! Just to get away from the gaiety and music—that marvelous music—of my first college prom! After all, when you're chafed . . . dancing isn't fun, it's agony!



"Simpleton!" said Marge, who was in the dressing-room making minor face repairs. "You'd think you were born in the dark ages! This dance came at the wrong time for me, too—but you don't hear me complaining! Haven't you heard about Modess?"



"Did you ask for Modess, miss?" said the maid handing Marge a blue box. "Good," beamed Marge. "And scissors too, please . . . Now, my dear, I'll show you two good reasons why you should get in the habit of saying Modess . . ."



"See this filler?" said Marge—cutting a pad in two. "Feel it . . . it's fluffy and soft as the down on a duck! Modess isn't made up of crépey, close-packed layers—like ordinary napkins. It's so much softer. That's why Modess doesn't chafe!"



"Now, watch—" continued Marge, "here's reason number two! Modess is also safer!" So saying—she took the moisture-proof backing from inside a pad and poured water on it. Moisture-proof is right! I was simply amazed!



"Well, pet," said Marge, as we were getting our wraps, several hours later, "isn't it wonderful what a difference being comfortable can make in a girl's life! By the way"—she added—"here's something I forgot to tell you. You'll find Modess costs less, in most places, than any other nationally known napkin!"

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

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



White shirt, no hat, no tails—Ray Noble's rehearsal costume.



Top right, Olga Baclanova conducts Mutual's International Revue.



Above, Martha Tilton swings out while Benny Goodman batons.

FACING THE MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

WHAT'S happened to the Casa Loma boys?" Without a sponsor this season, a lot of listeners have taken it for granted that this famous cooperative orchestra has been idle. They couldn't be more mistaken.

Currently playing in the Hotel New Yorker and on the air via CBS, Casa Loma is also busy making electrical transcriptions for local sponsors and recording weekly for Decca. They have been working continuously for the last fifty-two weeks.

Last summer this corporation which is valued at \$250,000 broke an all-time record at the Hotel Adolphus in Dallas; smashed the attendance record of Los Angeles' mammoth Palomar Ballroom, eclipsing even the great Goodman.

Of the sixteen men who comprise the personnel, eleven are equal stockholders and invest their profits in real estate in Florida and New Jersey.

Once an original member leaves the band he is paid out his share in cash. Recently (Continued on page 80)



How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you *Doubly Lovely*

To be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.

Look Well

Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum... Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth.

Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way... Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

Dress Well

Style, what you wear is important: Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, Elizabeth Hawes, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had *Simplicity Patterns* put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, Joan Bennett.

Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett — beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production—modeling Double Mint dress...

...designed by Elizabeth Hawes

Simplicity Pattern

at any Simplicity Dealer

NO. 2718



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

It takes a quick hand on the dial these days to keep up with popular radio actors as they move into new programs and roles. This month brought stardom to that fast-climbing lad, Jim Ameche, who had already won his juvenile laurels as Jack Armstrong. On January 3, Jim took over the leading role of Terry Regan in the new daytime script show, Attorney-at-law. Co-starring with Jim will be Frances Carlon as Jim's secretary, Sally Dunlap. Frances is the Chicago radio starlet you have met as Patty Moran of Today's Children and in the title role of Kitty Keene.

The medical profession gets another boost as MacDonald Carey, star of Young Hickory, fills his second doctor's role. He plays Dr. Lee Markham in The Woman in White, which replaced that longtime favorite, Today's Children, on January 3. Playing the lead will be Luise Barclay.

And have you Joan Blaine fans noticed that Joan is appearing as leading lady of a new dramatic series on the Gold Medal Hour? So far it is heard only in Chicago.

You'll be glad to hear, too, that the Maple City Four are making another picture with Gene Autry. And that the Hoosier Hotshots will appear with them.

Pretty Kitty Kelly: The gay and affectionate couple above are Arline Blackburn and Clayton Collyer, the Kitty Kelly and Mike Conway respectively of the daytime serial, Pretty Kitty Kelly. Other parts are played by Charles Webster as the ship's doctor; Charles Slat-



Pretty Kitty Kelly and her hero, Michael Conway, heard Monday to Friday over CBS.

tery, Patrick Conway; Florence Malone, Mrs. Mogram; Richard Kollmas, Jack Van Orpington, and John Moore, British Consul.

Rose, May & Helen, Brooklyn, N. Y.—As far as I know, Winston Ross is not singing on the radio. While he was making his tour with Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt last season, he made several radio appearances in various cities, but he is in New York at present and is not doing any professional work on the radio.

Mrs. W. Perry Little, Frazeysburg, O.—Your favorite announcer is one of the busiest these days. Jean Paul King announces Myrt and Marge on the Columbia network Monday through Friday; also, the On Broadway program Sunday afternoons over NBC. He is featured news commentator over the Mutual

network on the Daily Information Service and main commentator of the News of the Day newsreel released by M-G-M twice each week. Just to make sure he has no leisure time problem, he is making a number of slide films, sound films and recordings and writes magazine articles. In addition, he has a large air-mail stamp collection and owns an interest in a stamp business. He was graduated from the University of Washington in 1926, and in 1928 married Mary Cogswell of Portland. They have a four-year-old son.

Miss B. Smythe, Sydney, Australia—One of our alert readers, June Logomarsino of San Francisco, Calif. has written us that Charles Kaley, about whom you were asking some time ago, is now master of ceremonies at San Francisco's Deauville Club. (Continued on page 93)

ANSWERS TO PROF. QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. He sang all the time while working in an advertising agency as a very young man. His boss advised him to leave in order to devote all his time to his voice.
2. The girls who compose Phil Spitalny's band on the Hour of Charm program.
3. Mickey Mouse, heard on NBC for Pepsodent.
4. These are two of Hollywood's most famous streets and the corner they form is the site of NBC's new buildings.
5. The auctioneer on the Lucky Strike program.
6. An organ.
7. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream; RCA; Packard.
8. Edward G. Robinson, on CBS, Tuesday night.
9. Wendell Niles, Bob Trout, Tiny Ruffner.
10. Rudy Vallee.
11. Radio Mirror, beginning with this issue.
12. NBC is on the air 35 hours a day (counting its two networks), and CBS is on 17½ hours.
13. Virginia Verrill.
14. Arkansas, and it is the home of Lum and Abner.
15. Ace—Goodman and Jane.
16. The symphony concerts under the direction of Arturo Toscanini.
17. One Man's Family.
18. Emily Post program, on CBS Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10:30 a.m.
19. It is the name of the popularity survey taken regularly for subscribers and which is the most widely quoted poll of them all.
20. Kirsten Flagstad.

\$25,000.00

25 GRAND PRIZES OF \$1000.00 EACH FOR TRUE STORIES YOU CAN WRITE

TRUE STORY will pay \$1,000 each for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Thursday, March 31, 1938. This is a truly splendid offer bursting with opportunity.

We conducted a similar contest a few months ago and it was an unprecedented success. The fact that all prizes were equal and of magnificent proportions had an almost irresistible lure and appeal.

And so it is now. History is repeating itself! Opportunity knocks again! Here is your chance to receive a large sum of money for a simple account of dramatic, tragic, or soul-stirring life episode that you may have lived or observed.

In order to be paid \$1,000 your story does not have to be the best sent in nor the tenth nor the twentieth. If it falls within the best twenty-five you will still receive a check for \$1,000. What a pity it would be if you, knowing such a story, should not cash in on it!

The rules on this page are complete and if you observe them carefully your story will be eligible to compete for one of the magnificent cash prizes. In your own best interests, however, we recommend that you immediately sign the coupon and send it in for a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which, in former contests, has proved to be most effective in writing true stories. Also be sure to read the important notice in the box beside the coupon.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter

whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then, after you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the contest rules, write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of \$1,000.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

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

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

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. Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL otherwise manuscripts will be refused. ENCLOSE RETURN FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN SAME CONTAINER WITH MANUSCRIPT IN A SEPARATE ENVELOPE.

Send material flat. Do not roll. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper. At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER Righthand CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE AND SIGN YOUR FULL NAME AND LEGAL ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING AT FOOT OF THE LAST PAGE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories. Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest if postage is enclosed.

This contest is open to everyone 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 what ever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges 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 always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Thursday, March 31, 1938.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to True Story Manuscript Contest, Dept. 34C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

We want YOUR story, written in YOUR own way.

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

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

DO NOT DEAL THROUGH INTERMEDIARIES. SUBMIT YOUR STORIES DIRECT.

Advise "TRUE STORY" Magazine if anyone offers to aid you or represents themselves as being able to aid you.

NO FEES NEED BE PAID TO ANYONE IN CONNECTION WITH THE SUBMISSION OF A STORY TO "TRUE STORY" MAGAZINE.

TRUE STORY, Dept. 34C RM
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....
(Print name of state in full.)

THE ANNOUNCER

HE was plenty tough when he was playing tackle for the University of Colorado. He was six feet, two inches tall, and weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds.

For three years, 1920 to 1923, he was a towering bulwark in the Colorado line. He won first string mention, two years in a row, on the Rocky Mountain Conference Team.

In 1923, he graduated and went out to have a crack at the world, instead of an opposing line. He was big, and tough, and he intended to stay that way.

When Don Wilson went out to conquer the world, to shape it closer to his heart's desire, he forgot to take many things into account. He thought only in terms of himself.

Like most young people starting out against the world, Don failed to see the possibility of someone else altering his life. He could not be expected to foresee then, how his love for someone else might change all his plans.

What the world did to Don Wilson; how certain people, and one person in particular, changed his views; how he fought against taking what he called, "sissy's work;" and how he became one of the ace announcers on the air, is one of the most interesting, amusing and vivid tales I have ever heard!

Shortly after Don graduated from school, he took a job selling vacuum cleaners. He took it because his roommate had advised him not to.

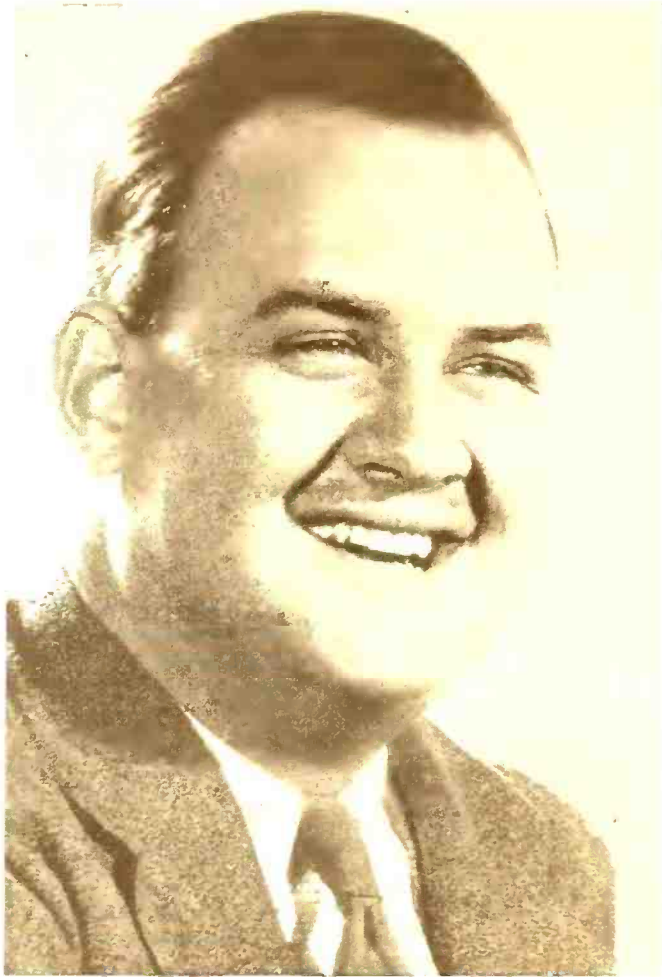
Wilson went from house to house selling vacuum cleaners. He walked cheerfully up and down almost every street that Denver had to offer—and amazingly enough, he actually sold vacuum cleaners!

His big frame parked against the door sill, Don would chat affably with the housewives. They liked to hear his heavy, clear booming voice, and they listened with eagerness to his assuring line of talk.

Selling vacuum cleaners became too boring to Don, actually too much of a cinch, so he quit this selling line and took a more difficult job. He joined up with a wildcat oil company, and went about the business offices of Denver selling oil stock!

Don then appealed to his better half and took a job as a book salesman. Again, he sold door to door. His works of art were Bibles, Shakespeare, and a great Anthology of Poetry which would have been a problem for anyone of lesser bulk than Don to carry around! And his days as a book salesman turned out to be tremendously successful!

In reality, Don's selling days were doing much more for his future than he could possibly conceive. His door to door campaigning taught him every angle of



BY
JACK SHER

**Jack Benny's
announcer, Don
Wilson, thought
there was no
lower form of
work until he—**

IS A SISSY

the selling game. Every one who has refused to answer a doorbell knows how tough this method of selling is.

The personal magnetism which Don uses in his air messages today must have been originated and nurtured during the time he spent going from door to door.

During his selling days, Don gathered two of his school friends together, and they formed a trio. Don spent his days talking, and his evenings singing. His voice, which was fairly good during his University days, developed into an unusually fine instrument.

When the trio reached top form, they began making the rounds of the radio stations in Denver. They called themselves "The Playboys," and their new profession was more or less in the way of fun.

DON did most of the talking. When he wasn't convincing a nice housewife to buy a book, he was arguing with a station manager over the merits of the trio.

Nothing being too tough for Don, he finally landed an audition. "The Playboys" cut loose and sang their way smack into a job!

Don was happy until the day that the station manager came to him with the proposition that he become an announcer. The manager had heard of Don's reputation as a salesman.

He spoke of the future that the big fellow would have with the organization. In (Continued on page 96)

Why Hate Roosevelt?

(Continued from page 21)

troubles. Since Wilson, no American has attracted European eyes as much as Roosevelt, because we think the European future dependent decidedly upon the attitude of the United States. These world problems do not depend only on Mr. Roosevelt's decision—some stand is forced upon you, since we sail in four days from London to New York and not four months as President Monroe did. Who has all these advantages, must also bear some consequences. Roosevelt, after four years' effort at maintaining strict neutrality, advanced in his Chicago speech to the point of threatening the dictators. But, from this warning to a war, there is a long distance. Such words make a deep impression upon German people because German fear of American troops and money is increased to a panic since they feel that in the last war, the United States decided their fate.

I see in Roosevelt's policies, not an idealistic thesis as in Wilson's—"to save Democracy." He is Wilson's pupil only in ideas. He told me "I learned from Wilson how not to act. To accomplish such an idea, needs a politician like me!" He is not at all afraid to be called a politician—he wishes to end this word as a term of abuse. He knows very well that no nation goes to war to save the world. Also, our modern Crusaders, instead of saving the world from communism, look for Morocco iron and Spanish copper.

If Roosevelt warned the dictators, their moves on this very hemisphere show you how near is the danger. Perhaps he is not quite sure the American business man can stay quiet, answering no extras, when through his field glasses he can see others making millions out of Europe.

I liked in Roosevelt his ability and his manner of handling other men. For men are material for a leader, just like clay for a sculptor. Some summer mornings I saw him working in his office in that beautiful oval room. So as an artist I watched, and as I can think only by my eyes, I understood. Each man who left him felt friendlier than when he came in.

"That is the trouble," you say. "This man has a personal charm, captivating everybody." If you construct a sin out of that, you can object also to Caruso, that he captivated women by his voice. If the dictators with their gloomy appearance, dark eyes, shouting orders, excite the masses and men today; why is not another character preferable—one with a serene and gay manner, open and straightforward? No great statesman has ever won his country by simple logic and statistics—his personality was always decisive. I found in Roosevelt that typical American open mind that I could not discover with two former presidents I had the honor to meet in the same room. If this is magic, I wish every nation such a magician.

All these men developed their characters slowly. Roosevelt also fell in no sense from the heavens as he is today. He had the good fortune of his illness. I have asked all observant men and women, who have known him for twenty years; I have studied old photographs and old moving pictures. All prove to me that it was

"I DON'T CARE HOW PRETTY SHE IS —SHE'LL SPOIL THE SHOW!"



AW, YOU'RE JEALOUS 'CAUSE TEACHER WON'T LET YOU BE LITTLE SNOW-WHITE

POOH! BETTY DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE SNOW-WHITE IN THAT FUNNY, TATTLE-TALE GRAY SHEET!



BOO-HOO-HOO! I'M GOING HOME —

FORGET IT, BETTY, DON'T YOU MIND WHAT SHE SAYS!



IT'S NOTHING TO CRY ABOUT ANYWAY. MY MOMMY'S CLOTHES USED TO HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY SOMETHIN' AWFUL 'CAUSE HER SOAP WAS SO LAZY IT LEFT DIRT BEHIND



BUT THEN SHE SWITCHED TO FELS-NAPHTHA AND BOY, OH BOY, DOES DIRT SKEEDADDLE! MOM SAYS FELS-NAPHTHA'S RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPHTHA JUST DON'T GIVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY A CHANCE!

OH, BILL, REALLY? I'LL TELL MY MOTHER RIGHT AWAY...



LISTEN TO THE CLAPPING! YOU WERE SILLY TO FRET ABOUT BETTY'S COSTUME THAT SHEET CERTAINLY DOES SHINE LIKE SNOW. SNOW-WHITE'S THE VERY NAME FOR IT!

IT IS NOW — THANKS TO THE LITTLE BLOND DWARF ON THE END — AND FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

TWO WEEKS LATER

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

Have you tried the marvelous new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips?

Make a *FRESH* start and swing over to a *FRESH* cigarette



A Fresh Start made a Fresh Star

Salesgirl in a department store, Joy Hodges made a fresh start. Landed in the movies! Starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"! Now charms Broadway in "I'd Rather Be Right"! Joy's fresh start made a new star who brought fresh joy to millions.

YOU'LL miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a *FRESH* start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to *FRESH*. Double-Mellow Old Golds... the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality... brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, dampness and dryness, can never muscle in on that double-sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a *FRESH* start with those always *FRESH* Double-Mellow Old Golds.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network. Coast-to-Coast



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh



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his illness together with his marriage and the war which modeled his character. After having lived an all too easy life from twenty to forty he was the victim of the most terrible blow a very healthy man can receive. Who does not see in this the hand of Providence? Some years of inner concentration followed. That great courage, to win over his affliction, that first word: "I will best this thing" introduced Franklin Roosevelt to history. Today he looks an even more healthy man. Because he conquered this disaster by concentrated energy, he becomes the natural model for all young Americans to fight against blows. The workman accepts him more readily because even such a son of good luck has had his dark time in life. In Washington are constant reminders of this Roosevelt energy—it emanates into the many small government branches and departments. Roosevelt, the lucky child of the gods, could never have reached this point without the dramatic blow falling in the idyllic landscape of his life.

Roosevelt's development and his character are both opposed to dictatorship. There is also the American sense of humor—every dictator is furtive and gloomy—the Americans would laugh at this type of man. But Roosevelt's character gives still stronger guarantee.

"When you had to fight a whole day against Congress and the Supreme Court," I asked him, "in the evening are you not jealous of the dictators who can simply order what they wish?"

"**NO,**" he exclaimed. "I would hate to be a dictator. I would be bored without opposition."

The dictators begin with misanthropies; Roosevelt is entirely philanthropic. The dictator rules by inciting fear; Roosevelt by reason and suggestion. The dictator speaks always of the happiness of the nation, Roosevelt of the happiness of the individual. The Dictator destroys all parties and lives by the support of his party; Roosevelt is stimulated by the battle with parties. The Dictator loves power; Roosevelt loves fighting. The Dictator is solemn and tragic; Roosevelt is courteous and ironic. The Dictator is always a man in uniform; Roosevelt never had one on his body. The Dictator usurped his power by sword and fire, Roosevelt won his by two popular elections. The Dictator hates, murders and bans; Roosevelt unveils, argues and taxes. The Dictator is lonely! Roosevelt is social. The Dictator wants to be feared; Roosevelt wants to be loved.

No, gentlemen, no shirts, whatever color, endanger you.

Before I leave America let a man who has made the human character his exclusive study for thirty years say this:

You are right to criticize and even condemn some of Roosevelt's measures and laws. I understand perfectly when a proud nation takes some feeling against the man to whom she conferred in an hour of emergency more power than to any man before. I admire this feeling in America today, just as I like it in a proud woman who would never forgive a man for the fact that she delivered herself to him in a weak moment.

But, gentlemen, that is a fear without reason—Only if you had lived some months under a dictatorship in Europe; if you had felt what it is to

have your letters opened, your telephone tapped—every newspaper you read uniform with all others because they are all dictated. If you knew what it is to have every speech forbidden, meetings forbidden, Congress changed to an assembly of six hundred nominated men who have only to lift the right arm when the great man comes and to be silent. If you have hidden your favorite books under the bed because police come unexpectedly; if your minister is in prison because he insists in believing the Old Testament, your teacher because he believes in Rousseau. If you see your oldest friend murdered because he wished to be a pacifist—then, gentlemen, then you will understand what it means—the light in the hand of that gigantic woman in the port of New York to enlighten the shores of a happy country!

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 33)

Nelson Eddy actually did some truckin' a Sunday or so ago when he eared some very swinging Negro Spirituals. It just about laid the audience in the aisles—and then as a topper, the baritone grabbed an accordion and did as good a Phil Baker as Phil does.

