

AUGUST

Radio

AND TELEVISION
MIRROR

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

BOOKS LIKE LOVE!
Solving that
Kyser - Ginny Simms
Romance Mystery

■
DOCTOR'S FOLLY
The Man's Desperate
Search for Ecstasy
BY RADIO'S AUNT JENNY

■
You're Invited to a
Television Broadcast
SEE PAGE 22

■
**HE REFUSED TO
MARRY A HUSBAND!**
Meet the Year's
Most Daring Debutante
A MYRNA LOY
BROADCAST



Women

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO

EARN ^{\$} UP TO **23** WEEKLY

and in addition get all **YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE!**

in this New Kind of Work for Married Women

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—NO INVESTMENT

AMBITIOUS women, who want to make extra money, can represent Fashion Frocks, Inc., one of the world's leading dressmaking houses, right in your home community. You can earn up to \$23 in a week and all your own dresses Free to wear as samples, and you need not invest one penny, and you need no experience. It is very pleasant dignified work, because

your friends and neighbors and all women love to look at the latest style dresses. They will gladly give you their orders because you not only show them the newest and most stunning dresses, but you save them money besides, offering dresses direct from the great Fashion Frocks factory, at the lowest factory prices. Mail coupon below for Free particulars of this offer.

NO CANVASSING REQUIRED

YOU can start easily and quickly through our special plan that requires no regular house-to-house canvassing. You don't have to know style, values or fabrics. Fashion Frock way of presentation enables you to show the entire line effectively to any woman. This dramatic pre-

sentation gets her interest. The smart styles, gorgeous colors and rich fabrics thrill her. And the low direct-factory prices surprise her. You merely write the orders. That's all you have to do. We do the delivering and collecting. You will enjoy this easy, fascinating work.

TURN SPARE HOURS INTO PROFIT

YOU do not have to work full time unless you want to. Thus you can turn your spare hours into profit and, in addition, get smart new dresses, fine lingerie, and luxurious silk hose for yourself in your size, without a penny of cost. You can have the pleasure of always wearing the most advanced dress styles as they come out, as well as lingerie and silk

stockings. This offer is probably the most amazing employment offer ever made to women, because it makes possible such liberal earnings plus free dresses. Mail the coupon for the marvelous free opportunity. Or write a letter—a postal will do—and give age and dress size.

FASHION FROCKS Advanced Styles for Fall are the finest in our entire 31 years of dress manufacturing history. They are the last-minute styles from Paris, Hollywood, Riviera and other famed fashion centers, where our stylists rush the newest style trends to us to be made into Fashion Frocks.

Personally Selected and Autographed by Movie Stars

PROMINENT screen actresses have personally selected many Fashion Frock dresses for the coming season. And they put their stamp of approval on these glamorous dresses by autographing them. This superior line of dresses is never sold in stores, but by direct factory representatives only. They are nationally known because nationally advertised. They are endorsed for style and value by Household Magazine Searchlight, and are approved by fashion editors of leading magazines. This practical, unanimous O. K. by these recognized authorities makes Fashion Frocks absolutely authentic in style, supreme in value and easy to sell.

Fashion Frocks enjoy National Demand

WOMEN everywhere are eager to see the newest Fashion Frock advanced Fall creations which have been personally selected and autographed by famous movie stars. This tremendous demand has forced us to increase the number of our representatives, so this glorious opportunity is open to you. Just mail coupon for FREE details of this amazing offer.

Free! This outstanding offer is open to ambitious women everywhere and is absolutely Free in every respect. Nothing to pay now or at any time.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc. Dept. AH-200, Cincinnati, O.

Just mail coupon!

For Full Information . . . No Obligation

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. AH-200
Cincinnati, Ohio

I am interested in your Free offer. Send me all the details how I can make up to \$23 weekly and get my own dresses without a penny of cost.

Name

Address

City State

Age Dress Size



OUR 31st YEAR IN BUSINESS

SHOW THE LATEST FASHION FROCKS NOW PERSONALLY SELECTED AND AUTOGRAPHED BY FAMOUS MOVIE STARS.



Ida Lupino selects a two-toned style with half-moon pockets and briskly pleated skirt! Unusually smart! Style 812
Ida Lupino



Binnie Barnes, Hollywood's "best-dressed" chooses this Paris-style elegant matelasse' frock with gold belt trim! Very smart! Style 800
Binnie Barnes

Write for Complete Portfolio of 150 Smart, New ADVANCED Fall Dresses \$3.98 many as low as 3 Dresses for



June Lang is resplendent in her cardigan and bias striped skirt. Perfect for school or town! Style 803
June Lang



