

LAUGH SMASH! Hilarious FRED ALLEN Radio-Broadcast

Radio MIRROR

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

MAY



THE BING CROSBYS

First Authorized Story of BENNY GOODMAN'S Amazing Life
Thrilling Picture Story of Stars' Babies—see Photo Mirror Page 17

HE8690
.R16



*Seamless
Sis*
LASTEX
FOUNDATIONS
styled by
HICKORY

Beautiful, Youthful, Contour Control

THREE STEPS TO THE *Loveliness* YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT

The captivating charm of a beautiful young figure . . . firm . . . free . . . and fashion-right . . . can now be YOURS. And best of all . . . you probably expected to pay more—but you never expected more delightful discipline. Defiant bulges are gently but firmly suppressed, diaphragm, hips, and waist are properly disciplined. You'll feel smoothingly slim and gracefully free . . . and look pounds lighter . . . inches slighter. The secret of "Seamless Sis" amazing control is expert designing—no bones, no seams, no bulk . . . YOU'LL WANT ALL THREE AND CAN AFFORD THEM because

Hickory's youthful figure-control extends to the price-tags . . . just look at the prices, again . . . *All-in-one*: The perfect foundation to flatter your frocks. Low-cut back. Youthful lace bra with "that artful uplift," \$5 . . . *Pantie* encourages action in sports, \$3.50 . . . *Girdle* comfortably controls for smooth lines in about-town costumes. InvizaGrip supporters, \$3.50 . . . (If your favorite corsetiere cannot supply you, please write to Miss Ruth Stone, 1153 West Congress Street, Chicago) . . . A. STEIN & COMPANY, New York, Chicago, Toronto, Buenos Aires

HICKORY • THE FOUNDATION OF LOVELINESS

ROUGH COPY

...AND MEN CAN BE SUCH AWFUL GOSSIPS TOO!



Let's face the truth about UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

MEN DO TALK about girls behind their backs—although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with—the girls they simply *won't* take out. For a girl must be *more* than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly *sweet*—nice to be *near*.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand—one fault they *can't* forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her *bath alone* to keep her fresh!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances! They know a bath only takes

care of *past perspiration*—that they still need Mum, to prevent odor *to come*.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! All day or all evening long, Mum's protection is *sure*.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration. Even after underarm shav-

ing it never irritates the skin. And Mum is completely harmless to fabrics—safe to apply even *after* you're dressed.

MUM IS QUICK! One half minute is all it takes for a dab of Mum under each arm! To be a girl men *like* to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

FOR THIS IMPORTANT USE, TOO Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is so gentle, so sure! Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum!

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET



ILL NEVER GO ON A DATE WITHOUT MUM! A BATH JUST ISN'T ENOUGH!



TO HERSELF: DICKS WONDERFUL! AND EVEN IF IT'S WARM DANCING, MUM WILL KEEP ME SAFE!



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

5/13/37

HOUSECLEANING?



*Here's
good
news*

*Lowest prices in history
...on BRIGHTER
G-E MAZDA LAMPS*

While you are cleaning this Spring, make his easy chair seem easier. Put a bright new 100-200-300-watt G-E Three-Lite bulb in his I. E. S. Three-Light lamp. Then watch him relax when he reads at night.

And let your whole family benefit from Better Light for Better Sight. Try new 100 or 150-watt G-E MAZDA lamp bulbs in bridge or table model I. E. S. Lamps, and 150-watts in your kitchen and laundry.

Buy these larger, sight-saving sizes today, at lowest prices in history.

Buy the new and brighter 1938 G-E bulbs where you see this emblem



GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Radio Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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Cover by Robert Reid
THE CROSBYS—Bing, Dixie, the twins, Dennis Michael
and Phillip Lang and young Gary

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Keep young
and Doubly Lovely with
refreshing Double Mint gum

Easy to do . . . just read below

WHENEVER you enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum, the gentle natural chewing exercise stimulates sleepy face muscles, relaxes tense lines and brightens your teeth. This all helps to keep your face young and attractive, your smile more winning. And now, presented here is this youthfully lovely new scarf dress just created for you in Paris by the great Schiaparelli and made available by Double Mint gum in a Simplicity pattern. In this way Double Mint gum helps you look as smart, streamlined and charming as Hollywood's beautiful star, Anita Louise, *left*, of famed Warner Bros.' Pictures, who is modeling this dress . . . So you see how simple and easy it is to keep young and doubly lovely with Double Mint gum. Enjoy it daily. Begin today.

Millions of women daily buy this popular double-lasting mint-flavored gum. Beauty specialists everywhere recommend it. It is non-fattening, aids digestion and sweetens your breath . . . Daily chew Double Mint gum to keep young and lovely. Buy several packages today.

Picture yourself in this new **SCHIAPARELLI** Double Mint gum scarf dress from Paris, modeled for you in Hollywood by the ever doubly lovely star, ANITA LOUISE of Warner Bros., whose next picture is "THE SISTERS." Made available to you by Double Mint gum in **SIMPLICITY** Pattern 2740. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.



How Schiaparelli Double Mint dress ties scarf as apron.



Take apron off dress and use as handy platochek.



When in need of a bag, knot scarf-apron thusly.



More Double duty! This is a Double Mint dress.



What DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

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 April 30, 1938.

Those Sunday night comics—Joe Penner and Jack Benny.

Fink

FIRST PRIZE

PLAY THE NEW GAME

WONDER if any other readers of RADIO MIRROR have tried out the idea that I and my friends have found very interesting. The idea is for you to get your friends together and take one of the Readio-broadcasts that appear each month in RADIO MIRROR. Then draw cards to see who gets the most important speaking part. Then the Readio broadcast begins. Each participant does his or her part to make the best of their speaking part. If you have ever had a longing to be a radio performer, here is your big chance to try out your acting ability. You will also find that the acting of Readio broadcasts makes plenty of fun at the party. Each person if they wish can take their turn at the acting. Try it sometimes and I am sure it will bring you much enjoyment.

JOSEPH CROUCHWELL,
New York City, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE

OPEN LETTER TO BETTY LOU BARRIE

Dear Betty Lou:

Please, oh, please tell the artist who made that picture of you in the February number of RADIO MIRROR that you do *not* look like the sophisticated grown up

little girl which this picture depicts. Tell your "Mr. Tommy" that you should have reddish brown pigtails a little curly on the ends, or if you must have bobbed hair, do not have that awful set finger-wave. Whoever heard of a little seven year old girl, (that is your age you know) with a finger-wave. Let it be tousled and not too curly, though I much prefer the pigtails. You have large brown eyes, with long lashes but no plucked or penciled eye brows, a dimple in your cheek, and teeth not too perfect. You still have some of your baby teeth with two second ones in front, not quite full grown, and your nose turns up just a little.

A. G. S.,
Buffalo, New York

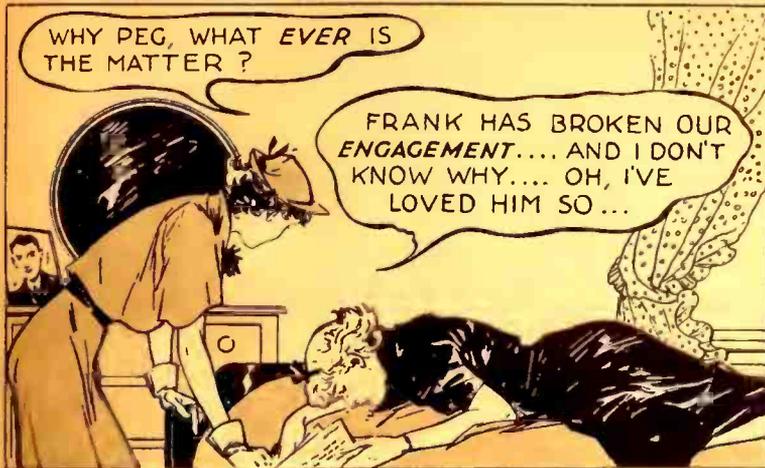
THIRD PRIZE

WON'T SOMEONE HEAR HER PLEA?

After reading your article on Betty Lou Barrie I can readily understand Tommy Riggs' predicament of transforming her into a real person but the sketch and remarks in this article were very disappointing.

I have been a listener to Betty Lou since "way back when." I always had my own vision of her appearance before I ever knew she was not a real person but as you say "in this case it's every man for himself" and I don't suppose two people out of ten would have the same vision of her. But I am (Continued on page 92)

WHAT HAPPENED TO PEG MAY HAPPEN TO YOU



WHY PEG, WHAT EVER IS THE MATTER ?

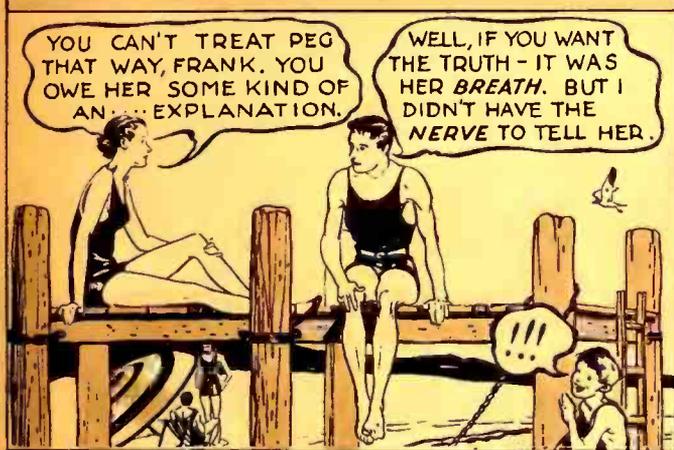
FRANK HAS BROKEN OUR ENGAGEMENT.... AND I DON'T KNOW WHY.... OH, I'VE LOVED HIM SO...



WHY DON'T YOU TALK WITH HIM? HE'LL BE BACK IN TOWN TOMORROW.

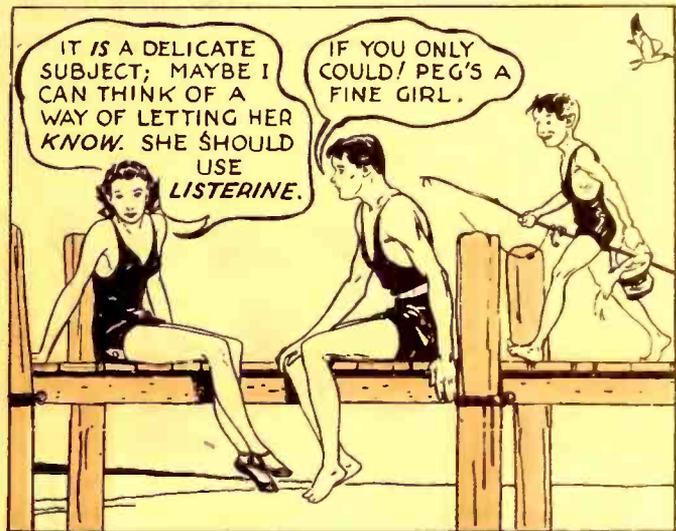
OH, I COULDN'T, I COULDN'T. IT'S SO HUMILIATING. I NEVER WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN.

LUCY TAKES THINGS INTO HER OWN HANDS AND TALKS WITH FRANK



YOU CAN'T TREAT PEG THAT WAY, FRANK. YOU OWE HER SOME KIND OF AN EXPLANATION.

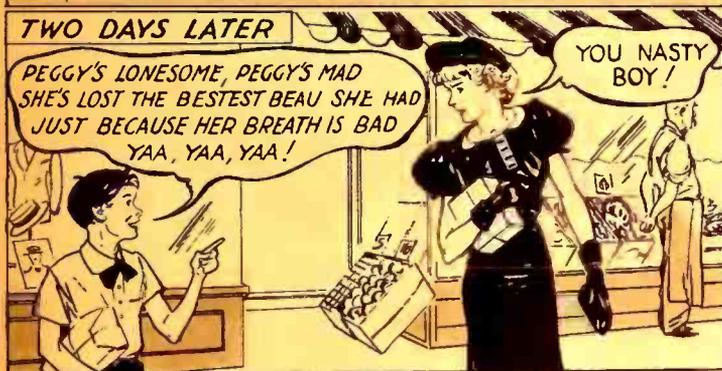
WELL, IF YOU WANT THE TRUTH - IT WAS HER BREATH. BUT I DIDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO TELL HER.



IT IS A DELICATE SUBJECT; MAYBE I CAN THINK OF A WAY OF LETTING HER KNOW. SHE SHOULD USE LISTERINE.

IF YOU ONLY COULD! PEG'S A FINE GIRL.

BUT LUCY DOESN'T NEED TO TELL PEG. THE SMALL BOY WHO OVERHEARD HER CONVERSATION DOES IT FOR HER



TWO DAYS LATER

PEGGY'S LONESOME, PEGGY'S MAD SHE'S LOST THE BESTEST BEAU SHE HAD JUST BECAUSE HER BREATH IS BAD YAA, YAA, YAA!

YOU NASTY BOY!



CAN IT BE TRUE THAT MY BREATH IS BAD? THERE IS A SAYING "IF YOU WANT THE TRUTH, GO TO A CHILD."

IT IS TRUE, PEG. THAT'S WHAT CAME BETWEEN YOU AND FRANK. IF YOU'LL USE LISTERINE I KNOW HE'LL COME BACK. HE SAID SO.

6 MONTHS LATER... WEDDING BELLS



You need a true breath deodorant to keep from offending

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it—and even your best friend won't tell you . . . the subject is so delicate. Most cases are the result of fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush. So don't depend on tooth paste to conquer bad breath. Use Listerine Antiseptic which quickly halts fermentation of these particles

and then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

If you want others to like you, never take chances on your breath offending. Get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social engagements. It leaves the mouth and the breath fresh, sweet, and agreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For Halitosis (bad breath) use Listerine



Above, Bob Hope makes 'em laugh on Your Hollywood Parade; at left, Judy Garland's breaking records; in insert, Slim Wilson, CJRM's Singing Cowboy; Right, WGH's Little Chatterbox.



By DAN SENESEY

What's New

FROM COAST TO COAST

THERE'S a pathetic reason why you haven't heard Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa making fun of Portland's mythical "Poppa" on Town Hall Tonight lately. Portland's real father died, not so very many weeks ago.

* * *

Little Jackie Heller and Ruth Greeley were married in Chicago late last month. It was a five-year romance, which didn't start getting serious until last fall.

The new Mrs. Heller used to be an Earl Carroll stage beauty, and she's four feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, just half an inch shorter than her groom.

* * *

After having "retired" from the stage, Ethel Barrymore has been in two Broadway plays this winter—and now she's part of a thirty-minute weekly radio drama called A Woman Shall Judge, which is sponsor-hunting.

(Continued on page 55)

HELP WANTED ... WOMEN!

*Neglect of Intimate Cleanliness
may cost a Woman all her Happiness*



*"LYSOL", by giving greater assurance of intimate cleanliness,
helps many a woman to save her personal happiness and home.*

WOMEN . . . any woman . . . YOU . . .
are foolish to risk offending by
neglect of personal daintiness. Your
happiness, and even the security of
your home may rest on a dependable
method of intimate feminine hygiene.
Use the "Lysol" method.

Often the very nicest and loveliest
women are at fault. How horrified
they'd be if they knew! No one warns
you. The offense is too personal. Yet
so many women would benefit by giv-
ing this subject honest thought. Ask
any experienced family doctor.

The fact often is—your fussiest
bathing, your loveliest beauty aids, just
cannot make you completely clean,
sweetly nice. People may notice; your
husband *surely* will. And may think
you are carelessly neglectful. To be
sure of not offending, use a more
thorough method of feminine hygiene.
Use the wholesome, efficient method
that many doctors and nurses recom-
mend—the use of "Lysol" disinfect-
ant in proper dilution with water.

Thousands of happy women every
day thank "Lysol" for its assurance of
thorough intimate cleanliness. Many
doctors and nurses, clinics and hospi-
tals prescribe this effective antiseptic

douche as a method of feminine hy-
giene. You can buy "Lysol" disinfect-
ant in any drug store—with detailed
directions for use on every bottle.

*You must surely read these six reasons
why "Lysol" is recommended for your inti-
mate hygiene—to give you assurance of
intimate cleanliness.*

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper
dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful
free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful
germicide, active under practical conditions,
effective in the presence of organic matter
(such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread be-
cause of low surface tension, and thus vir-
tually *search out germs*.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concen-
trated, costs only about one cent an applica-
tion in the proper dilution for feminine
hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol"
disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength
no matter how long it is kept, no matter how
often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands
and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 5-R M. Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the
many uses of "Lysol."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp

Opportunity **KNOCKS AGAIN!**

\$ 1,500

FOR YOUR TRUE STORY!

For the best true story submitted during the calendar month of April 1938 we will award the magnificent sum of \$1500.

In addition your entry will be eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

This special one month contest closes at midnight Friday, April 29th, 1938.

It may well be that the very story necessary to carry off the big \$1500 prize award is now reposing untold in your mind. If so, it would be a pity indeed not to take advantage of this splendid chance to turn it into a handsome sum of money. Simply look over your life, or those of your friends, select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow, sunshine, success, failure, tragedy, or happiness, write it simply and honestly, just as you would tell it to an interested friend.

Read the Rules Carefully

The simple, easily understood rules appear elsewhere on this page. They are based upon our experience in conducting contests of this nature. If you study and follow them carefully your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

Remember it is the story that counts—not literary ability or professional skill. Already we have paid out upwards of a quarter of a million dollars in true story contests, the bulk of it to men and women who never before had written for publication.

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

Judging on this basis, the person submitting the best story in this contest will be awarded the big \$1,500 prize.

If you have not already received a free copy of our booklet which explains the simple technique which in former contests has proved to be most effective in writing true stories, we suggest that you mail the coupon and one will be sent to you promptly.

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

Procrastination is the thief of time. Remember, this contest closes Friday, April 29th, 1938.

Note particularly new instructions for mailing manuscripts as set forth in bold type in the rules.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The stories in this magazine are about **REAL PEOPLE**; except when otherwise stated, fictitious names which bear absolutely no relation to the real characters and places involved in the stories, are used. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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. PUT TITLE AND NUMBER ON EACH PAGE.

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.

Unavailable 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 IN SUBMITTAL CONTAINER FOR SUCH RETURN.** 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 submittal container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript.

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. (See box.)

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

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due after the decisions 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, Friday, April 29, 1938.
Address your manuscripts for this contest to True Story Manuscript Contest, Dept. 35C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

TRUE STORY, Dept. 35C

WG

P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

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

PROFESSOR QUIZ



TWENTY QUESTIONS

Your genial interrogator

1. Name four radio comedians who never broadcast without a cigar.

2. What is Martha Raye's actual age?

3. What conductor has been presented with a cup twice by four airlines?

4. Who is the star of the Hollywood Whispers program?

5. When you hear "Hel-lo!" who do you know is on the air?

6. Name three comedy teams who are husband and wife.

7. What former matinee idol is now starred in three five-times-a-week dramatic radio serials?

8. What star's name was Spangler Arlington Brugh?

9. What's Abe Lyman's theme song on his Waltz Time program?

10. Who is the announcer on the Burns & Allen show; the Hobby Lobby program?

11. What star learned public speaking by orating to the trees on his way home from school?

12. What actress has been "married" to two of the men on her program?

13. What comedian's wife never attends his broadcasts?

14. Is the man who created Seth Parker still on the air?

15. What former movie star now

helps her husband put on a Sunday program?

16. What radio songstress never diets?

17. What radio actor is an enthusiastic painter during leisure hours?

18. Who was once known as "The Warbling Banjoist"?

19. What radio star is mayor of his home town?

20. Who is Baby Snooks' father?

(For the answers turn to page 62)

Sparkling sunlight puts your powder to the test...



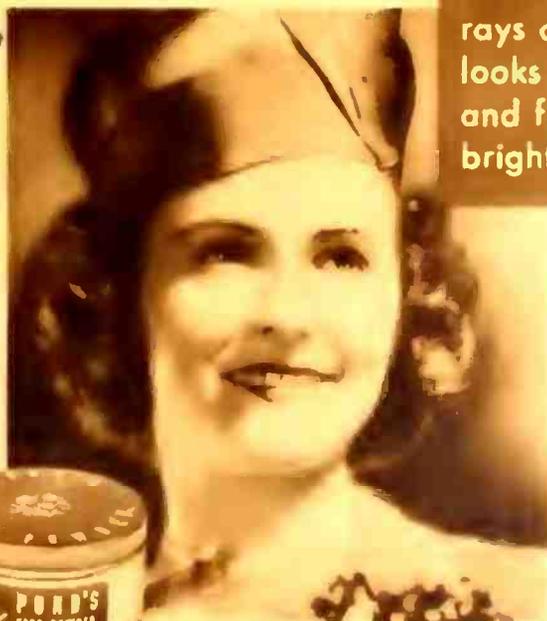
"Glare-Proof" Powder

reflects only the softer rays of light—looks soft and fresh in brightest light

THOSE first bright mornings search out every little fault of your face!—Powder showing up—features sharpened! Are you afraid of looking "all powdery"?

Not if you soften that sunlight—with Pond's "glare-proof" shades. Pond's Powder shades are blended to reflect only the softer rays of light. They give a soft lovely look to your face in any light. And do not show up "powdery."

Use Pond's daytime and under evening lights. True skin tones, uniformly blended. Special ingredients keep Pond's soft and clinging for hours. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



MISS SARA CLUCAS, New York Debutante

"... Pond's Rose Cream is just the grandest powder! It gives my skin a soft, bright look—and never shows up chalky!"



Free 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

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

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

The FIRST Authorized Story of *Benny Goodman's Amazing Life*

By ANNEMARIE EWING

PART I

ON the evening of January 16, 1938, New York's dignified Carnegie Hall was the scene of such a demonstration as it had not witnessed in the forty-seven years of its musical life.

In the Dress Circle, debutantes trucked and shagged among the gilt chairs. In the boxes, top hats, ermine coats, and lorgnettes nodded and swayed in time to the music, then cheered, applauded, and shouted "Bravo!"

All this in honor of a tall, smiling, bespectacled young man in white tie and tails who stood down there on the stage with a clarinet in his hands.

He was Benny Goodman, son of an obscure Chicago tailor, and he had just finished the first concert of swing music ever played in Carnegie Hall.

But the man to whom Benny Goodman's triumph would have meant more than any words could express was not there to share this ovation. David Goodman, Benny's father, had been dead for ten years.

Yet here was David Goodman's dream come true—a dream begun years ago back in Kovno, then part of Russia, where, on the bleak steppes near the Baltic Sea, he listened eagerly to the native music, standing outside the doors of cafes or at the edge of the crowd at village fairs. If he could stand up there with a fiddle in his hand and lead the music!

Instead, David Goodman learned to be a tailor, earning a little money for a lot of hard work. No time for him to pick at the strings of a balalaika or cymbalum.

He came as a young man to America where, like many others, he, too, thought the streets were paved with gold. But not for him. Nothing was easy for a young immigrant, shy and frightened, speaking English with difficulty.

It took years of working and saving in Baltimore before he was able to marry the pretty Russian girl who became Mrs. Dora Goodman.

The young couple decided to move to Chicago. Surely in such a big city, full of opportunities, things would be better. But they were not.

It is a tribute to David Goodman that, through all his struggles, he held to the dream that his wife expresses for him today when she says, "Somewhere, in his mind, he thrilled to the thought of music."

He determined, as fathers do, that his sons should have the opportunities he had missed, and one of those opportunities should be to play the music that his fingers, never free of their needle and thread, had not had time to play.

But how were they to do this?

THERE were eight children in the tiny Goodman flat at the corner of Francisco and Roosevelt Streets, in Chicago's Douglas Park section—Charles and Louis and Ida, Harry and Benny and Freddie and Irving and Ethel. Ten mouths to feed on the small salary of a tailor in a Chicago sweat shop. How could they afford music lessons? Or musical instruments?

When the answer finally came, it turned out to be a perfectly simple one. At the neighborhood Temple where the children went faithfully to Sunday School, there was a band. And the boys who played in that band, David Goodman discovered, got their instruments and their lessons with Director Bogoslawski free for playing at Temple card parties and raffles. Here was the place for the young Goodmans to learn music.

Jubilant, their father went to see Director Bogoslawski, and, jubilant, he came home to announce to the family that the boys could join the Temple band.

But Charley and Louis declared themselves too big for such childish activities as playing in a band. David Goodman had to content himself with sending only three of his sons—Harry, (Continued on page 63)



Before Swing—Benny, Dick Morgan and brother Henry.



From the album—Benny with Jimmy Dorsey (left).



Taken in 1930—Benny, brother Charlie and his family.

REBEL'S ROAD to

Glory



Goodman Stampede Persists

By EDITH WERNER.
By This Time, everyone knows that Benny Goodman is at the Paramount, that the customers have made the decision a sort of swing house party, and that one toot the maestro's clarinet is enough to start the shagging in the aisles.

Goodman Fills Carnegie With 3000 Jitterers

With the help of a cordon of police, Benny Goodman, the eminent maestro of swing, packed 3,000 into Carnegie Hall last night and kept them happily jittering for two solid hours. It was the first time that so many jitterers had been packed into Carnegie Hall last night and kept them happily jittering for two solid hours. It was the first time that so many jitterers had been packed into Carnegie Hall last night and kept them happily jittering for two solid hours.



Benny Goodman

They Dance In the Aisles On Broadway

Crowd Storms Paramount for Goodman

New Shows at Paramo

But Benny Goodman Steals Show from "Every Day's a Holiday," with Couples Shagging in Aisles

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY By WILLIAM FOX

B. G. INVADES SANCTUM OF LONG-HAIRS

...asm for films. It ... terda ...

Women — IS YOUR FREEDOM

IT'S one of the world's oldest stories—the story of a person who struggles with all his might to win some greatly coveted prize, only to find, when he has won it, that somewhere in the winning he has lost the happiness he once had in abundance. Only to find that the prize is Dead Sea fruit, tasteless and crumbling.

Again and again it has happened, to one or the other person. But is it destined to happen to a whole sex? Is it destined to be the story of modern womanhood?

Fifty years ago a man named Henrik Ibsen wrote a play called "A Doll's House." That play started a chain of events whose end has not yet been reached. It persuaded women that they should not be treated merely as pretty playthings, too delicate for real work—that they should come out of their "doll's houses" and make something of their lives.

Today, women are free. They have invaded the world of men, and they have become successful in the fields of business, finance, politics, art. But have they paid too high a price for this freedom?

I confess I don't know. What I do know is the opinion of one famous modern woman, a woman who has not only won wealth and success in her own field of endeavor, who is the acknowledged "boss" of dozens of men, but who has talked to the leaders of her sex in other fields; one who has observed carefully and then drawn her own conclusions—Kate Smith.

Yet this is what Kate Smith said to me one evening as we sat in her Columbia Playhouse dressing-room, during the interval between first and second broadcasts:

"There have been a few rare women who have benefited by the agitation for women's rights. But for the average woman, I don't think the new freedom has been beneficial at



Listen to Kate Smith's program on CBS every Thursday at 8 p.m., E.S.T.

By LUCILLE FLETCHER

Have women lost their right to happiness by demanding equality with men? A frank and startling message from Kate Smith

all. In the first place, I think the average modern woman is confused. She doesn't know what she wants. She lives only in the present, and scarcely thinks of the future. In the old days, a girl looked forward to a husband, a home and children. Nowadays, when you ask the average girl what she's after, she says, 'I don't know. I guess I want a job and a good time.'

"Yet a job and a good time are two of the most uncertain things in the world. And now they are very poor substitutes for the old familiar pattern of marriage and children. Certainly most of the jobs these girls have are little more than sheer drudgery. Yet they stick to them just the same—because under the present attitude, it would be considered a disgrace for a girl nowadays to stay home and wait for a man. She's got to work—whether she really wants to in her heart, or not.

"The sad part of it is that so many girls carry this sense of their own independence right over into marriage. I have seen a lot of otherwise happy marriages go on the rocks because the wife insisted upon keeping her job 'for something to do' after marriage, even though her husband didn't want her to work. One young couple I know went through tortures for more than a year, because the wife wouldn't bring herself to give up some little job in which she really had no major interest. She went right on working, and every night, when she came home, she was tired out, cross, and too weary to get much of a supper. After two or three months, they broke up—just because they were both too tired and irritated after their jobs to get along.

"She went on working for about six months longer, living alone. Then, just suddenly one day, she realized that it

WORTH IT?

wasn't worth it. She had been a fool. They came together again, she quit her job, stayed home, and settled down to having a family. She's as happy as can be now, and perfectly contented to be a wife and mother. That was what she had really wanted all along, except that she had been so mixed up by the modern feeling that 'every woman must make something of her life' that she hadn't been herself at all."

Somehow, it seems significant to me that just at this point Kate paused for a moment to plug in her electric percolator, which she always keeps on hand in her dressing-room, so that the "boys" can have fresh coffee between her first and second broadcasts. I noticed the clean cups and saucers laid out on a shelf nearby.

THEN she went on: "Besides making the average girl confused in her sense of values, her freedom has given her a financial independence which is dangerous. Don't mistake me. I think it's fine for a woman to have money of her own. But in many cases, when a girl has a good job and a swell salary, she gets to the point where no man is good enough for her. I know one girl, for example, who is in love with a young man who gets a much smaller salary than hers. She won't marry him, because, she says, he couldn't support her in the style to which she has accustomed herself. She could go on working after marriage, of course, but he doesn't want that. He thinks that
(Continued on page 94)



ZOMBIE!

A FICTIONIZATION OF A THRILLS BROADCAST

BY CHARLES MARTIN

From the dark island of Haiti comes this weird story of the living dead

The eerie story of the strange Haiti zombie superstition was broadcast on a recent NBC Philip Morris program. Fictionized by the producer of these Thrills playlets, it makes a short story that RADIO MIRROR readers will long remember. Our thanks to the sponsor and to the author, Charles Martin, for making this unusual feature possible.

EVEN at noon, under the blazing scrutiny of the tropic sun, there are dark places in Haiti—deep jungle caverns where the over-arching trees interlace their boughs in a thick mat of green, blanketing everything beneath it in close, musty shadow; tomb-like pits beneath overhanging walls of rock; all silent, all deserted by any life that seeks the sun.

There are dark places, too, in the drama that men live on the stage called Haiti. It is a drama shadowed by fear—some say, by superstition. Others say, by a wisdom too great for little men to fathom. Strange things happen on that murky stage—things that can be only partly explained. Or, perhaps, cannot be explained at all

He would come down the dusty, sun-tortured streets of Guaba, this Dr. Du Jean—tall, black as Haitian mud, his mouth set in a straight, thin line with the faintest suggestion of a downward curve at the corners, his eyes sunk deep in their sockets, so deep that they looked at you from a suggestion of immense terrible distances. He wore a heavy Prince Albert coat, peg-top black trousers, a dull and dirty silk hat, and no shoes. A comic get-up? Perhaps. But no one ever laughed at him.

Juano Robez, chief and mainstay of the Guaba post of the Haitian constabulary, was convinced that there was dread in the eyes of the villagers when they greeted Du Jean. He could sense it, lurking there behind the smiles and the softly-spoken words. Yet never a word would they say against him. He was their doctor: they would say so much, and no more.

The American manager of the coffee plantation five miles out of Guaba could have told Juano Robez something about Dr. Du Jean, if he had cared to. He could have told about the bright moonlight nights when the wind swept down from the hills and the manager slept snugly in his bed, with the windows shuttered lest he should wake up and look outside. He did not want to look outside, for fear of what he might see there.

Under the high black Haitian sky, bowed figures moving among the coffee-trees—moving slowly, in a straight line across the plantation, from tree to tree, always in unison, mechanically. But not silently. As they went, the night heard a chant—yet not a chant, for its words were not the words of any language known to living man. Soft, form-

less, monotonous, it was a song that blended with the earth and the swaying figures and the wind as it swept down from the hills. It hovered over the creeping figures like a pall of sound.

The manager knew they were there, those figures. Now and then, unless he was careful to cover his ears as he slept, he heard the song and woke to find himself shivering and wet with sweat.

Then he would lie in the darkness and see, all over again, the face of Dr. Du Jean on the night he worked late in the plantation office. There had been a knock on the door, and before he had a chance to call "Come in!" there stood Dr. Du Jean, unsmiling, erect, his tall hat upon his head.

LETTING his words escape through lips that barely moved, he said, "I have come here to help you."

"Help me? How?"

"I have heard that the coffee crop this year will be a big one, and you are finding it difficult to get native workers to toil in the hot sun. I have come to solve your labor shortage. I can give you all the workers you need."

"Well," said the manager, "we can use all the help we can get, but—"

"My men will work for you. They are strong as iron and never a complaint will you hear from them. You will not need to oversee them—I will do that myself."

A silence fell, and in it the manager thought he heard the faint shuffle of feet and the clank of chains in the darkness outside the door where Du Jean stood. In a sudden, unreasoning panic, he cried:

"What's that—outside there—making that noise?"

"I have with me ten of my workers," said Du Jean without changing his expression. "I will put them to work now, and in the morning you shall judge whether you wish to hire them."

"Now? In the middle of the night?"

"I realize it is a strange hour to work, but then these are very strange workmen No," he forestalled the manager's demand, "it is not necessary for you to see them."

But the manager did see them. When Du Jean had gone he looked out of the door and saw the ten figures following their master toward the fields—bowed, shuffling, inexpressibly sad, inexpressibly lonely.

He saw them that once, and he did not wish to see them again. He hid his conscience from himself, the next morning, when he saw the unbelievable amount of coffee that had been gathered, and agreed to Dr. Du Jean's terms, which were absurdly low. "You pay me," said the doctor, "and I will pay them."

So every night, through the twilight, the shadowy figures came marching from some secret lair, attended by their tall over- (Continued on page 68)



EDGAR
MCGRAW

Was Black Magic the
cause of Polynice's
mysterious death?

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR MCGRAW



KING LEHR



By

NORTON RUSSELL

Lew's part of Ben Bernie's CBS show.

Tune him in Wednesdays at 9:30, E.S.T.

PEOPLE in the movie business are half crazy," says Lew Lehr, "and people in the radio business are half crazy. I'm in both businesses, so it's no wonder I'm all crazy."

If you've ever seen a Fox Movietone newsreel, you've seen Lew Lehr, and if you've ever seen him you've certainly never forgotten him. There have been people, it is whispered, who have been so haunted by the memory of that loosely assembled face, with its waxed moustache and the maniacal gleam in its eyes, the whole vision accompanied by the tiddley-poom of his daffy theme-song, that they've wakened in the middle of the night, screaming unintelligible words in a lisping German dialect.

It is one of the wonders of radio that every Wednesday night, when Lew takes his place in front of the microphone on Ben Bernie's show, the sound of his spluttery voice can conjure up, right in the middle of your loudspeaker, the same vision of his face you see on the moving picture screen. 'S marvelous!

It's twice as marvelous, though, when you know that Lew Lehr is a perfect case of the tail wagging the dog. He isn't primarily a comedian at all. He's a business exec-

utive, editor of the Fox Movietone newsreel, editor of all Fox-made short subject films, and commentator on most of them. He works twice as hard as most men at his editorial duties, and throws in the comedian business as a sideline. Yet there are millions of people who know him only as a funny face and a funny voice, compared to a handful who know him as a capable and alert news editor.

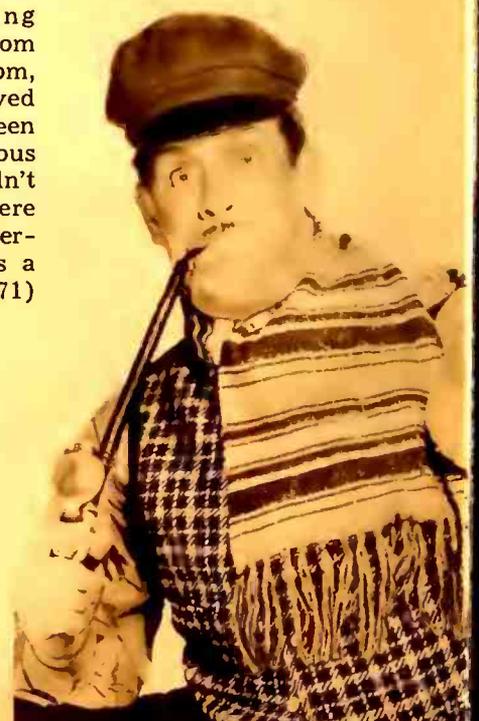
"I haven't got just one hat around this place," Lew says, referring to the huge newsreel plant where he spends most of his time, "I've got two—an editor's hat and a comic's hat—and most of the time I'm working in the editor's hat."

Don't mind him, folks—it's just the way he talks. He wasn't wearing any hat at all when I saw him, and those crazy ones he wears in the movies are rented from a New York costume agency.

I'd gone over to the newsreel plant late on a Tuesday afternoon, and found Lew bustling around his office, from desk to projection room, in a state of red-eyed cheerfulness. He'd been up all of the previous night, but this didn't bother him or interfere with the flow of conversation at which he is a
(Continued on page 71)



**Grab onto your seats!
Dribblepuss, the newsreel zany who delights millions, is on the air!**



RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR



Typical of Hollywood's famous children are Don Ameche's healthy looking youngsters, Donnie, age 4 and Ronnie, nearly 2.

STARS'

Babies

Not often photographed but most important Hollywood citizens are the children of famous entertainers. Six fascinating pages tell their all-absorbing story

HOW THEY FIND A



Unable to feed their child; the parents make the heart-rending decision to give her up.



They bring the baby to the orphanage, where the Sister in charge of adoptions greets them.



They answer questions about nationality, religion, health, and their own life stories.



The hardest step of all—the father signs the document giving up his rights to his daughter.

BABY TO ADOPT

THE picture-story of a typical Hollywood adopted baby: Her parents, too poor to provide for her, are brave enough to give her up. At an accredited orphanage, their background is thoroughly investigated before the child is accepted. Then they sign away all parental rights. A movie and radio star comes looking for a child to adopt. Perhaps—as in the case of a popular screen and radio comedy star—she specifies a Jewish father and an Irish mother. Such specifications are always met. Then she, too, must answer some searching questions. Satisfied at last, the orphanage permits the adoption, and the star takes the baby.



They have said goodby, and now they leave, sad, but ready to make a new start at life.



A wealthy star comes to the orphanage seeking a baby, and is questioned by the Sister.



Photos—Macfadden Studios

All details settled, the star takes the baby away to enter—below—her new, luxurious home.



