

# **R**adio AND TELEVISION **MIRROR**

**10¢**  
A MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION

**NOVEMBER**

**READ CHARLES BOYER'S  
GREATEST LOVE STORY**

**REACH OF PROMISE—AMOS 'n' ANDY'S Most Hilarious Adventure**

**ARE YOU A WIFE IN NAME ONLY?**

**Daring Challenge By the Author of Pepper Young's Family and When A Girl Marries**

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# Irresistible

Irresistible brings you lipsticks in fashion's newest shades . . . BLUE PINK and FLASH RED . . . the colors being worn by debutantes. ~ For a perfect blend of beauty and smartness buy both these new shades of flattering Irresistible lipstick—and be prepared to match your lips to your every costume! ~ Blue Pink and Flash Red add such allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. ~ But remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder to match each shade of lipstick.

You'll adore, too, the fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Try it today—on your skin, your hair, your clothing—you'll never again be without it! All Irresistible preparations are certified pure. Only 10¢ each at all 5 and 10¢ stores.





LADY ESTHER SAYS—

ROUGH COPY



**"To keep your Accent on Youth—  
Join this Revolt against Heavy, Waxy Creams!"**



**Go get the facts** and you'll never use a heavy cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!



**Heavy creams** demand heavy-handed treatment...tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking *older than you really are?* Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.



**The speed of life** today puts new demands upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a *different* type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.



**Lovely skin** brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.



**Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream** has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for you?

**Convince yourself . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!**

**ARE YOU** sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and *look at that!*

Thousands of women are amazed...*yes, shocked then and there...* to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own

eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams **FAIL TO GET OUT!**

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense*. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

LADY ESTHER,  
7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

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

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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

EMEN. 10/23/40



# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

**ERNEST V. HEYN**  
Executive Editor

**BELLE LANDESMAN,**  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

**FRED R. SAMMIS**  
Editor



## "Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

### NEW *Winx*

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*



#### Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing new WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied*, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

### Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour... makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC  
HARMONY!

*Winx* LIPSTICK  
WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

## Special Features

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COVER—Charles Boyer, by Sol Wechsler  
(Courtesy of United Artists)

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## WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

### FIRST PRIZE RADIO DECIDES A CAREER

EVERYONE I've ever spoken to about radio programs has some complaint. True, they're not all masterpieces, yet each radio program leaves us richer for having heard it. A weak plot has its advantages in good voices; a miscast radio performer fades before some flawless part; the poorest program contributes a line, a musical strain, or a pleasant thought that glows like a living jewel long after the sign-off.

Six years ago, after listening to many crime programs, I knew I would never be satisfied in any other field of work but that of combating crime. I became a policeman. Radio helped me to select my vocation.

Joseph Libretti,  
Chicago, Ill.

### SECOND PRIZE MORE ORCHIDS

We aren't realizing it, but the radio is the greatest teacher in the world today. Our vocabulary increases, we learn how to pronounce words properly, and to use them in the right places. All types of music and the composers become familiar from pleasant repetition. History-making events are brought to our very ears. Thought-provoking questions and answers entertain us, and at the same time broaden our education.

Radio is the *only* means of making the same advantages available to all, whether they live in the largest city or miles from the nearest town.

Alice Buchanan,  
Lima Spring, Iowa

### THIRD PRIZE HERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

Hats off to Ezra Stone and The Aldrich Family sketch. We got a kick out of them the past winter on the Kate Smith show, and now we wait each Sunday to hear what Henry is doing. Here is a program that's different—enjoyed by many, so please (Continued on page 84)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN  
— — PRIZES — —

First Prize . . . . . \$10.00  
Second Prize . . . . . \$ 5.00  
Five Prizes of . . . . . \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than Oct. 27th, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

## Ed—with another girl and he used to be mine!



Smart girls keep romance!

They prevent underarm odor with MUM!

ETHEL got a shock when they passed her... Ed glancing at her almost like a stranger... Jane with that proud, satisfied smile. Ethel knew Jane wasn't as pretty—wasn't as clever... wondered why Ed picked *her!*

It isn't always the *pretty* girls who win! For even a pretty girl can spoil her chances, if she's careless about underarm odor... if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet... neglects to use Mum!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration... Mum prevents odor *to come*. That's why more women use Mum than any

other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls like *you*.

**MUM IS QUICK!** Only thirty seconds for Mum, and underarms are protected for a whole day or evening.

**MUM IS SAFE!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Freshness is so important—why take risks? Get Mum at your druggist's today.

### AFTER YOUR BATH—MUM MAKES YOU SAFE



Important to You—

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



# HOLLYWOOD

## RADIO WHISPERS



Jack Benny got a gift, too, at the party Barbara Stanwyck gave for Bob Taylor—and here he is playing "The Bee" on it for his hostess.

■

Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms, below, take a night off from their West Coast dance duties to go to The Troc and dine on this outlandish-looking dessert.



By **GEORGE FISHER**

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

IT'S no reflection on the voice or ability of Nelson Eddy that he isn't as popular with members of Robert Armbruster's Chase and Sanborn Hour band as was the baritone, Donald Dickson, who is now on the most ambitious maiden concert tour ever outlined for a singer—forty-four concerts.

Dickson didn't begin rehearsing with the orchestra until noon. Eddy is an early riser and likes to start at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, when the musicians, like the rest of us, like to sleep. So in Nelson's case, it just proves that the early bird gets the Bronx Cheer!

\* \* \*

Like so many other stars of radio, Jim Ameche, kid brother of Don, fell in love with the California climate and landscape after a couple of months on the air substituting with Gale Page for the Hollywood Playhouse star, Charles Boyer. "My one ambition, right now," Jim told me, "is to live in Hollywood the rest of my life."

\* \* \*

Walter Winchell is authority for the statement that Edwin C. Hill's programs (which replaced Winchell during the summer) were not too enthusiastically received.

\* \* \*

Alec Templeton, the versatile piano virtuoso, and probably the greatest discovery in radio in 1939, gives credit for much of his success to the inspiration he derives from radio programs. The NBC star awakens each morning at 9 o'clock as regularly as if he had

set an alarm clock, and his first waking act is to turn on the radio beside his bed. He carries a portable radio with him everywhere, even to the barber shop and the restaurant. It's by listening to radio so intently that he is able to concoct those brilliant take-offs on its personalities.

\* \* \*

Roger Pryor has quit the orchestra business. Such was his comment, at least, after officials of the Screen Guild Theater announced that he has been signed as master-of-ceremonies for the series.

\* \* \*

"Jack The Bell Boy" may not be known to many daytime listeners in

Hollywood, but he certainly has the town by the "ear" at night. From midnight 'till dawn, this nameless announcer juggles records, wisecracks and plays hot records to amuse the early-bird jitterbug enthusiasts. And any morning you can hear the Bell Boy chatter: and here's Glen Miller's "Sunrise Serenade" being played for Bette Davis and George Brent!

\* \* \*

The winding roads of Brentwood, west of Hollywood, are difficult to remember after only one trip over them, as Orson Welles will guarantee. When the star moved to Hollywood to make a film for RKO, he rented a home in

(Continued on page 6)





## Look at me now... Lily of the 5 & 10

IS IT really me? . . . here in a lovely house, with a car and servants . . . and the nicest man in the world for a husband? Sometimes I wonder . . .

It seems only yesterday that I was one of an army of clerks—and a very lonely one at that . . . only yesterday that Anna Johnson gave me the hint that changed my entire life. Maybe she told me because I was quitting and she wanted me to have a good time on my little trip to Bermuda that I'd skimped and saved for.

"Lil," she said, "in the three years we've been here, I've only seen you out with a man occasionally. I know it isn't because you don't like men . . ."

"They don't like me," I confessed.

"That's what you think . . . but you're wrong. You've got everything—and any man would like you if it weren't for . . ."

"If it weren't for what?"

"Gosh, Lil, I hate to say it . . . but I think

I ought to . . ."

And then she told me . . . told me what I should have been told years before—what everyone should be told. It was a pretty humiliating hint to receive, but I took it. And how beautifully it worked!

On the boat on the way down to the Islands, I was really sought after for the first time in my life. And then, at a cocktail party in a cute little inn in Bermuda, I met HIM. The moon, the water, the scent of the hibiscus did the rest. Three months later we were married.

I realized that but for Anna's hint, Romance might have passed me by.

For this is what Anna told me:

"Lil," she said, "there's nothing that kills a man's interest in a girl as fast as a case of halitosis (bad breath).<sup>\*</sup> Everyone has it now and then. To say the least, you've been, well . . . careless. You probably never realized your trouble. Halitosis victims seldom do.

"I'm passing you a little tip, honey—use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant . . . makes your breath so much sweeter in no time, honest.

"I'd rather go to a date without my shoes than without Listerine Antiseptic. Nine times out of ten it spells the difference between being a washout or a winner."

And in view of what happened, I guess Anna was right.

*\* Sometimes halitosis is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Always use Listerine before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.*



Your OPPORTUNITY of 1939

# \$25,000.00

## TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

### PRIZE SCHEDULE

1st Prize .....	\$2500.00
2nd Prize .....	1500.00
3rd Prize—3 at \$1000 each..	3000.00
4th Prize—15 at \$500 each..	7500.00
5th Prize—30 at \$250 each..	7500.00
50 Regular Prizes.	\$22,000.00
3 Bonus Prizes of \$1000 each	3,000.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$25,000.00</b>

### Three Special

### \$1,000 Bonus Prizes

During the three months beginning September 1 and ending November 29, 1939, fifty men and women are going to be made richer to the extent of fifty big cash prizes ranging from \$250 up to \$2500 in the great true story manuscript contest now being conducted by Macfadden Publications, Inc. In addition there will be three special bonus prizes of \$1,000 each, one to be awarded to the best true story received in each of the three months of the contest term.

Here is opportunity indeed for you personally. It would be a great pity not to take advantage of it. Somewhere in your memory may be waiting the very story necessary to capture the big \$2500 first prize which with the \$1,000 bonus prize that goes with it automatically would net you \$3500 just for putting into words something that already exists in your mind. By all means start writing it today. Even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase at our regular rate provided we can use it.

In writing your story, tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly and above all do not refrain from writing your story for fear you lack the necessary skill. A large percentage of the nearly \$600,000 we have already paid out in prize awards for true stories went to persons having no trained literary ability.

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

Judging on this basis, to the best true story received will be awarded the great \$2500 first prize, to the second best will be awarded the \$1500 second prize, etc.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. Remember, an early mailing may be worth a \$1,000 bonus prize to you regardless of any other prize your story may receive. Also, by mailing early you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

### COUPON

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 39C  
P. O. Box 629, 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 plainly. Give name of state in full.)

(Continued from page 4)

that area. All he knew was the street address and the fact that Shirley Temple lived next door. Welles drove off to the studio successfully after his first breakfast in the new place, but when it came time to return, he couldn't find the street. And there was no place nearby to inquire. Only a roadside business man who offers to guide strangers who want to see the homes of the stars. So Welles hired the man to show him Shirley Temple's home, and it all worked out perfectly. What most amazed the actor was the fact that when he pointed to the house he had just rented the day before and asked who lived there, the guide promptly replied "Orson Welles."

\* \* \*

If any prophet has no honor in his own country, Bob Burns is the exception that proves the rule. Van Buren, Arkansas, honored him too much on his recent visit for a picture premiere. When the bazooka-tooter ate his meals in a ground floor dining room, most of the town plus the visitors took turns at the windows to watch the great man reach for another piece of chicken. One hot night Bob divested himself of his pajama uppers and was about to do the same with his lowers, when he noticed he wasn't exactly alone. There was a whole gallery outside watching him sleep. That was when Bob found out he hadn't forgotten how to blush.

\* \* \*

Radio has never been able to record, accurately, the sound of an automobile motor or exhaust, says Charlie Forsyth, Radio Theater sound expert. The reason, he explains, is that the microphone does not hear an automobile as the ear hears it. All records ever made of auto motors and exhausts come out of the loudspeaker slightly distorted.

\* \* \*

John Scott Trotter, Bing Crosby's hard-swinging batonist, at heart prefers the classics. Backed against the wall in a weak moment at home, Trotter admitted to me that if he had to spend his life on a desert island with only ten records, out of the ten he would choose only one that Crosby sings on his radio show—"Silent Night." The other nine would all be classics. And that from a man who has taught even Bob Burns how to swing!

\* \* \*

Don Wilson, the jovial big boy who announces for Jack Benny on Sunday nights, inadvertently lost two inches from his waistline during the summer vacation, and received one reprimand from boss Benny. Don's excess avoirdupois together with his belly laugh are his chief contributions to the Benny show and without Don's corpulence, what would Jack have to rib him about?

\* \* \*

A bright young thing caught Anita Loos outside the stage door after the writer of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" finished her appearance on "We, the People" broadcast from New York. "Miss Loos," said the girl, "If gentlemen prefer blondes, what does that make your husband?" Few people realize the black-haired author is married and that her husband is John

### CONTEST RULES

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

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

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

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

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

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

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

Do not send us stories which we have returned. As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

This contest ends Wednesday, November 29, 1939.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 39C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



Emerson, a noted novelist in his own right.

\* \* \*

Hildegard is NOT the "first Lady of Television!" In view of the recent publicity labeling the radio and night club singer, Hildegard, as "The First Lady of Television," this statement may be a startling one: but you can take it from me Hildegard is just another Television performer. The real "First Lady of Television" is Betty Jane Rhodes: a title bestowed upon her many summers ago when she first started telecasting over the Thomas S. Lee Television station in Hollywood. A letter received from the British Broadcasting Corporation, where Hildegard claimed she won the title, follows: "Dear Mr. Fisher: In reply to your letter of July 13, the Corporation has never used the title "The First Lady of Television" in connection either with Hildegard or any other artist, neither have they permitted the use of this title by any artist during any broadcasting or television performance." Signed.

\* \* \*

Benny Goodman, prime exploiter of this thing called swing, "Jammed" the Los Angeles Philharmonic society clean out of the red side of the ledger at the Hollywood Bowl swing concert the other week. It's an ironic fact that the classical music diehards who dismiss swing as a vulgarity had to depend on the master swingster for the necessary financial help to perpetuate the symphony!



Bob Benchley (right) gives Roland Young a few comedy tips as the latter takes over his new job on the Good News show.

There's a new quartette you'll soon be hearing about. It's called "The Martins" and in my opinion they out-sing and out-swing any of the combos now on the networks.

\* \* \*

Comedy writers have often been accused of being up in the air—but Grouch Club scripters Nat Hiken and Roland Kibbie are probably the first to admit to it. Both lads are amateur plane pilots of some note—and they

go flying when they need inspiration for new gags. Flying gag writers—that's a new gag!

\* \* \*

Banjo eyes bulging and his famous handlebar mustache flying in the balmy breezes, Jerry Colona, stage and screen comedian, arrived in Hollywood from New York with the statement "Greetings Gates, the train was late!" Yeah—he's nuts!

\* \* \*

Two of America's most precocious young actors are anxious to meet each other because, although they are 3,000 miles apart, they are one and the same person, or will be, in the minds of millions of the nation's movie and radio fans. The two boys are Ezra Stone, who plays the role of "Henry Aldrich" on the stage and on the air in *The Aldrich Family*, and Jackie Cooper, who takes the same character in the forthcoming Paramount picture "What a Life," which is the same story in celluloid. There is little chance of their meeting, however, until Cooper travels East for the picture's premiere in the fall.

\* \* \*

Golfers on one of the local courses who happened to be within earshot of George Burns and Gracie Allen during a recent golfing session almost collapsed with laughter at Gracie's instructions to their caddie who was trying to find a ball George had taken twelve strokes to blast out of a sand trap. Said Gracie: "Never mind the ball, caddie. Come and find Mr. Burns. He's buried himself in the sand."

## "Take my word for it — Lovely Skin Steps Up Charm!"



SAYS THIS ENCHANTING MARYLAND BRIDE

*My favorite complexion care—that's what I call Camay's gentle cleansing! And believe me, there's nothing like a lovely complexion for stepping up your charm!*  
Baltimore, Md. (Signed) CONSTANCE B. PLUMMER  
March 3, 1939 (Mrs. R. W. Plummer)

LOOK your loveliest! Like clever Mrs. Plummer, help guard the precious charm of a radiantly lovely skin—with Camay's gentle cleansing!

You will like Camay, for it has that priceless beauty cleansing combination—thoroughness with mildness. Each time you use it, Camay leaves your skin so clean it seems to glow! Yet Camay is gentle. We've proved Camay's mildness with tests against several other popular toilet soaps on various types of skin.

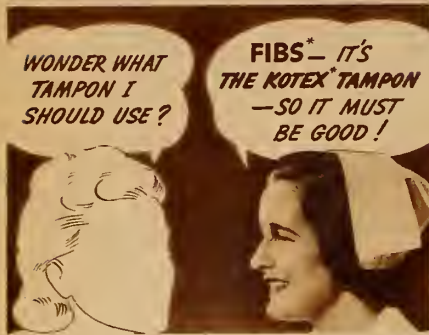
Repeatedly, Camay came out definitely milder. You'll find Camay marvelous for your beauty bath, too...to help keep back and shoulders lovely and as a refreshing aid to daintiness. Camay's price is low! Get three cakes today!



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



# Put Yourself in this Picture



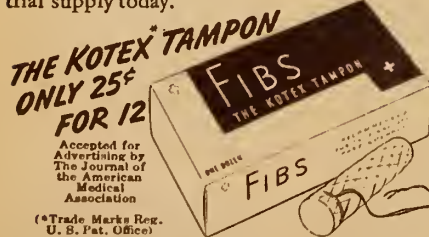
**The Ideal Internal Protection.** Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.



**Special "Quilting"** keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!



**This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton)** absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25¢ for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10¢ for trial supply today.



FIBS—Room 1472, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
I enclose 10¢ for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST



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By DAN SENESEY



# TO COAST

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(Continued on page 10)



■ Mr. and Mrs. Penner taking in the night clubs before Joe gets to work this fall.



Beware of the  
**ONE**  
**NEGLECT** \*  
that often  
Kills Romance

"An ideal couple" said all their friends when Jim and Vera were newlyweds, a few years ago. And "an ideal wife" thought Jim . . . But that was before they were married.



A lovely child the next year should have made their marriage still happier . . .



Plenty of money; in fact they seemed to have everything to make a marriage successful.



Yet they drifted apart . . . and their friends wondered why. So did Vera.

She was careless  
(or ignorant) about  
**FEMININE**  
**HYGIENE**

\*This ONE Neglect few husbands can forgive. If only she'd known about "Lysol"!

## Let "Lysol" Help YOU Avoid It

FOR 50 YEARS many doctors, nurses, clinics, and thousands of wives, have recognized in "Lysol" a simple, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene which any woman can use with confidence. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide. "Lysol" solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs. Directions for the many important home uses of "Lysol" are given on each bottle. Buy "Lysol" at your drug store.



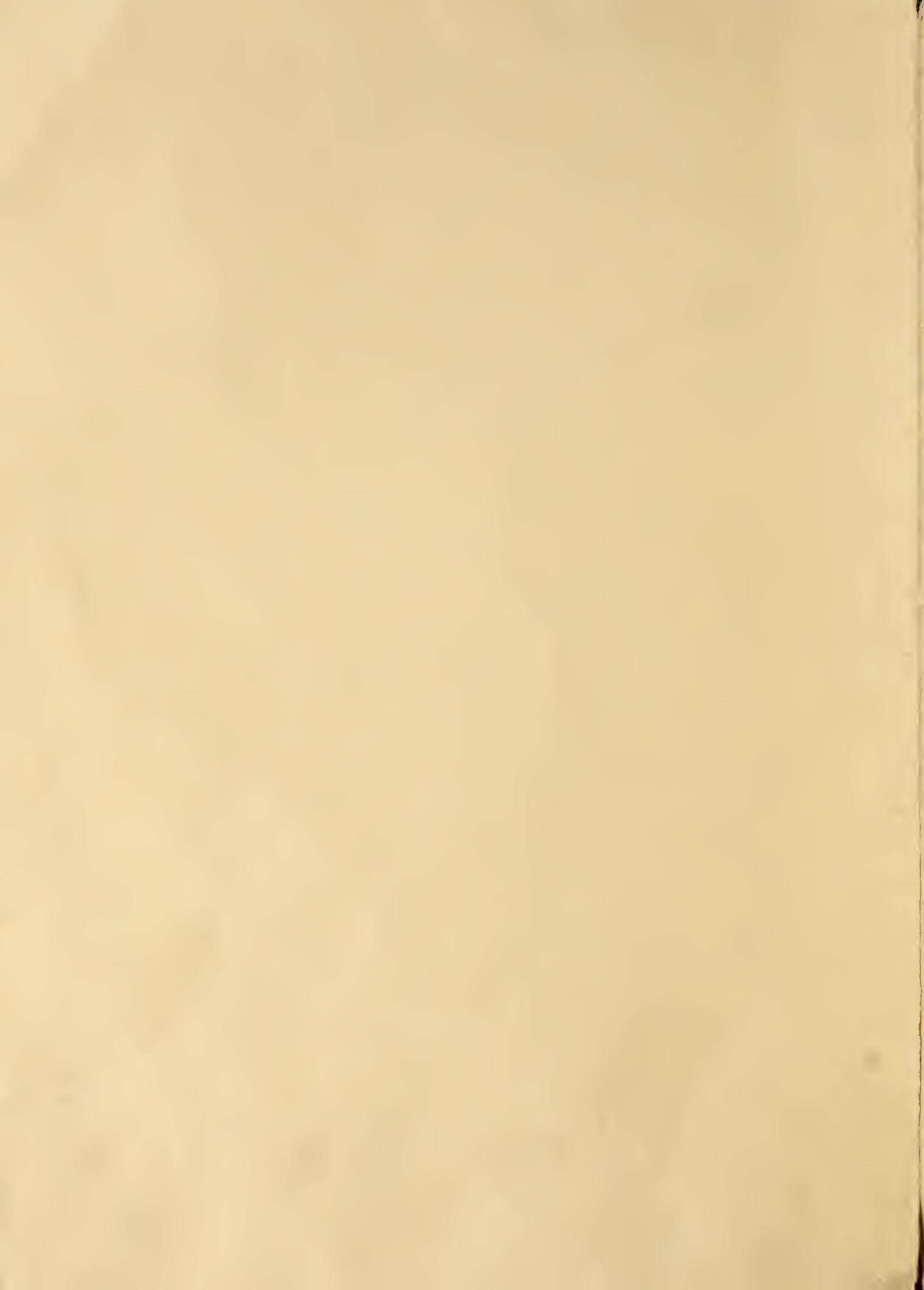
1889—1939, 50th ANNIVERSARY

What Every Woman Should Know  
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET  
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.  
Dept. R.M.-911 Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.  
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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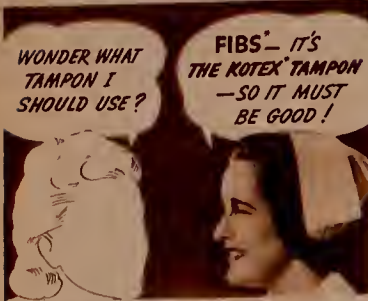
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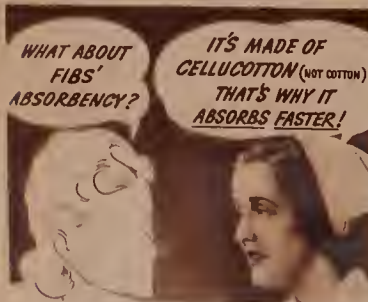
WONDER WHAT TAMPON I SHOULD USE?  
FIBS—IT'S THE KOTEX TAMPON—SO IT MUST BE GOOD!

The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.



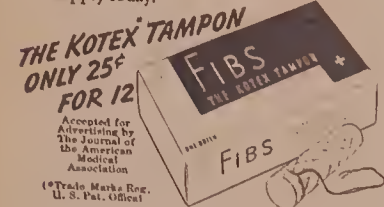
BUT HOW ARE FIBS BETTER?  
ONLY FIBS ARE "QUILTED" HERE'S WHY...

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and less possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!



WHAT ABOUT FIBS' ABSORBENCY?  
IT'S MADE OF CELLUCOTTON (NOT COTTON) THAT'S WHY IT ABSORBS FASTER!

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# WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



Fink

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What Every Woman Should Know  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Finke Products Corp.

By DAN SENESEY



## NOW! Use Westmore Make-up as the Stars Do!



Bud Westmore, Beauty Expert at 20th Century-Fox, and Alice Faye, now starring in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "Hollywood Cavalcade."

At last! House of Westmore Cosmetics the stars actually use, for screen and street wear, are now available to you! They're color-filtered... no "aging gray" tones... no sharp shadows from harsh lighting! Complete line, including foundation cream like no other you've ever tried, powder to match, rouge, cream rouge, lipstick, and eye shadow! Used exclusively in 20th Century-Fox productions. 25¢ in variety stores everywhere. Big economy 50¢ size at drug stores!

Get Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide with Measuring Wheel which enables you to determine your own face type. Tells you exactly how to make up for your type... for more glamour! 25¢ wherever Westmore Cosmetics are sold. If the store near you hasn't it, send 25¢ and your name and address to: The House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. (C-11), 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



House of **WESTMORE**

6638 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



## BEATING THE MEAT BILL



YOU can buy an inexpensive cut of steak, and make it juicy and tender. How? Read Chapter 4 in "Every Homemaker's Cook Book," by Radio Mirror's own food editor. 192 pages, more than 900 delicious recipes and menus, easy to prepare, filling, appetizing. New, tasty dishes that men like, require little time and save money.

17  
HELPFUL  
CHAPTERS

"You spent so little on food last week, Mary, we must be living on love. But boy, that love certainly tastes good!"

Appetizers Easy to Make	Starch Standbys	When There Are Two to Cook
Soups—Hearty and Otherwise	Salads and Sandwich Dressings	For the Executive in the Kitchen
Baking Your Own Bread	Just Desserts	Alphabetical Index
Beating the Meat Bill	Beverages—Hot and Cold	Daily Needs
Fish	Sandwiches	Cooking Terms and Measurements
Stuffings, Sauces and Gravies	Symphonies	
Other Muscle Makers	Leftovers	
	When it's Your Turn to Entertain	

"EVERY HOMEMAKER'S COOK BOOK" is made for quick use; easy index; bright green and yellow, washable cover; patent "lie-flat" binding keeps book open at the right page. Won't fly shut.



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morrow is a Woman." It had its summer tryouts in Spring Lake, N. J., and looked like a big hit. If it's a success on Broadway, Jerry will leave Mutual and become a full-fledged theatrical producer.

\* \* \*

Mel Allen, CBS sports announcer, claims some sort of a fishing record. He went to the CBS co-operative camp at Lake Hopatcong last summer, stayed out in a rowboat from eleven in the morning until midnight, fishing without a pause and having his meals sent out to him—and didn't catch a single fish!

\* \* \*

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—A living example of how to combine a career with a happy married life is Mary McConnell, who is heard over Albuquerque's KOB in a daily program, Facts, Foods and Fancies, works in the station's business office as Continuity Editor, and in private life is the wife of Harry Hickox, local theater manager. In between other jobs she acts in plays put on by the Albuquerque Little Theater.

Mary was born in Indiana, but came to New Mexico to go to college because she'd heard the maxim, "Go West, young man," and decided that what was sauce for the gander must be sauce for the goose too. She liked New Mexico so much that she stayed there after graduating from college. Always interested in dramatic work, she soon found herself a radio job, and then went into a stock company which toured New Mexico and Texas. Her marriage put a stop to her traveling, but not to her radio activity. Besides KOB, she has also worked for KGGM and KGRS.

\* \* \*

Not every baby can put himself to sleep with a lullaby especially sung for him by Lotte Lehmann, famous Metropolitan Opera star. That's the privilege of Barbara Ann and Robin, Jr., Bob Burns' two youngsters. Bob used to be stuck with the job of singing them to sleep now and then, and

since he doesn't shine in that department of music and the babies didn't care for bazooka-music, he bided his time until Mme. Lehmann was a guest on the Kraft Music Hall. In two appearances on the program she sang two lullabies, at Bob's request, and the canny Mr. Burns made arrangements to have them recorded as they came over the air. Now he plays the records for the small fry and gives his own vocal cords a rest.

\* \* \*

CINCINNATI—He established the first nightly sports review on the air for listeners whose business kept them from hearing the original broadcasts of the games in the daytime. He was the first to broadcast play-by-play accounts of night baseball games. He has done air descriptions of baseball, basketball, football, hockey, lacrosse, boxing, wrestling, badminton, polo, swimming, squash, racquets, six day bicycle races, golf and table tennis—thus surely becoming one of the most versatile sports announcers-on the air. His name is Roger Baker, and he joined the staff of WSAI early last spring. During the summer he's been describing the Cincinnati Reds' games, aided by Dick Bray.

Roger was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, in 1902, and moved to Buffalo with his parents 26 years ago, living there continuously until he accepted his present post with WSAI. Rather than go to college, he cut short his formal education after his graduation from high school to take a business course and then go into the automobile business with his father.

He started his radio career as a sideline to his automobile work, making his debut in 1928 as Buffalo's first sports commentator. Pretty soon he was so busy in radio that he was forced to give up his other work.

Married, Roger has two children, a small son and daughter. In Cincinnati he spends so much time at the studio or at the scenes of various sports events that he lives near WSAI and walks to work.



20th Century Fox

■ Welcome the return of Sherlock Holmes—in October with Basil Rathbone as Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.



THERE are a couple of happy young men in Cincinnati, working and learning at station WLW. They're two 1939 university graduates, Merton V. Emmert and Charles Grisham, who have won scholarships in practical radio training offered by the station. They get six months' training at WLW in all phases of radio work, plus expenses of \$500 each—but best of all they get a chance to break into the highly competitive field of broadcasting when their courses of training are over.

WLW's scholarship contest, which gained the attention of youthful radio aspirants in seven states, was limited to 1939 graduates of land grant universities. Contestants went through a stiff series of tests to prove their right to the scholarships. First they had to submit a plan for comprehensive radio service in their respective states and write a typical farm program. Then they each interviewed members of ten typical farm families and wrote reports on their findings, and finally each of them prepared and delivered a farm news program, sending a recording to WLW.

Winners Emmert and Grisham are both short on radio experience and long on farm knowledge. Before he entered college young Emmert lived for six years on a 1000-acre farm. As a boy he belonged to the 4-H club, and won several prizes with the pigs



■ Young Charles Grisham, one of the winners of WLW's 1939 Scholarship contest.

he raised. In Kansas State University he studied agriculture, bottled milk at the college dairy farm, and worked in the Agriculture Economics Office doing clerical and statistical work. On summer vacations he did

general farm work and harvesting in Oklahoma and Texas.

Grisham worked on his father's farm near Athens, Alabama, and as a timekeeper with the Tennessee Valley Authority, for three years between the time he finished high school and the time he entered Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Like Emmert, he concentrated on agricultural subjects in college.

UNDER the guidance of George C. Biggar, WLW program supervisor and acting program director, Emmert and Grisham are now well into their six months' training period, which started soon after they graduated from college. After spending the first few weeks in the station's agricultural department, where they compiled mail statistics and findings of surveys and, in addition, wrote and broadcast several farm news programs, they moved into the press relations department to learn the operations of that phase of radio work.

At the end of six months both will have gained practical knowledge in radio programming, radio writing, broadcasting, publicity and promotion, and will be fully equipped to take a job in any radio station in the land—all thanks to WLW's scholarships, which are such worthy projects that they should be continued from year to year.

# Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR.

says "MEN HATE THE TOUCH OF SCRATCHY, CHAPPED HANDS"

OH, HONEY—YOU'RE JUST THE PERSON I WANT TO SEE! I NEED BEAUTY ADVICE—QUICK



WELL, THAT'S MY JOB—WHAT'S WRONG, CAROL?

LAST NIGHT TED TOOK ME TO A DANCE...



HEY! HOW ABOUT CUTTIN' IN ON MY DATE?



GEE, TED... CAROL'S CUTE BUT—WELL, HER HANDS GIVE ME THE SHIVERS. ROUGH AS A MAN'S

THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME... OH, I'LL NEVER COME TO ANOTHER DANCE AS LONG AS I LIVE!



YEAH... SWELL PARTY

BUT THE BOYS ARE RIGHT, HONEY... MY HANDS ARE ALWAYS CHAPPED... SO'S MY FACE. SURELY YOU KNOW SOMETHING WONDERFUL I CAN USE!



INDEED I DO! C'MON, WE'LL GET SOME HINDS LOTION RIGHT AWAY—

WHY, HONEY... THIS HINDS IS THE MOST SOOTHING HAND LOTION I'VE EVER USED



GRAND AS A POWDER BASE, TOO—CAROL. IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY, EXTRA-SOFTENING!

NEXT DANCE

NICE SOFT HANDS YOU'VE GOT THERE, LADY!



HEY, FELLAS. I BROUGHT HER

GEE, IF HONEY COULD SEE ME NOW!

## EVEN ONE APPLICATION — SO SOOTHING!

YES! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps dry, chapped hands feel smoother. It's *extra-creamy, extra-softening!* Every soothing drop brings comfort to your work-abused skin. Coaxes back the dainty look-and-feel that harsh cleansers, hard water, cold weather, and housework take away. Makes hands look nicer, feel better *right away!* Now contains 2 vitamins—A and D. In 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, \$1 sizes at toilet goods counters. New! Hinds Hand Cream. Ask for it too.



# HINDS FOR HANDS

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS  
**BURNS AND ALLEN**

Columbia Network Coast to Coast  
First Show: 7:30-8:00 E. S. T.  
Rebroadcast: 10:30-11:00 E. S. T.

Chapping • Dryness  
Roughness • Weathered skin  
Hangnails • Calloused heels  
Powder base • Body-rub  
After-shaving lotion

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Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.



# THE WOMAN



■ She was lovely, young, rich—but utterly unprincipled and ruthless. Hers is a story of the secret side of radio, told by a girl who was forced to choose between love and loyalty

■ I was so startled that for a moment I lost track of what she was saying. What could she mean?

**A**FTER the broadcast there was the usual bustle of people leaving the studio, the boys in the band putting away their instruments, the guest stars shaking hands with Chris. I stood at one side, waiting for Chris to finish and come over to me. Now the time of the week I loved best was near—when Chris and I would go to my apartment, and I would make sandwiches and coffee, and the two of us would talk for a while about the broadcast before he took me in his arms.

Tonight, though, it was not only the guest stars who were clustered around Chris. He was talking to a big, handsome white-haired man and a girl in a long, clinging red evening gown. I looked at her curiously. Her face was familiar—I knew I should recognize her—but somehow I didn't. She had that strange something they call glamor, but in her it was the cold vitality of a perfect diamond. And she was smiling up at Chris as they talked.

No, I wasn't afraid—not then. Not then, and not even a few minutes later, when Chris came over and said, "Darling, I'm sorry. But that

happens to be our boss and his daughter, and they want me to go to Twenty-one with them. I guess I'd better."

"It might be a good idea," I agreed, hiding my disappointment with a smile.

"Come on over—I want you to meet them."

He led me over. "Mr. Carr," he said, "this is Binnie Martin—we all think she's a pretty swell little singer."

Mr. Carr said kindly, "And I think you're just about right." But Hester, his daughter, didn't enthuse. Of course I knew now where I had seen her before—in every Sunday supplement and society section for the last six months. "Princess of Cafe Society" was the name the newspapers had given her. She was only eighteen, but she looked as if she had the wisdom of a woman of thirty. She tossed me an appraising glance, said "I enjoyed your singing," in a flat, careless voice, and immediately turned back to Chris. "Shall we go on now?" she asked.

No, as I went home alone that night, I wasn't afraid—but I wouldn't have been a girl, and in

love, if I hadn't been a little unhappy.