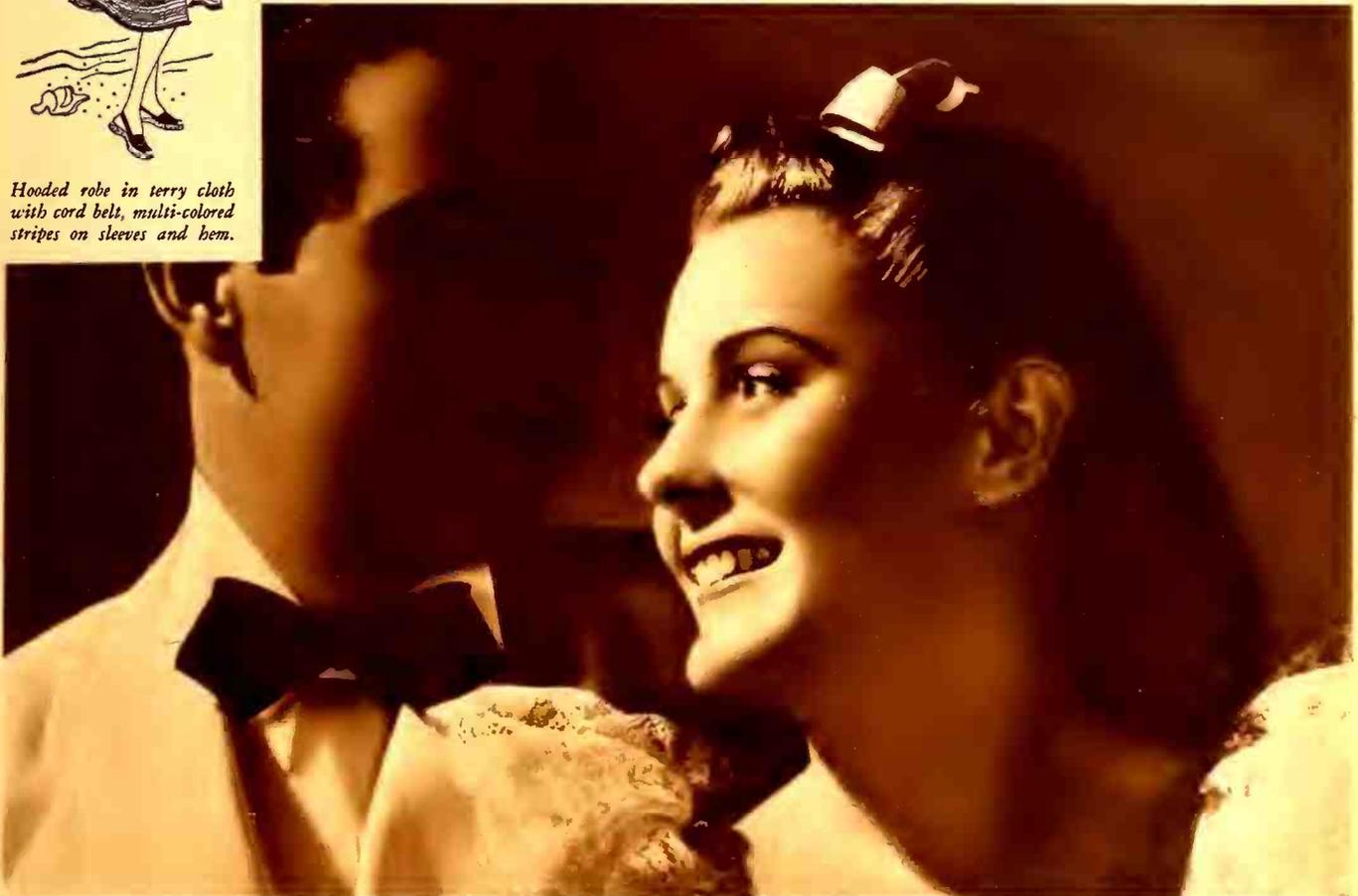
Patricia Ellis selects a tailored wrap frock, Talon-sipped front, with geometric line! Very flattering! Style 801
Patricia Ellis



Hooded robe in terry cloth with cord belt, multi-colored stripes on sleeves and hem.

Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!



Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

ABOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—see your dentist at once! It may mean nothing serious.

Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums... lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!



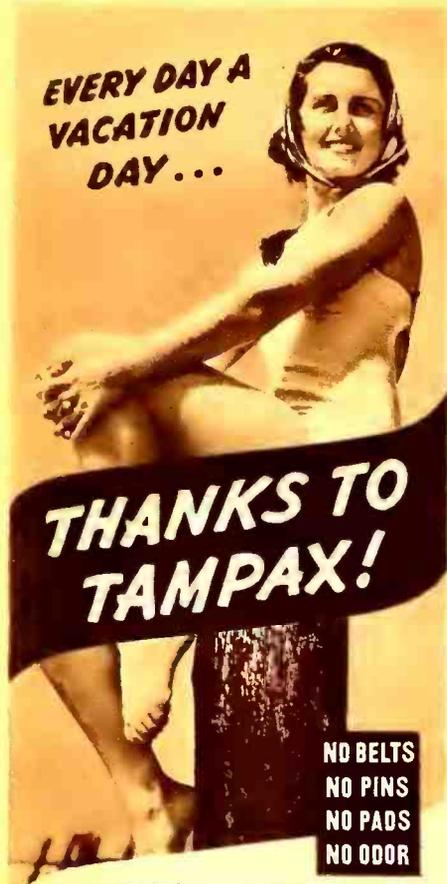
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN,
ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor



**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

NO stay-at-home week-ends, no calendar days—if you use *Tampax* for sanitary protection. Even in a modern swim suit there is nothing to "show"—no line or edge of belt or napkin. *Tampax* is worn internally, acting gently as an absorbent and allowing you to golf, ride, bathe, swim—in comfort, without chafing, without the formation of odor!

Perfected by a doctor, *Tampax* is made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton. Firmly cross-stitched, it cannot come apart and fail in protection. Each sealed in patented applicator—neat, quick, dainty. Your hands do not even touch the *Tampax*. Quite unlike any other product, because it flattens out to a thin shape in use. No disposal difficulties. Comfortable and efficient, the *Tampax* way is the civilized way for women.

At drug stores and notion counters. Average month's supply, 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% may be saved by purchasing economy package of 40.

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New Brunswick, N. J.

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(Courtesy of MGM)

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

SHE HEARS WITH HER EYES

HOW would you like to sit in front of a radio and see the rapt attention of the rest of the family, when a program comes in that appeals to them, watch the expressions on their faces—see them laugh and applaud—and *never hear a sound?*

I am stone deaf so I cannot hear the programs, but I get a great kick out of them anyway. I watch the family's reactions to a program, ask them what it is appeals to them most, and then I hunt up some reference to it so that I also can feel I've taken part as one of the audience.

Radio Mirror fills a wonderful need to a person who cannot hear. It keeps one a jump ahead of the times. Criticisms and information, little items about the stars and things connected with radio are a wonderful entertainment for a deaf person.

How do I hear the radio? By reading Radio Mirror! What the ears miss, the eyes grasp.

MRS. MABEL G. PETTY,
Paynton, Sask., Canada.

SECOND PRIZE

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

Thanks to radio and our determination to exploit all its features, we are one happy young couple with a little baby who are adequately entertained on a limited budget.

If you have a baby, you will know that it puts quite a strain on the budget to have a "baby tender" in for many evenings. Instead we have built up a group of favorite programs, and from time to time we make "new discoveries." For the quiz and question programs we have our own private competition, and it's heaps of fun. Every morning I turn eagerly to the newspaper radio column and check the entertainment for our heavy date, and believe me, there is never a dull moment in our household!