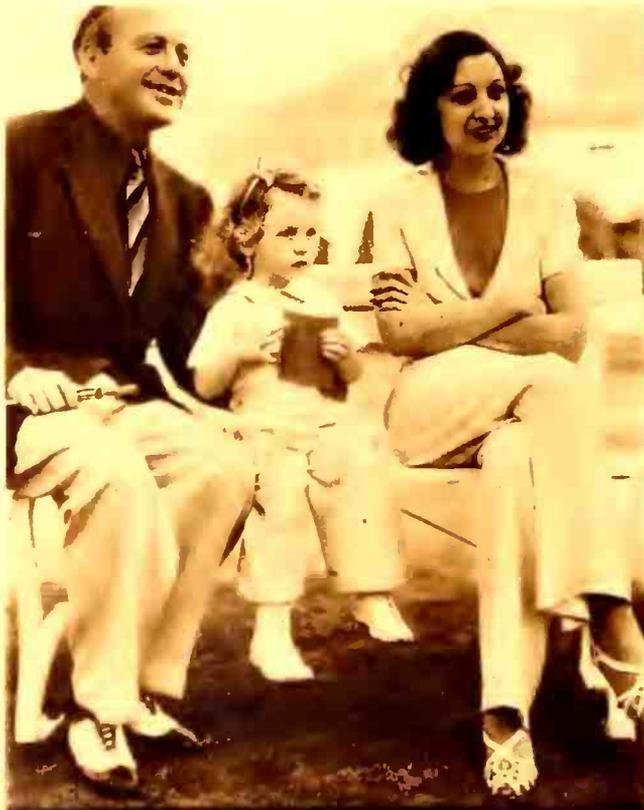
PLEASE TURN TO NEXT PAGE



Ronnie and Sandra, the adopted children of Burns and Allen, enjoy an ideal life in their Hollywood nursery.

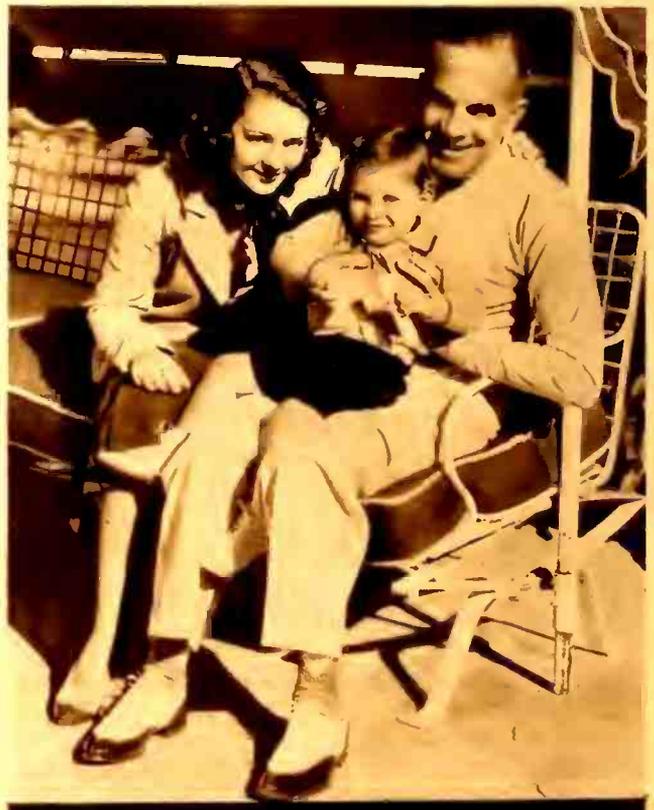
Paramount

SOME ARE ADOPTED



Since Joan Naomi was adopted by the Bennys, Mary complains she's playing second fiddle to Jack.

Warner Bros.

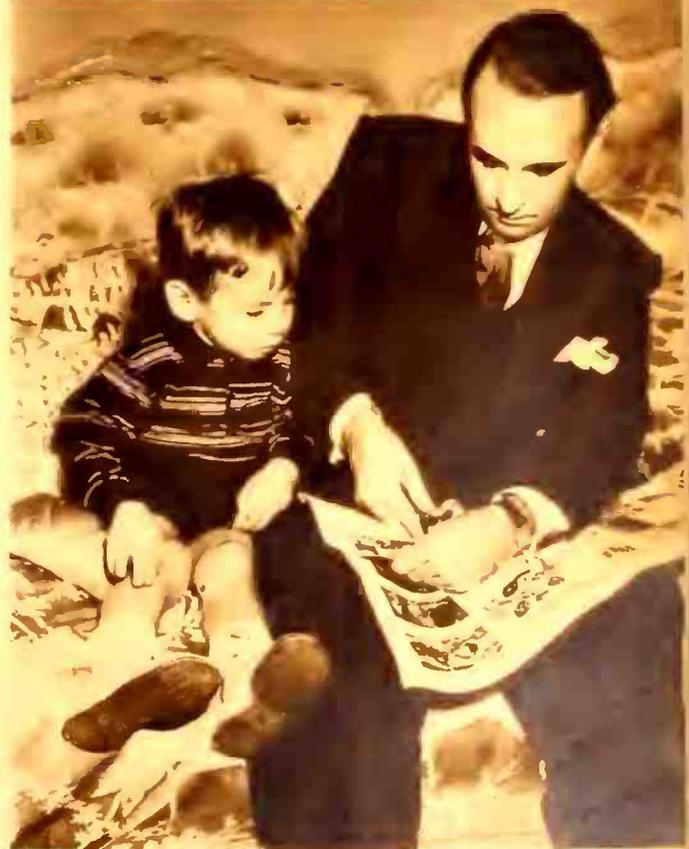


Al Jolson, Jr., fulfills his new parents' demand for a boy of Irish and Jewish parentage.

SOME ARE THEIR OWN



Most stars do not go to an orphanage but are happy in their own flesh and blood offspring. Above, Joan Blondell with four-year-old Norman whom her husband, Dick Powell, has legally adopted.



Warner Brothers



Above, Walter O'Keefe and Michael; left, Edward G. Robinson—Junior and Senior.

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

STARS' BABIES

SOME ARE THEIR OWN *Cont.*



Above: Norris Goff (Lum and Abner's Abner) shows 4-year-old Gary how to carve a bench.

Left: Nancy and Shirley Anne Lauck, Lum's daughters, have their own stylish bedroom.

Below: Phil Baker's Margo and Stuart. Baby Michael was asleep when this was taken.

Fink Photos

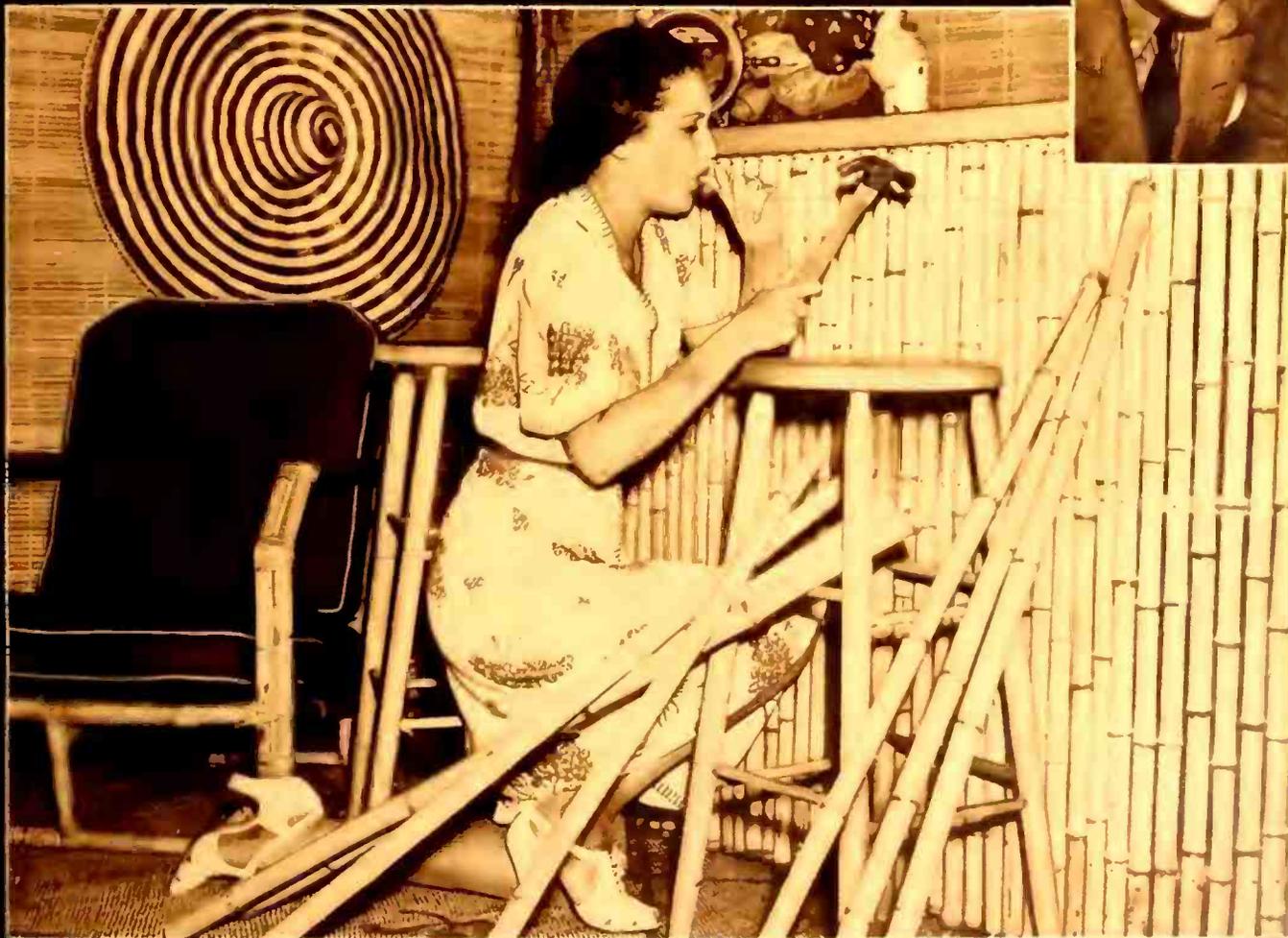


WHILE AMERICAN YOUTH RAVES ABOUT HER—



SHE STAYS DOMESTIC LIKE THIS—

FOR HIM



Dorothy Lamour of the new Paramount film, "Her Jungle Love" is exotic and languorous—but as Mrs. Herbie Kay she looks forward to being just a wife.

Paramount

**RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR**

LET'S GO TO TOWN

FRED ALLEN'S Town Hall Tonight program is actually coming to you from New York these days, but thanks to Fred's co-operation and that of his sponsors, Sal Hepatica and Ipana, RADIO MIRROR is able to bring you a Town Hall Tonight Radio-Broadcast from the other side of the continent. When you settle back in your easy-chair and tune in this page, you hear the familiar Town Hall pandemonium, coming to you from the movie capital. (Confidentially, we've set the scene there because we couldn't resist the Hollywood gags Fred thought up.)

Here's Harry Von Zell stepping to the front of the stage and holding up his hand for silence—and here we go:

HARRY: Presenting that dull doleful demon, drolling damp doughy dough-boy of dilemma, that didactic donator dealing dandy drolleries, dandy darwinisms, domestic dumbellarderio and diangular doggers and dramatizing droll dopey dumplings, dat dilly of the dally, Fred Allen in person!

FRED: Thank you, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Here we are with the Old Town Hall

**Starring Fred Allen in a laugh scoop
that's more fun than a barrel of money**

right in Hollywood where folks think that rain is something a king does. California is the only state in the Union where a man can have yellow jaun-

dice for years without knowing it, he's that sunburned. It's the only part of the country where people don't have to kill their turkeys for Thanksgiving. They just put them out in the back yard and the turkeys die of sunstroke. Now, before the Hollywood Weather Bureau butts in with a commercial, I'll read the Town Hall Bulletin for tonight.

Hodge White, everybody's grocer, the first man to weigh spinach over the sugar barrel so none of the sand would be wasted, wants to deny a slanderous rumor going round that the butter he sells is so strong, it crept out of the tub and threw two little boys out of the store. Hodge says he's selling the freshest meat and vegetables in town. He stepped into his icebox today and a leg of lamb kicked him flush in the midriff. So much for that, and now for the Town Hall News. The curtain, Harry.

HARRY: Coming down with a bang, Fred.

FRED: The lights go out and we bring you the latest

Drrrama! A tense scene from a Mighty Allen Art play with Fred, Portland—and Mr. Allen.

Action! Fred Allen shows how to make sure your wife speaks nothing but words of wisdom.



HALL TONIGHT

news of the week. The TOWN HALL NEWS! SEES NOTHING! SHOWS ALL!

New York City: 33rd Motorboat Show opens before a gala crowd at Grand Central Palace. Town Hall records first boating accident of season. The scene: The Cabin Cruiser Display at the show. *(There is a hum of voices and activity ending with a crash)*

MAN'S VOICE: OW! OH! HELP! ATTENDANT!

ATTENDANT: What's the trouble, Mister?

MAN'S VOICE: I'm walkin' along, mindin' my own business and your motor boat crashes into my leg.

Suspense! Will Portland, below, tame the savage Allen spirit?



Thrills! A candid camera shot shows Mr. Allen greeting one of Portland's microphone visitors.



ATTENDANT: How could that boat bump into you—it's standing still. It's got nothing to float on.

MAN'S VOICE: That's what you think. I got water on the knee!

FRED: Washington, D. C.! Government Weather Bureau predicts backbone of winter broken. Town Hall News checking off winter weather and snowstorms, interviews the coldest inhabitants. Shifting to Blue-nose, Nova Scotia, we give you Mr. Tufton Pump, who has a record statement to make. How deep was the snow this winter, Mr. Pump?

PUMP: Snow was so high, folks goin' by had to stoop down to look in my transom.

FRED: Did you ever see such snow before, Mr. Pump?

PUMP: Tell the truth, I broke my glasses and didn't see all winter.

FRED: I see, but how cold was it, Mr. Pump?

PUMP: It was so cold it like to froze the handle off my name.

FRED: Below zero, eh?

PUMP: It was coldern' a hounds' paw. We had a Church Social one night and I was called on to sing a solo. I opened my mouth to sing Ol' Man River.

FRED: What came out?

PUMP: An Icicle . . . two choruses long.

FRED: A strange story.

PUMP: My wife was so chilled, she half shook the spots off a polka dot dress.

FRED: Must have been cold all right.

PUMP: One day I set down on a chair and thought I had frostbite.

FRED: Wasn't it frostbite?

PUMP: No, I was sittin' on my false teeth. The lowers.

FRED: How did the cows come out?

PUMP: Milk got froze right inside 'em and I had to break it off when I milked 'em. I been gettin' it out in sticks!

FRED: Folks, this interview gives you an idea of how cold it was. Now, as a special flash, Town Hall News actually brings you a 52 degree drop in the thermometer. Listen carefully:

(And there it is—a terrific crash of glass.)

FRED: The drop!

Now there's a blast on the trumpets, the curtain is rung up, and Peter Van Steeden whips off a musical number, while Fred sharpens up the teeth on his old saws. When the music stops, Fred says:

FRED: That was Peter Van Steeden playing the new song, "As Long as You've Got your Health and Money, I'll always Love You." Now, on Friday night, Mrs. Kindle Smudge, President of the Hollywood Mothers Association, will speak on Biscuits and Children, and How to Raise Both on a Little Dough. On Saturday afternoon the boys of the Whittling Guild will meet in McGee's Lumber Yard for jack-knife drill, and on—

But Fred will never finish his announcements, because somewhere a voice is calling. . . .

PORTLAND (Yep, that's who it is): Mr. Allen! Mr. Al-len!

FRED: Quiet please! If that's someone calling me, I'll have to take another look at my cards.

PORTLAND: Hel-lo!

FRED: Well, sir, they laughed when I rubbed iodine on my pay envelope. They didn't know I had taken a pay cut. If it isn't Portland! How are you feeling tonight, Portland?

PORTLAND: I feel sensational, Mr. Allen. I had a wow breakfast, a sock lunch, a colossal dinner, and I feel super-dynamic.

FRED: Where did you get that covey of adjectives? Has somebody been tinkering with your alphabet soup?

PORTLAND: No, that's the way people talk in Hollywood. Everything is colossal.

HARRY VON ZELL: That's right. I woke up this morning with a sensational headache, but it's fallen off to a wham throbbing.

FRED: You don't say! But you can't convince me everyone in Hollywood is going around exuding adjectives.

PORTLAND: I'll say. In London they made a picture called, "Victoria the Great." In Hollywood it's billed as "Vicki, The Terrific!"

FRED: I hate to say this, Portland, but I think you have soap on your sinus.

PORTLAND: Oh, that's silly. How could anyone have soap on his sinus?

FRED: My uncle did. He used to inhale while he was blowing his bubble pipe.

PORTLAND: Well, if your uncle didn't drink, things like that wouldn't happen to him.

FRED: My uncle does not drink

PORTLAND: Your uncle would lick the dew off a brewery fence. Why, he was so potted yesterday, I saw him trying to tie a meatball to a frying pan with a piece of spaghetti to make a Hi-li paddle.

FRED: It's not true. He's a teetotaler.

PORTLAND: Everybody knows your uncle drank so much that when he died they had to beat

his liver to death.

FRED: Look here, who's supposed to tell the jokes on this program?

PORTLAND: Both of us. Then if they're bad, two share the blame. I've got someone I want you to meet, Mr. Allen. Mr. Blurb! Mr. Blurb!

MR. BLURB: Comin', comin'. Don't shout, Sis. A little peach fuzz dropped on a Persian rug'll get my attention in a boiler factory.

PORTLAND: This is Mr. Blurb, Mr. Allen!

BLURB: Oliver Mussolini Blurb, publicity and press agent extraordinary. My business is making mountains out of molehills. (He's awfully fresh, this Mr. Blurb.)

PORTLAND: Mr. Allen isn't a (Continued on page 60)

PLAY THE READIO-BROADCAST GAME

WHEN Radio Mirror began publishing these Readio-Broadcasts, even the editors didn't know what they were starting. All they wanted was to re-create on the printed page the fun of listening to radio's great comedians. But now that Readio-Broadcasts have been appearing regularly for several months, they're waking up to the fact that they've started a new game as well.

The first hint that things were happening as a result of the Readio-Broadcasts came in a letter from Joseph Croughwell of New York (it's first prize-winner in "What do You Want to Say? on Page 4.) As soon as a new issue of Radio Mirror appears, Mr. Croughwell gets his friends together and they draw lots to see who plays what part in the Readio-Broadcast. Then they read the comedy sketch, each one trying to outdo the others in comedy and acting ability. We've tried it and it's lots of fun.

Close on the heels of Mr. Croughwell's letter came a request from a western high school for permission to use a Readio-Broadcast in a school entertainment.

So there are two ways to play the Readio-Broadcast game—in private or in public. Happy broadcasting!

DO MOTHERS REALLY KNOW BEST?

An Interview with Fannie Brice
By MITZI CUMMINGS

EVERY mother knows the wall that can suddenly grow up, overnight, between her and that mysterious soul which she herself brought into the world. Every mother knows the moment when the child who once lay so confidently on her breast first draws abruptly away from her, asserting his independence, demanding his right to think for himself, to be himself. And every mother knows that desire, deeper than reason, to live her life over again through her children.

It's a dangerous thing for happiness, that instinctive desire. For it seems to demand that you guide your children, advise them, oversee them. And because they resent such supervision, it leads all too often to heartbreak and tragedy.

Yet it need not. There are mothers who have found the way to reconcile the impatience of their children with their own preconceived beliefs. They have found the way to keep their children's respect and love *as persons*, not merely as parents. And in doing so, they have also found, at last, that they are indeed living their own lives over again through their sons and daughters—living them more fully and satisfactorily than those other mothers would dream was possible.

Fannie Brice is one—the mother of an eighteen-year-old girl and a sixteen-year-old boy who are living proofs that parents can understand their children, and children their parents. Paradoxically, on Thursday night's Good News program, she is also the creator of Baby Snooks, who is certainly the most obnoxious and badly-behaved child in the history of the world.

Fannie is living her life over again in those two children, Frances and Bill. But she is do- (Continued on page 74)



Fink

Above, Fannie, daughter Frances and Judy Garland. Fannie always tries out her scripts on Frances. Right, as Baby Snooks with Judy Garland from "Everybody Sing."



M.G.M.

Mother of an 18-year-old girl and a 16-year-old boy, Fannie Brice is wise in her method of rearing them.

**It's a wise parent who has
learned not to take the love
of her children for granted**

Brother Love

AND DON AMECHE

By LYNN BURR

Jim was only eight, Don fifteen. You won't forget this story of a boy who was afraid and an older brother who knew what to do



In his looks and even in his voice, Jim Ameche resembles the brother he idolizes more than everything else in the world.

WHEN Jim Ameche played his first leading role on the Campana Grand Hotel program, a few months ago, he wasn't conscious of the millions of radio sets that were tuned in on his performance. He wasn't worrying about them, or even about the particular set that carried his voice to the home of the sponsor. He hoped he'd please the public, and the sponsor, of course—but he *had* to please Don Ameche, sitting out there in Hollywood beside his radio set. In all the world there was no one whose approbation really counted—no one but Don. The applause, the compliments—they wouldn't mean a thing unless Don thought he'd done a good job.

It wasn't just because they were brothers, nor because Don was famous. It was simply because nearly all his life Jim Ameche has idolized Don—and for a very good reason.

Without Don, Jim might have gone through life a coward, a weakling. Because Jim has known fear, the terrible unreasoning fear of a child, he also knows how much he owes to Don, whose sympathy and understanding were the only things that could free him. Reason enough, I think, for idolatry.

This story of two brothers goes back a number of years—back to Jim's childhood, when he was eight and Don was fifteen. Don was the oldest of the Ameche boys; then came Lou, two sisters, Jim, and

finally the youngest brother, Bert. You know how families are, under such circumstances. Don and Lou were great pals—went to the same school, played on the same basketball and football teams, were always together. But neither of them would have much to do with the two younger boys. Jim and Bert were just a couple of kids to those lordly adolescents, Don and Lou. They were always tagging along, in the way. Conversely, Don and Lou—particularly Don, because he was the oldest of all—were the kings of the earth to the two younger brothers.

Besides his youth, there was one other thing that set Jim Ameche apart from the other members of the family. He wasn't like the other three brothers. He was the timid one, afraid of fights, afraid of rough games, afraid of a brisk game of football or a bitterly contested pillow fight. The others could laugh over their scuffs and bruises, and then forget about them. Jim couldn't. Somehow, somewhere, he had acquired a fear of getting hurt, a fear of pain. It lived with him all his waking hours.

At first he was able to keep this fear a secret, even from himself. It masked itself as a natural reserve, a preference for the quieter things of life. But when he was eight years old something happened to change this vague dread into a horrible, living reality.

It was a Sunday afternoon and the Ameche family

An Ameche family treasure is this snapshot. Jim rides Don piggy-back as brother Louis and sister Betty stand by.



was out driving in the car. Mr. Ameche, all too conscious of the precious cargo of loved ones beside him, drove at a cautious rate of speed. Jim loved to ride in the car, sitting next to his father in the front seat. Life was at its best then, when he could watch the country road unwind before him, feel the soft summer wind flow warmly over his face and through his hair. He loved the picturesque Wisconsin countryside, the rolling hills and green trees. . . .

Then, without warning, all this was gone! Suddenly a huge car swerved out of a side road. Brakes screamed piercingly. Steel grated fiercely on steel. Jim was thrown clear out of the car to the side of the road, where he lay still. Slowly a thin stream of blood trickled down his forehead and over his cheek. For just a second he really knew pain, a pain worse than any he had ever dreamed could be possible. And the green hills were fading, from green to deep brown to eerie gray. He was dying. He knew it. And he was afraid.

Then, mercifully, he lost consciousness.

Fortunately, no one was seriously injured, except Jim. And his gravest wound was not of the flesh, but of the mind. The doctor treated a nasty cut in his forehead, sewed it up, and in a few weeks nothing but a small scar remained to give trace of its existence. But in his mind was a fear that no surgeon's needle

More important to Don than fame is the fact that he's Jim's guiding star.





Brother Love

AND DON AMECHE

By LYNN BURR

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More important to Don than fame is the fact that he's Jim's guiding star.



could heal, a deep-rooted fear of automobiles and death!

Everyone else forgot, but not Jim. The Ameches bought a new car, but Jim was still afraid, he wouldn't ride in it. No one could make him set foot inside that car, or any other. And as time went on, this fear, like some poisonous, life-taking tendril of the mind, slowly magnified and grew in his childish, subconscious thoughts. It grew to enhance not only a fear of automobiles, but of most everything in his daily life. It grew until, in a moment of self-analysis, Jim suddenly realized how great it had become. He was afraid of fights and rough games, he was afraid to ride a bike, afraid to climb trees. No one had ever called him a coward, but suddenly Jim realized the truth; he *was* a coward. He could fool the others but he couldn't fool himself. And what made it even worse, when he tried to lick this fear in his heart, he found it was bigger and stronger than his own determination, he found that he couldn't lick it!

DON was away at school all that year, and when he came home for the summer, only one thought took possession of Jim's mind; Don must never find him out!

For Don was Jim's boyhood idol. Anything he did was all right. To Jim's boyish mind, Don was the only one who mattered in the family, his word was law, the rest of them must only follow.

Strangely enough, Don without really knowing it, had come to accept this as a natural state of affairs. His younger brothers had looked up to him for so long that he'd gradually acquired a self-sufficiency which thought nothing was quite impossible. He had never found himself lacking in courage, strength, or ability, and therefore was not conscious such weaknesses could exist in others.

During the first days Don was home that summer, Jim suffered every moment. He continually avoided Don, lived in fear of the moment that must surely come, the moment when Don would find him out. It would certainly mean his humiliation.

It came all too soon. One afternoon Don had to take the car downtown to get some things for his mother. As he came out of the house, Jim was playing in the yard, so he called to him.

"Come on, Jim. Want to ride downtown with me?"

Jim's heart seemed to stop beating! Unconsciously he stepped back. Like a mighty clap of thunder his whole world seemed to crash at his feet. Don had asked him to ride with him! Yet the hand of fear held him back, held him rooted in his tracks when every other desire in his body wanted to go on, to get in that car, to keep Don from knowing!

"What's the matter?" Don asked. "Aren't you coming?"

"No, I . . . I can't."

Don hesitated a moment, and then, a bit impatiently came over to him.

"Can't?" he repeated. "You mean you're afraid!"

That hurt! Nothing that Don could have said would have hurt more. Jim looked up at him, his small face a picture of anguish and despair. Don saw it, and suddenly wished he could call back his words.

"What's the matter, Jim?" he asked softly. "The ac-

cident was over a year ago. Everyone else has forgotten."

Jim choked. "But I can't," he said. "I want to, but I can't get in that car!"

Hanging his head, he pulled away and ran into the house.

That ride downtown was the longest Don ever took. For he suddenly realized he was seeing his younger brother for the first time. Up to then he'd never thought of Jim as a personality, only as a kid brother who could always be counted on to do his every bidding. Now he suddenly realized how much this brother meant to him, how much he meant to Jim. His mind went back to time after time when Jim had proven his loyalty, blindly followed him in some joke which seemed hilariously funny at the time, but which now seemed cruel beyond words. The time, for instance, when he'd given Jim a huge Bermuda onion and told him to eat it. Jim had eaten it, though it choked him, though it made tears roll down his cheeks, though he smelled of onions for days. Jim had eaten it because he believed it would please Don.

Now, Don realized, Jim needed a friend more than anything else in the world. He needed a friend who could help him conquer his fear. And Don saw his path clearly marked for him. He determined to be that friend. He set to work on Jim immediately.

He began slowly, painstakingly, first with a "chin up and laugh" campaign. Jim didn't know it was for his benefit, but suddenly the pillow fights became an every morning occurrence. And Don laid down the law to them all. No matter how hard anyone got hit, there could be no sniffles or tears, they must stick their chin up, laugh, and come right back for more! He saw to it that Jim got his share of the blows, kept making them harder and harder, until Jim learned to take them on the chin and laugh.

"You see," Don told him, "being hit on the chin isn't so bad, but it's what you do afterward that makes the difference. If you hang your head,

you're licked. But if you laugh and come back for more, the sock on the jaw doesn't mean a thing."

STEP by step Don helped Jim to build up a faith in himself. They spent long hours in the basement with the boxing gloves. Don forgot that he was the kingpin of the household, neglected his boyhood friends his own age just to be a pal to his younger brother. And to Jim, a veritable new world opened up.

Jim got in his first football game a short while later, and although he was afraid at first, the fact that Don was standing on the sidelines, watching, soon made him conquer that fear. It was no longer just his battle, it was Don's too. He had to show Don! And that fierce determination, that boyhood loyalty, was stronger than any fear. Now he didn't mind the scuffs and bruises, now he laughed and was proud of them. He was proud because he had made Don proud.

The gold of summer faded into the brown of autumn, and Don went back to school for another year. But during those months that he was gone, Jim never stopped testing himself, never stopped daring to do the things he was afraid to do. But when Don returned home the following summer. (*Continued on page 53*)

"You see," brother Don advised Jim, "being hit on the chin isn't so bad, but it's what you do afterward that makes the difference"



Often lunch hour finds Kenny Baker and Phil Baker too busy to eat, so they visit the apple machine.



Husband Gene Raymond enjoys his visit to Jeanette MacDonald's radio program on a Sunday night.



Phil Harris's smile registers approval for his pretty wife, but you should see him when he's conducting.

Fink Photos

Behind the HOLLYWOOD FRONT

From the nation's city of headlines
comes the tops in radioland gossip

BING CROSBY is getting tired of these flash-light bulbs being popped in his face. From now on the bulb-squeezers must stay out of the studio when he's broadcasting. Bing says he comes to the studio attired for comfort and not pictures—and besides the flashes upset him. He told the sponsor he'd leave the show unless the photogs cut it out. They cut it out.

* * *

Phil Harris seems to get so much out of his music-makers. I think it's because he rewards and punishes them with his face muscles. Next chance you get, watch Phil reward the drummer for some hot licks with a wink; watch him bawl the third sax player out for coming in a split second late by a slight scowl. They work for him, all right. He's really a leader—that Harris.

* * *

Radio's funniest sight of the month: Edgar Bergen doing his routine with Charlie McCarthy on a recent Chase and Sanborn show—and poor Edgar with a severe case of the burps.

Tenor John Carter, who replaced Nelson Eddy on the C & S show, is climbing rapidly in popular favor. He's still a wee bit nervous and doesn't know what to do with his hands. But he'll come along—unless the movies grab him . . . he's that good-looking.

* * *

The agency handling the Mickey Mouse show says that Walt Disney doesn't want pictures of the cast to be printed—because "it would spoil the illusion." I wonder why they invite a studio audience to broadcasts, if such be the case?

For good work on this show, Rhapsodies to Minnie (Thelma Boardman), Goofy (Stuart Buchanan) Donald Duck (Clarence Nash), Clara Cluck (Florence Gill).

Have you noticed that Donald is more understandable of late? And he isn't being given so many lines to speak as heretofore. All in all, it's shaping up to be a pretty good show.

* * *

So you think Rudy Vallee is high-hat? Don't be ridic, Agnes. You should have seen him behind the bar on the Warner lot (Continued on page 82)

by Jimmie Fidler

HOW TO BE

Happy

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

**This famous author brings you
another inspiring article on
life's most important question**

Every Sunday afternoon, as editor of the Heinz Magazine of the Air, Channing Pollock, novelist and playwright, speaks on different aspects of happiness. Brief, brilliant, filled with hope, these talks deserve something more permanent than their brief hour on the air, and RADIO MIRROR is happy to publish them, through the permission of Mr. Pollock and the sponsors.

The Happiness of Friendship

A CELEBRATED wit once said: "Nature provides our bald heads and our relatives, but a man's friends and his whiskers are his own fault." I've never tried whiskers, but I've tried friends, and never found one wanting. Nothing on earth is more absorbing than people, and nothing more fruitful of happiness than friends. In friendship, as in everything else, one gets what one gives. There are practically no one-way streets in life. Those folks who—as an old aunt of mine used to say—are brothers of McTake, and no relation to McGive, sooner or later find their friendships wearing pretty thin. The great gift in friendship is the gift of yourself and because the supply of ourselves is so limited, we can have few real friends—five or six in a life-time, and your heart's first-class passenger list is fairly full. But there's always the tourist class and the steerage and some wonderfully pleasant companionable people in both classes. Sometimes the tourist passengers move right up into the first class, and, less often, first-class passengers move into the steerage—but I never had one leave the ship. I could stay here all night telling you about my friends, but cheer up, I'm not going to! Not now, anyway. Sometimes, I think I've had the good luck to meet more interesting people than anyone else in the world—all over the world—from Bali to Brooklyn—but of course, interest, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. A few weeks ago, a taxi-driver began telling me about his friends, and, believe me, they were interesting too. Mine are of all varieties. I've always said that I know more barons and bootblacks, chorus girls and capitalists and convicts and authors and actors and oyster-shuckers, than any other man in the universe. Gosh, how I'd like to tell you about the whole lot of 'em! I knew Trotsky, the Russian revolu-

tionist, when he worked on a third-rate newspaper in New York, and was known to the press-agent fraternity as the greatest free-ticket-taker in town. I lived in the same cheap little hotel with Will Rogers when he first came off the ranch, and was throwing a lariat at Hammerstein's Victoria—a vaudeville theater in 42nd Street. Will said: "I never met a man I didn't like. I am so proud of that, I can hardly wait to die so it can be carved on my headstone, and, when you come round to my grave, you'll probably find me sitting there, proudly reading it." That's a sort of friendship, too—that liking for our fellow-creatures. And it isn't only the great who make great friends. It's human warmth that does that, and human interest, and human sympathy and simplicity. Those, of course, are qualities of greatness. Years ago, a motion picture producer told me he was having a private barber's chair put in his office, so he wouldn't have to talk to people. I remembered the day I called on Mark Twain—thinking, here's a great man and a busy one; I mustn't take much of his time. Mark Twain crowded me into the corner of a sofa, and talked about himself, and persuaded me to talk about *myself*, until it was too late for me to get any dinner. That was the fellow who wrote "Huckleberry Finn." Somehow, I feel that he couldn't've done it if he'd had a private barber's chair! Friendship understands all things, endures all things, outlives all things. Like love, it is first at the cross and last at the tomb. Like love, it ennoble the humblest and makes the humble the greatest. One greatness I shall remember so long as I live: A cold—brutally cold—rainy day in Pekin. Bundled up to my ears, I was riding a few blocks in a rickshaw—one of those two-wheeled carriages that are pulled by the "rickshaw boys." Suddenly, we came alongside of a poor little funeral—a cheap, wooden box carried through the street, with the few rags that had belonged to the departed lying on top of it. Even the bearers were wrapped in rubber coats. Behind them, however, one man—one man only—walked in rags even thinner than those on the box. With blue lips and chattering teeth, with wet coat and flapping cotton trousers and bare feet, he trotted along, as he had trotted for miles.

"That dead man rickshaw boy, too," *my* boy said.

"Him stand close to me outside hotel."

"Didn't he have *anything*?" I asked.

"Oh yes," my boy answered simply, holding the shafts with one hand, and pointing to the shivering coolie who trudged along behind the pauper's coffin. "Oh, yes; him got a friend."

The Happiness of Work

A WELL-KNOWN dramatist once told me: "There are three stages of authorship. First, that in which a man wants his play produced, and doesn't care whether he gets any money out of it or not. Second, that in which he wants the play produced, but he wants the money,

too. And, finally, the stage in which he wants the money, and doesn't care *what happens to the play.*" I don't agree. There are only *two* stages of authorship—or of *anything else.* One, the stage in which you love the work for itself, and regard the money as a by-product, and the other that stage in which you oughtn't to be doing it, anyway.

I never have been able to understand the idea of work as something of which you do as little as possible for as much as possible. I've written millions of words, and, the day any magazine appears with a story of mine, I still get up an hour earlier to rush to the newsstand and carry it home in triumph. Sometimes, I don't even wait to get home, but read it on the streetcorner. Of course, I think authorship is the most enthralling job in the world, but there's a friend of mine in the country who votes in favor of cabinet-making. When I told him that one of the greatest moments in my life was that in which I finished a certain scene in my play, "The Enemy," he showed me a desk with an invisible drawer he'd made for the fun of it, and pooh-poohed the idea that anyone could get that kind of happiness out of pencils and paper.

The truth, I suppose, is that the amount of interest in any work is exactly the amount the worker puts into it. Years ago, I wrote the true story of a messenger boy, who used to carry my manuscripts to the editors—and bring them back. That boy was so kind and courteous, that I wrote to the president of the telegraph company urging his promotion. Later on I asked the lad whether he'd heard anything of my letter. "Sure," he answered; "they offered me a lot more money, but I declined it. They wanted to send me down to Wall Street, but—gee—brokers would bore me to death. Up here, I talk to you, and Rex Beach, and George Gershwin, and carry their stuff around for them. Mr. Beach's novel that's on sale now; I get the book reviews every Sunday to see how it's going. I carried that book to the publisher, so it's my novel, too."

Anybody who
(Continued on
page 81)



By PAULINE SWANSON

Martha Raye's cup of life, once drained of happiness, fills to overflowing in her story's final chapter



THE word got around in Chicago that Paul Ash had something in the kid who came on from Kansas City to join his show.

Middle-aged business men began to fight for front row seats at Loew's to hear Martha Raye sing "I Ain't Got Nobody" and "Forgive Me." They had to be quick about it, for college boys—in from Northwestern to see the night sights—were just as eager to get within orchestra circle reach of the slim young girl with the dark-blue voice whose songs highlighted the new Paul Ash revue.

Martha was just sixteen, her child's body only faintly curved beneath her sleek evening gowns, but her black hair shone and her blue eyes were bright in the glow of the footlights. Her dusky voice spelled glamour to the tired business men and lanky undergraduates on the other side of the proscenium arch. How were they to know that Martha's songs were assumed with her costumes, that she was just a kid who had two more years to live before she kept her first date with a boy?

A few of her younger admirers attempted to recapture Martha's spell after the house lights came up, and waited for her at the stage door. They always left alone, shaking their heads. For their enchantress, in school girl's coat and cap, her face barren of make-up, always emerged with her mother, and crossed the street to a coffee shop, where—with no consideration for her gallery—she consumed warm milk and graham crackers with adolescent enthusiasm.