* * *

Several folks wonder what'll happen to baritone Igor Gorin now that Bill Bacher is out of the M-G-M radio set-up. One-time dentist Bacher brought Gorin to radio via Hollywood Hotel and when Bacher's name was scratched off the M-G-M door, Igor's contract was not picked up by the studio. Gorin had been set for five appearances on the M-G-M-Maxwell House Coffee shows, but only finished three. I think this Gorin is a great singer and if inter-office politics keeps him off the air a minute longer, it's radio's loss . . . and mine.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO GEORGIE JESSEL: Dear Comedian (?):— You've been carrying on a one-sided war against radio commentators who talk about Hollywood. You tell your listeners that you "speak for the film industry," but I have my doubts as to that. But of course, you know and I know that you would like to have your little private war picked up by the radio gossips! Since you seem so anxious to start a feud, I'll oblige you. Suppose I carry on my part of the battle by way of this department in RADIO MIRROR magazine. Besides, it would hardly be original for you to feud with me over the radio, because Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie thought of that idea first. I'm going to be at some disadvantage in this feud. You see I never hear your radio program—for two reasons: First: because at the hour you broadcast, I am playing golf, and my golf is much more important to me than anything you might have to say. Second: you are on the air at the same time Joe Penner is and if I were free to tune in at that hour, I'm afraid, old man, it would be Penner and not Jessel to whom I would listen. (You'd be surprised how many people I know who think the same way.) But anyway, let's say the fight is on. Get out your toy



● *"My stars, Mrs. Fox! A dog's been chasing your baby? I'll tie an empty Johnson's Baby Powder can to that hound's tail some day. You poor little chap—so hot! Watch me get you cooled off..."*



● *"Wa-a-ah! How's that, pretty good, eh? I make that noise when I'm hot and cross. It always fetches the Johnson's Baby Powder. Mother's slow today—I'll give her another blast. Wa-a-ah!"*



● *"Here it comes, Foxy—a nice sprinkle of downy, cooling Johnson's. Got any rashes or chafes? Any prickly heat under your chin? Johnson's will soothe 'em before you could say Tally-ho!"*



● *"One good feel of Johnson's Baby Powder, and you know it's finer and softer than other powders—that's why it keeps a baby's skin in such perfect condition!"* And perfect condition is the way to shut out skin infections. Only the finest imported talc is used

to make Johnson's Baby Powder—no orris-root... Other aids to baby's comfort: Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil for tiny babies.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER



Henry Fonda — starting in Walter Wanger's "I Met My Love Again".

Henry Fonda helps girl win beauty crown



"TWO GIRLS WERE RIVALS for the title of Beauty Queen of the Ice Carnival. Peggy told me how anxious she was to win . . .



"SHE WAS VERY ATTRACTIVE, but I noticed that winter wind and cold had chapped and cracked her lips — spoiled her beauty . . .



"I TOLD HER that I'd heard many famous beauties of the stage and screen mention a special lipstick with a rich, protective Beauty-Cream base . . .



"PEGGY WAS CHOSEN Queen of Beauty . . . and she always insists that it was my advice about this lip-protection that won her the crown!"



INDEED, I'M GRATEFUL TO HENRY FONDA FOR TELLING ME ABOUT KISSPROOF LIPSTICK. NEVER AGAIN, IN WINTER OR SUMMER, WILL I BE WITHOUT ITS PROTECTIVE BEAUTY CREAM BASE TO KEEP MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. KISSPROOF IS A GIRL'S MOST PRECIOUS BEAUTY SECRET.

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . . . 50c
Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry)
Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades.
Generous trial sizes of all 10c stores.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE



SCENARIO BY HENRY FONDA

pistol and blast away. Yours for a long and happy war—JIMMIE FIDLER.

Rehearsals are so interesting, if you sit in the corner as quiet as a mouse. The players get interested in their work and forget anyone is around looking at them and so their faces relax and you can read character pretty well, if you've a flair for that. I'll report a few incidents I picked up on the Radio Theater (Lux) rehearsal stage when Barbara Stanwyck, Mary Astor, Constance Collier and a bunch of children were rehearsing "These Three" under the guiding hand of Frank Woodruff. Barbara worked in a suit of slacks that looked very comfortable . . . Mary Astor's hair is a pretty rust color now and the kids, particularly Marcia Mae Jones and Helen Parrish (who plays that imp Martha Tilford) were as serious as any actresses you've ever seen . . . The rehearsal looked like the first play-reading in a regular theater. You know, bare stage, empty theater with row on row of naked seats, the one light overhead and the business of going over and over the lines until they're right . . . Don't ever think these folks don't earn their dough. It's hard work—and lots of it.

Ruby Mercer, is now the radio star of Hollywood Mardi Gras, singing opposite handsome and shy Lanny Ross. Movie scouts brought her to Hollywood but she made her mark on the air. This isn't her first work with Ross, incidentally. They went to school together at the Juilliard School in New York City. Vital statistics say she's 5, 5½, weighs 115, has light brown hair and gray-green eyes . . . and plenty of freckles. One of her nicest and most attractive features is her hands—which she uses with great grace and charm.

When Bing Crosby's alma mammy, Gonzaga, sent her football team down here to play the Loyola Lions, Dr. C. came in for no little ribbing. After all the plugging Bing did for his team, they took a terrific larruping at the hands of the local moleskinners. Maybe history is set to repeat itself. Bazooka Bob Burns sponsored the University of Arkansas gridgers in their Gilmore Stadium tilt against Fresno State Teachers on Christmas Day. The team comes from a place called Conway, which isn't far from that whistle-spot which is now famous—Van Buren. Proceeds of the grid game go to charity.

Flossiest radio party of the month was run off at the much-publicized Trocadero to celebrate the initial airing of the new Warner Brothers-Lucky Strike show that stars Dick Powell as a singing-emcee.

If you care about Big Names—and who doesn't—Dick and large-orbed Joan Blondell smiled at Ricardo Cortez, Pat O'Brien and his wife, Edward G. Robinson, pretty blonde Anita Louise, Eddie Cantor and silver-tressed Ida, and many another luminary.

As for the show itself—well, you must have heard it. I'm happy to report that the guiding lights of the ether-effort shied away from any "Here's the key to city" speeches, as well as the gubble-gubble about "this great union of pictures and radio." The show, I thought, was pretty smooth on the whole and allowances

can be made for "first-night" nervousness.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have become long-distance commuters. He oftener than she—on account of Ruby and the baby are spending the winter at Palm Springs and rarely come to town, while Jolson bounces back and forth each week for his broadcast.

Would you really like to know how "Vieni, Vieni" happened to come to this country? John Royal, NBC vice-prexy was in Paris and heard a lad named Rossi, an Italian, warble the tune. He bought a recording for \$1.35, brought the song back to America, gave it to Rudy Vallee who, four months later, put it on the air. Rudy wrote the American lyrics to this old Italian folk song—and it swept the country. Right now if you can tune on a dance band program without hearing "Beeny, Beeny," you're a marvel. And what royalties did John Royal get out of his discovery? He's still \$1.35 out—but "in" a lot of satisfaction.

Hollywood's walking advertisement for lil Dan'l Cupid (how'd you guess I was thinking of Gable and Missie Lombard?) have been taking radio guest-shots in their stride no little lately. When Lombard was rehearsing for Hollywood Hotel's picture-spot "True Confession" with Fred MacMurray, one of the Vine Street Theater ushers got himself a set of crimson cheeks for not recognizing Gable and for turning him away from the stage-door. Gable finally got in, sat in the darkened theater while Carole did her stuff and not until rehearsal was over and air-time was at hand, did the blonde beauty know that her light o' love had seen her clowning through her stint.

Carole has a peculiar little gesture—with her left hand she reaches over her head, grabs a handful of the Lombard tresses from the right side of her hair, lifts the locks and drops them nervously.

When he's working, Dick Powell takes it easy . . . gives orders to the band "That's too choppy; play it more legato;" . . . is full of spirits . . . pushes his hat back on his head and over his eyes alternately . . . and makes appropriate faces when he sings or talks. He's an interesting personality . . . and, while he seems to be more subdued than he used to be on the Hollywood Hotel shows, I like him even better. He's growing up . . . but very gracefully.

CHARLIE McCARTHY NOTES

Dorothy Lamour really has a superstition about kissing Charlie McCarthy before every show. When Bergen and his wooden playmate were wowing the natives at the local Paramount Theater, Dorothy showed up at the NBC studios for the Chase and Sanborn hour. What! No McCarthy? Then Miss Lamour wouldn't go on. So a police escort went whisking down to the Paramount Theater some ten miles away, picked up Splinters McCarthy, brought him post haste to the NBC studio for his Lamour osculation (the lucky little beggar).

Unrehearsed and very unlooked for was the untoward incident that occurred on one Chase and Sanborn hour. A live lion cub was introduced

I'M "STEPPING OUT" TONIGHT!
SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP...IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

WHENEVER I'M GOING OUT WITH BOB, I ALWAYS BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET...THE PERFUMED SOAP THAT GUARDS A GIRL'S DAINTINESS IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR, AND ITS LOVELY LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN LONG AFTER YOUR BATH...KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

NOW LET'S SEE HER THROUGH BOB'S EYES

YOU'RE SO SWEET, SHIRLEY! JUST LIKE A LOVELY FRAGRANT FLOWER!

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW, ALL EVENING LONG, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S LINGERING PERFUME KEEPS A GIRL SO SURE OF HER DAINTINESS!

PROTECTS COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics . . . leaves your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!



NOW ONLY 10¢
 at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



Can You Answer • These Questions About Babies?

None of these questions are real puzzlers—or at least, they shouldn't be to Mothers. Try them. Check the answer you think is correct. (Play fair, don't look at the answers in the box below).

1. How long is the average baby at birth, from head to foot?

- (a) 12 inches
- (b) 2 feet
- (c) 20 inches
- (d) 27 inches

2. How many teeth has the average baby when 18 months old?

- (a) 6
- (b) All
- (c) 16
- (d) 12

3. A baby's first shoe should be

- (a) Sandals
- (b) Lace shoes
- (c) Moccasins
- (d) Rubber soled

4. How much sleep should a baby have when six months old?

- (a) 22 hours
- (b) 8 hours
- (c) 16 hours
- (d) 12 hours

ANSWERS

These answers were taken from the U. S. Government Bulletin, "Infant Care." Turn the page upside down.

- 4. 16 to 18 hours
- 3. Lace shoes of the blucher type
- 2. 12 teeth
- 1. 20 to 21 inches

GIFT SUGGESTION:

If you have a friend or relative who has a baby or is expecting one, this booklet will be a thoughtful and inexpensive remembrance.



10c

Send for the booklet, "Infant Care," today—Address your letter, with 10c enclosed, (stamps will do) to:

READER SERVICE BUREAU, RADIO MIRROR
205 EAST 42ND STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

If you have guessed wrong on any of these questions, even one, you should send for the official government booklet, "Infant Care," from which the answers were taken. Baby's life is too precious to guess about, especially in helpless infancy when it depends so much on proper care.

"Infant Care" was written by five of America's leading child authorities, especially for the Children's Bureau, U. S. Dept. of Labor at Washington. Physicians and authorities recommend it.

The book is yours for only 10 cents. Radio Mirror takes no part or profit in the sale of this valuable book, but sends your order and remittance direct to the proper authorities of the U. S. Children's Bureau.

on the show and much of the business was directed (too much, I thought) at the studio audience. Maybe the cub sensed that the show wasn't so hot that Sunday, maybe he was just nervous. At any rate, he reacted as a nervous lion cub might be expected to react. In fact, the incident inspired a local wag to remark that maybe the cub was something of a critic.

Gracie Allen *would* do it. A bare ten seconds before the Burns and Allen show was set to fly into the ether, Gracie looked innocently at announcer John Conte and inquired sweetly, "What time is it?" The resultant howl nearly wrecked the show's opening.

SINGLE SENTENCE STUFF

Campbell Soup Salesman Ken Niles goes in for the dagnabbinest flamboyant sports-coats . . . Fred MacMurray dresses like a day laborer in blue denims when he's rehearsing a radio show . . . The natural brown hair is showing through the almost-gone blonde tresses of lovely Barbara Stanwyck, one of my favorite people . . . Mary Astor does like those severe but fetching tailleurs . . . Jack Benny's pappy is a-visiting from Waukegan . . . Buddy Rogers is music-making at the College Inn (Chicago), so Mary Pickford finds herself faced with their first long separation—and a period of lonesomeness in Hollywood.

Another of those show-must-go-on things. This one is true and it concerns an old trouper, May Robson, now currently heard via transcriptions in the serial "Lady of Millions." She barely arrived at the Feg Murray "Seein' Stars" rehearsal a week or so ago when she suffered an indigestion attack. The medico ordered her home and into beddy-bye, with instructions to stay put. When the show aired at 4:30, Miss R. went on—then went back to bed.

In November, George Jessel spoke on his program against Hollywood gossip broadcasters, mentioning one, Jimmie Fidler, by name. He precipitated an argument which up to press time was still going on. Here are the highlights from both sides.

FIDLER'S DEFENSE

Is Hollywood justified in its struggle to suppress radio and press criticism? . . . A few members of the film colony have been openly condemning columnists and reporters who are bold enough to voice unbiased opinions about pictures and stars. Hardly a day passes that some representative of public press or radio is not denounced for failing to speak of the movies in terms of saccharine sweetness. All of which is part of the determined campaign of the film industry to control all comment about itself—a campaign to make tin gods of the stars, and to suppress frank reviews of motion pictures. Those most active in this campaign claim that the public is not interested—nor is it entitled to know—about the personal lives of the stars. On this theory, the industry is seeking to abolish open discussion of Hollywood . . . The theory is both stupid and

opposed to actual fact.

The public is demanding unbiased reviews of pictures—and no amount of artificial publicity can force that public to attend inferior pictures. Producers who claim otherwise are either deluding themselves, or else they're talking simply to make noise . . . Through press and radio, millions of words go out of Hollywood daily. Most of these words are news and opinions about the film industry. If all these words were sugar-coated the result would be nauseating, and the public would lose interest in Hollywood. There must be excitement—and there must be controversy—because the industry and stars themselves are topics for excitement and discussion . . . the big trouble is, Hollywood doesn't realize this fact. Most of Hollywood wants only the sweet without the bitter. It doesn't understand that it's a public property, depending upon public interest for its livelihood.

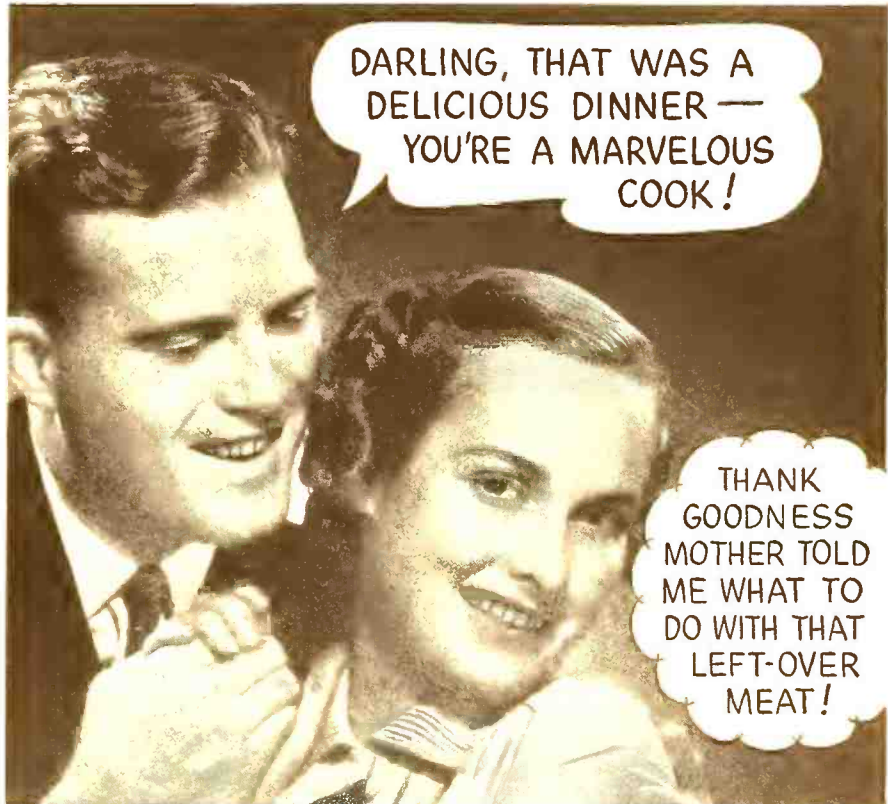
JESSEL'S REPLY

"People would lose interest," he [Fidler] said, "without the things that the gossipers say about the players." Oh they would, would they? Before there were any radio gossipers or motion picture columnists, Charlie Chaplin . . . and Jackie Coogan . . . made a picture called "The Kid" which grossed close to ten million dollars. Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" grossed over six million dollars. Norma Talmadge in "Smiling Thru" grossed close to five million dollars. The public didn't need any innuendos, rumors or travels into private lives of these people to make them go to see something that was going to give them fine entertainment . . . A gossiper suggested by innuendo that the people are entitled to the inside of what the actors and actresses do after they take off their make-up, or even between scenes. I refute this statement. We the public are entitled to good performances only, and entitled to be entertained every time we buy a ticket to go into a theater, and it is not any of our business if so-and-so sleeps with his beard over the cover or tucks it underneath . . . Any defense of the looking over the trans-som gossiper business is a lost cause—as lost a cause as defending the muscle racket, religious intolerance, or the bombing of Shanghai.



"I hope, I hope, I hope," says timid salesman Al Pearce, as he knocks on your dial Tuesday nights.

HOW TO KEEP A HUSBAND HAPPY *on left-overs*



DARLING, THAT WAS A DELICIOUS DINNER — YOU'RE A MARVELOUS COOK!

THANK GOODNESS MOTHER TOLD ME WHAT TO DO WITH THAT LEFT-OVER MEAT!

Here's your Answer to Rising Food Prices!

IT'S a wise bride who has discovered the Franco-American way to make left-overs go further and taste better. Now you don't have to worry about what to do with the meat left over from Sunday's dinner. Just combine it with Franco-American Spaghetti, and your husband will be amazed at how you can turn out such a marvelous creation on a "bride and groom budget."

That delicious, savory sauce, with its eleven ingredients, makes Franco-American Spaghetti combine wonder-

fully with other foods. Try it and see!

Franco-American Spaghetti is grand as a main dish, too. Children love it for lunch. It is just packed with nourishment, and since Franco-American usually costs only 10 cents a can, this means you are getting a tempting, nourishing dish for less than 3¢ a portion. And how it does save work! It is all ready to heat and serve. Franco-American is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti—taste it once and you'll never be without it. Get some at your grocer's today!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



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

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 43
Camden, New Jersey

Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

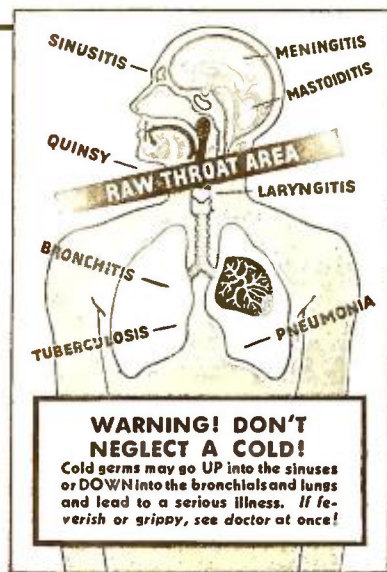
Address _____

City _____ State _____



FOR WOMEN ONLY

Feverish? Grippy?
SEE DOCTOR AT ONCE



**WARNING! DON'T
 NEGLECT A COLD!**

Cold germs may go UP into the sinuses or DOWN into the bronchials and lungs and lead to a serious illness. If feverish or grippy, see doctor at once!

FOR "RAW" THROAT USE THIS "FIRST AID"

Doctors warn that colds can lead to serious illness—to ear and sinus infection, and even pneumonia. So don't take a chance. Treat the symptoms of a coming cold effectively and without delay! *If you feel feverish or grippy see your doctor at once!*

TAKE THIS SIMPLE PRECAUTION

For the most effective "first aid," kill the cold germs that cause raw, dry throat. At the first sign of a raw throat cold, gargle with Zonite. Zonite does 3 jobs for you: (1) Cleanses mucous membranes. (2) Increases normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. (3) Kills cold germs present in the throat as soon as it comes in actual contact with them.

In a test to find out the germ-killing powers of the nine most popular, non-poisonous antiseptics on the market, Zonite proved to be actually 9.3 times more active (by standard laboratory tests) than the next best antiseptic compared! This means economy because you use Zonite diluted! Zonite goes farther—saves you money.

Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is. Soon your throat feels better.

DON'T DELAY—BE PREPARED

Get Zonite at your druggist now. And at the first sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. But remember: If you are feverish, consult your doctor! Don't risk a serious illness.

**ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE
 ACTIVE THAN ANY OTHER
 POPULAR non-poisonous ANTISEPTIC
 by standard laboratory tests**



**GARGLE WITH
 ZONITE AT FIRST
 SIGN OF A COLD!**

Gargle with Zonite

**If you're interested in the latest
 aids to beauty, advice to the love-
 lorn, or how to make a good cup of
 coffee, you'll find them all here**

HOW ABOUT YOUR HAIRDRESS?

Alice Hughes says—I see no reason why we should offer our heads as sacrifice to hairdressers' whims. There may be a few of us who look pretty with those high, curled-up hair styles that the hairdressers are trying to lure us into. But they make most women look ten years older. If that is what the hairdressers insist on doing to us, I say, let's go back to doing our own hair, and save these ten years.—From a Hecker H-O Daily Information Service broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

* * *

A WORD TO BRIDES

Helen Rowland says—Don't take ANYBODY'S advice! Find your own happiness or make your own mistakes in your OWN way. Too much advice spoils the marriage. NOBODY can tell you what your problems are going to be. Every woman is the best judge of her own heart and her own man. NOBODY can tell you how to be happy!—From a Hecker H-O Daily Information Service broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

* * *

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

A woman who has two grown children says she has been a widow for thirteen years—and now she is considering marrying again. Her children are protesting violently. They like the man well enough, but they seem to think her marriage would make some difference in her affection for them. She says the strange part of it is that her children have never been very attentive to her. The daughter is wrapped up in her own affairs and her own friends—and the son, who has a good position, never takes his mother to a movie, or for a ride in his car. Still, they have this possessive attitude towards their mother,

and do not wish her to marry again. She doesn't know whether to follow their wishes, or not.

Miss Fairfax advises—I hope this mother's idea of loyalty to her children won't prevent her second marriage. The children haven't shown any undue interest in her, up to now. And when she is older, they'll probably show even less. So I see no reason why they should be consulted in the matter. I advise her to marry the man, by all means. A lonesome old age is a dreary prospect—and that's what she's facing, if she relies upon her children for companionship.

* * *

WHAT CAN I DO TO BE POPULAR?