MRS. A. M. HOFFMAN,
San Francisco, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE

GOD BLESS AMERICA!

"God Bless America, Land That I Love!"—what glorious words. It gives us a thrill every Thursday to hear the rich voice of Kate Smith sing this stirring song which was especially written for her by Irving Berlin.

Folks who enjoy every freedom such as we do, are bound to forget and take things too much for granted.

The Kate Smith hour does more than its bit in making us truly America-conscious, and with deepest reverence we join Kate in singing "God Bless America, My Home, Sweet Home!"

CAROLYN BLANCHARD,
San Diego, Calif.

(Continued on page 4)

More women use Mum than any other deodorant



MORE WIVES—because Mum is always so easy to use.



MORE SCREEN STARS—for they must always have charm.



MORE BUSINESS GIRLS—they know Mum doesn't harm fabrics.



MORE NURSES—on duty or off, they want safe, sure care!



MORE SCHOOL GIRLS—to prevent odor quickly, safely.



Be attractive! Be popular! Make sure of your charm, with MUM

RICH GIRL, poor girl—every girl should remember this: You can't be attractive to others unless you're always fresh and sweet—nice to be near!

It's so easy to offend unknowingly— to think your bath can make you safe. But no bath—however perfect—can prevent underarm odor. A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*. Mum prevents underarm odor—works in *advance* to keep you sweet. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum keeps you fresh.

You'll like Mum! For Mum is speedy, safe, utterly dependable in guarding your daintiness and charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum under this arm—under that—

and you're through, all ready to go!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The seals of the American Institute of Laundering and of Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum doesn't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops the objectionable odor. Get Mum at any drugstore today and join the millions of lovely women who have found Mum a "must" for popularity and charm.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM!

Avoid embarrassing odors from this source, too. Mum is gentle, safe... fastidious women everywhere make a habit of Mum this second way.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

High Summer Rates for Writers of True Stories

Following our regular policy we are discontinuing true story manuscript contests during the summer months. A great new true story contest will begin on September 1st, 1939. But, in the meantime, we are still in the market for true stories for straight purchase, and in order to secure them are going to renew our sensational offer of last summer which worked so greatly to the financial advantage of many writers of true stories.

We will continue to pay for regular acceptable material our regular rate, which averages about 2c per word, but, in addition, during the summer months we gladly will pay writers of true stories the special rates of 3c per word for better-than-average true stories and 4c per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted for straight purchase.

In comparing these special summer rates with the average rate of 2c per word, a few moments' figuring will show you what this offer can mean to you financially—literally making \$2 grow where \$1 grew formerly.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of TRUE STORY are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in

a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate. This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories, with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time is limited to the months of June, July and August, 1939. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, August 31, 1939.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Dept. K, P. O. Box 629,
Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT

Submit stories direct. Do not deal through intermediaries.

If you do not already have one send for a copy of free booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." Use the coupon provided for that purpose.

In sending true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

TRUE STORY, Dept. K RMS
P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....
Street.....
Town.....State.....
(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

FOURTH PRIZE

GET YOUR DICTIONARIES OUT, FOLKS!

I am becoming allergic to Bing Crosby as an M.C.!

Whether it is his script writer, or the receiving of an honorary degree from his "alma mater" in Spokane, which was the cause of the change in his style, I do not know, but I have noticed that now instead of his former spontaneous style of announcing, he appears to have "swallowed the dictionary and choked on the cover."

Don't misunderstand me—I do not feel that it is necessary for him to use language as "earthy" as Bob's, but I have heard it said that while eschewing mediocrity of expression through platitudinous phraseology, it behooves one to beware of ponderosity and to be mindful that pedantry, being indicative of an inherent magalomania, frustrates its own aim and results merely in obnubilation.

S. BEATRICE NORMAN,
Montreal, Canada.

FIFTH PRIZE

"TOWN MEETING" RINGS THE BELL

During the recent tense situation in Europe, the reams of propaganda that filled columns of news type and blared from loudspeakers made it almost impossible to think in coherent manner causes and result of what actually did happen.

I, therefore, want to express my sincere thanks to the producers of Town Meeting of the Air for setting me to rights on "Can Europe Avoid War?" The compact questions that did not allow too much to be said, and the clear, concise thinking of the speakers, who put forth their opinions, was a tonic to those of us who knew not what to think.

This was the first time I had listened to the Town Meeting, but if such sound logic continues, it won't be the last.

DOROTHY PANFIL,
Milwaukee, Wisc.
(Continued on page 77)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