Her mother was her constant companion in those formative days of her career. Peggy Reed had found herself with leisure on her hands after the act of "Reed and Hooper" disbanded, and she didn't like it. After a few restless weeks, she packed her bags and joined her daughter in Chicago. She has been with Martha, as companion, protector, manager and attorney-in-fact, ever since.

When Paul Ash took his company on the road, Peggy Reed went along, and Martha benefited by a hot breakfast every morning, and a cozy supper for two in her hotel room at night. This was more than the usual mother and daughter association. With a strange city to face every week, with her show-girl schedule turning day into night and night into day, Martha found little time to make other friends, and leaned more and more upon her mother for companionship.

Peg was an audience of one when Martha, returning late from the theater, gave her best performance of the day; imitations, comic if cruel, of the other members of the company. Peggy, a veteran trouser herself, knew a comedy flair when she saw it, so she gave quick consent when Martha suggested leaving the Paul Ash company to join Benny Davis and his troupe on the road.

Davis, one of the famous songsmiths of the day, had gathered together a sextet of talented youngsters—Jackie Heller, Martha, Hal Le Roy, Sonny O'Day, Buddy and Velma Ebsen and he offered Martha an

opportunity not only to sing and dance, but to play the comedy lead in his variety show.

Martha developed a three-barrelled talent during her trouping with Benny Davis, and by the autumn of 1931 was well enough known as a singer and comedienne to undertake a season of single bookings.

She was touching only the big—the tough—cities by now, had almost forgotten the dreary dressing rooms, the stuffy little theaters in the tank towns where, with "Reed and Hooper," she had had her earliest theatrical seasoning. She was knocking 'em over in Chicago now, in St. Louis, and San Francisco and Los Angeles. Her name was in lights on the Paramount marquee in Los Angeles for two weeks, but none of the film executives who were to be fighting over Martha's contract a few years later, gave Martha a tumble. A substantial success with vaudeville audiences in the West, Martha finally returned to New York where she took the toughest big-time hurdle of them all. She was a success on Broadway!

THEN came the night which changed the entire pattern of Martha's life, which took her for a time out of the four-a-day routine she had accepted as normal since her babyhood, and into a world where there were things to do besides sleep, and eat, and "go on," and people to talk to who were not performers, or fans.

Lew Brown walked into Martha's dressing room that night and offered her a role in his new musical revue, "Calling All Stars."

"You'll do one song—swell clothes, big number. Then in the second sketch you do a drunk act. . . ." he explained.

Martha's mother objected violently. Her daughter was only seventeen, she'd have Mr. Brown know. She's never had a drink stronger than milk in her life. She was no drunk. . . .

"Exactly," Lew Brown came back. "That's why I'm here. The girl I hired for the part has had several drinks in her life—and much stronger than milk. But she can't make a drunk funny. I think Martha can."

Brown, backed up by Martha, who wanted this chance at the legitimate stage, won the argument, and Martha Raye—who had never had a drink in her life—convulsed the audience every night with her now famous drunk routine.

"Who do you think you are? Anyhow?"

It followed her from Broadway to the floorshow of the Casino de Patee, back into vaudeville, and finally won immortality of a sort when it was included in Martha's first film role in "Rhythm on the Range."

"Calling All Stars" marked another milestone for Martha. During the run of the show, she officially grew up: she went out on her first date with a boy.

The boy was Bob Crosby, and Martha still wonders if he had as good a time as she did that night. She felt a little like Cinderella at the ball. Her mother had consented to the outing only upon the condition that Martha be in her hotel (*Continued on page 77*)

BEFORE

NIGHT



Glorified Martha, after Hollywood claimed her. Below, on Broadway with Jimmy Durante in "Calling All Stars."

At one of her first Hollywood parties, Don Wilson was there to lend the young newcomer a helping hand.



Paramount

MAKE

Your Hobby

PAY

B Y D A V E E L M A N

**Why not be one of those lucky people who make money
by having fun? An expert tells how it can be done**

YOU can make a living—and probably a much better living than you ever dreamed of—by working at something that seems more like fun to you than work. You can make your hobby pay!

Do you realize just how important that is? Many books have been written about how to achieve success, and I think most of them have overlooked the most important point of all. Success—real success—doesn't consist of making a large amount of money out of work which only interests one mildly or not at all. It consists of earning your living at a work which absorbs and interests you so much for its own sake, quite apart from the financial rewards it brings you, that you can't imagine what your life would be without it. In a word, it consists of earning your living from your hobby. And that's what the success books haven't told you how to do.

Dozens of people who have appeared on my Hobby Lobby programs have done it, though.



At left, the author, Dave Elman, originator of Hudson Motor Company's Hobby Lobby, on CBS Wednesday nights. Above, these are some of the curios given to him by his hobbyists.



What good is an old turkey wishbone? To the wishbone collector, right above—raw material for a profession.



I've done it myself. When I get together a program for a broadcast on CBS, I am having a lot of fun for myself. Finding people with strange hobbies to put on the show, meeting them, interviewing them on the air—it's all so fascinating and exciting to me that I wonder how I ever managed to enjoy life before I started to do it. But that isn't all. The Hudson Motor Company actually pays me for having all this fun. I make a living out of my hobby—which is collecting hobbies. And I certainly don't ask anything better of life.

You'll say I'm lucky, and I'll agree that I am. But there's no reason why you can't be just as fortunate, if you have a little imagination and a little of the pioneering instinct, and aren't afraid of having people laugh at you to begin with.

Hobbies lead to the most remarkable and unexpected things you can imagine. For instance, did you know that Abraham Lincoln might never have been a President of the

United States, if it hadn't been for his hobby? Can you see any great future for a woman who collects dried apples or old turkey and chicken wishbones? Or for a man who makes little houses of cigar boxes? I don't imagine you can; I couldn't myself if I hadn't found out from my own experience that dried apples and wish bones are great commercial commodities, and that the maker of cigar box houses has a valuable talent.

You can put this down as your first rule for making your hobby pay: There is almost no hobby so far-fetched, so unusual, that it can't be made into a money-earning proposition. On the contrary, the more unusual it is, the more likely you are to make a profit from it. You'll find this is so as you read on.



Eggshell box—and inventor



But before I go any further in telling you how to make your hobby pay, I think I owe it to you, and to all the enthusiastic hobbyists I have known, to give you one warning. Don't select a hobby simply because you think you can commercialize it. If you do, you will fail. You'll fail to make any money out of it, and you'll fail to develop an avocation that fascinates and delights you.

After all, remember the important thing about a hobby is the fun you get out of it, not the money. You can get the money in dozens of other ways, but there is probably only one possible hobby that will give you the fun.

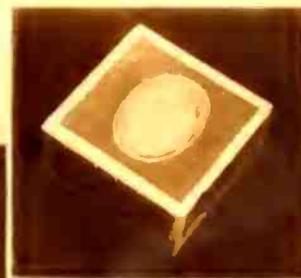
Take my own case. I certainly didn't take up my hobby with any idea of (Continued on page 78)



Old tin can—and its result



Don't throw away your empty cigar boxes! The hobbyist below uses them to make those attractive houses.



FOLLOW THE MOON

CONCLUSION

(For the story thus far see page 88)

"GENTLEMEN of the jury . . ." the prosecuting attorney began, confidently. But at that instant the door of the courtroom swung open, and the

missing Barkis appeared at last, followed by a young man in blue jeans and a tall, bearded man who might have been a debased replica of Clay Bannister himself. A thrill of excitement ran through the room as the full meaning of that astonishing resemblance struck the spectators.

Jean saw the strange trio start down the aisle toward her, the young man in the blue jeans prodding the bearded man with a rifle—and then the room began to whirl about her, until everything grew black before her eyes.

She awoke to a sensation of vast, comforting relief. Even before she remembered what had happened, she realized that somehow, all was right with the world. She sat up. Judge Barkis, Clay, and one of the court attendants were gathered about her, and she was lying on a couch in an anteroom off the courtroom.

"Oh, Clay!" she sobbed, and felt his arms cradling her in security.

"Well, your young man's free now," Barkis assured her.

"Thanks to you," Clay said.

"Guess things looked pretty bad for a while, didn't they?" Barkis said with a smile. "Y'see, folks, I've been working on this case quite a while—since before they arrested you, in fact.

That fellow I brought in with me is Dade Kelp. Lives up in the mountains about twenty miles from here."

"But—but how did you know he did it?" Jean asked. "That is—I suppose he did?" She looked questioningly at their faces.

"Oh, sure, he did it all right," Barkis said. "Got

him to sign a confession this morning. This was what happened. Week or so before Bud Toomey—the bus driver, you know—was killed, he came to me and said this Kelp fellow was in love with his wife. Wanted to know what to do about it. I told him I'd have a talk with Mrs. Toomey and see, but before I got around to it, Bud was killed. Right then I thought Kelp must have done it, but then your picture came out, with witnesses swearing it was you, Bannister, so I figured I must be wrong—particularly when Mrs. Toomey and Kelp didn't run off together or anything.

"Then they arrested you, and I believed you when you said you were innocent. So I had to go after Kelp, and—well, it's a long story, but I managed to get a bullet from his gun and compare it with the one in Bud's body. Then I had a little talk with him and he saw he'd better confess."

Jean stretched out her hand and laid it on Barkis' gnarled old paw, silently begging pardon for her lack of trust in him. He smiled and looked away in embarrassment.

"Sure glad to get poor Bud's murderer into a jail cell at last . . ." he murmured. "Now I guess you two'll want to be getting back to the Moonstone, won't you?"

Death solves the mystery of the Moonstone and brings Jean a love greater than fortune



He stared madly—



Jean screamed—

"Yes!" Clay and Jean breathed together.

But the Moonstone did not seem the same.

They were both conscious, on the day that followed their return, of a strange constraint between them. It was as if each were waiting for the other to say something that had to be said. Often, in the midst of a sudden silence, Jean would look up to see Clay's gaze fixed upon her—and he would look away quickly, and say something of no importance.

Not until night had fallen did he speak. They were sitting on the porch of the cottage after dinner, watching the shadows deepen in the San Joaquin Valley far below. In the kitchen, Callie and Wing were producing a great rattling of the dinner dishes.

"Jean," he said abruptly, "I can't make a pretty speech. But I just want you to know that of all the fine things you've done for me—the finest was sticking by me the last couple of weeks. Particularly when I guess I didn't act as if I appreciated it much."

Jean, her face turned away from his, murmured, "Didn't you know I'd stick by you, Clay?"

"I guess I did," he said humbly.

THE tension of the past few weeks were taking their toll of Jean's emotional reserves. All at once she felt a wave of hysteria which was partly a desire to cry and partly a deep-seated irritation at Clay. Sitting there talking about gratitude when any man with eyes in his head should have seen that what she wanted was love!

Controlling herself with difficulty, she turned and said: "Now that you're a free man again I suppose you'll be wanting to start out after that desperado you've been tracking down for—how long is it?—two years?"

It was a deliberate attempt to hurt him, but it failed.

"Yes," he said quietly. "That's just what I was thinking, unless you want me to stay here and help you find out the secret of the Moonstone."

"Secret?" She laughed bitterly.

"There's no secret here. It's just a lot of nonsense."

"I'm afraid you're right." He moved restlessly, got up and stood at the rail, lighting a cigarette. "Then I guess I'll be starting off tomorrow."

"Yes, please do!" she burst out, throwing aside at last any attempt to keep her irritation under control. "And I hope you find him, and I hope you take the law into your own big, virile hands and shoot him, and then I hope they try you for murder and find you

guilty! You—you make me sick, Clay Bannister! Can't you think of anything but revenge? Is it going to help your father if you kill the man that made him a cripple, and then get yourself thrown into prison for life or—executed for murder?"

"Jean!" he snapped. "You don't understand!"

"I certainly don't. And I don't want to! Your job is to go back to your father's ranch and help him with it—make yourself useful instead of flying around all over the country looking for revenge and getting yourself into scrapes!" She stopped, and then, because she knew she was going to cry, she stood up, said "Good-night!" in a choked voice, and fled to the interior of the cabin.

There was little sleep at the Moonstone that night. Clay, sitting on the edge of his cot on the porch, smoked cigarette after cigarette and watched the moon as it rose and bathed the canyon in light. Jean tossed restlessly on her bed inside. And Callie, after having gone soundly to sleep in her lean-to off the kitchen, woke suddenly to feel the blanket being slowly pulled off the bed!

For an instant she lay there, too terrified to scream. Then, with a sudden twitch, the blanket was gone. A shadow at the window beside the bed moved and disappeared. And Callie screamed for all she was worth.

Jean and Clay ran into the room almost simultaneously, followed a few seconds later by Wing, who slept in a tent outside. At first, all was confusion, but when Callie finally managed to tell her story, pointing to the absence of the blanket as an unarguable fact, the mystified Jean and Clay were forced to admit that something strange had certainly happened. Wing blandly pointed out that a ghost had certainly stolen Callie's blanket.

"Looks as if it must have been a ghost, at that," Clay admitted when he returned to the living room, where they were all gathered, after a tour of the grounds around the house. "There's

not a sign of footprints or anything underneath Callie's window."

"Couldn't it have been some sort of night-bird?" Jean suggested. "An owl or something?"

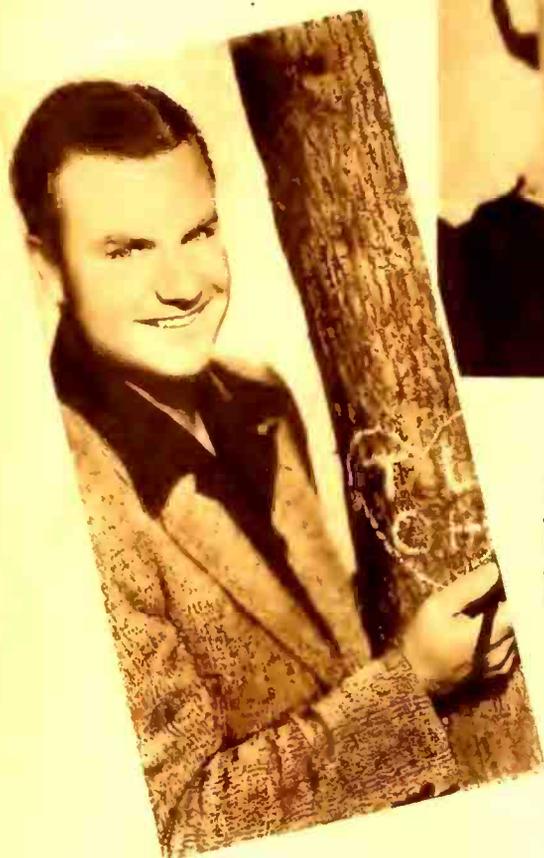
"Dat wasn't no owl I seen at de window!" Callie protested, and even Clay was forced to admit that he'd never heard of an owl stealing a blanket from inside a room.

Callie declared that she (Continued on page 87)



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

Maestro Carl Hoff, below, is the object of Tizzie's affections on the Al Pearce program.



Marion Francis, above, recently won the coveted job of singing on Frankie Masters' broadcasts.

Below, Kay Kyser pulls a fast one on his "Kollege of Musical Knowledge" over MBS



FACING THE MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

ENTERPRISING Kay Kyser and his orchestra have donned caps and gowns and a half-million radio fans are their pupils in a new kind of audience participation program. Kay Kyser's Musical Klass is heard only on a few Mutual stations currently but plans call for an extended coast-to-coast hookup either on Mutual or over NBC where it may even replace the Dick Powell fiesta.

The program, devised by the bespectacled conductor and Lew Wasserman, advertising director of Music Corporation of America, was originally heard in the wee hours from Chicago's Blackhawk Cafe—birthplace of a carload of bands and musical crazes. Listeners responded to the tune of over a thousand letters a week. It was quickly purchased for sponsorship.

Contestants are recruited from the studio audience. Questions pertain only to dance bands and popular music. **FACING THE MUSIC'S** regular readers should not find the contest difficult. Such questions, already asked on the program, as "What is Shep Fields' theme?"—"Name the royalty of jazz—a duke, an earl, and a count?"—or "Give the names of five songs with

the word 'love' in the title" have at one time or another been printed in these pillars of rhythmic information.

Players with the highest scores share the weekly cash prizes which total \$95. Listeners-in participate by sending in suggested questions and answers, for which they receive cash prizes and a diploma from "Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge."

The program is Kay Kyser's challenge to the rule that today a band must have more than good instrumentalists and arrangements.

* * *

Tired of hearing others embellish or embalm such tunes as "Dipsy Doodle" "Whoa, Babe," and "Midnight in a Madhouse," all of which he composed, Larry Clinton has organized his own radio band. They are currently installed in the Hotel New Yorker with a CBS wire, urging the steady patrons to forget Casa Loma.

Present plans call for Clinton to tour the eastern college campuses, with Harvard, Yale and Princeton on the itinerary.

(Continued on page 85)

"...but what is this difference you notice between Camels and other Cigarettes?"



...Kathleen Williams asks Alma Nicoll, debutante daughter of De Lancey Nicoll, Jr., of New York and Middleburg, Virginia.

And here is Miss Nicoll's answer:

"Do I find Camels different from other cigarettes? Yes, definitely! For instance, after hours in the saddle, I'm quite weary. Smoking Camels gives me a delightful 'lift'! And Camels never jangle my nerves—another way they are different! I smoke as many Camels as I please...and they never tire my taste. Camels are mild...gentle on my throat. And so you see, in so many ways, Camels agree with me."

It is not surprising that smokers are so enthusiastic about Camels. Camel spends millions more, year after year, to assure a finer, more delicate quality for Camel smokers.



THE Nicoll family have occupied positions of prominence here since Matthias Nicoll crossed to these shores in 1664. Alma Nicoll (above, right) is a fine horsewoman, devoted to the life of the Long Island and Virginia hunting country. She has traveled in England, on the Continent, and in the Near East. At right, Miss Nicoll poses before dining out. She is typical of the younger crowd in her enthusiasm for Camels. "At all the parties," she says, "I notice that Camels are served. Between courses... and, of course, after dessert, I smoke Camels —'for digestion's sake!' Camels add to mealtime pleasure."

DO PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS? —

—CAMELS ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



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

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia • Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Barelay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia • Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, New York

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me!"



When work piles up and you're under pressure there's real relief from tension in the use of Beech-Nut Gum! Tests in a large university show that chewing gum helps lessen fatigue . . . improve alertness and mental efficiency. Have a package handy.



Always take Beech-Nut Gum with you in the car . . . it adds pleasure to every trip. Gives relief to your nerves when traffic is heavy . . . keeps your throat moist and refreshed . . . helps you stay awake and alert on long trips and when driving at night.



The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It is firmer, "chewier" and gives your mouth the exercise it needs.



ALWAYS REFRESHING
Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it is the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum—in three flavors—Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint—select the kind you like best.

Opening day—and every day—
BEECH-NUT GUM
is the password to pleasure

"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

Oralgene helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking . . . is a real aid for mouth health.

RADIO MIRROR • almanac

MARCH 25 TO APRIL 21

You'll know what to listen
to every day of the month
if you use this complete
guide to network broad-
casts—packed into seven
handy, fact-filled pages



Listen on April 14 to
Bernarr Macfadden (right).

All time given is Eastern Standard; for Central time, subtract one hour;
for Mountain time, subtract two; for Pacific Coast time, subtract three.



All time is Eastern Standard

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
NBC-Red: William Meeder

8:30
NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
NBC-Red: Kidoodlers

8:45
NBC-Red: Animal News Club

9:00
NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
NBC-Red: Alice Remsen, Geo. Griffin

9:15
NBC-Red: Tom Terriss

9:30
NBC-Red: Melody Moments

9:55
CBS: Press Radio News

10:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit

10:30
CBS: String Ensemble
NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago
NBC-Red: Madrigal Singers

11:00
CBS: Texas Rangers
NBC: Press Radio News

11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
NBC-Red: Silver Flute

11:15
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell

11:30
CBS: Major Bowes Family
NBC-Red: Angler and Hunter

11:45
NBC-Blue: Bill Sterns
NBC-Red: Norsemen Quartet

12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Home Symphony

12:30 P. M.
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernaels
NBC-Blue: Music Hall Symphony
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion

1:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Red: Al and Lee Reiser

1:15
NBC-Red: Henry Busse

1:30
CBS: Foreign Program
MBS: Ted Weems Orch.
NBC-Blue: There Was a Woman
NBC-Red: Tuskegee Institute Choir

2:00
CBS: Boris Morros Quartet
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
NBC-Red: Bob Becker

2:15
NBC-Red: Vagabonds

2:30
CBS: Jean Hersholt
NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt

3:00
CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
NBC-Blue: On Broadway
NBC-Red: Radio News Reel

3:30
NBC-Blue: Arceo Band
NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers

4:00
MBS: Court of Human Relations
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies

4:30
NBC-Red: The World is Yours
NBC-Blue: Jean Ellington

5:00
MBS: Singing Lady
NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Auditions
NBC-Red: Marion Talley

5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo
MBS: The Shadow
NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
NBC-Red: Mickey Mouse

6:00
CBS: Joe Penner
MBS: George Jessel
NBC-Blue: Fishface, Figsbottle
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour

6:30
CBS: Double Everything
MBS: Tim and Irene
NBC-Blue: Haven MacQuarrie
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today

7:00
NBC-Red: Jack Benny

7:30
CBS: Phil Baker
NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson, Peg Murray
NBC-Red: Interesting Neighbors.

8:00
CBS: St. Louis Blues
NBC-Blue: Detective Series
NBC-Red: Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, John Carter, Stroud Twins

8:30
CBS: Lyn Murray
NBC-Blue: California Concert

9:00
CBS: Ford Symphony
NBC-Blue: Tyrone Power
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round

9:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music

9:45
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich

10:00
NBC-Blue: Paul Martin Orch.
NBC-Red: Symphony Orch.

10:30
CBS: Headlines and Bylines
NBC-Blue: Cheerio
NBC-Red: Norman Cloutier Orch.

11:00
NBC-Blue: Dance Music
NBC-Red: Marlowe and Lyon

11:30
Dance Music

Motto of the Day

Sunday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Emil Coleman

Time wasted is like falling hair—it never comes back.

Highlights For Sunday, March 27

CHARLIE McCARTHY bandies wise-cracks on the *Chase and Sanborn* show tonight with a young lady whose beauty is equalled only by her brains—*Olivia De Havilland*. Maybe Charlie can get her to discuss the one subject all interviewers stumble on—romance. For Olivia is firm on one point . . . when she falls in love, if she falls in love, it's her own business and nobody else's. . . . It's pretty certain you'll be listening to Charlie and Olivia at 8:00 on *NBC-Red*, because practically everybody in the country does these days—so much so that no sponsor would think of taking that time on another network. . . . Earlier in the day, the *New York Philharmonic* (CBS at

3:00) has *Gregor Piatigorsky*, cellist, for its guest star. Mr. Piatigorsky has been practising up on the A-minor concerto by Robert Schumann, and is all ready to unlimber it this afternoon. . . . Also at 3:00, people who like good drama better than good music are listening to the last of this season's *On Broadway* playlets—*NBC-Blue*. That is, it's the last unless a new sponsor steps in and starts paying the bills for the show. The reason the present sponsor is stepping aside is that his product's the sort of thing whose sales suffer in the warm weather, no matter how much it's advertised. . . . The guest star on the *Ford Hour*, CBS at 9:00, is one of your old favorites—*Nino Martini*.



Olivia De Havilland swaps wise-cracks with Charlie McCarthy tonight at 8:00.

Highlights For Sunday, April 3

IF you've been missing *Nelson Eddy*—and it's a safe bet that you have—tonight's the night to tune in the *Ford* program at 9:00 on *CBS*. *Nelson's* the evening's guest star, having stopped off in Detroit in the midst of his concert tour for the purpose. This will likely be your last chance to hear him until he returns to the *Chase and Sanborn* program in August—so make the most of it. . . . Another important guest star of the day is *Mischa Levitzki*, pianist, with the *New York Philharmonic Orchestra* over *CBS* at 3:00 in the afternoon. He'll dash off a concerto. . . . *Jerry Cooper* of the *Hollywood Hotel* program is being congratulated today—because it's his birthday. He

was born on April 3, 1907, 'way down in New Orleans, and has come a long way since. . . . You can hear the *Tuskegee Institute Choir* today, in its new weekly program at 1:30 over the *NBC-Red* network. . . . And *Haven MacQuarrie* with his *Do You Want to be an Actor Show* has moved up in the day to 6:30 on *NBC-Blue*. *Haven's* broadcasting from Hollywood, where there is no lack of people Who Want to be Actors. . . . On *CBS*, at 10:30, you can catch up on the week's news with *Headlines and Bylines*, starring the network's star reporters and commentators . . . unless you'd rather listen to *Cheerio's* program of inspiration and philosophy, on *NBC-Blue* at the same time.



Nelson Eddy's back on the air tonight, for one hour on the *Ford* Sunday Evening show.

Highlights For Sunday, April 10

HERE it's Sunday again, and Sunday is, as usual, classical-music day, with a couple of famous guest stars. . . . *Abram Chasins*, who's no stranger to listeners, is on the *CBS New York Philharmonic* concert at 3:00. He's a New Yorker, born and bred on the East Side, and was such a talented pianist at the age of fifteen that Ernest Hutcheson, celebrated teacher and virtuoso, became his patron. . . . This afternoon he'll play some of his own compositions with the *Philharmonic*. . . . Famed violinist-composer-conductor *Georges Enesco* is *Mr. Ford's* special offering on his *CBS* program at 9:00, and the chances are that he'll play some of his own compositions too. . . . At 7:00, of course,

you'll have to follow the distressing adventures of *Jack Benny*, who never is in the right. . . . Incidentally, if you ever hint to *Don Wilson*, *Jack's* announcer, that those hearty laughs of his are just put on for the broadcast, be prepared to run as fast as you can. They are fighting words for *Don*—he insists that even though he's heard the program in rehearsal, it's still so funny at broadcast time that he can't help laughing at it. . . . Today is bandleader *Mark Warnow's* birthday, so send a few kind thoughts his way. He was born thirty-seven years ago in Monastrhisht, Odessa, Russia and your *Almanac* will give you a prize if you can pronounce that first name correctly.



Abram Chasins, pianist-composer, guest stars on the *New York Philharmonic* today.

Highlights For Sunday, April 17

THAT little animal to the left is the symbol for the day—for it's *Easter*, time for rejoicing, going to church, hunting for eggs, wearing new hats and parading on Fifth Avenue. . . . Also time for the networks to put on one of their most impressive shows, picking up the beautiful *Easter* services from all over the country. *CBS*, for instance, has a program lined up that takes all morning. First comes the service from Forest Park in St. Louis, with a symphony orchestra and a chorus. Then we're to hear the *Forest Lawn* service in Glendale, California, with *Otto Klemperer* conducting the *Los Angeles Philharmonic* orchestra and a chorus of five hundred voices. On the less serious side, *CBS*

also offers a half-hour or so from Fifth Avenue in New York, where *Bob Trout* will parade the avenue and tell you what he sees by means of a microphone stowed way in his silk topper. . . . Mutual drags out a rickety old car every year and *Dave Driscoll* drives it up the avenue, broadcasting as he goes. . . . And *NBC* plans to cover the parade in a novel way too. . . . It's still *Easter* in the afternoon, and the *New York Philharmonic's* *CBS* program at 3:00 includes excerpts from *Richard Wagner's* religious opera "Parsifal." . . . Tonight *NBC-Blue* forgets *Easter* entirely between 8:00 and 8:30, to present a special broadcast featuring most of the big-league baseball managers.



Your youngsters will be looking for one of these when they wake up this morning.

Motto of the Day

Monday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Phil
Spitalny

The difference between stumbling blocks and stepping stones is the way you use them.

- All time is Eastern Standard
8:00 A. M.
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
8:15
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Hi Boys
9:00
CBS: Dear Columbia
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News
9:15
NBC-Red: Frank Luther
9:30
CBS: The Road of Life
9:40
NBC: Press Radio News
9:45
CBS: Bachelor's Children
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marpe
NBC-Blue: Aunt Jimima
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
10:30
NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
10:45
CBS: Ma Perkins
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Woman in White
11:00
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: David Harum
11:15
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
MBS: Myra Kingsley
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Betty Moore
12:00 Noon
CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
1:15
CBS: Hymns
1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Sue Blake
C-Red: Words and Music
S: Valiant Lady
2:00
CBS: Kathryn Gravens
2:15
CBS: The O'Neills
2:30
CBS: School of the Air
3:00
NBC-Blue: Rochester Civic Orch.
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
4:00
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
4:15
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
4:30
CBS: The Goldbergs
NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
4:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafeo
NBC-Red: Road of Life
5:00
CBS: Follow the Moon
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
5:15
CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
5:30
CBS: Stepmother
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
5:45
CBS: Hilltop House
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
6:30
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News
NBC-Red: Baseball News
6:45
CBS: Lum and Abner
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Music is My Hobby
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:15
CBS: Arthur Godfrey
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:30
CBS: Eddie Cantor
8:00
CBS: Monday Night Show
NBC-Blue: Melody Puzzles
NBC-Red: Burns and Allen
8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
9:00
CBS: Lux Theater
NBC-Blue: Philadelphia Orch.
9:30
NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
10:00
CBS: Wayne King
NBC-Blue: Warden Lawes
NBC-Red: Contested Program
10:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Radio Forum
NBC-Red: Public Hero No. 1

Highlights For Monday, March 28

BIRTHDAY greetings to *Paul Whiteman*, who was born forty-seven years ago today in Denver, Colorado. . . . One of your duties is to be at your radio set at 7:30 P.M., tuning in on *CBS* for *Eddie Cantor's* first program under the sponsorship of Camel cigarettes. From now on, remember, 7:30 on Mondays is Cantor time. *Eddie's* program tonight originates in New York City, but he'll be back in Hollywood before very many more weeks. . . . The weather's still cold, but summer is creeping up on radio just the same. Witness the departure tonight of Grand Hotel, sponsored by Campana. Listen in on *NBC-Blue* at 8:30 for the last time. *Jim Ameche* is the leading man and *Betty*

Lou Gerson is the leading lady. At the La Salle hotel, in Chicago, the Biltmore Boys are opening an engagement tonight, and you'll hear their premiere over *NBC* wires. . . . This is the first opportunity your *Almanac* has had to remind you that *Joan Blaine* is back on the air. The one-time *Mary Marlin* is heroine of a new serial, *Valiant Lady*, which is part of *CBS' Gold Medal Hour* at 1:45 P.M. Later in the month we'll have a picture of her and some news about her. . . . *Lou Holtz*, *Ted Husing*, *Kay Thompson* and *Richard Himber* are the headliners on a new *CBS* show at 8:00 tonight and every Monday. It's sponsored by an association of brewers—a different firm in every town where it's heard.



Eddie Cantor's on at a new time—tonight at 7:30—sponsored by Camel Cigarettes.

Highlights For Monday, April 4



Nancy Kelly, of Broadway and radio, has the dramatic critics singing her praises.

YOU'RE listening to one of radio's youngest announcers tonight when you tune in *Burns and Allen* on *NBC-Red* at 8:00. He's *John Conte*, and only twenty-two years old, which is pretty youthful to be at the helm of an important coast-to-coast comedy show. . . . Not only that, but his first time on the *Burns and Allen* show was also his first time on the network, though he'd been announcing several years on local Los Angeles stations. . . . He got the job last fall, when *George and Gracie* took a vacation and turned their show over to a series of guest stars and a substitute announcer—*John* was the latter. When they got back they discovered that *John* had made good in such a big way that they kept

him on. Your *Almanac* had expected to publish his picture to go with this story about him but—a funny thing—there isn't one available. Maybe he's a mystery man. . . . Birthday wishes today to *Bernice Berwin*, who plays *Hazel Herbert* in *One Man's Family*; and to *Frances Langford* of *Hollywood Hotel*. . . . There's a very young lady, aged seventeen, who takes time off from bowling over the New York theatrical critics to play every now and then in *Big Sister* (*CBS*, 11:30 A.M.) and *Aunt Jenny's Life Stories* (*CBS*, 11:45 A.M.). Her name is *Nancy Kelly*, and she plays *Gertrude Lawrence's* daughter in the Broadway comedy hit, "Susan and God," which has been running since last fall.

Highlights For Monday, April 11

FOR a quarter-hour of listening that will give you a deep satisfaction, turn to *NBC-Blue* at noon, E.S.T., and hear *Dr. Ralph Emerson Davis* talk on "Making Use of Religion." It's one of the various programs broadcast over *NBC* under the auspices of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and they all make good listening if you can stand something more serious than swing music and comedians. . . . One of those capable radio actresses you're likely to hear twice today is *Templeton Fox*, who plays *Margot Gorham* in *Dan Harding's Wife* on *NBC-Red* at 9:45 A.M., and *Bunny Mitchell* in *The Story of Mary Marlin*, on *NBC-Blue* at 11:00 A.M. or *NBC-Red* at 4:15 P.M. . . .

Templeton's a *Pasadena*, California, girl—born there on July 24, 1913—but she went to school in *Elgin*, Illinois. Then, after school, she returned to *Pasadena* and worked in the *Community Playhouse* there. Didn't do much radio work on the West Coast, spending most of her time and energy on the stage. . . . but in September, 1935, she joined *NBC* in *Chicago* while en route to the east. . . . Watching *Templeton* working at the mike is fun. . . . she puts her hat on top of her head and stands first on one foot, then the other, as she reads her lines. . . . Don't miss *Arthur Godfrey's* refreshingly informal show on *CBS* tonight at 7:15. It's sponsored by the *Barbasol* people, and fun to listen to.



You can identify the voice of *Templeton Fox* on two dramatic air programs today.

Highlights For Monday, April 18



Dr. Harry Hagen is the man who thinks up the questions on MBS' True or False.

IN Washington today—weather permitting—*Franklin D. Roosevelt* will smile broadly, wrap the presidential fingers around a baseball, and heave it as far as he can into the field—and the 1938 baseball season will be on. Your *Almanac* guesses Spring is here after all. . . . The American League officially opens the season, with the *National League* waiting until tomorrow to pitch its first ball. *CBS* and *NBC* are both planning to broadcast generous bits of the opening games between the *New York Yankees* and *Boston* (at *Boston*) and *Philadelphia* and *Washington* (at *Washington*). . . . Weather permitting or not, there's a new show tonight, specially designed for baseball and sports enthusiasts. It's fifteen

minutes of baseball chatter, news, and predictions, plus some news about other sports. Sponsored by *Chesterfield Cigarettes*, it's on the air from 6:30 to 6:45 every night except Sunday. *NBC-Red* is the network, and *Paul Douglas* the sports expert in charge. . . . In *Massachusetts*, this being the 163rd anniversary of *Paul Revere's* famous midnight ride, they are having their annual *Patriot's Day*, and *NBC* plans to observe the event with an appropriate special broadcast. . . . For a new kind of brain-buster, tune in *Dr. Harry Hagen's True or False quiz* on *Mutual* at 10:00 P.M. Too bad it's heard only on *WOR*, *WGN*, *WLW*, *KHJ*, *KFRC*, *KDB*, *KGB*, *WAAB*, and *CKLW*.

All time is Eastern Standard
 8:00 A. M.
 NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
 9:00
 CBS: Music in the Air
 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
 9:30
 CBS: The Road of Life
 9:45
 CBS: Bachelor's Children
 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
 10:00
 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
 NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
 NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
 10:15
 CBS: Myrt and Marge
 NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
 10:30
 CBS: Emily Post
 NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
 10:45
 CBS: Ma Perkins
 NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
 NBC-Red: Woman in White
 11:00
 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
 NBC-Red: David Harum
 11:15
 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
 11:30
 CBS: Big Sister
 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
 NBC-Red: Homemakers' Exchange
 11:45
 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
 MBS: Myra Kingsley
 NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
 NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
 12:00 Noon
 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
 NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
 12:15 P. M.
 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
 12:30
 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
 12:45
 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
 1:00
 CBS: Betty and Bob
 1:15
 CBS: Hymns
 1:30
 CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
 NBC-Blue: Sue Blake
 NBC-Red: Words and Music
 1:45
 CBS: Valiant Lady
 2:00
 NBC-Red: Fun in Music
 2:15
 CBS: The O'Neills
 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
 2:30
 CBS: School of the Air
 NBC-Red: Federated Women's Clubs
 2:45
 MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
 3:00
 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
 3:15
 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
 3:30
 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
 3:45
 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
 4:00
 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
 4:15
 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
 4:30
 CBS: The Goldbergs
 NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
 4:45
 NBC-Red: Road of Life
 5:00
 CBS: Follow the Moon
 NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
 5:15
 CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
 NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
 5:30
 CBS: Stepmother
 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
 5:45
 CBS: Hilltop House
 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
 6:00
 CBS: Let's Pretend
 6:30
 CBS: Boake Carter
 NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News
 NBC-Red: Baseball News
 6:45
 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
 7:00
 CBS: Poetic Melodies
 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
 7:15
 CBS: Hollywood Screen-scops
 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
 7:30
 CBS: Helen Menken
 NBC-Blue: Dorothy Thompson
 8:00
 CBS: Edward G. Robinson
 NBC-Blue: Those We Love
 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
 8:30
 CBS: Al Jolson
 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
 NBC-Red: Wayne King
 9:00
 CBS: Al Pearce
 NBC-Blue: Horace Heidt
 NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson
 9:30
 CBS: Benny Goodman
 NBC-Blue: Alias Jimmy Valentine
 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly
 10:00
 MBS: Eddy Duchin
 10:30
 NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
 10:45
 NBC-Red: Dale Carnegie

Motto of the Day

Tuesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Benay
Venuta

Many of us would become wiser if we didn't assume we were already.

Highlights For Tuesday, March 29

IMPORTANT time shuffle for jitterbugs: Benny Goodman's *Camel Cigarette* show starts tonight and every Tuesday night in the future at 9:30 instead of 10:00. It's still a half-hour program, though. . . . One of our radio nightingales is making her bow as a concert singer tonight. Anne Jamison, soprano of the Hollywood Hotel show, gives a recital in New York's Town Hall, intending to return to her program a week from Friday. . . . At 8:30 tonight the *Mayor of Encino* does his regular weekly stint in behalf of Rinso, over the CBS network. Who do we mean?—Al Jolson, of course! He's just been elected to his third term by the good citizens. . . . Have you seen any of *Jimmie Fidler's* movie

shorts? He's been turning them out pretty regularly lately, and they come under the entertaining-novelty classification. . . . Meanwhile, his program tonight, on *NBC-Red* at 10:30, sponsored by Drene shampoo, is sure to tell you something you didn't know about Hollywood and help you decide whether or not you want to see the latest movies. . . . It's hard to choose between *Helen Menken* on *CBS* and *Dorothy Thompson* on *NBC-Blue* at 7:30, but the choice must be made somehow. . . . For the children: *Let's Pretend*, on *CBS* at 6:00. . . . You haven't been forgetting to listen to *Mary Margaret McBride* on her *CBS* program every noon, have you? She specializes in little-known facts.