Eve Ve Verka says—Cultivate a delightful sense of humor. Life without a sense of humor is food without salt. Tense moments will lose their tenseness and end in a tinkle of laughter . . . unpleasant situations always have their humorous port of escape. A woman without a sense of humor truly misses half of life, since the half of life, and even more, is so funny. Also, don't pretend to know more than you do. If someone speaks of a book you haven't read, or a play you haven't seen, admit it. Let them tell you about it. They'll love that, and you may learn something.—From a Hecker H-O Daily Information Service broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

* * *

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

There is no place in modern simplified living for any piece of furniture that doesn't do its work.

A great deal can be done for useful pieces by scraping off too high finish and then refinishing or painting them, or by re-upholstering them in some lovely colored material. See if the pieces can be improved by removing unnecessary mouldings (Continued on page 95)

Radio Enters the War Against Social Diseases

(Continued from page 37)

examples to others.

A few states have already passed laws requiring Wassermann tests and microscopic slide examinations in order to make certain that both prospective bride and groom are free from venereal diseases before marriage. Both the bride and groom ought to have the evidence of freedom from disease before embarking on a life of companionship.

THESE diseases are no respecters of persons. They are found among the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the educated, the young and the old. But the extent to which they appear in various groups differs. There may be seven to ten out of every one hundred persons in the United States who are infected, but among the criminal element and the very dregs of human society, from 30 to 40 out of every hundred are found to be infected.

Those who live in the destitution and filth of the lower depths are likewise more heavily infected than the majority of the American people.

In industry, the costs of venereal diseases are tremendous. It has been estimated that from eight to ten million workers lose twenty-one million working days each year at an average cost of \$4.00 per day, as a result of infection with these conditions.

There is a great difference in the length and cost of treatment for the venereal diseases, depending on whether or not the disease is detected and treated early, or whether weeks

or months elapse before the person who is infected gets the right kind of medical attention. The spirochetes and bacteria sometimes seem to be taking a vacation in the human body because the person who is infected and who has had a little treatment may go along for months or even years without any serious symptoms. Then suddenly these vicious germs go into action. The results are disastrous.


SOME years ago a train on a great railroad was wrecked and more than forty passengers were killed because the engineer, who had never been properly examined, had begun to develop the symptoms of general paralysis. That will never happen again on that railroad. When you trust your life to a chauffeur, an airplane pilot or an elevator operator, do you ever wonder how recently he has had a Wassermann test? The time will come when our control of these diseases will bring our rates down as low as that of other countries. Even then, however, there should be regular examinations for those on whose physical integrity the lives of thousands of people may depend.

Today the death rates in American communities for tuberculosis, for typhoid fever, for diphtheria, and for many similar conditions are less than those of most other large civilized communities throughout the world. Considerable numbers of American cities, villages, towns and hamlets have reported an entire year without

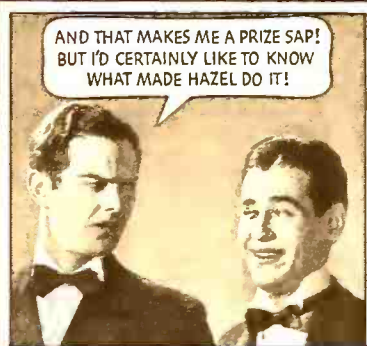
a single death from diphtheria or from typhoid fever. We now possess the knowledge necessary to secure results that will permit a similar claim in relationship to the venereal diseases. In some foreign countries these conditions have been controlled by a system of governmental exercise of police power, such as would hardly be tolerated by American citizens—laws which provide penalties in the forms of fines and imprisonment for those who fail to report cases; for people who are sick who fail to return for treatment, for those who are infected who fail to provide the names and addresses of those with whom they have been in contact. That is not the American system.

THROUGHOUT our country today, physicians are being brought up-to-date by their own efforts; through their own organizations they receive post-graduate education in modern methods of diagnosis and treatment of these diseases. Doctors everywhere, whether recent graduates or practitioners of long standing, are being given special training in these matters. They are ready at all times to supply their services to those who are sick, either as private patients or in the clinics, where physicians constantly offer a high quality of medical service to those unable to pay, or able to bear only a part of the necessary costs. The patient himself must volunteer for examination and must persist in treatment.

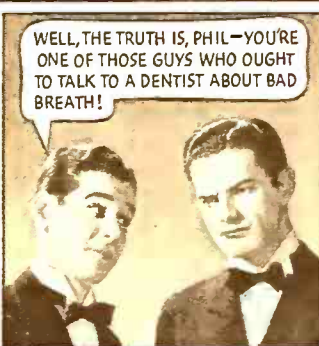
I PAY THE CHECK— AND TOM TAKES HER HOME!



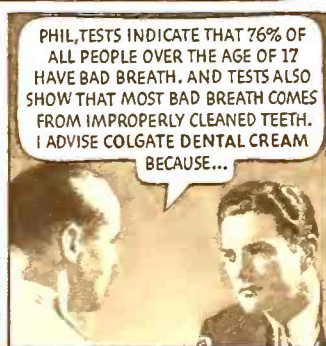
AND THAT MAKES ME A PRIZE SAPI! BUT I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW WHAT MADE HAZEL DO IT!




WELL, THE TRUTH IS, PHIL—YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO OUGHT TO TALK TO A DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!



PHIL, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH




"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

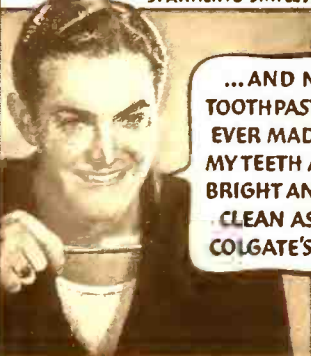
DANCE, HAZEL?


THANKS, TOM—BUT I'M NOT DANCING WITH ANYONE BUT PHIL TONIGHT!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

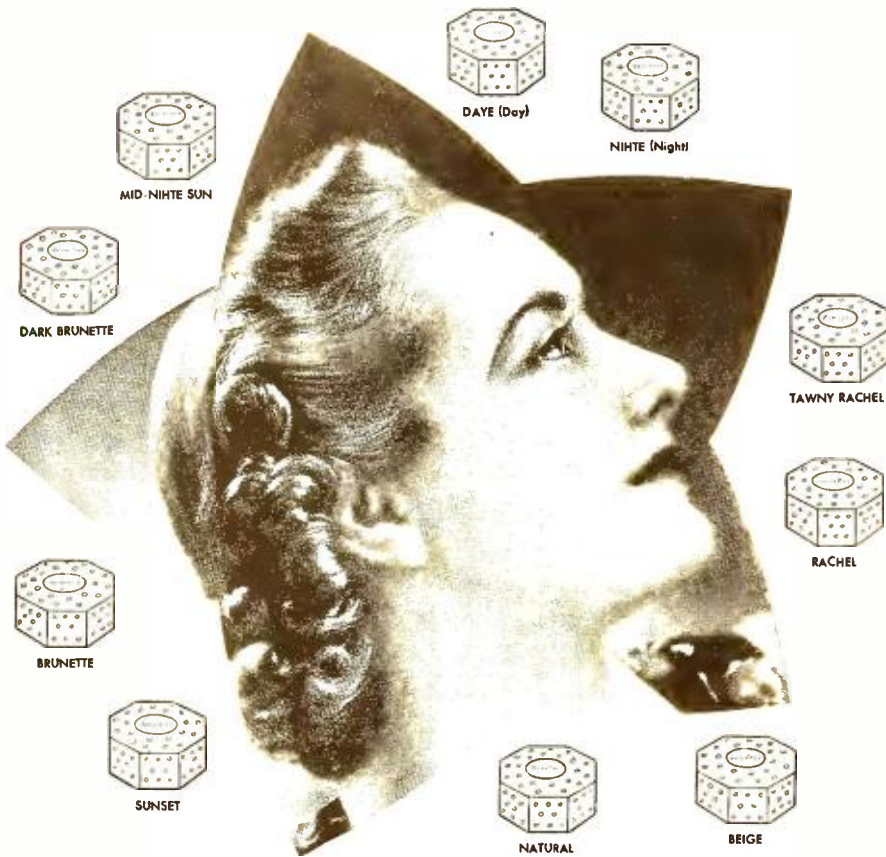
... AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!





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

WHICH COLOR WILL BE YOUR LUCKY STAR?



See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Doesn't it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says: "You look stunning!"?

But maybe you haven't heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Be honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

But don't be too quick to blame yourself—when maybe it's not you, but your face powder that's at fault. For you know that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

"Why, my face powder isn't like that," you say. But how do you know it isn't? For there's only one way to find out. See with your own eyes the electrifying change that comes over your skin when you apply a lifelike, friendly, flattering color.

Where is this transforming color? It's in one of the ten glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. But you don't have to

buy these colors to find which one may be your lucky star.

For I will send you all ten, free and postpaid, because I'm so anxious to help you help yourself.

Let me help you find your color

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours. See what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft I leave your skin!" You'll see how the color seems to spring from within... it's so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

Lights Out!

(Continued from page 19)

to be buried in?" Bill asked.
 "No, velly bad luck Sam Lee be buried here. Never rest. No, never. In China, I rest with ancestors. . . . You give me my money, please," Sam Lee begged.

"I suppose you've even got your coffin all picked out," jeered Merv.

"Yes, sir." Again Sam Lee grinned placatingly. "All bought and paid for, and put away in my house."

"Yeah?" Bill snarled suddenly. "Well two bits is all you get." He shoved the coin into Sam Lee's outstretched palm, grabbed the flowers, and let the clutch in. The car leaped forward.

But Sam Lee clung to the running board with a desperate grip. "No, wait—please!" he cried. "You give me my money."

Bill paid no attention, and gave the car more gas. Suddenly Sam Lee lost his footing. Merv, at the side of the car, had one brief terrifying glimpse of Sam Lee being dragged along, before his hand slipped off. He screamed once—a thin scream that ended abruptly.

"Stop, Bill!" Merv exclaimed. "You threw him off head first into that concrete post!"

HE was still alive when they ran back to where he lay in the gutter. While Merv and Wally bent over him Bill looked up and down the street to see if Sam Lee's screams had attracted any attention. He was sure they had not. This was a quiet street, and a lonely one. There were only a few widely-scattered houses and no traffic.

"Come on," Merv said shakily. "We've got to get him to a hospital. Quick!"

"Well—" Bill said, not bending down to help lift Sam Lee.

"Come on! He'll die if we don't hurry!"

"O. K.," Bill said. He put his hands under Sam Lee's arms and lifted him with a long, not very gentle movement.

They got Sam Lee into the back seat, and Wally got in there with him, while Merv sat in front with Bill. Bill started the car off down the street.

In a minute Merv began to fidget. "Bill, step on it, step on it! We got to hurry!" he urged.

"Why?" Bill asked softly. His moment of indecision was over. He knew what he would do now.

"You know what'll happen if we take that Chinaman to the hospital and unload him," he went on. "We'll be kissin' our college careers good-bye."

"Yea—I guess you're right. But—but what can we do?"

"If I take it easy—" Bill suggested.

"You mean— Oh, no! We couldn't do that!" Merv's face showed young and shocked beside Bill's lean, tight-lipped frown.

Bill's eyes slewed sideways for an instant. "Why not? Who'll know? Hit and run driver's victim found at the side of the road."

"No—"
 Wally's voice, almost sobbing came from the back seat. "Fellows! He's dead! He just died! He gurgled somethin' in Chinese—and then he died. Bill, stop!"

Bill slowed the car up and drew it

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 I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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

over to the side of the road.

"All right," he said irritably. "He's dead. Swell. That makes it a hell of a lot easier for us."

Even Wally was shocked into silence. His hysterical mumblings died away.

"Come on, Bill," Merv said. "Let's leave him here and beat it."

But Bill did not move. "No," he said. "I got a better idea. Throw him out, and maybe somebody can trace him to us. But—no corpus delicti, no crime. A chinaman disappears. Okay, who cares?"

"But—but what can we do with him?"

Bill spoke two words: "Medical school. . . ." Uncomprehending looks were his only answer. "In the basement—those vats of pickling fluid, where they keep the stiff. One of them's hardly ever used. If we toss him in there, he'll never be found—and even if he is, what's the difference? Just another stiff to be dissected."

Wally almost screamed. "I don't wanna do that!" he sobbed.

"Whether you do or don't, you will!" Bill snapped, so viciously that Wally cringed back against the seat. Then Bill chuckled. "Here's one Chinaman that won't be buried with his ancestors!" he said.

That was how it started.

That night, Merv felt that he was seeing Bill for the first time. He'd known Bill was a cold one, all right, but he hadn't known he was capable of such steely, remorseless courage. A horrible courage.

HE tried not to remember, in the weeks that followed, that scene in the deserted basement of the laboratory when the two of them toppled the dead body of old Sam Lee into one of the big vats full of evil-smelling preservative, while Wally kept guard outside for the night-watchman. He tried to forget, but he never did.

Bill didn't mind thinking of it. He proved that when, three weeks after Sam Lee disappeared, he suddenly proposed to take the body out of the vat and put it on one of the dissecting tables.

"There's still a chance it can be traced and identified," he explained to Merv. "This way, we can get it on our own table and make sure there aren't any finger-prints left."

Merv, hypnotized by Bill's cold-bloodedness, went through the second ordeal. They didn't tell Wally what they had done—and that was Bill's first mistake. When Wally came to the laboratory table the three of them shared, the next morning, and saw Sam Lee's body on it, he went deathly pale, bolted from the room, and left school for good that same day.

Bill was scornful over Wally's weakness. But Merv, in his heart, couldn't blame him. He felt sick as he watched Bill calmly going about the business of making sure there would be nothing left to identify Sam Lee.

Darkness had fallen over the campus a night or two later, when Bill rapped sharply on Merv's door. "Come on," he commanded. "We've got work to do." He refused to say any more until they were out and walking on one of the graveled paths. Then he went on, in a conversational tone: "I been doin' a lot of thinkin' today. You know, there's still a long chance that Chink can be identified. We've fixed the fingerprints. And tonight we're going to take care of the rest



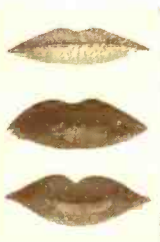
Men are Attracted

—by natural loveliness, so why risk an ugly painted look? Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your own natural coloring — never coats your lips with red grease—nor leaves red smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

Looks Orange—Acts Rose
Tangee looks orange in the stick. But it magically changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose shade,

blending perfectly with your complexion. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee magic color-change principle.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, no cracking, no chapping. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. See coupon below.



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

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BE SURE ALSO, to try the famous Tangee Rouge Compact and the new silk-sifted Tangee Face-Powder. Tangee Rouge gives your cheeks a warm natural glow that looks like your very own color, while the super-sheer texture of Tangee Face Powder blends with your own skin tones for a smooth flattering finish.

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



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Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired Flesh Rachel Light Rachel
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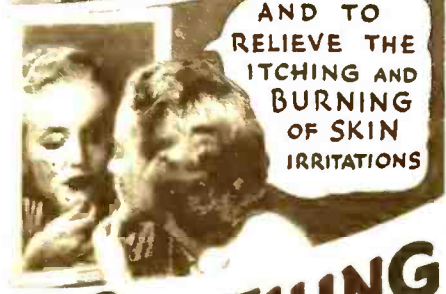
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AND TO
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Unguentine is easy to apply, doesn't sting or stain the skin, and spreads a soothing film of protection over a skin affection or injury—an antiseptic film that remains active for a long time.

Buy the big tube, 50c... or the economical family size jar, \$1.00.



Just put on some
Unguentine
Norwich

of it."

Merv stopped short. "What—what are you going to do?"

"I read somewhere that the cops have a way of buildin' up a man's face from his skull. But suppose there wasn't any skull to work on? Tonight, we're going to destroy the only identification possible—we're going to disarticulate the Chinaman's head!"

"No! Not me!" Merv cried hoarsely. "I'm getting out of here!" He turned and ran back toward the dormitory.

Bill looked after him. Then he chuckled. "Yellow! Well, I'll do it myself—I expected to anyway."

He went on into the laboratory.

* * *

NOTHING had ever looked as good to Wally as that sleepy Southern town where he had been born. Almost it seemed as if that horrible affair up North, with Bill and Merv, had never happened. Almost... except sometimes at night, when he woke up shivering from a dream he had forgotten.

Sally Lou helped. It was easy now to persuade both himself and her that the only reason he'd quit school and come home was that he just couldn't bear to be away from her. Nights he sat on her front porch, with her cuddled up close to him, and the warm darkness caressing them both with its velvet softness, while he told her how much he loved her.

Only one night, it seemed darker than usual. There were deep pits of shadow at the edge of the porch, and even in the darkness they seemed to move. Sally Lou, was there, in his arms, and everything should have been the same... but it wasn't. And suddenly, Wally was frightened.

He heard a voice, a quiet, plaintive little voice.

"Please—where is my head?" it asked. "Give me back my head."

He gasped, and Sally Lou jumped. "Wally, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Don't you hear it?"

"Don't I hear what. What are you talkin' about?"

"Please—where is my head?" Wally screamed. Now he saw him, standing there on the top step of the porch, standing there with his arms outstretched as if to receive something.

He wanted to run away, but his muscles refused to move; he wanted to explain, but his lips refused to form coherent speech.

"Please—give me back my head." There was something in his breast that seemed about to burst. His blood was drumming, throbbing in his ears. He saw the phantom take a step toward him. Then there was a tremendous, rending surge of the pounding pain in his breast, and he fell forward in Sally Lou's arms.

Sally Lou thought he had fainted. But he was dead.

* * *

Because Merv arrived home unexpectedly, he found the house empty except for Jenkins, the butler. Mr. Thomas had been called out of town, Jenkins said, and Mrs. Thomas had gone with him.

"All right, Jenkins," Merv said. "My room's ready, isn't it? Just bring me up something to eat, and I'll go right to bed."

Jenkins went down to the kitchen

Skinny, Hollow-Cheeked, Ailing Girls!



A Country School Teacher Advises How to Improve Your Looks, Get New Strength and Energy!

Read this actual letter:

"Sabula, Mo., Feb. 28, 1937.

Kelpamalt Co., Gentlemen:

I am a teacher in the public schools and ever since I can remember, my face has had sunken spaces on each of my cheeks and my eyes were dull and listless. I took everything and did everything that everyone mentioned to me... I took tablets, tonics, pills, exercises. Then I gave it up for a long time.

One day I saw a Seedol Kelpamalt advertisement and decided to try it. Before half of the first bottle was gone, I could see my cheeks filling in and my eyes brightening up. My friends began to say, "My, you look so much better and your face is beginning to fill in." I ordered 200 more and now I am fully convinced that they are a real builder and do much more than they are expected to do. Most advertisements tell more than medicines will do, but Kelpamalt certainly does not exaggerate.

I highly recommend Seedol Kelpamalt tablets to one and all.

Very truly yours,
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This letter is just one of thousands received from users of Kelpamalt.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE SELF-TEST

Take Kelpamalt for a single week and see if, like thousands of others, it doesn't make a tremendous change in you. Thousands say, even after the first week on Kelpamalt, they feel so much stronger, more energetic. They sleep better, eat better, digest their food better, and hundreds and hundreds of letters state that gains of 5 to 15 lbs. are made with Kelpamalt the first few weeks. Try Kelpamalt today. If you are not completely satisfied with the results you obtain, your money back. Kelpamalt costs but little to use and is sold at all good drug stores.



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Please send me your 3-Day Test Package of Kelpamalt. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1393, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

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to make some sandwiches, thinking as he did so that Master Merv didn't look well. Got into some sort of mix-up at school, he shouldn't wonder. There'd be a nice bit of trouble when Mr. Thomas found out.

Carrying the tray with its neat pile of sandwiches and glass of milk, Jenkins went slowly up the service stairs. As he came into the hall he had the strangest impression that he heard the soft shuffle of slippers above him, on the floor of the upstairs landing. It was ridiculous, of course. Nobody but himself and Master Merv could possibly be in the house. Nevertheless, he took time to set the tray down and see to the locks on all the doors and windows before going on up. His hand was on the door of Master Merv's room when he stopped in amazement. Master Merv was talking, inside, in a loud voice.

"I haven't got it!" he was saying. "It was Bill Miller, I tell you! Stay back! Don't come any closer or I'll shoot!"

Jenkins threw the door open, just in time to see Merv fire three shots into empty air. Hastily setting down the tray, he ran forward.

"Master Merv! What's the matter? Give me that gun, sir!"

Merv appeared not to hear him at all, and Jenkins tried to take the pistol away from him. Merv jerked away but Jenkins held on, attempting to twist the pistol out of his hand. They were struggling, with Jenkins' hand caught under Merv's arm, when the gun went off and Merv slumped to the floor, a bullet in his side.

He died almost at once, but before he died he whispered something that Jenkins, kneeling white-faced and terrified beside him, didn't understand at all.

"Bill Miller. . . . Now he'll go to you . . . Oh, I pity you!"