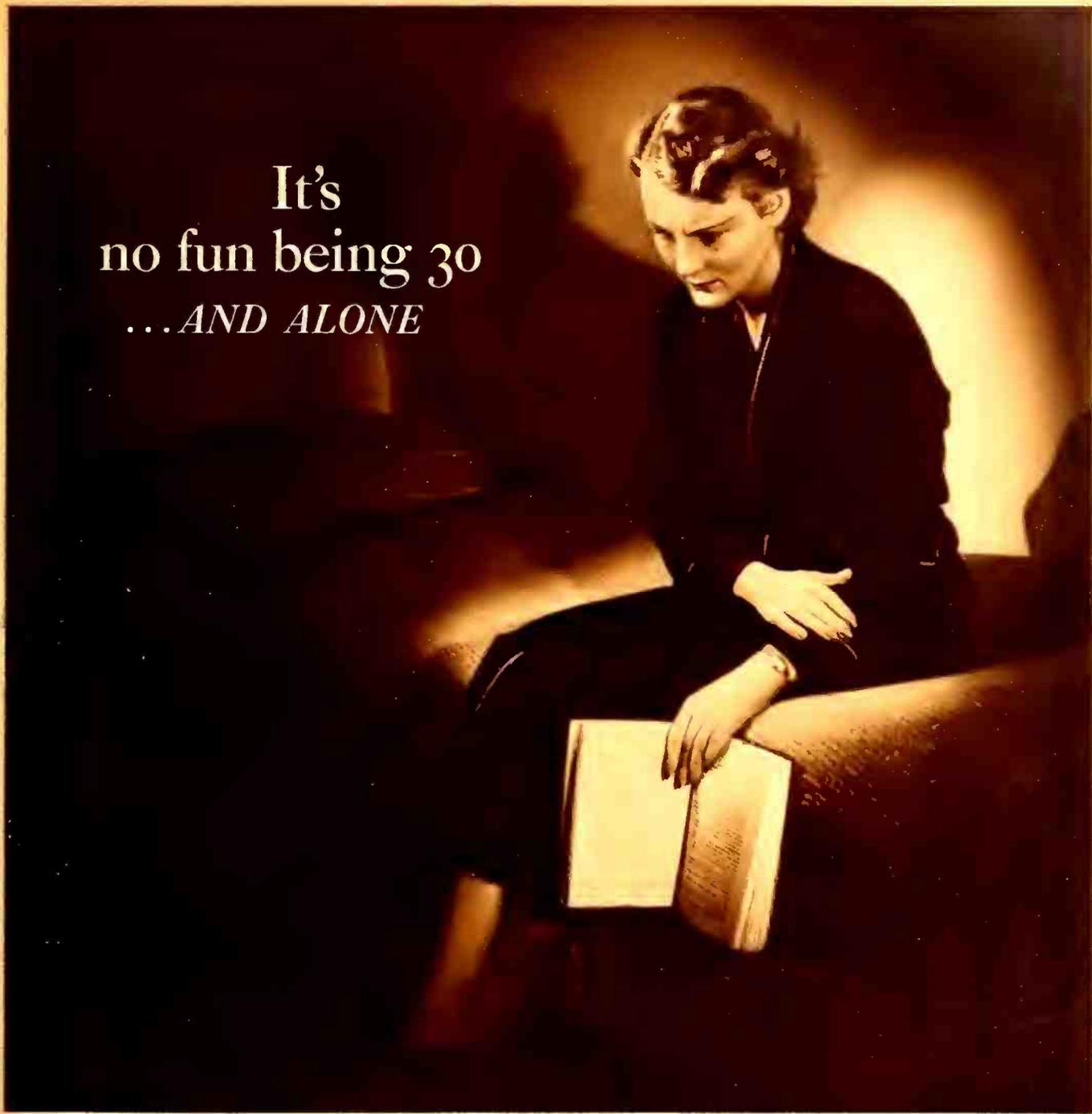
First Prize \$10.00

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 July 26th, 1939. All submissions become the property of the mogozine.

It's no fun being 30 ...AND ALONE



"I AM one of those women who, as the saying is 'missed the boat'... women who dream of a husband, a home, and children—and never get them.

There is never a morning as I start out for work but that I wish I could remain at home to look after a family. There is never a twilight but that my loneliness comes out of the dusk to sadden me as I open the door of my empty flat.

It wasn't always like this. Men used to find me attractive. Two wanted to marry me. Then some unexplainable change took place in me. I met new men of course, but somehow their interest was only momentary. I could not fathom the reason for their indifference then, nor can I now. To this day I do not know what is wrong with me. I wish to heaven I did. It's no fun being thirty—and alone."



"Is anyone immune?"

An unusual case, you say? Nothing of the sort. Countless women and men are probably in exactly the same situation

right now—and ignorant of the reason for it.

After all, nothing repels others and kills a romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom realize when you have it. At this very moment you may be guilty.

"Why risk offending?"

But why risk offending when halitosis usually yields so readily and quickly to Listerine Antiseptic?

You simply rinse the



mouth or gargle with it every night and morning, and between times before social or business engagements.

Listerine Antiseptic freshens and invigorates the entire mouth; halts fermentation of tiny food particles, a major cause of breath odors, then gets rid of the odors themselves. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, more agreeable to others.

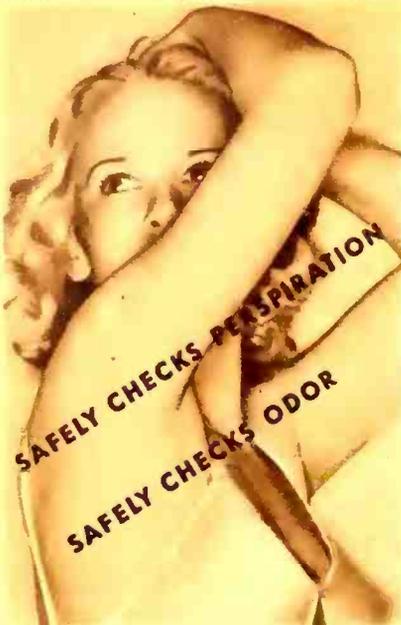


"It's my passport to popularity"

If you want people to like you, if you want to get along in business, use Listerine night and morning and between times when you want to be sure you're at your best. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant may be the passport to popularity that you lack.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT'S NEW FROM



NONSPI CREAM

Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks both perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.
2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.
3. May be used directly after shaving.
4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.
5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form*



One of the reasons for the continued popularity of Big Town is Claire Trevor. Above, dining with her husband, Clark Andrews.

THERE'S something important on the cover of RADIO MIRROR this month—something besides the picture of Myrna Loy, that is. Maybe you didn't notice it at first glance, but to the words "Radio Mirror" have been added two more—"and Television." That means that from now on RADIO MIRROR will cover the new field of television as well. Whenever there's any news about television, you'll find it in this magazine—pictures and stories about the stars who will grow up with this exciting new medium of entertainment, trips backstage like the one on page 22 of this issue, and all the other things you will want to know about a glamorous baby that is growing by leaps and bounds. This doesn't mean that we'll neglect sound radio—in fact, for a long time to come we'll print much less about television than we do about radio, for the simple reason that everyone has a radio set and few people, as yet, have television sets. But if your curiosity about television just won't let you alone—RADIO MIRROR will try to satisfy it every month.