Benny Goodman is on tonight of his new time of 9:30 instead of 10:00 over CBS.

Highlights For Tuesday, April 5



Joan Blaine returns to the air as heroine of *Gold Medal's* serial, *Valiant Lady*.

HERE'S the picture and story you were promised about *Joan Blaine*, the heroine of *Valiant Lady*, on *CBS* today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at 1:45. . . . You used to know her as *Mary Marlin*, but for about a year she has been off the air, looking for just the right role to return in. . . . and in *Valiant Lady* she thinks she's found it. . . . Tall, slim and dark, she is really glamorous. . . . She was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa, on April 22, and is the great-great-granddaughter of the famous American statesman, James G. Blaine. Even her childhood ambition was to be an actress; but her first professional experience was as a singer and harpist. Then came work in stock and even a movie or two, before

she went on the air in 1931. . . . And she still suffers from mike fright. . . . She doesn't think much of city life, and likes nothing better than to go camping with her mother and brother for a vacation. . . . In her spare time she writes extensively, and has had a novelette, six short stories, and several poems published. . . . *Valiant Lady* was tested locally in Chicago for six weeks before it went on the network. A committee of five hundred Chicago women were asked to listen in and criticize the play—so out of all the testing and criticizing, it ought to be a good show. . . . *Valiant Lady* makes Francis X. Bushman's third daily serial—he's also in *Margot of Castlewood* and *Stepmother*.

Highlights For Tuesday, April 12

YOU have to stay up fairly late to learn how to win friends and influence people—that is, unless you have a copy of the book. . . . Dale Carnegie, the professor of the art of human relations, is on the air tonight and every Tuesday at 10:45 on *NBC-Red*, sponsored by Colgate Shave Cream. Listen in, and you'll probably hear one of your pet perplexities dramatized, analyzed, and solved. Whether you can solve it yourself next time you meet up with it by following the Carnegie method is entirely up to you. . . . When Dale Carnegie was a boy in Missouri he had to ride horseback to and from college, and he used to practice oratory on the trees and rocks at the top of his voice. . . . By the time

he was twenty-four he'd tried acting, decided he didn't like it very much, and turned to teaching public speaking and applied psychology. One of his pupils was Lowell Thomas, and they're still great friends. . . . During the past twenty-two years, he's taught more than twelve thousand business and professional men in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, London and Paris the art of effective public speaking. . . . He's short, pleasant-looking but not handsome, with brown-gray hair, and doesn't "address you as if you were a public meeting" in conversation. . . . He lives in Forest Hills, Long Island (where they have the tennis matches) and has a pent-house apartment just above his offices in New York.



Dale Carnegie helps you to win friends and influence people on *NBC-Red* tonight.

Highlights For Tuesday, April 19

THE National League swings into the baseball parade today, with the Giants playing at the Polo Grounds and both *CBS* and *NBC* listening in on the game with most of their microphones and all their ace sports announcers. . . . That is, *NBC* is to have almost all its ace sports announcers at the Polo Grounds, but a couple of them have travelled up to Massachusetts to report the Boston Marathon between 2:30 and 2:45 P.M., E.S.T. This is a yearly event up Boston way, being a twenty-five-mile run from Hopkinton to Boston, with many a long-winded athlete competing. . . . If you're not sports-minded, there's still the daily parade of serials to keep you amused. Your *Almanac* knows women

who have to budget their days so they can get time to listen to all the serials they're following. . . . And your *Almanac* itself despairs of ever being able to tell you all about all the different stars of these serials. For instance, there's *Loretta Poynton*, who plays *Donna Harding* in the National Biscuit Company's play, *Dan Harding's Wife*, on *NBC-Red* at 9:45 A.M. *Loretta* was born in Jackson, Michigan, on March 12, 1914—a date which astronomers have told her was under an unlucky star—but she doesn't believe them. She abandoned the stage because it would have forced her to leave Chicago while her mother was ill—and broke into radio simply by applying for an audition, and getting it.



Loretta Poynton, who plays *Donna Harding*, doesn't believe she was born unlucky.

Brings
new aid to
Women's Skin!
this new Cream with
"Skin-Vitamin"

"A cleansing
cream that also
nourishes the
skin is a great
achievement"

Mrs. Arthur Richardson



Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"

A NEW KIND of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

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

Essential to Skin Health

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of



(ABOVE) Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment.
(CENTER) Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera.

all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now *nourishes* your skin.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR
THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

All time is Eastern Standard
8:00 A.M.
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
8:15
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Hi Boys
9:00
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News
9:30
CBS: The Road of Life
9:45
CBS: Bachelor's Children
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Margot of Castlewood
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Aunt Jemima
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
10:30
NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
10:45
CBS: Ma Perkins
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Woman in White
11:00
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: David Harum
11:15
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming
11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
MBS: Myra Kingsley
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Hello Peggy
12:00 Noon
CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
NBC-Blue: Time for Thought
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
1:15
CBS: Betty Crocker
1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Sue Blake
NBC-Red: Words and Music
1:45
CBS: Valiant Lady
2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens
NBC-Red: Your Health
2:15
CBS: The O'Neills
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
2:30
CBS: School of the Air
2:45
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax
3:00
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
3:45
CBS: Curtis Music Inst.
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
4:00
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
4:15
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
4:30
CBS: The Goldbergs
NBC-Blue: Nat'l P.T.A. Congress
NBC-Red: Rush Hughes
4:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe
NBC-Red: Road of Life
5:00
CBS: Follow the Moon
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
5:15
CBS: Life of Mary Sothern
NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
NBC-Red: Terry and the Pirates
5:30
CBS: Stepmother
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
5:45
CBS: Hilltop House
NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
6:00
CBS: Dear Teacher
6:30
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Baseball News
6:45
CBS: Lum and Abner
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:15
CBS: Hobby Lobby
NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:30
NBC-Red: Hendrik W. Van Loon
7:45
NBC-Red: Cheer Up America
8:00
CBS: Cavalcade of America
NBC-Red: One Man's Family
8:30
NBC-Blue: Harriet Parsons
NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
9:00
CBS: Grace Moore
NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight
9:30
CBS: Ben Bernie
10:00
CBS: Gang Busters
NBC-Red: Kay Kyser's College
10:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: NBC Minstrel Show

Motto of the Day

Ability is like money in the bank—you can draw on it at will.

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Jane
Pickens

Highlights For Wednesday, March 30

AFTER a brief concert tour, Grace Moore is back in New York to begin her thirteen-week series for Chesterfield Cigarettes—tonight at 9:00 on CBS. . . . For a while, at least, the show will come from New York, won't go to Hollywood unless Grace's movie bosses call her back. . . . As usual, Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra and Deems Taylor are on the program too. . . . And if your *Almanac* may make so bold, it would be happy if Mr. Taylor did most of the talking, and Miss Moore just sang. She has a beautiful singing voice. . . . From 6:00 to 6:30 tonight, NBC offers another of Roland Sharp's talks from South America. Tonight it comes from Guatemala—on the *Blue* network. . . .

Old Mr. Scare-em-and-Chill-em himself, none other than Boris Karloff, is on the air tonight, starting in one of NBC's thrilling *Lights Out* horror playlets—Red network at 12:30 midnight. Karloff is to be in five *Lights Out* programs, and this is his second. It's worth staying up late to hear him, says your *Almanac*. . . . A new show makes its bow on a coast-to-coast network tonight—Kay Kyser's *Kollege of Musical Knowledge*, which replaces *Your Hollywood Parade* for the Lucky Strike people on NBC-Red at 10:00. Somehow, the *Hollywood Parade* show never hit the right track, and now it's off the air. But the *Kollege of Musical Knowledge* is a lot of fun, particularly if you know your popular songs.



Back on the air once more, Grace Moore is the star of the new Chesterfield program.

Highlights For Wednesday, April 6



Johnnie Johnston is the singer-guitarist on NBC Blue's Breakfast Club show.

TODAY is all in honor of the Army, with parades and speeches. CBS and MBS were already laying plans for special events programs when your *Almanac* went to press, and although NBC hadn't yet got around to thinking about something special, it's a safe guess that it will turn up with something or other to remind you that this is Army Day. Just in case you've forgotten, this is also the twenty-first anniversary of the day the United States entered the World War. . . . A big army is like a fever thermometer—it's nice to have around, but everybody hopes we won't have to use it. . . . Birthday greetings today to an unwarlike person, Lowell Thomas, who was born on April 6, 1892, in Woodington,

Ohio. . . . One of the day's most enjoyable shows is the *Breakfast Club*, on NBC-Blue at 9:00 A.M. It comes from Chicago, and has a large cast that includes Walter Blaufuss, conductor; Don McNeill, master of ceremonies; Johnnie Johnston, baritone; Jack Baker, tenor; Fran Allison and Annette King, contraltos; and a different vocal ensemble for each day of the week. . . . Baritone Johnnie Johnston, who's also a guitarist, started out as a tenor and only became a baritone later. He was born in St. Louis, in 1914, and could sing seventeen popular songs when he was only two and a half years old. He's married, and admits that his greatest extravagance is sports, and that he's unlucky at gambling.

Highlights For Wednesday, April 13

FRED ALLEN is likely to be his own opposition tonight, because his new movie, "*Sally, Irene and Mary*," has been released and might very easily be at your nearest theater right now. . . . But if it is, your *Almanac* advises you to listen to Fred on the air tonight—on NBC-Red at 9:00, sponsored by Sal Hepatica—and go to see the movie before or after the broadcast. . . . Funny thing about Portland Hoffa, who is Fred's wife and favorite stooge on the air. When "*Sally, Irene and Mary*" was started, Portland was supposed to play one of the name parts—but the movie people discovered that in pictures she didn't look as nutty as she sounds over the air, so Portland didn't play the part after all.

. . . One time when having an intelligent face turned out to be a liability, not an asset. . . . The two people she admires more than anybody else in the world are her husband and stage actress Katharine Cornell. . . . When you hear her calling, "Mr. Allen! Mr. Allen!" offstage just before her part of the weekly broadcast, Portland isn't really offstage at all. She's been sitting right there, not six feet from Fred, since the broadcast started, but Harry Von Zell, the announcer, has warned the studio audience not to pay any attention to her until she starts to call Fred. . . . Harry Von Zell runs Fred and Portland a close race for stardom of the program, as far as the studio audience is concerned.



Portland Hoffa is Fred Allen's favorite stooge in his broadcast tonight on NBC.

Highlights for Wednesday, April 20



Kathleen Wilson, who plays Claudia Barbour in the perennial favorite, *One Man's Family*.

THE favorite of millions, *One Man's Family*, is on NBC-Red again tonight at 8:00, sponsored by Tender Leaf Tea. . . . One of the actresses who make this show so real and natural is Kathleen Wilson—or Claudia Barbour to every *One Man's Family* fan. Kathleen has had a full life for a girl who's only twenty-seven. . . . She has studied painting and fencing in Florence, Italy. . . . and has campaigned for Ramsey MacDonald in England. . . . and she appeared in a Ruth St. Denis dancing troupe when she was six. . . . She's a cousin of Irving Pichel, well known moving picture actor and director. . . . And talking of *One Man's Family* reminds one of the crack made by a New York radio col-

umnist, who said: "No, Junior, *One Man's Family* is not Eddie Cantor's program". . . . Did you know what Uncle Ezra, whom you hear this evening at 7:15 on NBC-Red, is Pat Barrett, who was signed for a commercial program in 1931, over WTMJ, Milwaukee, without ever having been auditioned? He didn't even have his Uncle Ezra character at the time, either, for Uncle Ezra wasn't born until a year later, when Pat moved to WLS in Chicago. . . . Birthday greetings today to another Chicago star, Betty Lou Gerson, who was born in 1914 in Chattanooga, Tennessee. . . . Don't forget that new sports broadcast on NBC-Red at 6:30 tonight and every night except Sunday.

Why don't you try it?



How long has it been since you tried a completely different way of fixing your hair? With your ringlets brushed high like this, we bet *he* would look at you with new interest . . . with an adoring new gleam in his eye! A beguiling hair-do has been known to change a woman's whole life! Why don't you try it?



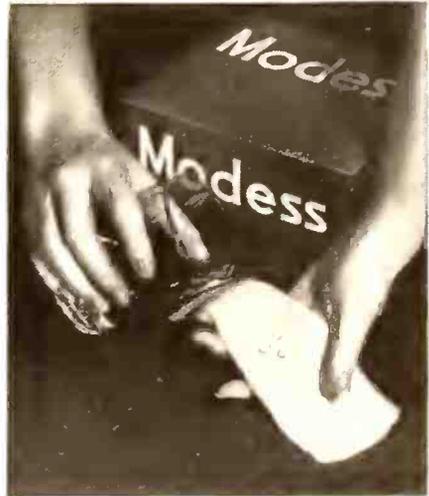
An artist looking at you might advise you to wear some of the very colors you think are unbecoming! A fixed notion about certain colors has made many a woman miss being the sparkling, vivid person she could be. Some new shade might do wonders for you! Why don't you try it?



Maybe you're one of them! One of the women who still buy the same brand of sanitary napkins you started asking for years ago! Then lady—here's grand news! There's something better now! Modess is so much *softer* . . . so much *safer*...it is changing the buying habits of women everywhere! Why don't you try it?



Get a box of Modess today—and discover the amazing difference! Cut one of the pads in two. See . . . feel . . . the fluffy, soft-as-down filler. Compare this with ordinary pads made of *crêpey*, close-packed layers. You can easily see why Modess never becomes stiff and rasping in use . . . never chafes.



Now—remove the moisture-proof backing from a Modess pad. Drop water on it! See why you need never fear embarrassment. Only Modess gives you this "certain-safe" feature! Yet—for all its greater comfort and security—Modess costs *less*, in most places, than any other nationally known napkin!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess!"

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

All time is Eastern Standard

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

8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Hi Boys

9:00
CBS: As You Like It
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Women and News

9:30
CBS: The Road of Life
MBS: Journal of Living

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

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

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

10:30
CBS: Emily Post
NBC-Blue: Attorney-at-Law
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

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

11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: Homemakers' Exchange

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

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

12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

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

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob

1:15
CBS: Hymns

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

1:45
CBS: Valiant Lady

2:00
NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild

2:15
CBS: The O'Neills
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over

2:30
CBS: School of the Air

2:45
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax

3:00
CBS: Ray Block's Varieties
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Blue: Eastman Music School
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
CBS: U. S. Army Band
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

4:00
CBS: Science Service
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

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

4:45
NBC-Red: Road of Life

5:00
CBS: Follow the Moon
NBC-Blue: The Four of Us
NBC-Red: Dick Tracy

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

5:30
CBS: Stepmother
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

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

6:00
NBC-Red: George R. Holmes

6:30
CBS: Beake Carter
NBC-Red: Baseball News

6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Hollywood Screenscoops
NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties

7:30
CBS: We, The People
NBC-Red: Through the Years

8:00
CBS: Kate Smith
NBC-Blue: March of Time
NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee

9:00
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
NBC-Red: Good News of 1938

9:30
NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting

10:00
CBS: Essays in Music
NBC-Red: Krait Music Hall

10:30
CBS: Hollywood Showcase

11:15
NBC-Blue: Elza Schallert

Motto of the Day

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Mark
Warnow

Too many people don't know what they want and won't rest until they get it.

Highlights For Thursday, March 31

BLUE BARRON, who's being hailed here and there as the newest sensation of the air, starts a new thirteen-week season on *NBC* tonight, and if you like to keep up on new sensations you'd better listen in to his late-at-night broadcast. He's playing from the Blue room of the Edison Hotel in New York City. . . . Barron's an example of a dance-band maestro whose fame has been sky-rocketed by radio. Not much more than six months ago he was a comparative unknown, booked into the Southern Tavern in Cleveland. Nightly broadcasts from there over *WTAM* and *NBC* brought him nation-wide attention, and in January he moved into the Edison. Radio editors were the drum-beaters who

brought him there with their praise. . . . *Bing Crosby*, *Bob Burns*, and that famous ringer of the chimes, *Ken Carpenter*, are on at 10:00 tonight on *NBC-Red*, and as usual aren't to be missed. It's a shame that *CBS' Essays in Music* are on at the same time, because this is a show that is worth hearing. . . . Here's bad news for everybody who finds the *Follow the Moon* serial, on *CBS* at 5:00, as exciting as any drama on the air: tomorrow it presents its last broadcast before taking a spring and summer vacation. That is, barring a sudden and-to-be-hoped-for change of the sponsor's mind. . . . For a fascinating excursion into the realms of science, tune in *Science Service*, on *CBS* today at 4:00.



You can hear Blue Barron, danceband sensation, on *NBC* late-at-night shows.

Highlights For Thursday, April 7



Andre Baruch is the announcer for *Kofe Smith's CBS* program at 8 o'clock tonight.

YOUR Almanac wants to tell you something today about another of those neglected workers in the radio vineyard—Announcer *Andre Baruch* of the *Kate Smith* program on *CBS* at 8:00. . . . Andre was born in Paris in 1906, and came to the United States as a child. He studied at Columbia University and Pratt Institute, and wasn't able to make up his mind whether he wanted to be a painter or a musician. Finally deciding he wanted to be a musician, he became a professional pianist, and drifted into his first radio job playing the piano on a Coney Island station. When he left that job, he applied at another station—but instead of writing "pianist" when he sat down to fill out the ap-

plication blank, he wrote "announcer." Didn't know why he did it then, doesn't know why now. To his complete surprise, they hired him as an announcer, too, and he's still at it and doing very well. You hear him on several commercial programs and on one of the newsreels. . . . Andre's very dapper and well-dressed, almost a dandy in fact. He's always bewailed the fact that his hours as an announcer were so irregular that he couldn't get married—but now, in spite of them, he's about to get married anyway, to *Beatrice Wain*, a singer in several radio chorus groups. One of *Bing Crosby's* special guests tonight is *Rudolph Ganz*, pianist and orchestra conductor, who'll tickle the ivories.

Highlights For Thursday, April 14

BIG doings tonight on the M-G-M and Maxwell House *Good News of 1938* program! *Photoplay Magazine's* Gold Medal for the best picture of 1937 goes this year to—well, the name of the picture is still a secret, but it's a choice not many will quarrel with. *Bernarr Macfadden*, publisher of *Photoplay*, has flown out to Hollywood to make the presentation on the program: *Freddie Bartholomew*, the English child star, will be on the *Good News* show to receive the award from *Mr. Macfadden*, and after the presentation we'll hear *Freddie* being interviewed by the famous publisher. All in all, something to keep your radio dials tuned in at your nearest *NBC-Red* station between 9:00 and 10:00.

. . . Here are a few things you probably didn't know about young *Master Bartholomew*. . . . He's a radio fan, just like you and me, and his favorite program is *Bob Ripley's*. He's also tremendously interested in chemistry, favoring experiments which are likely to cause an explosion. Once he filled a jar with "dry ice," poured water over the ice, sealed the jar, and sat back to wait for results. It was a swell explosion. . . . He's a great letter-writer, with a long list of people to whom he writes regularly—though some of them he's never seen. He's much prouder of having been paid \$75 for writing a magazine article, than of all the money he's made in the movies. Feels as if he really earned it.



Freddie Bartholomew receives the *Photoplay Gold Medal* tonight on *Good News*.

Highlights For Thursday, April 21



George V. Denny is the "moderator" on the *Town Hall Meeting of the Air*, *NBC*.

PROBABLY *George V. Denny*, who had the idea in the first place, is surprised himself at the way the *America's Town Meeting of the Air* broadcasts have zoomed upwards in popularity. You wouldn't say that a program which presented serious men and women seriously discussing serious problems like taxation, disarmament, and foreign policy, could successfully compete in listener interest with shows like *Major Bowes*, the *Good News* program, and *Bing Crosby*. But it does. For a couple of years now, except in the summertime, the *Town Meeting* discussions with *Denny* as their "moderator," have been on *NBC-Blue* Thursday nights from 9:30 to 10:30, gathering new listeners all

the while. Now a new contract has been signed with *NBC* which will keep them on the air for another three years. Incidentally, the 1937-1938 series is almost over—the broadcasts will go off the air on May 1, to return next fall. All pretty surprising when you consider that when *Denny*, president of *The Town Hall, Inc.*, first had the idea, all of radio was pretty skeptical over its workability. If you're not already a *Town Hall* devotee, listen in for a while tonight. . . . and perhaps you will be. . . . *Bing Crosby's* guest tonight on *NBC-Red* at 10:00 is pianist *Percy Grainger*. . . . And if you can stay up that late, *Elza Schallert*, at 11:15 on *NBC-Blue*, is always well worth listening to.

**"I think we're pretty sensible...
for people so much in love!"**

"We're trying to make sure of our happiness—in every way we can think of!

"For instance, the very first week we were engaged we selected, and started paying for, a set of that glorious new *Talisman* pattern. And—very sensibly, we think—we're letting our friends know which store we're getting it from.

"So you see, when we're married in June, all our silverware presents will match our very own pattern—*Talisman*. They'll all be a real part of the beautiful silver service we're so eager to build!"

Why don't you follow this smart girl's example? Go to your nearest silverware dealer and ask to see his lovely new Wm. Rogers & Son *Talisman* pattern. You'll love it. You can begin paying for it on easy terms right away. *And your dealer will then gladly advise your gift-giving friends which pattern you've chosen.*



New Talisman pattern a beauty contest winner! More than 1200 representative young women in 16 principal American cities recently voted on a number of beautiful silverware designs. They chose the new Wm. Rogers & Son *Talisman* pattern—the loveliest pattern a bride ever longed for!



Get the most silver out of your dollar! This sumptuous set of *Talisman* is an extraordinary value. Never before could you get knives of such high quality except in the most expensive silverplate. Also you get this gorgeous free ivory-and-gold "Bridal Chest," actual value \$5.00. There's also a more modest "starting" set, of 26 pieces, for only \$16.75. Both sets carry the full replacement guarantee of the world's largest makers of fine silverware. *INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.*

WM. ROGERS & SON

Reinforced Silverplate

All time is Eastern Standard

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

8:15
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Hi Boys

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

9:30
CBS: The Road of Life

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

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

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

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

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

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

11:15
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

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

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

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

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

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

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob

1:15
CBS: Betty Crocker

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

1:45
CBS: Valiant Lady

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens
NBC: Music Appreciation

2:15
CBS: The D'Neills

2:30
CBS: School of the Air

2:45
MBS: Beatrice Fairfax

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

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

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

4:15
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

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

4:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe
NBC-Red: Road of Life

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

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

5:30
CBS: Stepmother
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

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

6:30
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Baseball News

6:45
CBS: Lum and Abner
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

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

7:15
CBS: Arthur Godfrey
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
NBC-Red: Hendrik W. Van Loon

7:45
NBC-Red: Bughouse Rhythm

8:00
NBC-Blue: Grand Central Station
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert

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

9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel
NBC-Blue: Royal Crown Revue
NBC-Red: Waltz Time

9:30
NBC-Blue: NBC Spelling Bee
NBC-Red: True Story Hour

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

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

10:45
NBC-Red: Dorothy Thompson

Motto of the Day



By
Jerry
Cooper

The more happiness you give—the more happiness you'll get.

Highlights For Friday, March 25

FROM all the signs that your *Almanac* could see when it started on its way to press, it's goodbye today to *Tony Wons*. It's the end of his thirteen-week series, and his sponsors think it's about time for them to go off the air anyway, what with the warm breezes of spring replacing the cold blasts of winter. . . . But there's a new program that's only been on the air a couple of weeks—not long enough, perhaps, for you to have heard it. Listen in tonight to the *Royal Crown Revue*, on *NBC-Blue* at 9:00. Sponsored by the people who make *Nehi* and *Royal Crown Cola*, it's coast-to-coast and stars *George Olsen's orchestra*, *Tim and Irene*, *Uncle Happy*, and announcer *Graham McNamee*. . . . *Tim and Irene*,

radio veterans, are really Mr. and Mrs. *Tim Ryan*, but *Irene* goes by her maiden name of *Noblette*. . . . She was born in *El Paso, Texas*, and started her career playing in stock on the stage. . . . She and *Tim* met while she was playing in a *Tulsa, Oklahoma*, theater where he was the press agent. . . . That high-pitched voice she uses to sing with isn't natural at all—she really has a good singing voice, but there are plenty of singers on the air and not enough comedienne. In her stage experience she took many a hard knock, but the hardest came only a few months ago while she and *Tim* were making a movie short. . . . A nine-pound statue fell on her head during the shooting and knocked her out cold.



Irene, of *Tim and Irene*, stars in the new *Royal Crown Revue* tonight on *NBC*.



Tim Ryan is the other half of the comedy team on *NBC's Royal Crown Revue* program.

Highlights For Friday, April 1

UNLESS you're extra cautious today somebody's going to play a trick on you—because it's *April Fool's Day*, sacred to the practical joke. The networks—*CBS*, *MBS* and *NBC*—are all mindful of their duty to the public and have crazy broadcasts up their respective sleeves. Your *Almanac* wouldn't tell you what the broadcasts will be, even if it knew—which it doesn't. . . . Just to keep in tune with the spirit of the day, listen to all the comedy broadcasts—*Bughouse Rhythm*, *NBC-Red* at 7:45. . . . *Paul Whiteman's show*, *CBS* at 8:30. . . . *Hollywood Hotel* (with *Ken Murray* and *Oswald*), *CBS* at 9:00. . . . *The Royal Crown Revue* on *NBC-Blue* the same time, though how you're going to listen to

both of the last two at the same time your *Almanac* wouldn't care to say. It's *Happy Birthday* to *Eddy Duchin*—born in *Boston* in 1909. . . . You listen to the last broadcast of the season on three of your popular programs today—*Dr. Dafoe* on *CBS* at 4:45, *Follow the Moon* on the same network at 5:00, and *Life of Mary Sothorn* at 5:15. . . . And here's a warning: be on the lookout tonight for a brand new show from *Hollywood*, produced by the same *Warner Brothers* who put the lately departed *Lucky Strike* program together, and starring *Warner Brothers* talent. *Time*, sponsor and network unknown when your *Almanac* went to press—though it just might be a motor-car program.

Highlights For Friday, April 8

STILL introducing you to the folks on the *Royal Crown Revue*. . . . Next comes *Uncle Happy*, who's played by *Teddy Bergman*. *Teddy's* one of radio's most expert dialecticians, and has been heard at one time or another on most of the big comedy air shows—but seldom under his own name. Comedy has made him rich, but some day he'd like to play dramatic roles exclusively. . . . He took his first radio audition in 1927, trying for a gangster part. He didn't get the job, so he went home and called up the director, threatening him in the best gangster idiom. The director was so impressed that when he heard who was calling he gave *Teddy* the job after all. . . . Since then he's been on

—approximately—2000 programs, playing 1700 different parts and imitating both sexes at various ages. . . . He's married to *Finette Walker*, a former radio singer, and is part owner of *Camp Copake*, a summer spot near *Craryville, New York*, where he had his first job after leaving college. It's there that he spends all his vacations. . . . His *Uncle Happy* character is only a few months old—he used it first when he was with *Tim and Irene* on their recent *Mutual* network program. . . . Today's your last chance until fall to hear *Kathryn Cravens' revue* program on *CBS* at 2:00. . . . Note to *Spelling Bee* fans—your program is on *NBC-Blue* tonight at 9:30, instead of its former *Saturday-night* time.



Teddy Bergman, dialect specialist, plays *Uncle Happy* in the *Tim and Irene* show.

Highlights For Friday, April 15

LISTEN to *The Woman in White*, on *NBC-Red* at 10:45 this morning, and you'll agree that *Irna Phillips* is writing as good a serial as *Today's Children* was—even if you are still sorry that she decided to give up *Today's Children* for good. . . . At noon, you'll enjoy listening to the *Reverend Elden H. Mills* talk on "Fortifications for Life's Demands" on the *Time for Thought* program over *NBC-Blue*. . . . And now for your introduction to the fourth star of the *Royal Crown Revue*, on *NBC-Blue* at 9:00—except that you really shouldn't need an introduction to *George Olsen*. *George* is married, as you probably know already, to songstress *Ethel Shutta*. . . . But what you don't know is how they

fell in love. *George* was directing the orchestra for a *Ziegfeld* show, "Sunny," when a winsome blonde singer in the show complained that the music for her numbers was too loud. *Ziggie* suggested that she speak to *Olsen* about it. She did, and by the time *George* finished getting the song to her satisfaction, they'd fallen so much in love they got married soon after. . . . *Ethel* now has taken over the job of running *George's* life, buying his clothes, keeping him from flying too much, and mothering their two children—all in addition to appearing frequently in night clubs and on the air. . . . *George's* orchestra nowadays is the one that formerly belonged to the late *Orville Knapp*.



Geo. Olsen completes this page of personalities on the *Royal Crown Revue* program.

Brother Love and Don Ameche

(Continued from page 30)

there was still one great barrier that hadn't been conquered. Jim, for over two years, had never gained enough courage to set foot inside a car.

One afternoon, with an anxious heart, Don took Jim out in the driveway, where the family car was parked. "Get in," he said, "I want to talk to you."

Jim stepped back, looked at him with just a trace of that fear still in his eyes. "No, Don, please. Don't make me get in that car."

Don walked quietly around to the right side, got in and sat down. "Come on, Jim," he said, "you can't get hurt while it's standing here in the driveway. And it won't move, unless you move it, because you'll be sitting behind the wheel."

With a hand that trembled just a little, Jim opened the car door, slowly climbed in and sat down. For over half an hour they just sat there, talking. Don didn't try to force, only quietly tried to lead. He told him how the car ran, how the gear shift worked, the brakes, the gas throttle. Finally he got Jim to step on the starter. The motor purred contentedly. And the next thing Jim knew, he had backed the car out of the driveway! Then he drove it back in. Then out again and slowly around the block. He, who was afraid to even get in a car, had driven one, all by himself! He'd driven it around the block! He wasn't afraid any more. He'd licked his fear!

Don didn't say anything, but reaching over, he gripped Jim's shoulder. That grip, firm, silent, was worth a million words. It told Jim that Don was proud of him.

The years have rolled by since that incident. Don Ameche is a big star. Jim Ameche is following in his footsteps. Jim is a man now, who knows how to take it on the chin and laugh, but he's never forgotten the brother who showed him how. For, thanks to Don, Jim, today, is the sort of person who can take it. No rehearsal is too long, or too gruelling, no part so hard that he can't stay in there and master it. He's had disappointments too, but they're like the pillow fights they used to have as kids; the harder you got socked, the harder you've got to laugh, the quicker you've got to come right back for more. Jim knows that now.

"Don got to the top," he told me, "because he's always kept his chin up, because he's never been afraid to tackle something bigger than the other fellow. Do you wonder now why I want to follow in his footsteps? I don't mean Hollywood, or a big success particularly. That's never meant a great deal to Don, or to me. It's knowing how to live that counts. So many people are cowards and don't know it. They go through life, secretly wanting something, like I wanted to conquer my fear of automobiles as a kid, yet they're afraid to fight for it. Or sometimes they try, but the first hard slap in the face and they quit. I don't want to be like that." He paused a moment, and then smiled. "You see," he added, "Don isn't like that."



MATILDA: There! That's why the bride's having plenty of grief, Susan—look what's in her box of groceries!

SUSAN: Never mind, Matilda, pick up your skirts and run! I don't think that dog likes old ladies.



MATILDA: But, Susan, you know it's that weak-kneed soap the bride buys that leaves dirt sticking in her clothes. She'll never get rid of tattle-tale gray—if we don't show her the right kind of soap to use.



SUSAN: But the dog! . . .

MATILDA: Don't be a 'fraidy-cat—I'll take care of the dog. You take that lazy soap out of the bride's groceries and put in our bar of Fels-Naptha Soap.



SUSAN: Nice doggie! We're only trying to be helpful. We're only trying to show the bride how to get whiter washes.

MATILDA: Yes, doggie. Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naptha get clothes so clean, tattle-tale gray simply has to scamper.

FEW WEEKS LATER



I've discovered it was you who put Fels-Naptha Soap in my groceries. I hope this little canary makes your lives as bright — as your Fels-Naptha has made my clothes!

The bride next door

COPR. 1938. FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP
They do wonders! Try the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

All time is Eastern Standard

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Hi Boys
- 9:00
CBS: Roy Black
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: The Wise Man
- 9:15
NBC-Red: Sunshine Express
- 9:30
CBS: Fiddlers Fancy
MBS: Journal of Living
- 9:45
NBC-Red: Landt Trio
- 10:00
CBS: Fred Feibel
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Amanda Snow
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: Viennese Ensemble
NBC-Red: Charioteers
- 10:30
CBS: Jewel Cowboys
NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
NBC-Red: Manhattans
- 11:00
CBS: Symphony Concert
NBC-Blue: Maida Severn
NBC-Red: Florence Hale Forum
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-Tete
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Our Barn
NBC-Red: Music and Youth
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Call to Youth
NBC-Red: Abram Chasins
- 12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
- 1:00
NBC-Red: Johnny Hamp
- 1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
- 2:00
CBS: Madison Ensemble
NBC-Red: Campus Capers
- 2:30
CBS: Motor City Melodies
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo
- 3:00
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Bill Krenz Orch.
- 4:00
NBC-Red: Stamp Collectors
- 4:45
CBS: Four Clubmen
- 5:00
CBS: Story of Industry
NBC-Red: Great Plays
- 6:00
CBS: Chorus Quest
NBC-Red: El Chico Revue
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Weber's Orch.
- 6:30
CBS: Syncopeation Piece
NBC-Blue: Press-Radio News
NBC-Red: Baseball News
- 6:35
NBC-Blue: Harold Nagel Orch.
- 6:45
NBC-Blue: Johnny O'Brien Orch.
NBC-Red: Religion in The News
- 7:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeier's Kindergarten
- 7:30
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
NBC-Red: Alistair Cooke
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Jean Sablon
- 8:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Red: Robert Ripley
- 8:30
CBS: Johnny Presents
NBC-Red: Jack Haley
- 9:00
CBS: Professor Quiz
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
NBC-Red: Al Roth Orch.
- 9:30
CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
NBC-Red: American Portraits
- 10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade
NBC: NBC Symphony
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Allis-Chalmers Program
- 11:00
CBS: Dance Music

Motto of the Day

Why is it that your own job is always the hardest?



By Bill Perry

Highlights For Saturday, March 26

PROMINENT men of different races and creeds are getting together tonight in a common worthy cause, and you can hear them about the time they settle down to business. **MBS** is broadcasting part of the yearly dinner for the benefit of the *Jewish Consumptive Relief* fund, from 8:30 to 9:00, E.S.T. The speakers scheduled for the evening are **James A. Farley**, United States Postmaster General; **Senator Robert F. Wagner** of New York; **Jeremiah Mahoney**, and **Dr. Israel Goldstein**. . . . Fifteen minutes later, on *Mutual* network stations, the *Chicago Symphony orchestra* broadcasts its regular bi-weekly concert under the direction of **Dr. Frederick Stock**. . . . And although **Arturo Toscanini** is

gone, the *NBC Symphony orchestra* is still broadcasting tonight and every Saturday from 10:00 to 11:30, over nearly all *NBC* stations of both networks. Tonight's conductor hadn't been announced when your *Almanac* went to press, it being a free Saturday between last week's **Carlos Chavez** and next week's **Artur Rodzinski**. . . . *NBC* has another broadcast for hard-to-please listeners in its *Great Plays* series, on the *Red* network from 5:00 to 6:00. These *Great Plays*, which survey the high points of the history of drama since its very beginning, are nearing the end of their series right now, so you'd better listen in while you can. . . . And then, for a bit of relaxation, tune in **Bob Ripley** at 8:00.



Postmaster General James A. Farley is tonight's principal radio guest speaker.

Highlights For Saturday, April 2

BECAUSE most of the regular programs are off the air on Saturday—that makes Saturday a good day to listen if you want to hear something brand new. For instance—the *Jewel Cowboys*, on *CBS* at 10:30 today. . . . the *Florence Hale Forum* on *NBC-Red* at 11:00. . . . *Buffalo Presents*, on *CBS* at 1:30. . . . the *Madison Ensemble* on the same network at 2:00. . . . *Golden Melodies* (from *Denver*) on *NBC-Red* at 3:00. . . . the *Story of Industry* on *CBS* at 5:00. . . . and *Columbia's Chorus Quest*, for lovers of massed singing, on *CBS* at 6:00. . . . the *Sports Question Box* on *NBC-Red* at 6:30. . . . the *Saturday Swing Session* on *CBS* at 7:00. . . . *Uncle Jim's Question Bee* on *NBC-Blue* at

7:30. . . . *Jean Sablon* on the *Red* at 7:45. . . . the *Columbia Workshop*, experimental radio plays, on *CBS* at 8:00. . . . A whole treasure-chest of little-known and largely unpublished radio shows, all there for the tuning-in. . . . This fellow Sablon deserves more of your attention than he's been able to get. Brought over from Paris by *NBC* with considerable fanfare, he's never yet been able to land a good commercial radio spot—yet he has a nice voice, knows how to sell a song, and has plenty of personality. There's one special event for you today: an *NBC* talk by Rep. **Henry S. Tiegan** of Minnesota, discussing "Labor, and the Special Session of Congress."



Paris-born Jean Sablon broadcasts his regular weekly program tonight at 7:45.