* * *

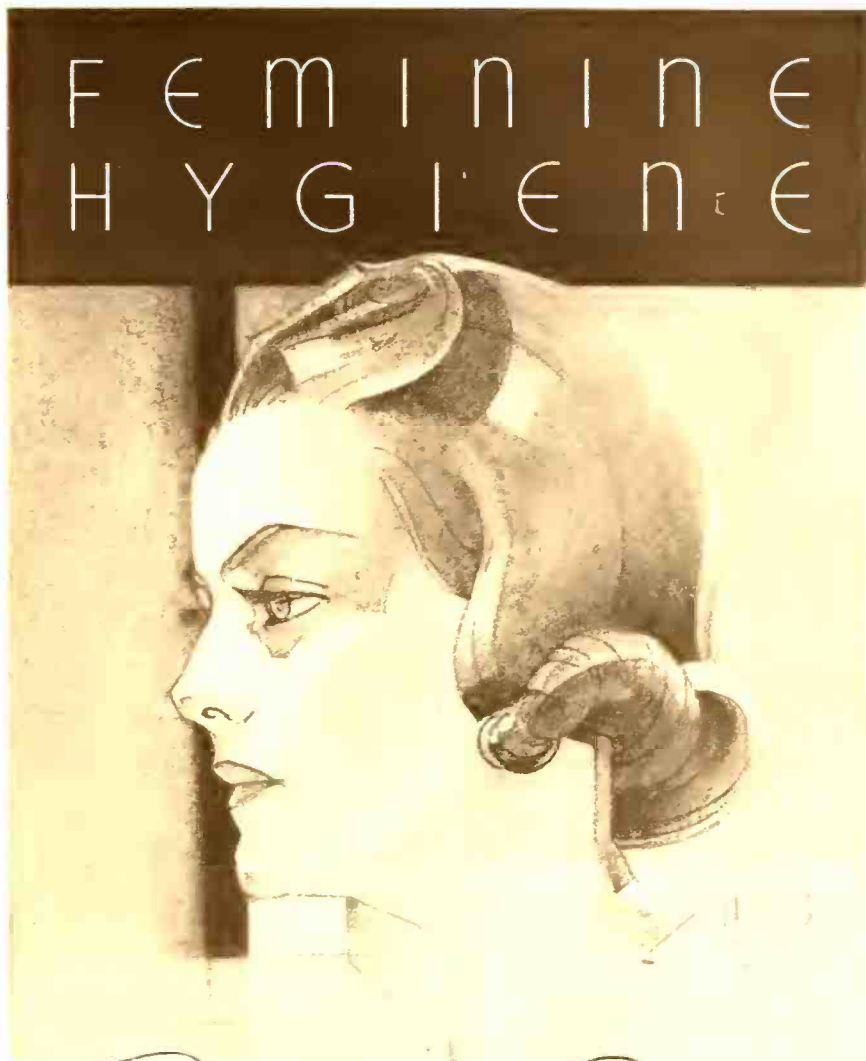
THE idea that anybody should pity him would have made Bill Miller snort with disgust. He was comfortable enough, he told himself, and he was glad Merv and Wally were gone.

There was only one thing that worried him, and it only a little. It was safe enough now, wrapped up in some old rags and stowed away in the trunk in the corner of his room, but he was going to have to get rid of it somehow, someplace, and he hadn't figured out how or where. He wasn't afraid of the job, nor did having it in the trunk bother him particularly, but getting rid of it was something that had to be planned as carefully as he'd planned every other step since the night Sam Lee was killed.

One night, several days after Merv's departure, he came home at three in the morning, his eyes smarting from a long session at the poker table. He was more tired than he remembered having been for a long time, and at first, when he thought he heard someone call his name, he attributed it to his nerves. There was no one in his room, and no one outside. But the call came again, and again, and though it seemed ridiculous, it came from the direction of his trunk.

He stepped toward the trunk, then drew back. "You're goin' nuts," he muttered to himself. "Nobody could hide in that trunk—and skulls can't talk!"

Those words—"Skulls can't talk"—impressed him as a talisman against the fear he could feel growing inside



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NORFORMS are the satisfying answer to woman's most intimate personal problem. They are soothing and deodorizing as well as antiseptic, and nothing could be easier to use.

These antiseptic suppositories melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for hours.

A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Ungentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—actually soothing. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

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You can, if you use *light-proof* powder!

● You can now get powder that is light-proof. Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. It solves the old problem of "shine". Your complexion is not constantly being light-struck, by day or by night. Those unbecoming highlights of cheekbones, chin, and nose are all subdued!

An Important Discovery

Any shade of light-proof powder will do more for your appearance than the most carefully selected shade of powder that picks up every ray of light. It will keep that lovely softness under lights that would otherwise make your face shine like an apple.

Don't buy any powder until you have made this test. The makers of Luxor light-proof powder will send you a box free, for your own demonstration. Make up as usual, in any light, but finish with this new powder. Then see if you can find any light this remarkable powder does not soften!

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THIS IS what happens with make-up that reflects every ray of light

SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof and modifies the light rays.

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him. He went on repeating them as he stood there, looking at the trunk, feeling a stronger and stronger urge to open it up and look inside it.

Then he was on his knees, fumbling with the lock, yanking open drawers, tossing aside clothes. A prickle of horror touched the base of his neck when he reached Sam Lee's head—the wrappings in which he had so carefully enshrouded it were off, fallen away like the shell of a nut from around the kernel. Then he calmed himself—of course, in jerking the drawer open, he had loosened them.

He could not take his eyes from it. And then he seemed to hear it say, "Pick me up! Pick me up!"—though the lips did not move.

He grew angry. What did it think it was, anyway? It was nothing but so much flesh and bone. It couldn't talk, it couldn't move. He'd pick it up all right. . . .

BUT when he had it in his hands he couldn't drop it. He had the sensation that time was standing still, while he held Sam Lee's head in both his hands. The head was changing size, becoming larger and larger, and its eyes had opened and were looking at him. Then he realized that his hands were moving, bringing it closer to his face—and that nothing, not all his will nor all his strength, could stop them! He shrieked, but still his own hands moved closer, carrying the grinning, open-mouthed head nearer and nearer. Those dead, sightless eyes—they were fixed upon the beating pulse in his throat, eagerly, gloatingly!

The inexorable hands brought the head to its goal. The teeth buried themselves in his throat.

Mr. Sun Ti was at the dock early with his regular monthly shipment. There were twelve coffins this time, twelve bodies to be shipped back to China. As often as the captain of the S. S. Oriental had watched Mr. Sun

Ti bring his neatly boxed dead to the dock and fuss over them like a mother hen with her chicks, he never failed to experience an eerie sensation as he watched. He didn't much like the idea of a man like Mr. Sun, whose profession was collecting money from those poor yellow devils to send them back home after they were dead.

He had just handed Mr. Sun the receipt for the twelve coffins when a sailor came running up from the hold, looking frightened.

"Those coffins, sir—" he stammered. "Yes—well, what about them?"

"There was twelve of them, sir—I counted them myself when they was put in the hold. But now there's thirteen!"

"You're crazy!" said the captain crossly. Beside him the bland face of Mr. Sun showed no change.

It was true. The captain had to admit it as he stood in the hold and counted the boxes. Twelve coffins, and another one set a little apart from the others. He prodded it gently with his foot, and it moved a few inches.

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Sun Ti, "there is nothing in it. We will open it, please."

"Um—well, all right," agreed the captain. He motioned to the sailor, who went unwillingly to work. The nails squeaked as they were pulled from the green wood of the box. Fearfully, the sailor raised the lid.

The captain caught his breath. Inside there was nothing but a skull, its skin stretched tight and leathery over the bones. And on its lips were stains—the stains of fresh blood!

If you liked this story we have another one especially for you, in the April issue of RADIO MIRROR—a First Nighter drama which made history even for this outstanding weekly program. If you've passed the nerve test of "The Thirteenth Corpse," then you're eligible to read the second in this series of radio's contributions to thrill-seekers.



"It's the new Daisy Belle Dairy Program!"

Is It Flaming Youth Again?

(Continued from page 14)

about unmarried mothers—let alone count them! If a count had been made, or questionnaires about people's private lives answered as honestly as these—"he pointed to other paragraphs statistically detailing information about first experiences in sex relations—"I daresay the results would have been even more startling.

BASIC human desires and actions never have changed in the history of mankind from the time you were a tadpole and I was a fish. In monotonous procession, the older generation has been howling about 'this generation,' and how it's going to the dogs. Your grandmother did it and her grandmother before her. It's an old, old story."

"But what proof is there," I insisted, "that the youth of today responds to purity more now than in—say—1920?"

"I'll give you the proof," DeMille replied.

In this commercial age, he said, plays are produced, pictures made, books written and radio shows broadcast with the primary purpose of making money. People pay only for what they want and enjoy. Young people make up a vast and critical part of the collective public that's doing the paying. Therefore, if youth now responds more to the finer plays, pictures, books and radio programs than to those which pander to the sex appetite, it is because they *want* the finer things.

I admitted that so far he was right.

"But," I asked, "do they respond to those better plays, books, movies and broadcasts?"

"Indeed they do," he assured me. "Take the Lux Radio Theater. It reaches millions of young people, and the greatest successes of the fifty or so plays we have produced here in the past eighteen months have been, among others, 'The Magnificent Obsession,' 'Cavalcade,' and 'The Story of Louis Pasteur.'"

"I make pictures which I believe will make money. My last ones have been such non-sex stories as Paramount's 'The Plainsman' and the current 'The Buccaneer.' They are as innocent of suggestion as a nursery rhyme. I deliberately kept them so. I employ sensual scenes now only when they are an integral, necessary part of the story, not as a device to coax people into a theater."

Thinking back to an earlier moving-picture day, I had to admit that there was a vast difference between DeMille's present pictures and his earlier successes—"Male and Female," "Why Change Your Wife?" and the others, with their spectacular orgies and their voluptuous maidens bathing in milk in tubs of black marble and gold.

"Look at your list of current best-sellers in books—books like 'Northwest Passage' and 'The Citadel,'" he was continuing. "They give the answer in the fiction field."

And in the whole field of radio itself—well, there we agreed that radio alone is a powerful argument that

public taste demands romance, excitement—but not sex. Only a scattered few of the less popular programs make any attempt to depend upon the lurid or the sensational aspects of life for their appeal.

"These four fields of entertainment," DeMille said, "show the response to purity. They are your proof. More significant, the choice of purity is a voluntary one, not something forced upon the public by ignorance, frustration, church edicts, an economic system, or practical difficulties.

"Youth is choosing purity because it knows the value of it in thought and deed. Knows it because it has had the opportunity to weigh and consider the opposite."

OF course, he admitted, young people still take advantage of the new freedom to indulge their desires and explore the by-paths of sex. There will always be those realists who must learn what is sweet and what sour by tasting of it themselves. But the vast majority have learned to choose between chastity and unchastity by intelligent, enlightened education and home environment, and by frankly honest discussion.

"The light of knowledge and understanding has been spread over sex and sexual relations," he went on. "The mystery has been taken out. Where there is no mystery there is no morbid curiosity. Where there is no curiosity there is no undue emphasis or interest." (Turn to next pg.)

Movie Stars Must FIGHT FATIGUE!

Because slim, energetic people radiate charm and personality

Fat and fatigue usually go together. Keeping weight down and energy up, however, depends merely on a sensible choice of foods. Baby Ruth is pure, delicious candy, rich in Dextrose, the sugar you need for energy. Pure Dextrose is utilized by the body as energy, when needed, rather than stored as fat. For enjoyment, for quick energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. It's good—and good for you.

IT'S HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE CANDY

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• That's what happens to 4 out of 5 women—"Love at First Sight"—when they try Italian Balm. They continue using this famous skin softener in preference to anything they've ever used before. It's a lasting attraction.

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Too, he said, the pedantic old hell-fire-and-damnation preaching of Be Good or Else has given way to the material but very sound advice of Be Good Because You'll Benefit.

But here I had to express another doubt, another side to DeMille's argument. "Many people think," I said, "that all this free discussion of sex between young people kills romance and makes love nothing but a biological act."

HE admitted it was a point open to argument. "Perhaps such *extreme* frankness isn't entirely a good thing. Perhaps, besides robbing sex of its morbid interest, it also robs it of some of its beauty and rapture. I know my grandmother would have swooned at the thought of discussing such things openly. She would not even have whispered them to her husband. But then, my grandmother would have swooned at the thought of smoking a cigarette, using lipstick and mascara, or wearing shorts and a halter in public—or even in private!"

There is still another reason DeMille believes in the purity of today's youth. It may sound far-fetched, but he said, in effect, that the average young person hasn't time nowadays to be unchaste!

"The entire aim of a young woman's life is no longer directed at the sole goal of being a wife," he said. "A woman of fifty years ago had precious little to look forward to and achieve but crocheting tidies for the chairs in the front room, entertaining the Sewing Circle, and having babies.

"Look at what she can do today! The arts, commerce, and politics! She has learned she can stand on her own two feet and make her own way, if she chooses or if she must. Usually it is by choice.

"Consequently, men today are not nearly as important to a woman as they used to be. They no longer are the sum and substance of her existence. And as a result, a man must be something more than a physical mate and a bankroll. He must be a companion, keep pace with her development in all her lines of endeavor. That takes his time and energy, just as it takes her time and energy to develop her abilities.

"I am not denying that sex is the focal point of the relationship of the sexes. That would be denying nature itself. But I *am* saying that no longer is it the *entire* relationship. Youth has found that out along with the rest of us and has adjusted itself and its actions accordingly."

In the end, the present furore about youth and unchastity boils down to this, DeMille believes: people are now saying in print what, for generations, they have thought in private. This makes it seem a horse of another color when in reality it's the same old nag.

HOW DO YOU STAND ON CHASTITY?

RADIO MIRROR wants the views of its readers on this controversial subject and is offering a prize award of \$20.00 for the most convincing letter. While Mr. DeMille's views are still fresh in your mind, sit down and write what you really think. Has youth forgotten chastity or is DeMille closer to the truth? This contest will close February 28, 1938. Please make your letter not more than 200 words in length and address it in care of the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

TIPS ON TIPPING
BY EMILY POST

DESPITE the fact that thousands of Americans spend millions of dollars annually in travel, a very small percentage know the correct amounts to tip servants and the great majority either over-tip or under-tip. In answer to scores of requests from her radio listeners, Emily Post has listed the proper amounts to tip for different services on land and aboard ship.

TIPPING ASHORE

The usual tip for a waiter in a restaurant is 10 per cent of the bill—but never less than twenty-five cents when there is a cloth on the table.

In an American-plan hotel, twenty-five to fifty cents is the correct tip for each meal taken to a room.

Chambermaid in a first-class hotel is given one dollar a week a room; fifty cents a week in a small inexpensive hotel; or a dollar a month in a boarding house.

Nothing to the doorman for putting bags on the sidewalk.

Twenty-five cents if the bellboy carries baggage to room; fifty cents if the bags are many or very heavy.

Ten cents is sufficient for ice water, newspapers, packages or telegrams.

Twenty-five cents is the tip for checking wraps in the dressing room of a high-class hotel or restaurant; or ten cents for the coat rack at the entrance to the dining room.

Taxi drivers are tipped about ten cents for a fifty-cent drive, fifteen cents for a dollar, and ten per cent for a long wait or distance.

Twenty-five cents is given to the train porter for carrying an ordinary amount of baggage an ordinary distance. A larger sum is given for extra weight or distance.

The porter in a Pullman car is given twenty-five to fifty cents for a day, and fifty cents a berth a night. The tip is increased for special service.

Bootblacks are tipped five cents, and barbers, manicurists and beauty parlor specialists on the basis of ten per cent of the bill.

TIPPING ABOARD SHIP

On shipboard, if you occupy average cabin-class accommodations on a deluxe ship, the cabin steward should be tipped five dollars if you are a man. If you are a woman, divide this amount between the steward and stewardess. The dining room steward aboard ship should receive five dollars, and his assistant two and a half or three.

The deck steward should be tipped from two to five dollars, depending upon service rendered.

The bath steward should be tipped one dollar a week.

Do not tip a ship's officer! It is good manners to thank the purser or ship's doctor for assistance rendered—but no tipping. Only in case of severe illness, the doctor should be given an envelope containing the amount approximately that which would be charged by your own doctor.

Listen to Emily Post Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10:30 A.M. on CBS, sponsored by the Florida Citrus Commission.

Follow the Moon

(Continued from page 28)

came away covered with blood. "Why, I guess you didn't miss after all, Sister," he said. He swayed, caught at the table—and then, smiling apologetically, sat down.

WELL, thought Jean over and over again throughout the long hours of that night, she certainly couldn't let the man die. Parson or no Parson, he had saved her life by killing that snake, and it had been her duty to do exactly what she had done—put Callie to work heating water, getting out the first-aid kit, undressing the man and getting him to bed. Her bullet had lodged in his shoulder, and though he insisted it was only a scratch, by the time Callie had cleaned it and ruthlessly doused it with iodine, he had lost consciousness.

Callie fixed herself some blankets on the floor and shoed Jean into the cot across the room. There she lay for hours, conscious of his heavy breathing, conscious, too, of his face as it had looked just after he fell asleep—defenseless and calm, the red hair springing up strongly from the forehead, the clean, straight lines of cheeks and chin. In spite of the mystery surrounding him, in spite of her doubts about him, there was an indefinable quality in him—the mark, Jean thought suddenly, of a gentleman.

Outside, the wind hummed through the pines. A coyote howled distantly. The man—The Parson, Clay Bannister, whoever he was—breathed steadily, deeply, across the room.

Fully dressed as she was, Jean suddenly slipped into a warm, dreamless sleep.

She woke up to bright sunlight. Callie was in the kitchen lean-to, fussing with the stove. The Parson was awake, and looking at her.

"Good morning," he said.
"Good morning. How do you feel?"
"I can't seem to move my arm. But I'll be all right."

She got up from the cot and went across to him, laying her hand on his forehead. She thought, from its heat, that he was running a fever.

"You are the Parson, aren't you?" she said. It was more of a statement than a question, and recognizing that, he looked up and said frankly:

"They call me that, yes. But my name's what I told you—Clay Bannister."

"And if they catch you they'll put you in jail?"

"Yes—if they don't lynch me first."
"I don't think it's anything to joke about."

"No, I guess not. But it's funny how soon a fellow gets used to the idea."

Jean thrust both hands into the pockets of her riding breeches and stood looking down at him. "I'm not going to turn you in," she said. "You saved my life last night, and I'm grateful for it. You can stay here until you're well enough to leave."

"Thanks—but I can leave today."

"Don't be silly. With that bullet I put in you, you can't even get out of bed today." She turned and went in

to help Callie in the lean-to.

All right, she said to herself, you're compounding a felony by helping this fugitive. But if you hadn't shot him just as he was saving your life, he could be gone now. Besides, let the police catch their own men. It's not your business to help them.

The three of them had just finished breakfast when Callie, glancing out of the window, yelped at Jean:

"Miss Jean! Heah comes de Sheriff—an' he's got a lady with him!"

If Bannister had shown fear, if he had begged her not to let the Sheriff get him, Jean might have acted differently. But he only laughed and said, "Guess they've got me now, Miss Jean. Thanks just the same."

"I'll keep them out of here," Jean said swiftly.

"Don't be crazy! You can't protect me like this without getting yourself into hot water!"

"I'll be all right," Jean promised.
"You just be quiet."

SHE stepped out on the porch and closed the door behind her just as the Sheriff and his companion were dismounting.

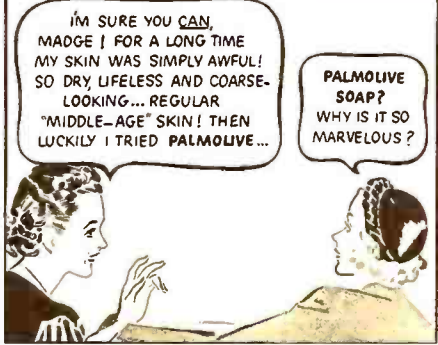
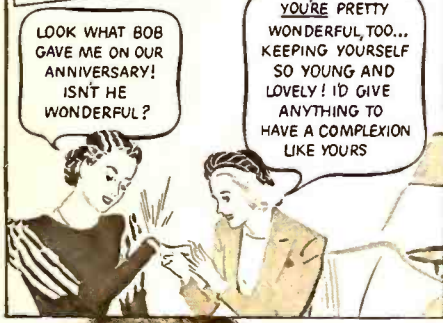
The Sheriff had brought his sister with him to meet her, he explained. He hoped she didn't mind.

"Of course not," Jean said abstractedly.

Miss McGill was a tall, raw-boned woman of middle age, with a kind face. Like her brother, Jean thought—kind as long as you're on their side of the fence.

WHAT FOOLS WIVES ARE TO LET THEMSELVES GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

MARRIED TEN YEARS, BUT...



BOB SAYS I'M SO MUCH PRETTIER SINCE I'VE BEEN USING PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

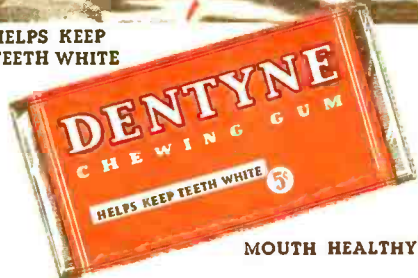


SEE THAT REINDEER HUNTER'S SMILE

Where cities stand today, hunters once pursued the deer. A hard, chancy life—yet lucky, too! Tough, primitive fare kept the hunter's teeth properly exercised—wonderfully healthy! We modern folk eat softer foods—give our teeth too little healthful exercise.



HELPS KEEP
TEETH WHITE



MOUTH HEALTHY

MODERN TEETH NEED DENTYNE!

That special, firm consistency of Dentyne invites more vigorous chewing exercise—stimulates the circulation of the blood in the mouth tissues—stimulates the salivary glands too, promoting natural self-cleansing. Dentyne's a real aid to sturdier, whiter teeth!

YOU'LL ENJOY ITS SPICY FLAVOR!

A spiciness that's sweetly smooth—irresistibly delicious! And notice how handily the Dentyne package slips into your pocket or handbag—that neatly flat, round-cornered shape is a feature exclusively Dentyne's.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"And now," boomed the Sheriff, "where's this new husband of yours? Don't tell me he isn't up yet?"

"My—oh, my husband!" Jean said. "Why—no, as a matter of fact, he isn't. You see, he—" her mind groped for something to say, seized the first story that presented itself. "He isn't feeling very well. His horse fell with him yesterday, and he hurt his—his head."

It was the wrong thing to say. "Oh, you must let me see him then," said Miss McGill. "I'm a nurse, you know."

There was nothing for it but to let her in. But first Jean ducked back into the cabin, wrapped a towel around Clay's head and cautioned him to follow her lead in everything.

L UCKILY, Miss McGill went no farther than to take Clay's pulse and temperature. Once outside, she shook her head gravely.

"You've a very sick boy on your hands, Mrs.—" she said, and stopped questioningly.

"—Bannister," Jean supplied, because it was the only name she could think of.

"He needs to be taken care of. If I didn't have to be back in San Francisco tonight for a pneumonia case, I'd stay myself. But—" Her eye lit upon her brother standing at the foot of the steps. "Jim, you come back to Bristow with me, and then come up here with a doctor."