Loving was such a new experience for me. In the half-year since Chris Brackett, on a road tour with his band, had heard me sing and had immediately offered me a contract, so many things had happened. I owed Chris for every bit of the success that had come to me. He'd taught me how to face an audience, how to "put over" a song, even, by sending me to experts on the subjects, how to make up and dress.

But that wasn't the reason I loved him. I loved him because—oh, well, just because he *was* Chris. I loved his unruly dark hair and his blue eyes, with the little wrinkles that surrounded them when he laughed—his quick, firm way of walking—his ability to work like a madman for hours on end and never lose his gentleness or consideration for others. His loyalty—I loved that, too, and the way he shared this sudden new success of his with the boys in his band, by making them his partners, not his employees.

Being the singer with Chris Brackett's band was an eye-opening experience for a girl who had never



# THAT STANDS BETWEEN US

dreamed of a professional career, anyway. Everybody in the band had something of Chris' own wonderful spirit. I was the only girl, but none of the boys ever resented me or tried to take advantage of me. They'd all been with Chris for years, working and struggling to reach the top, and jealousy was a word none of them understood.

I suppose, when the relationship between Chris and me suddenly changed, most of the men in the band suspected it—but never by a word or a gesture was I made to feel uncomfortable or embarrassed.

It would have been hard for me to feel ashamed of my love for Chris. It was real love, on both sides. We had come together so naturally, so—so *rightly*. And it didn't seem wrong that we weren't married.

We didn't want to rush into marriage. It was only now, with the radio contract with Mr. Carr's company, that Chris was making enough even to think of marriage; and there were other reasons against it, too. For people in show business, marriage is an even greater gamble than it is to others, and we agreed that it was wiser to wait a while, until we knew each other better, and were sure that we would want to spend the rest of our lives together.

NOT that there was any doubt in my mind, even then. I was sure I loved Chris, then and for always. But if he wanted to wait, I was willing. Whatever he wanted to do, I was blindly, eagerly willing—I was so much in love. I was sure that some day Chris would come to me, and say, quite simply, "Darling, let's not wait any longer—let's get married." I was sure of this because I knew Chris was sincere and straight and definitely not a play-boy.

I didn't count on Hester Carr, though.

I can't look back and select the precise moment when I first realized that something was wrong. All I know is that sometime during the month that followed Chris' first meeting with Hester Carr, I sensed a change in him. It wasn't that he had stopped loving me. He loved me more, if anything, with a sort of angry, tortured desperation. He was troubled, often abstracted, worried. At first I thought it was the program—but our popularity rating

was going up all the time and the sponsors seemed thoroughly satisfied.

Then, one night when we were alone in my apartment, he told me what was the matter—told me abruptly, without any preliminaries.

"We're in a spot, Binnie," he said. "Hester Carr thinks she's in love with me. And she wants to marry me."

"Marry you? No!" The words were wrung from me involuntarily.

He looked at me and smiled wryly. "My sentiments exactly. But. . . Oh, the whole thing's so silly! You want to laugh at it—but it's no laughing matter, either. . . ."

"I suppose it's partly my fault. That first night, when I went out with her and her father, I was flattered and anxious to be pleasant. After all—the sponsor and his daughter. You know. That's something. And it doesn't hurt a bit to be on good terms with the boss.

"So we really had a pretty good time—and when she said good-night she invited me to cocktails at their apartment next day. I went, and because I wanted to repay her hospitality, I asked her to go to the theater with me. And . . . well, one date led to another until we were seeing a lot of each other. I didn't want to—I'd much rather have been

■ She said softly and tenderly, "But I think I can get away tomorrow night. I'll meet you then . . ."





with you—but I thought it was good policy. Good policy!”

He stopped and ran his hand through his tumbled thatch of hair. “It would have been better policy to cut my throat. Because that girl may be only eighteen, but she goes after what she wants, and I don’t think she’s ever failed to get it even if she had to step on a few toes on the way. She’s terribly clever, Binnie. I don’t know how she did it, but she managed to let me know that she was in love with me, and expected to marry me. Like that! And almost before I could catch my breath, she went on from there. She got the idea across—very delicately—that I’d better agree if I wanted to keep the radio show. It seems she wouldn’t mind at all telling her father that I’d promised to marry

her and then broken my word!”

“Why—what a dirty trick, to threaten you that way!” I burst out.

“Oh, she didn’t say so in that many words—but there wasn’t any mistaking what she meant. And I think she’ll do it, too,” Chris added grimly.

For a moment, in silence, he thoughtfully pounded a clenched fist into the palm of his other hand. Then he looked up. “Well, there it is,” he said. “I guess the career of Chris Brackett’s band is going to have a temporary set-back. I’ve tried to figure a way out of it, and I can’t.”

“You mean you’ll. . .” I began.

“Tell her to go jump in the lake!” he finished for me. “What else can I do? I’m certainly not going to give you up—not for a dozen sponsors. Tell you what!” His face suddenly lit up. “We’re getting married as quick as we can! I’ll run down to City Hall and get a license tomorrow. And then she can do anything she likes!”

All the emotions I had so carefully kept in check while he was telling me his story leaped out now in one overwhelming wave of joy. He loved me more than the whole world—more than the band and the career that meant so much to him!

“Oh, Chris! Darling!” was all I could say, whispering against his shoulder, breathless from the grasp of his arms.

“We may not have a job, but we’ll have each other!” he said.

**T**HERE was something not quite right in his voice. It was forced, as if he were trying to make it sound happier than he felt. I drew back, looking into his eyes.

“Chris—what’s the matter? Don’t you want to marry me?”

“Don’t I want to . . . ? Now, just where did you get that idea? Just try to stop me!” And this time I was satisfied; the affectionate railery in his tone was as genuine as gold. I snuggled against him once more, sure that my momentary impression had been a mistake.

But hours later, after he had gone, I was still awake, thinking. Somewhere in the back of my mind was a reservation that seemed to correspond with the doubt I had detected in Chris’ voice. It wasn’t that I thought Chris didn’t want to marry me; it wasn’t that I thought his career was more important to him than our love; it wasn’t that I was afraid of being out of a job. . .

Out of a job! Now I knew. It was those wonderful men in the band. In my mind, they were the ones who were pointing accusing fingers at me! Joe, who had always helped

me with my luggage on the brief tour we’d taken before coming to New York—he’d just started buying a house in the suburbs, and only the day before he’d told me his wife was going to have a baby. And dear, funny little Hank—for the first time in his life he was making enough money to send some to his parents.

One by one, they paraded before me there in the darkness. All of them steadfast, loyal friends who had stuck with Chris through thick and thin for years—all of them happy over this first bit of good fortune that had come their way, the radio contract. They were what Chris had been thinking of when I had noticed that strange note in his voice—he’d been thinking that now, because of him and me, these boys would be right back where they were a year ago, struggling to get ahead. Because I knew commercial radio contracts didn’t grow on trees—it might be months before another sponsor would be willing to hire us, knowing that we were already identified in the public’s mind with a different product. And the scandal connected with being fired from Mr. Carr’s program wouldn’t help any, either.

Still lying there, I felt the pillow grow wet under my cheek. Almost without knowing it, I had made my decision. I could never be happy with Chris, knowing that my happiness was purchased with the money those musicians should have been earning.

The next day, early, I called Chris and told him to come and see me before he went to City Hall. Then I nerved myself to do something which twelve hours before I would have thought was impossible: Tell him I would not marry him.

He was smiling when he came in, but the circles under his eyes told me that he hadn’t slept much that night. (Continued on page 63)







Warner Brothers

# WHAT ARE RUDY VALLEE'S PLANS?

**I** FEEL like a fellow that's been going to college a good deal longer than the usual four years," Rudy Vallee said. "I'm sorry to say good-bye to the old Alma Mater, but I'm glad to be getting out, because it's high time."

And that just about sums up Rudy Vallee's reasons for leaving the Thursday night NBC program on which he pioneered almost ten years ago—the program that started more stars on the road to fame than any other single radio hour. September 28th marks his last broadcast.

It's no secret, nor any reflection on Rudy's ability either, that his program has lost some of its popularity in the last few years. Other variety programs began aping the formula he originated, spending more money on higher-priced stars. It got harder and harder to find fresh comedy and dramatic material.

I don't think it was much of a surprise to Rudy when he and his sponsor decided to call it quits. He'd been on the air for almost ten years, and he was tired. All in all, he isn't

**By DAN WHEELER**

unhappy about leaving the air for a while.

I saw him and talked to him at one of his last rehearsals, and he wasn't exactly the old Vallee. He was more cheerful, more relaxed.

When I asked him what his plans for the future were, he grinned and said frankly, "I haven't any. I'd like to take a rest, at least for a month, and after that I'll probably be out in Hollywood. Maybe I'll have a program from out there. Maybe I'll be doing some picture work, for Republic Pictures. Eventually, I'd like to study motion pictures and learn to be a director. And I know one thing—I'd like to live in Hollywood nine months of the year, and spend the summers in Maine."

To lend point to Rudy's statement about his future, there is the fact that he owns a house in Hollywood, which he bought last spring.

Will he be back on the air at all? Well, your guess is as good as any-

one's. Right now, the trend in radio seems to be away from Hollywood, which is a point against his return. If he does go out there, and becomes interested in the making of pictures, developing the talent for directing which he undoubtedly feels he possesses, maybe he won't even be interested in singing on the air any more. On the other hand, if a sponsor offered him a program he liked, he might accept it.

He's a strange mixture of egotism and humility, this Vallee, who has been for more than a decade one of America's famous men. His pride won't let him think of himself as a singer, and no more than a singer. It urges him on to being an actor, a producer, a director.

He stands at the crossroads, as the last strains of his last program for Royal Gelatine fade away. He can go on to wider fields of activity—or he can stay in radio, as a singer and master-of-ceremonies. Many a sponsor would be glad to have him in that capacity. But would it satisfy Rudy? I don't think it would.

■ Ten years of broadcasting without a break, and now—? An exclusive interview that tells why radio's pioneer showman is leaving the air



# CHARLES BOYER'S *Greatest* LOVE STORY

■ A great broadcast and a fine motion picture come to you now as a tender and beautiful short story. Presenting "Love Affair," starring Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne—the "pink champagne" romance of a charming couple



Michel left the porthole, stepped quickly into a passageway, paused before a door and rapped.

THEY were so gay when it began. From the moment Michel's cablegram fluttered through the porthole, into Terry's stateroom, until the time they stood together on the deck, watching the towers of New York pierce the mist, there was nothing to tell them of the heartbreak ahead. . . .

Or, if there was, they were too blind, too wilfully blind, to see it.

It was not precisely news that Michel Marnay was on board the *S. S. Napoli*, bound for America, where he was being awaited by Lois Clarke—along with wedding bells, a string of polo ponies, plenty of money, and anything else his life-loving and altogether charming heart desired. It wasn't news, because long before he boarded the ship radio commentators in London, Paris and New York had broadcast the word that Michel Marnay was—at long last—to marry an heiress.

The *Napoli* was only an hour or two out when Marnay, standing on the top deck, heard his name being called by a diminutive page-boy carrying an envelope on a silver tray. But, as he took the envelope and unfolded the message it contained, a gust of wind whipped it out of his fingers, through a porthole. Amused, he watched a girl pick it up and read it.

She wasn't just a girl. She was extra-special. With golden brown hair and laughing eyes and a curving mouth. With a tall, slimly rounded body. With a simple white evening gown that somehow didn't at all suggest economy, and gold kid slippers which amounted to nothing but a couple of fantastic straps over a high in-step.

"Pardon, Madam," said Michel, "but you're reading



"July first. At five o'clock,  
Michel! On top of the Empire  
State Building—it's the near-  
est thing to heaven we have."





my telegram." His was an exciting voice, warm and a little slow. Like the brown Marnay eyes, it was too beautiful to belong to a man, but all the more compelling for that. Like the effortless Marnay stride. And like the brightness that came into the Marnay face, almost sad in repose, when he smiled.

He didn't impress the girl. "How do I know it's yours?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "I'm Michel Marnay."

"If you're really that fellow . . ." And she shook her head in mock disapproval. "Well, to prove it, tell me how the message reads."

**M**ICHEL was embarrassed, a new experience for him. "It says . . . 'Remembering a warm, beautiful night, a thunder storm over Lake Como—and you!'"

She handed him the radiogram and started away.

"Here!" He sounded—and was—a little frantic. "Here, wait a minute. I'm in trouble. Can't I—can't I come into your cabin?"

She looked at him over her shoulder. "It's not that I'm prudish. It's just that my mother told me never to let a man into my room in months ending with R."

"Your mother," Michel said, "must be a very beautiful woman. And tell me, please, what is your name?"

"Terry," she told him. "Terry

McKay. And I'm traveling alone. Was that, perhaps, what was troubling you?"

He nodded. "Oh, very much. Er—just a moment." He left the port-hole, stepped quickly into a passageway, paused before a door and rapped. Terry opened it. Michel stepped inside. "Now that we've been introduced . . ." he murmured.

"I was so bored!" he said tragically. "Until I met you, I hadn't seen one attractive girl on this boat. Can you imagine that? It's terrible! It's not for me! Life should be bright, beautiful and bubbly, like pink champagne."

"Yes, of course," Terry said. "Tell me, how is your fiancée?"

"She has a cold," said Michel. "Look—in eight days we'll dock in New York. Is there any reason why—from now until then—it shouldn't be pink champagne?"

He followed Terry's eyes to her dressing table and a picture of a man.

"Don't tell me he's the fellow!" he exclaimed.

"He's the fellow," Terry nodded. "My equivalent of your Lois Clarke. And he's also my boss. He sent me on this buying trip. And you can imagine how attractive he must be when I can resist so charming a person as you."

Not that those brave words meant anything—because somehow she

found herself having cocktails with him (of pink champagne, of course), having dinner with him, swimming with him, watching the moon sprinkle its pale gilt on the water at night, with him at her side. They both tried, so gallantly, to keep it nothing but a feathery-light flirtation, a gay sort of friendship—but somehow, after their stop at Madeira, it slipped off that plane and never returned.

The day in Madeira was magic, from beginning to end. Together they called on Michel's grandmother, who lived there in a lovely old house on top of the hill. There the little wrinkled lady, beautiful with her years, gave them coffee and played for them on the mellow-toned piano that stood in the shadowy corner of the room. And while Michel was away, talking to the gardener, she looked shrewdly at Terry.

"Michel is very talented," she said, as if feeling the girl out. "He painted that portrait, there on the wall. Unfortunately, he is also very critical. As a result, he has painted nothing since."

"What a pity!" There was no doubting Terry's sincerity.

"Besides," the old lady went on, "he is too busy—living, as they call it. Things come too easy for Michel. And always he is attracted by the art he is not practising, the places he has'n't seen, the girl he has'n't met."

Was this a warning?—Terry thought.

But she seemed to like Terry, for when they left, she promised some day to send Terry a cobwebby lace shawl that she had admired.

After Madeira, they didn't try to stay apart. When they were  
(Continued on page 70)



RKO-Radio Photos

She could only sit there listening, not trusting herself to speak at all.

## LOVE AFFAIR

Fictionized by Adele Whitely Fletcher from the RKO-Radio picture of the same name.

*Cast*

Michel Marnay . . . . CHARLES BOYER

Terry McKay . . . . . IRENE DUNNE

Michel's Grandmother . . . . .  
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA

Kenneth Bradley . . . . . LEE BOWMAN

Lois Clarke . . . . . ASTRID ALLWYN

Screenplay by Delmar Daves and Donald Ogden Stewart, from story by Mildred Cram and Leo McCarey; produced and directed by Leo McCarey.



# ARE YOU A

# Wife in Name Only?

**S**HE THINKS she is married. Tucked away in a corner of a bureau drawer is her marriage license, and her wedding ring hasn't been off her finger one minute since it was first placed there. Her acquaintances all address her as "Mrs." and she no longer feels any sensation of strangeness when she signs her husband's last name after her own first one. And so she thinks she is married, and the world agrees with her. But actually she is no wife at all. The "Mrs." before her name is only a courtesy title: she is a wife in name only.

And the tragedy of it is—she doesn't know it! Here is a portrait of that wife in name only. Do you recognize her? She may live in the house next door to yours. She may be your best friend. Or she may very well be you, yourself—either now or in the future.

Look at her closely, and see for your own sake. She is particularly hard to recognize because she is so definitely a modern product. She is unlike anything our mothers knew, because in their day wives and husbands spent their leisure hours together as a matter of course. And the quickened tempo of today's life is what has brought her into being. All of which makes it so much the more important that you realize her existence.

She has been married for—oh, maybe three, five, ten years, perhaps even more. The number of years makes very little difference. If she thinks about it—though very possibly she doesn't—she realizes that habit, the children, financial

dependence are the only bonds left between her and her husband. She doesn't quite know whether love remains or not, because love has been more or less smothered under routine. Love, without her knowing it, has somehow ceased to be a factor in her marriage.

She is still married, of course. The divorce court hasn't separated her from her husband. She thinks this means that her marriage is a happy one. But, somehow, she has come to accept the fact that both she and her husband have a better time when they're apart than they do when they're together. That—though she realizes it only dimly—is the really important and tragic thing that has happened to her marriage!

There is no longer any real companionship between her and her husband. His interests, both in work and recreation, are far away from hers. He has his club, his golf, his masculine friends; she has her bridge group, her preoccupation with the children's clothes and training, her house to take care of. But these interests are not mutual ones.

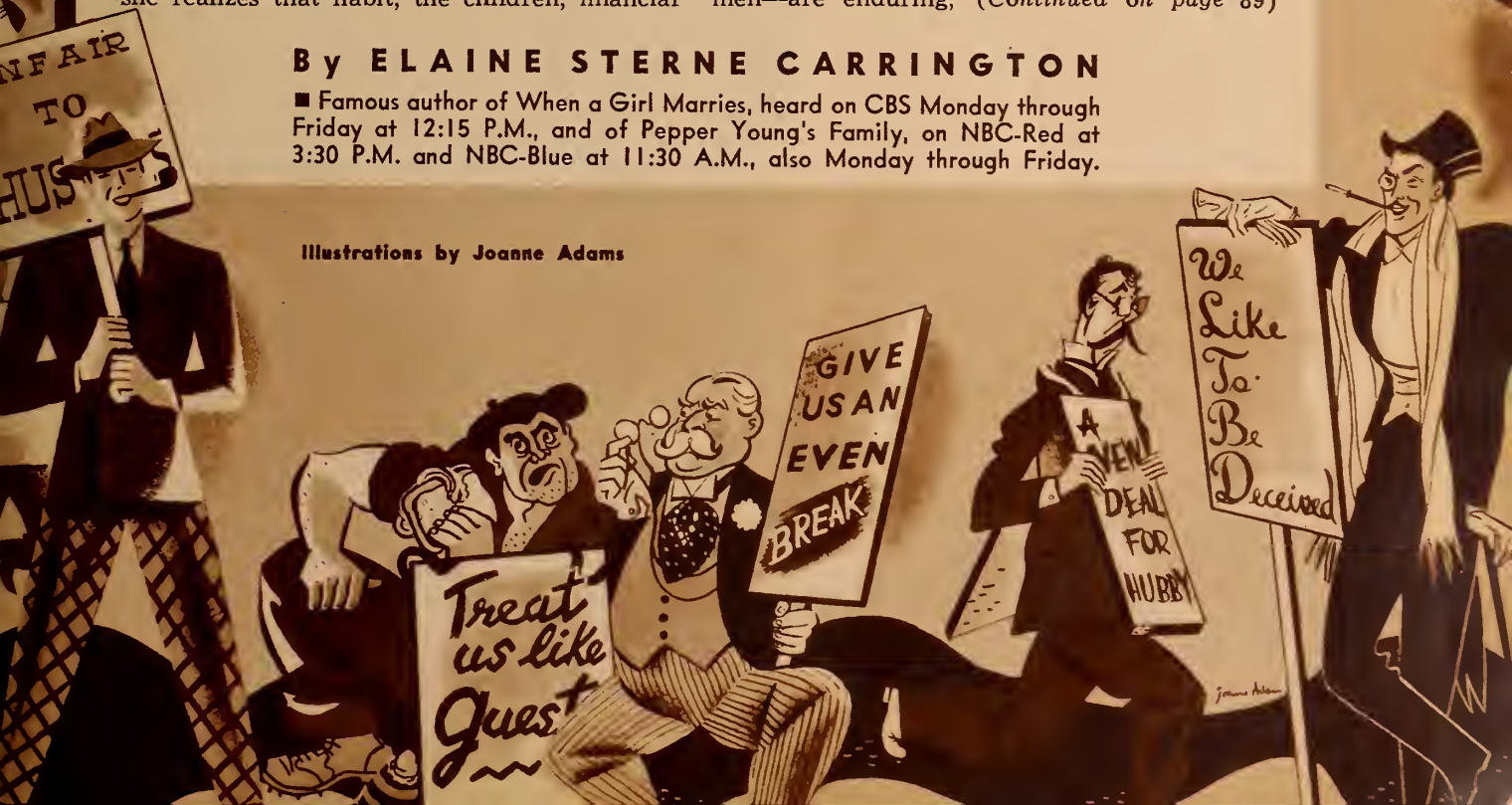
Oh, they go out together—to movies, to other people's houses, for automobile rides. But there is no companionship in these excursions; they might as well be making them alone.

Do you think this is an exaggerated portrait? Look around you, at your friends, and see. Look into your own marriage, and see. I'm no statistician, and I don't know how many women—and men—are enduring, (Continued on page 89)

By **ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON**

■ Famous author of *When a Girl Marries*, heard on CBS Monday through Friday at 12:15 P.M., and of *Pepper Young's Family*, on NBC-Red at 3:30 P.M. and NBC-Blue at 11:30 A.M., also Monday through Friday.

Illustrations by Joanne Adams





# Breach of Promise!

ANDREW H. BROWN might never have found the courage to tell Madam Queen if the Kingfish hadn't given that never-to-be-forgotten New Year's Eve party. Of course, this was one time when courage was just the same thing as trouble. Because of all times and places Andy could have chosen to toss his verbal bombshell, the Kingfish's party was by far the worst. But naturally, Andy didn't realize that until afterwards.

Up to the moment when Andy spoke those fatal words, the Kingfish was going on the impression that his party was as gaudy a success as a skyrocket in Times Square. The parlor was a riot of red, green and white paper streamers, spreading from the brass chandelier to the stained oak moulding. In the kitchen Aunt Lillian was piling up home-made cookies around a chocolate layer cake, while the Kingfish and his wife (known among the better social circles of Harlem as the Battle Axe) hovered around a huge lake of pink punch.

Most of the guests arrived two hours early. The fact that the Kingfish was actually throwing a party was miracle enough. Add to that the *reason* for the celebration, and you really had something! For New Year's Day was to see Madam Queen, the buxom and bubbling owner of the fanciest beauty shop on Lenox Avenue, joined in holy matrimony with Andrew H. Brown, president of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated.

Not that any one could remember hearing Andy himself announce the impending happy event. Madam Queen had more or less taken over that job. Generously she had assumed charge, in fact, of all the arrangements. Guest lists, flowers for the altar, refreshments for the onlookers—Madam Queen had left nothing to be desired, except perhaps the enthusiasm of the prospective groom.

She had even thoughtfully made the stipulation that in return for allowing Andy's best friend, Amos Jones, vice-president of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, to be best man—in return for this, the groom's taxi, of 1915 birth and sporting enough brass to equip Sousa's band, was not to be parked anywhere near the church during the ceremony.

Therefore, in honor of this great social event, the Kingfish's party—achieved over the objections of the Battle Axe.



Illustration by Wm. Mead Prince



■ They say that Madam Queen's scream was heard ten blocks north and south of the flat.



■ Here they are! Amos 'n' Andy, Madam Queen, the Kingfish, Ruby Taylor and all the other rampageously funny characters of radio's longest-running comedy show—yours just for the reading

*Adapted by special permission of Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll from their Campbell Soup program, heard nightly Monday through Friday on CBS.*

None of the guests ever forgot that night, especially since none of them with the exception of Andy had any idea of the catastrophe that was to crash into the Kingfish's three-room mansion just as the clock was ticking off the last few seconds of the old and battered year.

Both Amos and Andy had hired full-dress suits from the Elite Rental Service. Madam Queen blazed through the rooms like a forest fire in a brilliant scarlet silk evening dress. Ruby Taylor, Amos' beloved, delighted her swain by appearing in a snaky bright green gown that caused more than one pair of eyes to bulge. The Kingfish was resplendent in a pair of striped trousers borrowed from a lodge brother, a cutaway coat he had bought ten years ago, and a polka-dot tie he had found in Andy's taxicab after a party at the Savoy. Brother Crawford crawled smilingly about like a good-natured beetle in coat and tails several sizes too large, while his wife, Madam Queen's sister, beamed in happy anticipation of the nuptial festivities.

By eleven the party was uproarious, and by a few minutes to midnight it was terrific. The chandelier jiggled gayly as the Jasper Browns in the flat above pounded vainly on the floor for a respite from the continuous din. One toast to the bride and groom began as another one ended.

But any one with a keen eye might have noticed that as the hour of twelve approached Andrew H. Brown became more and more restless. Time and again he tried to catch Amos' eye, but Amos had Ruby and they were cooing devotedly on the Kingfish's red plush sofa.

At exactly one minute to midnight Andy buttoned his coat, jerked at his tie, found an added ounce of courage somewhere, and approached Madam Queen with a disarming, honey-sweet smile.

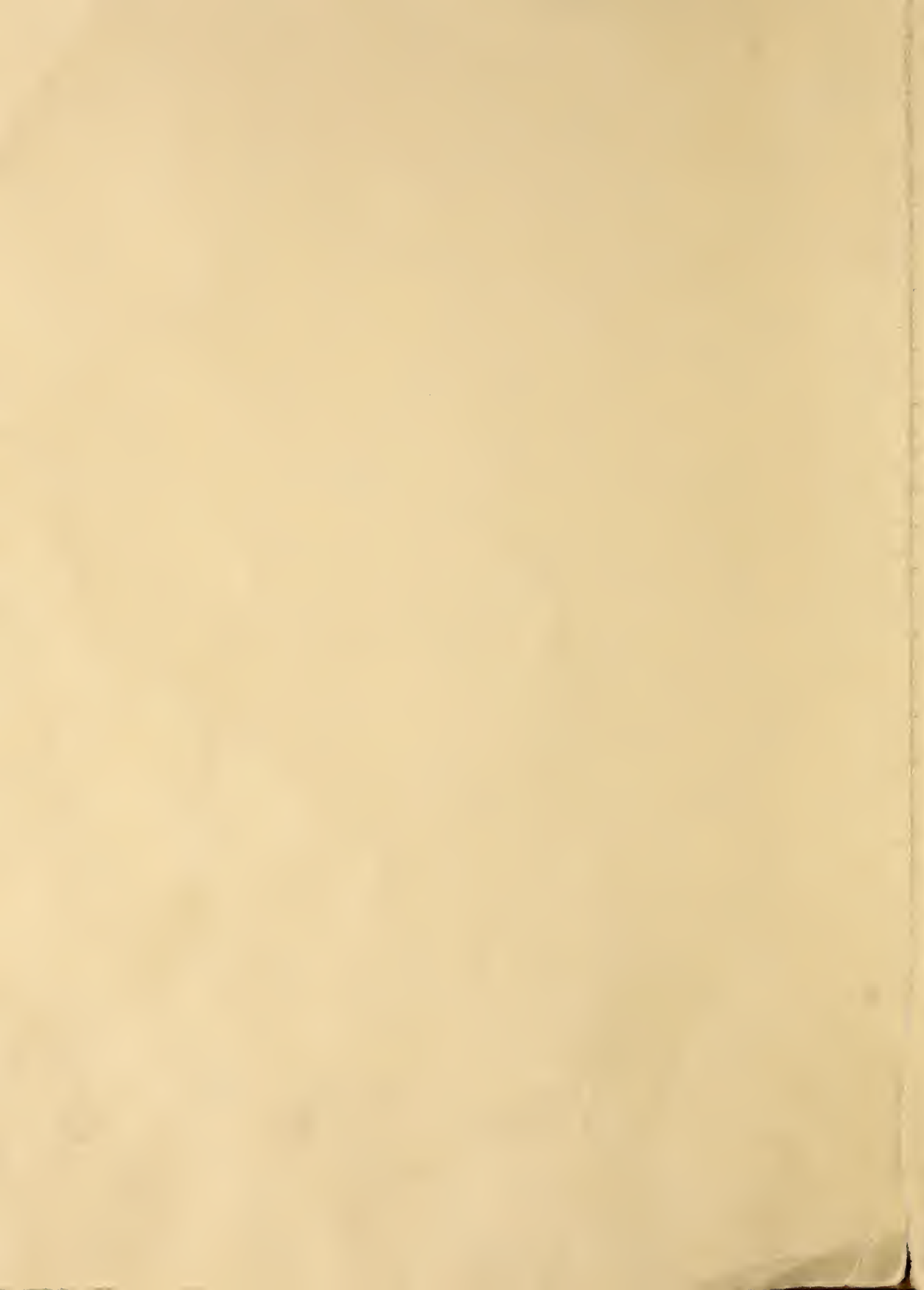
"Sweetheart," he purred, "come oveh heah in de corneh, I wanna tell yo' sumpin'."

Madam Queen beamed happily. She was positively resplendent, and a gay tasselled party cap sat at a rakish angle on her head. She smiled happily at Andy as she walked across the room.

"Jes' twelve mo' hours, honey—an' we's goin' to be man an' wife."

Andy mustered up a ghostlike smile. He placed a clammy hand (*Continued on page 60*)







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Andy mustered up a ghostlike smile. He placed a clammy hand (Continued on page 60)



# Behave Yourself!



**DON'T** smoke while you're walking along the street. To him it looks cheap and affected.



**DON'T** give him your photograph unless he asks for it. There's something too wistful about it.



**DON'T** lavish him with gifts unless you're engaged—and even then don't make them expensive.



**DON'T** laugh or talk noisily either indoors or out. He hates being made conspicuous. And he gets worn out with too much aggressive vivacity.



**DO** go ahead and powder your nose or use lipstick in public, if you need it. The day is past when that looks vulgar or embarrassing.



**DON'T** tell the taxi driver where to go. He likes to do that himself. If he doesn't know, tell him quietly and he'll relay the news to the driver.



**DON'T** make him take a bus instead of a taxi or try to make him spend less than he wants to. If he insists on being extravagant, it's his business.



■ If you want men to pursue you—and what girl doesn't?—take these pictorial lessons in the modern etiquette of love

Photos by John Schutz

**D**O YOU behave yourself when you're out on a date with your best boy friend? Well, maybe you *think* you do—and then on the other hand, maybe you offend him now and then without in the least intending to. Take a look at this picture-lesson in the kind of manners men like, and see. If your score is perfect, you ought to have several handsome gentlemen ready and willing to take you to dinner and a show (or even the altar). In these pictures, Helen Ward, singer with Bob Crosby's orchestra on the CBS Tuesday-night Camel program, demonstrates some startling "don'ts" and some equally startling "do's" for the model young girl-about-town to follow. Strict etiquette experts may not agree, but the chances are that the average male will—with enthusiasm. Helen's two escorts are the Camel show's other stars—orchestra leader Bob Crosby (in the dark striped suit) and songwriter Johnny Mercer. The captions, which tell exactly what a young man likes and doesn't like girls to do, are from the book, "Safe Conduct," by Margaret Fishback, published by Modern Age Books, Inc.

RADIO'S  
PHOTO-  
MIRROR



**DO** close your eyes when being kissed, even if you don't have the urge to do so. There's nothing more disconcerting to a man than to sneak a look through his lashes and see you with your eyes open.



**DO**, on the other hand, pay half the check if you know his budget is slender and he's willing to let you. But do it very inconspicuously.



**DO** accept invitations to dinner or tea alone in his home. If you know him well enough to want to eat dinner with him, you ought to trust him, too.



# Woman in Love

■ Mayne was charming, wordly-wise—how could Tamara's innocence check the new emotions he brought? Radio Mirror brings a beloved writer's moving novel direct from a new broadcast series

Copyright 1934-1935 By Kathleen Norris—Originally Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The story thus far:

**A**FTER spending five years at St. Bride's Convent, Tamara Todhunter returned to her family—mother, brother and sister—all of them quite satisfied with the vulgarity and disorder of their life in the cheap theatrical section of San Francisco. Her sister Coral was not the gay, successful young actress Tamara had pictured in her thoughts. She was out of a job, and so was her brother, Lance, a worthless young would-be actor. All three immediately began to look upon Tamara as their support. Through Dolores Quinn, a popular actress and acquaintance of Coral's, Tam met Maynard Mallory, a movie actor. At once she felt Mayne's magnetic charm, and when he invited her to dinner at the home of his friends, the Holloways, she entered a world of enchantment she had never known before. Lying in her bed after Mayne had brought her home, Tamara could not sleep. She lay awake thinking, remembering, smiling in the dark. Never in her life had she felt the ecstasy that was flooding her whole being.

## PART II

**A**FTER that life took on a quite different color, and Tamara loved every moment of it. The past, the happy simple days in Saint Bride's were forgotten as if they had never been.

Mayne Mallory went back to Hollywood a few days after the dinner at the Holloways' studio but he went with a definitely affectionate farewell for Tamara that set her senses humming for days and from his own busy studio in Hollywood he sent her frequent letters. Tamara bought herself a box of exquisite writing paper at Shreve's and spent time and thought upon the right carelessly affectionate tone in answer.

By this time she knew all the



members of Dolores Quinn's company, the ushers and the manager and the box-office clerks, and a host of other theatrical personalities as well. She could enter many dressing rooms now, and had friends everywhere.

"You're an awful fool not to work them for a part," Coral said one day. Coral had abandoned all other interests now for one; she was devoting herself to a stout middle-aged man known in the family circle only as "French." French had money; he was a New York man who had come with a wife and two full grown daughters to Santa Barbara for his health. Somehow Coral had met him, and now she had settled down seriously to marry him.

She did not speak of him affectionately or admiringly; she merely said that she wanted to get him. That was all. Nothing else mattered. Coral met him in hotels, dined with him, lunched with him, drove with him; she got into his big car and went down to Del Monte with him and watched him play golf. Exactly what the arrangements were on these trips, exactly who else went along or what made the whole thing conventionally possible, Tamara never knew, and she never heard

her mother question Coral about it.

Coral had grown nervous, restless, irritable under the stress of the tremendous possibility that might slip from her grasp. She wore new and beautiful clothes, a diamond wrist watch; Tamara told herself that this mightn't "mean anything." But the fact was that Coral was going with a married man and would have to give up her religion—not that she ever went to church—if she married a divorced man.

The affair had progressed pretty well, and the French divorce had been announced in the newspapers before Tamara ever saw Coral's new friend. Then one afternoon, having tea at the St. Francis, she looked across the dimly lighted room and detected her sister in the company of a florid, stout, silver-headed man of perhaps sixty; she thought the face a pig's face, stupid and fatuous, and she instantly loathed the proprietary manner, the air of gallantry and determined youthfulness.

Coral's plan and Coral's problem marked sharply for Tamara the line between the two worlds she had known. Mother Laurence would not merely have been unhappy at the idea of a young actress spending all her energies upon the capture of an elderly worldling already married and saddled with family responsibilities, she would have felt it Tamara's duty to admonish and advise her sister.

Tamara decidedly did not feel it so. The world about her now was a grimy, sordid, practical affair; the shrewd woman was the one who considered the main chance in whatever form it presented itself. Coral was not talented, she was not successful as a professional woman, and she could see all about her other women scrimping and worrying, drifting about between theatrical agencies and greasy restaurants, importuning uninterested men for



■ Mayne, looking down at her, asked in a lowered voice, "Now, how about my kiss?"