It's an open secret in Hollywood that the reason Basil Rathbone left The Circle program, Sunday nights on NBC, was that Groucho Marx, by his frequent off-script remarks, kept Basil on the hot-spot of nervousness. Basil just couldn't handle a barrage of gags that weren't in the script and never had been—they threw him off his stride and made him lose his place in his own script and leave out lines he should have said. So he politely asked for his freedom from the program. A week later he showed up on the Kraft Music Hall, where Bob Burns and Bing Crosby proceeded to ad lib so freely that poor Basil once more got mixed up and read the same line twice before he found his place again. To—

need I add?—Bing's and Bob's extreme hilarity.

If the Circle goes off the air for the summer, the airline people are going to be sorry. Since the program went on the air, Lawrence Tibbett has flown from New York to Hollywood every Friday that he was on the show, and back again on Monday, with the result that by the end of June he'll have flown through the air with the greatest of ease some 50,000 miles, or more than two times around the earth.

One of those friendly rivalries goes on between Hal Kemp and Skinny Ennis. Skinny, you know, banged drums in Hal's band for twelve years before he got his own orchestra. Playing on the Bob Hope show on NBC at ten o'clock Tuesday nights, for a few weeks this spring he was on the air at the same hour as Hal's Time to Shine program on CBS. Last fall, just after Skinny's program made its debut and before Hal's went off the air for the winter, Hal graciously wired Skinny, "My Time is Your Time." And this spring, before Skinny left the air, he wired Hal: "You'll Get Along Without Me Very Well!"

The average monthly number of proposals received by Michael Raffetto, who plays Paul in One Man's Family, is about one hundred. But now that writer Carlton Morse has Paul talking about getting married in the script, Michael, who is a bachelor in good standing, gets about twice as many proposals. The proposers most frequently use the argument that they're wealthy, and can support Michael in the style to which he's accustomed, and he won't have to do a lick of work.

(Continued on page 77)

COAST TO COAST By DAN SENSENEY

WHEN listeners to one of station WLW's musical programs sit back in their chairs, giving all their attention to the symphony or chamber-music coming over their loudspeakers, they can be sure that the studio's musical commentator is doing exactly the same thing.

Michael Hinn, although he's been on the staff of Cincinnati's WLW only since the first of the year, is already its musical expert, with a large following among those who enjoy symphonic programs. On the Mutual network, he's been heard in the WLW program, The Nation's School of the Air, where he did the commentaries on the I Like Music hour every Friday—a job which he will resume next fall when the School of the Air begins broadcasting again. Locally, he's on WSAP's Music You Want When You Want It, and various symphonic programs broadcast over both stations.

Michael is a tall, blond, neat chap, twenty-eight years old and with a quiet, sincere voice. He really loves music, and gives it his rapt attention between commentaries. Born in Virginia, Minnesota, he went to the University of Wisconsin at Madison,

MUSICAL EXPERT



Michael Hinn helps make WLW's musical programs enjoyable.

where he worked his way through with such jobs as waiting on table, mowing lawns, and firing furnaces. Since his early teens he'd wanted to be an actor, and he took the leading roles in several of the University

dramatic club plays.

Once out of college, he wanted to head for Broadway, but the chance to act came closer home—over WHA, in Madison. There he took more and more important air roles, until finally, at the end of the year, he went to a bigger station in St. Paul. Then he moved to Grand Forks, North Dakota, where he was a station manager, and from there to WWNC, Asheville, North Carolina. He likes Asheville because it was here he got his first chance, outside of college, to act on a stage, in the Asheville Summer Theater.

WHEN Michael Hinn isn't on the air, he's in it. His chief outdoor recreation is flying, and his greatest ambition is to own a plane. Every weekend he makes an airplane trip—to Asheville, or to some other part of North Carolina, where his father, a construction engineer, is just now busy building bridges.

Coast-to-coast listeners are bound to hear Michael now and then during the summer, talking about the music on programs which are fed to the Mutual network by WLW or its sister station, WSAI.

Lovely Skin is a "Must"— for Girls who win Romance!



READ CHARMING MRS. GREGORY'S BEAUTY ADVICE:

I'm sure nothing does more for a girl's looks than fresh, smooth skin. And that's where Camay comes in! It's one soap that seems to help keep my skin just the way I like it . . . fresh and smooth!

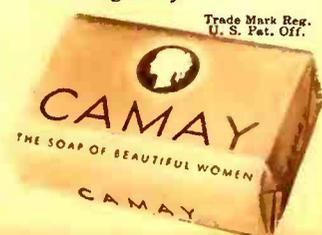
Richmond, Va.
January 25, 1939

(Signed) FRANCES GREGORY
(Mrs. O. C. Gregory, Jr.)

IN WINNING the right man the right kind of soap can help! For to stay really lovely, complexions must have proper care! "A gentle care," so many lovely brides will tell you. "That's why we use Camay regularly every day!"

You'll like Camay's rich, creamy lather—the thorough way it cleanses—its mild, soothing touch! Use Camay every day for your complexion—and for your bath of beauty to help keep back and shoulders lovely. Like thousands of

girls, you'll find Camay's luxurious lather an easy aid to all-over loveliness—to daintiness—to fresh good looks! You'll be delighted, too—as they are—that Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Use it regularly.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN



■ Left, congratulations, Eddy Duchin! You scored a victory for "sweet" music by winning first place in Radio Mirror's 1939 popularity poll. Above, Nan Wynn, Hal Kemp's new soloist on his Time to Shine program over CBS, on Tuesday nights.

EDDY DUCHIN, whose long, strong fingers switched from filling prescriptions in a Massachusetts drug store to tinkling the ivories, bringing their owner fame and fortune, won first place in the 1939 Facing the Music popularity poll of RADIO MIRROR magazine.

The contest, which found hundreds of readers balloting for over seventy-five different orchestras, began on July 7, 1938, and scored a triumphant victory for "sweet" music, when the ex-pharmacist out-distanced Benny Goodman, last year's winner, by a sizable margin.

Out of the first ten bands in the voting, seven are classified as sweet bands.