"Oh, I couldn't ask you—" Jean began; but they silenced her protests and rode off. She stood there a moment, thinking. It would take the Sheriff and the doctor not more than three hours to return, she knew. And if a doctor once saw Bannister, he'd find the bullet wound, and—

There was no need to tell Clay what had happened. He had heard all that had been said through the thin walls of the cabin, and when Jean returned he was sitting up in bed, arguing with Callie.

"I'll be all right," he was saying. "Just get out of here and let me get dressed and I'll be on my way."

"Mr. Bannister!" Jean exclaimed. "You can't possibly start out now."

"I can't stay here, either," he said grimly.

"Help him get dressed, Callie. I'm going out and hitch the old buckboard to the horses, and we'll drive to Bristow."

"You can't do that! We'll meet the Sheriff on his way back."

"No we won't. There's a clearing

off the trail, about half the way down, and we'll drive in there and wait until the Sheriff has passed. In Bristow, we'll change to my car and I'll drive you to San Francisco."

He stared at her. "Do you realize what you're doing?"

"Certainly."

"But why?"

Jean hesitated. "Because—well, somehow I don't believe you did all the things they say you did."

His eyes held hers in a long look. "Thanks," he said simply.

He was still protesting when Jean had the wagon hitched up and ready to go, but the exertion of getting up and dressing had shown him that he was a great deal weaker than he supposed, and he stopped arguing.

The journey to Bristow, strain on the nerves though it was, was accomplished successfully. Jean lost no time in transferring Bannister from the wagon to her car, and setting out for San Francisco. She could tell by his face that his arm was paining him severely, and she did her best to make him comfortable in the back seat for the long drive to the city. Nevertheless, it was with a sigh of relief that, late in the afternoon, she drew up before the Page home.

She and Callie were helping Clay to get out of the car when another car ground to a sudden stop behind them. Jean looked around, and her face fell. It was Laura Todd—the owner of San Francisco's most malicious and gossiping tongue. And Laura had her own reasons for disliking Jean. For years she had been hopelessly in love with Bart Reid.

There was another woman with Laura, but at first Jean did not recognize her. Then, as they both alighted and came toward her, Jean saw who it was—Miss McGill, the Sheriff's sister!

"Well, Mrs. Bannister," she was saying. "I didn't expect to see you again so soon. But I'm glad you decided to bring that sick husband to civilization!"

"Sick husband!" said Laura in delighted amazement. "So you married somebody after all!"

Can Jean escape the predicament her impulsive gesture towards Clay has put her into without making matters still worse? With all San Francisco buzzing over the news of her cowboy husband, can she continue to help him evade the law? Don't miss the second instalment, in next month's RADIO MIRROR.



Mary Mae Starks, the first prize winner of RADIO MIRROR's Limerick Contest, visits the Jack Oakie show while on her Hollywood holiday.

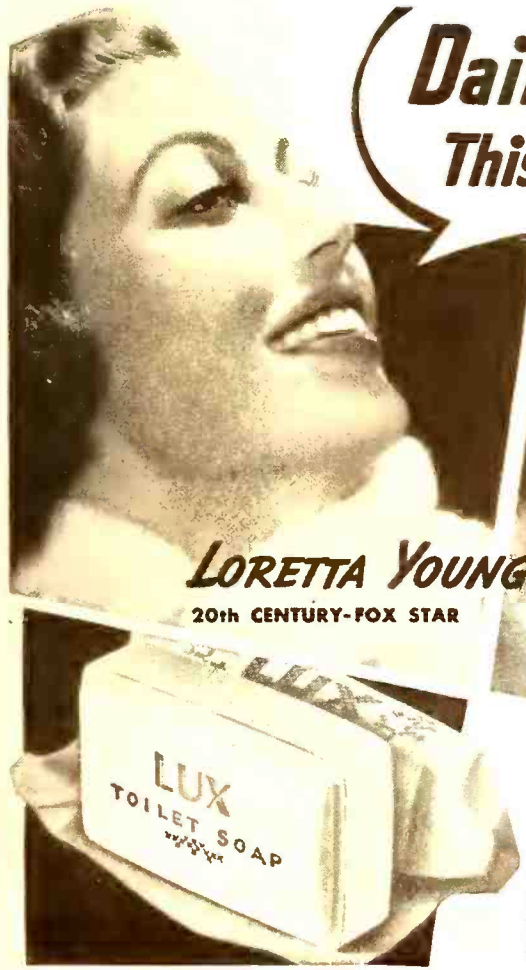
'Tain't Funny, McGee

(Continued from page 23)

(The door bell rings)
 FIBBER: I'll answer it, Molly.
 MOLLY: You'll git down in the basement. I'll answer it.
 (The door opens)
 MAN: Good afternoon. You the lady of the house?
 MOLLY: I am. What do ye want?
 MAN: I am one of a small party of tourists, madam, at present camped, rather informally, I might say, a few feet from the railroad tracks.
 MOLLY: Oh. . . . Bums!
 MAN: Say rather, impecunious itinerants, madam. Peripatetic refugees from reality. I have been delegated a committee of one to seek small donations for a worthy charity. . . . Charity, I blush at the word.
 MOLLY: Yer nose must have heard about it before the rist of yer face. . . . What's that on yer chest, tattooing?
 MAN: Ah, yes, a permanent exhibit of the wonderful women who have influenced my life. There was Nellie, Fifi, Gertrude, Mable. . . . I am reading from left to right, madam.
 MOLLY: Heavenly days! And if I gave you some money I suppose you would only spend it for more tattooing?
 MAN: Yes madam. I would add to this remarkable community of exportraits. That is the worthy charity I spoke of.
 MOLLY: What charity?
 MAN: My community chest. I . . .
 (The door slams in his face)
 FIBBER: Who wuz that?

MOLLY: Some tramp. He wanted money for tattooing.
 FIBBER: Tattooing, eh? . . . I'll never forget the tattooing Uncle Azil had on his back. Had a picture of Jim Corbett tattooed on one shoulder and Bob Fitzsimmons on the other. He had a lot of muscular control and used to put on regular ten round bouts. All the boys around the livery stable would bet on one or the other. Never bet myself . . . always thought the fights wuz fixed.
 MOLLY: I'll fix another fight if you don't get up off that chair and start moving that fruit.
 FIBBER: (Getting up, but still talking) Uncle Azil always swore them bouts wuz on the level. Claimed he never knew who wuz gonna win cause he always had his back to the fight. . . . Poor Uncle Azil.
 MOLLY: Why, "poor" Uncle Azil?
 FIBBER: (Sitting down again) Why, one summer he fell off'n a wagon and sprained his shoulder. When he got outta the hospital, Jim Corbett had no more punch left than a rabbit. Uncle Azil put on one bout after that, but it wuz so one sided the boxing commissioner stopped it in the third round. . . . Nearly broke the old man's heart.
 MOLLY: Heavenly days. (Then, suddenly realizing Fibber is sitting down again) McGee!
 (And Ted Weems and his boys drown out the rest of Fibber's protests as we hear them play "Once in a While.")

AS usual, Molly wins the argument. And now we find Fibber slowly carrying fruit jars from one part of the basement to the other. He is also carrying the conversation with a new idea he's just thought of.
 FIBBER: Molly, this big basement's going to waste. We gotta lot of room down here, and I've got an idea.
 MOLLY: I'll bet it isn't any good. . . . Be careful, you're gonna drop . . . (crash!) Oh dear, that's the fifth jar you've dropped. . . . Well, what's yer idea, McGee?
 FIBBER: Why, we could turn the basement into a dog kennel.
 MOLLY: A dog kennel? Heavenly days!
 FIBBER: Sure. Didn't you know I used to be a famous dog trainer?
 MOLLY: No.
 FIBBER: That's right Molly. . . . Down in Texas. Terrier trainer McGee, I wuz knowed as in them days. The most Talented Taxpaying Teacher and Tall Tamer of Titanic Tigers and Tiny Terriers from Timbuctoo to Tarrytown, Texas!
 MOLLY: Oh dear.
 FIBBER: You ever hear of the Hound of the Basketvilles?
 MOLLY: What about it?
 FIBBER: I trained him!
 MOLLY: Go on, McGee, you don't know a Sealyham pup from a Greyhound Bus!
 (We hear a knock at the basement door)
 MOLLY: Oh dear, I'll bet it's that tramp back again.



LORETTA YOUNG
 20th CENTURY-FOX STAR

Daintiness is IMPORTANT
This Beauty Bath Protects it...



THE GIRL WHO ISN'T
 DAINTY CAN'T HOPE TO
 WIN ROMANCE—
 LUCKILY ANY GIRL
 CAN HAVE THIS CHARM!
 HERE'S AN EASY WAY—



USE **LUX TOILET SOAP**
 AS A BEAUTY BATH. ITS
ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN
 SMOOTH, FRESH FRAGRANT
 WITH A DELICATE PERFUME
 THAT CLINGS. TRY IT!

It's Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather that makes it a wonderful bath soap! It carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Skin is left smooth, fragrant. No risk of offending against daintiness—spoiling romance!

**9 OUT OF 10
 SCREEN STARS USE
 LUX TOILET SOAP**



ardent
color.

Yes!

lipstick
parching

No!



Every girl knows that bright lips tempt. But some girls forget that rough lips repel.

So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color...and its protection from Lipstick Parching.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips...encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢. "Air-Spun" Rouge is new! Blended by air...its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50¢.



SUB-DEB

LIPSTICK

50¢

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

FIBBER: Don't worry Molly, I'll take care of him. (opens door) Listen ye tramp! . . . Oh. . . er . . . hello Geraldine.

GERALDINE: Oh hello, Mr. McGee. Tee-hee-hee. Hello Molly. Did you hear what he called me?

FIBBER: I'm sorry Geraldine, I warn't. . .

GERALDINE: Oh, don't mention it. I see you're fixin up a fruit cellar. I just love to can things.

FIBBER: Me too. I'd like to can the whole job.

GERALDINE: Last year I put up some marvelous dandelion wine but it blew up one night. It really did. . . really. Gerald asked me if it was the strawberries and I said no it was the wine and he said either way it was the berries. Oh Gerald says the cutest things, he really does.

FIBBER: I'll bet he's always trying to gag you, at that.

GERALDINE: Oh, he certainly is. But what I came over for was to borrow some clothespins. Doesn't it sound silly? Gerald says a clothespin is a great political object lesson. He says if you can keep straddling the line successfully you'll never lose your shirt. Can you bear it, my dear?

FIBBER: No, I don't think I kin. But you tell him he's right about clothespins and politicians. They're both a bunch of woodenheads that never appear until after everything's all washed up.

GERALDINE: Oh, Gerald will simply love that, really. Well, I simply must be off!

FIBBER: I'll say so!

GERALDINE: Biddle, biddle, biddle.

(Door closes and Fibber locks it)

MOLLY: What are you locking the door for, McGee?

FIBBER: I don't want anybody coming in here until after Perry Como sings.

(We hear "If It's the Last Thing I Do" sung by Perry Como.)

NOW we find Fibber is still carrying fruit jars into the empty coal bin, and Molly trying to clean up those he's dropped.

(Knock at the door)

FIBBER: Come in. Well, it's Silly Watson. Hi there, Sil, did you finish shovelin' the snow off the sidewalk?

MOLLY: Did you shovel all the way down to the corner, like I told you Silly?

SILLY: Yah suh, yasman. . . I almost done "shoveled off to Buffalo," . . . That's a joke, please mam.

FIBBER: Okay. How'd you like to lend a hand here, Sil?

SILLY: Len a han doon wah?

FIBBER: We're moving the fruit into the coal bin, and we'll have the coal

put where the fruit's been.

SILLY: Wah?

MOLLY: We're gonna make a coal bin outta where the fruit's been . . . er, McGee, you explain it to him.

FIBBER: Okay. . . . You see this room here, Sil? This is where the fruit's been.

SILLY: You say the fruit's been in de coal bin, please suh?

FIBBER: It's in the coal bin now, but this is where it's been!

SILLY: Yassuh. . . . But wheah's the coal been?

FIBBER: The coal's been in the coal bin! But we're puttin the coal where the fruit's been. You see?

SILLY: Yassuh, I reckons so. . . . You means, if you left de little old fruit wheah it been, the coal woulda been in de bin wheah de fruit oughta have been, iffen it had been.

FIBBER: Yes and . . . QUIET, SIL! What did you come down here for, anyway?

SILLY: Well, please suh, I wus out in front, shovelin de snow like you sez, when de mailman come by and done gimme dis little ole letter for you.

FIBBER: Letter? Let's see. (We hear paper rustling) . . . Say Molly, what d'you think? It's from Nick DePopulus. Can you imagine, he's vice-president of Paramount studios in Hollywood now, and he's offering us a big chance to go in pictures.

MOLLY: Heavenly days. Lemme see the letter, McGee.

FIBBER: There it is, right there, Molly.

MOLLY: "Paramount Studios . . . office of the president vice in charge of. Dear Fizzer and Cuppie, if you were for to being here in Hollywood you would be passing up like nothing one big opportunities. I am for fixing a spot for you and with the newspapers I am tip tip, number 1-A, honkey dorey. My success is sure. Best regards to you if I don't see me. Nick DePopulus." . . . Hmmm. That looks like Greek to me.

FIBBER: Sure, that's what it is. . . . But I understand Greek. Nick's with Paramount Studios, he's got the newspapers all set for a big publicity campaign, and he's got a spot for us!

MOLLY: But McGee. . . .

FIBBER: No buts, Molly. Pack up your Sunday bonnet, we're goin to Hollywood!

Well, Fibber McGee and Molly are going to Hollywood, but something tells us all is not right here. Be sure and tune in to RADIO MIRROR next month to find out what happens to Fibber and Molly in the glamorous land of the stars, Hollywood!

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 56)

Sonnie Dunham decided to organize his own band. Casa Loma paid Sonny his \$14,000 share. (Dunham soon gave up the idea and returned to the band.)

Eddie MacHarg, manager, but not a stockholder, believes that Casa Loma's rigid set of rules is responsible for the organization's high morale.

If a member is caught drinking or smoking excessively while working, a fine of \$75 is slapped on him. If a musician is late for a rehearsal or recording date, the fine is \$10. The

fine money is used wisely. Casa Loma is one of the few orchestras which buys four complete sets of uniforms for the members. They all wear full-dress evening clothes.

The average age of the band is twenty-eight. Husky, 202-pound Pee-Wee Hunt is exactly that age. Glen Gray, president and oldest member, is thirty-three. Youngest is trumpeter Frankie Zulo. He's twenty-three. All eleven board members are married.

A sleeper bus that cost the corporation \$40,000 and is used for

lengthy tours is another Casa Loma investment. It was last used on a coast-to-coast tour and on the payroll were two porters and chauffeurs. Future plans call for a Paramount Picture contract and a lengthy dance engagement in Hollywood.

Ray Noble's success in the recent Fred Astaire cinema, "Damsel in Distress," in which the English composer scored a personal hit as "the boy who didn't get the girl," has prompted his British friend, band-leader Jack Hylton, to attempt another visit to these shores.

Until the blond maestro landed the Burns and Allen NBC frolic, things were not going so well. The band he had in dear old London was not permitted to come to this country with Ray, because of union rules. And it took Ray more than two years to organize an American unit that compared favorably with the unit he had across the sea.

Now things are brighter for the composer of "Good Night Sweetheart" and "Love Is The Sweetest Thing." More picture work is promised and he finally has a band he likes.

London, however, is disappointed. Instead of expecting the return of their wayward conductor, they are now going to lose another favorite son, Jack Hylton.

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO: Maxine Sullivan, dark-skinned troubadour who is currently inveigling the New York night life crowds into the Onyx Club on New York's Fifty-second Street. Her original swing renditions of old Scottish tunes are

really something to hear. The networks haven't discovered her yet, but the record people have.

Johnny Scott Trotter, who, because of his graceful, subdued embellishments to the voice of Bing Crosby on that NBC hour, will soon be up there with the big boys.

Phil Spitalny is toying with the idea of presenting his famous NBC "Hour of Charm" orchestra in a hotel supper room. When radio broadcasts are through, Phil and his thirty-two distaff side members huddle together in a rehearsal hall for secret practices.

Only one problem is delaying the announcement of the long-haired maestro's return to dance work.

"I want to make sure," said Phil, resting comfortably in a mammoth chair which bears the wood-carved inscription—TO FATHER ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY—"that when people come to dance to my band it is because my girls play good music and do not get by on their sex appeal."

A feature of the dance orchestra will be a new rhythmic style of dancing to a choir, supplemented only by bass and guitar.

Spitalny laughs off the warning that the gruelling work of playing for dinner and supper shows will have its telling effect on the girls.

"Nonsense. No man has the endurance of a woman. When we played five shows a day at the Paramount theater in New York recently, the only one knocked out was me."

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

Victor Arden, who conducts orchestras heard on electrical transcriptions over 351 stations, uses a different

technique. He rehearses each fifteen minute program for two hours. Then there is a dress rehearsal. Finally Arden is ready for the "master" record, a wax disc from which hundreds of records can be reproduced. Then he listens in the control room to the "play back." If there is the least infinitesimal flaw, Arden does the whole record over again... Red Norvo and his rotund wife, Mildred Bailey, may follow Benny Goodman into New York's Hotel Pennsylvania... Freddy Martin is now airing his "Magic Music" from the swank Ritz Carlton in New York. But Freddy's ace vocalist, Terry Shand, was none too happy about returning to Gotham. Last two times Freddy came to New York, Terry was in auto accidents... Kay Kyser's new audience participation stunt, "Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge," is a riproaring success. Kay is mailing out over 2,000 diplomas a week to wise listeners who participate in the game aired over Mutual.

Is there ever anything new?

Vic Erwin believes there is. Formerly musical conductor for the Walt Disney Silly Symphonies and Max Fleischer "Betty Boop" and "Popeye" animated cartoons, Vic has transformed this type of music to the dance band world.

He takes the old nursery rhyme themes—"Old King Cole," "The Pied Piper," etc., and invigorates them with modern tempos. For ideas, he uses musical sound effects of "building a building," machine guns, trolley cars going down hill for typical cartoon treatment.

Weary of working hard on the

Luli Deste with John Boles in "SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST"—a COLUMBIA PICTURE.

"HANDS SHOULD BE GLAMOROUS"

says *Luli Deste*

(COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR)

"HANDS EXPRESS EMOTION and beauty," says Luli Deste, "and should receive the care necessary to keep them exquisite. This rule applies as much to home life as to professional life." Girls—prevent ugly chapping, keep hands lovely with Jergens Lotion!

Chapped, Rough Hands soon Soft and Smooth when Lotion goes INTO THE SKIN

YOUR HANDS get rough and chapped when water, wind and cold rob the skin of moisture.

But Jergens Lotion easily replaces the lost moisture because it goes into the skin. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Leaves no stickiness. Quickly soothes chap-

ping. In no time, Jergens makes coarse red hands attractively soft, white and young-looking.

Two fine ingredients in Jergens are the same as many doctors use to soften and whiten. For exquisite hands—use Jergens. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00—at all beauty counters.



JERGENS LOTION

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion goes in—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co. 639 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name _____
 Street _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
 City _____ State _____

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
equals 3 bottles of ordinary kinds

Even when diluted with 2 parts water... still kills germs in seconds... Lasts 3 times as long. Makes your money go 3 times as far!

IN GERM-KILLING POWER...

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC helps prevent COLDS and BAD BREATH!

Never failed!
 "to help keep nasty colds away use PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC every day"

Friend prevailed...

Throat ailed...

movie lots and not receiving due credit, Vic told his idea to Max Fleischer.

"You're leading with your chin, Vic," said the cartoonist and creator of the "Spinach" man, "How can you do that on the air?"

But Erwin sought out the Music Corporation of America. They got him a program on Mutual for experimental purposes.

His arrangements of "Aladdin's Lamp," "Tom, the Piper's Son," "Soldiers on the Shelf" and "Day at Coney Island" are the best examples of musical cartoons and can be danced to in swingtime.

Crazy about nursery rhymes and juvenile legends, Erwin is unmarried, seldom sees any children.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

GEORGE HALL—Charles Romano, violin; Joe Herde, George Paxton, Jack Shilkret, Michael Bruce, saxophones; Walter Wax, Phil Silverman, trumpets; Johnny Doyle, Howard Carlson, trombones; Sam Bass, drums; Bernard Miller, bass; John Guarnieri, piano. Vocalists: Dolly Dawn, Michael Bruce. Theme: "Cabin of Dreams."

PHIL SPITALNY: Evelyn, Esther, Anna, Florence, Minna, Lucille, Jenna, Lucrezia, violins; Mildred, cello; Rose, bass; Grace, steel guitar; Alma, tuba; Carlana, harp; Rochelle and Lola, pianos; Vahra, drums; Guypsey, Betty, Hazel, saxophones; Patricia, Julie, Marie, trumpets; Velma, trombone; Frances, Lorna, flutes. Vocalists: Maxine, Three Little Words (Frances, Connie, Fern). Announcer, Rosaline. Theme: "Isle of Golden Dreams."

CORRESPONDENCE

V. LONGENECKER: Johnny McKeever, George Hall's erstwhile half-pint vocalist, is now occasionally heard over New York's WNEW. Write to Bob Crosby at the Palomar Ballroom, Los Angeles.

CHRISTINE HANDEL: Dolly Dawn has no fan club in her honor but the cubby little vocalist assured me that she answers all her own fan mail.

FRED KLOHN: The trend in male voices for radio is not restricted to one type. Baritone Eddy, Tenor Ross, Crooner Vallee all have their own large following, so take your choice.

MARION GRAY: To you and all Lombardo fans, "The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven" will be heard over your favorite kilocycles all season from the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, his favorite stamping grounds. The networks are CBS and Mutual.

Girls who had thought there was a dearth of eligible escorts around town find a certain box at the New York first nights an eye-opener. For seated there they see, at every opening, Olga Baclanova, former screen star siren and now mistress of ceremonies of Mutual's International Salon revue heard Friday nights at ten, surrounded by four—count 'em—men. And one and all are handsome, perfectly tailored and absolutely unknown to the curious. Rumor has it their anonymity cloaks ancient titles.

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

My favorite orchestra is

..... and I want to know more about the following:

.....

.....