Illustrations by Carl Mueller

parts to play in wretched, second-rate productions. If Coral could find a rich man who adored her. . . .

Tamara never quite justified this line of argument to herself, but she acted upon it, and when in April Mr. French suddenly bolted for Alaska on a friend's yacht, she could be very patient with Coral's angry evidences of bitter disappointment.

Mayne came up to San Francisco often. The three-hours' flight meant nothing to him. Whenever he was there Tamara was constantly in his company, and they saw much of Persis and Joe, Pete, Mabel, Lucile, Bill and Gedge. And always the friendship between Mayne and Tamara strengthened and deepened and grew more and more of a miracle of joy.

One night when he took her home from a downtown party in an old studio over the California Street market, Mayne said:

"Will you do something for me some time, Tam?"

Was it coming? her girl's heart asked in a flutter as she looked up at him in the warm spring starlight.

"Probably," she said aloud.

"Some time—some night perhaps when I've taken you home from a party, will you kiss me?"

The earth tipped, and the stars wheeled, and Tamara stood still, looking up at him.

"Some day of course I will, Mayne," she said almost inaudibly.

"If I come upstairs might I have my kiss now?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, her throat thick, her eyes fluttering any way except to meet his own.

"Has any man ever kissed you, Tam?" Mayne asked, stooping a little to look into the downcast face. Her small, firm fingers were tightly holding his own; her lashes were lowered so that he saw their shadow on her clear cheek.

"Oh, no—except Lance."





"Don't want to—yet. Is that it?"  
"Not—now," she said, laughing nervously.

But she knew she would kiss him some day. And meanwhile the thought of that kiss was with her through every waking hour, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

FOUR days later, just before leaving for Los Angeles for a rather longer absence than was usual, he asked her to keep her word. They were standing on the high balcony outside of Persis' windows; they had been dining with eight or ten members of the usual group; now it was late evening, and the crowd had scattered and Tamara and Mayne were alone. In half an hour they would have to go to the train.

Tamara was in wild spirits. The amazing thing had happened. Without her soliciting it, without her real belief in herself as a future actress, Markisohn had sent for her this morning and had offered her a little part in a play that was coming to San Francisco with most of the leading members of the New York production, but with half a dozen parts to be filled locally. This would mean that for a few weeks she really belonged to the fascinating world in which she had been an onlooker for almost a year.

Meeting Mayne at Persis Holloway's later, Tamara had said:

"You did it."

"I did not. All I did was to say to old Mark a few days ago that I

■ Kathleen Norris is the first famous writer to have her works adopted to radio in serial form. "Woman in Love" will be heard weekdays on C. B. S. beginning in October. So that you may read this compelling story as well as hear it, Radio Mirror presents herewith the drama in its original novel form.

often wondered why he didn't give you a break. I didn't even know the 'Black-eyed Susan' company was coming."

"Rehearsal Tuesday at ten!" Tamara had sung rather than said, and now when dinner was over and almost everyone had gone she and Mayne were still discussing it.

"You won't miss me, this time," Mayne said.

"I'll always miss you," the girl answered with a quick look. And it was then that Mayne, looking down at her over her shoulder as he stood half behind and half beside her at the high balcony rail, asked, in a lowered voice:

"How about my kiss?"

For answer she turned, her color fluctuating, and raised to him a serious face, with expectant and half-frightened eyes, and instantly she felt the grip of his big arms about her slenderness and smallness, and the pressure of his lips on hers.

"Tam, I've been waiting a long time for that!" Mayne said in a

whisper, as she drew back, laughing, breathless, a little dizzy, still with his arms about her. Even then she knew that this hour was forever to be remembered: the high balcony, the glorious sweet spring night, the sprouting grass on all the ledges and in the little gardens, and this nearness of Mayne—his tobacco-scented tweed coat, the touch of his smooth-shaven cheek, the faint scent of shaving soap and fine, firm, brown flesh.

"I love you, you know that," the man said very low. Tamara even now could not speak, but she felt ecstasy run like a light heady wine through her soul and her mind, and every fiber of her body respond to it.

Still silent, her blue eyes like stars, she went with him to the station. Their farewells were said without words. Afterward Tamara drifted in a happy dream through the city, thinking only of Mayne, remembering moments of delight, and pushing them aside to give right of way to other memories.

In the two weeks "Black-eyed Susan" played, Tamara earned seventy dollars. Her first taste of footlights proved thrilling, too. Not as thrilling as she had at first hoped, for the city didn't like the play, and the company lost money on it.

Then came a long dull idle summer interval, and then September again with warmer, windless weather, and Mayne back. Tamara met him (*Continued on page 78*)

■ Then the weary, dragging voice came again: "Oh, let me alone, can't you!"





# HAS ARTIE SHAW GONE

# *High-Hat?*



■ That's what they're asking about the young bandleader who is riding the crest of fame—but read his story before giving your answer

**B**ECAUSE of something that happened one afternoon outside the Strand Theater on Broadway, I knew that sooner or later I'd have to write this story about Artie Shaw. It's one of the toughest assignments I've ever been handed, and I don't like it, but I'm tired of hearing what people have been saying about Artie. I'm just as tired of making excuses for him.

That afternoon, about five or six months ago, I came out of the stage door entrance of the Strand, where Artie Shaw was playing on the stage, and ran into a flock of kids with autograph books.

I grinned at the kids and said:

**By VAN EVERS**

"If you're waiting for Artie Shaw you'd better sit down, because he won't be out for at least a half hour."

There was a sudden silence. And then one of the kids in the bunch yelled, "Aw, we're not waitin' for him!"

A little freckled-faced girl piped up with: "I should say not! He's a conceited old crab!"

Then all the kids laughed and made faces, the way kids do.

I knew then that the mutterings and criticisms I'd heard around the

band business' inner circle, had crept out to the public. Artie didn't know it, but what those kids said was something like a landmark in his career.

People talk—as they always do about somebody who's famous. And, as always, there's a certain amount of justification in what they say. There's also a lot of cruelty and thoughtlessness.

They say that Artie has changed since success came his way. And that's perfectly true. They also say that he has become conceited, self-centered, snobbish—although those aren't the words they use. They just say (*Continued on page 66*)





If you won this contest you'd be met at the Penn Station . . .



. . . Then you'd be taken to a luxurious room in the Shelton Hotel.



On Tuesday a call from the Hobby Lobby office awakens you . . .

**YOUR HOBBY, PLEASE!**

**Tell us about it—for perhaps it will bring you**

**H**AVE you ever wondered what it would be like to be the guest star on a big coast-to-coast radio show? Have you ever imagined how it would feel to stand on the stage of a big NBC studio, knowing that every word you spoke was being heard by millions of people?

Of course you have—but it's been just a dream—until now! Now it's a dream that can come true.

Radio Mirror and the Hobby Lobby program want you to write a letter describing your hobby—and the writer of the most interesting letter about his or her hobby will be brought to New York, to appear on the Hobby Lobby program as the guest of Dave Elman and Radio Mirror. All expenses on this glorious four-day trip will be paid—it won't cost the winner a single dime. And on the regular Hobby Lobby program, you will be presented to the radio audience by Dave Elman, so that you can tell the whole nation about your hobby.

*Photos by Bert Lawson*



Most of Tuesday and Wednesday you spend at NBC, rehearsing.



Then it's Wednesday night at 8:30, and you stand at the microphone while Dave Elman introduces you and your hobby to the whole nation.





... And you confer with a script writer for Wednesday's program.



Meanwhile, Hobby-master Dave Elman (in center) is working with his aides, putting the program into final shape before rehearsals start.

## to New York for a free vacation and the most exciting moment of your life!

All you have to do to become eligible for selection as Hobby Lobby's guest star and to win the trip to New York is to write a letter describing your hobby and attach it to the entry-coupon printed at the right. It makes no difference what your hobby is—you may collect stamps, autographs, fish or fancy cooking recipes; you may whittle wood or make dolls out of hair-pins. In your letter, you may use twenty-five or a thousand words—simply tell us the story. The best and most interesting hobby, in the opinion of the judges, will win the trip to New York.

But—that isn't all! There will be fifteen other prizes in addition to the trip to New York! To the writers of the fifteen letters which the judges decide are next best, Radio Mirror will pay \$5 apiece. It is understood that all sixteen prize-winning letters then become the property of Radio Mirror, and the material

in them may be published in a future issue of the magazine as a feature article.

Address all entries to Hobby Lobby Contest, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and mail them on or before midnight, Friday, November 10, 1939, the closing date of the contest. All entries must be accompanied by the official entry coupon printed on this page.

As we go to press, Hobby Lobby changes time and network—CBS, Sunday at 5 P.M., starting October 8th.

### OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

My name is .....

I live at .....

In the city of .....

Thursday's your day for having fun. You see all the sights . . .



... Or go to a Broadway hit if you like—all expenses paid . . .



Or window-shop on Fifth Avenue before starting home on Friday.





in his mother—love or  
or, romance and music.

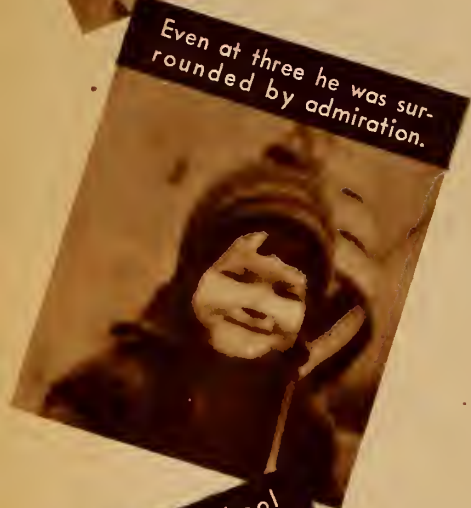


# FATE'S

# Bad Boy

By LUCILLE FLETCHER

■ **Genius or illusionist? The secret of this youth's universal fascination lies in the incredible story of romance he has lived**



Even at three he was surrounded by admiration.



Too mature for school games, he acted instead.



Sixteen—and a man both physically and mentally.

**Y**OU can't be in a room with him two minutes without realizing that he is one of the most fascinating people you have ever met.

Faces turn naturally to him when he talks. He's a dynamo in red silk pajamas, tall, broad-shouldered, big-boned, with a complexion as fresh as a baby's, and a brown beard that gives him an air of strange wisdom. His eyes are brown and fawn-like, and when he laughs, as he does often, they wrinkle at the corners. He talks rapidly in a deep resonant voice.

"I had a dream last night—" he thunders through the room. "I dreamed I saw the world's sound-effects. They were written on parchment—and halfway down the page there were some illuminated words—'One Thunderbolt, 30 seconds!'"

He lives in an apartment he designed himself, with ceilings fifty feet high and a living-room so big you could have a snowstorm in one end and a rainstorm in the other. He sleeps on a bed that belonged to Louis the Sixteenth with chairs that belonged to Danton, who had Louis beheaded. His bedroom is ap-

proached by a red brick alley on which are pasted enormous posters advertising ancient performances of "East Lynn" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Exotic tropical trees, twenty feet high, grow in tubs all over the house. Old-time hitching posts, iron horses with rings through their noses, form the balustrade of his staircase.

When he has nothing better to do, he climbs a ladder and works on the gigantic murals which decorate his walls. Everything in his house is built on a gargantuan scale—massive henna sofas, big enough for a giant to sprawl upon—great, clump-like chairs. Everything, that is, except his wife, who is small and frail as a thrush, and his baby girl, Christopher, who is the only one in the world who can pull his beard and get away with it.

Orson Welles is a giant—a giant in ideas and inspiration. Only a giant could achieve what he has done in nine years. For Orson Welles is less than twenty-five years old. And yet behind him are the things most men dream of all their lives. In a few years he has con-



Ireland gave him a year of dream-world existence.



In Dublin he grasped his chance for the spotlight.





Orson Welles is no ordinary man, either in his public appearance or in his private life. Everything in his home is built on a giant scale. His living room is nearly three stories high, as big as a railroad terminal.

quered the theater, radio, and the moving pictures—and thrown a bombshell into each one.

How has he done it? By hard work—yes. By native talent and ability—yes. But not entirely. For Welles is no ordinary toiler. He is a fantastic person, whose life up to now has been more weird than any play or radio program he has ever produced. There is something uncanny about him. In twenty-four years he has packed a lifetime of adventure beneath his belt. His life story reads like a romance.

**T**WELVE years ago, Orson Welles stood on the steps of a garish Chicago hotel, listening to the scream of an ambulance as it raced away down the street. In that ambulance, lying under a white sheet, was all he knew of love and life. His dad. And he was dead.

At twelve he was all alone in the world.

For six years he had traveled the globe with the man who lay still under the white sheet. It had been a strange life for a little boy. One month, riches—a luxurious cabin on a big liner, a tutor to teach him French, servants, the opera. The next, poverty—and a dingy little

room on some foreign street, with nobody but the landlady to take care of him. But he had not minded it. Somehow or other, his dad had always pulled them through.

His father was a speculator, an inventor—and a man who loved splendor and good living above all things. They had seen strange and beautiful things together. There was a house in Peking, where they had lived once, with a tiled roof and floors as polished as a mirror, where you could stand at the doorway and see the yellow hills of China, hump-backed and old, in the distance, and the Great Wall, curling like a dragon in between.

There was a house in Kingston, Jamaica, too, prim with green lawns and sea-shells—a house white as a branch of coral. They had lived there once, when Dad had been flush with money, and the governor had driven them in his carriage along roads bordered with hibiscus flowers.

They would never see those houses again.

Two tears trickled slowly down the boy's face. Images flooded into his mind—each one, like a sharp stab of pain. Dad. He saw him again, as he had been years ago,

just before Mother died—debonair, handsome, and happy, with his humorous smile, and his brown eyes that were so eager for life. Dad had never been the same since Mother died.

He had been a very small boy then—but he could remember those years so well—those beautiful years when Mother had been alive. They too had been exciting—but in a different way from the years of ceaseless roving. Sometimes they had lived here in Chicago, in a big stone house with high windows—sometimes at the Sheffield Hotel in Illinois where his father owned 170 acres of land. He had had a pony of his own at the Sheffield Hotel, but he loved Chicago best.

In Chicago it had been warm and gay, and there were always people about. Musical people. Mother's friends.

He had had a little violin then, on which he took lessons, and Mother used to tell people he would grow up to be a concert violinist some day. He loved music better than anything in the world. But Father always laughed at the idea. "You'll make a sissy out of the boy," he would say.

Father (Continued on page 53)



# Tommy Dorsey



Tommy Dorsey, famous band leader, is the co-composer of this breezy new comedy hit.

## SHOOT THE SHERBERT TO ME HERBERT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOMMY DORSEY AND BEN HOMER

■ Again we bring you a brand new melody—a novelty tune by the "Sentimental Gentleman of Swing." Play it—sing it—and then dance to it when Tommy Dorsey's orchestra presents it over the air

The musical score is presented in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment includes various chords and rhythmic patterns, with some chords marked with a sharp sign (#). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1:  
Vocal: Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her- bert! Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her-bert!  
Piano: Accompaniment with chords and bass line.

System 2:  
Vocal: Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her-bert! Shoot it fosl! Shoot the sher-bert to me,  
Piano: Accompaniment with chords and bass line.

System 3:  
Vocal: Her-bert! Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her-bert! Shoot the sher-bert to me, Her-bert! Shoot it fosl!  
Piano: Accompaniment with chords and bass line.



# Introduces...

A Radio Mirror  
Hit Preview

You send me with your jazz So send me, Her-ber't, send me!

You make me feel the frazz with the da da da da le da da da da da le da da da Shaat the sher-ber'ta me,

Her-ber't! Shaat the sher-ber'ta me, Her-ber't! Shoot the sher-ber't to me,


Her-ber't! Shaat it fast!




# Country

■ Presenting Tommy Dorsey, of Dorsey Manor, who plays host as expertly as he does trombone


OH, TO HAVE a place in the country where you can get away from it all! Tommy Dorsey is one radio star who has actually done something about this often-expressed wish. In Bernardsville, N. J., only a few miles from Manhattan, there's a 22-acre estate, complete with a 21-room house, tennis and badminton courts, swimming pool, and hundreds of trees—and it's all Tommy's. On week-ends and between dance engagements you'll find Tommy and the boys in the band all out at Bernardsville, soaking up sun and health. Tommy bought the estate four years ago, and has added many improvements since. Of course there are long periods, while the band's on tour, when he can't visit it at all—but it's always there waiting for him. The pictures here are of one of the last house-parties Tommy gave before going on tour.




■ Here's the graceful, dignified facade of Tommy's 21-room country house.




■ Bobby Burns, Tommy's major-domo, suns himself and chats with Lennie Hayton.



■ Above, the boss—Tommy himself—takes a siesta in a hammock near the badminton courts.



■ Below, skillful floodlighting makes the new swimming pool beautiful at night.



■ Above, Johnny Mince, clarinetist in the Dorsey band, demonstrates his skill at a fast game of ping pong.



# Squire in Swingtime



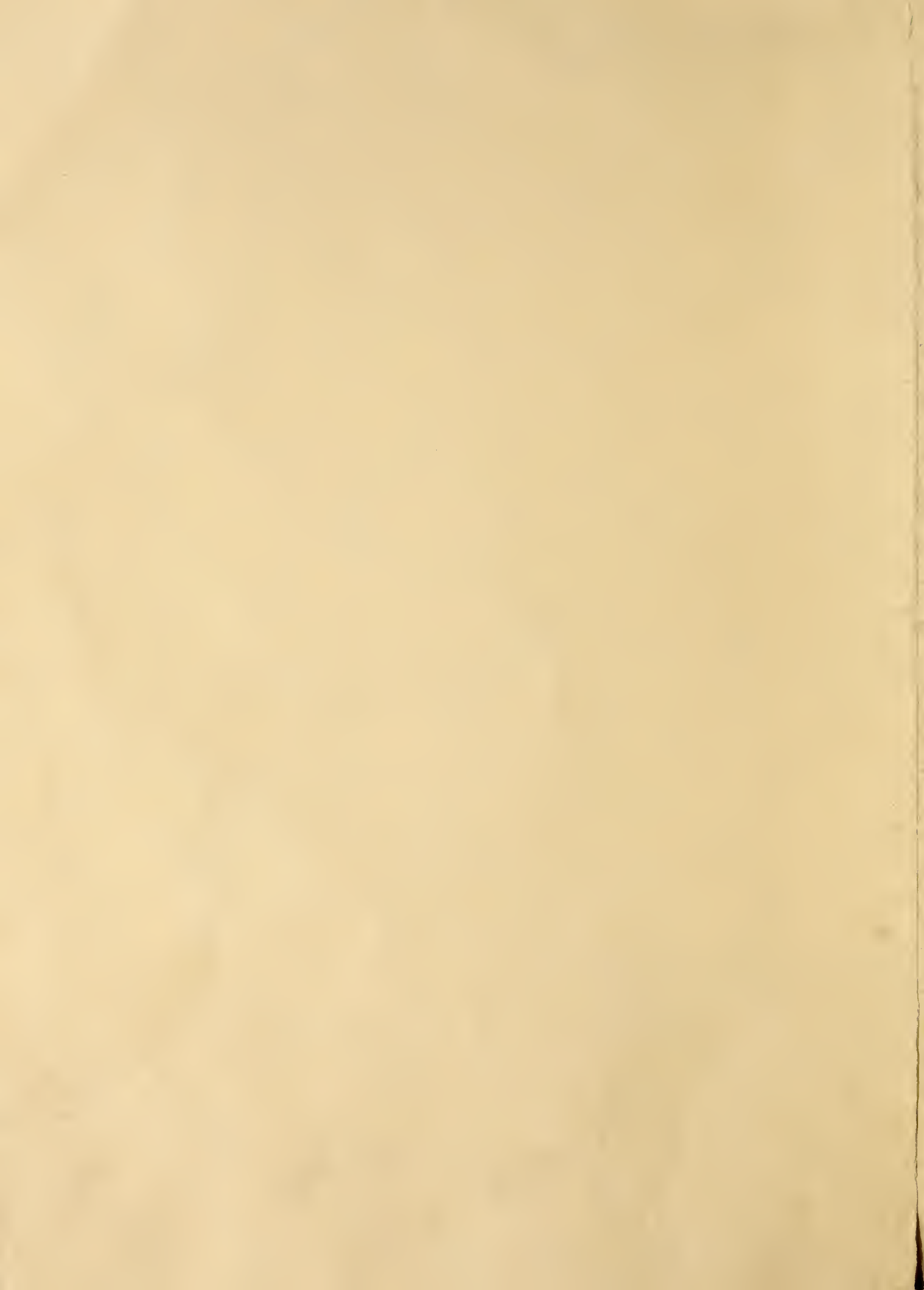
■ Tommy's daughter, Patsy, with musical comedy star Dixie Dunbar (at left.).

■ Tommy, despite those late night hours of the dance-band business, really plays a very good game of tennis.

■ Carmen Mastren, the band's guitarist, dives into the pool with his clothes on.

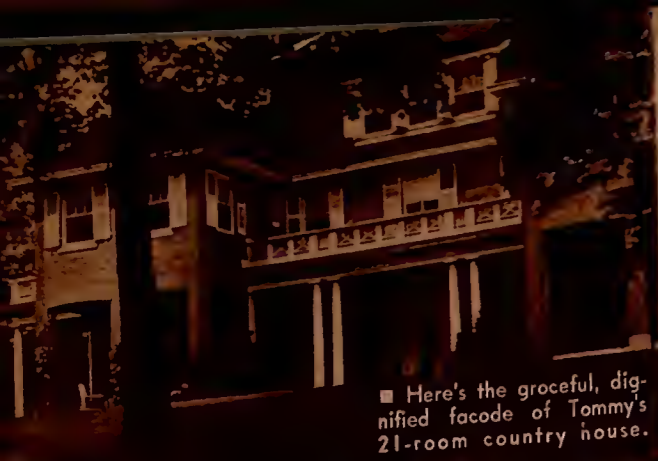








# Country Squire in Swingtime



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■ Carmen Mastren, the band's guitarist, dives into the pool with his clothes on.





# Do you dress to please



Stop! You've got too much make-up on. Connie, one of the Hour of Charm's Three Little Notes, illustrates that powdered look . . .



And what's more, you're wearing too much jewelry. Most men dislike the clank-clank of the big bangles you girls love to wear.



Long, dangling earrings are smart and sophisticated, Fern—but too exotic for the man in your life. Fern's another of the Three Notes.



Goodness me! Fern's using that very dark red nail polish which is the cause for many an argument between a man and his best girl.



# men?

○ R do you dress to impress other women? There's a big difference, as you'll soon discover if you ask a really outspoken man for his candid opinion on the subject of the latest styles for women.

Here some of the lovely members of Phil Spitalny's all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra, heard on NBC every Sunday night, have posed in the sort of clothes which delights many a feminine heart but repels most masculine eyes. Of course, the Hour of Charm girls would *never* be guilty of wearing clothes and make-up like these in real life.

In general, men don't like women to be fussy or extreme with their clothes. Daring dresses or exotic make-ups, they say, are all right for Hollywood stars, but the little women ought to wear something a bit less astonishing. But not too plain, either. In fact, it's not always easy to satisfy the men—but take a look at the pictures and you'll find out what most of them don't like.



## RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

Swish, swish, goes Evelyn with that perfume atomizer—but too much scent won't please her escort. Evelyn is Phil Spitalny's featured violinist.

*Photos by William Haussler, NBC*



Frances, the third Little Note, shows how you'd look in a dress that's too short.



High heels and over-sized bag—that's two crimes Singer Maxine commits.



The deadliest sin of all, as demonstrated by Evelyn, is letting your slip show.







# Do you dress to please men?



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Goodness me! Fern's using that very dark red nail polish which is the cause for many an argument between a man and his best girl.

Do you dress to impress other women? There's a big difference, as you'll soon discover if you ask a really outspoken man for his candid opinion on the subject of the latest styles for women.

Here some of the lovely members of Phil Spitalny's all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra, heard on NBC every Sunday night, have posed in the sort of clothes which delights many a feminine heart but repels most masculine eyes. Of course, the Hour of Charm girls would *never* be guilty of wearing clothes and make-up like these in real life.

In general, men don't like women to be fussy or extreme with their clothes. Daring dresses or exotic make-ups, they say, are all right for Hollywood stars, but the little women ought to wear something a bit less astonishing. But not too plain, either. In fact, it's not always easy to satisfy the men—but take a look at the pictures and you'll find out what most of them don't like.

RADIO'S  
PHOTO-  
MIRROR



Swish, swish, goes Evelyn with that perfume atomizer—but too much scent won't please her escort. Evelyn is Phil Spitalny's featured violinist.

Photos by William Haussler, NBC



Frances, the third Little Note, shows how you'd look in a dress that's too short.




High heels and over-sized bag—that's two crimes Singer Maxine commits.



The deadliest sin of all, as demonstrated by Evelyn, is letting your slip show.





■ Backstage Wife and her husband—especially posed by Vivian Fridell and Ken Griffin, who interpret the roles of Mary and Larry on the air.

■ THIS NOVEL OF BACKSTAGE WIFE IS BY HOPE HALE, ADAPTED FROM THE POPULAR RADIO SERIAL CURRENTLY HEARD OVER NBC-RED AND SPONSORED BY DR. LYONS TOOTH POWDER



# Backstage Wife

■ Even the cleverest of scheming women can make a mistake, Mary discovers as this dramatic serial of marriage in the theater reaches its thrilling climax

*The story thus far:*

MARRIAGE to Larry Noble, Broadway's handsome matinee idol, at first had meant the most complete happiness Mary Noble had ever known. But she soon learned she must fight for her husband's love. Impetuous and susceptible, he all too frequently forsook Mary's quiet devotion in favor of the glamour of other women. And Catherine Monroe, who agreed to finance Larry's return to the stage after a disastrous accident, was the worst adversary Mary ever had to meet. All through the preparations for the play's premiere, Catherine and Larry drew closer together, until at last Mary was forced to leave her husband, only remaining with him as manager of the dramatic company, not as his wife. Meanwhile, a dispute over the rent of the tiny Greenwich Village theater brought Ken Paige, its owner, into Mary's life. Besides being the executor of a large estate, Ken was a portrait painter, and his interest in Mary led him to make a bargain with her: if she would let him paint her, and the portrait won a prize, he would give her the theater rent-free for a year. Mary consented, but did not tell Larry. Meanwhile, a bad fire in the tenements owned by Paige and his sister, Sandra, had aroused angry neighborhood feeling against the Paiges. Gerald O'Brien, a crusading young lawyer, began a campaign with Mary to interest the Paiges in rebuilding the filthy slums. Then, one afternoon, Catherine Monroe walked into Paige's studio while he was painting Mary. She lost no time in letting Larry have the news, adding to his bitterness against Mary because she herself hadn't told him. He stamped an-

grily out of the theater dressing room just as a wave of illness swept over Mary, assuring her of what she had already half-feared was true—she was going to have a baby. But she was determined not to tell Larry. She would not use this news to buy back his love.

WITH dry fury in her eyes, Mary stared at the two items from Wally West's gossip column. Against their impertinence, their effrontery, she was helpless. She could only ignore them if she wished to keep her dignity. Yet how could you ignore something so crude, so brazen?

The first one, from yesterday's paper, read: "What actor about to make a bid for his old grip on fluttering hearts of matinee matrons looks to lose the love of his own wife? Ask him if he knows she's posing for a certain millionaire society painter—and how?"

Well, Mary had told herself, vile as that was, it might be worse. At least no names were mentioned. But then her eyes strayed to the second item again—the one from today's paper: "Double come-back due Broadway's one-time heart-throb. With his marriage skidding, who could pass up consolation in the form of a beauteous high-born heroine of Washington spy ring capture? Query: If a gentleman backer can back his lady star up the aisle to the altar, why not vice versa?"

Under the garbled, ridiculous slang in which they were written, the meaning of the two items was plain enough. That Catherine Monroe had given them to Wally West Mary could not doubt. And in them Catherine was calmly publishing to the world the death of Larry's love

for his wife—while she suggested herself as the perfect successor.

It was just the sort of thing Catherine would do— And then Mary pulled herself up short. Was her jealousy running away with her? Was it possible that Catherine was innocent, and that her own friendship with Ken Paige was already a subject for common gossip?

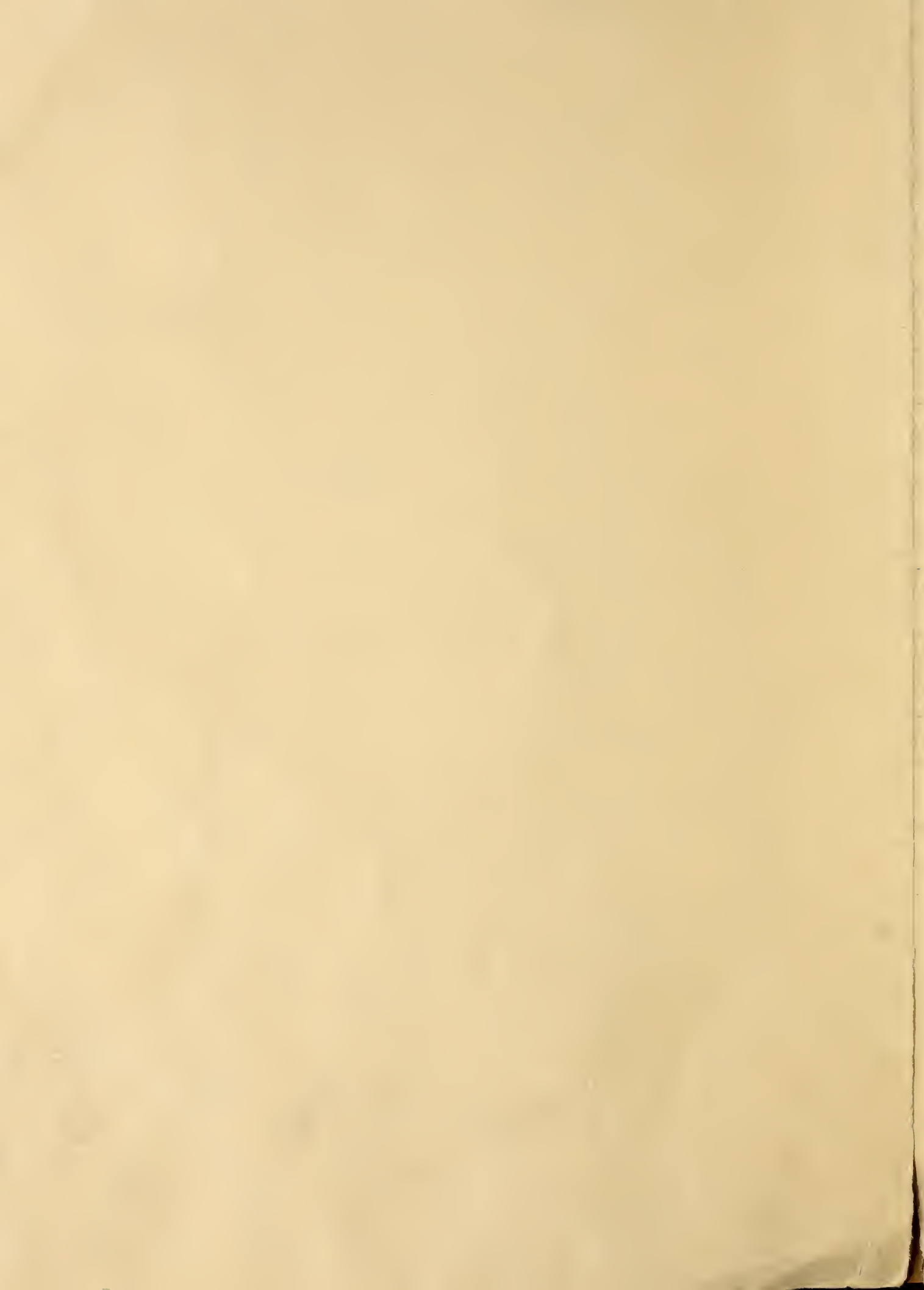
She didn't know. She was too confused, too unhappy to be able to dissect human actions and reactions with her old clarity.

So many things had happened in these last few hectic days before the Broadway opening of Larry's play. Her own realization that she was to be the mother of Larry's child . . . a sudden friendship, dazzling in its sweetness, between Sandra, Ken Paige's sister, and Gerald O'Brien, the crusading young lawyer who was determined to alleviate the misery of the dispossessed tenants of Medley Square . . . Ken Paige's day-by-day change, as he painted Mary's portrait, from the stern business man he had once been to a warm, vital human being . . . the almost complete break between her and Larry, with Larry living in his apartment and she in a room near the old theater in Greenwich Village.

And now . . . it was nearly time for the Broadway opening of the play. In a few hours now, this very night, it would all be over. The play would be on—in the big uptown theater that had been Catherine's choice, not hers . . . and it would be a success or a failure. Whichever the result, this night would spell the end of her connection with Larry Noble. She had vowed to stay with him, as manager

*(Continued on page 74)*







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(Continued on page 74)

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# Expert on Happiness

■ She's Irna Phillips, who brings you every day the laughter and tears of all humanity

By NORTON RUSSELL

**Q**UICKLY, now—who is Irna Phillips?

Probably you had to stop and think before you could answer. Possibly you can't answer at all. And yet, with the exceptions of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Dorothy Thompson, she influences more members of her sex than any other woman in America. She has an added distinction, too, over Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Thompson—the women she influences are unaware that anyone is influencing them at all.

You, very likely, owe some of your beliefs or ideals to Irna Phillips—even if you aren't familiar with her name.

She is the author of three of radio's most popular daily serials: *The Woman in White*, *The Guiding Light*, and *Road of Life*. You are her daily audience—at least two million of you, probably many more. To every one of you two million, the characters Irna has created are real, living, breathing, moving human beings. Dr. John Ruthledge and Rose Kransky of *The Guiding Light*, Dr. Jim Brent of *Road of Life*, Karen Adams, the *Woman in White*—all these, and dozens more, are the intimate friends of a great slice of our country.

It's time you met this woman who brings you so many hours of laughter, of tears, of heartbreak, and of joy each week; who knows the

physical, mental and emotional characteristics of the many people she creates as intimately as she knows those of her own family; and who, most important of all, is so wise and human that every one of her programs contains inspiration and help for those who will listen.

In radio, a business which seems to create remarkable people, she is one of the most remarkable of all.

Irna could have been an actress as easily as a writer. In fact, though few people outside the casts of her plays know it, she is an actress.

When *Today's Children*, her first network serial, was on the air, Irna played two roles in it—Mother Moran and Kay.

Drop into Irna's office on Ontario Street in Chicago, any day between 8:30 and 1:00, and you'll see her doing an informal, but thorough, job of acting. Pacing rapidly back and forth across the room, she dictates the dialogue of a script to her secretary, Gertrude Prys. As she talks, she changes the inflections of her voice to suit the different characters.

so that Gertrude knows without being told who is supposed to be speaking. Her different voices are excellent imitations of those you hear on the air—even the men's voices aren't bad!

In a way, all this is a sort of shorthand communication between the two women, designed to save time and get a story down on paper with the minimum of effort. Irna admits that Gertrude, with her quick perception and intimate knowledge of her boss's method of working, is responsible for cutting the work of writing three daily scripts just about in half. In other words, down to a point where it requires only the energy of a stevedore, the resourcefulness of an international spy, and the inventiveness of an Edgar Rice Burroughs.

For a girl who didn't think she could write, Irna Phillips is doing very well for herself. Her salary just now is \$3,000 a week—the highest of any writer for radio; and, when you consider that it goes on for 52 (Continued on page 68)

■ To Irna Phillips, the characters of *Woman in White*, *The Guiding Light*, *Road of Life*, are as real as her own family.