Highlights For Saturday, April 9

BILL PERRY, tenor on the *Saturday Night Serenade* on *CBS* at 9:30, is a one-time music teacher who decided a couple of years ago that practicing music on the air was more fun than telling others how to do it. . . . A Nashville, Tennessee, boy, he used to play the trombone in an army band, but gave it up because he hated rifle practice. The smell of gunpowder made him sick and the sound of rifle fire deafened him—and now he's a bitter opponent of anything to do with armies or military affairs. . . . A long-run Saturday night show is the *Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance* on *NBC-Blue* at 9:00, and *Scotty Wiseman* is one of its long-run stars—though perhaps you know him better as Sky-

land Scotty. He's married to **Myrtle Cooper**, who plays *Lulu Belle*, and they have a daughter whose name is **Lindy Lou**. . . . Many of Scotty's folk-songs are the ones he learned as a child from his school-teacher father and his mother. . . . The *Maple City Four*, who knock off some fancy vocal quartets on every *Barn Dance* show, are **Fritz Clark**, **Arthur Janes**, **Leroy G. Petterson**, and **Al Rice**. All except the last were born in *LaPorte*, Indiana, while **Al** was born in *Bloomfield*, New Jersey. . . . Out in *Hollywood* *CBS* is opening its super-modern new studios which were built on the ground where the old *Paramount* lot used to stand, and there'll be a gala broadcast to celebrate.



Tenor Bill Perry of the *Saturday Night Serenade* sings duets with **Mary Eastman**.

Highlights For Saturday, April 16

TRUE to its yearly custom, *NBC* is broadcasting today its description of the crew race between *California* and *Washington*. *Seattle's* the place where these two mighty rowing crews will fight it out. . . . Portly and genial **Milton Cross**, *NBC's* star announcer for operatic and symphony broadcasts, is celebrating his birthday today. . . . And while we're on the subject, tonight has two conflicting symphonic programs, as usual—*Mutual's* devoted to the *Chicago orchestra* between 9:15 and 11:00; and *NBC's* to its own orchestra, under the direction of **Artur Rodzinski**, between 10:00 and 11:30. . . . **Leo Reisman** and his dance orchestra settle down tonight in the *Waldorf Hotel*, New York, for a stay

of several months, and you'll be hearing their broadcasts late at night over *NBC*. . . . The bushy-haired maestro is one of *Society's* pet bandleaders—when **Lindbergh** returned to America after his famous flight, it was **Reisman's** orchestra which was selected to play at a reception given in **Lindy's** honor at the home of *Condé Nast*. . . . Besides being a leader in the dance-music field, **Reisman's** such a good violinist that he's acted as first violinist in symphony orchestras many a time. . . . For tuner-inners who live where they can get it, there's a new musical show sponsored by the *Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company*. It's on a few *NBC-Blue* stations at half past ten tonight.



Leo Reisman directs his orchestra for a season at the *Waldorf Hotel*, starting tonight.

What's New From Coast to

Coast

(Continued from page 6)

Something you can be looking forward to (perhaps) for late spring: the debut of Ronald Colman in a big night-time air show. If it's true, it'll be a big surprise to everyone, because the dignified Britisher has steadfastly shunned radio these many years, except for one fling at the Hollywood Hotel previews.

* * *

New York's surprise sensation this spring was Judy Garland, the Good News program young blues-singer. She packed 'em in on a week's personal-appearance act at a New York theater, and then tied up traffic every performance when autograph hunters lined up outside the stage door.

* * *

Radio Rose of the Month goes to two new comedians, Bud Abbott and Lew Costello of the Kate Smith program. Their insane comedy reminds one of Tom Howard and George Shelton, but their material is fresher and their delivery clever.

* * *

Fred Allen has dozens of little gags with which he brightens up his life, and one of them is to use the names of people in the audience in his Mighty Allen Art sketches. A few Wednesdays ago he spotted Jack Mulcahy, a Twentieth Century-Fox publicity man, in the first row, and ad-libbed him into the script, which just happened to include a movie press agent. The effect on Mulcahy was so devastating that he fell right out of his seat.

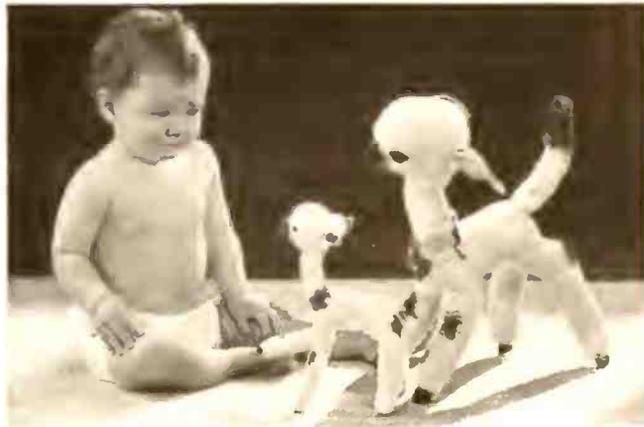
* * *

Have you heard about Mary Livingstone's charm-bedecked cigarette case? Its newest decorations are a raft with the letters G-E-O-R-G-E engraved on it (guess who that's from) and a typewriter from columnist Ed Sullivan. The surface of the cigarette case is getting so crowded now that if Mary gets any more charms for it she'll have to have it surveyed for a vacant spot.

* * *

NORFOLK, VA.—Listen in to Becky Martin Hilliard, the Little Chatter Box Lady, some Thursday afternoon on Norfolk's WGH, and you'll probably think you're hearing a poised young siren of twenty or so and with years of professional theatrical work behind her. Go to the studio and meet her, and you'll find a diminutive ten-year-old, three feet tall, with natural platinum hair and even more natural dimples.

When Becky was two and a half she was reading the First Primer at sight, and at three she was reciting innumerable poems by heart. At four she recited a Mother's Day poem at Park Place Methodist Church, Plymouth, N. C., and then led the audience in prayer. Six months after that she made her radio debut over WTAR in Norfolk, and by the time she was five she'd progressed to being a full-fledged mistress of ceremonies, announcing each feature with all the flourish of a seasoned veteran. She did it all from memory, too.



• "You poor baby lamb! Still got on long woolen underwear! And your mother says she can't help it, you have to wear it. Dear—dear! You'd think you were a black sheep, the way they treat you!"



• "Wait—see that beautiful woman over there in the apron? Well, that's my mother! You only have to mention in her hearing that you're somewhat hot and sticky, and she reaches for the Johnson's Baby Powder..."



• "Next thing you know, something soft and downy goes tickle-tickle down your back—whee-ee! After that, you can say phooey to rashes and chafes and prickly heat, and play Run, Sheep, Run with the best of them!"



• "Did you ever notice how smooth Johnson's Baby Powder is? That must be why it keeps my skin just perfect!" Perfect skin condition is a baby's best protection against skin infections, Mothers. So guard your baby's skin with Johnson's Baby Powder, the kind that's made of finest imported talc—no orris-root... Also important for the bath-basket: Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, and Baby Oil for tiny babies...safe, soothing, stainless, and it cannot turn rancid.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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FIRED: REHIRED—when she found out how to correct her Misfit Makeup

"Just fired the best stenographer I ever had. Nice girl but I couldn't stand her painted face."

"It's not your work, dear—it's that misfit makeup. Why don't you do something about it?"

"Miss Roberts, I guess I spoke too soon. Let's forget it—the job's yours as long as you want it."



Avoid Misfit Makeup...
"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

SAYS

Ann Dvorak

★ Featured in
 Hal Roach-MGM Picture
 "MERRILY WE LIVE"

MISSING OUT on jobs, on dates, on fun? There might be a reason... *misfit makeup*... those unrelated cosmetics that clash, that can't possibly look well together... or on you. Easy to correct—with **Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup**. For here's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... face powder, rouge, and lipstick... eye makeup, too... in color-harmonized sets. And here's makeup that matches *you*... for it's keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes*.

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's color plan *for you!* Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion ex-

perts endorse **Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup**. Thousands of women who have tried it agree it's the way to *immediate* new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW.... Start now to build your matched set. Buy that lipstick... rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara... in **Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup**... only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). *Your* drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are {
 BLUE... wear **DRESDEN** type
 GRAY... wear **PATRICIAN** type
 BROWN... wear **PARISIAN** type
 HAZEL... wear **CONTINENTAL** type

YOU'RE EAGER for success... in work, in life, in love! Invite it... wear makeup that matches... makeup that matches *you!*

COPYRIGHT 1936, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP by *Richard Hudnut*



Harmonizing LIPSTICK · POWDER · ROUGE 55¢ each

Try it! Mail coupon NOW for **Marvelous Makeup**, keyed to *your eyes!* See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that matches... and matches *you*.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City MWG-5-38

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send my Tryout Kit of **Marvelous Makeup**... harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

✓ My eyes are Name _____
 Blue Brown Address _____
 Gray Hazel City _____ State _____

Now she's a star in her own right, doing her own fifteen-minute programs of songs, stories and readings, generously interspersed with ad lib comments, on WGH and WTAR. In between broadcasts she swims, skates, bicycles, dances, sings, plays with her dolls, and goes to school. In all, she has twenty dolls, but her favorites are Charlie McCarthy, whom she often impersonates, and the smallest doll of all, Yvonne Dionne. She has a hobby, too, which should qualify her for the CBS Hobby Lobby program—collecting safety pins, of all things!

* * *

Why radio news editors have bad dreams: Igor Gorin told me the other day, as he passed through New York on a concert tour, that he'd be back on the air about the end of March—but not on the Good News program. The next day, direct from the sponsor, came word that Igor is expected back, around the end of March, on that very same Good News show.

* * *

In the midst of all the complaining that goes on about radio, there's one important fact that's often lost sight of. You can hear a program you don't like, and you and your friends can complain bitterly about it, and the result will be that eventually that program, or the part of it which irritated you, will go off the air. Then, having got rid of the program you didn't like, you're apt to turn around and discover that one you *did* like very much has departed the airways too. Wilderness Road, the Children's Corner, Funny Things, and the General Motors Sunday-night concerts are all examples, as the Women's National Radio Committee points out in one of its monthly bulletins, of excellent programs which many people liked, but which didn't stay on the air... The moral is obvious: Spend at least as much time and effort in praising the air shows you do like as you spend in condemning the ones you don't. Every time you write a letter of criticism, write one of applause. And then you won't find good programs, for lack of attention, going off the air along with the bad.

* * *

LOS ANGELES—KNX has a program here that ought to be showing up on your coast-to-coast loudspeaker any day, under commercial auspices. In fact, one big advertising agency has an option on it now, and is offering it to prospective sponsors.

It's called **Your Witness**, and it's something really different in mystery dramas for the air. Each week (on Wednesday, at 10:15 p. m.) a murder mystery is enacted, and then members of the audience question the characters of the play, trying to discover motives, whereabouts at the time of the crime, and so forth. When the audience has run out of questions, Sergeant Burke, the only permanent member of the cast, sums up the evidence and names the guilty person. Listeners to the show on the air can then write letters explaining how Sergeant Burke solved the mystery, and the best letter wins a radio as first prize.

Ashmead Scott, who writes and directs the program, also plays Sergeant Burke—and incidentally, his work on this local show has earned him a job writing and directing for the movies.

NASHVILLE, TENN. — It happens every Tuesday on WSM: The Lancaster Seed transcription program ends with a commercial read by a youngster named "Little Jackie Harris," who sold some seed and won a ukulele free. When Jackie finishes his announcement, the regular announcer comes in with the statement, "Now you know you can do as well as Little Jackie Harris"—and that ends the program. Next on the WSM schedule comes the nightly Sports Revue, conducted by a studio announcer who must begin his program with as much composure as possible—which isn't much, because, you see, the Sports Revue's announcer's name is Jack Harris. Unless he's bowed to fate and electrical transcriptions by this time, and changed it.

* * *

Echo of the Mae West-NBC fiasco: A full-page ad in Variety, the show-business' newspaper, says "Salutations, National Association of Broadcasters, and all its members, from the Champion of the Box-office, Mae West. In person, smashes all box-office records. Paramount Theater, Los Angeles, week of February 2nd, grossed \$37,838.00. Average business of the theater, \$16,000.00. Remember me, boys!"

Along the same line, it may be only a coincidence that the popularity rating of the Chase and Sanborn show has increased some ten points since Mae went on it—and off it again.

* * *

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA—Slim Wilson, CJRM's singing cowboy, has lost all his faith in lucky coins. The truth is, this particular cowboy was born in old England; and about a year ago he picked himself up out of the dirt of an English country fair ground after some hectic minutes spent in riding a bull for a lucky coin. He got the coin, although his dignity and various parts of his anatomy were badly damaged in the process.

Now the scene changes to Canada, where Slim went shortly afterwards in search of a job. Near Ft. William, Ontario, he was nearly killed in a fall from the rain-swept top of a lurching freight train. Bruised and bleeding, he scrambled up the embankment and managed to grab the last car as it rumbled past. This was an experience calculated to strain anybody's belief in lucky coins, but Slim held grimly on to his, over thousands of miles of futile job-hunting, from Staffordshire, England, to the Rocky Mountains.

Finally, just as he was beginning to give up hope of work, he lost the coin—and a couple of days later got his first lucky break, the chance to sing and play his guitar on CJRM. Now he's riding high, wide and handsome, getting five hundred or so enthusiastic letters every day from the farmer listeners of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Alberta, as well as Montana, the Dakotas and Minnesota. Those farmers know what they like, and it's Slim's six-days-a-week Early Bird show on CJRM. That he's the English variety of cowboy doesn't seem to bother his fans a bit.

Slim's twenty-six, tall, and dark, and unmarried—in fact, he swears he's never even been in love.



I'M GOING TO A DANCE!

THAT'S WHY I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP...IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!



THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP DOES MORE THAN MAKE YOU SWEET AND CLEAN! FIRST, ITS DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...



AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S LOVELY, LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN...MAKES YOU SO MUCH MORE GLAMOROUS!



HOW NICE TO KNOW THIS ALLURING PERFUME IS KEEPING YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY! CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP CERTAINLY IS THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!



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

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED **CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (*This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.*)
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (*This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*)
3. Rinse very thoroughly. (*Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.*)
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (*This relieves dryness.*)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 507 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Next time be sure to USE ZONITE FOR

- ✓ DANDRUFF
- ✓ BAD BREATH
- ✓ SORE THROAT
- ✓ CUTS & WOUNDS
- ✓ FEMINE CLEANSING
- ✓ ATHLETE'S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER

Get this measuring glass at no extra charge with 14 ounce Zonite. Read package folder for details

ZONITE IS

9.3 Times More Active

than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

THE many ardent followers of Virginia Clark, the girl who plays Helen Trent in The Romance of Helen Trent, and whose picture appears at the top of this page, will be interested to know that she made her debut on a small station in 1931. She was an instant success and quickly her roles grew in importance. The following year she was asked to appear as a guest artist on a Columbia program. In November of 1933 she auditioned and obtained her present part on The Romance of Helen Trent. Although she has an unusually happy disposition, Beethoven's funeral march is her favorite classical number . . . she prefers chow mein to any other dish . . . birthday is October 29 . . . is considered one of the best dressed women in radio . . . weighs 125 pounds, has brown eyes and is 5 feet 4½ inches tall.



Virginia Clark plays Helen Trent

Margaret S. Salem, Akron, Ohio—Nelson Eddy appeared on the Voice of Firestone program for a period of twenty weeks during 1934 and 1935. He was not considered a guest star, however, as he replaced Richard Crooks during that period.

Miss M. Flanagan, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We're sorry that we do not have a picture available of Captain Andy Hoyt (played by Blaine Corder) on the Pepper Young's Family program. Why don't you write directly to the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. I'm sure they can help you.

Pauline, Orchard, Mass.—Write to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 5939 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., for a picture of Frances Langford . . . incidentally, we announced the Frances Langford Club in the April RADIO MIRROR. In case you missed this issue, the president is Ed Lally and his address is 123 Gore Street, Perth, Ontario, Canada. He'll be glad to hear from you.

Miss Eleanor Keen—Martha Tilton is five feet one and three quarters inches tall, weighs 90 pounds and was born November 14, twenty-two years ago. . . . Edythe Wright is five feet five and one half inches tall, weighs 111 pounds . . . and was born on August 16, 1916. And here's good news! Starting in this issue we're running the life story of Benny Goodman. I

know you'll read and enjoy it.

A listener from Norwalk, Ohio—Stuart Allen, Buddy Clark and Jimmy Blair are three different people. Do you think they sound alike over the air?

Miss Gladys Johnson, Holbrook, Mass.—You should be able to hear Ted Malone over your Station WAAB, unless that station has a previous commitment. . . As far as we know,

Ted Malone has no other occupation besides his radio work.

F. McGlennon, Harrison, N. J.—Joseph Curtin portrays the role of 'Grant' in Second Husband. He may be reached by addressing a letter to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Benjamin Koperwas, Washington, D. C.—Following are the names of ten radio stars who have made one or more pictures: Betty Grable, Martha Raye, Fannie Brice, Jeanette MacDonald, Frances Langford, Jack Benny, Rudy Vallee, Joe Penner, Eddie Cantor, and Dorothy Lamour.

FAN CLUB SECTION

We have received a request for the address of Mrs. C. Connor, who is the National President of the Muriel Wilson (Mary Lou) fan club. Here's hoping one of our readers can come to our aid.

Marian McClaw, 919 Roanoke Avenue, Hillside, N. J., is president of the Lanny Ross Fan Club. All admirers are invited to join.

If you are a Brooklynite and are interested in becoming a member of the Bachelor's Children Fan Club, please get in touch with Fay Saliba, President, 345 Degraw Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

As far as we know, there has never been a Jack Benny Fan Club formed. If I am erring in this, won't someone let me know.

James Melton fans please note: Miss Louise Mitchell is no longer secretary of the James Melton Club. Will you kindly address all future communications to Mrs. Eloise DuVois, President and Editor, 3972 Sherman Way, Sacramento, Calif. The eastern secretary is Miss Ruth Kennedy, 353 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Lum and Abner Fan Club is having a drive for new members. How about contacting Dorothy L. Pinnick, Box 534, East Gary, Indiana. She's waiting for your letters!

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

HOW are you progressing on your spelling? Here's another list supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of NBC Spelling Bee.

Only one spelling is the right one. Mark the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 80. It's harder than the others but you should be ready for more difficult words by now.

If you aren't already a Spelling Bee fan, listen in on Mr. Wing's broadcasts, Friday evening at 9:30 E.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.

1. Pirytes — pyrites — pyrytes. (noun). Any of several metallic looking sulphides.
2. Jagwar—jaguar—jagaur. (noun). A large, powerful cat, ranging the Americas from Texas to Paraguay.
3. Fisticuff — fistecuff — fistacuf. (noun). A fight with the fists.
4. Corporreally — corporealy — corporeally. (adverb). In a physical, material, bodily manner.
5. Newall — newel — neuall. (noun). The principal post at the foot, or the secondary one at the landing of a staircase.
6. Tressel—tresle—trestle. (noun). A braced framework of timbers, piles

or steelwork for carrying a road, railroad, etc., over a depression.

7. Calsedony — chalcedony — calcedony. (noun). In mineralogy, a variety of quartz.
8. Peregrination — perigrination — perigrination. (noun). A traveling or going about; a wandering.
9. Unguants — unguents—ungwants. (noun). Lubricants or salves for sores, burns, etc., ointments.
10. Opprobrium — oprobrium — opprobrium. (noun). Infamy; reproach mingled with contempt, abusive language.
11. Fanflair — fanflare — fanfare. (noun). A flourish of trumpets.
12. Scittish—skittish — skitish (adj.). Marked by levity or liveliness.
13. Boutonniere — boutoniere — boutonier. (noun). A bouquet for the buttonhole.
14. Ocular—ocular—oculer. (adj.). Of, pertaining to, or connected with, the eye.
15. Stirtorous—stertorous — stertor-

surfaces.

17. Corall — corral — corral. (noun). A pen or enclosure for confining or capturing animals.
18. Harridan — hariden — Harriden. (noun). A vixenish woman; a hag.
19. Inniquitous — iniquitous—iniquitous. (adj.). Characterized by wickedness; sin; crime.
20. Catchination — cachment — catchination. (noun). Loud or immoderate laughter.
21. Chieftaincy — chieftainsy—chieftaincy. (noun). The territory ruled by a tribal ruler.
22. Gasefy—gassify—gasify. (verb). To convert into gas or aeriform fluid, as by heat.
23. Maharanni — maharani — maharani. (noun). A queen or sovereign princess of an Indian State.
24. Exodontia—exodoncia—exedoncia. (noun). The branch of dentistry dealing with the extraction of teeth.
25. Antipascal — antipaschal — antepaschal. (adj.). Pertaining to the time before the Passover, or before Easter.

us. (adj.). Characterized by a deep snoring.
16. Solder—sodder — soder. (noun). A metal or metallic alloy used when melted to join metallic

HOW DO MOVIE STARS KEEP IN SHAPE?

THEY FIGHT FATIGUE BY KEEPING WEIGHT DOWN AND ENERGY UP

Energy-yielding foods fortify the body against fatigue. Baby Ruth, the big, delicious candy bar, is a concentrated energy food; it is rich in pure Dextrose, called "muscle" sugar by doctors. And pure Dextrose is utilized by the body as energy, when needed, rather than stored as fat. That's why Baby Ruth is the preferred candy of movie stars, athletes, active people everywhere. It's chock-full of energizing goodness.

CURTISS CANDY CO., OTTO SCHWENK, Pres.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

IT'S HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE CANDY

Let's Go to Town Hall Tonight

(Continued from page 26)

make the **MOST**
of this year's
VACATION!

—you will
if you go by
GREYHOUND



Most in Miles—three miles of travel by Greyhound at the cost of driving one mile in your own car. • Most in Scenic Thrills—an intimate, close-up view of America's wonders. • Most in Comfort—arm-chair relaxation in a Super-Coach specially designed for smooth, vibrationless riding. • Most in Saving—fares much less than for any other type of transportation. All of which means—you pay less to see more of America by Greyhound!

Cleveland, O., East 9th & Superior	Fort Worth, Tex., 305 Commerce St.
Philadelphia, Pa., Broad St. Stat.	Minneapolis, Minn., 509 Sixth Ave., N.
New York City, 245 W. 50th St.	Lexington, Ky., 801 North Limestone
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molehill. Or is he, Mr. Blurb?

BLURB: He's no Pike's Peak, Sis. He's not as tall—but he's just as dirty.

FRED: Listen, Raucous, keep your shirt on if you've got one. I'm liable to zip your nose up and run a new part thru your hair.

PORTLAND: Is that nice, Mr. Allen?

BLURB: Let him blab, Sis. This guy's mouth reminds me of a doughnut. It's nothin' but a hole surrounded by fat.

FRED: Listen. I'm apt to kick your shins so full of lumps your stockings are going to think they're full of Adams-apples.

BLURB: Quit kiddin', Muffin Mouth. I'll knock you so far down into that suit, you can hold up your stockings with your mouth.

FRED: Why I'll knock you so flat, you'll have to stand on a ladder to look up a snake's spats.

BLURB: Yah. The last guy I hit found his jawbone up in his hair.

FRED: I once pulled an opponent's top lip so far down he had to take off his collar to sneer.

PORTLAND: Mr. Allen! You sound like a rowdy! Let's stop this!

FRED: I didn't start anything. But I'll quit.

BLURB: Okay, Bud, so will I. What're you in Hollywood for?

FRED: I'm going to make my second picture. I might be another Gary Cooper.

PORTLAND: With those bags under your eyes, you'll look like an Eskimo after a six months bad night.

FRED: What bags? My eyes are just getting fat, that's all. I've been overdoing my window shopping at a candy store.

PORTLAND: My uncle says if he had your bags under his eyes, he'd use a redcap for an optician.

BLURB: Now what about your publicity? What picture are you in?

FRED: Sally, Irene and Mary.

BLURB: Is that Three Smart Girls using their right names?

FRED: I don't know. I'm the hero of the picture.

BLURB: I see. So you want me to

hush the whole thing up?

FRED: I won't know till after the preview.

PORTLAND: Can't you get Mr. Allen's picture in the fan magazines, Mr. Blurb?

BLURB: With that puss, I'll be lucky to get him in the Breeder's Gazette. Maybe I can get a sandwich named after him.

FRED: What kind of sandwich? Never mind, I can guess.

BLURB: You're right. With mustard on it.

FRED: Wait a minute. Suppose instead of you giving me publicity, I give you some—in tomorrow's papers.

BLURB: Where?

FRED: In the obituary column. (A shot rings out.)

PORTLAND: Oh, you got Mr. Blurb, Mr. Allen. I guess I'd better go. I'll not have time for the Tally, I'll just say Ho.

* * *

Well, that was pretty hard on all concerned, particularly Mr. Blurb, but things are going to take a brighter turn now. The rugs have been rolled up, the chairs pushed back, and everything is in order, ready for the weekly drama by the Mighty Allen Art Players, the cream of Broadway and the Sour Milk of Hollywood. Tonight's show is a New England boiled drama entitled "The Meanest Man in Plum Duff County." As the curtain rises, Snug Allen, played by Fred A—n, is sitting in a chair, reading over his glasses, so as to save them. Maw Min Allen sits hard by a fire painted in the fireplace, just looking thin.

SNUG: Maw! Maw! Scratch my back, will yer, Maw?

MAW: Why, you good fer nuthin', lazy lummo. Scratch your own back.

SNUG: I got my mittens on, Maw. 'Sides, it saves me energy if you scratch it.

(Maw comes over and starts to scratch.)

MAW: Snug Allen! Have you been

RADIO MIRROR is happy to announce the winners of the LUCILLE MANNERS-CINDERELLA CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE

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Mabel Hovis, Davidson, North Carolina

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cuttin' yer own hair again? No wonder I missed my chowder bowl and sickle yesterday.

SNUG: How's she look?

MAW: Looks like a beaver got mad at yer scalp and went to town.

SNUG: Wal, it saved me fifteen cents it'd cost at Barber College. And I saved the hair for refills on our hair mattress.

MAW: Ef you ain't the meanest man in Plum Duff County, Snug Allen.

SNUG: A penny saved's a penny outta circulation, Maw.

MAW: Wal, quit braggin' 'bout yer penny pinchin'. Breakfast's ready.

SNUG: Gad. I hate to pamper my stomach. But I'll sit in. (They sit down at a table.) Hev some bread, Maw.

MAW: Not 'thout nothin' on it.

SNUG: Butter's forty cents a pound.

MAW: Two wouldn't hurt to buy a pound. I can't eat bread lessen it's greased. It squeaks when I bend it.

SNUG: What's to drink, tea?

MAW: No, the teabag's wore through. I ain't had no time to patch it.

SNUG: What's in my cup here?

MAW: It's hot water.

SNUG: Good. I'll put on my smoked glasses. It'll look like coffee. Now . . . whar's my dessert?

MAW: Them cake pictures ye cut outta Good Housekeepin'. Here y'are.

SNUG: Lemme see. Hm. I don't know which pastry to look at. That seven layer chocolate cake looks mighty fancy. Nope. It's too fillin' fer breakfast. I'll just take a peek at this cocoanut trifle. Mm. Right nourishin'.

MAW: Finished?

SNUG: Yep, I'm filled up. (Then he hiccups).

MAW: You hiccup? Then all I kin say is either yer stomach's got a good memory or a right good sense of humor.

SNUG: It's that rich food. Doc Rancid told me not to look at nawthin' with frostin' on it. Now, put that food away, Maw. Somewhere's so's the mice won't git at it.

MAW: Lord! The mice in this house is so thin, the cat is turning up his nose at 'em.

SNUG: I seen a mouse yesterday stickin' his tongue out at the mouse-trap.

MAW: I don't blame the poor little feller. Yer so mean you ain't cheesed the trap fer two years.

SNUG: Snug Allen ain't runnin' no snack bar fer rodents. (Grampaw Allen comes in) Howdye, Gramp. What brings yer ten mile over from yer place?

GRANDPAW ALLEN: I was shavin' this spring. Had a little lather left over. Thought ye could use her, Snug.

SNUG: Thanks, Gramp.

GRAMP: Guess I'll light my pipe and whizz along.

SNUG: Lightin' a match, Gramp?

GRAMP: Ayar . . . smokin'?

SNUG: Wal, I've had my pipe layin' around a couple of days loaded.

MAW: Yep, Paw's too mean to light a match.

GRAMP: Wal, this'un is on me, son. (Gramp lights a match, they both light, Gramp throws away the burnt matchstick, which Snug immediately gathers in.)

SNUG: Do fer firewood.

GRAMP: Wal, I'll sprint along.

MAW: What's yer hurry, Gramp?

GRAMP: One of my pumpkins got away last week. I'm takin' a short cut to head off the vine. So long.

MAW: So long Gramp. (Gramp goes) What smells putrid in here?

SNUG: Leave off the trid, Maw and I'll get ye just the same. Save a syllable that way.

MAW: Must be that pipe o' yourn. What's in it? The winder's tryin' to open itself.

SNUG: Tain't nothin' but cornsilk, Maw.

MAW: You keep smokin' that cornsilk and ye'll git rayon lungs.

SNUG: Ye kin whoop and holler, Maw Allen. Tobaccy's a dime a canister. And I ain't givin'—(suddenly he turns pale, clutches at things) Oh . . . Oh . . . Git me a chair, Maw.

MAW: (Gets one for him) What is it . . . a spell?

SNUG: Ayar. Vertigo, likely. Call Doc Rancid.

MAW: On the phone?

SNUG: Ayar. Don't talk into her. I ain't too weak to watch expenses. . . . Jest ring her twice. Doc knows two rings is a signal from me. Saves the price of the call. (Maw goes to the old fashioned wall phone and churns it twice.) Ayar, guess I'm fixin' to shuffle off, Maw. (He's growin' weaker.)

MAW: Shufflin's hard on the shoes, Snug.

SNUG: Mebbe so, but I ain't akickin' no bucket in my stockin' feet. (The door opens and the Doctor walks in. He marches over to Snug and examines him.)

Doc RANCID: Lemme feel yer pulse, Snug.

MAW: How is he, Doc?



WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT NICE MAN?

POOR TUFFIE! YOU MISS JOHN, TOO, DON'T YOU? LISTEN! THERE'S THE PHONE! MAYBE THAT'S JOHN NOW!



NO TUFFIE--JUST THE DENTISTS OFFICE CALLING ABOUT MY APPOINTMENT. SAY! THAT REMINDS ME OF THOSE BAD BREATH ADS! I WONDER...



YES, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

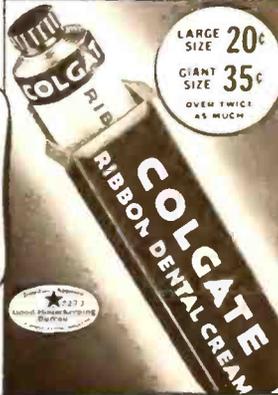
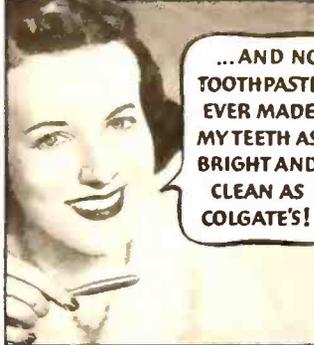
TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED! THERE SHE GOES WITH THAT JOHN MAN AGAIN!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

... AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

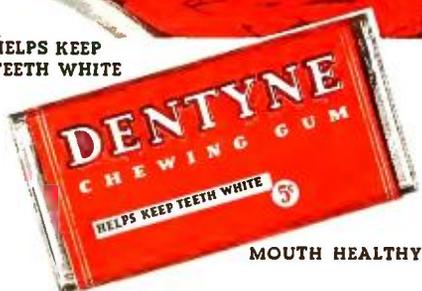


Not much of an artist but=

His ancient picture-writings tell us today how he lived, what he ate. Scientists say his tough, primitive foods kept his teeth strong and healthy. Our soft modern foods give teeth too little real exercise.



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH HEALTHY

Try Dentyne—notice how its specially firm consistency starts you chewing more vigorously—exercises mouth and teeth and makes your mouth feel cleansed and refreshed! Helps keep your teeth stronger, whiter!

ITS SPICY FLAVOR IS RIGHTLY POPULAR!

One taste—and you know why thousands cheer for Dentyne's delicious flavor! Slip a package into your pocket or purse—its flat, convenient shape is an exclusive feature of Dentyne's.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Doc: Yer on yer last legs, Snug. It's malnutrition. From not eatin' nothin' fer fifty years yer stomach's disappeared.

Maw: Ain't there no hope, Doc?

Doc: Nope. Snug's too mean to buy medicine so I ain't leavin' no prescription. Since yer too all fired tight to pay fer this visit I ain't expressin' no sympathy. Ye won't live till sunup, Snug Allen. Good riddance. *(He slams out, sore.)*

Snug: Ye heard what he said, Maw. I won't live till sunup.

Maw: Yer mean enuf to double-cross him, Snug.

Snug: No Maw, I'm nearin' the end. My hull life's been a shinin' example of meanness. The only consolation is knowin' my money'll be used for mean purposes. Lucky I've made out my will.

Maw: You ain't aimin' to cut off your sons, Flotsam and Jetsam?

Snug: We shall see what we shall see. Call 'em here. *(Coincidentally the boys are right outside the door and enter immediately.)*

Flotsam: Is the old miser kicked off yet?

Snug: No Flotsie, I'm mean enough to doublecross ye right to the end.

Jetsam: Have yer made out yer will, Skinflint?

Snug: Ayar. I'm aleavin' my all to a society for the Propagation of Polecats. It's to keep my memory green.

Maw: Blood's thickern' skunk water, Snug.

Snug: I wouldn't know, Maw. I'm anemic.

Flotsam: You mean, ya old falcon, that we ain't mean enough to inherit yer poke?

Snug: And I ain't backin' down.

Jetsam: If Flotsam and me could show we was the essence of orneriness, Paw, would ye leave us yer spondulix?

Maw: Tain't fair to rule fer skunks 'thout givin' yer own sons a hearin', Snug.

Snug: Wal. All right. I'll hear ye, Sons. How mean are ye?

Flotsam: I'm so mean I got my throat covered with cement.

Snug: What's the cement on your neck fer, Flotsie?

Flotsam: It keeps my Adam's Apple from goin' up and down when

I swaller. Saves wear and tear on my front collar button.

Maw: That's mean, Paw.

Snug: Ayar. The boy shows promise. What 'bout you, Jetsam?

Jetsam: I'm so mean when I finish squeezin' a nickel, the Indian's mounted on the buffalo.

Maw: That's nickel pinchin', Paw.

Snug: It's fair to fleglin' miserly. When I used to let go of a nickel the Indian had disappeared and the buffalo was smackin' his lips.

Flotsam *(disappointed)*: Ye mean we ain't fit to rate yer money, Paw?

Snug: No Flotsam. You and Jetsam has showed some mediocre apprentice skinflintin' . . . but I hain't changin' my will.

Jetsam: *(He grabs a gun from the wallrack)* Why, you shrivelled up lickpenny. I'll git you fer this. *(He raises the gun, aims carefully at Snug, fires.)*

Maw: Jetsam, ye've shot yer own paw!

Jetsam: I'm sorry Maw.

Snug *(groaning)*: Sorry ye done me in, Son?

Jetsam: No, sorry I had to waste a bullet.

Snug: Mighty fine talk, Jetsam. I'm changin' my will.

Jetsam: And yer cuttin' off the polecats, Paw?

Snug: Ayar. A son who'd shoot his own Paw fer money is meaner than any skunk that ever lived. Carry on the good work, Son.

Jetsam: I will, Paw. *(He raises his gun, aims at Maw, lets fly. Then he points at Flotsam, presses the trigger again.)*

Snug: What have ye done, Jetsam?

Jetsam: I killed Maw and Flotsam, Paw. They might have asked me fer some money after you've gone.

Snug: *(embracing him)*: My son! Music! Lights! It's intermission time, and this month's Radio-Broadcast is finished. But don't be downhearted—there's plenty more to come. In a future issue of RADIO MIRROR, very soon, you'll be able to tune in once more on the funniest dialogue ever put on the air—the high point of radio comedy—the famous feud between Fred Allen and Jack Benny. It's a real laugh scoop, so don't miss it!

Answers to PROF. QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS

- Ben Bernie, Jack Benny, Joe Penner and Ken Murray.
- Twenty-one.
- Andre Kostelonetz.
- George Fischer.
- Portland Haffo.
- Burns and Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly and Tim and Irene.
- Francis X. Bushman.
- Robert Taylor.
- La Galondrina by Narciso Serrodell.
- John Conte; Dell Sharbutt.
- Dale Carnegie.
- Margaret Brayton who has played "Ida" and "Mrs. Wallington" on the Cantor Show.
- Joe Penner.
- Phillips Lord has retired from acting to direct his two programs, Gong Busters and We, The People.
- Norma Tolmadge, wife of Georgie Jessel.
- Amonda Snow, who weighs 287 pounds, and reasons what's a pound more or less to her?
- Nick Dowson of Follow the Moon.
- Arthur Godfrey. It was his first air title when he appeared on a Baltimore station some eight years ago.
- Al Jolson. He's mayor of Encino.
- Hanley Stafford.

Rebel's Road to Glory

(Continued from page 11)

Benny, and Freddie.

The first afternoon, the boys were so completely awed at the sight of all the instruments that, when the Director asked them to choose the one they wanted, they were unable to say a word.

So it was Bogoslawski who picked out instruments for them. To Harry, because he was the biggest, went a bass fiddle. Freddie got an alto horn. And Benny, because he was only ten and the littlest, got the littlest horn—a clarinet.

It was a clarinet that was to make musical history, but how was he to know that then? How could he see that, because of a band director's chance selection, he was to become the idol of millions of Americans, with his name in lights on Broadway and a Carnegie Hall audience hysterically enthusiastic over his music? If a fairy godmother had been there to pick out the perfect instrument for Benny Goodman, she could not have done better than did Director Bogoslawski that day.

TO Benny, at the time, it was just a pretty horn. He loved the graceful black stick covered with shiny silver keys—like a toy. Besides, from the beginning, it was not much trouble for him to play it.

From that day when the boys brought home their new instruments, life became brighter for David Goodman. Every night as soon as he returned from his long day at the

shop, he had but one question to ask: "Have the boys practiced?"

If they had not—and like most boys, they often had not—they ran for their horns, quickly, before Papa could catch them, and began. It might have sounded like a nightmare to an outsider, but to David Goodman, no symphony could have made sweeter music.

NATURALLY in such a small flat, there were always practice complications. Harry had to have a room to himself because of the size of his bull fiddle. Freddie complained that he couldn't hear himself blow when Benny was playing in his room. Mama Goodman settled everything by giving Benny the kitchen as his special practice room.

In the summer, it was easier. They practiced outside. Nights, on the open back porch, off the Goodman kitchen, they would get together with a couple of other neighborhood boys and play their heads off. Benny was already telling his brother Freddie, "I'll play you anything you like on my clarinet!" And doing it!