Name

Address

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 5)

Lum's guest. Dukey's rodeo and polo days are just memories now, but he still shows plenty of the old pep and vitality that won him Will Rogers' affection.

CINCINNATI—From the Great Smoky Mountains came Wilda Hinkle, WLW's versatile actress-producer, who can mimic any feminine or juvenile mountain character you care to mention. When she was a girl in the North Carolina mountains her family and neighbors used to predict that her ability to mimic other people was going to get her into trouble some day. Instead, it got her a job that's unique in radio annals—expert in mountaineer characterizations for a great radio station.

Wilda has two shows of her own—Morning in the Mountains, every morning except Sunday at 7:00, and Rainbow Ridge, a five-a-week serial at 9:00 in the morning—but somewhere or other she has also found time to write another in which, when it goes on the air, she'll play all five parts. In addition, her versatility makes her a good target for hard-pressed WLW directors. In one week, recently, when an epidemic of colds hit the studios, she played sixteen

different roles on as many shows.

Her hobby is something you won't find any other radio star indulging in. Whenever she isn't at work or visiting the home folks in the Great Smokies, you'll find her in an airplane, hard at work on a rather grim pursuit—practicing bombing. A few years ago, at an Armistice Day celebration in Youngstown, Ohio, Wilda discovered that she had an uncanny knack for dropping bouquets from a speeding airplane so they landed about where she wanted them to. Nearly hitting the Mayor with a bouquet encouraged her so much that she vowed if this country ever goes to war she's going to be an aviator, and a bomber at that!

DETROIT—People who think they know how to pronounce the English language get a rude shock when they listen in on CKLW's Pronounce It program, originated and conducted by Professor E. A. McFaul. For suspense, drama, interest and all-around excellence, say Pronounce It fans, their program has it all over every spelling bee that ever happened.

Perhaps a large part of the interest in Pronounce It is due to Professor

McFaul. To begin with, when the program first went on the air, many months ago, he was a man of mystery. His sponsors, the Industrial Morris Plan Bank, wouldn't permit any picture of him to be printed, and people listening to him got the idea from his voice that he must be at least forty, and more likely sixty-five or seventy. As a matter of fact, he's in his middle thirties, looks younger, and is a bachelor.

The secret didn't come out until the preliminaries of the world's first Pronounce-a-downs were held in Detroit's Statler Hotel. Instead of hobbling to the platform on a cane, McFaul bounced up the steps so impetuously that he stubbed his toe and lost his professorial balance—which started the session off with a bang.

McFaul's regular program, however, isn't a contest—he just sits in front of a microphone, pronouncing words, spelling them, and then using them in entertaining sentences. The Pronounce-a-down is held only once a year, and already McFaul's listeners have sent in dozens of applications to enter the 1938 one.

McFaul isn't really a professor now, having given up his post at the University of Detroit to do full-time radio work. He's a native of Michigan, and during the Chicago Fair he directed the Shakespearian troupe there.

CINCINNATI— Paul Sullivan, WLW's very popular news commentator, has this one to tell on himself. One Sunday morning he went to mass in St. Louis, and arrived just as the priest began to lecture his congregation for tardiness. Paul slipped into

a secluded seat and listened. "You are prompt enough at your radios," the priest began. Then he paused, as though searching for the most emphatic way to denounce the suspected reason for his parishioners' lateness, and exploded: "Who is this Paul Sullivan, anyhow!"

Gertrude Berg, author, director, and star of The Goldbergs, is an old-fashioned soul, and writes every word of her scripts herself, in longhand, having nothing to do with typewriters or secretaries. This leads to an upsetting state of affairs. The one person in the world who can read Mrs. Berg's handwriting is her husband, a busy executive in a New York firm. And when I say "the one person" I mean that literally: no secretary has yet been found who doesn't get stuck on at least one word in five, and Mrs. Berg herself often can't read what she's written. Every night Mr. Berg takes the script she has just turned out and transcribes it on a typewriter, whence it goes to the agency which handles the show. I don't like to think what would happen to The Goldbergs if Mr. Berg were called out of town on business for a few days.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO—Not far from Kingston is Abbey Dawn, the first, and the finest, bird-and-wild-life sanctuary in North America. It's a beautiful place, and a fitting home for the man that many consider America's greatest living nature poet—Wallace Havelock Robb.

Ten years ago, Robb was the successful superintendent of a large Canadian manufacturing concern. Then

he did what most people wish they had the courage to do—threw up his job to follow the work he liked best. He gave up his business entirely and established Abbey Dawn, going there to live and spend his time writing nature poetry.

Now, already famous for his writings, he is fast becoming the greatest poet of the radio, due to his regular appearances on Canadian stations CFRB and CFRC, and his occasional ones on Mutual and National network systems.

When Robb gave up his business career he also gave up everything that went with it. His writing is done with a quill pen, by candlelight, because he disdains fountain pens, typewriters, and electric light. Several years ago, the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) awarded his royal patronage to Robb, who thus became the first poet since the middle ages to have a royal patron.

Poet, naturalist, and the possessor of a rich radio voice, Robb makes his broadcasts something to listen to if you've ever stood entranced at the beauty of a landscape or listened to a bird singing. And judging from his popularity, there are plenty of folks who have.

MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS—Around the WBAP studios they call him "the mighty mite of the microphone," but his real name is Conrad Brady, although listeners to his five-a-week program know him equally well as Granny Larkin, Welby Fudd, and Sugar Cane. By any name, Brady's the lad who two years ago took a program that was scarcely more than a string of orchestral selections with

Now this new Cream with
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
does more for your skin
than ever before

The "skin-vitamin" is now in a beauty cream!

Four years ago doctors barely suspected that a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin. They applied this vitamin to wounds and burns. And found it actually healed them quicker!

This is the amazing "skin-vitamin" which is now in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream was always great for smoothing your skin for powder, and overnight, too. Now the use of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream actually nourishes your skin!

The regular use of this cream will make your skin look richer, fresher, clearer.

Same jars, same labels, same price

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Remember, the vitamin it contains is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the vitamin that especially aids skin health—the precious "skin-vitamin"!

Melts Roughness
 Holds Powder



**"NOW IT
 NOURISHES,
 TOO ...**
*my skin looks
 richer ..."* says Miss
 Geraldine Spreckels

Miss Geraldine Spreckels

"I have always praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths skin so wonderfully after exposure. Now it is grand to know that it is doing more for your skin all the time you have it on. It certainly keeps my skin in perfect condition ..."

**SEND FOR THE
 NEW CREAM!**
 Test it in
9 Treatments

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

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____
 Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

"My SKIN now invites a close-up"



"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

ASKIN that glows naturally bespeaks radiant health beneath . . . it is alive . . . stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple . . . skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow . . . to bring color to your cheeks . . . to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood-cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time . . . the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."
© S.S.S. Co.



commercial sandwiched in, and made it into a show that soon had all of Texas talking about its humor, surprises, and general goofiness.

To begin with, when he took over this particular program, he decided that it ought to tie up with the sponsor's product—which is identified by the word "Crazy." Hence, a crazy show, and crazy is the word. Nobody on it pays any attention to timing, members of the audience are hauled up to the platform to do a skit, and nobody—least of all Con—knows what is going to happen next. And, needless to say, listeners love it.

Con's entrance into radio is as crazy as his program. Two years ago he was an advertising copy writer for a large Dallas utility concern. He happened to be visiting the health resort of Mineral Wells on a week-end when the regular announcer of the local station quit his job. Con applied, was auditioned, and much to his own surprise went on the air thirty minutes later, without any previous experience or training.

The Crazy program, heard over four Texas stations, is entirely Con's product. He writes it all, including commercials, acts as master of ceremonies, enacts the comedy characters I mentioned before, and thinks up new crazy ideas. During the football season, for instance, he presented a mythical football game on every Friday's program, managing with the aid of clever writing and sound effects, to make the listener think he was hearing the broadcast of an actual game.

A RADIO-SET manufacturer who takes this business of radio seriously is the company which makes Pilot radios. It has established a weekly award for excellence in broadcasting, and last month it gave a gala luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, to celebrate the award's first anniversary. The guest list sounded like a who's who of radio—Helen Menken, Lowell Thomas, Guy Lombardo, Parks Johnson, Wally Butterworth, Benny Goodman, Rubinoff, Professor Quiz, Benay Venuta, Mark Warnow, David Ross, Andre Baruch, John S. Young, Henny Youngman (who was master of ceremonies) and many more. All in all, an occasion to make you wonder if radio isn't growing up.



Don Richards, young baritone, divides his time between New York stations WMCA and WNEW these days.

ONE reason Henny Youngman delivers his comedy lines so fast on the Kate Smith show is that he's having a game with Ted Collins. He likes to keep the lines coming so fast that Ted doesn't get a chance to interrupt.

JAANE RHODES, who, besides being the girl singer on the Packard Mardi Gras, is one of those candid camera fiends, has a complete collection of all the celebrities who have appeared on the show. The gem of the lot is one of Joe E. Brown and Charlie Butterworth—showing Joe with his mouth closed tight, and Charlie with his face twisted into a realistic imitation of Mr. Brown hitting a high one.

DID Jane Pickens spend all her time before her new job with Ben Bernie started, in learning new songs? Well, not quite. She put in a good many minutes every day boning up on the horse-racing sections of the newspapers, knowing full well that any girl who expects to get along with Ben had better know her racing stuff. And Jane hadn't ever even been to a horse-race!

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 6)

Such programs as this, not only afford pleasant entertainment, but they help make evenings in Radio-land profitable to our boys who, without good, clean fun in our home, would probably seek it elsewhere.

MRS. HELDA B. JOHNSTON,
Atlanta, Ga.

THIRD PRIZE

RADIO MIRROR TAKES A BOW

I will be frank and admit that I had but little interest in radio events, and first began to buy your magazine because of the occasional movie star covers (which are particularly beautiful and colorful). Since reading the magazine, however, I have discovered an endless stream of material—amusing articles, radio scripts, future radio programs of unusual merit to watch for, interesting stories about

radio folk, their favorite photographs, menus, wardrobe and beauty hints, their private lives, work, romances, hobbies, etc. In short, I have increased my interest and respect for radio entertainment through the medium of Radio Mirror, for which I thank you.

MISS SYLVIA GRILL,
New York, N. Y.

FOURTH PRIZE

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Our home is one in which the radio is tuned in about twelve hours a day and we enjoy it very much, but why must so many characters in stories, also certain featured artists use the word "aint"?

I try to teach my children that it is poor English to use said word, and they come at me with the question

"If it isn't nice to say 'ain't,' why do so many radio artists say it?"

MRS. WM. H. QUAY,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

FIFTH PRIZE

A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS

I do wish you would do something about these terrible radio programs which clutter the airwaves at present. I am so tired of the Hollywood programs—they are mostly devoted to advertising themselves and are so silly. We can see their pictures—that is enough. I did like Igor Gorin. He has left. Now I do not tune in. I detest the studio applause. Ma Perkins should take a long rest. George Jessel, Jack Benny, Amos 'n' Andy, Al Jolson, are just a loud noise. Good music is food for the soul. What has happened to our lovely programs by the Marine Band, Army Band and others? What has become of Woollcott? He was interesting. The Quizzes are amusing, educational and dust the cobwebs from one's brains, but we have enough of them.

MRS. I. L. MUNK,
Cleveland, Ohio

SIXTH PRIZE

QUIET, PLEASE!

Not so loud please. Your soap and flakes are all right. I prefer them to any other. You, too, your shampoo is every bit as good as you say it is. And the tooth powder which practically every dentist uses. But why all the hog-calling at every lapse in your otherwise excellent programs? It's

enough to give us fits and ear whistles!

From the tree tops where I scramble at that point, I look down disdainfully at the snorting bull who bellows at me about the few drops that make five times as much lather as soap, and the powder that makes my teeth gleam. By that time I can foam and sparkle at the teeth without the aid of your beloved products.

And the testimonials of those who bare the beauty of their loyalty to a bar of soap are not convincing. A fine program and a good product cheapened by expensive bribery.

Your listeners are bound together in the common grip of helplessness. In the name of sane and reasoned admonition, please pipe down on the commercials.

LOUISE PETERSON,
Chicago, Ill.

SEVENTH PRIZE

TO EDDIE CANTOR'S RESCUE

In regard to a letter I read in December's Radio Mirror, I object! Eddie Cantor is a good comedian all right, but without the sob part would be just like McCarthy minus Bergen. It's only human of us to laugh at jokes he pays someone else to write for him while he cracks them off. But when he turns on the tears. Oh boy! That's originality. That's Cantor-reality.

JOSEPHINE JANIEC,
Richfield Spa, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

In reply to "Laugh, Eddie" of De-

ember column—Eddie Cantor has come back on the air but not with the good comedy programs he has been noted for. The silly kissing and making over Fifi has disgusted all of his ardent fans, and are we disappointed?

Jimmy Wallington has always added so much to this program but now he has had to take a back seat.

Why can't we hear the good comedy that Eddie and Jimmy used to amuse us with?

NEIDA HATHAWAY,
Midian, Kansas

Mary Marlin's baby had it's first birthday a while back, and it still yells like a very young baby. When my four were a year old they could talk quite plainly, and I never knew one to stay so young as Mary's—unless it was an imbecile.

My suggestion is that the Marlins get rid of the English nurse and get someone who will not hold the child back.

MRS. A. WALLACE,
Cranston, R. I.

It is evident the film producers are moving into radio. First it was Show Boat, now the Hit Parade. What does this step mean for Radio? Will it come to pass that Hollywood will be able to run radio as they have done in films? Why does all the money have to go to one field? How many radio artists are idle today only too eager to get some kind of work for these talents? I should think moving picture artists should stick to their own field of entertainment.

MISS LUCILLE HAWTHORNE,
Columbus, Ohio

GIRL ON OATH TELLS HER SECRET OF GAINING WEIGHT

Many report gains of 5 to 15 pounds after taking new Ironized Yeast tablets

NO longer need thousands of girls remain skinny and unattractive, unable to win friends and popularity. For, with these amazing new Ironized Yeast tablets, thousands who never could gain before have put on 5 to 15 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—gained new pep and charm—often in just a few weeks!

It sounds almost unbelievable. Yet listen to what Miss Anne Johnston, who is just one of many users, swears to before a Notary Public:

"Under the strain of working in several pictures in Hollywood, I became terribly rundown. I lost weight, my skin looked terrible, I suffered with headaches and my nerves were simply on edge. Of course I knew I couldn't stay in the pictures, looking so skinny and wornout. I was in despair until a friend recommended Ironized Yeast tablets and I bought a bottle. Almost at once I felt lots peppier and stronger. My skin cleared beautifully. All my headaches and nervousness disappeared, and in 2 months I gained 8 pounds. With my new pep and new figure I've gained loads of new friends, and the hard work of pictures never bothers me."

Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.
Sworn to before me
Donald M. McCready, Notary Public

Why they build up so quick
Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vita-

min B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new costly process, this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder, then, that these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds and new charm.

Make this money-back test

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.



Miss Anne Johnston swears before Notary Public McCready

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 223, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine original Ironized Yeast.

Make Way For Melody

(Continued from page 39)



DO YOUR EYES HAVE "it"?

• Express your personality by your eyes—reveal their size and brilliance with a frame of sweeping lashes! KURLASH in a few seconds curls them, without heat or cosmetics—adds to their apparent length, gives depth and glamour to the eyes. Only \$1 at all good stores.



Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. F-3, and receive free a complete personal color chart and booklet on eye make-up.

THE KURLASH COMPANY
Rochester, New York, U. S. A.

Kurlash

Copyright 1938, The Kurlash Co., Inc.

EASTER LILY

The Natural Beauty and Fragrance of this SIBERIAN CORAL LILY with 12 to 20 Deep Scarlet Blooms from ONE Spike, will add a Spiritual Touch to each Easter occasion. Comes in Own POT with Bulb Fibre. Keep DAMP and it will bloom by Easter. Cellophane packed in Box. Postpaid for 25c, three for 50c. Order AT ONCE for the early Easter. Regal Bulb Co., Dept. 60, Westport, Conn.



NO TENDER GUMS OR DULL TEETH IN MY FAMILY! WE ALL USE FORHAN'S AND MASSAGE. FORHAN'S HAS A SPECIAL INGREDIENT FOR THE GUMS IN IT.



This family has regular dental service and they do their part at home by gum massage with Forhan's carefully twice each day.

Brushing teeth, massaging gums with Forhan's makes teeth gleam with new brilliance, helps make gums firm, healthy. For generous sample send 10¢ to Forhan's, Dept. 316, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

not breathlessly, as with Thorn—in love with Bob; his name had spelled gayety mixed with a respectful devotion, and these things she needed for her happiness. Besides, he was an older man, intelligent, shrewd, with a flair for business. Jeanette trusted his judgment implicitly.

So that when, after "The Vagabond King," United Artists wanted to sign her for a picture it was as good excuse as any to wire Bob and ask him to come to Hollywood. She needed his help professionally, she said; and he guessed the other motive. Within a week he had built a protective wall around his New York interests and had flown to Hollywood.

Things were brighter for Jeanette, then. Now she was well enough acquainted with California's glamour city to know that it was a bitter and brutal place for one girl alone, a brilliant play-place for one girl with a devoted escort. She showed Hollywood to Bob, and vice versa; and the liking was mutual. Heartened by his reception he sent for Lares and Penates, announced that he was willing to manage the interests of other stars as well as those of Jeanette—and settled down as a resident.

Ostensibly his reasons were professional. Actually he had discovered that he wanted to marry Jeanette, and the idea suited her.

HER newest picture, "Monte Carlo," was given worldwide release from Hollywood. Quite suddenly foreign press clippings brought forth lurid tales of an alleged romance between a certain nobleman and a blonde American which had also allegedly a tragic ending when the girl was shot by his irate wife. By some legerdemain of gossip the rumors suddenly were that the blonde American was Jeanette. Why has never yet been fathomed, unless it was that Jeanette's picture had so authentic a background and because she looked greatly like the nobleman's rumored paramour. But this story named the most virtuous MacDonald of the virtuous MacDonalds and certainly booted her name about. Actually Jeanette had never been outside her own country.

This libel had a direct result. Jeanette's pictures were immediately

banned by certain governments suddenly become moral. Then as fate would have it, the first enthusiasm for musicals suddenly died out, so she was relegated to films without music.

Whereupon Europe remarked in headlines that now certainly there could be no doubt that Jeanette MacDonald had been shot at, and hit, by an irate princess—this was her sister, who had no voice, taking her place.

Bob brought her the reports, in several foreign papers one afternoon, and sat sympathetically, hat in hand, on the edge of a chair while she read.

WHEN finally she had finished he said, "What're you going to do? A tremendous percentage of the picture receipts are from abroad—too great a percentage to lose."

White-faced, she stared out a window. For a moment her mouth was indeterminate; then it set firmly. Her jaw squared. "This is ridiculous!" she flung at Bob, furiously. "I'll have no part of such stupid dribble. I'm going over there and straighten things out!"

He simply looked at her.

"I mean it," Jeanette told him firmly. "I'll give a concert tour. They can't do this to me and they'll find it out. Don't just sit there, get busy!"

At Le Havre, a few weeks later, the startled but still hostile press met at the boat a cool and outraged beauty, who told them off in vehement French. Officials who had vague ideas about banning her entrance into the country were brushed aside and put in their place before they had time to present their arguments.

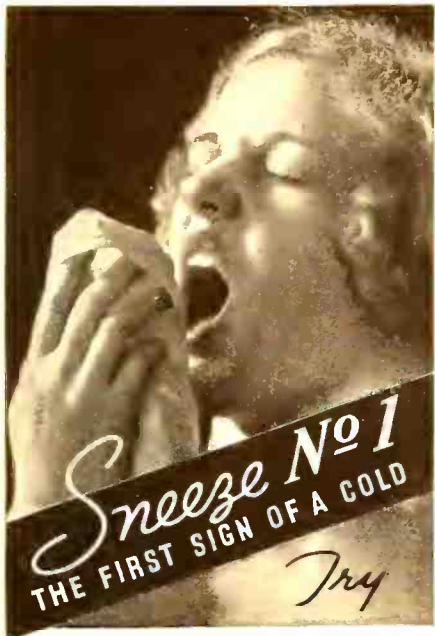
The night Jeanette sailed into the Empire Theater, head held high and with determined chin, for her first concert, the packed house was muttering direly in its Gaelic throat, and the manager warned her there would probably be a demonstration. "Made-moiselle," he said, "is in a peculiar position. This is a brilliant audience, the best we've had, but if Made-moiselle is afraid—"

"Rubbish!" said Jeanette. But as she stepped on the stage, into the staring sudden silence, her lips were dry and her pulse negligible.

Then she smiled, a rather pathetic smile that said, *Please*. . . .



The CBS "Nine O'Clock Club" meets for breakfast at the famous Lebus restaurant after their early morning shows. They're Howard Phillips, Jeannine, Claire Sherman, Joyce Howard and Bob Gibson (yawning).



THIS EFFECTIVE WAY TO CHECK COLDS

At the first sign of a cold, just drop one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets into a glass of water. When they bubble up and dissolve, drink the crystal clear, pleasant-tasting solution. Its beneficial action starts immediately. Continue using Alka-Seltzer according to the directions for colds as explained in the direction sheet in every package of Alka-Seltzer.

Since it is a recognized fact that most colds are accompanied by an over-acid condition which may be retarding nature in her battle against the complaint, Alka-Seltzer is especially helpful because it acts to restore your normal alkaline balance. And because Alka-Seltzer contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) it gives prompt relief from the dull achy feeling of a cold. Thus Alka-Seltzer gives relief in TWO ways.



AT ALL DRUG STORES
30c & 60c Pkgs.
Also Sold By The Glass At
Drug Store Fountains

Feminine Comfort Enjoy Cool, Soothing and Refreshing Feminine Comfort with Stirizol. How dainty, rested and relaxed you feel! Stirizol helps relieve irritations and uncomfortable burning. At Drug Stores. Stirizol Co., Ossining, N. Y. **Stirizol**

CLEAR-LOOKING SKIN FOR EVERYONE!

New Cream Hides Blemishes!