Three bands broke into the first ten this year—Artie Shaw, who came from obscurity to the top brackets of swingdom in less than a year and almost saw his meteoric rise cut short

by the shadow of Death—Freddie Martin, who has too long been neglected by admirers of smooth music—

HERE are the final standings of the leading contenders:

1939	1938
Eddy Duchin	Benny Goodman
Benny Goodman	Guy Lombardo
Horace Heidt	Eddy Duchin
Sammy Kaye	Horace Heidt
Guy Lombardo	Sammy Kaye
Kay Kyser	Tommy Dorsey
Tommy Dorsey	Shep Fields
Art Shaw	Kay Kyser
Freddie Martin	Jan Garber
Rudy Vallee	Casa Loma

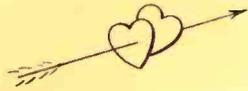
and Rudy Vallee, backed by a loyal bunch of rooters.

A trio of bands that loomed large in public favor with RADIO MIRROR readers a year ago, faded away. Shep Fields finished seventh in 1938. This year he polled fewer than a dozen votes. Jan Garber copped ninth place in the first poll, finished at the tail-end in the second annual balloting. Casa Loma was rated the tenth most popular band in 1938, but couldn't get in the money in 1939.

Note must be taken that eight of the winners are blessed with regular coast-to-coast commercial programs. Only Kaye and Martin are sponsorless.

How will they stack up in 1940? Will the tried-and-true veterans be able to stem the tide of newcomers? Time will tell. But keep your ears tuned to such potential champions as Glenn Miller, Charlie Barnet, Gray Gordon, Van (Continued on page 72)

Lady Esther asks
 "Where's the girl who wants to be
LUCKY in **LOVE**?"



If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is Lucky For You!

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely *thinks* the powder she is using is *really right*—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use

today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to *know*. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them *right on your own skin* you may never find the one shade that makes you a *lovelier* and a *luckier* you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently



sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse... made them look older... that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked *close*.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you *most*.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you *free*. Try *all* ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really *right* shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger... and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty *always*—help you win more luck in life and love.



"I'm glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love."

(You can paste this on a (45) penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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



LADY ESTHER POWDER

■ Presenting the strange case of the Kay Kyser-Ginny Simms romance—a love mystery that has even their friends baffled. Can you solve it?

This must

■ Kay says, "If it's not Ginny, it certainly is no other woman!"

HOW good a detective are you? When a woman says "No," does she mean "Yes?" When one of America's most famous and popular bandleaders is seen everywhere and anytime with his girl vocalist, do you put two and two together and get an answer? When said bandleader begins consulting said vocalist about the color of his band's uniform, do you list it as more evidence?

In other words, given the evidence, can you find the solution of what a mystery writer would certainly call "The Strange Case of the Kay Kyser-Ginny Simms Romance?"

It is such an exciting, intriguing mystery, we'd better give you the clues right away so you can work out your own solution to this baffling tangle. A tangle which irritates half the music world—the half that can't bear not to know what's going on; and delights the other half—the half which gets pleasure in seeing two people having such a swell time out of life.

Clue No. 1 comes from one of their own song sheets: "This Must Be Love Because They Look So Swell."

And by "they," we mean the principals in this Strange Case.

The first principal has lovely, lustrous chestnut hair framing a heart-like face, made still more appealing and excitingly alluring by huge, shining violet-blue eyes. It has, what's more, as neat and trim a pair of ankles as ever swayed before a microphone. Ankles which add that final touch to a slim, graceful figure. Complete, delectable femininity.

The second principal is just about the highest paid of all the country's orchestra leaders—and, therefore, I guess, close to the most successful. A faintly serious young man who is romantic not because he is dark and handsome but because he has a



be Love

By JERRY MASON

gentle southern drawl, a rare touch for comedy, a crazy kick-up-your-heels-and-enjoy-life attitude that matches so subtly the clear quiet of those violet-blue eyes.

Have you the case well in hand, love sleuths?

Then let's go back a bit. Detectives and writers of exciting romance stories always do. Somewhere there is the solution to this puzzle. You now have the principals. Next comes the yet-to-be-solved problem itself.

The question is: What goes on here between Kay Kyser and his beautiful vocalist, Ginny Simms? And something certainly goes on. Or why would the rumors spread every day? Those interesting rumors which say—

"Kay and Ginny are secretly married," "Kay never goes any place unless Ginny is with him," "They've been in love ever since 1933," "If they're not married now, it certainly won't be long."

Why, as a matter of record, would Kay say—

"If it isn't Ginny, it is certainly no other woman!" And why would Ginny say "... I'd much rather be with Kay than anyone else"?

Then, right in the next breath, they say, with white-hot insistence, "Married? No!"

Now, now—wait a minute. Before you make up your mind and pronounce our two principals man and wife, or even say to yourself "Sure, they're in love," listen to the story we have to tell.

It was October, 1933. The late afternoon sun was shooting red-gold rays through the streets of Santa Monica. No one noticed the slim figure carrying a music case, hurrying as she neared the entrance of an office building. Pretty faces are no novelty in California.

As she stepped off the elevator, she sighed a little, clutched her

music case more tightly, and opened the door with the gold lettering: "Earl Bailey—Manager of Kay Kyser."

She looked around the small office. Mr. Bailey, who had arranged the appointment, wasn't there. But sitting close to a piano was a quiet-looking young man—sandy-haired and wearing glasses. She walked over to him:

"Pardon me—but I was to meet Mr. Bailey and Mr. Kyser here. Do you happen to know where they are?"

The young man stood up and smiled. "I'm Kay Kyser—and I guess you're Virginia Simms."

She breathed another little sigh—of relief, this time—and nodded.

"Well, Miss Simms, I'll be glad to listen to you sing. Mr. Bailey thought you had promise. Go ahead—sing me a song. I'll tell you what I think."

The girl, looking like a college freshman, sat down at the piano. She ran her long, tapering fingers over the keys once—gently. Then

■ Ginny says, "I'd much rather be with Kay than anyone else."

she began to sing. As she sang, all the freshness and sincerity of her young voice filled the room. If she had looked around, she'd have seen the man who had greeted her sitting there with a half-smile on his lips. He murmured to himself as she soared up to a high note and held it. But the girl didn't turn around. She had closed her eyes. Her song was coming from her heart. Her mind had, without will, gone back to the years which had passed and finally brought her to this.