And over in a corner of the Goodman back porch, Mama sat rocking the new baby, Eugene, in her arms, dozing slightly every now and then.

But David Goodman, though his body ached from the fatigue of bending long hours over buckram and worsted, did not doze. To him the rest of the day counted for nothing. He lived for these few hours at night.

Sometimes David Goodman was a little puzzled by the kind of music his sons, led by Benny, were playing. Surely they did not learn this at the Temple? "Maybe you play a little too loud, son? And too fast?"

But Benny would take his clarinet out of his mouth, pause for breath and say, "Gee, no, Pop! This is a new kind of music. Listen to this!"

And when Benny's clarinet shrilled high and sweet above the others, in his screaming interpretation of "Alexander's Rag Time Band," David Goodman would lean back and nod his head. So already his son played a new kind of music.

The kind of music that puzzled David Goodman was puzzling a lot of other Americans. For it was swing—in its boisterous rompers-and-baby-talk days, when it was known as jazz.

THESE were the early 1920's and the new music craze had just hit America. Up from New Orleans, where occasional northern visitors had already heard the phenomenal trumpet playing of "Papa Joe" Oliver and his young protegee Louis Armstrong, and the clarinet playing of Leon Rappolo who, it was said, played musical obbligatos to the sound of the wind in the telephone wires—up from this New Orleans had come Nick La Rocca's Dixieland Jazz Band.

Theirs was a lightly rhythmic, freely improvised music, played with an abandon that made the popular tango

**"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?
DON'T TRY TO SCARE ME...
WHY, I'M ONLY 22!**



THEN... WHAT A SHOCK!

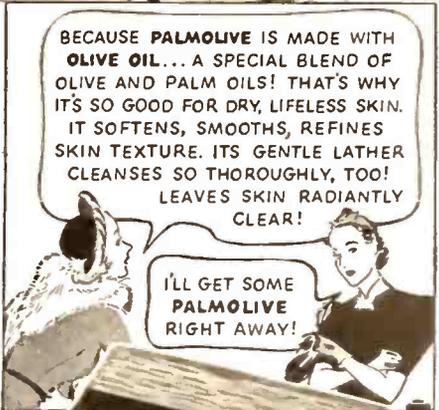


WELL, NO WONDER YOUR POWDER "FLAKES"! YOU'VE LET YOUR SKIN GET SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING... YOU'VE ACTUALLY GOT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!



IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP RIGHT AWAY!

WELL, PALMOLIVE CERTAINLY KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY, BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?



BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. ITS GENTLE LATHER CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO! LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY CLEAR!

I'LL GET SOME PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!

THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! FROM NOW ON I'M USING ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



FRESHNESS!

..that's what the world wants
in Movie Stars..and Cigarettes



Her Freshness Wins

A favorite of the London stage, Ida Lupino's freshness caught the eye of a Paramount talent scout. She was whisked to Hollywood and stardom in "The Gay Desperado," "Anything Goes," "Artists and Models," "One Rainy Afternoon," "Fight for Your Lady." And the freshness of this young star wins fresh applause!

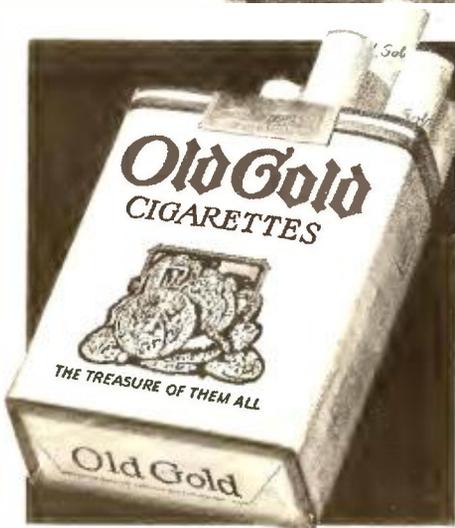
THE fear of going stale keeps half of Hollywood awake nights. For the brightest star becomes a falling star...once freshness fades.

That's equally true of cigarettes. Staleness often makes a "has been" of a cigarette that ought to be in the prime of stardom. Staleness can transform the mildest cigarette into a harsh irritant and rob it of all flavor.

That's why we run no risks with our delightful young star . . . Old Gold. Every pack of Old Golds carries its own freshness right with it . . . doubly sealed-in by 2 jackets of stale-proof Cellophane.

At the peak of freshness, wherever and whenever you smoke it, every Old Gold gives a perfect performance in the role of America's most appealing cigarette. The price of one pack admits you to this year's biggest smoking hit . . . "Old Gold Freshies of '38".

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



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



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orchestras of the day sound anemic. Suddenly, the country went jazz mad, and young musicians everywhere began to try to play "hot."

Just as he had taken naturally to the clarinet, Benny took naturally to "hot" music. He was young when American jazz was young, and he grew up with it. He listened eagerly to the records of the Dixieland Band—"Tiger Rag," "Livery Stable Blues," "Lena Was the Queen of Palestina." This, he knew from the beginning, was the kind of music he liked best.

By this time, the three Goodman boys had moved on to a bigger band. A band with uniforms. A band that paraded on holidays—the famous Hull House Band, under the direction of John Sylvester.

Playing with the Hull House Band wasn't easy. There were always three nights a week when the boys hurried off right after supper to band rehearsal, a long ride on the street car. It would be eleven o'clock by the time they got home again.

AND it was then that Benny developed a habit that used to drive his brother Harry crazy.

Coming home on the street car, Benny would usually doze off. When Harry jerked him awake, he'd jump up and dash for the door.

As often as not, just as the street car lurched around the corner, Benny would stop short.

"Gosh!" he'd say to Harry. "I left my clarinet on the car!"

Once this happened the night before the big Fourth of July Parade. How was Benny to be in the parade tomorrow without his clarinet? At the very thought, he began to howl. No red uniform, no marching, no sight of all the horns shining in the brilliant sun along Michigan Boulevard!

All night long, Benny would not be comforted. So, early next morning, Harry had to rush to the Lost and Found Department of the street car company where, luckily, he found the clarinet safe. Benny played in the parade.

He is still forgetful about his clarinet. But today he has a special assistant to the band, "Pee Wee" Monte, whose business it is to take care of Benny's clarinets (he has eight now), polish the one that has just been used, and see that another is ready for the next performance.

In those early days, Benny liked Sundays best of all. On Sundays, the Hull House Band usually went out to Niles Center, near Chicago, where they played for a local church. After the concert, there would be a big feast for the boys of the band. Then the afternoon was theirs to do what they liked.

What Benny liked to do most of all was to get some of the boys together, pull up a few chairs on the lawn, and play jazz.

It didn't make any difference how loud or fast they played. It was outdoors and if people didn't want to listen they didn't have to. Sometimes the kindly priest for whom they had given the band concert would come by, look startled, put his hands to his ears, and hurry on. He never disturbed them though. They seemed to be enjoying themselves.

But pretty soon they'd have an audience of young people like themselves, some just standing and listening, others breaking into a dance step or two—the Charleston, maybe, or a

creation of their own.

It was not much different from many of Benny's audiences today.

At last he and Harry left the Hull House Band and began to get jobs of their own. Their first was playing for a dance at Northwestern University. It must have surprised the students to see this school boy with a clarinet, playing jazz as fast and furious as the famous Dixieland clarinetist Larry Shields.

Next morning they were able to lay two ten dollar bills in their mother's lap—which was worth even more to them than the fun they had had the night before.

It was from little jobs like these that Benny saved enough money to buy a clarinet of his own. He sometimes made professional appearances at the neighborhood Central Park Theater, doing a perfect imitation of Ted Lewis playing the famous "When My Baby Smiles at Me," dressed in knee breeches and a belted coat, his unruly hair tumbling over his forehead in a bang.

WITH three other boys, the Goodmans often played small "pick up" jobs around town, as many amateur musicians do today.

But Benny's most valuable experience was playing on the Chicago lake boats.

The lake or river boat was one of the cradles of American jazz. The boats that paddled up from New Orleans to Muhlenberg or Memphis carried "hot" bands that played jazz compositions for hours at a time. Louis Armstrong played on one of them. So did "Papa Joe." And Leon Rappolo. And Nick La Rocca.

One of Benny's admirers, a pianist named Charley "Murph" Padolsky was playing on the Chicago lake boat *Columbus*. It happened to be the boat on which Leon Beiderbecke also played.

Beiderbecke, nicknamed "Bix," was one of the greatest of the early American jazz musicians. He is today a legend of "hot" music. Seven years after his death at the early age of twenty-seven, enthusiasts are still talking about the beauty of his trumpet tone and the genius of his musical improvisations.

"Murph" Podolsky talked so much to Bix about his young friend who played such a wonderful clarinet that Bix asked to meet him.

The friend was, of course, Benny Goodman. Overjoyed, he went down one day to the *Columbus*.

Too shy to introduce himself, he stood by the band stand and waited. The first words that Bix said to him were "Hey, kid! Get away from those instruments!"

Benny was hurt at this reception, but he stood his ground, took a good look at Bix and decided he wasn't so old himself. Then he said, "I'm not a kid. I'm a clarinet player."

And when he began to play, Bix agreed.

They played together regularly after that. It meant a steady job for Benny. And it meant playing with one of America's great "hot" musicians.

But it also meant giving up school. The *Columbus* left Chicago at nine o'clock in the morning, paddled up to Michigan City, and didn't get back until nearly two the next morning. The lake boat left no time for the class room.

Harry had also left Harrison High



**Oiliness results in unflattering shine. Dermatologists identify excessive oiliness as Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Woodbury's Powder retards germ-growth, helps subdue nose shine.*

YEAR IN, YEAR OUT. Shiny Nose goes on unchecked, despite the constant dabbling of protesting powder puffs.

But now at last something has been done to overcome nose shine! Woodbury provides you with a germ-free powder which adds glamour to your skin!

Germs Tend to Aggravate Shiny Nose

That glistening shine may indicate a skin condition dermatologists call *Seborrhea*. Germs can make it worse! Then Shiny Nose becomes a chronic nuisance.



How important to use face powder which cannot spread infection-germs to skin or puff! As you wear Woodbury's Facial Powder, it inhibits germ-growth on your skin. The only powder among 20 leading brands tested that proved germ-free both before and after use.

This exquisite beauty powder instantly gives your skin a color-awakening loveliness, warding off harmful germ-life and embarrassing shine!

All seven shades are enchantingly natural. The newest, Windsor Rose, softly blends with the skin's clear undertones.

Try Woodbury's today . . . and discover its flattery! In the new blue box, \$1.00. 50c. 25c. 10c. Woodbury's Lipstick and Rouge, also germ-proof, come in four brilliant shades. Smart make-up for your skin!

Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades

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Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder: trial tubes of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

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SHE USES THE
WRONG DEODORANT



SHE KEEPS HER
UNDERARM DRY

Only one way to be SURE of not offending . . . Make the "Armhole Odor" Test Tonight

THE STAGE IS SET for a perfect evening! Your hair goes just right, your dress is perfect, you're dancing with the "catch" of the party. And then, before it's over, you find yourself on the edge of things—ignored, mortified!

Humiliating slights are inevitable when that little hollow under your arm is neglected. Looks, clothes, sophisticated repartee are wasted on any man if you're guilty of the onesocial crime that *can't* be overlooked.

Just deodorizing that small but oh-so-important area under your arm is *not enough*. It must be *dry* as well as sweet. That is, if you ever hope for romance to go beyond that first ecstatic meeting.

Prove it for yourself

Even if you are *sure* you are dainty, make this simple test on the dress you're wearing. When you take it off tonight, smell the fabric under the armhole. Since you are a fastidious person, you will probably be scandalized at its musty "armhole odor"! Yet that stale "armhole odor" you've been so blissfully unaware of has been painfully apparent to others all along!

Single-action preparations deodorize without stopping perspiration. Gradually stale perspiration collects on your dress—is intensified by the heat of your body. Its ghost returns to haunt you every time you wear that dress, feminine allure and wiles notwithstanding!

With *double*-action Liquid Odorono,

neither you nor your dress can be guilty of "armhole odor"—because your underarm is kept **DRY**.

A minute or two and you're SURE

Odorono takes a few minutes to dry, but you *know* you are safe from "armhole odor"—safe, too, from perspiration stains and dresses smeared by grease.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use . . . daily or every other day.

Guard your charm and refinement—your friendships—by avoiding unforgivable "armhole odor" from now on. Buy a bottle of Liquid Odorono today and keep your underarm *always dry*. At all toilet-goods counters.

● "Safe and effective—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Assn. of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.



SMELL YOUR DRESS
AT THE ARMHOLE
TONIGHT

School. He had a chance to join Ben Pollack's band, and the night hours left him no time for study.

It was through Harry that Benny, too, joined Pollack.

Both boys were now well-trained musicians. No more screeching on the back porch. Benny had had lessons with Franz Schoepp of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and now when he played for his father, the music he selected might be the clarinet part of a Mozart Quintet. He had become a clarinet virtuoso with a technical skill that was remarkable even then, and a clear, sweet tone.

David Goodman was happier now than perhaps he had ever been. Life was easier because, with the boys' help, there was always an extra dollar in a family budget that had been strained to the breaking point for so many years. They had moved to a nicer flat. The children were well. The newest baby, Jerome, was getting huskier every day. And his sons were musicians, as he had dreamed they would be.

BUT this happiness was not to last for long.

Early one evening, Harry was called to the telephone at the hotel. The boys had been away from home all day, making records with Pollack's band.

At the first words Harry heard over the phone, he let out a shout of fear.

Benny came rushing over.

"Take it easy, boy," he said. "Don't get excited!"

"But something terrible has happened. Papa was run over by an automobile. We better get right over to Garfield Hospital."

It was six miles away, on the other side of town, and when they arrived at the hospital their mother met them at the door of David's room. Tears reddened her eyes and she could not speak. Finally she said quietly, "Your father has just passed away."

Benny, not yet twenty, now considered himself largely responsible for his mother and the children. Three of them were still in school, and he wanted them to stay there. Irving and Freddie, both musicians, did not always have jobs. And Mamma must be made comfortable and happy.

If he had any ideas about playing a different kind of music then, there was nothing he could do about it. He had to stay with Pollack. The family's welfare depended on it.

He went to California with the band, then came to New York.

And it was in New York that he tasted the first heady draughts of a success that meant plenty of work and money. He became known as a fine clarinet player and was a familiar sight around the broadcasting studios. He played with Kostelanetz, Frank Black, Don Voorhees, Red Nichols. When Pollack objected to Benny's taking so many outside jobs, Benny now felt free to leave the band for good. After all, he was making about four hundred dollars a week.

And he was giving his family more and more. It was a happy day for him when Ethel came on from Chicago to visit him and describe the fine new apartment the family had been able to move into. Ethel now found her brother wearing the rimless spectacles that make him look so much like a young college professor and which had been made necessary by so much close reading of music.

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

But David Goodman's son was becoming discontented. He had been so busy the last few years that he hadn't had time to notice how far he was getting from the kind of music that had been the joy of his years in Chicago—that exciting, vibrant, breath-taking music that had as much life as you, a musician, were able to give it.

Now he suddenly realized that for some time he had been playing just the way he was told to play—page after page of notes carefully written out for him. No free improvisation, no chance to put in the original variations that a melody cried out for you to give it. And not even time to get together with other "hot" musicians after hours to "jam." What was he doing, performing music with the perfect motions of a well-manipulated puppet? He was not an automaton; he was a creative musician.

His discontent soon showed in his work. He didn't care a rap about the music he was playing and anybody could have seen it. One by one, he began to lose his radio jobs. He was so unhappy he didn't even care.

WHY didn't he start out for himself, get a band of his own—a band in which each musician would be an artist in his own right, free to improvise as much as he liked, yet able to blend his own performance into the ensemble? That was the way he had played back in Chicago, and that was the way he wanted to play.

This was Benny Goodman's dream in 1934, and at the time it seemed pretty impossible to realize.

In the first place, nobody wanted to hear that kind of music. Those were the days when people thought a jazz band ought to sound like a symphony orchestra in a rhythmic trance. Or else a variety show, with the men dressed up in funny suits, with a trombone player who was also a comedian, and a saxophone player who was also a vocalist.

In the second place, there was his family. Freddie and Irving weren't working. Ethel was having trouble with her ears. Jerome's teeth had to be fixed.

He couldn't let his family down. But then, he couldn't let his music down, either.

They were dark days for Benny Goodman and before they were over he was to know still greater discouragement, bitterness, and misunderstanding.

One night he sat down to send his weekly check home. It was the smallest one he had sent for a long time—forty dollars. But it was all he had.

The future looked pretty grim as he slowly wrote out his mother's name on the envelope.

For where his next forty dollars was coming from, he didn't know.

Alone in a world that couldn't understand the kind of music he loved so passionately, and with a family back in Chicago which looked to him for its support, Benny Goodman took the most desperate step of his life when he quit his job and set out to create an orchestra of his own. The final instalment of this unique life story, in the June issue, tells of the dramatic battle he waged almost single-handed before he won over a startled and—at first—suspicious public.



Getting too big for Strained Foods!...
Should he have home-prepared vegetables,
soups, and fruits now?... "Not yet!" doctors say.

It was the doctors who asked Clapp's to make special, coarsely-cut foods for older babies, to use after they outgrow Clapp's Strained Foods.

Older babies, they told us, still need uniform texture. And no two mothers mash foods the same way—or even twice alike. Many a food dislike is caused by one encounter with a lump or a long stem!

Also, few home kitchens can pressure-cook foods to save vitamins. Only the new Clapp's Chopped Foods offer all the advantages that doctors want.

"Clapp's Chopped Foods are wonderful news!" mothers say. If they're better for the baby anyway, why do special marketing and cooking—or make the whole family eat "baby menus"?

The new Chopped Foods are always right—always ready. They have the same food values as Clapp's Strained Foods—they are just more coarsely divided. And babies love the fresh, good flavors—soon learn to feed themselves.

● Ask your doctor when to promote your baby to Clapp's Chopped Foods. Or if your child is at the runabout age, order them today!

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

8 VARIETIES: Vegetable Soup, Liver Soup, Spinach, Carrots, Beets, Green Beans, Apple Sauce, Prunes.

Clapp's Chopped Foods

Made by the makers of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods



Zombie!

(Continued from page 14)



How to be a Good Homemaker and your Husband's Pal, too

DON'T work so hard over your home that you're exhausted when your husband wants to go out! Learn the labor-saving ways of doing things and you will be astonished at the time you save.

Imagine a delicious, nourishing food that all your family will enjoy, that costs only 3 cents a portion, and that you can put on the table, piping hot, in less than ten minutes! That's Franco-American — America's largest selling ready-cooked spaghetti.

Give it to the children for lunch, with milk and fruit. It will keep them going strong all afternoon. Other days for dinner serve Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish, or use it to make left-overs go further. This delicious spaghetti combines wonderfully with other foods, because of its eleven-ingredient sauce with its unforgettable and savory flavor.

Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Get some at your grocer's today! Serve your family delicious meals and have time for your husband, too!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

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



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, Dept. 45 Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

seer and by their guttural, wordless song. All night they would work, until just before the blackness of the east turned to dirty gray, when they would go back to where they had come from, leaving behind them the fruits of their labors. The manager could tell his day-laborers now, when they said they were sick and wanted to lay off for a few days, not to come back at all, and soon all the fields lay silent and deserted under the sun, while the manager sat in his office and quieted his fears—they never left him—with thoughts of the unexpected profit he would make this year.

Until—

A YOUNG boy was being buried in a humble Haitian graveyard in Guaba. He was only thirteen, this Polynice, and he had died the day before, suddenly, without a word. He had been an only son, and his father and mother stood above the grave, straining against the kind hands of their friends as if they wished to follow their child.

In dumb misery, they waited while the earth was replaced over the coffin. "He was always so strong," murmured the mother, sobbing, "and now..."

"Come," said her husband. They followed their friends out of the cemetery.

From a clump of bushes at the edge of the burying-ground, Dr. Du Jean watched them until they were lost to sight in the gathering dusk. Then he gestured to two black giants who were crouching behind him, spades in their hands. The three of them crept silently to the newly-made grave.

"Dig!" ordered the doctor. With a flash of white eyeballs, they obeyed. The earth was loose and crumbly, and in a few minutes there came the hollow sound of a spade hitting the wooden coffin. "Lift it out!"

Soon the coffin was lying on the ground, its lid pried off, revealing the lifeless form of the young Negro within. "Now," murmured the doctor, "I will give this boy life again—even though his soul has already left him."

Beside him, his two aides squatted on the ground, their eyes veiled and aloof, and they began to chant the formless, tuneless song of the workers. It was a song which wavered and fell like a thread of smoke, dying away, melting into the night, returning.

Dr. Du Jean, leaning over the coffin, whispered:

"Papa Legba ouvre barrière nous—
 Papa Legba ouvre barrière nous.
 Tout mystere! Tout mystere!
 Papa Legba ouvre barrière nous."

The corpse's eyelids quivered. Du Jean leaned closer, spoke more softly and yet more intensely. The boy opened his eyes, sat slowly up in the narrow boxlike coffin, staring straight ahead of him, expressionless. Du Jean extended his hand, and the boy took it, standing up and stepping away from the coffin.

The chanting of the two aides had stopped.

A woman's sobbing scream shattered the stillness. And then she

No matter how I scrub and work, dirt in my bathroom seems to lurk



No odors, germs or dirt will stay, if you will clean the CREOLIN way



It's so easy to keep your bathroom invitingly clean "The Creolin Way." Pour Creolin into toilets and drains regularly. Put it in the water when you clean floors, walls, basin and tub. Creolin does three important things: cleans, kills germs, banishes odors. Ten times as effective as carbolic acid, yet safe to use as directed. At all drug stores—and there's nothing "just as good."

FREE Illustrated "Home Hygiene" booklet, giving complete information on household and personal uses of Creolin. Address Merck & Co. Inc., Dept. 55. Rahway, N. J.



GRAY HAIR

At home, without risk, you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

was upon them, her arms outstretched toward the immobile brown figure of Polynice. She flung herself against Du Jean's suddenly out-thrust arm, quivering and straining.

"Stand back!" ordered Du Jean furiously, and with a vicious sweep of the arm, he threw her backwards.

The boy did not move, did not turn his eyes to the figure of his mother. He might have been carved from wax, so quietly he stood.

As she looked at him, her eyes widened in horror. "What have you done to him?" she screamed.

"He died. You buried him. You would have let him remain under the ground to rot. But I brought him back to life. He is no longer your son—he belongs—" Du Jean's voice sank to a whisper, a mere vibration of sound, terrifying in its thin strength. "He belongs—to me."

She could scream no longer. In a voice that seemed to rasp her throat, she called to her son. "Polynice! It's your mother! Speak to me!"

HE did not hear her. He stood there, still looking past her, at faraway, shadowy distances.

Du Jean turned away from her contemptuously. "Come, children," he said. The two men rose from the ground. Once more their chant filled the air. And now the voice of Polynice joined them. In single file, they followed Du Jean out of the cemetery. Only her eyes could follow them, as she lay there on the damp ground, an irregular, strangled sob bursting from her lips.

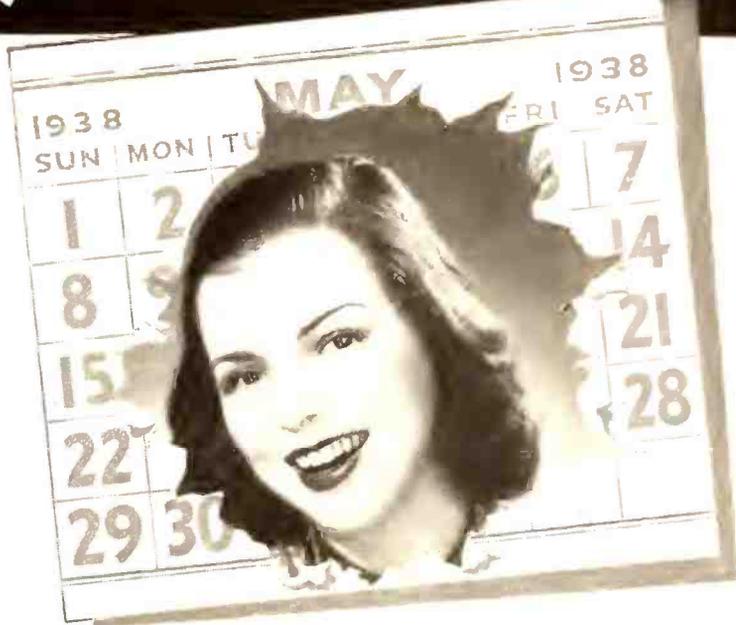
* * *

Juano Robez listened to the woman's hysterical story skeptically. As head of the Guaba post of the Haitian constabulary, and as a college graduate, he held himself above the Voodoo superstitions of his race. On the other hand, there was certainly something peculiar about that Du Jean fellow—always had been. Doctor he might be—but he was something more, as well. Juano's curiosity about him had remained unappeased so far, simply because of the circumstances that made him an unbeliever in Voodooism. The people wouldn't talk, wouldn't confide in a policeman and a college graduate. Here, at last, was his chance to find out about the Du Jean person—and about the vague talk about "zombies" that had been floating around Guaba for the last two months.

"But why did you go back to the grave?" he asked the woman curiously. "It's bad luck to look back upon the grave of a loved one."

"Something told me," she said. "After we had left the cemetery, it

Is this Your Lucky Day?



You'll say "YES" when you find your lucky color among my 10 thrilling new face powder shades! See it bring you new radiance — breathe new life into your skin!

Wouldn't you say this was *Your Lucky Day* if you found a way to win extra compliments — extra attention — extra admiration? A way that can bring out the sparkle in your hair—the dancing light in your eyes?

The prize I'm talking about is the one flattering shade of face powder that can create a new "you" . . . your one and only "lucky" color. For you know as well as I do that the *wrong* powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

Perhaps you're saying — "This doesn't concern me. My powder color seems all right." But are you sure? Are you certain you have found the face powder color that is 100% right for you—the one that is so true that it blends into your skin — so natural that it seems as if the color comes from within? The day you find that color will indeed be a lucky day for you. That's why I'm so anxious to have you try all 10 of my face powder colors. Because I am

sure that your special color is among them.

My gift to you

I've helped many others, and I'll gladly help you, too. If you'll send me your name and address, I'll mail you all ten of the glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder *free and postpaid*.

When my gift arrives — try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours, see what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft and radiant I leave your skin!" See how the color seems so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

RADIO MIRROR SCORES ANOTHER FIRST!

He was nominated as Radio's Forgotten Man for 1937—yet popularity surveys prove that he was also Radio's Greatest New Star for 1937. His name is Edgar Bergen, he created Charlie McCarthy, and his first authorized life story begins in the June issue of Radio Mirror. Don't miss it!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(42)

Lady Esther, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name

Address

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



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color

Yes!

lipstick
parching

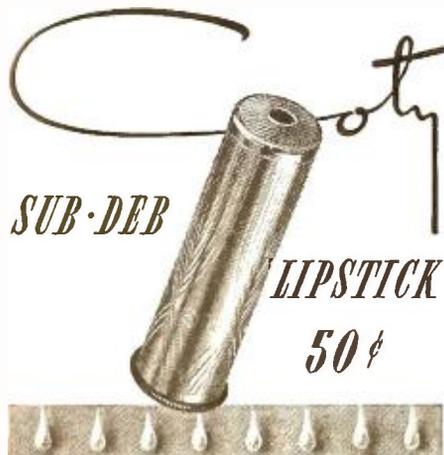
No!



Every girl knows that bright lips tempt. But some girls forget that rough lips repel.

So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color... and its protection from Lipstick Parching.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips... encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢. "Air-Spun" Rouge is new! Blended by air... its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50¢.



Eight precious drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb". That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

was like I heard a voice say, 'Go back, go back!' And I did, to put one more last flower on his grave. When I got there, Dr. Du Jean and two men were standing beside the coffin. And I saw Polynice sit up and—and he didn't recognize me. They have done something terrible to him."

Juano looked at her keenly. She seemed more intelligent than most native women: her eyes, blurred by tears, were still level and alert, her forehead was both high and broad. "Do you believe in zombies?" he asked abruptly.

She stirred uneasily in her chair. "I—I don't know. . . ."

"Well, I don't. But I believe Du Jean has been doing something he shouldn't do. Did he see Polynice any time during the two or three days before Polynice died?"

"I don't—"
"You'd better tell me, if you want me to help you."

"Yes," she said, in a low, frightened tone. "Dr. Du Jean was at our house the night before Polynice died."

"Ah!" said Juano. "All right. I'll see what I can do."

THE next day Juano let it be known around Guaba that he was going to Port-au-Prince on business. He even started out of town in the constabulary's official Ford, driven by Angele, his departmental assistant. But a few miles from Guaba, Angele stopped the car, and Juano got out. "Go on to Port-au-Prince," he instructed Angele, "and return tomorrow. Say that I'm staying for a few days. Remain close to the station-house so I can find you if I need you."

Then he stepped into the bushes at the side of the road. When he emerged, a few moments later, he was no longer the sprucely turned-out representative of the Haitian government. He was as sleepy and ragged a black loafer as any Haitian on the island. On foot, he started back toward Guaba.

Two days later another funeral was held in the San Sebastian cemetery. An unknown man had died, quietly and alone. Angele had found him that morning, lying in the street, an empty bowl beside him.

They buried him at once, with Angele standing by the grave as the official representative of the Haitian government, in the absence of Juano Robez. Dusk had fallen when Angele and the priest turned and left the cemetery.

From the same bushes where he had hidden a few days before, Dr. Du Jean stepped forth, followed by his two mute servants. Once more they threw aside the soft dirt, once more they raised the coffin and pried open the lid. Dr. Du Jean leaned over the body, softly beginning to chant:

"Papa Legba Ouvre barrière nous." The eyelids fluttered open. The dead man slowly sat up, staring stupidly before him. Du Jean took him by the arm, raised him and helped him from the coffin.

"Raise your hands!" said a sharp voice behind Du Jean.

The doctor whirled to find Angele eyeing him over the muzzle of a revolver. Simultaneously, he heard the voice of the corpse he had just resurrected, speaking at his side: "In the name of the Republic of Haiti, I arrest you for murder."

Frantically, he gabbled some in-



Charles Martin, author of "Zombie," recently left radio to be a writer and director for Universal Pictures.

comprehensible words at his assistants. They stood up, and as if confused, began to advance upon Angele.

Angele stepped forward, quickly raised his gun and fired upwards into the air, once. It was enough. Croaking to themselves, the two black giants fell back.

"Look at me," said the "dead" man. "Don't you recognize me, Dr. Du Jean? I'm Juano Robez, of the Haitian constabulary—not the wanderer you thought I was when you gave me that drugged food last night."

"IT'S a lie!" Du Jean cried. "I give life back to the dead. Is there any crime in that?"

"You mean you give death to the living," Robez said grimly. "I don't know what drug you've been using, Du Jean. But I do know that those zombies of yours aren't dead, and never have been. You've been drugging young men into insensibility and making them work for you. This zombie business is all play-acting, and you know it."

* * *

Two black giants can be seen today in Guaba. Dull-eyed, slow, they move about the town like dumb animals. They understand only gestures, and not many of them. Their brains are eaten away, destroyed, by the drug fed to them by Dr. Du Jean.

And though Du Jean was executed years ago for murder, there are still dark places in Haiti. There is a dark place that holds those other half-dead creatures created by Du Jean's evil science. In the secret lair to which he led them each morning when their work was done, they must still remain. Some day, perhaps a traveler will break through the jungle, into some deep cavern under the interlacing boughs, and find their bones there—dead, really dead, at last.

King Lehr

(Continued from page 16)

past master. He still looked like a rotund pixie with blue eyes and a few freckles and a puckering way of talking.

Staying up all night is part of his week's work. Every Monday and Wednesday is make-up night in the Movietone studios, which means that the entire force works from nine at night until the next morning, cutting film, writing commentaries, and recording the commentaries so the sound-track fits the action on the screen. Lew, Lowell Thomas, and Ed Thorgersen, the reel's sports announcer, consider it a short night if they leave by five-thirty in the morning, and as a rule the job isn't finished until eight or nine. Then they all go home, snatch a few hours' sleep, and Lew and Ed, who are more closely connected with the editing of newsreels and short subjects than Thomas, return around one or two o'clock in the afternoon to work for the rest of the day.

SINCE the Bernie show began, Lew has doubled the nervous strain under which he lives. By some nasty trick of fate, his first radio show turned out to be one with a dress-rehearsal, before an audience, on Monday night, and a broadcast on Wednesday night—the exact nights he is busiest at the newsreel plant. The famous one-armed paper-hanger with the hives is bored, in comparison with Lew on those evenings, and taxi-drivers clean up on his frenzied dashes from plant to studio and back again. Instead of

collapsing, in a quiet way, as most radio comedians feel they are entitled to do once their weekly show has been sent out on the air, Lew is forced to regard his broadcast as nothing more than a prelude, an appetizer to the full meal of work that follows it.

AS far as I can see, Lew thrives on it all. He really likes work. It isn't just that doing a comedy act before a microphone and an audience of people is a novelty for him, either. Of course, the microphone is something new, but the audience certainly isn't, because before he became a Fox executive, he was a vaudeville star for a good twenty years.

A stage-struck member of a family which was second-generation German on both sides, he was born and grew up in Philadelphia, giving amateur shows in the basement and spending every nickel he could get his hands on at the box-offices of Philadelphia theaters. He made a little money, on the side, doing a cartoon act at concerts and smokers.

One of his favorite vaudeville acts was J. C. Mack's playlet, "Mother Goose," which featured an immense shoe on the stage (the residence, you remember, of the old woman who lived in a shoe) and a cast of all the famous Mother Goose characters. When Lew was about seventeen—he had just entered Bucknell College, because he liked to play football—he heard through the little blonde girl who had invariably been his leading

lady in the amateur theatricals that Mack's Simple Simon had left the show. And that was the last of Lew Lehr, undergraduate, and the beginning of Lew Lehr, vaudevillian.

He stayed with Mack, playing practically every character in the whole Mother Goose cast, until he joined the Army for the World War in 1917. Twenty-two months of service in France followed, and in 1920, having returned and got a new start in vaudeville, he married that same little blonde leading-lady of the childhood amateur theatricals.

They formed the team of Lehr & Belle, and set out to make their living on the stage. In a way, it wasn't so easy. Lew has never been precisely handsome, and his act consisted of comedy, on the heavy and rowdy side. Belle, on the other hand, was small, dainty, and modelled along the lines of a Dresden-china doll. Managers didn't think these two opposites fitted very well in the same act, and at first Lew and Belle had to be satisfied with small and unimportant bookings. Gradually, however, they worked up, and finally reached vaudeville aristocracy—the next-to-closing spot on the Orpheum circuit.

THEN vaudeville hit the skids. "I think," Lew told Belle, "we'll go to New York and I'll be a writer."

The astounding thing is that he did. For two years he wrote material for other vaudeville and revue stars—Texas Guinan, Beatrice Lillie, Bert

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Lahr, Trixie Friganza. He and Dave Stamper, his associate, charged high prices, and they only quit because show business got so much worse that after the stars had paid their writers there wasn't anything left for them.

An enterprise with Frank Kirby, the original cameraman for the Edison moving picture company, led him to the Fox Movietone people. Kirby had thousands of feet of the old Edison masterpieces, the hilarious dramas of the movies' infancy, and he and Lew put them to sound, with commentaries by Lew. They sold a couple of these "Tintypes" to Fox, which then hired Lew to be an editor, writer and commentator.

Lew's present fame as a dialect comedian started about three years ago, when Truman Talley, editor-in-chief of Movietone News, decided that the reel, like a newspaper, should have its comic strip in each issue, and told Lew to try the experiment. The first "Newsettes" as they are called, weren't done in dialect. It's peculiar, but in all his stage experience, Lew had never done a great deal of dialect work. He'd always been able to massacre the English language at will, but he'd used the ability only in telling funny stories to his friends.

One day, faced with a strip of film that had been taken in Germany, Lew thought it would be a good idea to read the commentary in German dialect. The result was so howlingly successful that he's never read a "Newsette" commentary in straight English since.

HE takes this dialect business seriously. German is the "Sweet" kind, for pictures of children and animals. Then he has a tougher variety, with a Bronx twang, for sporting events, beauty contests, and so on. He has three English accents—aristocratic, medium, and Cockney—for use on British subjects. For French subjects he uses a horrible concoction that is half-French, half-Jewish—because, he says, a French dialect isn't funny. The distinctive Lehr lisp is in all his dialects for the same reason—to make them funnier.

Talking through his comedian's hat, Lew admits that his humor is tailor-made and cut to fit. When he started doing humorous commentaries on films, he used to accompany the completed reels around town to watch audience reaction in the different theaters where they were shown. He soon discovered that his old vaudeville trick of waiting for the laugh didn't work. Some audiences would laugh at what he considered a funny line, some wouldn't. So he studied the different things which brought laughter in different crowds, and decided that he'd find a way to make everybody laugh.

That's what he does now, using a method that accounts for his almost

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universal popularity. He gets an example of every kind of humor he knows into each "Newsette." An audience in a comparatively poor and uneducated section will guffaw at what Lew calls a "sight laugh"—a crack calling attention to something ludicrous in the picture itself. And an audience in swanky uptown Manhattan, sprinkled with Park Avenue names, will titter politely at the more sophisticated comment with which Lew follows the sight laugh. But they all laugh. And the guffaw over the sight laugh doesn't drown out the titter over the sophisticated comment, even though one follows on the heels of the other, because the different kinds of humor are carefully spaced through the reel so they don't interfere.

WEARING his editor's hat, Lew takes his greatest delight in editing his newsreel so it is better than his competitors'. He often gets shots which are practically duplicates of those sent to the other four great newsreel companies, and his job is to edit these and write commentaries on them which will make his clip the best. Lew likes to tell the story of the time he edited a clip showing a wrestling match between a man and a bear. He knew the shot had been duplicated to his competitors, and as he watched it unreel on the screen he looked for a hidden key which would release it from the stock-shot category and make it really memorable.

He noticed that when the bear's trainer blew the whistle for the end of the round, the bear didn't wait for the actual sound to stop fighting. Each

time, he caught his trainer's movement, out of the corner of his eye, and started ambling into his corner a split-second before the whistle came. This gave Lew a comedian's delight, a running gag. He wrote a commentary which had him shouting at the bear, just before the whistle blew, "Hey! Wait a minute! It ain't time yet!"—and every time he shouted this phrase, the whole thing became funnier to the audience. Simple enough, but it shows what Lew means by "editing."