NO longer need a conspicuous blemish cause you embarrassment! Now you can instantly conceal a Birthmark, Scar, Burn, Bruise, Pimples, Freckles, Dark Circles Under Eyes or any skin discoloration with "Hide-it". Won't easily rub off, peel or crack. Unaffected by perspiration or water. Lasts all day until removed. \$1 at Dept. and Drug Stores. 10c size at Ten Cent Stores.

Hide-it HIDES BLEMISHES

LUCKILY I USED HIDE-IT

TRIAL Clark-Milner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept. 14-C, Chicago
Enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it." Cream Stick
Check shade: Light Medium Brunette Sub-Tan
Name..... Town.....
Address..... State.....

And the audience was hers. It got to its feet. It howled. It shrieked the French equivalent of "We're with you, Babe." And Jeanette before she began to sing, knew that here too was all of France and all of Europe, conquered.

The tour she made is history, chiefly because it was the most successful venture of its kind ever staged. She took time out to return and make "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight" and to get a release from Paramount; then she returned to complete her victory in the countries that were left.

At Antibes she met Irving Thalberg who suggested that if she were willing, he would like to star her in a series of expensive musicals.

In 1935, two years after she and Bob Ritchie had discovered that their interest in each other was more professional than personal—and had decided not to get married after all—Jeanette met a blond, good looking young man named Gene Raymond. It was time.

She was, at last, one of the greatest stars of contemporary Hollywood and of all theatrical history. She was famous for her voice, primarily; so that her goal was realized. And, after too many years of living career, she was ready for living—merely.

You know, from the publicity it received, every possible detail of her romance with Gene Raymond. You know that their meeting was accidental because both were late to a party and bumped into each other on the doorstep; the hostess took it for granted they had come together. And you know that a series of coincidences kept bringing them together, alone, at theater box-offices and mutual friends' doors until at last they decided to take fate up on its apparent design.

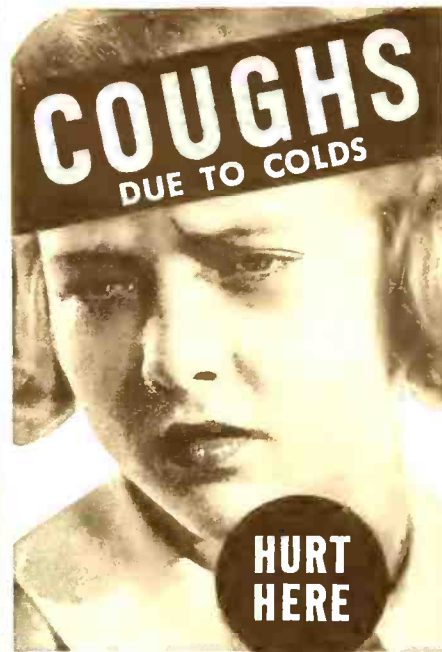
A certain caustic reporter who has no patience with ceremony termed the wedding "America's Answer to the Coronation" but it was more than that.

It was the magnificent symbol of a life built on convention, dedicated to achievement, lived to its fullest measure at every moment. It was the final, triumphant gesture to tell the world that a Pantie Waist, job-lot from Macy, had become a beautiful Gown—by Adrian.

THE END

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Askance. 2. Obedience. 3. Fugue. 4. Prestidigitator. 5. Panoplied. 6. Umbrageous. 7. Hebdomadal. 8. Anemone. 9. Appetitive. 10. Practitioner. 11. Benzoin. 12. Aperient. 13. Antediluvian. 14. Corollary. 15. Sparsity. 16. Torpedoes. 17. Mucus. 18. Obsequies. 19. Inflammable. 20. Pyromaniac. 21. Cantaloupe (also cantaloup). 22. Dais. 23. Ferrule. 24. Bedizened. 25. Valance.



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

Your child's cough (due to a cold) should be treated *right where the cough is lodged...* in the cough zone. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. The big 6 oz. bottle costs only 60¢.

"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP

AT WOOLWORTH'S



NO-CHAFE SANITARY NAPKINS 12 FOR 15c

NEED FACE TISSUES?


ASK SITROUX FOR (PRONOUNCED SIT-TRUE)

AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES

Meals In Minutes


(Continued from page 54)

**FOR HIS
HIGH CHAIR HIGHNESS**



SET a dainty dish of Heinz Strained Foods before the king—your baby. He'll coo his royal approval! Heinz preserves the flavor, the bright color of the world's finest fruits, vegetables, meats, and cereals by cooking with dry steam—packing under vacuum. Vitamins and minerals are retained in high degree. Play safe by serving Heinz Strained Foods. Choose from 12 delicious kinds. You pay no premium for their extra quality!

LOOK FOR THESE TWO SEALS. THEY MEAN PROTECTION FOR BABY



**HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS**

**WHY LET
COLD SORES
LINGER?**




**Dry Them Up
Quickly!** Use



CAMPHO-PHENIQUE
Soothing... Stainless... Easy to apply. Only 30c a bottle. Send for Free Sample. Dept. MW-2
CAMPHO-PHENIQUE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**To those who think
Learning Music
is hard—**



Do you think it's hard to learn how to play your favorite musical instrument? Well, it isn't. Now, through a simple home-study method you can learn to play quickly and easily. No needless scales or long hours of practice. You can learn to play right in your own home. More than 700,000 have studied this easy way. *Becide now*

to play the Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone, or any other instrument you like.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Mention instrument. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. (Fortieth year—Est. 1898.)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3063 Brunswick Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

cups. Fill each cup with canned spaghetti, top with a half slice of bacon and place in a buttered baking dish. Cover the bottom of the dish with canned tomato soup, thinned with an equal quantity of water, and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until the bacon is crisp and the mixture is piping hot.

A la kings served on toast, popular alike for luncheon or supper, take but a moment when prepared the cream soup way. Once you've tried ham asparagus a la king on your family they'll call for it again and again.

HAM ASPARAGUS A LA KING

- 1 can cream of asparagus soup
 - 1 1/2 cups cooked ham, diced
 - 3 hard-cooked eggs
 - 1 small can pimiento, chopped
- Prepare the soup as directed on the can, add remaining ingredients and heat through. Serve piping hot on toast.

Those who make a la kings with cream soups also find that these same soups make excellent cream sauces for vegetables; mushroom soup with green beans or peas and cream of celery soup with carrots or spinach are delectable combinations. And for oyster stew which is delightfully different in flavor try using cream of mushroom soup. It's so easy—simply heat the oysters in butter, to which you've added paprika and a dash of worcestershire sauce—until their edges begin to curl, then pour over them the mushroom soup, prepared as directed, and heat all together.

The flavors of tuna fish and canned spaghetti combine to make my favorite Friday recipe, which is as delicious as it is easy to prepare.

SPAGHETTI AND TUNA FISH CASSEROLE

- 2 cans spaghetti
 - 1 can tuna fish
 - 1 tbl. prepared mustard
 - 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- Place a layer of one can of spa-

ghetti in a buttered casserole. Add a layer of tuna fish, which has been drained and flaked, and use the second can of spaghetti for the third layer of your casserole. Cover with grated cheese, dot with mustard and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until mixture is cooked through and cheese nicely browned.

I wish that I might be able to suggest enough recipes and menus to last a whole month, but since, at the moment, that is impossible, I want to give you one more quick and delicious recipe—spaghetti omelet.

SPAGHETTI OMELET

- 3 eggs
 - 3/4 tsp. salt
 - 1/8 tsp. pepper
 - 1 tbl. chopped parsley
 - 1 can spaghetti
 - 1 tbl. butter
- Separate egg yolks and whites. Add seasonings to yolks and beat until thick and lemon colored. Chop spaghetti and beat into yolks. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold into first mixture. Heat omelet pan and butter bottom and sides. Spread egg mixture evenly in pan and cook over low flame until delicately brown and puffy. Place in oven until top is dry and firm. Fold over and turn onto hot platter. Serve immediately.

More delicious recipes based on canned spaghetti and canned soups, also Miss Howe's recipes for chocolate refrigerator cake, banana ice cream and baked spinach with French dressing, which she considers the perfect accompaniments to main course spaghetti dishes. Just address your request, accompanied with a large self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Cry Before Night

(Continued from page 13)

just for the few moments when she was on the stage that she was expected to be amusing. It was give, and give and give. Fans waited for her by the hundreds outside theaters and tore at her clothes as she pushed her way through to her car—signing autographs, answering questions all the way. They followed her into restaurants, into her hotel. Newspapermen and cameramen were at her heels everywhere she went. Someone was always waiting to see Martha, and always it was someone who had every right to see her, now that she was a public figure, and the public's own property.

Martha's husband flew East to see her during those frantic days, but it wasn't much of a reunion. The phones were ringing every moment, it seemed. There were always visitors in the hotel suite, to whom Martha had to be charming. There were so many interviews on the calendar that

Buddy had no chance to talk to Martha except when a writer was on hand, and he wouldn't talk then for he didn't want his words to be magnified in quotations in the papers. He spent four days clinging unhappily to the fringes of the Raye entourage, and didn't see his wife alone once.

WHEN she returned to Los Angeles, Buddy was at the station to meet her. But so were a dozen reporters, a corps of photographers, a studio welcoming committee, and a truck load of flowers. Buddy received a warm homecoming kiss: for the benefit of the cameramen.

So Martha's success crowded her marriage "off schedule." And now Martha, crying herself to sleep every night, wondering if things would have been—could have been—different, if she had tried this or changed that, wonders if success will allow her any



CORNS COME BACK BIGGER-UGLIER

OLD-FASHIONED home paring is dangerous! It means risk of infection and only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the root* to come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever!

Don't take chances. Now you can remove corns quickly, safely and easily without dangerous paring or other unscientific methods. Follow the example of millions and play safe with new, double-action Blue-Jay. The tiny medicated Blue-Jay plaster stops pain instantly by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is easy to use—invisible. Safe—scientific—quick-acting, 25¢ for 6. At all drug and department stores. Same price in Canada.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

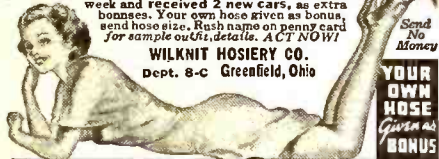
* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

ECZEMA Use Unex, that marvelous discovery for eczema, psoriasis, athlete's foot and other skin diseases. Relieves itching. Has helped where many others failed. Used and prescribed by physicians. Send 10c for sample jar.

CONLEY OINTMENT CORP., Dept. 3, Muncie, Indiana

WANTED MEN AND WOMEN TO MAKE \$3200 A WEEK

Introducing Hose Guaranteed 4 to 8 Months
EARNINGS START AT ONCE! Brand new Ford given producers. Everybody buys hose. Guaranteed to wear from 4 to 8 months without holes, snags or rips or replaced FREE. Big repeat sales. Grace Wilber, Iowa, earned \$37.10 in 9 hours and received 8 new cars; Charles Mills, Minn., earned \$120.00 in one week and received 2 new cars, as extra bonuses. Your own hose given as bonus, send hose size. Rush name on penny card for sample or full details. **ACT NOW!**



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 Dept. S-C Greenfield, Ohio

Send No Money
YOUR OWN HOSE GIVEN AS BONUS

Goodbye
GRAY HAIRS!
 (FREE Test shows way to end them)

No matter whether your hair is beginning to gray—or is entirely gray, you can bring youthful color to every faded strand. The color will be natural looking. It will match the original shade, whether black, brown, auburn, blonde. Just comb a water-white liquid through hair and gray goes. Leaves hair soft and lustrous—takes curl or wave. Nothing to rub or wash off. This way SAFE.

Test it FREE ~ We send complete Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. Just mail coupon.



---**MARY T. GOLDMAN**---
 3366 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State.....
 Color of your hair?.....

of the normal happiness which comes to other girls of her age.

Martha hasn't changed perceptibly since she sang for her supper at the Century Club. A few new clothes, a more sophisticated coiffure perhaps, but fundamentally she's still just a funny kid with a big smile, who likes people and likes to sing. She hasn't changed, but her world has.

Even her family, her mother and father and an army of relatives are at odds over her plans. She should do this; she should do that.

She used to have a lot of good friends, who would come to hear her sing at the club, and then go with her when work was done to Louis Prima's Famous Door, where she'd sing for nothing, just because she liked to sing. There are still lots of friends, and hundreds of acquaintances who smother her with attention: but it's hard to know anymore just who likes Martha because she's Martha, and who likes her because she's a star.

The budget doesn't balance in Martha's eyes. She has money, yes—for a thousand interested persons to argue over. And fame—which denies her an hour to herself. But lawyers and agents, and a mob of studio attaches where there used to be a half-dozen real friends.

There's a constant brace of bodyguards to remind her that her life really isn't her own affair any more, but a source of revenue to a host of wise investors, and of amusement to a greedy world.

NO wonder she wishes "it never'd happened." No wonder she was happier then.

Not that you can blame her, entirely, for not recognizing that happiness "then," when she had it. For outwardly at least, there wasn't a great deal that was easy or normal about the twenty years Martha lived before she came to Hollywood. They were hard, those years, and in them there were more ups than downs. Yet they had their gaiety—the gaiety of a careless, hopeful, nomadic existence. In those days, she could and usually did worry about her next meal—but she never worried about friends or happiness.

Somehow, it seems logical that Martha Raye should have been born practically in a theater. It was twenty-one years ago, and the place was Butte, in the state of Montana; and the reason she was born there was simply that her father and mother happened to be playing a one-night stand there at the moment. They were vaudeville troupers—and not very successful ones, as you might gather from the fact that they were doing a one-night stand in Butte.

Martha's first plaything may very well have been a stick of make-up greasepaint. She wouldn't remember about that, nor that her father and mother carried her with them to the theater every night in a basket. But she does dimly remember the night when, at the age of three or thereabouts, she toddled onto the stage with her parents. Toddled on to the stage . . . never to leave it again.

Twenty-one years of ups and downs, laughing years which gave place to the blues when the biggest "up" of them all catapulted Martha Raye overnight into success—look for the second instalment of this engrossing story in next month's RADIO MIRROR.



ARE YOU A BRUNETTE? There's a special shade of Colorinse for every shade of hair—to accent the natural color, make it really sparkle and shine with rich beauty.



ARE YOU A BLONDE? Bring out all the golden glamour of your hair with Colorinse—the tint-rinse that gives it the youthful radiance of brilliant, sparkling highlights!

Complete every shampoo with your own shade of Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away shampoo film; glorifies the natural color of the hair while blending in grey or faded streaks. Colorinse makes your hair soft, lustrous and easy to wave.

Colorinse is quick, easy and simple to use. Pure and harmless: not a dye or bleach. It costs so little, too—only a few pennies for each Colorinse. Two rinses for 10c in 10-cent stores; 25c for five rinses at drug and department stores.



YOU, TOO, CAN EARN \$30 A WEEK

Nancy E—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making \$30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for:



CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 39 years has been training men and women, 18 to 60, at home and in their spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The course is endorsed by physicians. Complete nurse's equipment is included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of the hundreds of men and women earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained Practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how you can become self-supporting as a nurse.

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Dept. 183, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name.....
 City..... State..... Age.....

Beauty With a Smile

(Continued from page 52)



... BUT ISN'T ALL MASCARA JUST ALIKE?

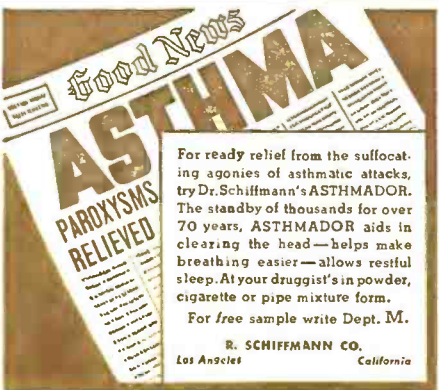
NO!... WINX IS DIFFERENT!

FINER TEXTURE ...LOOKS MORE NATURAL..KEEPS YOUR LASHES SOFT AND SILKY!

For more beautiful eyes, be sure to get WINX — mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. Look for the GREEN PACKAGES.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

WINX
the Finer Quality
MASCARA



Good News

ASTHMADOR

For ready relief from the suffocating agonies of asthmatic attacks, try Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. The standby of thousands for over 70 years, ASTHMADOR aids in clearing the head—helps make breathing easier—allows restful sleep. At your druggist's in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form.

For free sample write Dept. M.

R. SCHIFFMANN CO.
Los Angeles California

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD
relieved Cough Quickly



"I couldn't stop coughing," writes Helen Smith, Springfield, Mass. "I tried everything—then a friend suggested Pertussin. Quickly my cough was soothed and relieved."

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

A cough should not be neglected. It should have your immediate attention. Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

of a person, making him self-conscious and ill at ease.

"I can imagine quite easily how they must feel about it. I'm terribly self-conscious about my nose, for instance, the moment anyone mentions it, even flatteringly. I always have been, even before I had it broken in an accident, for that didn't really change the shape at all. I've just never liked my nose and there isn't much I can do about it, I guess. But there are so many things people can do about personality handicaps such as a dingy or ill-shaped teeth."

WE in the Western World are rather inclined to make fun of the primitive customs of Asia and Africa, but I was entranced by stories Jean told me of her childhood in India, where she spent the years following her birth in Montreal, Canada.

"No one who hasn't seen it can believe how strong the caste system is over there," she asserted. "Why, if a shadow of one caste falls across the food of another, he has to throw that food away, even though he is starving! When there was a plague in one district where we lived, my father had to find an unpolluted well for the population's drinking water—and then he couldn't put anyone in charge of the distribution, for if the transaction had been handled by a Brahmin, for instance, no member of another caste could touch it. He finally solved the problem by placing sanitary buckets at the well to pour the water through long bamboo tubes. Since these were vegetable fiber, not classed as 'untouchable' by any religion, and need not be handled by anyone of another caste, the water could be kept uncontaminated by either disease or caste restrictions.

"That sounds strange to us, but there's another side. Every day, these same natives will take a twig, just as hard a twig as they can find, and chew it to cleanse their teeth. They chew betel nut, too, and have many ways of caring for their mouths and teeth. Even in South Africa, the Zulus are scrupulous about their personal cleanliness. Yet we, in supposedly civilized and enlightened countries, try to make excuses for lack of attention to the most fundamental health rules, in spite of all the scientific advantages provided for us by the most brilliant minds of modern times!

"Teeth can be so important in many ways—even in a person's career. Good straight teeth are certainly necessary to singers. After all, when one has spent time and money and energy perfecting a vocal instrument to its purest pitch and greatest flexibility, one must be certain that every part of that instrument is in good working order. Imperfect tooth construction can play havoc with voice production.

"I know one young singer with a really splendid voice who has had many heartaches over teeth which are separated in front. That's a bit tragic for a singer, and all the more tragic when you think how easily it could have been corrected in childhood. I know several people who have had their children's teeth straightened and they said it didn't

Sick of your ugly Adolescent Pimples?

Let millions of tiny, living plants help keep poisons out of your blood

Stop suffering the curse of youth—a pimply skin. Get at the root of your trouble, unclean blood.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, you are at a time of life when important glands are developing. Your system is upset. Poisons may pollute your blood stream and bubble out on your skin in ugly pimples. You may need to cleanse and purify your blood.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help remove impurities the natural way. Millions of tiny, active, living yeast plants will help keep poisons from the blood and help to heal your broken-out skin. Many people get amazing results in 30 days or less. Neglect may ruin your skin for life. So start eating Fleischmann's Yeast at once. Buy some tomorrow!

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Irritation Due to Nasal Congestion
CHART FREE!

Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves phlegm-filled throat, stuffed up nose, catarrhal bad breath, hawking, and sinus headaches caused by nasal congestion. Relief or Your Money Back. At all Druggist's. Send Post Card for Free Treatment Chart. 65 years in business. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 233. TOLEDO, O.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap drastic, irritating drugs." If functional disorders due to germs in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Crises Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Acidity or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such germs with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Cystex (Siss-tex) today. The guarantee protects you.



DR. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

NEW IRONING INVENTION

STREAMLINED—SELF-HEATING
Irons in 1/2 Time for 1c

Newest ironing discovery in 20 years! Beautiful, streamlined, all-chromium-plated iron has no cords or tubes, heats itself, burns 96% free air and only 4% kerosene. Does whole ironing for a penny or less! **USE IT ANYWHERE** Can be used anywhere, indoors or out. No more work over hot stove! Insulated handle. Cannot rust or tarnish, lasts a lifetime. Finger-touch heat control gives right temperature for any kind of ironing.




BURNS 96% AIR

30-DAY HOME TRIAL

Try it for 30 days at our risk. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Write at once for full particulars and how to get yours FREE, by helping to introduce it.



AGENTS! Selling everywhere! Wynne made \$16 in one day, Jamison \$15. Write at once for sensational profit plan.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 375 IRON Bldg., Akron, Ohio

Throat  tickle isn't funny when it comes from a cold.

But try  one  package of

**BEECH-NUT
COUGH DROPS**
BLACK OR MENTHOL

and get the quick relief that  their soothing ingredients can give you. 

ITCHING
Wherever it occurs and however irritated the skin, relieve it quickly with soothing
Resinol

Denison's Plays *Songs* *Minstrels* *Musical Comedies* *Operettas* *Vaudeville Acts* *Blackface Skits*
60 Years of Hits
We supply all entertainment needs for dramatic clubs, schools, lodges, etc., and for every occasion.
T. S. Denison & Co., 203 N. Wabash, Dept. 28, Chicago

Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

AT HOME, without risk, you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. With amazing speed BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color of natural appearance. Just brush or comb it in. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE
The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
256 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.
Check shade wanted:
 Blonde to Medium Brown Dark Brown to Black
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Print Your Name and Address

hurt a bit and was surprisingly inexpensive. One of the kindest things parents can do is to take care of their children's teeth.

"Honestly, it's just about the kindest thing anyone can do for himself, when you really stop to consider. It's more essential to have good teeth today than ever before. Not pretty teeth, but *clean*. It shows that the owner takes intelligent care of himself and is a rather good indication of his character.

"I'm an awful coward myself, so I go to my dentist three times a year just to be sure I'm not going to have any trouble I wouldn't like later on. I alternate four toothbrushes—to be sure the bristles are firm and fresh—using them at least three times a day, at morning and night, and after each meal, if possible. Mouth washes and gargles, of course, are necessities to a singer, but they'd be just as necessary to me for general care and grooming, if I never sang a note. Every member of our family has his own brand of dentifrice and mouth wash which he finds most satisfactory for his particular use."