"Camels mean a lot to me...true mildness, grand fragrance, and longer-lasting pleasure!"

—MRS. CURTENIUS GILLETTE, JR.  
OF NEW YORK

**Y**OUNG Mrs. Curtenius Gillette is known as "Tania" among her friends in New York and Nassau society. She speaks five languages... excels in housekeeping... wears clothes with faultless distinction. A vivid, glowing person, she enjoys life to the full... says she "loves" the theatre, music, casual entertaining—and Camels.

"Oh, you'll always find Camels on hand in our house," she says. "I've smoked Camels for about seven years—and I like them best. They're mild—delicate—and have such nice fragrance. Then, too, Camels burn *more slowly*—so, you see, each Camel cigarette lasts *longer* and gives me that much more smoking pleasure!"

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower than any of them*—CAMELS give a smoking plus equal to

## 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

Here are facts about cigarettes recently confirmed through scientific laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling brands:

**1** Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

**2** Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling

brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack!

**3** In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

Try Camels today. Notice that costlier tobaccos *do* make a difference. Better smoking—and more of it—with Camels!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...  
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!  
PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR  
BEST CIGARETTE BUY

CAMEL  
CHOICE QUALITY  
TURKISH & DOMESTIC  
BLEND  
CIGARETTES

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

CAMELS — LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS



# KALAMAZOO

Sets new  
Styles  
and new Values  
for 1940



ELECTRIC RANGES



GAS RANGES



COMBINATION GAS  
COAL AND WOOD RANGES



COAL  
AND  
WOOD  
HEATERS



COAL AND WOOD RANGES



OIL HEATERS



FURNACES

## FACTORY PRICES\*

Coal and Wood Ranges from	\$49.60	Coal and Wood Heaters from	\$39.65
Gas Ranges from	\$59.60	Oil Heaters from	\$39.50
Electric Ranges from	\$89.75	Furnaces from	\$79.60

Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges from \$98.50

\*Prices at the Factory

You're tired of old style stoves—you demand change—you seek new beauty, new elegance, smart streamlined design and every last-minute accessory and feature. You're through with yesterday—you're ready for tomorrow. And so is Kalamazoo with advanced 1940 models.

**Mail Coupon**—A thousand thrills await you in this new FREE colorful Kalamazoo Catalog of Factory Prices, just off the press. It's America's stove style show and price guide. It's all that's newest and best in Ranges, Heaters and Furnaces.

**Over 170 Styles and Sizes**—Glorious new Electric Ranges, trim new Gas Ranges, smart new Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, modern Coal and Wood Ranges, handsome new Oil Heaters, Coal and Wood Heaters, and sensational new Furnaces.

**A Bookful of Modern Miracles**—Mail Coupon now. You'll find new excitement in cooking—new ideas for your home. You'll find dazzling new surprises in minute minders, condiment sets, clocks, lights, porcelain enameled ovens and new type door handles. You'll find new ways to prepare better foods with the "oven that floats in flame."

**Factory Prices—Easiest Terms**—You won't believe your eyes when you see these Factory Prices. You'll say "It just isn't possible." But it is. That's because we sell *direct from factory to you*. No in-between profits. You'll marvel at the easy terms, too—as little as 14c a day. 30 days trial. 24 hour shipments. Factory Guarantee.

Mail Coupon. Get this beautiful New Catalog—the greatest in our 40 year history. Save the way 1,400,000 Satisfied Users have saved—at **FACTORY PRICES**.

Over 250 Display Stores in 14 States. Send for address of Factory Store nearest you.

Mail coupon  
today for your



## NEW, FREE CATALOG

**Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Co., Mfrs.**  
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Send FREE FACTORY CATALOG. Check articles in which you are interested:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Coal and Wood Ranges                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal and Wood Heaters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Ranges                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Oil Heaters           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Oil Heaters                           | <input type="checkbox"/> Oil Ranges            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Oil Ranges                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Furnaces              |

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**"A Kalamazoo**  
Trade Mark  
Registered **Direct to You"**





■ Bandleaders lost an ace arranger when Larry Clinton became a maestro.

# FACING THE *Music*



■ Mary Dugan sings with the Clinton orchestra Monday nights over NBC.

By **KEN ALDEN**

**N**EW YORK will be a mecca for dance band lovers this fall when a whole galaxy of headline orchestras will all be playing within twenty blocks of each other. Artie Shaw will be at the Hotel Pennsylvania, Paul Whiteman should be at the New Yorker, Sammy Kaye returns to the Commodore, Eddy Duchin to the Plaza, Benny Goodman to the Waldorf-Astoria and either Horace Heidt or Kay Kyser will occupy the rostrum in the Biltmore. Jan Savitt remains at the Lincoln. Larry Clinton insists he too will be in New York. All these magic moguls will broadcast, with MBS getting the lion's share of their broadcasts.

Carolyn Horton is Durelle Alexander's successor in the Eddy Duchin orchestra. Durelle decided to get married. Paula Kelly dropped out of Al Donahue's band and the society maestro is looking for a replacement.

As predicted here, Guy Lombardo's kid sister, Rose Marie, joined the band to become the first girl vocalist ever to sing with the Royal Canadians.

The flying bug has bitten Gray Gordon's first trumpeter, Les McManis, so badly that he resigned in order that he may have more time to study the mechanics of airplanes.

Tommy Dorsey shuns New York this fall for an engagement in Chicago's Palmer House, beginning October 12.

Benny Goodman's new pianist is Fletcher Henderson, the great colored swing arranger. Jess Stacey left the band to form his own eight-piece unit under the management of Benny's older brother Harry.

Glenn Miller, who scored such a big hit at the Glen Island Casino last summer, is touring the lucrative one-night belt.

Bea Wain turned out her first indi-

vidual platter for Victor since leaving Larry Clinton's band.

Phil Brito quit singing for Jan Savitt for Al Donahue's stable.

Patricia Norman, the girl who made Ole Man Mose young again, gave birth to a baby boy. Daddy is Jack Meakin, a studio orchestra leader.

Martha Tilton is back with Benny Goodman following a recent illness.

## THEY MADE HIM LEAD A BAND

**T**HE career of Larry Clinton has been one phenomenon after another. He wrote over 100 songs before any smart alec along Tin Pan Alley would think of publishing his works. He

came from a musical family, yet they insisted that Larry should study engineering. In 1936 he wrote 25 per cent of all the published arrangements in the country.

The bandstand's gain became the other orchestra leaders' loss because Larry Clinton is much too busy turning out arrangements for his own successful orchestra. The band's NBC commercial on Monday nights, one-night stand tours, stage dates, and recordings don't give Clinton time to think up ideas for his colleagues.

Now firmly established as a band leader, Larry is still a unique figure. Unlike other bands who depend on their high-priced arrangers or infectious personalities for their popularity (Continued on page 85)

■ The Andrew Sisters, Maxine, Patty and La Verne, and their arranger whip up a new tune.









# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Baby Dumpling doesn't quite trust Blandie and Dagwood

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

October 2: Creeps and shudders tonight when Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes begins a weekly half-hour show on NBC-Blue at 8:00. . . . Another new one is called One of the Finest, an NBC-Blue at 7:30, every Monday and Thursday. . . . Dr. Stidger and his inspirational talks on Getting the Most Out of Life return to NBC-Blue at 11:45 this morning. . . . The Lane Ranger tonight celebrates its fifth year on the Mutual network. . . . For fight fans, NBC-Blue broadcasts the Garcia-Apostoli battle from Madison Square Garden at 10:00.

October 9: Kate Smith begins her noontime chats, on CBS at 12:00. . . . A new serial starring Betty Garde begins on CBS at 2:45—it's called My Son and I. . . . Two other new serials are scheduled to get under way—one called Society Girl on CBS at 3:15 and an untitled one sponsored by Calgate's an NBC at 1:15. . . . Jayce Jordan, Girl Interne, changes time to 3:00, on CBS. . . . Smilin' Ed McCannell begins a five-times-a-week program on CBS at 4:45. . . . It Happened in Hollywood, with Martha Mears and Jahn Cante, starts this afternoon at a new time—5:30 on CBS.

October 16: Have you lost track of Scattergood Baines? You'll find him and his adventures on CBS at 5:45 this afternoon.

October 23: It's St. John's Day today, and the mysterious swallows that spend the summer at San Juan Capistrano Mission in California ought to be leaving for their winter home—wherever that is. NBC will broadcast, if the swallows keep to schedule.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Blandie, featuring Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake, heard on CBS at 7:30, Eastern Standard Time, 6:30 Central Standard Time, 8:30 Rocky Mountain Time and 7:30 Pacific Standard Time. Sponsored by Camel Cigarettes.

With their success this summer on the air, there are now no new worlds for Blondie and Dagwood to conquer. With Baby Dumpling, they're a hit in the newspaper comic strips, in movies, and in radio. And all because they're so much like everybody who listens to them. Just a typical couple, they are the sort who play bridge with the neighbors, belong to the bowling club and can't wait for other parents to stop bragging about their babies because they want to talk about Dumpling.

Ashmead Scott, noted radio author whose dramatic sketches are frequently heard on important network variety shows, both writes and produces the Blandie series. He's constantly at work on at least

two scripts and usually more—one far immediate production and frameworks or first drafts of successive shows.

At every Blandie broadcast you'll find Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake, as Blandie and Dagwood, and Hanley Stafford, Rasmery DeCamp, Ed McDonald and Hans Carried. Hanley Stafford, who is also Fannie Brice's Daddy Snooks, plays Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers, while the other three are always present in supporting roles.

Larry Simms, who plays Baby Dumpling, deserves a paragraph to himself. His picture career started when he was a photographer's model and got his portrait on the cover of the Saturday Evening Post. Columbia Pictures, looking for a Baby Dumpling, saw the cover and hired him at once. He's four years old, with a preference for swing music—his mother, a former swing singer herself, discovered that lullabies kept him awake, and she had to swing them to get him to sleep.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

BETTY CAINE—the petite young actress who is now playing Peggy in The O'Neills, on NBC-Red at 12:15 P.M. Betty has been in radio for several years, in various serials, and you also hear her frequently on Arch Oboler's Plays, Saturday nights. She's from Hastings, Michigan, and turned to acting after finding that a stenographer's job bored her to death. She's the wife of that excellent actor, Raymond Edward Johnson.

Eastern Standard Time		CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	
8:00	NBC-Red: Musical Varieties	8:00	NBC-Red: Musical Varieties	8:00	NBC-Red: Musical Varieties
8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember	8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember	8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet	8:30	NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet	8:30	NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet
8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell	8:00	9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell	8:00	9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell
8:00	9:00 NBC: News	8:00	9:00 NBC: News	8:00	9:00 NBC: News
8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:15	9:15 CBS: Meet the Dixons	8:15	9:15 CBS: Meet the Dixons	8:15	9:15 CBS: Meet the Dixons
8:00	9:00 CBS: Manhattan Mother	8:00	9:00 CBS: Manhattan Mother	8:00	9:00 CBS: Manhattan Mother
8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life	10:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life	10:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks	9:00	11:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks	9:00	11:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street	9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street	9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries	9:15	11:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries	9:15	11:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills	9:15	11:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills	9:15	11:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	9:30	11:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	9:30	11:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	9:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	9:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought	9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought	9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday	9:45	11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday	9:45	11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00 CBS: The Goldbergs	10:00	12:00 CBS: The Goldbergs	10:00	12:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful	10:15	12:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful	10:15	12:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over	10:15	12:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over	10:15	12:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
10:30	12:30 CBS: Road of Life	10:30	12:30 CBS: Road of Life	10:30	12:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Peabees Takes Charge	10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Peabees Takes Charge	10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Peabees Takes Charge
12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours
12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
11:00	1:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters	11:00	1:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters	11:00	1:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob	11:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob	11:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15 CBS: Dr. Susan	2:15	1:15 CBS: Dr. Susan	2:15	1:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	11:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	11:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45 CBS: My Son and I	11:45	1:45 CBS: My Son and I	11:45	1:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches	11:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches	11:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00 CBS: Girl Interne	12:00	2:00 CBS: Girl Interne	12:00	2:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 CBS: Society Girl	12:15	2:15 CBS: Society Girl	12:15	2:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	12:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	12:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family	12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family	12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone	12:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone	12:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	12:45	2:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	12:45	2:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	1:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	1:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McCannell	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McCannell	3:45	4:45 CBS: Smilin' Ed McCannell
3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone	2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone	2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:30	4:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood	2:30	4:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood	2:30	4:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony	2:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony	2:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong	5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong	5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines	2:45	4:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines	2:45	4:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix	5:15	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix	5:15	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:15	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie	5:15	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie	5:15	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00 CBS: News	3:00	5:00 CBS: News	3:00	5:00 CBS: News
6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
6:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn	6:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn	6:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy	7:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy	7:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang	8:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang	8:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner	8:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner	8:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
7:30	6:30 CBS: Blondie	7:30	6:30 CBS: Blondie	7:30	6:30 CBS: Blondie
7:30	6:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger	7:30	6:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger	7:30	6:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest	4:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest	4:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
7:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Larry Clinton	7:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Larry Clinton	7:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Larry Clinton
9:00	7:00 CBS: Tune-up Time	9:00	7:00 CBS: Tune-up Time	9:00	7:00 CBS: Tune-up Time
9:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes	9:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes	9:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes
5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Tommy Riggs	5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Tommy Riggs	5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Tommy Riggs
8:30	7:30 CBS: Howard and Shelton	8:30	7:30 CBS: Howard and Shelton	8:30	7:30 CBS: Howard and Shelton
5:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: True or False	5:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: True or False	5:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
8:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone	8:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone	8:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
8:00	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER	8:00	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER	8:00	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Alec Templeton Time	6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Alec Templeton Time	6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Alec Templeton Time
7:00	9:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo	7:00	9:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo	7:00	9:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

Complete Programs from September 27 to October 24



Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Program
8:05	8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:15	9:15	CBS: Meet the Dixons
8:00	9:00	CBS: Manhattan Mother
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Family Man
8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
2:15	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Brenda Curtis
10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
11:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: The Trail Finder
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
1:00	2:00	CBS: Ooc Barclay's Daughters
1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
1:30	2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45	4:45	CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:45	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
6:05	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
6:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jimmie Fidler
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: Quicksilver Quiz
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: HELEN MENKEN
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
7:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: The Inside Story
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Walter O'Keefe
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
9:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: We, The People
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Artie Shaw
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Bob Crosby
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: TRUE STORY TIME
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Fibber McGee and Molly
9:00	10:00	CBS: Hal Kemp
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: If I Had the Chance
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bob Hope
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Rehearsals are short and sweet for Goodman and Jane Ace

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

October 3: The Inside Story has its last broadcast tonight—NBC-Blue at 8:00—and it's too bad it has to leave. . . . Joe Sudly's Orchestra opens tonight at the Belmont Plaza Hotel, and you can listen on NBC.  
 October 10: Remember to hear Fulton Oursler's arresting comments on current history on True Story Time, NBC-Blue at 9:30.  
 October 17: Blue Baron's orchestra opens tonight at the Edison Hotel in New York for a full winter season. You'll hear him on NBC six nights a week from now on.  
 October 24: Feel in the mood for some Hollywood gossip and a review of the new pictures? Tune in Jimmie Fidler on CBS at 7:15.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT and every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night: The Easy Aces, starring Jane and Goodman Ace, on NBC's Blue network at 7:00, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by Anacin.

There isn't another program on the air like this one. Last August I had been coming to you for nine consecutive years, and it will continue for at least two more, according to a contract the Aces signed with their sponsor this summer. And in all those nine years the Aces have never met the gentlemen who send them their weekly pay-checks. Just never happened to get together, somehow.

Jane isn't really as dumb as she sounds on the air. Outside of bridge games, she's a very smart sort of person. But when the Aces started their air series they built the story around an actual bridge game in which Jane, much to her own despair, was her husband's partner. "Don't finesse," she'd tell Ace. "It makes me nervous." One of her bridge rules, by her own admission, was always to lead with the first card on the right of her hand, because it was easier that way.

Much more famous than her bridge mistakes now, are Jane's desperate tussles with the English language. Here are a few of her prize remarks: "Time wounds all heels." "Familiarity breeds attempts." "I slept like a cop." "I'm no shrieking violet." "He lives by the sweat of his brow." "It's the gossip truth." Goodman says the reason listeners like these boners is that they

can tell themselves they'd never make mistakes like that. Yet once, when the program offered prizes to listeners for identifying boners and sending in the correct versions, all sorts of answers were received. For instance, Jane would say, "Here's the whole thing in a shell-hole," and listeners would correct it to "knot-hole" or "egg-shell." Quick—what's the correct word?\*

Goodman writes all the scripts himself, and directs them too. He makes it a rule to hold only one rehearsal before a broadcast, because too many of them take away spontaneity, he says. Goodman is 39, Jane is 33. They are never seen in night clubs; in fact, have a passion for being anonymous. Goodman's list of "nevers" of which he is quite proud, includes: Never have been stopped for an autograph, never have had a script returned for changes, never have changed announcers since their NBC debut (Ford Bond has been announcing for them since February, 1935), never have won a radio popularity poll. In fact, on every anniversary of their first program the Aces publish an ad in a trade paper spoofing their lack of high popularity rating.

The other members of the Aces cast, like their bosses, are pretty retiring and anonymous, but your Studio Snooper found out their names just the same. Marge is played by Mory Hunter, Betty by Ethel Blume, Corl by Albert Ryder, and Neil Williams by Martin Gobel.

Nutshell\*

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON—author of *When a Girl Marries*, on CBS at 12:15 P.M., and *Pepper Young's Family*, on NBC-Blue at 11:30 A.M. and NBC-Red at 3:30 P.M.—and author, too, of "Are You a Wife in Name only?" on page 19 of this month's *Radio Mirror*. Mrs. Carrington is one of those rare mortals—a New Yorker who was actually born in New York. In her teens she first began selling stories to magazines, and at 19 she began writing scenarios for movies. In the early days of radio she began writing the serial, *Red Davis*, later *Pepper Young's Family*. She's married, with two children.



# Active in Society — Busy Keeping House



**In Cartier's**—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is popular in New York and Long Island society.

—BUT  
they're both  
quick to  
grasp this  
Exciting  
new  
"SKIN-VITAMIN"  
Care\*!



**Shopping for the week end**—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

**QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON:** Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling outdoors a lot?

**ANSWER:** "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

**QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:** Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

**ANSWER:** "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."



**On return from Paris**, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on French Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.



**Everybody out!** Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

**QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON:** Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

**ANSWER:** "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

**QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:** Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

**ANSWER:** "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

\*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods. Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

**After the Theatre**—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for a late supper.



**TAKE 2 THRILLING STEPS TO FLATTERY**  
for the cost of only ONE

Exciting POND'S OFFER for You! POND'S Face Powder FREE with purchase of one jar of POND'S Cold Cream.

Thrilling Offer—limited time only! Choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Two famous beauty aids for the price of one. Get yours today!

BUY THIS

Get this FREE

**Icebox raiding**—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.





PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
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8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:15	9:15	CBS: Meet the Dixons
8:00	9:00	CBS: Manhattan Mather
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
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9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
2:15	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
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10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
12:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
1:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Roy Shield Revue
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
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11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
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12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Society Girl
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45	4:45	CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:45	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
6:05	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
5:30	6:30	6:30 CBS: H. V. Kaitenborn
6:30	6:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Gulden Serenaders (Oct. 18)
6:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
7:30	7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Phil Baker
6:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLES BOYER
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: PAUL WHITEMAN
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Hobby Lobby
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: FRED ALLEN
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ A Myrt and Marge broadcast: Myrt, Betty Jane Tyler, and Marge

## Tune-In Bulletin for September 27, October 4, 11 and 18!

September 27: Eddy Duchin and his piano and his orchestra are at the Plaza Hotel in New York, starting tonight, broadcasting an NBC.  
 October 4: Three big-time programs return to the air tonight—and you can hear all three of them because their times don't conflict. . . . First, Burns and Allen at 7:30 an CBS. . . . Next, Charles Bayer in the Woodbury Playhouse, at 8:00 an NBC-Red. . . . Next, Fred Allen an NBC-Red at 9:00. . . . Baseball fans will have their ears glued to their radios this afternoon, when Mutual broadcasts the first game of the World's Baseball Series. Mutual gets this feature exclusively.  
 October 11: Today's the birthday of America's most influential woman, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. She's fifty-five years old, and doesn't mind a bit if you know. . . . Xavier Cugat's band opens tonight at the Statler Hotel in Detroit, broadcasting on NBC.  
 October 18: The Gulden Serenaders offer you a new show today, an NBC-Blue at 6:30 P. M.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Myrt and Marge, an CBS at 10:15 A.M., Eastern Standard Time, 9:15 A.M. Central Standard Time, 2:15 P.M. Mountain Time and 1:15 P.M. Pacific Time. Sponsored by Concentrated Super Suds.

In another month or so Myrtle Vail and Danna Damerel will be celebrating their eighth radio birthday.  
 Myrt, Donna's mother in real life as well as on the air, was born in Joliet, Illinois. At fifteen she showed her theatrical spirit by running away to join the chorus of a musical comedy. Just one year later she met and married George Damerel, the original "Prince Danila" in the famous operetta, "The Merry Widow." Together they spent years touring in vaudeville, and as soon as daughter Danna was old enough—in other words, fifteen, she was taken into their act.

A few years before 1929 the Damerels decided to quit the stage and Mr. Damerel went into the real-estate business in Chicago. He was getting along fine when 1929 brought with it the collapse of the real-estate market. 1931 found the family in a Chicago suburb, with Myrt trying to figure out a way of getting some money to pay the bills. Vaudeville was dead, and she turned to the only other field of entertainment she could think of—radio.

Digging into the romance and excitement of her own backstage life, she wrote the first ten scripts of Myrt and Marge in langhand, and drafted Danna for the Marge role. Then she pawned her ring, the last piece of jewelry she owned, and bought a smart new fall outfit with the money, just to impress her prospective sponsor. The new outfit worked—anyway, she got the job of advertising his wares on the air, and Myrt and Marge made their radio debut three weeks later.

Myrt writes all her own scripts, usually working at night. Rehearsals and the two broadcasts take up most of the rest of her day. Since 1937, when they were taken over by their present sponsor, Myrt and Marge have broadcast out of New York, and except for Myrt and Marge themselves the only original member of the cast still with them is Ray Hedge, who plays Clarence Tiffinguffer. Santos Ortega was with them for a long time, as Lee Kirby, but a month or so ago he was replaced by Dick Janaver, radio newcamer. Other current regulars in the cast are Betty Jane Tyler, as Marge's child by her late husband, Jack Arnold; Michael Fitzmaurice, as Jimmie Kent, one of Marge's friends; Frances Waadbury and Charles Webster, as Mr. and Mrs. Arnold; and Allen Devitt, as Mr. Brellertan White.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

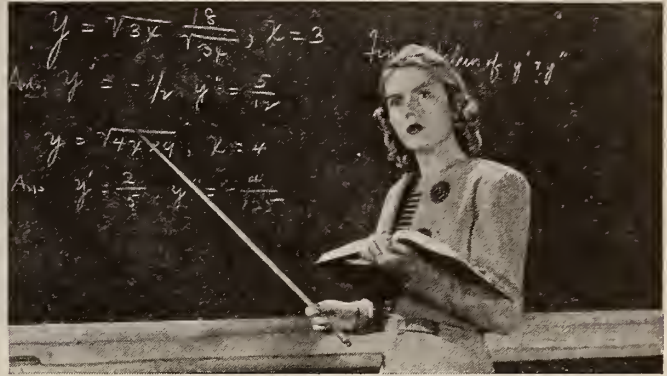


**VICKI VOLA**—who was doing only fairly well as a radio actress in Hollywood when she suddenly decided to pack up and try to make a name for herself in New York. She's succeeded, too, because now she has the title role in Brenda Curtis, the new serial on CBS this morning at 11:15. Vicki was born in Denver and hopped off to the West Coast with a radio troupe when she was only sixteen. Since coming to New York she has had supporting parts in Grand Central Station, Howie Wing and the Alibi Club, but Brenda Curtis is her first really important role. She's brown-haired and brown-eyed.



Women everywhere will be grateful!

# Miracle Modess brings you "moisture zoning"



**Worry no more.** You needn't be looking in mirrors or asking people "Am I all right?" . . . The New Miracle Modess has come to your rescue!

**Endure no more.** If you suffer chafing discomfort on "difficult" days . . . here's news. Read the details of the New Miracle Modess below.



Today, at any dealer's you can buy the new Miracle Modess with "Moisture Zoning!" Here's new comfort! New peace of mind!

"Moisture Zoning" acts to zone moisture—hold it inside the pad. Now, longer than ever before, Modess edges stay dry, soft, chafe-free!

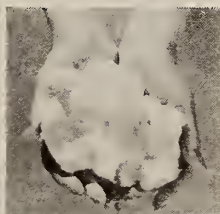
And of course, in Modess the filler is downy-soft *fluff*—so different from the filler in "layer-type" napkins. Modess starts softer, stays softer.

More good news—"Moisture Zoning" brings greater absorbency. And this, in addition to Modess moisture-resistant backing, is doubly reassuring.

Today, get this amazing new Modess—the softer, safer sanitary napkin.

## MODESS TRIUMPHS AGAIN!

**FIRST WITH FLUFF FILLER**



Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from layer-type napkins! The result? Greater comfort—because a Modess pad not only *starts* softer—it also *stays* softer. There's a world of difference in the filler alone!

**FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING**



Modess was first to use a moisture-resistant backing as a precaution against striking through.

**NOTE THE BLUE LINE**  
Modess has a colored thread along back of pad to make sure that you wear it correctly—with back AWAY from the body.

**AND NOW..... "MOISTURE ZONING"**



Now Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning," which keeps the edges of the napkin dry, soft, chafe-free longer than ever before. Greater comfort, greater safety! So get the new Miracle Modess today at any dealer's. It comes in the same blue box at the same low price.





PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:15	9:15	CBS: Meet the Dixons
8:00	9:00	CBS: Manhattan Mother
8:30	9:00	NBC-Red: The Family Man
8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
1:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
2:15	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	CBS: Brenda Curtis
10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
11:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Getting the Most Out of Life
10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
9:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: American Life
9:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gai Sunday
10:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
10:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Peabody Takes Charge
10:45	12:45	CBS: Words and Music
12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
11:00	1:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
2:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
1:30	2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I
11:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	CBS: Girl Interne
12:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	CBS: Society Girl
12:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	3:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Sunbrite Smile Parade
1:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: Rhythm Auction
1:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45	4:45	CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:30	4:30	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
2:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:15	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	CBS: News
6:05	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
6:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
4:30	6:30	CBS: Vox Pop
6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
9:00	7:00	CBS: Ask it Basket
7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: One Man's Family
9:30	7:30	CBS: Strange as It Seems
5:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Joe Penner
5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Those We Love
6:00	8:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS
7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Three mikes and many actors are used for Stronge as it Seems

## Tune-In for September 28, October 5, 12 and 19!

September 28: Two departures and one return: Rudy Vollee gives up his lost program tonight on NBC-Red at 8:00. . . . Joe E. Brown says farewell an CBS at 7:30. . . . And Bing Crosby, after much too long an absence, returns to his Kraft Music Hall on NBC-Red at 10:00.

October 5: To take the place of the Vallee Hour, NBC-Red has two programs: One Mon's Family, tonight at 8:00, and followed at 8:30 by that favorite of a year ago, Those We Love, starring Nan Grey. . . . Vox Pop, that informal interview program, is on CBS, starting tonight at 7:30. . . . Joe Penner's back too, in a brand new program, on NBC-Blue at 8:30.

October 12: Today we honor Christopher Columbus, who discovered America. . . . so all the networks will have special Columbus Day programs.

October 19: An entertaining story is that of Mr. Keen, Trocer of Missing Persans, on NBC-Blue tonight at 7:15.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Stronge as it Seems, an CBS at 8:30, Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Standard Time, 9:30 Rocky Mountain Time, and 8:30 Pacific Time, sponsored by Palmolive Brushless and Palmolive Shave Cream.

The eerie announcement, "Stronge as it seeeeems!" ushers in one of radio's surprise-package programs, on which you never know what is coming next. Everything you hear on the program is bizarre, weird, or unbelievable—yet, says John Hix, the man who gathers the facts, everything is true.

Hix himself doesn't appear on the program, which comes from the New York CBS studio that's always used for dramatic programs with lots of sound effects and without audiences. He lives in Hollywood, where he draws his daily newspaper cartoon of odd facts and also writes for the movies. You couldn't hire him to go on the air, because he is tremendously shy—doesn't even appear much in public.

There isn't much chance that he'll ever run out of material for his cartoons and his radio show. He carries on a constant correspondence with hundreds of people, all over the world, and gathers odd facts from them as well as from his reading. In eleven years of cartooning, he has used more than 19,000 separate items—but he

still has about 50,000 additional facts, never yet used, in his files.

Radio's most dependable actors and actresses and a battery of sound effects make up the cost of Strange as it Seems. The two sound-effects men are as busy as the actors, and sometimes a lot busier. One of them specializes in making a sound like the neighing of horses, but he's always happiest when one of the sketches has a horse in it.

That spooky effect you hear of the beginning of the program is accomplished by burly actor Mark Smith, talking into a "filter" mike, which gives his voice a far-away, unearthly quality. Later on in the show, you hear the same actor talking over another microphone, but you don't know it—he sounds completely different. To counteract the often terrifying note struck by the material of the program, there's smooth-voiced Alois Hovrilla as master of ceremonies and announcer. Alais belongs in a program made up of oddities, because he's one himself. He came to this country from Pressov, Austria-Hungary, when he was three years old, and by the time he was five still couldn't speak a word of English. By 1935 his English was so perfect that he was awarded the diction medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



MICHAEL FITZMAURICE—who makes a specialty of playing doctors. In Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, heard on CBS at 3:00 (beginning October 9), he is Dr. David Morgan, and he used to play Dr. Baxter in Her Honor, Nancy James. It isn't surprising, because Michael wanted to be a great surgeon when he finished high school in Los Angeles—but he gave it up because he wasn't any good at mathematics or chemistry. Michael's father was a doctor, and his sister is one too, now practicing in London. Besides acting, Michael devotes much of his time to writing, and several of his stories have been published.



# Want a rosy, thriving baby? Study Martha!

## First Year: A GRAND START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



"Doctors speak so highly of them—that's the best reason for choosing Clapp's Foods," Martha Michener's mother says. "But it was nice, too, that Martha was just crazy about the flavors!"

"You can see why Clapp's are so good—the Clapp people have 18 years' experience. They were the first to make baby foods, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else."



"Weighing day was great fun! Martha always made a splendid gain—one time she put on 4 pounds 3 ounces in 3 months! She was so active and sturdy, too, the picture of health. Plenty of vitamins and minerals in her Clapp's Strained Foods, all right.

"Her baby book shows that she started to feed herself the day she was a year old!"



### 17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

**Soups**—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

**Vegetables**—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

**Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Peaches and Pears

**Cereal**—Baby Cereal

## Runabout Years: DOING BEAUTIFULLY...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



"Never any of this won't-eat business with Martha. Lots of babies get fussy as they grow older—don't take kindly to coarser foods. But Martha went on to her new Clapp's Chopped Foods without a bit of trouble.

"They have the nice flavors she was used to in her Strained Foods, of course, and they're so evenly cut, just the texture doctors advise for older babies."



"Martha likes variety—she has 3 toy elephants of different colors—and she's the same way about food. Clapp's gives her a wide choice—she still gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods, including the substantial Junior Dinners and that grand new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Yes, we're very proud of Martha's health record. If you want a baby to have the best, I'm sure it pays to insist on Clapp's!"



### 12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

**Soup**—Vegetable Soup

**Junior Dinners**—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

**Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

**Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes

**Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

**Free Booklets**—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.



# CLAPP'S BABY FOODS



STRAINED FOR BABIES...CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Variety Show	
		8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember	
		8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
		8:00	9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell	
		8:00	9:00	NBC: News	
		8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	
		8:15	9:15	CBS: Meet the Dixons	
		8:30	9:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother	
		8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man	
		8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children	
		8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful	
1:00		9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly	
		9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month	
		9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married	
1:15		9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge	
		9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins	
		9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	
1:30		9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House	
		9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch	
		9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill	
2:15		9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother	
		9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White	
8:00		10:00	11:00	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood	
		10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin	
		10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum	
11:30		10:15	11:15	CBS: Brenda Curtis	
		10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	
		10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	
11:00		10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister	
		10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	
		10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	
11:15		10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	
		10:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life	
		10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life	
9:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks	
		9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street	
9:15	11:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries	
		9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
9:30	11:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	
		9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	
		9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Women in a Changing World	
9:45	11:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday	
10:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: The Goldbergs	
10:15	12:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful	
	10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over	
10:30	12:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Road of Life	
	10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge	
10:45	12:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: This Day Is Ours	
	10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Words and Music	
		1:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters	
		1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Revue Program	
		1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob	
2:15	1:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Dr. Susan	
	11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	
		1:30	2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine	
		1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	
11:45	1:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: My Son and I	
	11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker	
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	5:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix	
		5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie	
3:00	5:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: News	
		6:05	7:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill	
		6:30	7:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn	
	3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Guiden Serenaders	
		6:45	7:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	
8:00	6:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy	
	8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang	
8:15	6:15	7:15	8:15	CBS: Lum and Abner	
6:00	6:30	7:30	8:00	CBS: Professor Quiz	
	7:30	8:00	8:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger	
4:00	7:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Kate Smith	
	7:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert	
8:00	7:30	8:30	9:00	NBC-Blue: Carson Robison's Buckaroos	
8:30	8:00	9:00	9:30	CBS: Johnny Presents	
	6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Plantation Party	
		8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Waltz Time	
6:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: FIRST NIGHTER	
	6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Horace Heidt	
7:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Grand Central Station	
	7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Lady Esther Serenade	

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Lucille Manners sings a solo at the Cities Service piano

## Tune-In Bulletin for September 29, October 6, 13 and 20!

September 29: When you listen to Johnny Presents on CBS tonight, it will be at a new time, half-an-hour later than before—that is, at 9:00. . . . On Mutual, there's a new program at 10:00, called Let's Go Hollywood. Warner Brothers are helping produce it, and their stars will be on it. . . . A couple of band changes—Will Osborne goes into the Chase Hotel, St. Louis, to be heard on CBS, and Leighton Noble goes into the Statler, Boston, broadcasting on Mutual.

October 6: Kate Smith's Variety program is back on the air tonight, at 8:00 on CBS, with a rebroadcast to the west, but when Radio Mirror went to press the exact time of the rebroadcast hadn't been set. . . . Easters will hear the program tomorrow night. It is heard tonight at 8:30 on NBC-Red. Easterners will hear the program tomorrow night.

October 13: Carson Robison's Buckaroos, those wild western hill-billies, open a new series tonight on NBC-Blue, from 8:30 until 9:00.

October 20: Colonel Stoopnagle is master of ceremonies on the new Quixie Doodle Quiz which starts tonight on NBC at 8:00.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** The Cities Service Concert, on NBC-Red at 8:00, Eastern Standard Time, sponsored by the Cities Service Company.

In all the years since it first went on the air on February 18, 1927, the Cities Service Concert has never changed its time—Friday night at 8:00—its network or its formula. It has always been a pleasant hour of good music well performed. It has had two different orchestra leaders, Rosaria Bourdon and the present one, Dr. Frank Black; two soprano soloists, Jessica Draganette and the current Lucille Manners; two baritone soloists, Robert Simmons and now Ross Graham; and three groups of singers, the Cavaliers, the Revelers, and the present group, the Cities Service Singers. It has always been dignified, shying away from comedy or too-modern music—shying away, too, from all except the most familiar foreign-language songs or operatic arias. Lately, though, it's gone in far somewhat lighter numbers.