In addition to his newsreel work, Lew has complete charge of Fox short subjects—travelogues like the "Movietone Magic Carpet" and series like "The Adventures of a Newsreel Cameraman." He assigns cameramen to subjects for these shorts, edits them, writes the commentaries for them, and finally reads the commentaries himself for their sound tracks. Next time you see one of these shorts, it's quite likely that the cultured, perfectly intelligible voice you hear with it will be that of old Dribblepuss himself.

THE rapid-fire tempo of his life has had only one bad effect. He has grown so used to getting along on between four and six hours of sleep a night that now when he does see a chance for a full night of rest ahead of him he can't use it. He can't get to sleep, or else he wakes up too soon. He smokes rather too much, but two years ago he went on the wagon entirely, and he's sure that abstinence from liquor makes it possible for him to carry on and still feel good—that and the fact that whenever he can he exercises out of doors, even giving

up time which might be spent in sleeping to do so.

He lives outside of New York, on Long Island, with his wife (who is still ridiculously fragile and beautiful beside his 210-pound bulk) and his daughter, Gloria Anne, who is fifteen years old (and, her father predicts will murder him when she discovers that he has revealed her insignificant age to a reporter.)

THAT carefully waxed moustache of his is a memento of the day he joined the army. He and eleven of his fellow-soldiers agreed to raise moustaches, and whoever shaved his off would have to buy champagne for the rest. Lew has collected eleven champagne parties on the strength of that bet. His conscience bothers him a little, and he'd just as soon shave his off and be the host at the twelfth party, but he can't because the moustache is one of his trademarks. Movie audiences who saw him without it would feel cheated, he's afraid. The same situation applies to his teeth, which are large, uneven, spaced too far apart, and getting no better fast. He doesn't think it would be good business to have anything done to pretty them up.

You've probably been mispronouncing his name all this time, although he's given up correcting people when they call him "Mr. Lare." It's really "Lear," like Shakespeare's King. It must make Lew laugh, every time he finishes one of his goofy "Newsettes" or rattles off a section of torn and bleeding English on the Bernie show, to think of the German meaning for the word "lehr."

It means "teach."



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Do Mothers Really Know Best?

(Continued from page 27)

ing it by having the wisdom to throw aside all thought of the ways of guidance, advice or supervision which usually bring misunderstanding in their train. Not for her to know all their thoughts, not for her to share all their hopes and plans. Not for her to tell them whom to meet or where to go, when to come home or when to go out.

Fannie knows a better way—a better way that she is willing to show to you, and to every mother and every child who has wondered that there should be so much strife and argument in family life.

Frances and Bill, to her, are two people she admires and loves very much. But they are people in their own right—not extensions of Fannie Brice.

Personally, I think they prove that she is just about the wisest mother I've ever known.

Bill is sixteen, and Frances is eighteen, and they are as different as night and noon. Frances looks like her mother. It is fascinating. Even the difference in their ages doesn't seem to separate their look-alikeness. You know that at eighteen, one's face is fresher; but Fannie's complexion has a startling clearness and youth. At eighteen, a figure is more slender, more lithe; but Fannie's is something special. At eighteen, one's mind is less set and more receptive, and one's spirit more eager; but Fannie . . . well, Fannie is something akin to a racehorse—eager, spirited, progressive and vital.

YET Frances, though she is a replica of Fannie, is not like her. Frances is demure, not mischievous. She is somewhat shy, not vivacious. She has no ambition for the stage, and no particular talent for it. She puts importance upon items that Fannie never concerned herself with. They are very different, these two, despite their great physical resemblance.

At thirteen, Frances was in a private school. The best school. She went to the swankiest summer camps. She had a governess until she was ten. She lived in a luxurious home with plenty of servants. Her whole life has been surrounded with good taste and the social graces. She owned her own horses, and won a ton of medals for expert horsemanship at Madison Square Garden. She is quiet and refined. She likes society better than the theater. She speaks German well and French fluently. She is not ambitious. And yet she is normal and happy.

Look at Fannie's background. A madcap, all her life. A bundle girl in a department store at eleven, a cut-up in a neighborhood amateur show at thirteen. A permanent exile from school at about the same age because she was inattentive, mischievous, unscholarly and a few other things. She never owned any horses, and didn't want to. She speaks German and French dialects well, and their mother languages not at all. She's as ambitious as all get-out. And yet she is normal and happy too.

Now, what would happen if this

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mother tried to run her daughter's life? You have the answer yourself: quarrels, tears, misunderstandings, eventual tragedy and heartbreak. The gap between their backgrounds, their sense of values, their fundamental beliefs, is too great. But it isn't so great that—given tolerance—they can't love and respect each other.

So Fannie never interferes in her daughter's life.

WHAT would be the use, anyway?" she says. "All of us, unless we are cowards, want to live our own lives, and I don't want to insult my children by thinking they are cowards. I don't like interference myself. And besides, I don't think you can gain anything from life if you live it with another person's wisdom. No mother has a right to demand human sacrifice, and that's what getting into the 'driver's seat' amounts to."

Next, let's consider Bill, Fannie's sixteen-year-old son. He's six feet three and handsome. Fannie's kids are equally sacred to her, but Bill intrigues her. That boy is unusual, and anything unusual intrigues Fannie. When she talks to him, she often forgets he's her son, and thinks of him instead as a young man she likes to listen to. He has a rare viewpoint on adult subjects for one so young.

And yet you cannot say he takes after his mother. He has an extraordinary collection of operatic records that costs Fannie a pretty penny. He is a good artist, has studied under the best teachers, and has turned out some very fair canvases. Fannie owns some important paintings which Bill had to pass on before she would purchase them. This was not mis-

placed sentiment on Fannie's part. Bill knows. Bill has unusual ability. And Bill is romantic! Ah, how that warms Fannie's heart!

Yes, it warms her heart, and she'd give anything to feel that she had the right to talk things over with him sometimes—but she never does, unless he makes the first move. Here's an incident that shows you how things stand between Bill and his mother.

"Just last week," Fannie laughed as she told me, "he shut himself up in his room and played all his saddest records . . . the dreary, minor-tone ones. He'd just come from seeing his girl—I never know which one; it's somebody new each week. And are they all fashionable!"

"But he wouldn't say a word to me. Then the telephone rang. Bill nearly broke his neck getting to it! When he came back—" Fannie winked—"he was simply glowing. 'Aha!' I said to him, 'aha!' And then I left. He was all right!"

THAT'S a slight incident—one that might easily happen in any one of thousands of American homes. With this important and significant difference: Fannie didn't even know the girl concerned, didn't know whether or not she would like her if she met her. And didn't intend to try to find out!

But how, then, you may wonder, is Fannie Brice re-living her life in her children, if she follows so strict a policy of non-interference? If she refuses to inquire into their thoughts and emotions? Isn't she deliberately cutting herself off from them instead of bringing them closer to her?

The answer is that Fannie has moulded the characters of Frances and Bill much more surely and more subtly than she could ever have done by fencing them in with her love. She has deliberately neglected the little things, but the big things have been done surely and well.

Let me explain—but first you should know something about Fannie's own childhood, because the explanation lies in Fannie herself.

TAKE Fannie at the age of eleven. She is not too poor, for her rich aunt has set her father and mother up in business and there is a maid at home. Fannie is a devil-on-wheels—unpredictable, mischievous, often irritating; but thoroughly lovable just the same.

Christmas vacation comes along and Fannie wants to do something about it. So she goes down to a large department store and gets a job, at two-fifty a week, as a bundle girl. Right now, we have the start of her theatrical instincts, the beginning of the urge to make believe. For the benefit of the other girls in the store, she dramatized herself. Poor Fannie! It would have broken your heart to hear her pitiful story of dire poverty, fourteen sisters and brothers, an invalid father, and a work-worn, broken mother. No food to eat . . . one room to house them all. Fannie had to make good! Fannie was the only bread-winner! She turned her head away, but not so far the girls couldn't see her tears.

The next day she was deluged with bundles of old clothes and slightly mouldy bread. These girls didn't have much, but they'd gladly share

What a moment to lose S.A.

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it with this brave little creature whose lot in life was so tragic.

Fannie said thanks and threw the stuff into her locker. She'd carried the joke too far, and somehow, somehow, it had to be remedied. And Fannie took the hardest way of all to remedy it. The next morning, before she appeared at the store, she dressed herself in her Sunday best. She put on her tiny pearl screw ear-rings, and her infinitesimal diamond ring, her lace ruffled petticoat and her white cloth-top shoes and silk socks.

Then she showed up at the store—and the trouble began. The girls were so outraged at her duplicity that they told the manager. He telephoned her mother. And her mother, who didn't know Fannie had been working, came and got her.

You see, Fannie had to punish herself for what she had done; not only that, but she had to give those generous girls something in return for their mistaken kindness to her. She had to give them what they would want most—their revenge.

HER code demanded that she do this. Her code—or you might call it her character.

And character is what she has passed on to her children. She has ignored petty prohibitions and concentrated on showing her son and her daughter the kind of person she wants them to be—simply by being that kind of person herself.

Fannie never met the problems that face her children every day—her problems when she was their age were quite different. But the same truths that helped her are helping them. Fannie's scale of values, her understanding of the fundamental principles of life, don't change with the years; and a young woman who has graduated from the finest finishing school can apply them just as effectively as one who left school when she was thirteen. It's that sense of values—that code, character, call it what you will—that Fannie has given her children. Whatever it is, it has served effectively to bridge the gap between the generations.

"The only thing I ever wanted to accomplish with my children," Fannie told me, "was a sense of comradeship. I wanted to be their pal, and not have them love me because one had to love a mother." We remembered the other night when one of Frances' boy friends came to call. They had an eight o'clock date, but it was ten-thirty before they got out of the house. Why? Because of that palship. Because Fannie's writer brought over some new Baby Snooks material and Frances had to hear it.

Naturally, many a time Fannie is dying to give Frances some advice on boy friends—but she never does it except in a roundabout and thoroughly wise fashion. Fannie would resent it herself if anybody interfered in her personal affairs. So she uses different tactics. She always says she likes the boy friend. She always thinks he's very nice. "But Frances, you surprise me a little. You've always set such different standards for yourself that I can't see how this young man measures up to them." That's all, but shortly afterward, Fannie notices that Frances isn't seeing him any more. She pretends not to notice—because perhaps it's just as well for Frances not to know that her mother is wise as well as lovable.



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Sallow complexions and pimply skins are often not a matter for cosmetics. For most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

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I enclose 10¢ (Canada 15¢) for "Hide-It." [] Cream [] Stick. Check shade: [] Light [] Medium [] Brunette [] Sun Tan.
Name _____ Town _____
Address _____ State _____

Cry Before Night

(Continued from page 34)

room by one o'clock. She didn't even wait to change, after the show, but tore off to meet Bob in the costume she wore in the finale of "Calling All Stars."

"What do you want to do?" Bob asked.

Martha, thinking of the wickedest place she'd heard of, had a ready answer.

"The 'Club Ubangi,' in Harlem."

The Club Ubangi it was. Bob and Martha arrived at the club at midnight, consumed a huge chicken dinner, grabbed a cab, and Martha was home at the stroke of one, blissfully oblivious that wicked Club Ubangi doesn't even shake the sleep out of its eyes until well after two o'clock.

Martha saw late goings-on at many night clubs after that night, for in the next two years she was to build a reputation as one of the best of the night club entertainers. Her first club engagement was at the Casino de Paree where she ran into a great streak of beginners' luck. Master of ceremonies at the club was Jimmy Durante, who had also been with her in "Calling All Stars." No one in show business can sway a night club audience more easily than "the schnozz," and Jimmy—possessor of the original heart of gold—tried to teach Martha everything he knew during the brief weeks that they appeared together. Jimmy, a top flight star, was earning \$3,000 weekly for his stint. Newcomer Martha was lucky to get \$200. But Jimmy blandly let her walk off every night with the top laughs of the show.

It was back to the four-a-day after the Casino engagement and Martha headed Westward once more, this time—though she had no forewarning—for good.

Martha was tired of four-a-day, of sleeping in hotel rooms and eating hotel meals, of living out of the top tray of a wardrobe trunk.

When she wound up an engagement at the Los Angeles Orpheum theater and was offered a booking at the Hollywood Century club, she jumped at the chance. She didn't expect her stopover to prove permanent. She hadn't given a thought to motion pictures. She just wanted to stay out for awhile.

The engagement started like every other one. She turned up at the club nightly at eleven o'clock, went on to sing "Dinah," "Underneath the Harvest Moon," then—for a laugh—"Minnie the Moocher." Finally there was the comedy routine with the M.C., and:

"Who do you think you are? Anyhow?"

Happy endings are every day stuff in Hollywood. Norman Taurog dropped in at the Century for a night cap one night, had a good laugh over Martha's routine, and the next day Martha found herself in pictures.

The rest of the story has unfolded in the headlines of the daily papers.

The "oh, boy!" girl was in the big news in Hollywood all last year. She clicked in films. She clicked on the air. She fell in love. She married. She made a sensational personal appearance tour. She divorced. She went back to work, stung for awhile by a sense of personal tragedy which found voice in a denunciation of her

Women
on the go.

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The make-up improvement that has proved a sensation



Try Luxor Powder. It's light-proof. Your face won't shine. Try it! We will send you a box for a DIME.

• At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that play havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Seeing is believing

With light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over shine.

We will send you a box of Luxor for ten cents. Or you can buy a large box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't please.

Test it in all lights, under all conditions. See how it improves your appearance. See the lovely softness and absence of shine. See how such powder subdues those high lights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

A large box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores . . . Or mail coupon below enclosing a silver dime.



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Chicago

Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

- Flesh Rachel Rose Rachel
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career: "I wish it had never happened."

But of late Martha's "Oh, Boys!" are ringing out genuinely again.

She has found life fuller, as a result of her recent emotional experience. She is a woman now, not just a girl who can sing and clown.

She has known for the first time what it means to be unhappy, but, paradoxically, her unhappiness pointed the way to a new happiness—in work, in friends, in living—which she had never approached before.

There is only one ending for this review of Martha's life so far:

Martha Raye has just begun to live!
THE END

Make Your Hobby Pay

(Continued from page 37)

commercializing it. I took it up because I wanted to save myself from the depths of depression and sadness into which the death of my little boy plunged me a year ago. I'd been almost out of my mind from shock. For three weeks I was unable to sleep, to eat, to find any rest whatever.

Then, one night, I took hold of myself and tried to think calmly. "What do people do when their whole world is turned upside down?" I asked myself. "What can they do to occupy their minds?"

At last the answer came—they find hobbies. And then I realized that without exactly knowing it, I had really had a hobby for some time. For years I'd been interested in hearing about the hobbies of other people, and I'd even started a file of them, for my own amusement. But now I really gave myself to this hobby, let it occupy my thoughts, determined to let it drive all the sadness out of my heart. And it did just what I hoped it would do. It gave me a completely new outlook on life and made it worth while to go on.

THAT'S the greatest and finest thing a hobby can do for you. The second greatest is what mine did for me—provide you with a living. But I firmly believe that if I had taken up the collection of strange hobbies as a cold-blooded business proposition, I would never have made a success of it. The vital spark of interest and enthusiasm would have been lacking.

So, first of all, pick a hobby that excites you. Next, pick one that is absolutely unique, as far you know. It's pretty hard to commercialize a collection of stamps or old coins—too many people collect them. Try collecting something as peculiar as coal dust or old turkey and chicken wishbones. Then you're getting somewhere.

You see, if you collect something that nobody else in the world ever thought of collecting, you're the world's only and supreme authority on that one subject. If you collect dirt, and somebody wants to know all about dirt, he's going to have to come to you. And a hobby offers the only means by which you can become, in a short time, such an authority. You need a special kind of genius, and many years of training, to be the world's greatest mathematician, or scientist, or violinist, but you can be the highest authority on angle-worms

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So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other

symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

in a year or two.

And you'll be surprised, once you are the only person who knows all about some unique subject, how many people will come to you and want to use your knowledge. You'll also be surprised to find how many ways there are for you, yourself, to use that knowledge profitably.

I SUGGESTED, a while ago, that dried apples were a pretty unlikely-sounding hobby, from a commercial point of view. So they are, but the woman who collects them has found that they make perfect heads, all ~~suave~~ and brown as they are, for clever little Indian dolls, which she dresses and sells for three and four dollars apiece. She has so many orders for those dolls that she can't fill them all. And nothing but dried apples will do for their heads.

Another woman who appeared on my program collects egg shells. Now, what in the world could she do with a thousand or so old egg shells? She could, and does, make a very fine living out of them, for one thing—coloring them, breaking them up into tiny pieces, and gluing the vari-colored pieces to a cardboard background so as to make a picture of flowers or fruit or some other decorative and colorful objects. She also uses them to decorate cigarette and handkerchief boxes. Her hobby is paying, and in no half-hearted way either.

You throw away broken dishes, I suppose, no matter how lovely they were before they got broken. I know a woman who would love to have those broken bits of crockery, because she collects them. And she isn't crazy, either. She collects broken

dishes, and then she fits the pieces together, making new dishes out of differently colored scraps, just as our grandmothers used to make quilts out of odds and ends of brightly colored cloth. These patchwork dishes won't stand very rough handling, naturally, because they're all glued together, but they are beautiful and find a real sale as novelties. Now my dish-collecting friend finds it so hard to get materials that she actually buys broken crockery from factories and eating places.

One of my hobbyists likes to make miniature houses out of cigar boxes. No doubt his friends and relatives used to think he wasted an awful lot of time cutting, and gluing, and painting these bits of wood. He has the last laugh, though. He told about his hobby on my program, and now he has as many orders for miniature houses as he can fill, from architects who want little models of homes they are going to build, instead of the old-fashioned architects' drawings.

A NON-HOBBYIST, would say it's a waste of time to raise and train angleworms. But one of the men who has been on Hobby Lobby doesn't think so. He got disgusted one day when he was out fishing because the worms he had were so weak they fell apart when he tried to put them on the hook, and he decided to raise his own fishing worms. So he sent back home for some of the worms he remembered using when he was a boy, and set to work raising them. Now he packs worms in cans and ships them all over the country to fishermen—the finest, fattest worms any fish ever made a grab at. Not only that, but

he has added to his knowledge of worms. Scientists used to say that worms were deaf, but this man has his trained so they jump out of the ground when he whistles, and back in when he whistles again. He was in the restaurant business, and not doing any too well at it, when he started raising worms, but now he's comfortably well off, entirely through his hobby.

ANOTHER man raises giant goldfish, and is doing right well at it. He began to raise the fish partly as a hobby, partly as a means of self-protection. He grew and sold water-lilies, and his lily ponds proved to be such a fine breeding place for mosquitoes that his neighbors complained. Somewhere or other he heard that goldfish eat tremendous amounts of mosquito larvae, so he planted a few in his lily-ponds. Then he discovered that the more mosquito larvae his fish ate, the bigger they grew, until at last he had the biggest goldfish in the country, just because his ponds had the largest supply of mosquito larvae. And of course, the bigger the fish grew, the more larvae they required.

So now he raises giant goldfish, sells them as a method of keeping other people's lily-ponds free of mosquitoes—and is worrying now because he has to keep on planting new mosquitoes in his lily-ponds to keep the goldfish alive and healthy and gigantic.

Another hobbyist collects bombs—all sorts and kinds of them. He hasn't been blown up yet, and I don't imagine he will be, because he knows too much about the things. He knows so much about them, in fact, that every now and then the United States



Now—with the active "Skin-Vitamin" it NOURISHES Skin, too

A CREAM that is powder base and nourishing cream in one! The new Pond's Vanishing Cream is a revelation to many women.

It is positively not a grease cream . . . It positively does not come out again in a "goo" . . . It holds your powder faithfully . . . And—it contains that blessed "skin-vitamin" which nourishes the skin and improves its texture!

The new Pond's Vanishing Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it is grand as ever for melting away little roughnesses and smoothing your skin for powder. And is *never drying!* Use it for overnight after cleansing and in the daytime under your powder. Now

Pond's Vanishing Cream with "skin-vitamin" is nourishing your skin while it is holding your powder! Its use helps to make skin finer and lovelier, fresher.

Same jars, same labels,
same price . . .

Now every jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Miss Margaret Biddle

"I always did love Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. But now as nourishing cream, it is too perfect for words. Such a light, greaseless cream to use on your face at night!"

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TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 88M-VS, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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Yet Unguentine is positively and effectively antiseptic. Rub it into the skin to relieve the itching and burning of eczema; spread it thickly on a bandage for burns and injuries. The standard tube is only 50¢; the economical family size jar, \$1.00.



Just put on some **Unguentine** 

government asks for his expert opinion on them.

You all used to laugh at those crazy Rube Goldberg inventions, didn't you? One man I know not only laughed at them, he decided to go Rube one better. His hobby is actually making crazy inventions—things like his hydraulic cigarette lighter, which takes up half of a good-sized room, and his automatic doughnut-dunker, to name just a couple of the fantastic things he has thought up. Frivolous? Yes, but his crazy inventions are interesting enough to make movie producers hire him to demonstrate them in one-reel films.

SO you see that even a hobby that seems on the surface to be completely useless often has possibilities that you find only after you've taken it up and become intensely interested in it. Collect the most common articles in the world if you like—old bottle-tops, bits of soap, paper clips—and you'll find that you're like the woman who hoarded turkey and chicken wishbones for years. At last she had forty thousand of them—so many that she set to work experimenting, trying to find some way of making them useful. After wasting a few wishbones, she discovered a process which would take away their brittleness and make them resilient and pliable. Then she gilded them or painted little designs on them, tied ribbons on them, sewed them to decorated cards, and now sells them as novelty greeting cards at a dollar apiece. She sold all forty thousand, and now she's collecting a new batch of bones.

That story I mentioned a while ago, about how Abraham Lincoln's hobby started him on the road to the White House, has a lesson for everybody who is inclined to look on hobbies as a waste of time. Lincoln read law books, when he was a boy and a young man, simply because he was fascinated by them. He loved to sit poring over a heavy volume of statutes—a book that you or I couldn't even understand, let alone enjoy.

He didn't intend to be a lawyer, either—he just read them because he liked to. Time went on, and Lincoln learned more and more law from riding his hobby, until at last somebody suggested to him that he ought to put all that knowledge to account by getting himself admitted to the bar. Biographers don't know for certain whether or not the idea had ever occurred to him before then, but one thing is certain—if law hadn't been his hobby, he'd never have become a lawyer; and if he hadn't become a lawyer he'd probably never have been President of the United States.

Yes indeed—you can make your hobby pay!

Answers to Spelling Bee

1. Pyrites. 2. Jaguar. 3. Fisticuff. 4. Corporeally. 5. Newel. 6. Trestle. 7. Chalcedony. 8. Peregrination. 9. Unguents. 10. Opprobrium. 11. Fanfare. 12. Skitish. 13. Boutonniere. 14. Ocular. 15. Stertorous. 16. Solder. 17. Corral. 18. Harridan. 19. Iniquitous. 20. Cachinnation. 21. Chieftaincy. 22. Gasify. 23. Maharani. 24. Exodontia. 25. Antepaschal.

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 Dr. Frederic Damrau, eminent physician of New York City, recently lowered the blood pressure in 22 out of 26 cases with ALLIMIN Essence of Garlic-Parsley Tablets. Not only did the blood pressure come down and stay down with the use of ALLIMIN, but dizziness and headaches were completely relieved in almost every case. To get the sesame tablets used by Dr. Damrau, ask your druggist for ALLIMIN Essence of Garlic-Parsley Tablets and take no substitutes or imitations. For FREE sample and valuable booklet by doctor, address, Van Patten Co., 54 W. Illinois, Chicago.

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If you think all laxatives act alike... just try the ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets)... so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating. Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation. **Without Risk** get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week; if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it — NR Tonight — Tomorrow Alright. 

How to Be Happy

(Continued from page 33)

doesn't feel that the chair he's making, or the ship he's steering, is his chair, or his ship, has missed one of the two or three greatest thrills in life. I love Eddie Guest's line, "There's no trick to growing old; anybody can do it who has time enough." The author of Treasure Island, Robert Louis Stevenson, who said, "Make us happy and you make us good," said, also, "I know what happiness is, for I have done good work."

THERE are dirty jobs, of course; dull jobs, devastating jobs. Even in those, it may be possible to find something. I'm not sure of that. But I am sure that 90% of all work is loaded with happiness, if you look for it. One of the friends I understand best was a day-laborer on Long Island. In the 33 years I knew him, he became a kind of field-boss. One day, he told his boss, "I'm 65 years old, and I think I'll quit." "Why, John," the owner said, "I thought you were the kind of man who dies with his boots on."

John looked ashamed of himself, and kept the job. A year later, he had a stroke, and was taken to a hospital where his life terminated three weeks afterward. Nearly a month after that, John's son told the owner of the business, "Of course, father went cuckoo at the end."

"Nonsense!" the boss exclaimed. "He was as sane as you are."

"You don't know," the boy answered. "Ten minutes before he passed away, the old man put his

finger on the bell and kept it there 'till the nurse came. Then he yelled, 'Quick, nurse, I want my boots on!' She put 'em on, and he died that way."

The Happiness of Peace

LAST April, I was in Shanghai, and our guide was a charming young Chinese, the proud father of twins. Those were his universe. Almost every day, he showed us their pictures, and one morning, too worried to be useful, he left us and went home because one of the little girls had a sore throat. We visited his house—a dear, tiny place, with a garden, in the suburb called Chapei. There is no such town now; it was bombed and completely destroyed a few weeks after we stood there in the sunshine.

There is scarcely a chance that my nice young Chinaman is alive to worry again about his little girl's sore throat, or, indeed, that either of the little girls will ever have a sore throat again. Multiply this sad little story by thousands, or hundreds of thousands, or millions, and that is War. Somehow, it's more easily understood that way. Ten millions killed between 1914 and 1918—the human mind doesn't grasp that. But think of my little Chinese, or of some old Japanese couple whose son won't ever come home again; or of some Spanish farmer who wanted only to till his soil and be let alone—think of them and, sitting in your quiet room today, with full hearts thank your

God for the Happiness of Peace.

PEACE on earth—but the earth rocks with the tread of nine million armed men. Ring out, glad bells—ring out to drown out that tread of feet, that booming of great guns, that clangor of steel forged to end comfort and security and love! Thank God for Peace, but pray God, too, for those who have lost peace! How long, O Lord? To the end of history, as Shaw says, shall murder breed murder, until the gods are tired of blood, and create a race that can understand? NO, because we are only at the beginning of history! NO, because *already* the race understands! There are not ten thousand men who *want* War.

Meanwhile, our land still lies in the sun. Tonight, you shall walk under the quiet stars without dread that, from beneath them, shall descend crashing ruin and sudden death. Tomorrow, you shall move among friendly faces, knowing that home awaits, and upturned lips that will be upturned only for your goodnight kiss. There will be laughter in your house, and children at play, and warmth and comfort and plenty. The tired little eyes closing in sleep will meet yours again with daylight, and the hand that clasps yours over the coverlid will be there for your hand tomorrow, and countless tomorrows.

And that is the Happiness of Peace; thank God, and pray God for the world that He may guide our feet into the way of peace!

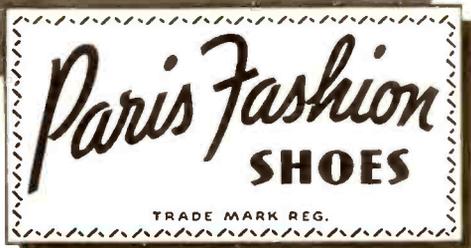


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Write Dept. A-3 for style booklet
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WOHL SHOE COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

\$3 TO \$4



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
as advertised
therein

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 31)

when he tossed that party for his Schnickelfritz Band. Rudy mixed many a drink, then hopped over the bar and mixed with the crowd. Any idea that such a celebrity was aloof from the common folk was dispelled by the evening—and Rudy gets a bigger popularity rating than ever.

Sitting across from Jeanette MacDonald is paradise on any occasion. She's a grand, charming person. We were talking about various things—and she asked for my hat to show me the story of the two inebriates. It seems that one sent the other into the bar for beer, told the bartender to put it in his hat and since there was some left over, he turned the hat over (spilling the beer) and had the tender put the rest of the hop-fluid in the top. Placing the benny on his head he returned to the other drunk who asked him where the beer was. Taking off his hat, he turned it upside down and said "There it is." Not funny on paper? But you should have seen Miss MacDonald, who neither drinks nor smokes, wearing that man's hat and being very spifflicated. She's a comedienne—and make no mistake about it.

Of course you knew that Wendy Barrie's real name was Marguerite Jenkins. She had it legally changed—and so did her mother, who now signs her checks, "Mrs. Nell Barrie."

Gracie Allen just added an entire wall of mirrors to her bedroom, and is now building a playroom at the Beverly Hills mansion. Sandra and Ronnie, the good-looking children, will soon have another place to play.

THE SON HE HELD

Phil Baker tells an interesting yarn about Grace Hayes and her son. She used to sing at cafes and night spots a number of years ago and when Phil was doing his stuff in Los Angeles one time, Grace came to rehearsal with her baby in her arms. While she was going through her act, Phil kept the baby from squalling. About a week ago, that same baby appeared on Phil's gasoline show. But Phil didn't hold him in his arms. The lad now tips the Fairbanks at 175, stands just under six feet—and is on his way to being a pretty good actor. His mother? She's still doing all right as a singer of popular ditties. . . . and she's nearly as good today as when she made such a hit with that tune, "They Wouldn't Believe Me"—remember it?

OPEN LETTER TO EDDIE CANTOR

Eddie, you're getting a most unhappy reputation among the newspaper boys and girls. I know you like a good scrap but you're carrying it a bit too far when you take yourself too seriously. Recently in the Brown Derby you called a newsman to task for printing "erroneous and untrue" stories about you. The newspaper lad told you he wanted to print only the truth but that you wouldn't give it to him. In my experience, if you take these lads into your confidence, they'll play ball with you



JOAN PERRY
Columbia Pictures

NEW!

We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices...and they said "Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls." So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, pictured here in actual size. Curls made on this big cylinder look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming frizzy. And they give the large, full curls so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They're 2 for 10¢ at dime stores and notion counters.



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Giant
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right down the line. They do with plenty of other top-flight radio headliners. But, and here's the snapper, you told this particular man that you were going to replace Jack Oakie's show (which you had denied the day before) with an entirely new cast; that you and you alone of the Texaco show, were going into that spot. Next day you announced that the entire Texaco cast would go with you. The boys don't care for those merry-go-rounds. It was the same thing with your "trip to the east for personal appearances." One day you were going in a week—next day, it was a week later—and so on. The boys like to give you publicity—but they hate to have you try to make dopes out of them.

So, for your own good—how about realizing that the newsmen have their jobs, too, and have to do them? Give them a break—and they'll reciprocate. J. F.

JOBS I DON'T WANT

Ginger Rogers was signed recently to appear on the Jack Oakie show—which by now is history—but she didn't show up. She had a pretty heavy schedule at the studio, making a picture called "Vivacious Lady," so her doctor ordered her to bed to recover from "extreme fatigue." So, at the last minute, another guest star had to be found, rehearsed and spotted into the show.

Who does this work? One such lad is Paul Rickenbacker, the talent buyer for a big agency (J. Walter Thompson). He lines up a show for Lux Radio Theater; the stars and picture players are hired, the show is re-

hearsed and ready to go—and then the studio might call on some of the people for picture work—since the studio's contract calls for prior rights to the players' services. Or one of them gets ill—or the part isn't right—or—you fill in a few excuses. But Paul goes right on every day doing what would turn my hair white—what little there's left of it. It's certainly one job I don't want!

* * *

When Boris Karloff went through the dramatic reading of Edgar Allan Poe's "Telltale Heart," the lights on the stage were dimmed and a red glare suffused the entire studio. Radio is striving for theatrical effects in the broadcasting studio itself—but no such effects are wholly possible as long as the actors hold papers in their hands while they work—and while microphones, wires, stands and other paraphernalia stick out like sore thumbs. Oh yes, and one must consider those lads who wander aimlessly about on the stage while the show is in progress. They're producers or something—and they don't help the illusion much.

This business of dimming lights had a kickback on Lux Radio Theater recently. At a touching scene between Olivia de Havilland and C. Aubrey Smith, the lights were dimmed for effect. Dimmed so much the actor couldn't read his lines—and muffed a cue. Dialers might blame the actor—but now you know who was responsible: the bright boy who wanted to mix eye and ear entertainment.

Radio, I've been led to believe, is for the ear and not the eye. What the listener can't hear, he doesn't get.

SHORT SHOTS

Phil Baker continues with his present sponsor for another 52 weeks . . . Walter O'Keefe and his wife narrowly escaped injury when their car smacked into a truck; she was bunged up considerably but not seriously. . . . I like the titles to some of the Raymond Scott Quintet tunes: "Oil Gushers," "Powerhouse," "War Dance of the Wooden Indians," "A Square Dance for an Egyptian Mummy," "Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals," "Twilight in Turkey"—which gives you an idea. . . . They're making recordings of Sterling Holloway's reading of "Ferdinand the Bull." The tow-headed comic did the piece on a recent Vallee airing from Hollywood—and good, too. . . . Al Jolson's batoneer Victor Young is now wearing a beard—and getting the fuzz razed out of (or off of) him.

* * *

Despite the fact that Tommy Riggs and his alter-voice Betty Lou will continue with Rudy Vallee until June 30 at least—the lad hasn't zoomed to the position of popularity Charlie McCarthy holds. This is a disappointment to many but it seems that even in radio, an alter-voice must have a boy.

* * *

One of George Burns' writers is J. P. Medbury—but I've never seen the guy smile. He looks like a sad undertaker—yet contributes much of the gay stuff George and Gracie get off. Once he blushed. It was when Police Chief Davis was presenting him with an honorary detective lieutenant's badge, and J. P. did a left face when

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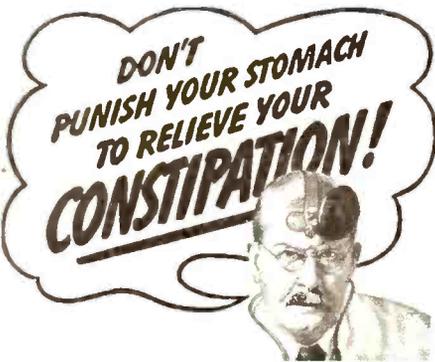
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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDFEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Fratched <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Gray) <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray (Dark) <input type="checkbox"/>
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the command called for a turn on the other foot. But he didn't smile.

* * *

Martha Raye has been scored a number of times for her extravagance but that doesn't stop the hotcha lassie. She just laid plenty of coin on the line for a diamond-and-star-ruby bracelet: a nine-piece orchestra tastefully done in the precious stones, with a diamond and ruby ring to match. Theme song: "That's Where My Money Goes."

* * *

It took three weeks for Paramount to make up its mind to allow Jack Benny to appear with Robert Taylor on the MGM-Maxwell House Coffee show, in an effort to give that show a wider audience. In return, Taylor appeared with Benny on his already sky-high Sunday show.

The publicity lads are having a hard time trying to make the general public accept Taylor as a real he-man and not the too-too-hand-some laddie some of his ill-advised publicity stunts have made him out to be. Matter of fact, he is a very nice guy—and it's too bad he was given a pushing around by the press agents.

RHAPS AND RHAPSODIES

Rhap-rhapsody to Burns and Allen for some very clever routines but, most of the time, for failure to supply their comedy bits with a good tag-line.

Ray Noble's arrangements are better than ever, it's too bad he's leaving us for a return trip to England.

Rhap to the producer for insisting on applause for Dorothy Lamour's song, when the people in the studio can't hear a note she sings. The orchestra drowns out her whispered tones.

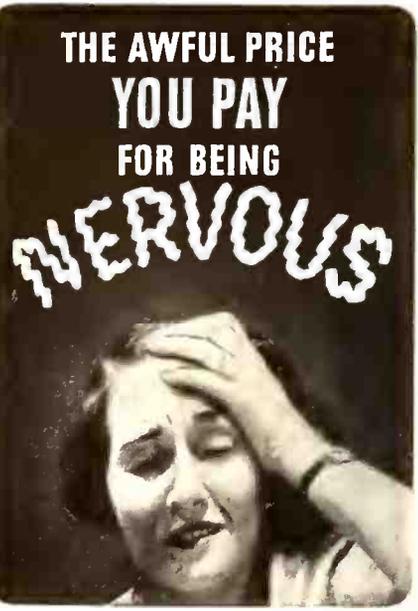
Rhapsody to Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin for writing the Benny script about Santa Anita in five hours, when the already prepared script didn't satisfy all concerned. The substitute show turned out very well.

WHERE DIDJA GET THAT HAT?

I've seen some fancy female skim-mers in my time but the hat Joan Crawford wore on the Lux Radio Theater airing of "Anna Christie" takes the cake. I'm no fashion expert but this is what it looked like to me: A large brimmed affair with a high peaked crown, around which blue cornflowers, red poppies and ferns were doing some sort of a dance of the flowers. The material was a kind of noisy plaid—matching her huge handbag, which at first I took to be a baby wardrobe trunk. It was striking, to say the least. Joan was airing for the first time with Franchot, and did her stuff from a chair set beside the mike. She was too nervous to stand.

* * *

Deanna Durbin is now a Hollywood immortal. She put her foot-prints in the forecourt cement at Grauman's Chinese Theater—along with Mary Pickford, Joan Bennett, Rex the Wonder Horse, and other cinema well-knowns.



QUIVERING nerves can make you old and haggard looking, cranky and hard to live with—can keep you awake nights and rob you of good health, good times and jobs.

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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 40)

We don't like to bring the matter up but FACING THE MUSIC's popularity poll will soon draw to a close and readers who haven't already cast a vote for their favorites had better hurry. Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Eddy Duchin, Sammy Kaye, Tommy Dorsey, and Horace Heidt lead the parade. Use the coupon attached to this column's tail.