JEAN'S family is an unusually interesting one. Her father is a mining engineer whose work takes him to such far-off places as India and Mexico and who spends his spare time painting the lovely oils which decorate the walls of their penthouse apartment. Her mother, whom Jean calls "Bunny" or "Maysie," as the spirit moves her, is a writer. "Ghillie" (christened "Ghilea Bria" in the original Gaelic, meaning "Handsome Boy") is a talkative little Scottie—"eight years old," as Jean pointed out, "and getting very distinguished white whiskers." He's artistic, too; sings, in his own canine way, at the drop of a hat—or at a soft-spoken command from his young mistress.

A busy household and a gay one, artistic to the fingertips. And yet there's always time and attention there for cleanliness and good grooming. There's order in the stacks of music on the grand piano, with its vivid Mexican *serape* covering. There's good taste in the hammered brass trays from India on the tables. There's inspiration in the well-thumbed books that line the fireside bookcases. It's a home anyone could be proud of—and not the less so because its modern bathroom (a far cry from the days in British India when they couldn't even be sure of safety in using boiled water and had all food brought to their table still boiling) is filled with the finest preparations for health protection which science can devise.

A home like that is the triumph of our civilization. And a far cry it is from the day described in the old joke popular some thirty years ago about the health inspector visiting a tenement during an epidemic. "Don't you have a sanitary drinking cup?" he asked one little boy. "We sure have," was the proud reply, "and every single member of our family uses it!"

JOIN THE FIBBER M'GEE AND MOLLY PARADE OF LAUGHS

Another Radio-broadcast next month you can't afford to pass up.

GOOD NEWS TRAVELS FAST!



Now millions praise the new

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

TO MILLIONS of people, Ex-Lax was the perfect laxative. They thought it couldn't be improved. And now here's the big news!—double news!—important news! . . . The laxative they said couldn't be better is better! Better in these three important ways:

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You'll like it *even better* than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even *more* effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

No matter what laxative you're using, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. At all druggists in 10c and 25c boxes.

Skin
BEAUTY
with
MERCOLIZED WAX

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For removing unwanted hair quickly. Easy to use. At drug and department stores everywhere.

Words with Wings

(Continued from page 40)

Last night at dinner Neysa Mc-Mein told me what I think is a funny story. It was new to me. Stop me if you have heard it. It's the story of the New Yorker who had to go to Cleveland on important business. His engagement there was for the first thing in the morning and because he had a genius for ignoring the loudest alarm clocks, he was haunted by the dread that he would sleep right through to Chicago. The porter, he said, must do more than merely call him. He must shake him. If necessary he must drag him from his berth, push him off the train and throw his clothes after him. He would rather get off at Cleveland in pajamas than not get off at all. As a retaining fee he gave the porter a preliminary dollar and promising another one like it in Cleveland he drifted off into a carefree sleep. The next thing he knew he was in Chicago. Without waiting to get dressed he started down the aisle to kill the porter, who almost fainted at the sight of him. Several times that dusky attendant tried to speak but he couldn't get a word in edgewise. The passenger's profanity was so loud that it drew quite an audience and finally the conductor had to interfere. The Pullman Company couldn't permit any of its employes to be addressed in that manner. It was the porter who intervened. "Just let him talk, boss. This ain't nothing. You ought to heard what the other gentleman said." The other gentleman! What other gentleman? "Why," said the porter with a reminiscent grin, "the one I put off at Cleveland."

—Alexander Woollcott, on the CBS Heinz Magazine of the Air.

* * *

Like most men I have that ever-present problem of earning a living. I expect to go into the business of manufacturing golf equipment. George Von Elm and I have been working on this for two years. George is the General Tire Distributor out in Glendale, California, but he's still plenty interested in golf. We know we can improve clubs and other equipment. There's a very good chance we'll get going real soon. I'm not tied up with anybody for movies, theater appearances or radio, and I'm going to wait



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GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

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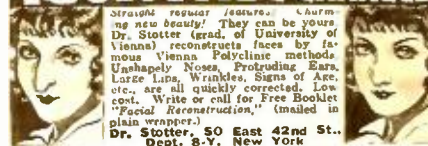
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a while before playing any exhibition matches. I've been hoping to take my mother and dad away for a long trip. But Mother's health is not too good and she may have to undergo an operation. But I'm hoping her doctor will say it will be all right for her to take a trip somewhere with me. Maybe a sea voyage. I won't know for a little while, though.

—John Montague, "mystery man of golf," in an interview with Wallace Butterworth and Parks Johnson on the NBC Radio Newsreel.

* * *

Mr. Polar Bear is more curious than the proverbial cat. If he passes within ten miles to leeward, a polar bear will come walking into camp, for they examine anything they can smell. A bear approaching camp does so cautiously at less than two miles an hour. He walks at the rate of perhaps two and a half miles, but stops every now and then to look around. It is as easy to shoot a bear as a cow if you know your job.

—Vilhjalmur Stefansson, leading authority on Arctic knowledge, in the CBS New Horizons series.

* * *

My guess is that the radio will help mid-Western American to prevail throughout the country. It is bound to prevail anyhow. It is somewhat harsh, but on all other counts it is a really excellent speech. Its only serious rivals, the Boston and the Southern dialects, are much inferior to it in every way, and so is the Southern English that is standard in England.

—H. L. Mencken, famous authority on speech and author of "The American Language," talking on the CBS School of the Air.

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 58)

Miss Irene Ferguson, Bronx, N. Y.—Edward Wragge on the Our Barn show is a brother of Betty Wragge of the Pepper Young sketch. And I'll list the other starlets in a future issue.

Dick Slicker, Massillon, Ohio—If you refer to the Pie Plant Pete heard over NBC networks several years ago, he was Claude W. Moye, no longer on the air unless he broadcasts from some local station. Our Gal Sunday has one sponsor—American Home Products Co. The transcribed program, Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen, is broadcast over 32 Middle-Western and Southern stations, including WIRE, Indianapolis, and WKRC, Cincinnati. The "female Parkyakarkus" of the Ken Murray show is Marlyn Stuart, 17 years old, who was formerly a Broadway singer and dancer.

Philip Osbaum, Louisville, Ky.—The Dictators, Merrymakers, Captivators and Novalteers are a constantly changing group made up of regular CBS staff musicians, and, therefore, it would be impossible to give you a definite list of members. It would be very hard to judge which of the two major networks is the largest. Besides, didn't you read Jack Sher's article, "The Bigger They Are" in the November issue? When "the net-

THEY USED TO CALL HIM

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LOOK at that healthy, happy grin! You'd never guess that just a little while ago he, too, was one of those dull, logy, irritable, unhappy victims of constipation. Then he turned to FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative—and what a difference it made! And no wonder—for FEEN-A-MINT not only removes waste, but guards against upsetting digestion too—in these 3 important ways:

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works are a-feudin'", I want to be a non-combatant.

Miss Alberta Hester, Bingen, Wash.—Here's your Myrt and Marge cast: Myrt is played by Myrtle Vail; Marge by Miss Vail's daughter, Donna Damerel; Clarence Tiffentuffer, Ray Hodge; Nancy Miller, Elizabeth Love; Paul Hargate, Jackson Bock; Sanfield Malone, Leo Curley; Rex Marvin, Gene Morgan; Jack Arnold, Santos Ortega; Holmi, Edith Evanson; Mr. Nunnaly, Joe Latham; Joe Gulick, Walter Kinsella, and Bindstein, Ted Bergman. Write the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., in care of Columbia Broadcasting System, New York City, for the pictures you want.

Joseph Pallaci, Boston, Mass.—Every one of the more than 300 scripts for Witch's Tale, now in its seventh year over WOR-Mutual, was written by Alonzo Deen Cole, director and actor and former Belasco player. Marie O'Flynn, Mr. Cole's co-star and wife and a former stage actress, has been in the dramas from the beginning. Other members of the cast are: Mark Smith, Tom Hoyer, Alan Devitt, Ethel Intropodi and Miriam Wolff.

Mrs. L. Schulze, Springfield, Ill.—Max Tilley, staunch champion of Mary Sothern in the serial of that title, is Jay Jostyn, who also handles the role of the old miner, Jackie, in Our Gal Sunday and is Ben Porter in Second Husband. In The Romance of Helen Trent, David Gothard plays Philip King and Sid Breeze, Gilbert Allen.

Allen S. Stuart, Hawaii—My letter with the answers to your questions has been returned as unclaimed. Will you send me your new address?

FAN CLUB SECTION

Frances Feather is Eastern President of the Dick Powell East to West Fan Club, address: 1362 Mineral Spring Road, Reading, Pa. The Western President is Carol Dose, 2760 McAllister Street, No. 4, San Francisco, Calif.

Will Joan M., Long Beach, Calif. please send the Oracle her full address? A reader would like to join the Jan Garber Fan Club.

All Igor Gorin admirers, no matter where they live, are invited to join the Canadian chapter of the Charles Igor Gorin Clubs, writes Mary Miller, president, of 26 Duke Street, St. Catharines, Ont.

The Muriel Wilson (Mary Lou) fan club conducted its annual convention in New York City. Mrs. C. Connor is National President, and Miss Grace Augstell, Secretary.

The Sammy Kaye Swing & Sway Club has just been organized for all tune-tappers who want to boost this band leader. Inquiries should be addressed to Malcom Tarlov, president; 59 Fairfield Avenue, South Norwalk, Conn.

Johnnie Davis, rhythm wonder of radio and movies now has a club in his honor. Miss Mildred Lavin, 7023 So. Chappel Avenue, Chicago, Ill., says she will be glad to hear from new members.

Other clubs open for new members include: Tony Martin Fan Club—Frank Pitro, president; 1924 East 55th street, Cleveland, Ohio; Jane Froman Club—Albert Bernard, secretary, c/o P. Wilson, 103 West 70th Street, New York City; Arthur Wright Club—Violet Neill, 1345 S. Elmwood, Berwyn, Ill.; Conrad Thibault Club—Frieda Dittrich, president; 156 Park Avenue, Lyndhurst, N. J.

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For Women Only

(Continued from page 68)

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or turnings. Some old-fashioned pieces not only can be made to fit the modern home, but will give it an originality, a flavor of tradition that no factory-made pieces can possibly give. For example, I've seen those little familiar black walnut Victorian chairs painted white, with a striped material on the seats, looking perfectly charming against an ultra modern background.

Get rid of heavy hangings. If the brocade or velvet is good and you like the color or can dye it, why not cover the sofa or make some chair seats of it, and hang up something far more simple at the windows? There are so many inexpensive sun-fast materials in lovely colors that are much more refreshing than all the fringe and inter-lining. Try cotton taffeta, a striped antique satin or even theatrical gauze at fifty cents a yard; anything that will give the necessary color to the room without interfering too much with the light.

As for ornaments, let's pile them in a clothes basket and shut our eyes while somebody carries them out. A pair of those bronze jars that held the dusty papyrus grass may make 1,000 lamp bases; so would the Chinese porcelain jars if we use plain stretched neutral colored shades on them. But no more enamel card baskets, no carved gilt boxes, no Dresden figures, fancy vases, no photographs of brides in silver frames, no piano drapes or three-cornered cushions with tassels.—From a talk by Mrs. Sarah M. Lockwood, leading authority on interior decorations on a Heinz Magazine of the Air broadcast, over CBS.

CAN YOU MAKE GOOD COFFEE?

Isabella Beach says that most of us aren't very good coffee makers. We've got to admit it. And if we run over the few rules for good coffee making, maybe we can discover what ails ours. . . . First of all, the pot must be scrupulously scoured, aired, and dried before being put away for the day. . . . Yesterday's coffee odors have a way of intruding into today's cup if we let them. . . . Second, we should make the capacity of the pot . . . because for some reason or other coffee's better when the pot is filled. . . . So it's best to have two pots, one for few cups . . . one for more. If we just have one pot, however, one way out when we're not making all it'll hold, is to add an extra tablespoon or two of coffee. . . . We must use the proper grind . . . a fine drip-grind for drip . . . and a coarser grind for percolated or boiled coffee . . . And make the coffee strong enough. Men love strong coffee. Use a HEAPING tablespoon to the cup, and they'll call you blessed! Measure both coffee and water. . . Ever hear of the colored cook who gave up her job in disgust? She didn't mind, she said, working for a woman who made her measure COFFEE but before heaven she wasn't working for no white folks so stingy that they made her measure WATER, too. . . . And serve the coffee fresh. . . . Hot and fresh—and they'll be calling for seconds . . . —broadcast on the H-O Daily Information Service over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

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The Announcer Is a Sissy

(Continued from page 60)

short, he gave Don the same kind of sales talk that Don might have been giving somebody else.

Don was not to be convinced. It was Don's contention that anybody could be an announcer. All an announcer did then was step to the microphone for a minute, or less, drone a few dull words into the instrument, and let it go at that.

Announcing lacked color and excitement, it was just a hack job. To Don, it didn't have half the appeal that door to door selling had, and it wasn't even half as lucrative.

During all the time he worked for station KOI, as a singer, Don turned down five offers to become an announcer! Each time, he insisted that announcing wasn't any kind of work for a full grown man.

The trio took to wandering. They quit their job with the food concern in Denver, drifted to Salt Lake City, then went further west and landed a sustaining program on station KFI, in Los Angeles.

JUST two weeks after Don Wilson began singing over KFI, he was again approached with an offer to announce!

"Thanks," Don answered, "but don't waste your time, I wouldn't take that girl's job if I were starving to death!"

After a short while in Los Angeles, the trio broke up. The tenor got married, and his wife insisted that he get a better job. When he landed a position with an accounting concern, Don Wilson and the remaining partner were stranded. There was nothing much that a baritone and a bass could do in the way of harmony.

If Don Wilson was looking for a rap on the chin, he certainly got it in the year that followed. He drifted from station to station working for practically nothing—when he worked.

He was now convinced that his future was in singing, and nothing could change his mind. Not even being locked out of rooming houses, and missing meals!

Don Wilson might have remained an obscure singer, he might never have become the splendid announcer that he is, if something bigger than himself had not come along and knocked his strange ideas about life, announcing, and "sissy" jobs, into a cocked hat.

Don fell in love with a Kansas City, Missouri girl, who was visiting in California. The girl's name was Lucy Jane Saufley. Well, you know how it is, or you should, but I'll tell you what it did to Don Wilson.

It made him realize, for the first time in his life, that there were some things that you can't fight. It made him understand that being tough is all right, but being sentimental, and happy, are much more fun.

Don Wilson wanted to bring all the material things in the world and lay them at Lucy Jane's feet. He realized that a year of his life was wasted. He was broke, he had no future to offer, and it made him mad.

He reached that high point where Lucy Jane meant more to him than his singing. He was determined to



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This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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take any job, just as long as it was honest and made him a living.

Don was sitting in the reception room of KFI. It was one of those blue days. He was waiting for an appointment with the station manager in the hope that he might get some kind of a studio job.

The manager, in his office, was in a blue funk. One of his scheduled announcers had been stricken with appendicitis, and there was no one to take his place!

The man at the reception desk, knowing Wilson, and the stories about his voice, called the manager and gave him the information that Wilson was waiting to see him.

The manager hurried out to the reception room. Before Don Wilson could say "Howhaveyoubeen," the manager spoke his piece.

"Wilson, I'm in a spot," he informed belligerently, "I need an announcer in nine minutes, and you can do the job."

Don thought of Lucy Jane, and said the words he never expected to hear himself say, "O. K., I'll take the job!"

The manager rushed into his office, and came back with the script. Don had time to read it just once—and quickly. He went on the air, and the results were sensational!

WHILE Don Wilson was still warm from his work before the microphone, the manager of KFI signed the singer's name to a contract as an announcer!

A few months later, Don Wilson married Lucy Jane Saufley. She was not only proud of her new husband, she was proud of his job! This pride bolstered Don, and he resolved to give his job everything that he had. In less than a year, he was known the length and breadth of California. He became the "Golden State's" favorite announcer.

After a year as a straight program announcer, he was given his big chance, the Rose Bowl game. It was his first assignment on a National hook up.

The hard hitting, informative, manly way that Don Wilson carried the scenes of this game out of the Rose Bowl to the ears of a waiting nation, made him more in demand than ever.

To Don, it killed forever the idea that announcing was only for sissies. As his words poured over the air, he re-lived those breathless days when he was smacking 'em down for Colorado. He was telling the audience about a hard, fast, exciting game—and he loved it!

Offers arrived from all directions. Don traveled east, and worked with such big names as Nelson Eddy, Grace Moore, and Phil Baker. His salary exceeded anything he might have dreamed to make as a singer.

Three years ago, Jack Benny sent him a telegram ribbing him about a mistake that Don had made over the air.

The two had never met, but Don sent Benny an answer acknowledging his blunder. The return telegram sent Jack into such spasms of laughter that he arranged for a meeting. He just had to know Don Wilson.

That was three years ago, and they have been on the air together ever since!

Selling is Don Wilson's art. Door to door or station to station—Don Wilson can sell IT.

HOW YOU CAN Attract MEN



OF course you have no men friends if you've let yourself become dull, cross, and nervous. Men like lively, peppy girls—girls with plenty of energy to go places and enjoy life.

Don't let love and romance pass you by. Help build up your pep and you, too, should have gay friends about you.

Here's good advice: start taking that time-proven, reliable Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and note the difference.

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By LOUIS UNDERWOOD

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But spend a few hours as I did, in the Audience Mail department of the National Broadcasting Company. Read a few of the letters from one of the big steel filing cases. They have come from thousands of miles, from the lonely places of the world, from people I will never meet, but somehow feel I already know.

Or listen to what is unquestionably the most unselfish and finest radio program ever broadcast—a program without a commercial mention on it; a program which is the very breath of hope and life itself to a handful of lonely men and women.

And when you've done that, sit down in front of your radio receiver twist the dials to a popular variety program—and see if you can take what you are hearing in your usual casual, off-hand manner.

I can't. I find those pictures springing up in my mind's eye, those pictures which came as I read the letters in NBC's mail room.

Let me try to show you the pictures some of those letters painted.

An Anglo-American oil field in Hurghada, Egypt. It's eleven o'clock in the morning, and the sun beats down pitilessly on glaring sand and the hard, brittle outlines of oil derricks. In a flimsy wooden shack the American engineer and his wife are listening to President Roosevelt's Fireside Chat. For a while, the sand and the heat are gone, and it's night in New York, a cool autumn night.

They've visited America, as they visit it every time they listen to an American program, and radio has been the magic carpet to carry them back home for a few minutes a day. That short-wave radio set, there in the corner of the room, is their insurance against homesickness.

The African Gold Coast. The jungle itself seems to sweat in the damp heat. In a clearing a white trader has his post. For days on end he never sees a white face, except his own staring back from the mirror. Only blacks, bringing their loads of ivory and ebony to him from the interior.

But this white trader must be the most popular white man in that section of Africa, and he needn't worry about the natives taking their ivory to another trader, because he has a radio which brings in American swing music! The natives go almost mad, dancing to Benny Goodman's rhythms, and the trader himself enjoys watching them as much as they enjoy dancing.

Even in our own country there are places where the land stretches away for miles, unbroken by the movement of any living thing. On a range near

Kingman, Arizona, three cow-punchers have a radio. A community sing program is being broadcast, and the horses in the corral beside the cowhands' cabin stir uneasily. And no wonder, for their masters' voices are lifted in mighty song—not too tuneful, perhaps, not too true to the pitch, but whole-hearted and happy. In imagination, those cowboys aren't in the midst of a wide desert. They're joining the singing audience in a CBS playhouse. Miles away, yes, but still members of the "community."

Let's go, in imagination, to a little cabin near the northern tip of Hudson Bay. Two trappers and a member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police have just finished supper. Now one of them is twisting the dials of a radio set with eager, weather-bitten fingers. All huddle as close to the set as possible.

When the Mountie left home three months ago, his wife was expecting a baby. By now, the baby should have been born. Is his wife alive? Is the baby alive? Is it a boy or a girl? He doesn't know.

One of the trappers is waiting for word from Rose, his sweetheart. They're to be married when he returns to Montreal in the spring. But winters are long and Rose is pretty and he's far away—and who knows—perhaps she has forgotten him.

The other trapper is older, the father of a large family. Are they all doing well? How is the eldest getting along in high school?

But most of all, what all three want is the assurance that those they love are thinking of them.

Ears straining, they wait while messages are read to other men scattered by twos and threes over the icy waste of the North. Then comes news of the trapper's Rose. She has received his letter, the letter he sent by the last boat, weeks ago; and she is still waiting. With a deep breath, the trapper gets up and moves away.

The next message is for the older trapper. His family is fine, everything is going along well, they think of him constantly, and they have sent letters and gifts which he should receive soon.

Last of all, almost at the end of the hour, come words for the Mountie: "John, your wife has given birth to a nine-pound boy. Both are doing well, send their love, and look forward to seeing you in the spring. We'll keep you informed of their progress. Don't worry—and congratulations!"

The tense muscles of the Mountie's face relax into a shaky grin. He swallows hard against that sudden lump in his throat. For a few minutes, his wife and his son seem very near to him.

Radio has meant many things to many people. It has done many fine things. But it has never done anything finer than extend the comfort of companionship, of word from far-off loved ones, to those who live in solitude.



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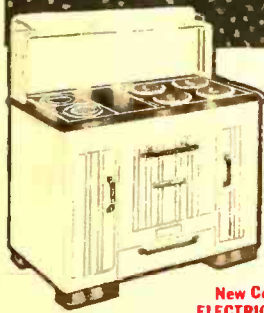
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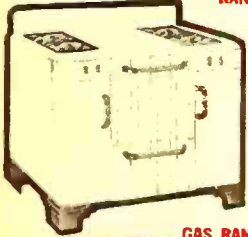
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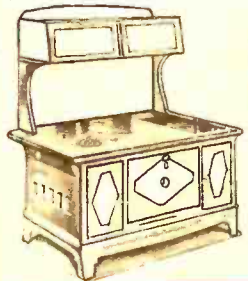
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