Dr. Frank Black selects all the music for the show, and selects it well in advance. At all times there are at least four and sometimes five complete programs planned out. And the commercial announcements that Ford Bond reads are written a month in advance too, while their subjects are

all mapped out for a full six months ahead. Na last-minute rushes to change a page of script on this program.

Rehearsals, on the other hand, don't take much time. The Romance of Oil series, which is a ten-minute dramatization on each program, is rehearsed for about an hour on Friday afternoon, and the musical numbers for about two hours. Soloists and orchestra members know their jobs and their music, so they don't require much brushing-up.

Lucille Manners, the singing star, got her job after a long time when she sang on sustaining programs, first on a local station and later on the network. It began to look as if she never would get real recognition, when a Cities Service official happened to hear one of her programs and without even knowing her name called up NBC and said he wanted her for his program. Like all the singers on the program, Lucille still takes music lessons to keep her performances up to standard.

As befits people who have been working together so long, everyone on the program calls everyone else by his or her first name and chats informally between rehearsal numbers. The dignified Dr. Black is the undisputed boss of the cast—some-one they all look up to for help.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**SAM WANAMAKER**—who is called "Mr. Nobody from Nowhere" on The Guiding Light, NBC-Red at 3:45, and Dr. Miller on The Road of Life, NBC-Red at 11:45 A.M. and CBS at 1:30 P.M. In real life, Sam is a handsome six-footer who was born in 1919, attended Drake University, and had a job on the stage of the Goodman Theater in Chicago before he landed his first radio role in The Story of Mary Marlin in January, 1939. He is single, prefers tall, brunette girls, weighs 180 pounds and has gray eyes and brown hair. His hobby is collecting the scripts of the radio shows in which he has appeared.



## Fate's Bad Boy

(Continued from page 31)

wanted him to become an inventor.

Father was always inventing things himself. There was always something new in the wind, some toy, some contraption Father was trying out. First it had been automobiles—sputtering, crazy-looking buggies that stood steaming and chugging in front of the house. Then a collapsible picnic set that earned him a couple of million dollars.

Dad had not invented anything new for six long years. There had been only travel—restless wandering, hair-brained schemes, speculation. Three months ago he had begun to sicken. And now—it was done—gone with the fading scream of an ambulance siren into the Sunday afternoon.

He had literally no one to turn to—this tall, overgrown child of twelve, with a man's experience of the world. There was a fortune waiting for him—his mother's fortune, heritage of a wealthy coal-mining family. But he could not touch it until he was 25. His father's fortune was quite gone. There was nothing but the hotel—now shabby and run-down. Haunted by loneliness and a sense of the past, Orson decided to go there.

It burned down—to the ground—a few days before he arrived.

HIS mother's estate had provided a guardian for him, Dr. Maurice Bernstein, of Chicago. Dr. Bernstein took pity on the sensitive, temperamental boy, and sent him to a school for boys out in Woodstock, Illinois.

He hated it at first. The strict regime, the athletics, the lack of excitement, the childish simplicity of the other boys. He was not a part of this new world. He had never kicked a football or held a baseball bat in his hand. He was good in English, and he could spout Shakespeare by the yard—but a playing field held strange terror for him.

Oddly enough, though, the athletic instructor never laughed at his awkwardness. He was a quiet-spoken man named Roger Hill. When Orson made a mistake, he'd speak kindly to him. They soon became good friends. Hill seemed to see in him talents and potentialities no one had ever noticed before.

"The drama club is doing Julius Caesar this year, Orson," he said one day, as they walked back from the hockey field. "Why don't you try out for a part?"

"I've never acted in a play in my life," Orson blushed to the roots of his hair. "I'm too big and clumsy."

"That's nothing," Hill encouraged him. "Size never matters to an actor. Besides—the Romans were big men. Try for Caesar—or Mark Anthony."

"But they're the leading roles!" Orson cried.

"Of course. But it doesn't do any harm to try, does it?"

So Roger Hill kindly, persuasively, talked to the lonely boy. And before the year was out, Orson was the star of "Julius Caesar," playing Cassius and Mark Anthony both, in the same show.

Hill encouraged him to work at painting too. On those mad travels with his father all over the world, Orson had dabbled a little at the art—mostly because his dad had said

(Continued on page 56)

*I wished the floor would open up and swallow me!*



*Wednesday, September 6<sup>th</sup>*



*Tue*

We were playing "tell-the-truth" at our Wednesday club meeting. It was Joan's turn and they asked her whose wash line had the worst case of tattle-tale gray in town. The next minute, I wished the floor would open up and swallow me. Joan was pointing straight at me!

*Thursday, September 7<sup>th</sup>*



I swore I'd never forgive her—but the very next day Joan dashed over with a peace offering. She said she hated to hurt my feelings, but it was time somebody told me to quit using lazy soaps that don't take *all* the dirt out of clothes. She said her washes looked messier than mine till she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap—and she gave me some to try.

*Wednesday, September 27<sup>th</sup>*



Well, the club met at my house a few weeks later—and am I glad I tried Fels-Naptha! I'll tell the world there's nothing like its grand combination of richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* for getting clothes honestly clean! My linens and things looked so gorgeously white, the girls were simply dazzled! You bet it's Fels-Naptha and me for life—and no more tattle-tale gray!

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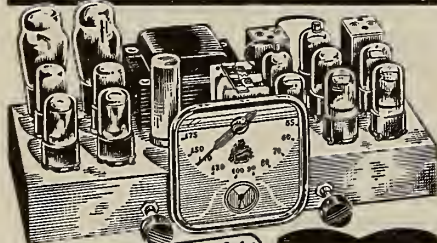
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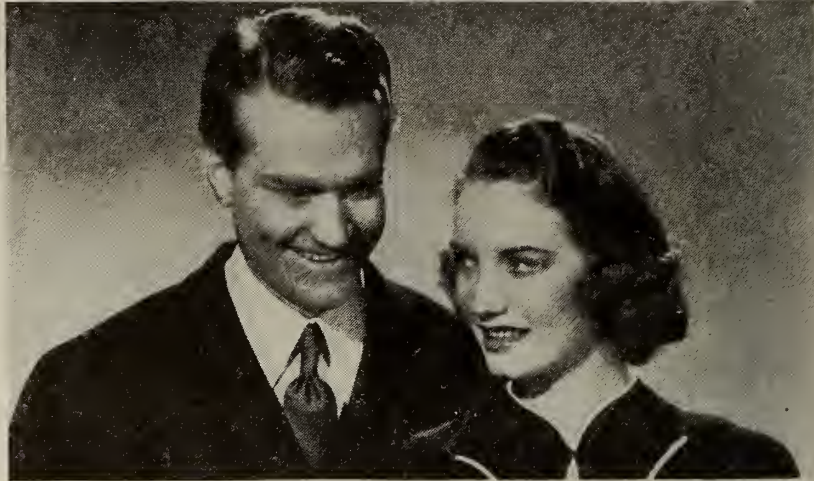


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# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



Comedian Red Skelton and his "straight woman," Mrs. Red

Tune-In Bulletin for September 30, October 7, 14 and 21!

September 30: Here are the first football games of the season—Notre Dame vs. Purdue, and Indiana vs. Nebraska. Ted Husing describes the first on CBS, Bill Stern on NBC-Blue; while NBC-Red broadcasts the second. . . . Just to round up the day's sports news, Ed Thorgersen, the news reel man, starts a new program on Mutual tonight—every Saturday at 5:45.

October 7: Hilda Hope, M.D., is another of those serials about lady doctors—it starts today on NBC-Red at 11:30, and will be heard every Saturday at that time from now on. . . . Easterners hear Death Valley Days, beginning tonight, at 9:30. . . . Of course there are football games today, but they hadn't been scheduled when Radio Mirror went to press.

October 14: County Seat, that friendly serial by Milton Geiger, is on CBS at 8:00 tonight—the last time at that hour.

October 21: Welcome two old friends back to your living room tonight. . . . Gang Busters at 8:00, and Wayne King's orchestra at 8:30 . . . both on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Avalon Time, on NBC's Red network at 8:30, Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Time, 9:00 Rocky Mountain Time and 8:00 Pacific Coast Time, sponsored by Avalon Cigarettes.

Because he's been in every branch of show business except opera (and he's just crazy enough to take a crack at it one of these days too) Red Skelton entertains people who watch him in the studio just as much as he does those who listen to him in their homes. He's a natural-born clown, to begin with, and he got his start as barker with an old-fashioned medicine show, going on from that to alternate black-face and Indian roles in traveling minstrel shows. He graduated from that to being a clown in the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus, then to vaudeville, to burlesque, to musical comedy, to dromo, to the movies and finally to radio.

Red's comedy foil, pretty Edna Stillwell, is also Mrs. Skelton in private life, and besides appearing with him on the air she helps him to whip his comedy routines into shape every week. Usually each Avalon Time program has three Skelton comedy spots. Two of them are written by Red and Edna, while the third is developed by a team of gag writers, with Red cooperating on the final editing job.

Getting Avalon Time ready for the air is like putting a car together on an assembly line. Each section of the broadcast—the comedy, vocal solos, instrumental numbers, and announcements—is prepared separately, without paying any attention to any of the other elements. Saturday-afternoon rehearsal is the first chance anybody in the show has to get an over-all look at the program.

The sponsor, of course, is a cigarette maker, and Red Skelton doesn't smoke. He does make a concession to the tobacco industry, though. You'll never find him without a big fat brown cigar, poked into one corner of his mobile mouth or twirled between his fingers like a drum-major's baton. It's one of Red's constant props, whether he's eating dinner, shoving himself, or putting on his broadcast. It's never lighted, though.

Avalon Time first went on the air in Cincinnati, a year ago this October 1, but it moved some time later to its present stamping-ground in the Chicago NBC studios. Besides Red and Edna, its cast includes Tom, Dick and Harry, the song team; Jeanette Davis, torrid songstress; Bob Strong's orchestra; baritone Curt Massey; "Mlle. Levy," played by Marlin Hurt; and "Prof." Tommy Mack, comedian.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



VIRGINIA VASS—the next-to-the-oldest girl in the Vass Family, heard tonight on the National Barn Dance, NBC-Blue at 9:00. She was born on August 20, 1917, and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Her family call her "Jitchy," and she plays the ukulele and guitar, and never went to college because at college age she was already too busy on the air. The other members of Jitchy's family are brother Frank and sisters Sally, Louisa and Emily—all of them heard on the Barn Dance. Another brother, Leland, is more interested in the technical side of radio, and another sister, Harriet, works as a hostess in a tea room.





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Eastern Standard Time

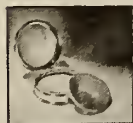
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
8:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch.
	8:00	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Dick Liebert
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
8:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
8:15	9:15	CBS: Fiddler's Fancy
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Cloutier's Orch.
8:25	9:25	CBS: News
8:30	9:30	CBS: Hill Billy Champions
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Morin Sisters
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Wise Man
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Amanda Snow
9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: No School Today
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Barry McKinley
9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Dorian Quartet
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Ross Trio
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Concert Orchestra
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Hilda Hope, M.D.
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: Romanelli Orchestra
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Melodies
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Let's Pretend
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: FARM BUREAU
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: What Price America
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Little Variety Show
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Morton Franklin Orch.
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Ray Kinney Orch.
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Indiana Indigo
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Matinee In Rhythm
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Roy Eldridge Orch.
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Laval Orchestra
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Summertime Swing
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Bruce Baker Orch.
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
3:05	5:05	6:05 CBS: Instrumentalists
3:05	5:05	6:05 NBC-Blue: El Chico Revue
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: This Week in Washington
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Art of Living
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Americans at Work
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Melody Club
	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Gang Busters
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Wayne King's Orch.
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Brent House
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Avalon Time
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
8:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Vox Pop
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Death Valley Days
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Benny Goodman





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painting was "more respectable than playing the violin." He could draw a likeness with a few strokes of the pencil. Hill got his guardian to send him to Boris Anisfeld, a well-known painter in Chicago. Anisfeld too saw an uncanny quality in the boy. For long summer vacations Orson spent his days in Anisfeld's studio, learning brush techniques, daubing away at canvas. He did well.

He was just sixteen when he graduated from Todd School with a high school diploma. Roger Hill and Dr. Bernstein wanted him to go to Harvard. But a crew hair-cut and a Phi Beta Kappa key strung across his vest didn't appeal to Orson. Spring was in the air, and the Rose of Sharon trees were in bloom in the Woodstock gardens. At sixteen he was more than six feet tall, and his body was as broad and big as a man's. His spirit took wings.

After graduation, he took the train to Chicago, and went to call on Dr. Bernstein.

"I'd like to go to Scotland for the summer, and paint," he said.

"Scotland?" The doctor was taken aback. He didn't particularly approve. But he remembered that he had been young once. There were a few dollars to spare from Mrs. Welles' estate. He told Orson he could have them for a summer vacation—and no more.

ORSON thanked him with a whimsical gleam in his eyes. In three days he was on a boat bound for Liverpool, with an easel and a battered box of paint brushes under his arm.

He never reached Liverpool on that voyage.

To this day he cannot quite remember how it happened. Perhaps it was the sight of the sea again—the sea he had not seen for more than four years—and the feel of a ship's engines throbbing beneath him, when he lay in his berth at night. Perhaps it was the stars, so much bigger and brighter on the ocean than they are over the land, that made him dizzy and confused and a little mad. At any rate, when the ship stopped one twilight at Galway, Ireland, he got off—bag and baggage.

The city Orson found at sunset was like something out of Southern Spain. It was a painter's paradise.

By next morning he had fallen in love with Galway head over heels. Scotland was forgotten. He would paint this beautiful city, this countryside, every Spanish arch and sombrero, and sober Gaelic face. There was exactly twenty dollars in his wallet. He went off to the marketplace and bought himself a donkey and a donkey-cart.

The donkey's name was Sheeogh. She had a gray hide, dainty little hooves, long eyelashes, and the temperament of a prima donna. Orson bought her a bale of hay and gave her a good long swig at the municipal water trough. Then, with a jingle of her harness bells, they were off—for a life of adventure.

They traveled north toward Connemara, jogging along the dusty little roads of Western Ireland. And Orson painted as they went. Sometimes it was a lake, set like a blue jewel in the heart of soft green hills. Sometimes it was the lovely face of an Irish girl who waved to them from her potato patch. Or the portrait of some

Seamis or Patrick who took the picture in return for a meal or a place where the painter could lay his head.

He became wild looking and shaggy. His beard grew and his face turned brown with the sun. But Ireland entered deeper and deeper into his blood. And when the summer was over, and it grew too cold to sleep under his donkey cart and wander the roads, he came back to Galway and sold Sheeogh—not without heart-ache, for they had become fast friends in spite of her temperament. He booked passage on a barge and sailed north up the Shannon River.

He was a vagabond, and he loved it. But in the natural course of events, a boy with a temperament like Orson Welles could not be a vagabond forever. By the end of his second spring in Ireland, he began to feel a new kind of restlessness—that desire to fulfill himself in the world.

What did he want to do with his life? Painting? That had been fun, but he was not really a great painter. Music? Once he had loved to play the violin, but he had not touched the instrument for many years. Writing—perhaps. He did not really know.

He decided to go away—far off, by himself—and find out. Perhaps in some wild and lonely spot it would come to him. He had heard that the Aran Islands were the wildest spot in Europe—gray reefs of stone, where the ocean licked hungrily in great fans of angry foam. He set out for the smallest one.

There was nothing but a few lonely cottages on the island, and gaunt cliffs where the sea birds built their nests. He plodded over broken rocks and coarse grass, with his easel under his arm, and knocked on a cottage door. And once again, he asked for board and lodging, in return for portraits of the family.

All summer long, he painted and tramped around the island, trying to make up his mind. College. Perhaps he should go back to college, and be a diplomat. Perhaps he should go to Vienna, and study music. Every week he toyed with a different notion. When September and October came, he still had not made up his mind.

Y'ED better be getting back to the mainland where it's decent and warm," the men of Aran told him. "The islands ain't no place for sober folk, when winter comes."

Still undecided, he took their advice. And one late October day, when the sea was less boiling than usual, he set out for Ireland, in one of their frail boats.

When he reached the mainland, he went to Dublin. It was the big city, and the only one where he might find temporary work, now that winter was coming on. For the first time in his life, he felt a kind of gnawing sense of terror. For a year and a half he had lived on the kindness of the country people. But who in a city like Dublin would buy his paintings? Or give him even a crust of bread for them? He had not heard from his guardian or written him for more than a year. He was too proud to write to him now. In his pocket were five shillings—a little less than one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Another boy in such a situation might have been in the depths of despair. But not Orson. For some reason or other, he felt strangely light-



hearted. Hunger, perhaps. Or maybe that sense of fate, which was very near him now. At any rate, he did not try to find a place to sleep, or even a place to eat. He ambled along, admiring the sights, feeling the pleasant flick of the snow on his face, remembering Christmases back home.

Suddenly he stopped short before a gaudy poster, pasted outside a theater. A name, familiar, beloved, leaped out at him like an old friend. Shakespeare. It was an advertisement of a repertory company—and it read that Shakespeare's "Macbeth" was to be played that night. Without a moment's hesitation or thought, Orson made his decision.

No meal. No place to sleep that night. He walked into the theater, and laid down his five shillings. "One ticket," he said, "for Macbeth."

He did not know that on that simple decision lay his life's career.

It was not a very big theater, the Gate. Nor were there many people in the audience that wintry night. But the actors knew their business, and Orson sat enthralled from the beginning to the end. He forgot his hunger, the cold, the fact that he was alone in a strange city.

At the end of the play, the man sitting beside him plucked him by the sleeve.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Orson turned, startled. For a moment he did not place that face. Then it came back to him. A young man he had met on the road. A poet. They had passed a pleasant day together, talking about Yeats and Synge and Lady Gregory. He smiled.

REMEMBER—two miles out of Connemara. We met on the road." "That's right. What are you doing in Dublin?"

Orson hesitated. If he told this young man that he was broke, the young man would feel compelled to take him in. He did not want to embarrass him. Casually he said:—

"Oh—just spending the winter. Good play, wasn't it?"

"Awfully." The young man was friendly. "I come here regularly. They're a splendid cast. I know the director. Like to meet him?"

"Yes." It would be warm backstage, and perhaps there would be food, something to drink. He followed the young man eagerly down the aisle, into the orchestra pit and through the flapping curtain up beneath the apron of the stage. Actors and stage-hands were running about. He could smell the creamy odor of the grease-paint, the musty odor of old costumes. The place thrilled him.

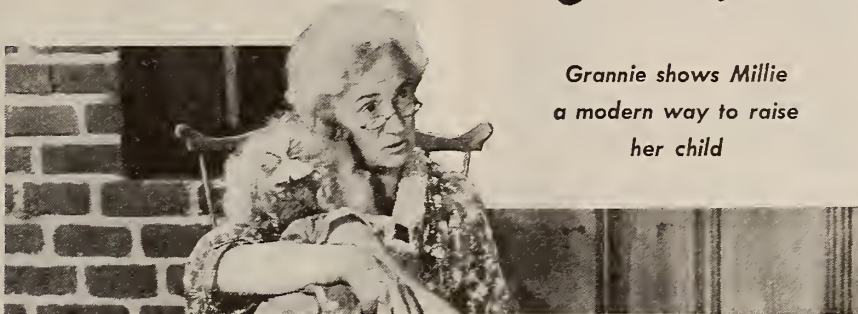
They rounded a curtain and entered a dingy little office, scattered with posters and costumes. He found himself shaking hands with a tall, friendly man.

"This is a friend of mine—an American, from New York," he heard himself being introduced by the poet of Connemara. But he was not really listening. Someone was shaking a thunder screen in the distance. There was the smell of fire in the air—and steam—the Hellfire of Macbeth. It did something to him. His head felt light and giddy.

"My name is Welles," he said slowly, as though in a dream. "George Orson Welles. I'm an actor—with the Theater Guild in New York."

The sentence, dream-like or not,

# "Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry!"



Grannie shows Millie a modern way to raise her child



**1. GRANNIE:** Land's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.  
**MILLIE:** But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.



**2. GRANNIE:** My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.



**3. GRANNIE:** He said it's wrong to make children take anything they don't like. A child should get a pleasant-tastin' laxative...  
**MILLIE:** That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes...



**4. GRANNIE:** Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be too strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only for children. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



**5. GRANNIE:** He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's SAFE... How about getting a bottle now?



**6. MILLIE:** Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without a peep?  
**GRANNIE:** You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children



## TOM ALMOST LANDED IN THE DISH-PAN!



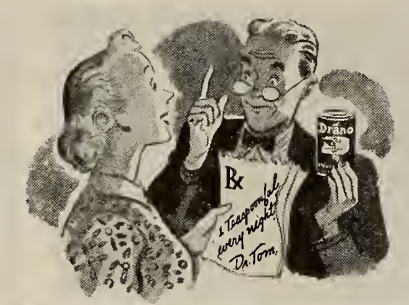
1. "If you don't fix this clogged drain," storms Mrs. Tom Burch, "you're going to be in the dishwashing business!"



2. "Huh? Who, me?" blinks Tom. "Wait! Wait! I'll go and get some Drano!"



3. Down the drain goes Drano! It digs out all the clogging grease and muck—gives a clear, free-flowing drain!



4. "Thar she flows!" boasts Tom. "Now use a teaspoonful each night—and keep the drain clean!"

Copr. 1939, The Drackett Co.

P.S. After the dishes—use a teaspoonful of Drano—to guard against clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

# Drano

CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS



## HOW TO KEEP BABY WELL—

• The U. S. Government's Children's Bureau has published a complete 138-page book "Infant Care" especially for young mothers, and authorizes this magazine to accept readers' orders. Written by five of the country's leading child specialists, this book is plainly written, well illustrated, and gives any mother a wealth of authoritative information on baby's health and baby's growth. This magazine makes no profit whatever on your order, sends your money direct to Washington. Send 10 cents, wrapping coins or stamps safely, to

Readers' Service Bureau, RADIO & TELEVISION MIRROR  
205 East 42nd Street, Dept. F-1, New York, N. Y.

fell like a bombshell into the Gate director's brain.

"The Theater Guild!" His voice was suddenly respectful, almost hushed. "In New York. But Mr. Welles—this is indeed an honor. A real honor. I am afraid, our poor production tonight..."

He bowed, apologizing, almost stammering with awe of a man from the Theater Guild in New York. It was too late to deny that foolish lie. Before he knew what he had done, Orson was promising to consider a few guest appearances with the company before his return to America.

The only acting experience he had ever had were those school-boy roles at Woodstock, Illinois, in "Julius Caesar."

It is all a little incredible, no doubt, to those who do not know Orson Welles. To those who know him, it is perfectly understandable that in a day and a half of study and practice before the mirror in his Connemara friend's room, he should learn the part of the Archduke in Feuchtwanger's "Jew Suss." It is also understandable that at seventeen he should play the role of a middle-aged man, a bearded man, tall, broad-shouldered, majestic, with a deep resonant voice. Orson Welles still looks like a boy in his pictures. But on the stage he can look like an old man and on the air he can sound like a sage of eighty-five. His voice, at seventeen, was as basso profundo as it is now. He was bearded, tanned, weathered from his wanderings.

TWO nights after his arrival in Dublin, he walked out on the Gate Theater stage, dressed in the regalia of the Archduke. The house was packed with people. Hundreds had come to see the American star from the Theater Guild in New York. When he walked out before those footlights, he knew that every eye in the audience was upon him—watching to see the qualities which had made him famous.

He was trembling inside. But there was something about the glare of those footlights he could not deny—something wild and proud and joyful that shot up within him, as he looked out for a breath over that dark sea of silent faces. He knew it for the first time—the thrill a man feels only once in his life—the thrill that comes when a man knows he has found the thing he has been seeking. He had not known it until this very moment, but he knew it now for sure.

Come what may, he was going to be an actor.

But between the decision to be an actor, and its accomplishment, there were to be many adventures, many black and lonely and thwarted intervals—as well as some times which for sheer melodrama rivalled anything ever put on a stage. Follow the completely incredible story of Orson Welles in next month's issue of RADIO MIRROR.

## NEXT MONTH

You'll meet Judy Garland—first, in a beautiful cover portrait—and then in an intimate story about her—in the December issue

A SKIN SOFTENER THAT HELPS CORRECT

# DRY SKIN

Are your hands DRY and "scratchy?" Regular use of Italian Balm will help correct this condition almost at once. This famous SKIN SOFTENER furnishes moisture and soothing agents which promote softness, smoothness, beauty. Italian Balm's scientific, soothing properties will amaze you. Only 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and \$1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

Campana

## Italian Balm

Over 90 Million Bottles Sold



■ Meet the Dixons—Barbara Weeks and Richard Widmark play the happy couple.



## WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

**B**ARBARA WEEKS, formerly starred as "Her Honor Nancy James," and Richard Widmark, young actor from Chicago, form the attractive duo which heads the cast of the new daytime dramatic series, *Meet the Dixons*, heard over CBS Mondays through Fridays at 9:15 A.M.

Blonde and talented Miss Weeks was born in Binghamton, New York, and studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. She made her radio debut as a vocalist on a Portland, Maine, station; later toured with stock companies and appeared with Leo Carillo in a Broadway revival of "Lombardi Limited." Barbara's favorite pastime is visiting the city's night courts. She's five feet four, gray-green eyes and weighs 116 pounds.

Richard Widmark, cast as Wesley Dixon, a young reporter, was born in Evanston, Illinois, on December 26, 1914. He graduated from Lake Forest College in 1936 after which he did some work in stock until his arrival in New York last June. Since then he's worked on the Aunt Jenny show, *Gang Busters*, *Americans at Work* and the new *Elly Queen* series.

\* \* \*  
Miss G. R. Stauffer, Harrisburg, Pa.—Ralph Blane, handsome NBC tenor, was born in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, on July 25, 1914. His middle name is Urriah, and he's not awfully keen about it! Ralph graduated from Northwestern University and has appeared in a number of Broadway musical comedies. Made his network debut in a variety show called "Air-breaks." He's about five feet ten tall, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and eyes, and to date, doesn't have a missus.

Miss Marietta Muhs, New Orleans, La.—You're quite correct, and should collect that bet from your friend. Orson Welles was married to Miss Virginia Nicolson, Chicago society girl, on Christmas Day, 1934, and they have a one-year-old daughter, Christopher. Mr. Welles is six feet two. And if you'd like to know some more about him begin our feature story, "Fate's Bad Boy," in this issue.

Mrs. M. R. Gavin, Scranton, Pa.—Below is the cast of *Life Can Be Beautiful*:

Chichi	Alice Reinhart
Stephen	John Holbrook
Papa Solomon	Ralph Locke
Toby Nelson	Carl Eastman
Gypsy Mendosa	Paul Stewart
Mrs. Wadsworth	Adelaide Klein
Barry	Richard Kollmar

### FAN CLUB SECTION

Miss Aileen Dowd: To join the Lombardo League, we suggest that you write to Miss Christyne Hvaas, 7320 25th Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

If you're an admirer of Lanny Ross and would like to become a member of the Lanny Ross Stamp and Friendship Club, write to Mr. Chaw Mank, Staunton, Illinois.

Miss Beverly Baker, U. S. Veterans' Hospital, Gulfport, Mississippi, would like to join a Benny Goodman Fan Club located in her native state.

The Joan Blaine Fan Club is anxious to enroll all Joan Blaine fans in their club. Write to Miss Irene Weiser, 439 Marlborough Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

Write to Miss Helen Meehan, 16 Hawthorne Street, Stamford, Connecticut, if you'd like to become a member of the Al Shayne Fan Club.



"Yelp for help again," growled the Life Guard, "and I'll duck you right! I'm tired of rescuing pretty girls." Just then he glimpsed my pack of Beeman's. "Listen, sweetheart, how about rescuing me for a change? That cool, refreshing Beeman's flavor does wonders for a parched mouth."

I gave him the pack on the spot. "That saves my afternoon. There's nothing to compare with Beeman's for streamlined flavor and tang. A superlative flavor and a marvelous refresher for guys like me." That's why all the girls switched to Beeman's.

**BEEMAN'S**  
AIDS DIGESTION



**"Every month in my diary has three new days"**



*Dear Diary: What a difference Midol has made in my life! Not so long ago I was only a "possibility" on party lists; now I'm the "girl who never says no"! What fun—not worrying about regular pain, never breaking dates, really having three gloriously active new days in every month! How I do it is a secret among us, Diary—you, Midol and me!*

IF YOU haven't tried Midol to relieve functional pain of menstruation—to release you for active living during the several dreaded days of your month—you may be passing-up comfort which more than a million enlightened women enjoy.

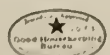
It is common medical knowledge that much of this pain not only is needless, but can be relieved. And Midol proves it. For unless there is some organic disorder calling for the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol usually brings welcome relief. It is made for this special purpose—to ease the unnecessary functional pain of the natural menstrual process, and to lessen discomfort.

Give Midol the chance to redeem your lost days for carefree living. If your experience is average, a few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through even your worst day. All drugstores have Midol in trim aluminum cases which tuck easily into purse or pocket.

**MIDOL**



*Relieves Functional Periodic Pain*



APPROVED BY  
**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU**

Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

## Breach of Promise!

(Continued from page 21)

on Madam Queen's arm. And he spoke in a voice that resembled a bull-frog's.

"Honey, I don't see how we goin' to git married tomorrow."

Madam Queen's big brown eyes suddenly looked like saucers with chocolate-drops in the middle of them. She stepped backwards. Her scarlet dress rustled ominously.

"Whut—whut yo' mean?"

Andy tried to keep the quaver out of his voice. "Well, sweetheart, I—ah—Iah—Mama done tol' me nevah to git married on a odd yeah."

Madam Queen stepped backwards again. She opened her mouth. But no sound came forth. Andy gauged his distance from the door, and stumbled desperately on.

"To tell yo' de truth, honey, dat's all dere is to it. I jest can't git married tomorrow. But—but I sure wishes you a mighty happy New Year, an' . . ."

They say that Madam Queen's shriek was heard ten blocks north and south of the Kingfish's flat. It was a shriek that froze the gay group at the party into so many statues. It was a shriek that started a lot of things happening. It brought Madam Queen's sister to her side, sent Brother Crawford skittering behind an overstuffed chair, spilled a full glass of punch out of Amos' hand and over Ruby's dress, and shot Andy out of the room, down the stairs and into the street as if he'd been fired out of a gun. Even as he ran Madam Queen's second shriek burst from the front windows of the flat and pursued Andy down the street, into the dark hallway of his rooming house. He rushed upstairs to his little room and sat down limply on the iron bed.

"Oh—oh. Now I done it. Now I done it."

Andy buried his face in his hands. His whole body began to tremble at the thought of Madam Queen's vengeance.

IT was one o'clock when Amos knocked at Andy's door. Andy made a move to dive under the bed, thought better of it, and pulled at the various articles of furniture he had piled against the entrance until Amos could squeeze in.

For several minutes Amos stared silently at his stricken friend. Then he said:

"Andy, of all de dumb tricks dat I ever saw anybody in my life do, you just done it. 'Stead of Happy New Year you hit Madam Queen wid a pile driver. What's a matteh wid you, Andy?"

Andy looked up with glazed eyes.

"I was jes' wrong. Ev'body blowin' horns, bells ringin', she was laughin'. I done thought she could take it better den—on de stroke o' midnight—but I was wrong."

"Wrong!" Amos burst out. "You couldn't a been no wronger. You run away, an' den Madam Queen she screamed an' hollered an' den she fainted. Den she had a catnip fit, an' jes' fainted right away again. We put acrobatic spirits of ammonia under her nose—dat didn' he'p, so we get a doctor. An' den Brother Crawford an' his wife carried her home."

Andy shuddered and buried his face in his hands again.

"Whut could I a done, Amos?"

Amos stiffened. "Lissen, Andy, dere is some things you kin do an' some things you can't do, and dat's one of de things you can't, is tell a gal you goin' to marry her and den don't marry her."

For two days Andy refused to leave his room. Amos became a despatch runner from the outside world. None of the despatches was reassuring, either. Madam Queen was sick in bed with a high fever and "doublin' up o' de heart beats." Everybody else in Harlem was furious at Andy, and even Amos' sympathy was gradually wearing thin. On the third day he pulled his dejected friend off the bed and forced him to go downtown to the Fresh Air Taxi Company's office.

Andy entered cautiously and picked up his mail. Then, leaning back leisurely in his office chair, he tried to regain some of his lost complacency. The attempt was a hollow failure. Every letter he read shattered it all the more. A Mr. Gaines wanted \$37.50 for a month's rent on the apartment Madam Queen had selected; a refrigerator company demanded a payment of \$15 for the machine Madam Queen had purchased on approval. And there was a telegram that made Andy groan with dismay. It was from Sadie Blake, whom Andy had also been courting, but not so strenuously as Madam Queen.

"Have just heard the good news," it read. "Always knew you loved me. Am so happy I could cry."

Amos was almost tearful when he read it. "Yo' sure buys trouble in carload lots, Andy," he said. "I hopes to goodness you got sense enough to keep outa Sadie Blake's way until dis blows oveh."

But Andy was already goggling at another letter. Amos looked over his shoulder.

"From Smith & Smith," he said. "Who's dey?"

"Dey's lawyers," Andy said gloomily. "Listen to dis. 'Dear Sir: A matter o' great i—im-portance has just been placed in ouah hands. Please git in touch wid us as quickly as possible or have yo' lawyer do so. See us no lateh dan January tenth. Signed, M. Smith o' Smith & Smith.' . . . Amos," he said fatefully, dat's about Madam Queen."

"Awa—awa!" was all Amos could think of to say.

ON a certain sunny morning several days later, after Andy had received no less than three demands for his presence from Smith & Smith, Amos succeeded in hauling his reluctant friend up a flight of rickety stairs to the office of M. Smith. Andy would have preferred a den of lions. He found himself tepidly shaking hands with a smooth, rotund little man with a huge carnation in his buttonhole, who made the mistake of smiling coldly at Andy. Andy immediately took heart and smiled back.

"Lawyeh Smith," he said importantly, "I think I goin' to send Madam Queen some flowers—Ouch!"

Amos had kicked him briskly in the left shin.

A slight frown flickered across Mr. Smith's cherubic countenance. "I don't think flowers from you would



help Madam Queen, Mr. Brown. I suppose you realize that your action has caused Madam Queen grave illness and untold agony, and has wrecked her complete life."

M. Smith paused impressively. Andy made a move as if to start for the door, but Amos laid a restraining hand on his knee. The lawyer raised a forefinger, cocked it like a revolver, and aimed it at Andy.

"Brown, the law fortunately protects that little girl from action such as men like you take, and as her attorney we intend to take such legal steps that will, in some way, pay her for the grief, sadness, illness and unhappiness she is now going through and will continue to go through for some time . . . I advise you to have your lawyer git in touch with us immediately. Gentlemen, good day."

It was a trembling Andy and a thoughtful Amos that walked silently back to the office. There they found the Kingfish. He'd forgiven Andy for ruining his party, and he listened sympathetically to the tale of their encounter with Lawyer Smith.

"Boys," he said at last, "somebody once tol' me o' de bigges' lawyer in Harlem, a man whut kin git anything an' never lost a case. Dat's de man you need."

Amos and Andy both twitched with hope and pleasure. For the first time, the ominous spectre of M. Smith lost some of its grim terror. There was something magical about those words, "never lost a case."

"Who is he, Kingfish?" asked Amos. "Fo' de moment," the Kingfish said thoughtfully, "I jes' fergit. Name's on de tip o' my tongue. Jes' you wait a minute. I'll call de Battle Axe."