She could see now the hot, baked plains of Texas near San Antonio where she was born. She could remember those baby years with nothing but the Texas sun and the carefree days and weeks and months of growing up. Then there was the great excitement of moving to California, and the trip to their new home in (Continued on page 54)

Should we send

Dorothy Thompson, famous journalist
the women of America to answer the

By JUDY ASHLEY

WOULD you send the man you love to war? Your instinctive answer—every woman's answer—is probably a quick "No!" For there's no longer anything fine about war. Everyone knows it for what it is—a cruel, muddled, futile business, with nothing but defeat at the end of it for victor as well as vanquished.

Yet the time when we can avoid war by realizing its futility seems to have passed. More and more, the world is drifting toward another conflict; more and more the people of America are wondering if they will be able to avoid being drawn into a fight they do not want.

I wish the problem were simple enough so that I could say, "No. Let the rest of the world tear itself to bits. The United States should stay out of it, and if it doesn't stay out, no one I love will go to war with my consent and blessing. I will do all in my power to keep my husband, my brother, my son from entering any war except one caused by actual invasion of this country."

I wish the problem were that simple. But because I feared it was not, I went to Dorothy Thompson for her views on it. Not only because she is a foremost student of world affairs, a journalist and radio commentator who is an acknowledged authority in her field, but because she is a woman, a wife and a mother. To a woman's hatred of war, she could add the expert's knowledge. I knew she would talk about war not only with her heart, but with her head as well. I hoped she could answer for me and for the readers of *RADIO MIRROR*, the question that every day is growing more pressing: *How can we find peace?*

We talked in the quiet restfulness of Miss Thompson's drawing room, high above New York's Central Park. War seemed very remote there, and it was hard to realize that the gray-haired, young-faced, trimly dressed woman across from me was the same who only a few weeks before had made headlines all over the nation by bursting into open, derisive laughter at a Nazi rally. She said:

"Peace has always, unfortunately, been maintained in the world on somebody's terms—on the terms of one nation or some group of nations. Wars don't happen when power is out of balance. A nation, if it is convinced that its power, combined with that of its allies, is measurably weaker than the power of its opponents, won't declare war or provoke it. That's only common sense. Would a group of three men, for instance, deliberately go out to pick a fight with a group of ten men? Certainly not. The three men



our men to war?

and radio commentator, challenges
modern world's most vital question

Illustration by John J. Floherty, Jr.

would try to get more help on their side, or they would try to cut down the number of their opponents. Or they would give in.

AT PRESENT, the only nations that think they have anything to gain from war are Germany, Italy and Japan," Miss Thompson continued.

"A very good way of getting Hitler to start a European war tomorrow is to convince him that he will win it. If he is promised by the American Congress that we will certainly stay out of it, he is more likely to try it. For he might figure that with Japan and Italy, his forces would balance and perhaps exceed the strength of France and England and whatever allies they could bring in with them. He would think that perhaps he could win that war—and there's a good chance he'd be right. But as long as he is afraid that the United States would step in, he's more likely to proceed with caution.

"I don't say that it's impossible for a country to stay neutral in the midst of a war. The United States *could* remain neutral. Holland was neutral all through the World War. But in order to stay neutral, you've got to be willing to take it on the chin, again and again. You have to take a kicking around, and say nothing, just as Holland did in the World War. War in Europe, with the United States neutral, would mean a long series of 'international incidents'—our ships torpedoed on the high seas, our citizens abroad exposed to danger, our property confiscated or destroyed. Holland went all through that in the World War, and still refused to take sides. If the United States would go through it, it could remain neutral too. But I am afraid the United States would not take those indignities very long. I do believe that eventually, inevitably, it would be drawn into any war involving the leading nations and fought on two oceans.

"That is why talk of 'isolation' and 'minding our own business' is both dangerous and futile. There is no such thing as isolation in the world! The notion that we could bottle up all our ships in case of war, and relinquish all our trade, is simply silly. And it is our business, just as much as it is any other country's, to keep the world free of terror and despotism. I hate war, and I'm under no illusions—another war, even if the side on which we happened to be fighting won, wouldn't prove anything or settle anything. The only way to assure lasting peace and decency between nations is by a real world organization with police powers.

"A sovereign state is the (Continued on page 66)



Debutantes—

YOU CAN HAVE THEM!

FASHIONABLE finishing schools, a debut in some gilded ballroom with all the town's eligible bachelors on the guest-list; the Junior League teas, cocktail parties, dinner, the theater, the Rainbow Room afterwards, "a marriage has been arranged." . . . Everything done for her, the well-worn path mapped out in advance, made easy by wealth and tradition—easy, and somewhat dull. That's the story of every society debutante.

Every one? Well, yes, of nearly every one—but not of Pamela Bruce, who, like her Irish great-grandfather, was a fighter and a free spirit, hating the shackles of "You must" and "You must not"—counting love and life both useless without freedom.

Glamour Girl No. 1, the papers called her—Pamela Bruce, the fabulously wealthy, the stunningly beautiful, the supremely photogenic, the incredibly wilful. In a word, the debutante of the year. And—though this was never printed, only whispered—the girl who had committed the terrible social mistake of waiting three years past the usual age before making her formal debut. She must be eccentric, too.

"And," said Pamela wildly to her mother and father, "I don't care if I never make my debut. I don't want one."

"Pamela," said Mrs. Bruce, without losing her temper. Mrs. Bruce never lost her temper; it was one of her rules of life. "Pamela, we will not argue about it. For three years I've let you talk me into putting it off. This time I am determined."

The shaded lights of the vast Bruce library struck fiery glints from Pam's red hair. "I see," she remarked. "In other words—one more year and I'll be practically an old maid."

Her father put his whole family philosophy into a few words: "Now, Pam, think what this means to your mother."

"Think what it means to me! Look, Mother"—she whirled to face them both—"all these traditions—



She had to admit that Eddie didn't look like a department store floorwalker.

MYRNA LOY CREATED THE ROLE OF PAMELA WHEN THIS STORY, BY GROVER

the whole social set-up—I suppose they're important for people who want them. But I don't. I want something else out of life—freedom! The freedom that comes with not being tied down to a famous family and a famous fortune. Debutantes! You can have them! I'd like—I'd like to take a crack at being just me!"