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

There's a good chance that Maxine Sullivan, colored swingster, will get her own network series on Mutual before you read this. She is the best blues singer to represent her race since Ethel Waters . . . Will McCune is getting a build-up via CBS . . . Freddy Martin had to leave his band in Miami to fly home after recovering from a serious illness . . . Herbie Kay has gone to Hollywood to see his wife Dorothy Lamour and urge her to sing with his band when they open in the Coconut Grove . . . Aspiring song writers in colleges throughout the country should be on the lookout for Pat Ballard, composer of many song hits. Pat has been commissioned to make a tour of the nation's campuses to find talented tunesmiths . . . Bill Cralsen, who a year ago was just making a name for himself in his native Milwaukee, has developed into a Chicago institution and replaces Paul Pendarvis in the Windy City's Aragon Ballroom . . . Although Benny Goodman got the most publicity, it was Rudy Vallee who made the big-

gest salary in 1937—his earnings were over \$230,000.

Fortunately a lot of people know that one of Carl Hoff's prime characteristics is a pleasant sense of humor because listening to him when he talks to Tizzie Lish on Al Pearce's CBS show would make him out to be a sour-dispositioned, nerve-shattered batoneer with vinegar trickling through his veins.

It wasn't until Carl kiddingly butted into a conversation one day at rehearsal between Pearce and another character that Al discovered Hoff's latent ability to read lines. And now Al is complaining that Hoff, and not he, is the real laugh getter as the fun goes by.

Somehow it seems right that Hoff should conduct a band on an auto-sponsored show. As a youngster the six-foot Californian hired himself out as a grease monkey in an auto repair shop and then, by studying books on gasoline engines, he jumped from one job to become foreman in a repair shop maintained by a Ford agency in Sacramento.

Evidently like history, a success story can repeat itself. An interesting parallel can be drawn between the careers of Shep Fields and Zinn Arthur. Fields went to a Brooklyn high school, organized his own orchestra there and played for local affairs. He attended St. John's Law School, found the intricacies of Black-

stone too involved, and decided to make music his career. His first opportunity came with an engagement at Roseland in New York.

Through the same high school went Zinn. Zinn went to St. John's Law School, organized a dance band on the side. And his first professional band engagement was at—right—Roseland.

Now comes word that hereafter Zinn Arthur's band will permanently feature "Maraccas Swing" as his contribution to the novelty fad.

OFF THE RECORD

SOME LIKE IT SWEET

A LITTLE LOVE; YES. THERE AIN'T NO MOONLIGHT—(Bluebird B-7406)—Freddy Martin's Orchestra. Carmen Lombardo's newest tune gets distinguished treatment by Freddy Martin. The Martin vocalist, Elmer Feldkamp deserves mention for his excellent diction.

MY HEART IS TAKING LESSONS; ON THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE—(Decca, 1648-B)—Bing Crosby. King Bing selects two tunes from his newest picture, "Dr. Rhythm" and injects them with a rare interpretation. Johnny Scott Trotter, former Hal Kemp arranger, aids Crosby with a staccato rhythmic background that lifts you out of your seat and nearly steals the platter from Bing, even if it does bring memories of Johnny's former boss.

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HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT?

Thousands Have Gained 10 to 25 Pounds—With New Ironized Yeast Tablets

IF you're so skinny and scrawny-looking you're almost ashamed to be seen in public, especially in a bathing suit, then here's wonderful news.

Scientists have discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. But when they are properly supplied, the quick gains in weight and strength, and the improvement in natural attractiveness and winning pep, are often astonishing.

Now you get these exact missing elements in the new Ironized Yeast tablets.

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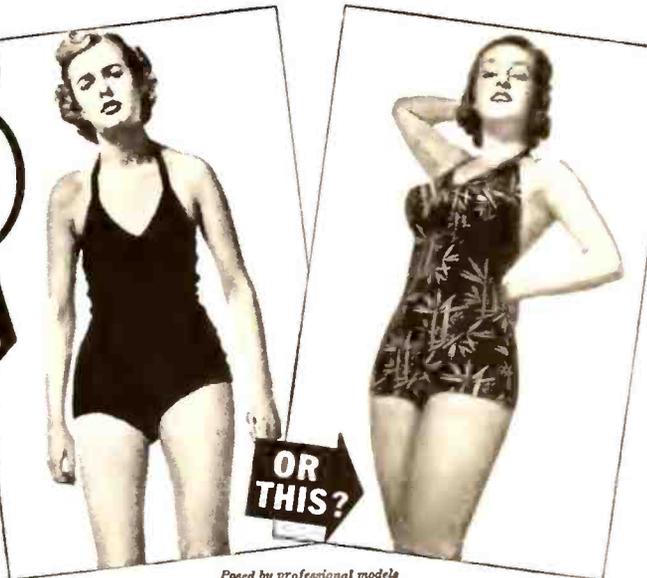
They're made from one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special rich yeast used in making English ale. By a new costly process this yeast is highly concentrated; then combined by a new formula with pasteurized English ale

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WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK; I'M WISHING—(Decca 63198)—*Freddie Rich's Orchestra*. Most inspired of the "Snow White" renditions. Other bands have failed to get the spirit of Disney's cartoon classic.

SOME LIKE IT SWING

BILL; BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON—(Decca 63138)—*Adrian Rollini's Quintet*. A new "jive" treatment of Jerome Kern's immortal "Bill" with vibraphone, trumpet, guitar, bass, and drums makes you forget Helen Morgan. A song called "Bei Mir Bist du Schon" is played on the reverse side. It should be popular.

I FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU EVERY DAY; HOW'D'JA LIKE TO LOVE ME—(Victor 25775-A)—*Larry Clinton's Orchestra*. The creator of "Dipsy Doodle" presents his own swing band getting plenty of lift out of a pair of poems from "College Swing." Vocalist Bea Wain bears watching.

YOU APPEAL TO ME; NEGLECTED—(Bluebird B-7409-A)—*Larry Wynn and The Palmer Brothers*. Rhythmic tricks that swing out on two indistinguishable melodies. The first one is from Sonja Henie's new talkie.

ANNIE LAURIE; MORE THAN EVER—(Victor 25774-B)—*Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra*. Maxine Sullivan started the Scot swing semesters and if anybody's going to finish it, let Tommy Dorsey and his trombone do it. His tribute to Lady John Scott's poem is delectable. Claude Thornhill arranged it. Turn over this platter and you have a discreet Dorsey arrangement of Isham Jones' latest.

CARNEGIE JUMP; CARNEGIE DRAG—(Commodore, 1500-A)—A group of pure swing devotees decided that even the master, Benjamin Goodman, had gone commercial. A purge was needed. They chipped in to make an authentic platter of a jam session, enlisted saxophonist Bud Freeman, pianist Jess Stacey, cornetist Bobby Hackett and clarinetist Pee Wee Russell.

MOON OF MANAKOORA; I HADN'T ANYONE TILL YOU—(Brunswick 8079)—*Ray Noble's Orchestra with Tony Martin*. Too good to be true. A combination that's hard to beat cooperating on the theme song from "Hurricane."

TI-PI-TIN; SHACK IN BACK OF THE HILL—(Brunswick 8078)—*Horace Heidt's Brigadiers*. Ti-Pi-Tin is a new Mexican waltz with enough tricks to make you whistle it after the first time you hear it.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
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Follow the Moon

(Continued from page 39)

would spend the rest of the night on the floor near Jean's bed—but upon returning to her room to fetch her pillow and some more blankets, she shrieked again.

"Look dere!" she quavered, pointing to the bed. The missing blanket was there—or rather, half of it was there. It had been raggedly cut in two with a knife.

"Dere's somebody aroun' dis place dat takes half of things!" she said in awe. "Fust half a pie—den half a ham—and now half a blanket!"

Morning came at last. But Clay, instead of preparing to leave, said at breakfast, "I'm going to stick around here another couple of days to see if I can't find out what's happening."

Jean, feeling braver in the morning light, said coldly, "I don't think it's really necessary."

"WELL, I'm staying, anyway." And he went outside.

At noon he was back, a puzzled frown on his face. "Did you ever see that place about half a mile down the ravine, where all those flowers grow?" he asked Jean.

"Why, yes," she replied. "I remember there used to be some flowers down there when I was a girl. But they're not still there, are they?"

"They are," he said grimly. "They're there, and somebody has been taking care of them. Not only that, but when I started to pick one of them, a knife whizzed past my ear!"

"Clay!" Jean had forgotten all her resentment against him, unable to think of anything except that he had been in danger.

"There's the knife," he said, and held it out to her—a big steel blade with a cracked bone handle. "But when I turned around to look for whoever threw it, there was nobody there."

"You must ride down to Bristow right away and get the sheriff up here with some men, Clay."

"I suppose that is the best thing to do," he agreed thoughtfully. "It'll take a whole posse to beat the mountains and find him, probably. The only thing is—I hate to leave you here alone."

"Oh, I'll be all right," she assured him. "Besides, you'll be back by dark." Now that the shock of his news was past, once more her vexation at him had returned, and a tinge of coldness crept into her voice.

After he had left, as the long afternoon crawled on its way, that vexation grew. Had she grown so hopelessly dependent on Clay that he must be there all the time, protecting her when he really wanted to be elsewhere? In a fit of disgust with herself, she left the cabin and wandered away, down the ravine. Everything was wrapped in a late summer afternoon's peace, a profound sunny silence which was broken only by the sound of her boots on the gravel.

Still defiant, half-determined to prove that she was afraid of nothing and could stand on her own two feet, she went on and on, until at last she reached that strange flower-garden at the foot of a rocky cliff. Mysterious and somehow sinister, it lay there in the midst of live-oak and manzanita, hemmed in by the tall pines on three sides and the cliff on the fourth. Its



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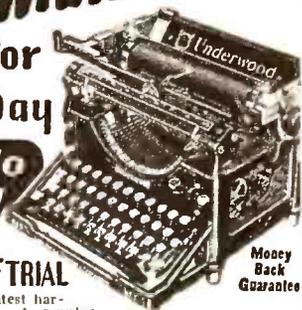
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gay colors seemed to intensify the strangeness of its presence, rather than diminish it. Jean shivered, though the warmth of the sun was striking through her thin blouse, and turned to go.

She shrank back against the bole of a tall tree, choked with fear.

A few feet away from her stood a tall, white-haired man, dressed in rags, staring at her with the fixed intensity of madness.

She felt a split-second of horror—and then, with a cat-like spring, he was upon her, smothering her screams with a rough, skinny hand, lifting her in arms that were like bands of steel, carrying her through scratching thickets of underbrush, down shadowy aisles of trees. . . . Mercifully, her terror was too great for her heart. She lost consciousness.

SHE woke to darkness. Her head ached frightfully, and rough cloth twisted into a rope cut into her wrists and ankles. As her eyes grew used to the dim light, she saw that she was in a cave, lying upon a floor of sand. She moved, to ease her aching arms, and at that a clump of darker shadow near the entrance moved.

"Lie still, lady," said a rasping voice. "Mustn't wake up my father. He'll be thirsty. He's always thirsty."

"Who are you?" Jean gasped.

"Where am I?"
"I'm David," said her captor, "and you're in my house. You were going to hurt my garden, so I had to bring you here."

"You mean you live here?"
"Yes, ma'am. Me and my father."

Jean felt as if she had been transported into some strange dream-world. Oddly, she was no longer so frightened. But, surely, this old man could not have a father living.

"How old are you, David?" she asked.

"Eleven."
"Eleven. . . ? But how long have you lived here?"

For the first time David's voice lost its confidence. "Why—" he stumbled—"Why, ever since—ever since it happened."

"Ever since what happened, David?"

"Nothin' Lady, you ask too many questions." It was indescribably pitiful, to hear those childish words spoken in the cracked tones of an old man. Jean felt tears rising to her eyes—but his next words recalled her to the danger of her position.

"You know what I have to do to you, lady? I have to kill you, because you were trying to hurt my garden."

She felt, rather than saw, him move nearer to her in the darkness.

"David!" she screamed. "I don't want to hurt your garden! I think it's lovely."

"Yes, you do. But—" a note of puzzlement crept into his voice—"I can't kill you while you're awake, because I mustn't hurt you. I should have done it before you woke up. And now I got to wait 'till you go to sleep again."

Once more he shuffled back to his post near the entrance of the cave.

The night dragged past endlessly, while Jean fought against exhaustion, the overpowering desire to close her eyes and drift into oblivion. Now and then David would move, and then she too would move and say something to show she was still awake. As the hours passed he fell to talking to himself, and out of his disordered ramblings there emerged a pitiful tragedy of the pioneer west. Jean saw him, an eleven-year-old boy, crossing the plains with his father and mother, menaced by starvation and thirst. She watched with him at the death of his mother, and with him and his father she struggled on toward California. But then there came a gap in the story—a gap that only hinted at an even greater tragedy.

At last dawn touched the entrance to the cave. Silently, David rose, picked up an empty bucket, and went out.

AT first Jean fought furiously against her bonds, until she could fight no more. What seemed like an hour or more passed, and David did not return. Then, stronger than ever, the dreaded impulse to sleep attacked her. She clenched her hands until the nails dug into the flesh, forced herself by an effort of pure will to keep her eyes open. But her surroundings became veiled by unreality; she forgot where she was. . . .

The rasp of gravel at her side snatched her back from sleep. David was standing above her! In nightmare horror she screamed. "David! Don't hurt me! I didn't mean to go to sleep! Please, David. . . ."

Then strong arms were around her, and a beloved voice was whispering comforting words in her ears. For a time she could do nothing but sob

The Story Thus Far:

Fleeing to her father's mountain cabin, the Moonstone, from a loveless marriage with Bart Reid, Jean Page meets Clay Bannister, who is wanted by the police under suspicion of being The Parson, bandit and murderer. Through a misunderstanding, she shoots and wounds him just when he is saving her from being bitten by a rattlesnake; and to show her gratitude (and also because she does not believe him guilty) she takes him back to her home in San Francisco, introducing him as her husband. Just as Clay has recovered and is ready to leave, Jean's father dies from a heart attack brought on by the sudden realization that Bart Reid, his trusted friend, has embezzled most of his fortune. Jean is left with no inheritance except the Moonstone, about which there is some secret that her father tried to tell her about before he died. Jean and Clay go to the Moonstone, with Callie and Wing, Jean's servants, in an effort to discover the Moonstone's secret. Clay tells Jean that he is on the trail of a cattle rustler who shot and crippled his father, in Arizona, and that when he finds him he will take the law into his own hands. He promises, however, to stay with her until the secret of the Moonstone has been solved. But they have been at the Moonstone only a few days when Clay is arrested and put on trial for the murder of a bus driver. Jean engages a local lawyer to defend him, but on the day of the trial, the lawyer is mysteriously missing, and Jean gives up all hope that Clay will be acquitted.

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weakly as Clay undid her bonds and forced some brandy through her lips. Then she remembered the danger that David might return. She forced her stiff limbs to bring her upright. "We mustn't stay," she whispered. "That old man is coming back, and he's crazy—he'll kill us!"

"No, he won't. He's down the trail, with Wing and Callie and the sheriff. We found him first, and they took charge of him while I followed his trail with the bloodhound—" He indicated a huge dog who was sniffing suspiciously in the corners of the cave.

"The poor old man ran from us so fast he's exhausted. I'm afraid he won't live much longer."

Indeed, David did not live much longer. He was too weak to be moved to Bristow, and that night he lay in the Moonstone cabin, lost in delirium.

"Those are bad men, Father," he muttered once. "They steal things. I don't like them. It's wrong to steal—but if you only take half of something, that isn't stealing, that's sharing. . . . Father! Don't go with them, please!"

AND again, just before the end; "Father! Come back! The mountain's moving!" He shrieked and sat up in bed, his old eyes, which still managed to retain something of the innocence of youth, staring past Jean and Clay to some far-off horror. "The mountain's falling! Come back!" But then he saw no more; his eyes closed; he fell back on the pillows.

Slowly Clay drew the sheet over the tired old face. "Poor old man," he said in a rough voice. "To think of him living all these years in the mountains—alone—eating whatever he could kill or steal."

"Clay," Jean said softly, "let's bury him in his flower-garden. I think he'd like that."

The end of summer was in the air the next morning as the little group of people stood in the shadow of the tall cliff. Wing was digging the grave in a little cleared space Clay had found, where it wouldn't be necessary to disturb any of the flowers. Silently, the others stood by—Jean, Callie, Clay, and Sheriff McGill—as the little Chinaman tossed up shovelful after shovelful of sandy loam. Suddenly he stopped and bent down.

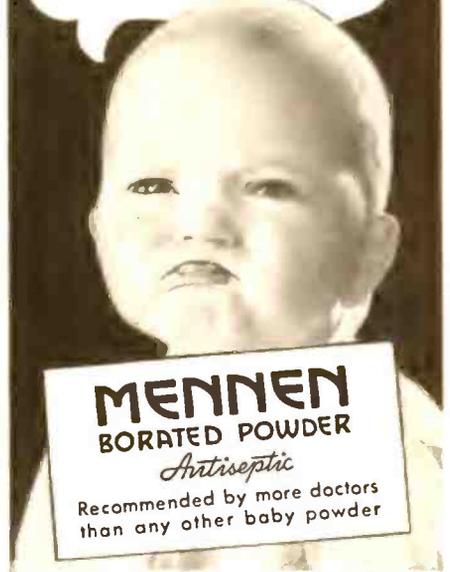
"What is it, Wing?" Clay asked. Wing silently beckoned to him. Leaning over the grave, Clay saw two things—a human skull, and, beside it, part of a leather bag which the shovel had torn open. From the gap in the rotted leather spilled a stream of gold coins.

While the rest of them stared in silent amazement, the sheriff let out a whoop. "It's the McCaffery gang!" he shouted. "Darned if it ain't! Mr. Bannister, there's a fortune under that flower-garden!"

"The McCaffery gang!" Jean said. "Why, I remember hearing about it, years ago, when I was a little girl. But what. . . ."

"It was a gang of bandits—oh, 'way back in the sixties. They had this whole section of the country scared. Then, one day, they robbed a shipment of minted gold that amounted to a quarter of a million dollars—at least, that's what the old timers used to say. And they were never heard from again. Some folks used to say they'd bet they run into a landslide somewhere and got buried alive, with all the gold—and that's exactly what

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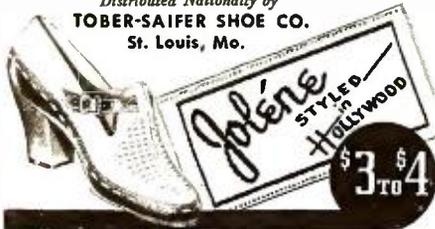


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happened. See?" The sheriff turned and pointed up the cliff to a great wound in its face just above them. "It must have been rainy weather, and just as they passed under here, right where we're standing now, those tons of dirt came down on top of them."
 "And David was too far behind to get caught!" Jean supplied excitedly. "Do you remember, Clay—how he called out a warning last night to his father?"
 "I remember," Clay said soberly. "And so this," Jean breathed, "this is the secret of the Moonstone!"

It was late that night, and once more Jean and Clay sat on the porch of the cottage. Both were so tired that they seemed to move in a dream—they put off going to bed from moment to moment. The sheriff was gone, to make arrangements for sending men up to recover the McCaffery fortune.

"What will become of all the money, Clay?" Jean asked. "Will it have to go to the government?"
 "I don't know," he answered. "I suppose most of it will—after all, it was stolen from the government in the first place. I should think you'd get a share, since it was found on your property."
 She laughed. "It's funny—but I don't seem to care whether I get any of it or not."

She felt his eyes upon her. "Jean."
 "Yes, Clay?"
 "I've been doing some thinking, the last couple of days—and I've decided I'm an awful half-wit. You're right. I've been crazy, running around the country after the man that shot my father. Yesterday, when I went down to Bristow, I found a letter for me that proved how crazy I'd been."

"What was in the letter, Clay?"
 "It was from my father. He's—"
 Clay's voice broke. "He's—so much better that he's able to walk again."
 "Oh, I'm so glad!"
 "I guess I don't need to tell you how I feel about it. . . . But what you said the other night got me to thinking, and this news made me think more. These last two years I've been away from the ranch—I didn't accomplish a thing by them. Not one single thing. If I'd been home, Dad might even have recovered sooner. . . . It was as if my eyes had been opened, all at once."

"I know," she said very gently. "I've got to go back to the ranch now."
 "Yes, I want you to."
 "Jean! Won't you come with me? Won't you marry me?"

She smiled at the terrified expression on his face, seen in the dim light from the lamp inside the cabin. Then she said, "I shouldn't think you'd have to ask that. Try leaving me!"
 Around the cabin the tall pines swayed in the night breeze. A pinecone rustled through the branches and fell softly to the needle-carpeted ground. And then everything was still again.

THE END

Thus ends the story of Jean Page's and Clay Bannister's romance, but not the story of their adventures together. Tune Follow the Moon in every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday at 5:00 P. M., E. S. T., over the Columbia network, and follow the thrilling and dramatic events of their married life.

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SOMETHING ABOUT

Soap

By JOYCE ANDERSON

Bedtime beauty is a matter of minutes if you'll follow these simple home rules

THE path to beauty has a great many byways—but the first and most important road is that which leads toward absolute cleanliness. For that translucent quality which characterizes a good complexion, complete cleanliness, simple cleanliness, in fact old-fashioned soap-and-water cleanliness, is a requisite.

Helen Claire, charming young actress who is heard on a great number of NBC programs, has the kind of complexion that is achieved by simple, old-fashioned soap-and-water care.

Miss Claire's beauty routine has to be simple for two very good reasons. First, she can spare little time for this so-called "gilding the lily," what with a full and demanding schedule of radio performances and rehearsals to meet every day, in addition to her work as the voice of fashion, society and women's features for the Fox Movietone. Second, she has a delicate sensitive type of beauty that would not be enhanced by a heavy make-up and so, of necessity, her beauty routine is a simple one. You see, she is the true petite blonde type. Blonde hair, softly set in a long page-boy bob, light blue eyes, and a clear pink-and-white complexion.

With all her delicacy, Helen Claire preserves a fresh, decidedly outdoorsy and healthy look. How does she do this? The answer can be told in three words. Miss Claire says: "Soap and Water!"

"First, I remove make-up with cleansing cream and after that I use warm water and soap working up a rich lather and scrubbing my face and neck with a rough wash cloth and plenty of energy. Then I rinse my face several times with warm water followed by cold water. After that, I apply a little tissue cream and rub it in well."

That's just about all that Helen's night time routine consists of.

Speaking of the importance of the use of soap in complexion care, I should like to bring to your attention what Dr. Oscar Levin, chief of clinic of the Cornell University Medical



Helen Claire, NBC actress, has soft blonde hair, blue eyes and a radiant complexion achieved by soap and water.



College and Clinic and Consulting Dermatologist for a number of hospitals has to say on the subject. "In combination with water, soap is the most valuable agent we have for keeping the skin of the face normal and healthy." Putting it very baldly, what the doctor recommends is that women wash their faces.

THERE is probably no more persistent delusion than that which holds that oils and lotions—anything, in fact—are better than water for washing the skin. Not a few women are so obsessed with this notion that it practically amounts to a phobia. They firmly believe that their skins cannot stand water. With few exceptions they are the same women who think their hair should not be washed oftener than once a month. The fact that some women never use soap and water on their faces is a practice which should be condemned as unspeakable and injurious.

Keeping the complexion clear and fresh is one thing but it is well to remember too, that soap plays an important part in overcoming or pre-

venting a blemished skin condition.

If blackheads and blemishes are already present, immaculate cleanliness is the first step toward correcting them. Use plenty of cleansing cream, spreading it on with light upward and outward strokes and remove with soft tissues, wiping away make-up and dust. Then, for those blackheads and blemishes, wring a pad of cotton out of hot water and apply it to those areas affected. Now with tepid water and plenty of lather, you are ready for a skin brushing treatment. With a coarse washcloth or a special complexion brush, start brushing your face and neck with gentle upward motions. Brush lightly but vigorously. When your face is pink and glowing from the treatment, rinse well in tepid water and finish with a dash of cold water.

PROBABLY the most important part of skin care, however, is to work at it steadily, day after day. A sudden orgy of scrubbing won't compensate for long neglect. Try out the soap-and-water treatment for a couple of weeks before you begin to expect results. Once you get properly started, you'll keep on doing it—and like it too, especially when your dazzled friends start showering you with compliments.

RADIO MIRROR
HOME AND BEAUTY

New!...A 7 DAY SHAMPOO FOR BLONDES

You Keep the Brilliance, Lustre and Loveliness this Shampoo Gives Blonde Hair For a **WHOLE WEEK!**



Ends Dull, Between-Shampoo Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy oil and dust-laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look, all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies, New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, lustrous, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. All shades of blondes find New Blondex leaves their hair lighter—lovelier. Start BLONDEX today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—at all stores.

HOW SKINNY SICK GIRL GAINED 9 LBS.

Now Feels Fine..!

All Weak, Run-down, Skinny Men and Women Should Read This Actual Letter from Our Files



Posed by professional model

"Gentlemen:

I am writing you this letter to tell you of the wonderful results I obtained using your Kelpamalt tablets. I am eighteen years old, 5' 4" tall, and my weight before taking Kelpamalt was 96 pounds. I never had any appetite to eat and therefore used to have bad gas attacks. My mother bought everything on the market she thought would help my condition, but they were useless. One day I glanced at your Kelpamalt advertisement in the paper and thought I'd certainly give it a try. I took one hundred tablets, and it certainly helped me a lot. I not only got rid of my gas, but I gained 9 more pounds. I am very thankful to the Kelpamalt Company for making this possible."—Miss C. J., N. Y. C.

Very frequently these dangerous rundown conditions are caused by mal-nourishment—actually a lack of minerals and vitamins in the system. Kelpamalt made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant is rich in iron, iodine and contributes to the supply of other essential minerals. These precious elements are vitally important to the health and proper functioning of the blood, liver and glands. They help you to get the good out of your food.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week. See, it like thousands of others, you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better and add at least 5 husky, flattering new pounds the first week. If you don't, the trial is free. Your own Doctor will approve this way. Get Kelpamalt today. Costs but little at all good drug stores.

SEEDOL
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SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Send for FREE fascinating, instructive 50-page booklet on How To Build Strength and Add Weight. Information on Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins and their effects on the human body. Weighing and measuring charts. Daily menus. No obligation! Kelpamalt Company, Dept. 1426, Long Island City, N. Y.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 4)

sure none of them would be like the sketch in this article; the fact being that Tommy Riggs has her age entirely too old.

After asking a few persons what they thought her age might be I found most of them thought her no more than five.

Can't we have her in the sweet, sympathetic stage of life instead of so near to the awkward age?

A suggestive plea from
MAXINE BARRENBRUGGE
Fort Recovery, Ohio

FOURTH PRIZE PRETTY CLEVER, WE'LL SAY!

My daughter is taking a course in business college here and finds the radio ideal for taking shorthand from the songs sung over the air. Her shorthand has improved 100% since trying it. Pretty clever, eh wot!

MRS. H. LARSEN, Tacoma, Wash.

FIFTH PRIZE HURRAH FOR MICKEY MOUSE!

I think the Pepsodent Company really did something when they put their new Disney show on the air. Now the children have something to look forward to and it being on Sunday afternoon is sure a break for the kiddies.

There are too few radio programs for children, especially for those between the ages of four and ten, but the Disney program is one that can be enjoyed by all ages.

MRS. MYRTLE STEWART, Dayton, O.

SIXTH PRIZE UH-UH-UH, BING!

As a fourth grade teacher, I find it difficult to refrain from prompting Bing Crosby each Thursday night. His stammering and pausing for a new start every four words, and his hesitation at each word of more than two syllables in the script, would make my worst grammar school reader sound like a Cornelia Otis Skinner.

All of this is my way of saying a good singer should sing and not be forced to spend a valuable sixty minutes in "scripteasing." It might prove to be happier listening if they'd leave the crooning to Bing and the gab to Ken Carpenter and Bob Burns. With that kind of "Kraft" employed in the program, my fourth graders would certainly know their lessons better each Friday. So, let's have more "boo-boo-boo" instead of so much "uh-uh-uh" out of Crosby!

MARGARET JONES, Carrollton, Ga.

SEVENTH PRIZE A "BIG TOWN" BOOST

A corsage for Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor in Big Town—radio's newest dramatic sensation!

Aside from its entertainment value, Big Town exposes the various rack-ets, which unfortunately exist everywhere. Mr. Robinson is conquering as the crusading editor with a nose for scoops. Miss Trevor is charming as his girl Friday.

FRANK R. MOORE, Detroit, Mich.

HOW YOU CAN REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

New Modern Method safer—quicker—easier!

Now you can remove corns easily, quickly, painlessly without dangerous old-fashioned paring that only affects the surface, leaves the root to come back bigger, uglier. The new, double-action Blue-Jay stops pain instantly, and then by its gentle medicated action, removes corns, root and all, in just 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use—invisible. Safe, scientific, quick-acting, 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Make up to \$90 per Week in fascinating profession which you can learn NOW learn at home in 90 days. SWEDISH MASSAGE PAYS BIG. Write for our amazing offer. Anatomy charts and complete details sent FREE. THE College of Swedish Massage. Deot. 559, 1601 Warren Blvd., Chicago

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100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%. Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 15 unless signed by parents. PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 7915 64 E. Lake St., Chicago

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HERE'S a dignified way to get cash. Show friends and neighbors an amazing line of hosiery. Replacement guaranteed against holes, snags, or runs. Everybody has to buy hosiery. Extra High-Twist Pure Silk, and Double Extra Heavy Heels and Toes bring sweeping successes. Take orders full or spare time like Grace Wilber, who earned \$37.10 in 9 hours. Poiret earned \$127.00 in 8 days.

HOSE for your personal use sent with outfit. 108 very latest styles and colors. Earnings begin at once. Pocket cash hourly. Send name on penny postcard TODAY.

GUARANTEED HOSE! Positive Replacement Guarantee up to 9 months furnished.

WILKINT HOSERY COMPANY, Dept. 8-E Greenfield, Ohio



IRENE BENFIELD, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional disorders due to germs in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such germs with the doctor's prescription Cytex. Cytex starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Cytex (Siss-tex) today. The guarantee protects you.



DR. T. J. RASTELLI, London Physician



LET 'EM EAT Cake



You'll like this Creole fudge loaf as much as Nadine Connor, singing star of The Song Shop.

FASHIONS in food may come and go, but for 100 per cent, all round popularity nothing can beat good cake. Served with ice cream, or fruit, or simply with coffee, it is the perfect topper for any meal, from the plainest family lunch to the most elaborate company dinner. It is just about the easiest dessert you can make, too, for new developments in cake flour and baking powders, shortenings and flavorings, combine to make any recipe practically fool proof.

Nadine Connor, singing star of The Song Shop, is one of the many radio stars who are always right out in front when the cake is being passed. Her number one entry in the cake sweepstakes is the delicious Creole fudge loaf which is illustrated.

CREOLE FUDGE LOAF

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg and beat well; then add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small quantity at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in greased pan, 8x8x2 inches, in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for one hour. When cake is cool, spread Creole Frosting on top and sides.

CREOLE FROSTING

- 2 egg whites, unbeaten
- 1½ cups sugar
- 5 tbs. water
- 1½ tsps. light corn syrup
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 2 tsps. butter

Combine egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in top of double boiler and beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly blended. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with egg beater, and cook for seven minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. Spread over top and sides of cake. When frosting is set, pour over it chocolate and butter which have been melted together.

CREAM SPICE CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
- ¾ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon ½ tsp. allspice
- ¼ tsp. each, cloves, nutmeg, mace
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- ¾ cup milk 1 cup light cream

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and spices, and sift

together three times. Sift sugar and add gradually to beaten eggs, beating well. Add flour, alternately with milk and cream, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for one hour. Sprinkle top and sides with powdered sugar.

VEGETABLES IN THE MODERN MANNER

One of the best cooking tips we've heard in many a moon is a new method of cooking vegetables—with, of all things, salad oil. A tablespoon or two of delicious, wholesome salad oil added to the water in which vegetables are cooked will produce miracles of flavor and tenderness, and will lend everlasting variety to your menus. As a starter in the new method, try this red cabbage recipe.

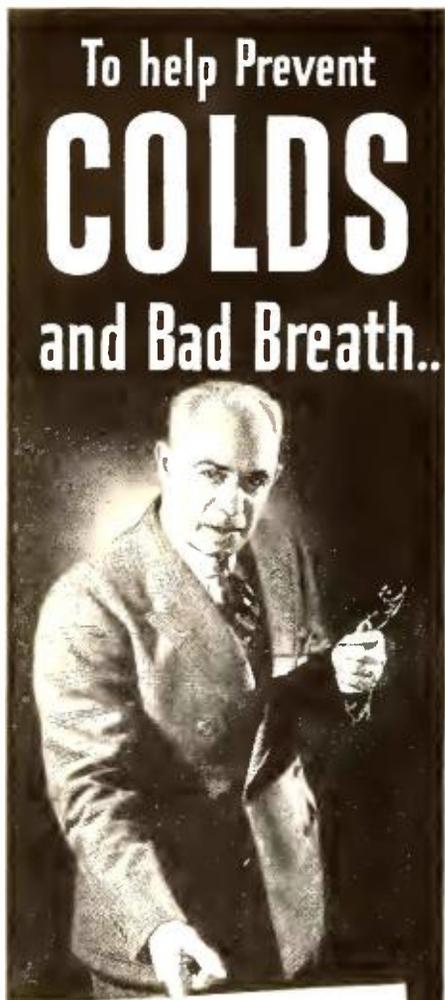
RED CABBAGE

- 1 small head red cabbage
- 2 tbs. vinegar 2 tbs. salad oil
- 2 tsps. powdered sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt Dash pepper

Blend the dry seasonings with the vinegar, then beat in the oil until smooth. Shred the cabbage fine, then place half of it in a casserole which has been well coated with salad oil. Pour over the cabbage half the salad oil dressing, then repeat with the remaining cabbage and dressing. Cook, covered, in a moderate oven until tender.

Women! Is Your Freedom Worth It?

(Continued from page 13)



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and Bad Breath..

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PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
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Germ-Killer!
In Germ-Killing
Power . . . One
bottle Pepsodent
Antiseptic equals
three bottles of
ordinary kinds



Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds... Lasts 3 times as long!

**MAKES YOUR MONEY GO
3 TIMES AS FAR!**

she should love him enough to give up her job and live on his small salary, but she won't. So they just drag along, getting nowhere, and sooner or later, he is going to get tired of that sort of life and leave her. She'll be left with all her independence and her swell salary—and very little else.

"There are a lot of girls like that nowadays. And in a way, one can't blame them. Business success makes a girl feel pretty important. She advances in her job, becomes more efficient, and finally she gains a kind of masculine feeling of power. She begins to get superior not only to other women, but to the men around her. After a while, no man is good enough for her, and sometimes she kids herself into feeling that she doesn't need a man in her life at all.

"But she's wrong there. Because the normal woman, no matter how successful she may become, still needs the love of a man."

SOFTLY the percolator began to bubble. It had a cheery domestic sound in this softly lit, pink dressing-room. I began to forget that I was backstage at a professional theater, that inside of an hour or so all this would be hustle and bustle, and the woman sitting there so calmly on her cretonne couch would soon be the center of a great radio show.

Kate continued:

"That's where a woman who insists upon equal rights with men makes her greatest mistake. By becoming superior to men, women defeat themselves. For they lose the love of men that way. A man should be dominant always for real love. A woman shouldn't marry at all, unless she is willing to give in to her husband's wishes. The very laws of nature emphasize the fact that men must be strong and women yielding. Yet the superior woman refuses to be feminine. She insists on having her own way. She wants to lead her husband, not follow him. Instead of giving him the comforts and understanding that only she can give, she makes him miserable by defying him on all sorts of little points that don't matter—and, in the end, inevitably, she loses the very thing she wants most.

"There are a few marriages, of course, where both the man and the woman can live independent lives, and have separate careers. In the radio or the theatrical worlds, for example, where a man and his wife may work at the same kind of job, be together all the time, and see a lot of each other, it often works out all right. But if the woman has a job that is better than the man's—if she's a greater star, or earns more money than he does—then it seldom works out. Jealousy and secret unhappiness ensue, little things crop up, and it is the rare woman who can keep her husband's love when he is obviously in an inferior position to her own. The wise women I have known have given up their careers, if those careers conflicted with their husbands' personal pride. Personally, I know many radio stars who have turned down all kinds of offers for fame, just because those offers would make them more important than their own husbands or sweethearts.

"Women's new freedom, it seems to me, has also a bad influence on the younger generation. Children are so adaptable and so sensitive that they only need an example to form their own beliefs about life—and children today are growing up, taking it for granted that woman is man's equal. It's no longer a matter of argument as far as they're concerned—it's an established fact. And I don't think this point of view is going to make them happy as they grow older. Because it runs counter to natural laws, it is going to cloud their lives. And the worst of it is that they won't know why they are unhappy."

Kate sat back. And now, from outside, there came the far-off sounds of activity. Stage-hands were beginning to drag instrument stands and equipment across the floors.

"I've met a lot of famous women through my broadcasts," she continued, "and nearly always I've noticed that the really great ones have never forgotten that they are women first of all, and successes last. They have remained sweet and gracious, in spite of their fame. They're as kind and gracious toward men, as interested and self-effacing, as though they had never done anything in their lives but stay home and crochet. That's because they have retained a sense of balance. They have remembered that they are women, not men.

BUT, I can't help feeling, these women are the exceptions. They have been able to compromise successfully between woman's old place in the world and the new one she has created for herself. I'm afraid the average woman can't do likewise—nor, in fact, would the average man want her to.

"Women needn't fear that they can ever really lose the independence they have fought for since Ibsen wrote 'A Doll's House.' Men can never become so dominant as they once were. The thing women have to worry about now, it seems to me, is to give the men back their own self-esteem.

"And now—" Kate stood up, "It's nearly time for the next broadcast, and Ted Collins will want to see me for a few minutes."

She went to the door and opened it. "Oh Ted," she called gayly, "want a piece of lemon pie and some coffee?"

And somehow, that familiar, feminine gesture seemed to deny all the frenzy of the last fifty years.

Next month, another woman, a successful wife, mother, and novelist, gives RADIO MIRROR readers a new viewpoint. Be sure to read Kathleen Norris' absorbing discussion of this vital problem in the June Issue.

Do you agree with Kate Smith? Or do you feel that the emancipation of womanhood should continue, despite its possible effect upon what has always been a woman's greatest happiness—her home? RADIO MIRROR wants your letters of opinion. We will publish the best letters on this subject. Write to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, giving your views.

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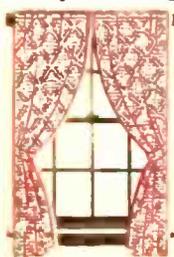


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