HE picked up the telephone. "Dis de Kingfish, honey. Lissen, dear, whut's de name o' dat big-time lawyer Pop Johnson tol' us about, de man whut neveh lost a case? . . . Whut? . . . Oh—uh huh, 'membah now. Dat's right. Thanks, honey." He hung up and for a moment seemed lost in thought.

"Well, whut's his name?" Amos demanded impatiently.

"Uh—his name's M. Smith," the Kingfish said glumly.

But it was the Kingfish himself who eventually found Andy a lawyer. This individual, whose name was Snoop, was a loose-limbed and lanky person with brass rimmed spectacles and a huge official looking volume clutched under one arm. Andy, spelling out its title, was vastly impressed to find that it was "S-t-a-n-d-a-r-d D-i-c-t-i-o-n-a-r-y." Lawyer Snoop's pockets were jammed with pencils and battered fountain pens and bits of memorandum paper—all giving an impression of vast unfinished projects in which he was embroiled. Even Amos seemed awed.

"Gemmen," announced Lawyer Snoop, "I also runs a detective agency which will be a great he'p to you in dis case. Dat's why my name is Snoop. When anybody thinks of a detective, they think of snoop, don't dey?"

"Dat is smart," murmured Andy in admiration.

Lawyer Snoop looked pleased. "Gemmen, I intends to git to work at once. I shall repo't here fo' further discussion in de mornin'. Good day."

Amos and Andy felt better after Lawyer Snoop's encouraging visit. But their good spirits were short-lived. Only an hour later a dapper



*Make Dreams of Prince Charming  
come true . . .*

# Revive your skin's Glamour while you Sleep!

Leave on a film of this invigorating cream overnight, to help keep skin active; overcome unlovely dryness.

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To help your skin regain its fresh vitality while you sleep, use the fragrant beauty cream by Woodbury, faithfully.

Woodbury Cold Cream, as thousands of women have reported, cleanses and refreshes tired skin. Its fine oils help overcome unbecoming dryness. A skin-invigorating Vitamin in this cream promotes the skin's vitality. And Woodbury's germ-free purity assures immaculate protection.

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## WOODBURY

### MAIL FOR NEW 4-PIECE MAKE-UP KIT

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(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Please send me *new* Woodbury Beauty Make-up Kit, containing generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream; smart attractive metal compacts of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED  
CHAMPAGNE  WINDSOR ROSE   
(For golden skin) (For pink skin)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## EX-LAX MOVIES

# "Mother comes to the Rescue"



**JILL:** O-oh, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?

**MOTHER:** No, dear. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. Its name is Ex-Lax.



**JILL:** Yummy, that's fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.

**MOTHER:** Yes, and Ex-Lax won't upset your little tummy or sicken you. It's so nice and gentle.



LATER

**JILL:** Ex-Lax was fine, Mommy. I feel so much better this morning.

**MOTHER:** So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax, myself, last night.

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

10¢ and 25¢



### AGENTS

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*in Advance*

**WEAR HOSE WE FURNISH** without extra cost and start cash earnings quickly. Everybody buys hose. Guaranteed to wear from 4 to 8 months (depending on number of pairs) without holes, snags or runs—REPLACED FREE. Big repeat sales. Boris Jensen, Ill., earned \$11 in 5 1/2 hours and received 2 new cars; Charles Mills of Minn., earned \$120 in one week and received 2 new cars, as extra bonuses. Extra incentive for your personal use sent with outfit, no extra cost—send size, no money. Rush name on penny postal for sample outfit, details. ACT NOW!

**WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.**  
Midway R. 8, GREENFIELD, OHIO

**HOSE FOR YOUR PERSONAL USE SENT WITH OUTFIT**

individual with an imposing looking envelope in his hand entered the office. He addressed Andy at once.

"Is you Andrew H. Brown, president o' de Fresh Air Taxicab Company?"

"I is," Andy said in his deepest and most solemn voice.

"Den dis here summons is fo you," the dapper man said, thrust the envelope into Andy's hand, and withdrew in a hurry.

Andy stood turning the paper over, dumb misery in his eyes.

"Whut is dis here summit, Amos?" he asked at last.

Amos took the paper and unfolded it, his eyes widening in stark horror and amazement as he read it. "It says," he announced, 'Madam Queen, plaintiff against Andrew Brown, defendant, from M. Smith, attorney fo' de plaintiff. Judgment will be taken against you fo' de sum o' \$25,000 wid interest from January thirty-first, an' wid de cost o' dis action plus interest in case you fail to make a reply within de period designated herein.' An' dat's all, Andy."

After that, there was silence in the little office for a long time. Andy sat there, his eyes cast down as if he expected at any moment his mountain of troubles to get top-heavy and crash down to bury him.

"I KNOW," he announced suddenly but without conviction. "I think I ask Madam Queen fo' de lettehs I done writ her."

"You is bright," Amos said. "You gotta hot chance. Dem lettehs in de hands o' Lawyer Smith—an' I bet you dey stay dere."

After some further silence, Andy reached for the telephone. "Maybe 'tain't too late. I goin' to send Madam Queen dem flowers."

For several days Amos had been attempting to crush Andy's childlike faith in the efficacy of flowers to heal the breach in Madam Queen's life. Right now, he didn't feel up to the effort.

"Hello," Andy said. "Dis de vegetable market? Dis is Andrew H. Brown, president o' de Fresh Air Taxicab Company. I wishes you to git up a bouquet o' flowers like you done when we had dat grand openin' at de lunchroom—an' send 'em right oveh to Madam Queen, wid my name on. Yeah, dat's right. An'—huh? Oh yes, glad you remind me, send half a dozen cabbages to de lunchroom. 'Bye."

Andy hung up, leaned back in his chair, and closed his eyes. "Amos, if anything else happen to me today, I goin' to skip de country. I goin' to run."

"You betteh get on yo' mark, Andy," replied Amos, glancing out of the window. "We got visitors again. Heah comes Brother Crawford."

Brother Crawford himself, was the victim of bad tidings. He dropped limply into the only other chair in the office and humbly informed the boys he had quarreled again with his wife, Madam Queen's sister. "She struck me," he said dramatically. "Wid a broom."

"A broom can't hurt much," Amos said. "Dat straw jes' sorta bresh yo' head."

"She turn de broom around," Brother Crawford explained with sad dignity.

Suddenly he remembered a bundle of newspapers he carried under his arm. He spread them on the desk.

"You boys seen de papehs?" he inquired blandly.

"Whut papehs?" asked Amos suspiciously, as Andy with panic in his eyes started for the door. "Andy, you stay heah!"

Andy froze in his tracks. "It's about Andy—an' Madam Queen," replied Brother Crawford, picking up a morning paper and pointing to a three-column headline. "Madam Queen sues Andrew H. Brown," he read. "Andrew Brown said that Madam Queen nicknamed him her Ducky-Wucky an' he called her his Sweet Dumplin'—"

Amos interrupted. "Andy," he said sternly, "you been talkin' to any reportehs?"

Andy wrenched his eyes from the floor and tried hard to look at Amos. "I talk a while to a very nice man dat called heah yes'day," he admitted. "I tol' him I didn' want nothin' printed. An' he say sure, but he jus' wanted to know my side o' de case as dey wanted to have de facts right . . ."

"So you tol' him, huh? Andy, you oughtta have yo' head examined!"

Amos might have said more, but at that moment the telephone rang and he answered it. "Hello . . . Yes, Ma'am. Dis is Amos speakin' . . . Who? . . . Insulted? . . . Dere must be some mistake! . . . Brother Crawford? Oh, no, we ain't seen him at all . . . Huh?"

He stared at the receiver a moment, then turned to face the bulging eyes of Andy and Brother Crawford. "Dat," he said impressively, "was yo' wife, Brother Crawford. An' Andy, yo' fish is sure fryin'. Madam Queen done had a relapse an' de whole fambly is so mad dey can't see. Madam Queen done got a half dozen cabbages jes' now wid yo' card, Andy. Boy. I didn't think dere was a single thing more you could do, but you done it!"

An awful silence filled the little office. Then Brother Crawford asked:

"Do my wife know I'm heah, Amos?"

"She don't know, but she sho' suspects. Somehow, she seemed in a awful hurry."

Brother Crawford looked out the window and froze in horror at what he saw there.

"BOYS," he gulped, "I hate to break de news, but—dere's my wife—she's comin' heah now!"

Amos grabbed for his hat. "RUN FO' YO' LIVES!"

Andy left his chair like a cat departing from a hot stove.

"Wait a MINUTE!"

"LEMME GIT OUTTA HEAH!"

"Awa—awa!"

There was a great clatter, and then silence. For a brief moment the dusty office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company seemed to settle back and gather its forces together, as if it could look into the future and foresee even more troubled times, and wished to be ready for them.

*What terrible revenge will Madam Queen and Brother Crawford's wife take for that insulting bunch of cabbage? Will Amos be able to save Andy from this, the worst mixup he's ever been in? Read the end of this hilarious episode in the careers of Amos 'n' Andy, in which Madam Queen takes her heart-balm suit to court, in the December issue of Radio Mirror.*



## The Woman That Stands Between Us

(Continued from page 14)

"Chris," I said at once, "we mustn't do this. We've got to wait. If you marry me, now, it will be a slap in the face for that girl."

He looked as if he couldn't believe his ears. "Of course. That's what it's supposed to be."

"But you mustn't. You and I can't throw the band out of work."

"Oh, they'll be all right. We'll get another sponsor—or go on a road tour." He tried to speak reassuringly, but I saw his face change.

"You know you won't get another sponsor—not very soon," I said quietly.

"I don't care whether we do or not!" he said, suddenly angry. "I'm not going to let that girl ruin our lives. The boys in the band are men—they can get along. But you're the girl I love, and I'm going to marry you!"

It was no use. I had hoped I wouldn't have to hurt him, but now I saw that I must. I avoided his eyes.

"That's not the only reason," I said. "I thought about it a lot, last night, and I—I realized I didn't want to marry you. I'm sorry."

Still not looking at him, I heard him draw a quick, shuddering breath. "You don't mean that!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Chris—I do. I—we both decided we didn't want to get married until we were sure. And I'm not sure, yet. I think it would be a mistake now. Maybe—later—"

"Don't you love me?"  
"Yes, I—I think I do. But—right now, marriage scares me. I—" I was running out of excuses, and the ones I made all sounded dreadfully hollow in my own ears. But he believed me.

"If you only think you love me, I guess the answer is that you don't," Chris said tonelessly. "All right. Thanks for trying to let me down easy. It's all off."

He picked up his hat and started for the door. A sudden fear struck me that I might have sacrificed him for nothing. "You're not going to quarrel with Hester Carr, are you?" I asked.

Bitterly, he answered, "Quarrel with Hester? Of course not! I'll probably marry her."

And then he was gone.  
I probably deserved the days that followed. For the first time I realized why it was ordained that love without marriage is wrong. Without the hours of ecstasy we had had together, those days without Chris might have seemed less terrible. I don't know. Perhaps it was the other way around—perhaps my memories helped me to bear my loneliness. But I don't think so; I think they only added to my agony whenever I was reminded that Chris was with Hester Carr.

By mutual consent, in a brief telephone conversation, Chris and I decided it would be best for me not to sing with the band any more. It wasn't hard for me to get another job. In the time I'd been on the program I'd made a moderate reputation, and a Broadway agent was soon able to get me into the floor show of an ornate night club that had just opened.

I was glad he placed me so quickly. I wanted to work. I felt as if I had

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to surround myself with new people, new ways of living, new sights and sounds and sensations.

Meanwhile, the gossip columnists were in full cry after their latest romance—the one between Chris and Hester Carr. They were seen here, there, everywhere together. Guesses were beginning to be made about when they'd be married. The pictures of Hester in the papers had all given way to pictures of Hester with Chris—and in all of them she had a proud, defiant air of ownership.

It was inevitable that, late one night, they should come into the night club where I worked. They were with a party, and they entered just as I was singing, making an impolite amount of noise. I didn't mind, though. All I could see was Chris' face—white, reckless, unsmiling except when Hester turned to him and said something. Then his lips would twist briefly, meaninglessly, before they relaxed again into an unhappy downward curve.

I finished my song and ran off the stage, into my dressing room. I didn't want to be near that party at the big table near the dance floor, and in any event I had to make a quick change for my next appearance.

MY dressing room was at the end of a corridor which also passed the entrance to the ladies' powder room, and just as I stepped out to return to the dance floor, I saw Hester going, alone, into the powder room.

I don't know why, but I followed her.

At first, when I entered, I didn't know where she had gone. The room seemed empty, except for the maid at the dressing tables. Then I heard Hester's voice, filled with a peculiar sort of urgency, and I realized she was at one of the telephones which were set in niches at the far end of the room.

I walked over to a dressing table, motioning Clara, the maid, to be silent, and pretending to be busy with a powder puff in case Hester saw me.

"Hello, darling," she was saying in a low voice. "I just had to slip away and call you. . . . Oh, dreadful. I'm so horribly bored. I wish I were with you. . . . But you know how Dad is when he sets his mind on something . . . and how he feels about you. . . ."

I was so startled that for a moment I lost track of her conversation. What did she mean? What did her father have to do with Chris? Then I heard her say, softly and tenderly, "But I think I can get away tomorrow night. Dad thinks I'm going to have dinner with Chris. . . . I'll meet you . . . yes, at your apartment . . . eight o'clock. . . ."

I didn't wait to hear any more. I slipped out of the room, down the corridor and out behind the bandshell to the dance floor.

My blood was whirling in my ears; my feet danced with excitement. That had been a man on the other end of the telephone connection—Hester's low, intimate tone had made that plain. And, if she was making an appointment with him, it could mean only one thing: she wasn't in love with Chris, and she didn't even think she was!

Then why did she pretend to be? Why did she insist that he marry her?

Suddenly, bits of gossip I had read joined with Hester's cryptic reference

to her father's wishes, and everything was plain.

"You know how Dad is when he sets his mind on something." That was it, of course. I remembered reading, now, that Chris was the first one of his daughter's masculine friends who had ever pleased old Mr. Carr—that he distrusted all the playboys and cafe society hangers-on she had always preferred until now, and had even forbidden her to go out with most of them. In a flash I divined what Hester was doing. She intended to marry Chris, whom she did not love, merely in order to set herself free from her father's supervision. As a married woman, particularly as the wife of a band leader whose irregular hours and road tours would keep him away from home most of the time, she would be her own mistress, able to come and go as she pleased, to see anyone she liked, to indulge in any wanton, careless affair she wished.

She was wicked—utterly unprincipled and immoral. She was planning to wreck Chris' life for her own pleasure.

Now the orchestra was beginning to play for my song. I went through it mechanically, my brain buzzing with plans that I discarded before they were even half formed.

One thing I must do—see Chris.

As soon as my song was over I hastily scribbled a note, asking Chris to come to my dressing room, gave it to a waiter, and told him to deliver it, if possible, without being seen.

Back in the dressing room I sat twisting my fingers together, hardly daring to hope he would come. And then there was a sound outside the half-open door, and he stood there, looking at me.

I tried not to let my face show the anguish I felt at seeing him. Seen closer, he was even more tired and unhappy looking than I had thought; and his voice, when he spoke, had lost all of its old vitality.

"You're singing fine, Binnie," he said, still standing just inside the door.

BRUSHED that aside. "Darling," I said, "I just overheard something. Something important to us." And then, quickly, I told him what I had heard Hester say on the telephone, and the conclusions I had drawn from it.

Unbelief was in his face at first, then wonder, and at last anger.

"That's right," he exclaimed when I mentioned the appointment Hester had made. "She told me she was going to some Junior League affair or other. Maybe—maybe that was a girl she was talking to."

"This was no girl," I said positively.

"Do you suppose . . .?" he said, still unconvinced.

"Of course!" I said. "You know already she'll do anything to get what she wants—stoop to any trick. She's only using you, Chris."

He slapped one clenched fist into the palm of the other hand. "I'm going to ask her! I'll—"

"No, no!" I cried, grasping his arm as he turned to leave the room. "You mustn't. That would be warning her. I've got a better plan."

"What?"

But I wouldn't tell him. I didn't dare, because in a way it was a dangerous plan, and it might not work. If for any reason I was mistaken—or if Hester had seen me listening while she talked on the tele-



phone—we would be worse off than ever. Because what I intended was to see Henry Carr, Hester's father, himself.

"All I want you to do," I told Chris, "is to be home tomorrow night at a few minutes after eight—home, or somewhere I can reach you by telephone."

Puzzled, he nodded. "I'll be home." Then his hands were on my arms, pulling me toward him. "Oh, Binnie, if it can only be true. . . . Then, maybe, you'll come back to me?"

I smiled tremulously up into his face, that face which held all the world for me. "Of course, Chris. What else could you think? She's the only thing that stands between us."

But the next evening, on my way in a taxicab to Henry Carr's Fifth Avenue home, I wasn't so brave. All day long I had been keyed up and excited, sure that I would win Chris back. I had even been stubborn enough to call Carr's office and get through about three secretaries to Carr himself, and then convince him that I must see him at his home that night.

Now came the reaction. Leaning back against the smelly leather cushions of the taxi, I was sure that I was about to fail—that Hester really would be at the Junior League affair, or at home; that something would go wrong. I almost called to the driver and told him to turn around, until I remembered that Chris was lost to me anyway, and that this desperate gamble was my only hope of winning him back.

**HENRY CARR** kept me waiting in the dimly lighted library for a few minutes, and when he did come to meet me he was obviously impatient.

"I have dinner guests," he began, "so will you—"

I didn't even give him time to finish. "Mr. Carr," I asked breathlessly, "where did your daughter tell you she was going tonight?"

"Why," he said, frowning, "she is out with Mr. Brackett. Why did you want to know?"

My heart gave a great thud of triumph. So I'd won!

"Are you sure?" I urged him.

"Quite sure." The frown was deeper now.

"But she isn't!" I said. "She isn't with Chris at all—she lied to you—and to Chris. She told him she was going to some Junior League thing."

"Junior League?" His voice was sharp. "That's nonsense. My daughter does not belong to the Junior League."

"I don't ask you to believe me. Call up Chris—he's at his apartment—and see if she's with him."

Dubiously he reached for the telephone, dialed a number. For what seemed an eternity, he sat there, his face expressionless. Then he spoke.

"Chris? This is Henry Carr. . . . May I speak to Hester? . . . But didn't she have a dinner engagement with you tonight? . . . I see. [—] He swallowed hard. "Thank you, Chris. Good bye."

He hung up and swung around upon me. "She's not there—but I can't believe . . . If you're trying to trick me—you and Chris!"

And then he was dialing another number, furiously this time, his face set in hard lines.

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Hester Carr. . . Don't lie to me! If she's there, I want to speak to her." His voice took on the terrible authority of a man who is used to commanding. "And if she is there, I'll find out later. You might as well call her to the telephone."

There was a long pause. His proud old face had suddenly sagged; it was full of lines and wrinkles now, and the flesh seemed soft.

He said: "Hester? Will you please come home? At once! . . . You will either come home now, or not at all."

A few seconds later he hung up.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Carr," I said. "I'm sorry I had to hurt you like this. But you see, Chris and I love each other. Hester forced him into agreeing to marry her by threatening to get you to fire the band from the program, and I made Chris give in to her rather

than see his men put out of work."

"Yes, of course," he said abstractedly. "Well . . . I can promise you Hester won't stand in your way any longer." He heaved himself out of his chair. "I'd hoped—but of course I see now it would never have worked. Now, if you'll excuse me. . . ."

He walked out of the room, his head bowed.

For a moment I stood looking after him, pity in my heart. He was a proud, unhappy man—how it must hurt him to find his daughter with a man he despised!

Then, gradually, I began feeling lighter. A thrill of happiness ran through me. I rushed out of the room, down the hall to the ornately leaded glass door, out and to the sidewalk.

I must hurry, hurry, hurry! In his apartment, Chris was waiting for me!

## Has Artie Shaw Gone High-Hat?

(Continued from page 27)

he's "high-hat," which seems to lump them all together. But whether or not that's true depends on the way you look at things.

Artie's on a spot. He's a success in the wrong profession—and that's the reason he's unhappy and out of place today. I want to tell you what kind of a fellow he is, and then maybe you can understand him better.

In the first place, I've never known another orchestra leader as intelligent as Artie Shaw. He's read a great deal and he can discuss with imagination and clarity everything he's read. He can write, and write well. He loves fine things, books, painting, good music. He has a warm, human approach toward all the creative things that have touched him in the hard, bitter life he has lived. Which is saying a great deal, because most people, forced to struggle like Artie struggled for his learning, would have lost this warm, human feeling.

**B**UT in spite of this, Artie doesn't carry any of that feeling into his dealings with people. He is, to most people in the business, a driving, relentless man. A man who has one goal—success—and will push aside anything that gets in the way of the goal.

Artie Shaw doesn't like a great many people. He doesn't like crowds, he doesn't like noise, he doesn't like being a band leader. And don't let anyone ever tell you differently. What he does like is the fame, and the money it brings him.

Now, maybe that sounds incongruous. But what Artie should have been is a success in some branch of art where the reward is fame and money but not too much public attention. Nobody knows this better than Artie, but unfortunately, he happens to be best at making music. I say unfortunately, because eventually it is going to bring him nothing but more heartache and grief. During the four months he was driving from obscurity to the top I never knew a more miserable, mixed-up, unhappy person than Artie Shaw.

When people came into the Blue Room of the Hotel Lincoln, it was part of Artie's job to be nice to them. It wasn't so bad at first, but after a while it got on his nerves. He couldn't sit down at a table like Benny Goodman and say nothing, and he isn't the

sort of man who is good at making small talk. As a result, he was soon refusing to greet people at all—or else he was just plain unfriendly toward them.

He was similarly tactless towards newspaper people, too. I remember the time a certain newspaper girl came to see Shaw all the way from Pittsburgh. Artie was sick and overworked. Instead of explaining this, which would have been an easy way out, Artie was bored and restless during the interview, and the girl went away angry. I took him to task about it at the time.

"You ought to have been nicer to her," I told him.

"I know it," he said miserably. "I know it, but I feel so lousy and fed up, it doesn't seem to matter. I feel terrible." And after that he wouldn't say anything more—just sat there, sulkily, wearily.

So the high-hat talk started.

Matters weren't helped any by the way Artie often treated his musicians in public. If they played anything he didn't like, he'd light into them right on the stand, yelling and screaming at them. It was just nerves, of course—but the word got out that Artie was not only high-hat but a slave driver as well.

I knew, and his friends knew, but his critics didn't, that Artie never asked his men to do anything he wouldn't do himself. He worked them very hard, drove them, in fact, but not one of them ever kicked because they all liked and understood Artie so well. They still like him and understand him and respect him.

**O**N the radio program he got along with Benchley fine, but he didn't hit it off with those who put the show together. When they'd try to get him on the telephone he'd never be there. His manager, Ben Cole, would have to attend to all the details. When they'd want a number cut, Artie would say crisply, "I can't cut."

For twenty weeks he never bothered to make a new arrangement of a piece of music, which is suicide in radio. He got away with it just on the sheer brilliance of his own playing and his repetitions of the numbers which made him famous—"Back Bay Shuffle," "Non-Stop Flight," "Chant," and "Comin' On"—all numbers he had written himself.



In Hollywood, he got himself a big car and a chauffeur with a clarinet embroidered on his lapel for an insignia. He rented a tremendous house with a huge swimming pool. His musicians followed suit, and rented themselves similar mansions—so Artie went them one better. He moved out of the huge house he had rented and bought an even bigger one. Then he bought up lots on either side of the house so that he wouldn't have to be bothered by neighbors.

Artie did everything he had probably wanted to do when he went to Hollywood the first time. Then, he was a poor, nineteen-year-old kid who saw himself surrounded by glitter and glamour that he couldn't mimic for himself. Now, that dream was coming true, and Artie made Hollywood sit up and take notice.

It's hard to sympathize with him, I'll admit, if you don't know him. But the fact remains that Artie Shaw, for all his fame and money, is a bitterly unhappy guy. He called the shot on himself a long time before he went to Hollywood. "I'll never be happy with show and money and all that stuff," he had said. "What I ought to do is make my pile and get out."

Well, you may wonder, why not?

What Artie was forgetting about himself when he said that is that fame itself is almost as necessary to him as money. Necessary, but unsatisfying. It's unsatisfying because Artie is basically modest and fearful of the spotlight. It's necessary because there is something in him, driving him on, simply to prove to himself that he is capable of reaching the top.

AND because he's stuck, he does the things he does—unhappily, bitterly. Actually, it was Benny Goodman who summed up what would happen to Artie, summed it up in that easy-going way of his.

It was about eight months ago, just after Shaw was proclaimed King of Swing. He went to visit Benny in the latter's dressing room in the Paramount Theater. Goodman grinned at Artie when he came through the door.

"Hello," Benny said. "I hear you're the new King of Swing."

Artie shook hands with Benny and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," Benny smiled, "I guess it's okay with me. You know, as they say, 'as long as you're healthy.'"

You know how healthy Artie Shaw was in Hollywood. The pace of the show, the success, the hullabaloo, was too much for him. But he pulled through.

I haven't seen Artie for several months—not since before he went to Hollywood. I don't know—perhaps they're right, and he has gone high-hat. But it's my private bet that now he's had his fling at success—the success he craved so much—he'll be an altogether changed guy.

There's another reason I'm hoping for a change. I don't know—it's only a rumor coming out of Hollywood, but they're saying out there that after Betty Goble gets her divorce from Jackie Coogan, she and Artie will be married. If it's true, and if Artie Shaw is headed for happiness in his private life, his public life is likely to be a great deal smoother too. There's nobody I'd rather see happy than Artie, because real happiness would give him the chance to show the world what a grand guy he really is.

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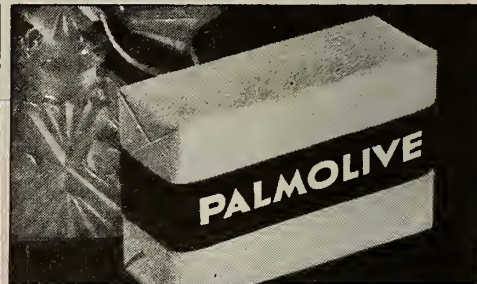
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### Expert on Happiness

(Continued from page 40)

weeks a year, well up among the Hollywood income figures for writers, too. And all because she went with a party of friends, one hot day in the summer of 1929, to visit a Chicago radio station.

Irna was born and grew up in Chicago. She was the youngest of ten children whose father was a North Side grocer. Hers wasn't a very happy childhood. Her father died when she was seven, and for the first eight years of her own life she was sickly and under a doctor's care most of the time. She hated school; it bored her. And from somewhere or other she had picked up the impression that nobody liked her. Naturally, she lived not in the real world around her, but in a world of her own, peopled with knights and ladies and queens and kings and magicians. The one class that interested her in school was English, and she wrote her first stories then.

**B**UT she never had any real faith in her ability to write—not even when she left high school and went to college. College was even more difficult for her than high school had been. She lived at home and commuted to Northwestern University, where she failed completely to enter into the usual gay, social undergraduate life. She felt bitterly lonely and neglected. All around her girls were joining sororities, going out with boys, chattering together about the

tremendous trivialities of campus society. Somehow, she was an outsider.

**A**FTER one year at Northwestern she handed her family an ultimatum. Either she was going away to college—or she wouldn't go to college at all. Obscurely, she felt that a change of scene would help her to throw off her burden of shyness. The strange thing is that she was right. Her family reluctantly permitted her to go to the University of Illinois at Champagne, and there she blossomed out—joined a sorority, studied dramatics and speech, gained self-confidence, eventually was elected president of her sorority chapter and decided to be a teacher of speech.

A teacher she became, and a teacher she might be to this day, if she hadn't visited the radio station and, further, if she hadn't had an argument with a boy friend.

It was after two years of teaching that Irna, spending her summer vacation in Chicago, made the memorable trip to the radio studio. She only went because she liked one of its stars, Pat Barnes, and thought she might be lucky enough to meet him. But, getting off the elevator, she was separated from her party and shunted into a room where they were holding auditions. Amused, Irna sat by and watched until someone thrust a script into her hand and ordered her to read it into a microphone. She obeyed—

and she must have done very well indeed, because a week later the station called up and offered her a job on the air.

There were no daily serials back in 1929, but the brief dramatic sketches and poetry-readings that filled in between musical shows offered employment for a few well-trained talkers. Throughout the summer Irna worked now and then on the air, without ever thinking of making that work a career. It was just a way to pass the time until she could get back to Dayton, Ohio, where she was teaching.

But there was a boy in Dayton—a boy of whom Irna was perhaps fonder than she'd admit. That fall, after her return from Chicago, they quarreled—and at Christmas Irna quit her teaching job and went back to Chicago and radio.

**E**VEN then, she wasn't a writer. All she did was read things other people had written, over the air. Until a few days before Memorial Day. Then the manager of the station asked her to turn out something suitable to the occasion. They didn't take themselves very seriously, back in those early days of radio—if a script was needed, the handiest person around the studio was quite likely to be asked to write it.

Irna, after protesting that she knew nothing about writing and still less about writing for the air, gave in and did the best she could—which was



so extremely good that the station manager told her she'd better give up acting and concentrate on writing.

Between them, they concocted the idea of a serial: one not like Amos 'n' Andy, who were on the air even then, but a more serious and realistic sort of story—the day-by-day adventures of an ordinary American family. The family angle must have been Irna's—from her own family of ten brothers and sisters she had more than enough ready-made material.

Still shaking her head dubiously over her ability to write an acceptable series of scripts, Irna hired herself a secretary and began dictating. She's been dictating ever since, without a break.

Out of that first serial grew Today's Children, which Irna, collaborating with Walter Wicker, started on another Chicago station in 1932 and soon was able to build into such a success that it went coast-to-coast, with a sponsor.

**T**ODAY Irna Phillips is a poised, quiet-voiced woman of thirty-seven, with large, expressive eyes and a wide mouth with humorously up-curved corners. There are still traces of the shyness that made her girlhood so unhappy; she doesn't particularly enjoy meeting new people. But once you have her for a friend, you'll keep her. The people who work in her serials adore her.

She's very much of an idealist. The inspiration that is contained in every one of her stories is intensely real. She herself believes, with Dr. Ruthledge of The Guiding Light, that ministers should show their congregations how to live, not merely tell them.

With Karen Adams and Dr. Brent, she thinks that it is a doctor's or nurse's duty to cure the souls of their patients as well as their bodies. The Americanism that is preached in The Guiding Light is Irna Phillips' own Americanism. If you listen regularly to her programs you will find in them almost every day a new guidepost to your own happiness, and many things that you will be the better for thinking about.

"There are only a few things I absolutely never do in my stories," she says. "One is never to tear down or hold up to ridicule any institution that people can find comfort in—the law, medicine, government, the church. I never let a character commit perjury, because that argues contempt for the law. I like to take many of my characters from the poor and middle classes, because they seem more real and human to me. These are about all the rules I have for writing."

All of her characters are as real and human to her as they are to the listeners. Once somebody asked her who played the role of Carol Martin in Road of Life. "Carol Woods," she answered promptly. She was wrong. The name is Leslie Woods—but Irna identifies her actors and actresses with the roles they play to such an extent that she always calls them by the characters' first names, not their own. She likes her actors to look like the people she has created in her mind. If the actor looks like the part, she is sure he'll sound like it too.

She lives and works in Chicago, keeping strictly regular business hours in her office. She isn't married, and as far as her friends know has

never even been in love since that first disastrous experience. Every now and then she and Gertrude pack up and go to New York for a delirious week of theater-going, working in the morning and then feasting on matinee and evening performances. She loves the theater so much she might move to New York, except that Gertrude is married to a man whose business keeps him in Chicago, and she can't do without Gertrude.

**S**HE doesn't have any fixed schedule of working on the three programs. If she is especially interested in a certain plot-sequence on one of them, she'll work on it exclusively, turning out two or three weeks' scripts in a few days before switching to one of the other shows. Scripts are supposed to be finished three weeks before they're broadcast, but she doesn't pay much attention to this rule. Sponsors and broadcasting officials know she can be trusted to have the scripts there on time, so they don't worry. She never rewrites a script or even looks at it after Gertrude has typed it. Sometimes, if Irna is pressed for time, Gertrude takes down the dictated dialogue direct on the typewriter, without bothering to put it into shorthand first.

She probably writes more words than any other author now living, and thrives on it. The average novel runs to 90,000 words—the number of words Irna writes in a year would fill twenty-two such books.

Sometimes she must smile at the young woman who said to the program manager of WGN, nearly ten years ago: "But I can't write! I don't know anything about it!"



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## Charles Boyer's Greatest Love Story

(Continued from page 18)



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separated their eyes were searching for each other always. After dinner in the evening they would stand endlessly by the rail, saying little, just being together. And that was how it was the last night out, with words coming but rarely.

"Well," Michel said at last, "I guess if we have something on our minds we'd better tell it now. You know, Terry, I've never— In all my life I've never worked."

"I guess," and you could almost hear Terry's heart hammering under her casual words, "we've both been more or less used to a life of pink champagne. And it might be a little difficult to change."

"Just because I haven't worked," he said, "doesn't mean I couldn't. But it might take me six months—to know—"

"What are you trying to say?" she asked him. "Say it, Michel, please. Say it so I'll be very sure . . ."

His voice was pitched very low. "I'm trying to say that it would take me six months to find out if I'm worthy to say what is in my heart."

She never had thought to see him like this, his spirit all vulnerable and exposed. She tried to bring their gaiety back again, but there was a catch in her voice when she said: "Marriage is a very serious thing for a girl like me. Do you like children, Michel?"

"In six months we could meet—" he told her.

Terry counted on trembling fingers. "July first. At five o'clock, Michel! On top of the Empire State Building, the one hundred and second floor. It's the very nearest thing to heaven we have in New York."

"Darling," said Michel. "Darling . . ."

CURIOUS how people will go all their lives believing certain things are indispensable to their happiness—and then realize they don't want those things at all. Michel wasn't in the least concerned about giving up the imported car, the string of ponies, the velvet-lined position in the Clarke industrial monarchy—all the things that would have gone with his marriage to Lois. He was sorry, only, at the thought that he must hurt Lois—and immensely relieved when he discovered the equanimity with which she accepted the breaking of their engagement.

With Terry, it was the same. Without a qualm she resigned her position as buyer for Kenneth Bradley—it put her too greatly in his debt—and found, instead, a job on her own, singing in a supper club.

It was part of their pact that neither of them would hear from the other until the six months were up, so she didn't know that Michel was in a cheap little studio with a north light, painting—except when he was on a scaffold, doing another and very different kind of painting in order to earn enough money to buy oils and brushes and food. Painting a big sign for beer or sausages wasn't exactly getting ahead in the art world—but it paid the bills. And meanwhile Courbet, the art dealer, was sure he could sell some of Michel's canvases—eventually.

So it was March, and April, and May—and June. And July the first,

at a quarter to five in the afternoon.

"Thirty-fourth and Fifth," Terry told the taxi driver. "And hurry!" For six months she had been waiting for this day and hour, and now she was late because there had been so many last-minute things to do. When a red light halted the cab on the wrong side of Thirty-fourth Street, she couldn't wait. She had to jump out, hurriedly pay the driver, run across the street.

She couldn't look where she was going because she was looking up at the one hundred and second floor, where the tower rose to point to heaven. The driver of the oncoming truck saw her and pressed hard on his brakes, but there wasn't time for them to take hold.

The whine of the ambulance siren came dimly to Michel where he waited on the one hundred and second floor of the building. To him, it was no more than part of the city's jumbled symphony.

THEN the siren wailed away, and the minutes ticked by.

"What time is it?" Michel asked the elevator operator when, for the tenth time, a car came up and Terry wasn't on it.

"Ten past five," said the operator. "Going down?"

Michel shook his head.

With the dusk rain came down, slanting and silvery. Still Michel waited. He turned up his coat collar and he pulled down his hat. But of course he shouldn't have been so sure she'd come . . . a life of pink champagne . . . foolish to expect her to give it up.

The steeple clocks in the city below tolled the hours. Eight. Nine. Ten. Eleven. Midnight.

Midnight. Time for the fairy-tale to end.

Was this heartbreak—this feeling of numbness all over? This inability to think except in pictures—pictures of Terry's face at Madeira, on the deck of the *Napoli*, across the table from him in the dining salon.

As the last notes of the clock died away he moved, feeling old and tired. The elevator doors clanged open. "Going down?" asked the operator.

"Yes," said Michel, "I am."

Only a mile away the doctors were wondering if Terry would ever walk again.

A month later they were still wondering. They rather believed she would not. And until they could tell her, definitely, that she would, Terry refused to let Michel know where she was. Far better to let him think what he must be thinking, than to bring a burden of duty into his life.

Beyond the wall at the end of the hospital garden, where Terry sat in her wheel-chair, stood the Lincoln Heights Orphanage. The wall was high, but not nearly high enough to keep the boys and girls on their own side when they heard Terry's ukulele. "Wishing, will make it true," she sang—because once Michel had said almost that very same thing. If you wished long enough, and strong enough . . .

The children stood in a half-circle about her and sang with her. And perhaps it wasn't so very strange that the supervisor of the orphanage, who wasn't a bad sort of person even if



the children did call him "Picklepuss", should notice the way the youngsters took to her, and eventually offer her a job.

It was late in August when she got out of the hospital and went to work in the orphanage—just about the time Michel sailed for Madeira. When he received the cablegram telling him of his grandmother's death he planned to stay on the island only long enough to put the house on the market for whatever it would fetch above the mortgage. But when he reached there his plans changed; he decided to keep the house and stay on and paint. It was lonely without his grandmother. But it wasn't nearly as lonely as New York, where the Empire State Building was an ever-present reminder of a girl who had preferred luxury to love.

His grandmother must have known her remaining days were few, for he found a package, neatly wrapped and addressed to Terry. In it was the cobwebby lace shawl. The old lady hadn't forgotten her promise to send it to Terry—some day.

When Michel at last returned to New York it was December, late December with Christmas and snowflakes in the air. Old Courbet, the art dealer, was pleased with the pictures Michel brought back. He had worried about Michel more than he had let him know. For a time he had thought Michel might never come back. And immediately he met him at the pier he had searched his eyes. They were, he decided, a little better. At least, now, they brightened sometimes.

"I can read your state of mind when you painted these," Courbet said,

looking at the canvases. "You were very sorry for yourself when you did this. But here—ah, here you were angry. Getting over your broken heart, I expect."

"Broken heart!" Michel scoffed. "That is not for me!"

"Ah, good," the dealer approved. Slyly he returned to a subject they had argued bitterly before Michel's departure. "Perhaps, now, you would be willing to sell that picture of the girl in the shawl you painted last June?"

"No," Michel shook his head, but not angrily. "I will not sell it."

"I have a customer who wants that picture. With all her heart she wants it. Of course she cannot pay our price. She is poor and besides she cannot walk. But, since you say you never want to see it again . . ."

Michel shrugged. "I will not sell it, Courbet. But if this girl likes it—well, why not give it to her?"

Christmas Eve came, and Lois Clarke surprised Michel by inviting him to dinner and the theater, as a token of her willingness to let by-gones be by-gones. He begged off the dinner, but promised to join her at the theater.

He entered the theater after the performance had started, found his way to his seat beside Lois. He tried, all evening, to measure up to her friendly interest, but he failed miserably.

The final curtain fell. He and Lois started up the aisle together. And then he saw Terry.

She was sitting in an aisle seat, with Kenneth Bradley. She looked almost as she had looked the first time he had seen her through the

Napoli porthole.

Their eyes met. "Hello," said Terry. She sat very still.

Michel bowed and then, quickly, he turned to Lois. But he had no heart for the supper club Lois wanted him to go to after the theater. He said good night to her at the door to her car, and wandered down town.

He knew now that he had hoped all along there might be some other explanation. But the sight of Terry with Kenneth Bradley at the theater told its own story in letters he could not help but read. She really had preferred—pink champagne. The lure of money, of luxury, had been too much for her. Selfishness had been all that prevented her from meeting him that day.

He was unbelievably lonely.

BACK in the theater Terry had continued to sit very still, for a long time, before she asked Kenneth, in a small voice, to get the usher with the wheel-chair. In the taxi he protested belligerently: "Well, if you ask me, you ought to tell him how things are. Why don't you tell him, Terry? You're getting better. Even the doctor thinks so."

"If he should know," Terry said, "and insist he had strength enough for both of us, I just can't see myself going down the aisle a piggy-back bride, wagging my veil behind me."

Thus she silenced him. It was enough that her heart seemed to be breaking in little pieces all over again. She would not wear it on her sleeve.

There were two of them lonely that night, and on the Christmas Day that followed. For her part, Terry paid for the strain of the theater. The

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doctor forbade her to go with the orphans to the benefit performance where they were to make their first public appearance, singing the songs she had taught them; and she had to send them away alone, after one last rehearsal beside her bed.

SHE had counted on that performance to help her get through the day. A year ago, she and Michel had been together, on the ship . . . No, mustn't think about that, mustn't think about his eyes at the theater last night, or the quick way he had bowed and then turned to the girl beside him. Mustn't think about anything.

Her landlady helped her to a sofa in the living room, surrounded her with fruit, books, writing materials, a radio, all within easy reach.

The doorbell rang.

"Come in," she called.

It was Michel. "How are you, Terry?" he asked. And she knew she wasn't dreaming.

"I'm fine," she said.

"You're wondering how I got here, I'll bet," he said. "Well, I was looking in the telephone book for a man named McBride and I saw the name Terry McKay. So I said to myself, 'Could that be my old friend?' And then I said to myself, 'I haven't been very nice to Miss McKay. After all, I had an appointment with her one day, and I didn't keep it. I've often wondered, you know, if you were angry with me because I didn't get there. You must have been, just at first. . . ."

"Not true! Not true!" she wanted to cry. "You were there. You must have been!" For if he hadn't—if he had thrown away their pact, lightly --ah, then nothing was any use.

Instead, she heard herself saying, "I was furious at first. I said to myself, 'He can't do this to me.' You can imagine—standing up there. . . ."

There was a little silence. Then Terry said, and there was wistfulness in her voice, "I wasn't too angry, Michel. You see, I remembered we had said we'd make it if we could. And so—well, if one of us didn't show up there must have been a darn good reason. . . ."

"What, for instance?" he was quick to ask. And she knew from his changed tone that he had been there, that now he almost hated her for what she had done to him. She gripped the edge of the robe over her, as if by holding tight to it she could also hold tight to her resolution that hatred was better than pity.

"I come here to wring your beautiful neck," he blurted at her, "because you weren't there that day. And what do I do? I only rejoice. Because you aren't wearing a wedding ring. Last night at the theater I thought. . . ."

"Oh no," said Terry, "he—"  
But she couldn't finish. It might give Michel too much of a clue. She must keep him thinking she was shallow, light of promise.

He picked up a package he had laid on a chair with his hat and coat. "This isn't really a Christmas present," he said. "My grandmother wanted you to have it."

Terry knew intuitively what it was. And then she opened it and put the shawl about her shoulders.

"I painted you like that," he told her. "From memory, last spring. So I don't imagine it was any good. I didn't think then I would ever part with it. . . ." He was talking rapidly,

covering up his emotions with words.

And she could only sit there, listening, not trusting herself to speak at all, lest she speak the truth.

BUT then there seemed no reason for keeping it," he went on. "A customer of Courbet's wanted it. He told me about her, and—well, I said to myself, 'Why not give it to her?' She was poor, Courbet said, and not only that, she could not walk. . . ."

He stopped short. His widened eyes were upon the robe spread over Terry's knees. He stood up, turned to look at all the walls of the room. Then, he ran into her bedroom.

On the wall there he found his "Lady with the Shawl."

"Terry! Terry! Terry!" He was on his knees beside her. "Why didn't you tell me? And if anything had to happen to either of us, why did it have to be you?"

"It was nobody's fault but my own," she said. "I was looking up at the one hundred and second floor. You see, it was the nearest thing to heaven, because you were there. . . ."

She stopped, fought against the lump in her throat. "But it's all right. It's all right now, Michel. If you can paint I can walk. I'm sure of it."

He took her in his arms, and now all the loneliness was gone.

"Merry Christmas, darling," he whispered. "Merry, Merry Christmas."

Terry, her face close against his, was silent. What was there more to say? Besides, she was crying.

Charles Boyer returns to the air in a new series on Wednesday, October 4, to be heard every week at 8:00 on NBC's Blue network, sponsored by Woodbury's.



# WE CANADIAN LISTENERS By HORACE BROWN

MELODIC STRINGS . . . there is a magic name in Canadian radio. Melodic Strings (once known as Symphonic Strings) was one of the first programs aired by nationalized radio. It was first broadcast June, 1933, and has been going strong ever since. The show, with its twenty-five musicians, and its dynamic conductor, Alexander Chuhaldin, has been heard on every major American network during one season or another as a CBC international exchange feature. This summer it filled the CBC spot left vacant by Jack Benny's vacation, but it will be moved to its former location between Benny and Charlie McCarthy, 7:30-8:00 p.m., EST, with the change from summer time. Competent musical critics have labelled Melodic Strings the finest musical sustaining feature on the North American continent, apart from the symphonies.

ALEXANDER CHUHALDIN . . . the success-story of Melodic Strings is an obligato played by Alexander Chuhaldin, great and temperamental maestro, known affectionately to his devoted musicians as "Choo-Choo". The show was his brain-child; he has nurtured it throughout the years with specially-arranged, exciting, stimulating music of the masters. You see, Chuhaldin had the practically novel idea that the classicists were pretty radical gents in their own day, and



■ Alexander Chuhaldin, Melodic Strings' maestro.

that they wrote music that was worth listening to because it was enjoyable music. He also had a funny notion that good music was being written today, and that a conductor might even increase his stature by giving the listening public something new. An example of this was his world premiere of "The Young Apollo" broadcast on his August 27th program. This work was written especially for Chuhaldin by the brilliant young English composer, Benjamin Britten. Critics have hailed it triumphantly as a work of great importance.

Alex Chuhaldin is a product of all that was best in Czarist Russia. His father was a violinist-conductor. At

the age of ten, in a little town on the Black Sea, Alex wrote music. At eleven he was writing arrangements for a seventy-five piece orchestra. At sixteen he was the proud author of over a hundred waltzes and as many more marches. At eighteen he had been selected for a scholarship at the Imperial Conservatory at Moscow. At twenty he was a concert-master. After serving his military term, he competed for that Czarist prize of all musical prizes, a chair in the Imperial Grand Opera Orchestra. He fainted when, in the name of His Imperial Majesty, he was chosen a successful contestant. At twenty-seven he was concert-master of the Imperial Grand Opera. Gassed six times in the World War, he returned to Revolutionary Russia a captain.

In 1924 he began a world concert tour. In Australia his very charming accompanist became Madame Chuhaldin. Today Madame Chuhaldin still fills his musical life, as well as his domestic scene; she plays the piano in Melodic Strings, the only woman member of the organization.

If you have been so unfortunate as not to have heard Melodic Strings, as yet, tune to CBC Sunday nights at 7:30 p.m., EST. You'll enjoy a half-hour of musical sophistication, as painted for your ears by the wizardry of Chuhaldin's baton.

**JIM, BE A SPORT. GO AND DANCE WITH POOR "LONESOME LIL"**

**I DID ONCE BUT NEVER AGAIN**

**- SAID BEHIND HER BACK**

**NO WONDER MEN AVOID HER! SHE HAS "B.O."**

**YOU'D THINK SHE'D GET WISE - USE LIFEBOUY**

**LUCKY FOR HER SHE HEARD WHAT THEY WERE WHISPERING!**

**I'M SO ASHAMED! I WON'T RISK "B.O." AGAIN. LIFEBOUY IN MY DAILY BATH WILL KEEP ME DAINTY**

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## Backstage Wife

(Continued from page 39)

of the dramatic company, until the opening. Long since, she had ceased to be his wife—after tonight she would no longer be his partner.

Alone in the office of the new Broadway theater, she lay her face upon her outspread hands for a brief minute of weary rest. Thank Heaven, nothing remained to be done. Everything was in readiness for the opening.

It was Gerald O'Brien, his honest Irish voice quick with excitement. He had, it seemed, accomplished the impossible. Through his interest in Sandra, and hers in him, he had persuaded Ken Paige to turn over all profits from the block of tenements in Medley Square to the tenants, to spend as they pleased.

"Lord knows it isn't much," he admitted. "One enlightened millionaire like Paige can't do a great deal.

"I think it's a very great deal you've done," Mary assured him. "I'm proud of you—and of Sandra and Ken."

"Well, but I need your help," he went on to explain. "Ken is all set on having the tenants work out their own improvements, decide for themselves how they want the money spent. He's made me call a meeting for tonight in the old theater, where he can talk to all the tenants himself. But, Mary, the way those tenants feel about him right now—still remembering the fire, and all!—that's just plain suicide. They'll tear him to bits, because they don't believe he's on the level, and I

can't convince them he is. So I was thinking, would you come down and sort of introduce him? Everybody in the neighborhood knows you, and likes you. Maybe between the two of us we could get them in a mood to listen to him."

"Why, of course—" Mary began. Then she remembered. "Oh, but not tonight. Tonight's our opening. Couldn't you put it off until tomorrow?"

"Not on your life. After I've sent the news out it will be tonight? They'd think Paige was yellow sure, and never would believe him."

Mary thought fast. She had never missed one of Larry's openings. But everything was ready. The only thing she could do after the curtain went up was to sit in Larry's dressing room, as she had always done before—just to be there, because he wanted her there. But would he want her there tonight? She knew she couldn't go through the ordeal of sitting there, waiting—perhaps in Catherine's company.

"All right," she said to Gerald "I'll be there. At eight-thirty."

She looked up from the telephone to see Catherine standing in the doorway, chic, smiling. "I didn't mean to eavesdrop on your date-making, Mary," she said with silky significance. Mary felt the hot blood rise in her cheeks, bit her lips to keep the hasty words of explanation back. But Larry was following Catherine into

the office, and in a voice that struggled to retain pride and dignity, Mary said:

"That was Gerald O'Brien. There's to be a meeting tonight of all the tenants in Medley Square. I've promised to be there and talk to them. They're in a bad mood, too violent to listen to Ken Paige—"

"And we mustn't let anything happen to him." Catherine's tone gave such brazen meaning to her words that Mary looked quickly at Larry.

And, incredibly, the words affected Larry as Catherine intended them to. His eyes accused Mary as he asked, "So the safety of Paige is more important than the play?"

"Larry, that's not fair!" Mary cried out. "You know how much I want the play to succeed—"

Of course he does," Catherine interrupted with her maddening tone of placation. "He's just being silly and temperamental." Somehow, she managed to imply that she understood Larry and Mary did not. "Run along, Mary. We'll be all right."

Her eyes stayed on Larry's sombre face. But he did not look up, and there was nothing to do but leave the office, leave the theater. Leave, she thought, a piece of her heart there, where no one wanted it.

It would have been a hard evening without the sick faintness which assailed Mary whenever she let her vagrant thoughts slip back to the theater uptown where Larry was going



through his opening night with Catherine waiting in the wings, waiting in his dressing room to flatter him before and after every entrance and exit.

Listening to the ominous rising sound of the tenants crowding into the little theater, Mary wondered if this was what the doctor had meant when he had warned her to "avoid nerve strain" if she wanted a healthy child. You couldn't call this a quiet evening. The tenants out there were in a mood for expressing their long-felt bitterness. They might do anything tonight. Yet consciousness of danger came to her very dimly. She wanted to laugh when Ken Paige slipped through the dusty old discarded scenery to her side and put a hand under her elbow. "You're not well," he told her, studying her. "You shouldn't have come."

SHE smiled. He was so sweet, so kind. "I'm all right, Ken," she said. Gerald O'Brien had started for the stage. There were shouts, increasing to a roar of voices, then sounds of thuds, soft objects landing on the stage. "They're throwing things," Mary told Ken, troubled. "If only they don't hurt him—"

But they could hear his voice now, scraps of sentences coming between the interruptions of the audience, words about fair play, and giving a guy a chance to show he's on the square. When O'Brien finally gave his personal guarantee that the tenants themselves would have a chance to vote on the spending of every cent of profit from the rental they paid for their flats, the noise had died down to a low considering buzz of comment. Then he was reminding them of Mary,

her persistent friendship over the last year, and he was asking them to greet her and listen to what she thought.

She walked out on the stage then, and raised her hand to still the crackle of applause. "I congratulate you," she said. "Some of you have had a terrible experience, but it brought conditions to the attention of people who can do something about it. I want to tell you that I think you are in luck that your landlord is Kenneth Paige. I think Ken Paige is honest." They were quieter. "I think he'll do what he tells you he'll do."

She heard then the thrilling sound of real applause, warm, noisy, friendly. She saw Ken coming steadily to join her in the center of the stage, saw him turn, heard him thank her.

No vegetables had landed on the stage. A few hands began to clap a little. But the suspense had done something to her. The footlights began suddenly to dazzle her, and the sea of faces became a blur. She felt deathly faint. She turned and walked swiftly to the wings, stumbled through the dimness to Larry's old dressing room.

Long minutes later, lying on the couch there, she heard the thunderous ovation that marked the end of Ken's speech. She made herself rise and go to the wings to meet him as he came from the stage.

"Ken, you did it!" She found room in her heart for real joy.

"Oh, Ken, I don't know when I've been so happy!" That was Sandra, with tears standing in her great gray-blue eyes. Ken smiled at her as if he did not notice that her hand was resting on Gerald O'Brien's arm as if it belonged there. "Boy, you wowed 'em!" Gerry grinned. "Why don't you

two come along with us and see the schemes Sandra and I've cooked up for turning some of the rat holes into model flats?"

He was so eager, Sandra so lovely in her excitement, and Ken's eyes so gentle on her, waiting, that Mary nodded. She wanted this evening to be over, but she could not refuse.

It seemed to Mary that they had walked miles up and down stifling evil dark stairways before at last Sandra and Gerald had heard enough approval of their alterations and turned to leave the demonstration furnished flat. Now she would find out whether the play had been a success. She stumbled forward, caught in a wave of sick dizziness, reached out her hand to find Ken's strong, supporting arm. For a moment, exhausted, she rested against his strength, there in the dark, plaster-smelling tenement bedroom.

IT was then that it happened. There was a sound on the fire escape outside the window, a sudden blinding flash, a click.

Instinctively, even in that split second, Mary knew. That click had been the sound of a camera shutter, and now, on a sensitized plate of gelatine, was the evidence Catherine Monroe had wanted—a picture of her in Ken Paige's arms. Intuition told her with terrible certainty that Catherine had sent that photographer.

Mary had not counted on Ken's swift action, though. In one leap he was out on the fire escape. There were sounds of a scuffle, panting breath—and then he came back in, dragging the dazed, struggling photographer with him.

"Don't scold him," Mary quickly



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interrupted Ken's thunder of angry questions. "Just ask him who he works for."

It took some persuasion, but at last the man admitted that Wally West, the gossip columnist, was his boss.

"Now," Mary said softly, almost afraid to phrase the crucial question, "please tell us how he happened to bring you down here tonight. Where did he get his lead?"

The photographer's eyes slid sideways, away from Mary's. "I don't know," he mumbled. But Mary's quick ear caught the untruth in his voice. "You do know!" she said quickly. "Who was it? Tell me!"

Ken took his cue from her. "If you're afraid you'll lose your job if you tell," he said, "you can be sure you will if you don't. We'll keep you here until your picture is so stale no one will look at it."

"All right," the man said surlily. "He got the tip from a Washington babe named Monroe. She's been feeding him a lot of stuff lately."

**K**EN swore, slowly, under his breath. Then he said. "My suggestion is that we take him right up to the theater and drop him into the lady's lap."

All the way uptown in the cab, Mary's heart was leaping with joyous relief. Now, at last, Catherine must be shown to Larry without her veil of glamour, shown as the tricking, coniving creature that she really was.

Times Square's theaters were just letting out their crowds to jam Broadway. By now the fate of the play was decided. The car inched forward so slowly Mary felt like screaming. Was the play a success—or a failure?

In the alley, before they even reached the stage door, she learned overwhelmingly that it was a success. A press of people were waiting to see Larry come out, to try to get past the doorman and go in to congratulate the actors. Some had succeeded and the corridors inside were full of expensively-dressed, excited people.

But Larry's face, when they pushed open the door of his dressing room, reflected none of the joy in the tumultuous backstage. He was alone, and he looked up at Mary and Ken with a black frown.

"Congratulations, Larry," Mary said. "You've made your come-back. I'm glad."

"Thanks," he said shortly. Ken added his own conventional words, but Larry did not answer, did not even turn his head from the mirror. There was a long silence.

Mary felt a nightmarish inability to speak against this dead weight of indifference. She forced her lips open. "We've—we've come to tell you something."

His frown deepened. Mary saw his hand pause in its steady rubbing of cold cream over the lean line of his jaw. "Yes?" he said tentatively.

"A photographer has been following Ken and me," she said. "He took our picture in one of the empty flats on Medley Square."

"Why not?" Larry asked without turning. "You two make news, these days—"

"But Larry, you don't understand!" "He's Wally West's photographer. We've got him here, outside. He's told us who's been tipping West off, feeding him items about us. It's Catherine!"

Then Catherine herself was standing in the door, regal and lovely in her long white evening dress. "A



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charming bit of make-believe." Her voice was cold and arrogant. "Fortunately Larry knows that Wally West doesn't need me or anyone else to 'feed' him what anyone can see is true."

"We'll see about that," Ken murmured. He stepped out into the corridor, and returned in a moment with not only the photographer but a lean, cynical-looking man Mary recognized as Wally West himself.

"If you're quite through with my photographer," West was saying, "I'd just as soon have him back."

"Look here, West," Ken said, "you can clear this up. Is it true that your source of information on the private life of Mary and Larry Noble—has been Catherine Monroe?"

WEST'S eyes twinkled. "A good reporter never gives away his news sources," he said.

"Don't clown, West," Ken said sternly. "This is serious. I want the truth or I'll sue your paper for libel."

"Don't talk nonsense," West said lazily. "There's nothing libelous in what I printed, and you know it. But in this case, I don't mind telling you—"

Then Catherine betrayed herself. She stepped forward. "But you—" She broke off, her hand lifted to her face. Her eyes flicked to Larry, and for the first time Mary saw fear in them.

Wally West answered her unfinished sentence. "Sure, I told you I wouldn't tell. But I don't think much of your methods. I don't even think much of you."

A harsh voice broke in from the white-faced figure at the dressing table. "What does it matter where

he got his tips?" Larry exclaimed. "What does it matter—can't you all see they were true! Mary doesn't love me! She loves Paige! And now can't you all leave me alone?"

For a second the stark bitterness in Larry's face and in his words held them all in silence. Mary's numbed mind refused to take in the significance of what he had said—then, slowly, its meaning came to her.

"But Larry," she said dazedly, "it isn't true. I don't love Ken . . . Didn't you know? You're . . . the one I love . . . always . . ."

Afterwards—when Ken had shepherded the crowd from the room, when Catherine too had gone, proud and icy cold to hide her chagrin—Larry said:

"How could I think you still loved me—after all I'd done to you? I didn't have any right to your love. And you were so interested in Ken Paige—"

"Of course I'm fond of Ken," Mary said. "I always will be. But I don't love him."

"Women can take an awful lot of kicking around from men, can't they?" Larry said humbly.

"Of course they can," she said. "When they're in love, that is." She raised her tear-stained, happy face from his shoulder, met his lips with her own.

But she still hadn't told him her secret. It wasn't until the next morning, when Larry had devoured his scrambled eggs and they had finished reading the rave notices from the critics, that she told him.

Looking at the light in his eyes then, her last doubt was gone. You couldn't doubt his love in the face of that shining joy. "Mary— Oh—" his

voice broke, and tears added to the shine in his eyes. "Mary, let's give up the theater and take a little place in the country."

She laughed, then, wiping away her own tears unashamed. "If you were away from the smell of grease paint a week," she said, "I think you'd commit infanticide."

HE scratched his chin thoughtfully. "But there are summer theaters. And we're not going to bring that baby up in the city. You're going to get a dose of peaceful pastoral life if I have to pine away among the lowing kine." Then he stood up suddenly with a shout. "Say! I've got it! We'll take the play to a country theater, bag and baggage!"

"Take a hit show off Broadway?" Mary was incredulous.

"Well, what's the difference? When it gets hot we won't do any business anyway in town. But the summer theaters do. How about looking for a place today, Mrs. Noble?"

Mary, looking at the new vigorous lift to his shoulders, the boyish color in his cheeks, the enthusiasm she had not seen on his face since long before his accident, was suddenly unable to answer. They had won out. Larry was himself again.

She nodded her head. "Okay, skipper," she said.

The End

Will their child bring new understanding and happiness to Larry and Mary Noble? For further adventures of this romantic couple of the theater, tune in *Backstage Wife*, heard at 4:00 P. M., E. S. T., every day except Saturday and Sunday on NBC's Red network.

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## Woman in Love

(Continued from page 26)

at the airport and went up to his hotel rooms, his recognized "girl." He kissed her quite simply when they met, and they talked together with the eager rush of two persons whose thoughts never had been separated, but at the St. Francis other friends were all about; there were cocktails and much eager welcoming; they had no moment alone. All the women kissed Mayne, as they got the Hollywood gossip and scattered themselves over his suite, smoking, drinking, making themselves entirely at home. And afterward everyone went out to the Holloways'.

Late in the evening—it was not yet midnight—Mayne and Tamara walked home. Mayne was to be in the city for weeks; a new manager was putting on a show, and Mayne was to have the lead, and Tamara a little part. The romantic possibility actually of playing in the same cast with him had filled the girl's cup of felicity to overflowing, and life tasted sweet to her as they two walked down the steep hills under the clear autumn moon, and she felt his big arm under her elbow again, and heard the voice she loved.

TONIGHT, if he came upstairs at the Valhalla—but no, he couldn't do that, for Lance was in bed with a cold and would be sound asleep in the very center of the sitting room. But anyway, some day and some place and somehow very soon she and Mayne would be alone, and then he would kiss her again. Her whole being hungered for those kisses; her breath stopped when she thought of them.

"Persis and Joe are lovely people, aren't they, Mayne?"

"Grand."

"Is their little boy cute?"

"Oh, he's a fine little fellow. He's with Poling now."

"Poling?"

"His father."

"Oh." A pause. "Isn't Joe his father?"

"Joe? Lord, no. Joe likes him, though. Poling lets Persis have him for visits. Poling's been decent enough through it all. I believe he and Joe talked about it."

"Then Persis is divorced?"

"I think it amounts to that."

Tamara sent him a bright flash of a glance in the warm moonlight.

"It must amount to that," she said, laughing, "if she's married to Joe."

There was a short silence. Then Mayne said mildly:

"Persis and Joe aren't married, Tam. Did you think they were?"

Tamara stopped short.

"Aren't?" she asked blankly.

"No. Did you think they were?"

"Well, but of course," Tamara said slowly.

They walked on; Mayne held tightly to Tamara's arm. When he spoke there was a faint hint of amusement in his voice.

"Does it matter so much?"

"Well, no—I suppose it doesn't," Tamara answered hesitatingly.

"Persis married Clifford Poling when she was quite young," Mayne said. "She's the kind of woman all men admire, but she stuck to Poling for seven years; he's a good deal of a dud. Then she went abroad and met Joe Holloway—he came barging out



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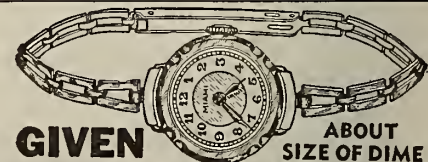
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of Arizona or Texas or somewhere—he'd been working in Paris. He painted Persis, and they went around together. I never saw people so much in love; it was like a fire, burning them both up. Persis came back, and Joe followed; we all knew it. It went on for about a year, and it was an awful year for everyone. And about two years ago they went to Cliff and told him, and they came up here."

"I'm sorry!" Tamara exclaimed impulsively under her breath. The man leaned over a little to hear her.

"You're sorry? Why?"  
"Oh, I don't know. But I am. I mean—I like them both, and I'll go on liking them both, they've been lovely to me. But I'm sort of sorry!"

"That's just your inhibitions talking, Tam," Mayne said, in a serious voice. "You don't really think any the less of them. You just said you didn't know why you were sorry."

"I didn't mean that," she said quickly in justification. "I know perfectly well why I'm sorry. I like Persis, and I'm sorry she's that sort of woman."

Mayne was silent a moment. "What sort of woman?" he asked temperately, but there was no sympathy in his tone.

"The sort that—well, that sort."  
"You mean that Persis, who is one of the most exquisite women who ever lived, who wouldn't hurt a fly, who adores her kid and has even made Cliff her lifelong friend, you mean that in some way women who haven't got half her courage are more admirable than she is?"

TAMARA spoke steadily to control tears. It shook her to the soul to differ with him.

"No, not that. But there isn't any use pretending that there isn't a—a code, Mayne, and that decent people don't follow it."

"My God!" the man said under his breath, as Tamara paused to gather her forces. "I guess they caught you pretty young, my darling little girl," he said kindly.

"Don't talk like that, Mayne. You know there are things decent people don't do. You wouldn't say that if it was a question of a man forging—or cheating at cards—"

"And Persis loving Joe, and going to him because she loved him, and turning both their lives into heaven—a decent woman couldn't have done that? That was like cheating or forging?"

"Mayne," Tamara stammered, angrily combating a tendency towards tears, "don't talk as if I were such a prig! It is a shock to find out that Persis and Joe—Persis and Joe—" she stopped, strangled.

"Persis and Joe love each other with the most beautiful, the cleanest and finest passion I've ever seen," Mayne argued. "She's the kind of woman who can't see a baby crying without wanting to comfort it, that can't see an old beggar on the road but that she must do something about him. Listen, sweetheart—I can come up, huh?" Mayne interrupted himself to ask at the door of the apartment. "Lance has got a cold, and he's in bed."

"I'll come into the kitchen then, and maybe you'll make me some coffee. Listen, darling, you don't have to like the idea of a married woman going off with a married man—"

"Oh, is Joe married, too?" Tamara



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asked, very lovely under the drop-light in the kitchen, with her tawny hair ruffled and her eyes deeply blue.

"Of course he is. That's why they can't get married. Not," Mayne had to add, "that it matters. But I suppose they would if they could."

"It doesn't really matter to me, of course, Mayne. It's their affair. But at first it does—it does shock one.

"I'm sorry I seemed to criticize Persis," she said suddenly, a few minutes later, as they sipped coffee at the kitchen table. Mayne smiled.

"You're an endearing mouse," he said. "Are you glad I'm home again?" "Glad!"

**YOU** know," he said, "I didn't want to fall in love with you."

"Why not, Mayne?" she breathed rather than asked.

"Oh—every reason."

"What harm does it do to like me?" Tam murmured, her blue eyes raised to his.

"Lots of harm."  
"How often have you been in love, Mayne?"

"Oh, not so often!" Mayne answered mildly, smiling. "You like me, too, don't you, Tam?" he asked in a voice that was almost absent-minded.

Her eyes met his bravely.

"Too much!" she said.

"Too much, eh? How long have you known that?"

The little ugly kitchen was heaven. Life was floating and soaring and wheeling about her in all the trembling color of spring.

"Oh, from the beginning, I guess, Mayne."

"From the beginning." He looked down at her for a long minute, thinking, she suspected, of something she could not sense or understand. What was making him so serious, what was putting that absent-minded light into his eyes?

"Mayne, you've never been married?"

"Never. Can you imagine my not telling you about it, if I had been? No. It isn't so good, in my business."

"Getting married isn't?" Tamara's eyes were wide.

"Not for men. Not for men who play certain parts," he explained.

"Girls—women like to think a man isn't married, if they see him in a sheik part. As a matter of fact it's in my contract."

"What is?"

"Not getting married."

"Oh, it isn't, Mayne!" Tamara protested, laughing.

"It certainly is. Old Helman can break my contract if I marry."

"For how long?" Tamara's eyes were still dancing with incredulous amusement.

"Nearly two years to run. It was a three-year contract."

"Would he actually break it if you married?"

"No, I don't think he would. Especially if I'd happened to make a good picture. Well," Mayne said in a different tone, rousing himself from the abstraction into which the conversation had plunged him so oddly, "I've got to go. What are you doing to-morrow?"

"Meeting you."

"Want to come down and have breakfast with me about noon? There'll be a few others."

"I'd love it." Tamara accompanied him to the elevator and gave him an-

other kiss. Then she went quietly to bed, to lie awake, staring at the street lights reflected in odd little angles and squares on the walls of the stupid boxlike bedroom.

So Persis and Joe weren't married? It was funny. Not that it mattered, really, and not that it was any of her business in any case, but it was—funny. Persis was really Joe's—It didn't sound right, and even in her thoughts she left the sentence unfinished.

Tam's part in Mayne's play was small but important. She was to be the wife of the youngest son in the Russian masterpiece, "Five Sons," and at the end she had to kill herself. Mayne was of course Ivan. Playing opposite him was Ida Pinter, a spoiled young actress who had made a success in Portland and was being paid almost as much as Mayne. Mayne disliked her thoroughly, and Ida did many a small spiteful thing to spoil his success.

But nothing could stop him; he was splendid. Even from the first rehearsal Tam could see how as an artist and a man he stood head and shoulders over the other players; he was at once so simple and so sure of himself, so considerate of the others' stupidities and so careful not to delay rehearsals or keep them waiting.

**I**N a way she lost Mayne during this exciting time, but in another and more important way she gained him. They no longer had time to waste together, to idle out to the beach or wander up to Persis's for lunch. But they were working together, and Tamara found that an even more satisfying communion. They rarely met before supper time, except on matinee days, and even on Wednesdays and Saturdays they saw each other first in the opening act. But they had supper together every day at six; an oyster stew or a crab Louis, something very light, for Mayne said no one could play well after too hearty a meal, and after the evening performance they almost always went to have something to eat just by themselves.

The play ran five weeks, a real success for San Francisco, and Mayne could have been much lionized and feted if he had wanted to be. But he said he disliked that sort of thing, and when she saw him still unspoiled and simple after his success, Tamara admired him more than ever. They were talking like lovers now, of themselves, and of how they had found each other.

Perhaps it was not exactly of marriage that he talked, Tamara, who weighed every word of his in her trembling heart, would admit to herself honestly. But he always talked as if they belonged to each other, and as if he loved her very much and found her beautiful and fascinating and lovable.

Often he came to the Todhunters' apartment after the play, and Tam scrambled eggs and opened beer, or cooked him the steak and potatoes he liked. It used to annoy her when Lance lounged out for his share of the midnight supper, or Coral came in yawning and silent and jaded and observed simply, "Food! Oh, good!" But her own life was so full and happy now that Tamara could feel only pity for their defeated and empty ones, and she always made them welcome.





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If she and Mayne were alone he would kiss her. And now and then, when they were both stupid and sleepy with the good food, and he was saying that he must go and Tamara was murmuring that she must get to bed, she would go for a moment to his chair, and settle herself on his knees, and lay her arms about his neck and rest her soft cheek against his shoulder. Then she would feel Mayne's kisses browsing over her temples and closing her eyes, and the shoddy little Valhalla kitchen would seem to her Paradise.

**B**UT then came the last night of the run. Tamara walked home slowly in a blinding rain. Mayne, with whom she almost always had supper, had had an engagement tonight: a Hollywood manager was in town, and with him and one or two other men Mayne was having an important business conference at the Palace Hotel. Tamara felt lonely and forlorn. "Five Sons" had closed; it was going on tour without her; there was no prospect of another engagement; there was nothing ahead but life in the four dark overfurnished rooms in the Valhalla, the tumbled couches and scattered sheet music, the clumsy victrola and radio in everyone's way, the thick cheap "drapes" at the windows, the chipped china in the odorously littered kitchen.

When she got home she was soaked. Miserably she undressed and got shivering into bed. She had hoped that Mayne would telephone, would try to see her if only for a moment to say "Good-night," but there was no message, and the telephone remained obstinately silent. Coral came home, equally wet and depressed, and the sisters repaired in their pajamas to the kitchen, where they brewed hot chocolate and gnawed on stale bread and butter.

"Mrs. Yanger came upstairs and said Mama had borrowed five dollars from her last week," Coral said dreamily.

"When was this?"

"Tonight. I got it from Houston."

"Do you ever pay him back all we borrow from him, Coral?"

"Oh," said Coral, yawning, and laying her dyed head on the table, "he doesn't care! Where does your show go now?"

"They leave for Seattle by boat Tuesday night."

"Rotten you aren't going."

"It makes you feel awfully flat. But they can't afford to take people along for the small parts. And I'm not very good anyway," Tamara said. "I can't act!"

"What's Mayne doing?"

"Well, if they come back to play Oakland he'll be down here again in about a month, but Feeney thinks they won't."

"You like him, don't you, Tam?"

"Uh-huh."

"Engaged?"

"I don't know," Tam said, her cheeks suddenly ablaze.

"He seems crazy enough about you," Coral said generously. "But you never can tell."

Coral was silent awhile. Then she said:

"Lord, what a sweet break you and I got! Look at this Pauline van der Venter now—didn't you go to school with her?—going abroad with her mother to get her trousseau, and marrying Tom Spikes. Nothing but money!"

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"I've always thought," Tamara said, a little thickly, because there were tears in her throat—"I've always—at least at school they always said—that money wasn't so important, that you could bend your life your own way—"

"Yes, well—" Coral said dryly, as she paused, "you can't, and that's all there is to that! Money's everything. Those rich girls down the Peninsula can get away with murder, Tam, because they've got money. Girls like us have to put up with dubs like Houston—we're going to be married, by the way," Coral said casually.

"You're going to marry Houston?" "Yep. At least I said I would last week."

"But, Coral, do you love him?" "No, I don't love him. But I'm sick of this mess," Coral said bitterly. There was a silence.

"Girls like Helena and Pauline and the rest, Coral," Tam presently asked somewhat diffidently, "do you suppose they're straight?"

"Not for one moment," Coral answered unhesitatingly.

"And it doesn't matter?" "Of course it doesn't matter. I tell you that with money you can get away with anything, and if you haven't got it you've got to put up with what you can get!"

Tam sat silent a while, thinking. "Then life isn't fair," she said softly, after a while. But Coral had gone to sleep with her head on the table, and nobody heard the words.

THE next day was Sunday, but Tam slept late and omitted church. She had not been regular in her attendance at St. Boniface's for many months; this morning she did not awaken until nearly eleven, and then it was to find matters so disturbed in the Todhunter household that no outside thoughts could find entrance. Lance had come home intoxicated the night before and was ill; Mrs. Todhunter had an ulcerated tooth that was driving her to frenzy, and Coral had discovered on the first page of the bulky wet newspaper the announcement of Mr. Houston Hickey's sudden marriage to his cousin, Miss Ada Leroy, in Oakland.

This blow shattered Coral's self-control, and she spent the greater part of the day in hysterics. Lance, dragging himself to a heavy headachy consciousness at twelve o'clock, insisted upon dressing and going out into the driving rain. Mrs. Todhunter scented the entire apartment with oil of cloves and fastened up her head in a towel. Tam, perfectly conscious that she had had a ten-dollar bill in her purse the night before, found herself reduced to silver only, and suspected her brother of borrowing the bill without acknowledgment. Somehow it made her feel a little sick.

The larder was low. There was a week's salary due Tam, but she could not collect it today. She telephoned to the delicatessen store for bread and beans and coffee.

The rain fell in straight steel rods past the dark windows; smoke was beaten down over the city and smelled in the wet air. The Sunday streets were deserted until the movies began at about one; then motorcars with their rubber curtains up began to be parked along the curbs, and the brightly lighted gas station at the corner did a brisk business.

Tamara combined luncheon and breakfast in one cheerless meal. Coffee—there was no cream, she and Coral had used up the milk last night. No matter—coffee and toast and jelly.

Mayne did not telephone. The hours went by; the lights shone garishly at one, at two, at three o'clock, and still there was no Mayne, and no message from Mayne. Tamara had telephoned the hotel at eleven to be told that Mr. Mallory had asked not to be disturbed. Again telephoning—even though every fiber of her being protested against the weakness of it!—at two, she had another message. Mr. Mallory had gone down to the country with friends.

MR. MALLORY had gone down to the country with friends. The words fell like a blow on Tamara's heart. He had gone down to Pete's at Los Altos, of course; they were all down there, house-bound in the streaming rain, laughing about a fire, while good odors of wood smoke and cigarette smoke mingled with the smells from Adriana's dinner preparations in the kitchen. Oh, why should they leave her out—why should they be cruel to her—how could life be at once so dull and so painful?

Suddenly the sound of a loud droning voice came up the kitchen airshaft.

A woman's voice was saying, "Let me alone, can't you? Let me alone!" and an official Irish voice was breaking across the accompaniment of confused agitated voices and cries. "She's fixed herself this time, all right. Better call the ambulance, Joe!" the voices murmured. Then the great weary dragging voice came again: "Oh, let me alone!"

The crying got louder and louder and developed into screams, and there was scuffling and dragging. The Crennetts' flat, Margalo Crennett had tried to kill herself! That was it. Coral and Willette and Tam had worked it all out correctly before Mrs. Wincey came running upstairs to confirm it. Poor girl, she had not had a job for two years, and she had asthma; you couldn't really blame her.

Mrs. Wincey had some stuff that positively knocked out toothache. She obligingly went downstairs again to get it; Willette collapsed upon her bed after a double dose and fell into a heavy perspiring slumber.

"I hope Mrs. Wincey hasn't poisoned Mama, after the Crennett girl thing!" Coral said nervously, as the early January dark shut down. She was dressing now, powdering her tear-reddened eyes and preparing to go out to dinner with a boy named Sherwood Spring. He was barely twenty, not through college yet, but his mother had a handsome home in Menlo Park, and they both made much of Coral. At five she was gone, and Willette was deep asleep. Tam was alone.

She got out some old packs of cards, began somberly to play Patience.

"Well, that's the most miraculous thing I ever saw!" Willette said in the doorway. The clock was striking seven. Tamara roused from a half-dream to a realization that she was sleepy, dirty, weary. "I don't see why I shouldn't go over to Kitty's tonight," Tam's mother said. "I phoned her I couldn't go, but there isn't one speck of that pain left. I've not spent a night with Kitty for ever so long!"

Tamara was in the tub when her mother departed. She lay on in the healing, restful hot water, reading a



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magazine, resting her head against the tub. The telephone rang.

Like a flash she was out of the water and had caught a limp damp towel about her dripping body. The blessedness of it—the exquisite relief and joy of hearing Mayne's voice!

"Mayne, where are you?"

AT the hotel. Have you missed me? I tell you it's been three years since last night!"

"But I thought you were down at Pete's?"

"Pete's? Is the gang down there? It's the first I've heard of it."

"No, I don't suppose they are—I don't suppose they'd go down in this deluge. But when I didn't hear from you I thought you might be there."

"Go down there without you?"

Her delicious childish laugh broke out. It was good to laugh again.

"But where have you been?"

"Why, Berman was here, Tam—you knew that? I had to talk to him practically all night; there were three of them up here, and today he asked me to go down to his married daughter's place in San Jose and eat fried chicken and hot biscuits. I'm just home.

She was laughing again, joyfully. "And now what are you doing?"

"What am I doing? Well, that's what I called up to ask you. Had your dinner?"

"No-o. I'm just out of a bath."

"I'll be up in twenty minutes, and we'll go somewhere and have dinner."

"Oh, lovely!" said Tamara. "Oh, Mayne, what'll I do after Tuesday? I've nearly died today! I wish Fee-ney'd take me!"

"It's a rotten shame," he said. "But never mind, I'll come up and get you in a quarter of an hour."

"Okay, chief!" the girl sang rather than said. They laughed, twelve minutes later, to discover that in their eagerness to get together they had both lessened the time. Buttoned into her coat, with his arm under her elbow and her head lowered against the rain, Tamara laughed again as she ran from the doorway to the car.

They went to his hotel. Tamara turned bright inquisitive eyes to his in the elevator.

"Forget something?"

"No. You're dining with me on this wet evening, Miss Todhunter."

"Oh, what fun, Mayne!" Tamara exclaimed, when they reached his softly lighted warm big rooms, to find a wood fire burning and two waiters noiselessly completing arrangements for dinner before the hearth. She went into his bedroom to spread her damp coat on the bed, peep at herself in his high dresser mirror. "Mayne, I'm washing my hands with your towels!" she called.

When Tamara came out she hooped her fresh clean hands over his face as he sat on the big blue davenport, and he caught the scent of sweet soap.

"You like oysters, don't you?"

Mayne asked, as the men began to serve the dinner. "Come on, Tam, I'm starving. It's almost eight o'clock."

"This is fun!" the girl said, shaking out her napkin. "And I thought this was being one of the saddest—horriblest—days of my life!"

She related the whole story, even to the missing ten dollar bill whose whereabouts she so shrewdly suspected, and the deficiency of groceries in the kitchen.

After dinner, the table was whisked



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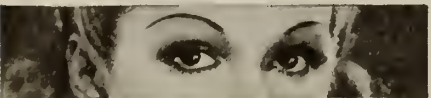
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noiselessly away; the big davenport was wheeled about to face the fire. While the waiters were busy Tam wandered to the window, looked down on the spluttered lights of the Square under the rain, came back again in great content.

"Still sluicing rain."  
"A nice sort of weather to be indoors and snug," Mayne said.

She sat down, a slight, almost childish figure against the tapestry background of the big chair.

"Did your mother go out with a toothache?"

"It stopped. A woman in the house gave her something that stopped it. She felt better and she went over to Kitty Ulmer's. They play poker and drink beer; she'll stay there tonight."

"And where's Coral?"

"Oh, Coral pulled herself together and went out with her new boy—he really is only a boy; I don't think he's more than twenty. Sherwood Spring; he's in Stanford, and he has a nice widowed mother down there who simply dotes on him. Coral goes down and they have dinner and usually she stays overnight. She'll certainly stay over tonight."

"Lance was having some men in, you said, for poker?"

"Well, he sent a lot of beer home yesterday. But just after you telephoned, he did, to say that he might not be back at all, and for me to put the lights out."

"So you would have been all alone."  
"I wouldn't have minded."

"You don't mind anything, do you, Tam?"

"Yes, I mind your going away!"

The lights were lowered. Mayne signaled with his hand, and she went to sit beside him on the great velvet davenport; their feet stretched toward the fire. Mayne had his arm about her, and Tam's head rested on his shoulder.

"I'll tell you where you'll sleep tonight," Mayne said. "Right on this couch. I'll not have you going back to wake up, perhaps, and think of that girl who killed herself, and get yourself frightened to death."

Tam laughed unalarmingly. "Don't say that, Mayne, or I really will."

"Really will stay here?"  
"No-o-o. Really will wake up in cold terror of that awful voice."

"I'll move some pillows and blankets out here," Mayne said. "You don't have to undress if you don't want to."

Tamara laughed scornfully, softly, said nothing. For a long while they sat still, with his arm about her, and her head on his shoulder, and their eyes upon the dying fire. The big hotel room was softly lighted and very quiet; outside the windows rain battered and splashed, and the wind whined softly.

"It's so comfortable here with you, Mayne," Tamara said contentedly.

*Will Tamara's innocent love for dangerously attractive Mayne Mallory bring her happiness, or will it bring—? Continue this human story by Kathleen Norris, America's most popular author of modern fiction, in the December issue of Radio Mirror.*

## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

find a spot for them this winter. Good luck, Ezra Stone and cast!

Alice M. Stout,  
Atlantic City, N. J.

baseball scores musically is not only novel, but entertaining as well.

Mrs. J. Newmnan,  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

### FOURTH PRIZE

"MY HUSBAND'S A BARGAIN"

John J. Anthony's "Is Your Husband Really a Bargain?" intrigued me. I've been married twenty-seven years and I wonder how many wives of long standing, answering Mr. Anthony's questions honestly, would find, as I did, that we get so wrapped up in raising our children and in other problems, that we forget to remember what bargains we have in our husbands?

Now, I don't mean mine is 100% perfect, nor that he suffers in silence. No, indeed, not my husband, but that man actually scored fourteen points. And, when I started answering Mr. Anthony's questions for wives—well, it's just as he says, the husband's faults may be just as much the wife's faults.

Mrs. E. F. Rummelhart,  
Denver, Colo.

### FIFTH PRIZE HE'S THE TOPS

Our Sombreros, turbans, and Panamas are off to Fred Waring!

He it was, who gave us Priscilla and Rosemary Lane and Johnny (Scat) Davis.

Fred Waring's program is usually the first to institute anything of novelty, and surprising as it sounds, it always is successful! His listing the

### SIXTH PRIZE

HOW ABOUT IT, EXPERTS?

Can anything be done to help regulate the volume of sound being transmitted during one of the variety show broadcasts?

As it is now, when a dramatic sequence is on, the actors and actresses drop their voices almost to a whisper, which means we have to tune our radios way up to catch every word. Then, suddenly, the orchestra cuts back in with an ear-splitting crash that practically lifts the roof off the house and there is a mad scramble to tune it down.

Mrs. E. L. Davis,  
New York, N. Y.

### SEVENTH PRIZE

THANKS FOR CONSIDERING US

Radio is definitely growing up when programs like Information Please and Great Plays are able to find an enthusiastic public.

Heretofore, producers have thought that the listening public wanted merely to be amused. It was not considered that a thing need not be dull to be instructive, and that too much screw-ball comedy was wearing people down. Information Please started things. Great Plays has shown the powers that be that we want high-class drama.

Margaret A. Connell,  
Des Moines, Iowa



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# Facing The Music

(Continued from page 43)

ity, the Larry Clinton organization stands or falls on the ability of Larry to keep concocting his own inimitable arrangements and hit tunes.

Until 1936 Larry Clinton was making a neat but not gaudy income arranging for Tommy Dorsey, Casa Loma and about ten other dance experts. When he gave Tommy the opportunity to first record "Dipsy Doodle" and "Satan Takes a Holiday," and the Victor disks sold 200,000 at seventy-five cents a platter, the recording moguls and music publishers woke up. The guy who wrote those two killer-dillers was wasting his time behind the bandstand.

The 29-year-old Brooklyn-born bandleader accepted the advice of the mighty and turned to leading a band.

The college crowd eagerly awaited the first Clinton disks. They had heard of this spirited arranger, quicker than you could say "booker," Clinton's newly-formed aggregation was hired for the Lawrenceville Prep dance in March, 1938, for its first outside date. So successful was this stand that Larry was approached by Lawrenceville's big brother Princeton. He's played these two schools eight times since.

CLINTON'S grandfather was an organist and composer and his mother an experienced oratorio singer. Therefore the lad knew his musical scales before the alphabet. At five he was writing his own songs and carefully checking the fine points with his pleased grandfather.

But Larry's father, a professional soldier, frowned on a musical career and urged that his son study engineering. After all, the boy's great-great-grandfather, David N. Bushnell, invented an early type of submarine during the American Revolution. The craft was unsuccessful in its first attempt to sink a British man o' war when the operator failed to release the explosives correctly and killed himself rather than the enemy.

Larry proudly made a model of his forefather's sub when he attended dear old P. S. 179 in Flatbush and it made a bigger hit with the teacher than a nice, red apple.

When he was six, his father died, and all thoughts of pursuing a technical career vanished. The boy was able to play any instrument. He got his professional job at fifteen, playing a trumpet, piano, and banjo.

Never a great instrumentalist, Larry failed to become the boy prodigy. He got a job selling vacuum cleaners from door to door. In his first week at this occupation, Larry won the company prize for selling the most vacuum cleaners.

There are three vocalists in the Clinton aggregation: Terry Allen, former Red Norvo vocalist, brunette Mary Dugan, who replaced Bea Wain, and trombone playing Ford Leary.

Although the Clinton band is a heavy-powered swing unit, no matter how energetically the band is blaring forth, Larry maintains a stoic appearance.

This is best illustrated by the day when an overheated youngster cornered Larry after a particularly gruelling set and said, "Say, Larry, (Continued on page 87)

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# Wake up your liver bile

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



■ That's all it takes to get rid of that fagged-out feeling, says Dinah Shore, NBC singing star.



By DR. GRACE GREGORY

THE art of make-up has reached such perfection that many women expect it to do everything for them. But make-up is intended to beautify, not to conceal. It cannot hide the lines of weariness and strain that even young faces show at the end of over-strenuous days. It takes a mask, and a good one, for that.

Dinah Shore thinks so. Of all the lovely young singers whom radio has collected for our delight, none is more vividly alive than Dinah. It is a mystery how one girl can pack so much of work and fun into a day as she does, and still retain the dewy morning freshness that is part of her charm. Dinah seems to be always on the go—but she knows the value of just twenty minutes of real relaxation, with the right beauty mask.

In 1938 she came to New York, just graduated from Vanderbilt University in her native Tennessee. Besides her lovely voice, her warm brunette beauty, and her vivid personality she has the poise that comes from many public appearances. Having begun to sing for audiences at ten, Dinah Shore is a seasoned trouser at an age when most girls have not even begun.

At first she sang for gatherings of her mother's friends. But after four years of this she decided to make a public debut at a night club. She tells of it with reminiscent chuckles. She had taken her elder sister's favorite

gown and sneaked out of the house. But when she sauntered out on the stage for her first number, there were mother and daddy waiting at a ring-side table. She sang one number, and was hauled home—but not before she had managed to collect her ten dollars.

College dramatics led to stock companies—than which there is no better training. Then came small radio stations, and a hearing on one national hook-up. NBC heard her, and now we have our Dinah Shore singing for us every Thursday night at 6:15 P. M. E. S. T.

Facial masks used to be very messy, very expensive, or very troublesome to prepare—sometimes all three. Facial masks nowadays cost a couple of cents or less per mask and come in attractive packages to be used in your own home. There are many good ones. Try, and choose.

"One facial that I like," says Dinah, "costs about a cent a mask—and what a pennyworth! Some like 'em morning, some like 'em night, but I want my beauty mask when I come home fagged, before I dress for the evening.

A good soap-and-water cleansing, and then I mix up this home beauty treatment in a minute. I apply it liberally, all over face and neck. Then I lie down, relax completely, and think only of pleasant things for twenty minutes.

"When the twenty minutes is over, I wash off the mask, and with it go weariness and all under-the-skin grime. My face feels new, firmed, youthified—ready to take a proper make-up. What a twenty minutes! Incidentally, one of the popular facial treatments is a refined starch which gives a soothingly perfumed beauty bath."

#### FOR THOSE STRAY LOCKS

ALL our waves, even the permanent ones, would be as impermanent as the waves of the sea without a proper waveset. For finger waves, or comb waves, or the resetting of permanents, a waveset is necessary. It not only quells unruly hair (and how unruly some hair can be, especially just after a shampoo!) but also gives a lustre and sheen.

Wavesets may be diluted with water to suit the special needs of your hair. But whatever your hair may be like, even if it is positively snarly with natural curl, a good waveset will enable you to get it under control and arrange it in the most becoming lines.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY



(Continued from page 85)

you played that tune hot and solid. Everybody was sent. But you don't seem to get excited or hop around like the rest of us. How come?"

Larry put his hand on the puzzled boy's shoulder and replied: "Look, my boy. I only wrote that song, arranged it, scored it, and rehearsed it for hours. Now you want me to do a dance to it!"

### OFF THE RECORD

#### Some Like It Sweet

**I Surrender Dear—It Must Be True** (Decca 2535) Bing Crosby. The Bing gets nostalgia and resurrects two ancient but amorous ditties.

**In an Eighteenth Century Drawing Room—Boy Scout in Switzerland** (Brunswick 8404) Raymond Scott Quintette. The latest Scott efforts are well worth hearing although the Boy Scout is prepared to give first place to the drawing room. A lot of the dance bands are playing this one to dance tempo.

**Dance Time with Hal Kemp** (Victor P6-1) Hal Kemp runs the gamut of dance music. Everything is here but a gavotte. A lot of debutantes helped pick the selections. I think the housewives could have done a better job. What is a Kemp album without his recording of "Gotta Date with an Angel."

**Out of This World—Must Have Been Two Other People** (Vocalion 4944) Larry Sothern. A new voice, a new band produce a slow-tempoed bit of romantics. Leader Larry sings so much you don't get a chance to hear the orchestra.

**Old Fashioned Tune Is always New—There's Only One in Love** (Bluebird 10326) Freddy Martin. No need to tell you that this is as smooth as silk. Dig up all the nice things you've heard about Freddy. They fit.

**Quando Eu Penso Na Bahia—Dance Rhumba** (Decca 23097) Carmen Miranda. The sensation of South America now appearing in New York in the revue "Streets of Paris" offers some Brazilian oomph.

**Counter Point Ala Mode—Shabby Old Cabby** (Victor 26298) Sammy Kaye. A different kind of a Kaye recording coupled with a popular waltz.

#### Some Like It Swing

**Comes Love—I Can't Afford to Dream** (Bluebird 10324) Artie Shaw. Solid sending on a superior Shaw wax-work. Excellent trumpet work comes forth with "Comes Love."

**Jungle Madness—You Taught Me Love Again** (Brunswick 8400) Gene Krupa. A Chappy Willet arrangement sizzles across the phonograph backed up by Irene Daye's delicious warbling on the reverse side.

**Guess I'll Go Back Home; Slip Horn Jive** (Bluebird 10317) Glen Miller. Clean cut rug cutting. Trombone fans pay close attention to the Slip Horn Jive effects. The other tune is destined for success.

**In a Mizz—Cotton Club Stomp** (Brunswick 8405) Duke Ellington. A Harlem harlequinade that doesn't get out of hand. Ivy Anderson gets into a mizz vocally.

**Little White Lies—One Side of Me** (Decca 2556) Ella Fitzgerald and Chick Webb's orchestra. The late lamented chocolate-colored drummer would be glad to know that one of his last recordings was one of his best.

**Sheik of Araby—Paleface** (Decca 2539) Woody Herman. Hotter than a St. Louis summer. Don't say we didn't warn you.

# Penny Singleton

(Columbia Pictures Star)

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\*Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake starring in Columbia Pictures' "BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY" (with Larry Sims and Daisy, the dog). Her hands are beguiling! Let Jergens Lotion help you!



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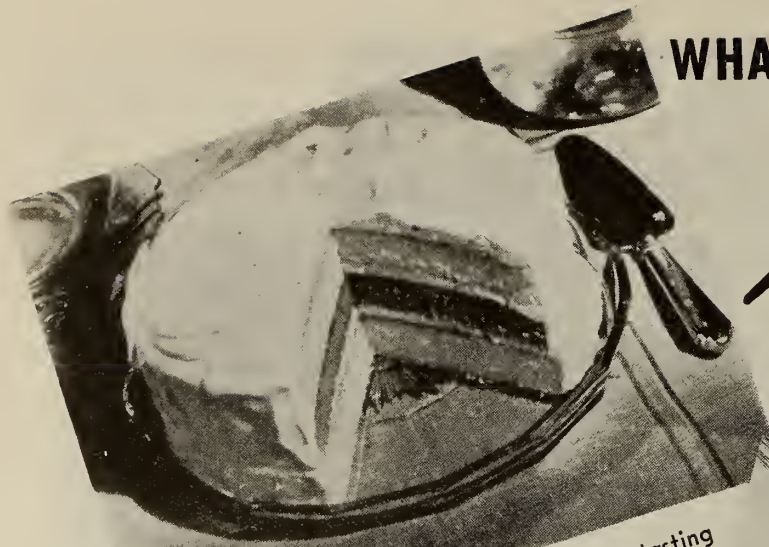
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# WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR

# Dessert?

By MRS.  
MARGARET SIMPSON



■ An attractive-looking and delicious tasting finish for any meal is this two-tone ribbon cake.

YOU are familiar with Arlene Francis as the girl who plays Betty on NBC's Betty and Bob serial, and as the gal who knows all the answers on NBC's fascinating program, What's My Name? Arlene also has a pat answer for another question, the ever-important question, "What shall we have for dessert?" Arlene's response to this query is invariably the same: "Oh, let's have cake."

"I always vote for cake for dessert," she told me between rehearsals at NBC studios the other day. "It's the perfect ending for a perfect meal and if the meal isn't so perfect—well, what's the difference if you can finish with cake? My favorite cake? I don't think I have one, but the mere idea of spice cake with chocolate frosting, or white cake with a spice layer—I love them with fruit or milk."

They'll be yours, too, once you've tried the recipes below. Incidentally, Arlene considers quick spice cake the perfect accompaniment for ice cream, and ribbon cake is ideal to serve with after-dinner coffee.

## QUICK SPICE CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tsps. double-acting baking powder

- ¼ tsp. salt      ½ tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. nutmeg    ¼ tsp. cloves
- ¾ cup sugar

- 5 tbs. butter or margarine
- ¼ cup New Orleans type molasses
- 2 eggs, well beaten    ½ cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, spices and sugar and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add molasses and cream together thoroughly. Combine eggs and milk, add to flour mixture and stir until all flour is dampened, then beat vigorously for one minute. Bake in layers or thin loaf in a moderate oven. Top with chocolate frosting.

## RIBBON CAKE

- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tsps. double-acting baking powder

- ¾ cup butter or margarine
- 1½ cups sugar
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten



■ Arlene Francis, left, considers this Quick Spice Cake with chocolate icing a swell accompaniment for ice cream.

Bake in moderate oven. Spread white icing, almond flavored, between layers and on top and sides of cake.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF SHORTENING

NO single ingredient in cooking is more important than shortening—and none is treated more casually by the average housewife. Whether you prefer butter or lard, one of the vegetable shortenings or margarine, you are careful, of course, to select one which is high in food value and in purity—and with the many fine brands on the market today this is a fairly simple matter. There are a few general shortening rules you would do well to follow unless the recipe specifies otherwise. First, always measure your shortening accurately and use the exact quantity your recipe calls for; too much or too little can be equally disastrous. You will notice that the cake recipes above say to cream the shortening, then add the sugar or molasses and cream together thoroughly—a good rule for any cake. In baking pies, have your shortening ice cold—some experts insist that the mixing bowl, flour, liquid and even the knife be chilled as well—then cut it into the flour with a knife or pastry blender.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY



## Are You a Wife in Name Only?

(Continued from page 19)

without knowing it, this kind of a lonely marriage. I do know that if it's only one couple in twenty—and I'm sure it's more—that's too many.

But I also know, in my own circle of acquaintances, at least three wives in name only. There is Mary Y—, whose husband spends every Sunday playing golf from seven in the morning until six at night. He works hard all week, and Mary agrees with him that he's entitled to relax in the way he enjoys best on Sunday. But—he prefers to relax with a game in which Mary has no part. There is Sylvia D—, whose husband has a standing date every Friday night to play poker with some old friends. He plays for small stakes—he's not a gambler, and the play itself does neither him nor Sylvia any harm—but the sessions last until three or four in the morning, and on Saturday night he doesn't want to take her out to the theater or anywhere else, because he's tired. And there is Ruth M—, whose husband has plunged into the affairs of his fraternal organization so much in the last few years that his lodge brothers see a great deal more of him than Ruth does.

MARY, Sylvia and Ruth react to the situation in three different ways. Mary refers to herself as a "golf widow," very gallantly and humorously. Sylvia is apt to show up at some friend's house on Friday or Saturday night, rather white-faced and tight-lipped, looking for something to do. Ruth makes no secret of her continual grievance against "that ridiculous lodge that takes up so much of Harry's time." It doesn't seem to occur to her that Harry is much more interested in his lodge than he is in her.

All three of these women have lost their husbands' love. I didn't really realize this until recently—although I think that the knowledge must have been vaguely there, in the back of my mind, from the very first time I saw what was happening. They have lost whatever it was that made them adored by the men they married.

Well, there is the wife who is not a wife. She isn't, I think you'll agree, getting the real richness and happiness out of marriage. At the beginning of her life with her husband, she was given something very precious—his adoration of her—but now it has slipped out of her grasp.

How about it? Is it her fault?

I think it is. I don't believe it is hard to keep a man's love. Any woman can do it, given a real love to begin with. Any woman can, but so few women do. I think it's because, although women know by training and instinct how to catch a man's love, they forget that marriage isn't an end in itself. Marriage isn't an end, but a beginning—a fact that the feminine mind often fails to grasp.

And let no woman say that staying in love is just as much her husband's job as it is hers. That isn't true. It's the woman's business to keep the home together and filled with happiness. It always has been her business, and it always will be, no matter how independent or brilliant she be-

## Neatest Trick of the Month!



### CHOCOLATE NUT COOKIES—BY "MAGIC"!

3 squares unsweetened chocolate  
1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand  
Sweetened Condensed Milk  
½ cup chopped walnut meats

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir until well blended. Add chopped walnut meats. Drop mixture by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 15 minutes. Remove from pan at once. Place on wire cake cooler to become crisp. Makes 36.

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comes in affairs outside the home.

And one reason women fail at their most important job is that they stop deceiving their husbands, in small but vitally important ways as soon as the honeymoon is over.

There's nothing wrong with deceiving your husband!

Before marriage, a woman does her best to fool the man she loves into thinking that she is witty, unselfish, even-tempered, perpetually neat, invariably kind and thoughtful to others, and a paragon of all the virtues. Nobody thinks any the less of her for doing this. We don't even think of it as deception; we simply call it "Making a good impression."

Men, on the other hand, don't often attempt to deceive girls, even during the courtship period. Playing a part doesn't come easily to a man—he's more apt to let a girl see him as he really is, and take him or leave him. If he's quick-tempered or stingy or untidy, his wife usually knows it before she marries him. He hasn't the instinct for deception that a girl has—and uses so successfully.

BUT once she is married, all too often, our girl brings her benevolent deceit to an abrupt stop. Instead of trying to hide her faults—which may not be so tremendous after all—she brings them right out into the open. She becomes like Mary Y—, whose husband golfs all day. Mary discovered, immediately after her marriage, that she had opinions on everything that were exactly the opposite of her husband's. And Mary's opinions, of course, are always the right ones—she thinks. If Charlie likes Joan Crawford, Mary points out at once that Joan's features are all wrong and she hasn't a scrap of acting ability. If Charlie expresses a criticism of a book he has read, Mary reads it too, and proclaims that it is the masterpiece of the age. Oh, not always, of course, because Mary doesn't deliberately look for flaws in Charlie's views and opinions—but often enough so that it's no wonder Charlie prefers the golf links.

I deceive my own husband, and have done so for twenty years.

When we were first married, George and I decided that our life together should be a partnership. We carried this partnership idea right down to financial problems, in fact. When we bought our first car, he paid for half of it and I paid for half. When Patricia and then Bobby came along, we each paid half of the hospital and doctor bills.

But, because I was making money, I had to find some way of making George feel that my work was secondary to my life with him—that he was more important to me than the stories I wrote. So, early in our marriage, I began asking him to read every story—and, later, every radio script—that I wrote, and to discuss them with me and offer his suggestions.

George, who is a corporation lawyer, countered by asking me to read his legal briefs and talk over his cases with him.

Now, George knew nothing whatever about writing, and I knew even less about law. Each of us was well aware of that fact. Just the same, we both went right on solemnly asking each other's opinion, for no other reason than to create an atmosphere of mutual interest and help, a feeling of companionship. A couple of com-

plete hypocrites, that's what we were—but happy hypocrites.

As a matter of fact, the deception by this time has ceased to be one. Before long we discovered that the other really had something important to contribute in every discussion.

"I'm glad you thought of that point," George would say to me after we'd talked over one of his cases. "I wouldn't have thought of it myself." Of course, he was partly flattering me, but more and more often I'd learn that he actually had taken my suggestion. And in my work, I found that George could put his finger on weaknesses in characterization or plot that I hadn't noticed, and help me to correct them. Thus, instead of being barriers between us, our widely different professions became a means of drawing us closer together—and all because I began by pretending that I valued his opinion of something I'd written.

Another way I pretend in my relations with my husband is this: I make believe that he is not only my husband, but a guest in my home.

When you are entertaining someone in your home, you naturally do your best to put on your most becoming manners and clothes, serve the most appetizing dishes possible, and hide any faults you may have. The more important the guest the harder you try. Well, I reasoned, who could be more important than my own husband? Whom could I be more anxious to impress?

I wanted to make him so happy and comfortable, see that he had such a pleasant time, that he wouldn't want to leave. That is what every wife wants for her husband, of course; in my case I tried to achieve it simply through a harmless pretense that he was also my guest.

It's a problem that every wife must solve in her own way—this job of keeping her husband's love. And she must start solving it early in her marriage, before it's too late. Surprisingly, it doesn't call for very heroic efforts, as a rule; simply for understanding, constant watchfulness against herself, and—nearly always—some small deception.

I have seen, in just the last year, a wife save her marriage from becoming a dull and lonely thing. Alice E— married a man who loved to read, and as the months slipped by she discovered that more and more he was taking a book, after dinner, and sitting absorbed in it until bedtime. He was growing, too, more reserved, farther away from her in all their contacts. She was desperate—and then she thought of a simple solution. She asked him to read aloud to her.

She doesn't enjoy being read aloud to—or rather, she didn't at first. But anything was better than the feeling that she and her husband were drifting farther and farther apart; and now that several months have passed, she finds that being read to is quite a bit of fun. But more important than the stories they read is the companionship they have built out of such a little thing—the feeling of an experience shared, of emotions rising and falling together as they follow the printed page. Alice tells me that she, who used to want to scream of boredom in the evenings, now looks forward to them.

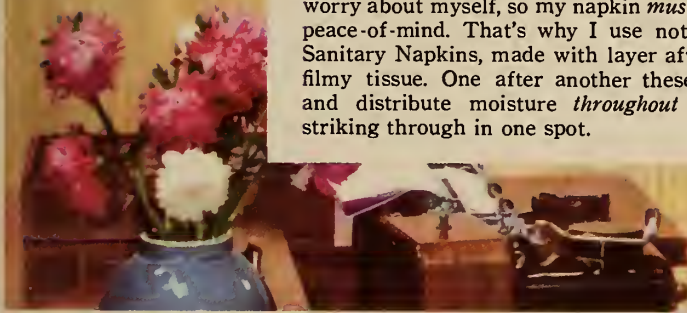
It was deception, and nothing else, that took her out of the "wife in name only" class.



# Confessions of a Private Secretary

## Slave to a buzzer... that's me!

Yet I wouldn't trade the rush and excitement of my job for anything. But you see, I just haven't time to worry about myself, so my napkin *must* provide perfect peace-of-mind. That's why I use nothing but Kotex Sanitary Napkins, made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check striking through in one spot.



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## Lady of the Evening...

still looking and feeling my best at the time so many girls are irritable. Again Kotex Sanitary Napkins come to my rescue, thanks to those *patented pressed ends*. Believe me, they make a world of difference—no more embarrassing bulky feeling—no more worry about shifting, bunching and chafing.

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