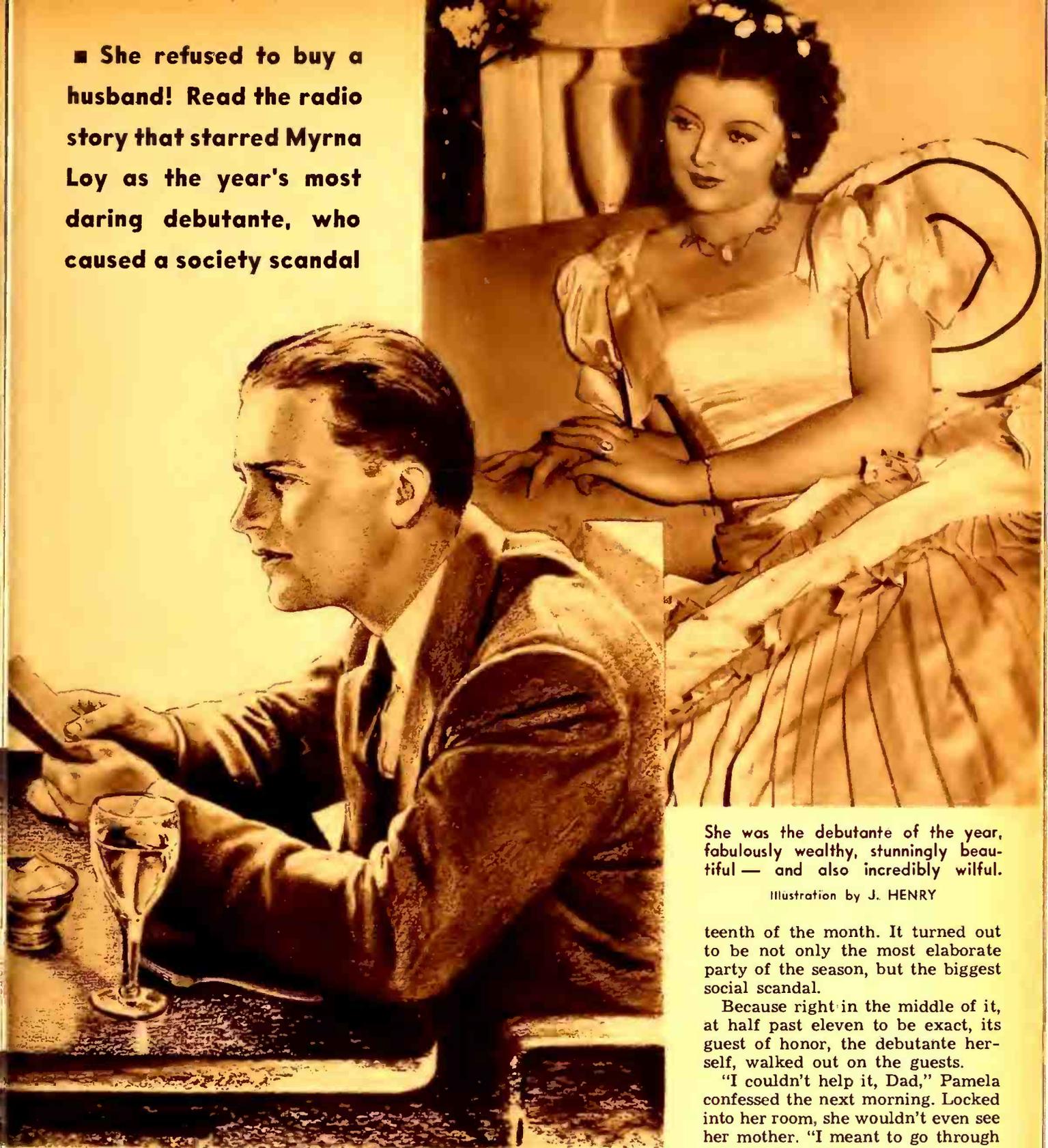
Marshall Bruce's mouth, trained to shut itself tightly on its owner's

inner thoughts, relaxed a little.

"And you think money stands in the way of this freedom you're after?"

"I know it does," Pam said passionately. "Oh, please, Mother—forget this debut business. Let me just go out on my own, and hunt for a job. Not as Pamela Bruce, but as"—she hesitated, groping for a name—"as Paula Barton, a girl no-

■ She refused to buy a husband! Read the radio story that starred Myrna Loy as the year's most daring debutante, who caused a society scandal



She was the debutante of the year, fabulously wealthy, stunningly beautiful — and also incredibly wilful.

Illustration by J. HENRY

teenth of the month. It turned out to be not only the most elaborate party of the season, but the biggest social scandal.

Because right in the middle of it, at half past eleven to be exact, its guest of honor, the debutante herself, walked out on the guests.

"I couldn't help it, Dad," Pamela confessed the next morning. Locked into her room, she wouldn't even see her mother. "I meant to go through with it—but I'd been standing there for what seemed like years, shaking hands with people I didn't know and didn't want to know—my feet hurt and my arm hurt—and I just got so sick and tired of the whole silly business that—that I had to get out. And so I did. And today I'm leaving this house."

"Your mother's very upset," Marshall Bruce said, but he couldn't hide the smile of pride in his eyes.

"I know, and I'm sorry. I guess it'll be better if I don't see her right

JONES AND TRUE BOARDMAN, WAS BROADCAST ON CBS' SILVER THEATER SHOW

body ever heard of before. And then leave me alone. If I starve—that's up to me. But—"

"Pamela," said her mother, in her let's-have-no-more-of-this-nonsense tone of voice, "you're being romantic and absurd. Now, we'll have the party here on the nineteenth. I've already selected the orchestra, the decorations and your dress. It's going to be white, and very

long, sweeping the floor, in fact—"

Pamela's slim body, so tense and vibrant a moment before, suddenly drooped in exhaustion and weariness. "You've got this all so perfectly in hand, Mother," she said. "I'm sure you don't need me. Good night." The door closed behind her.

The Bruce coming-out party took place, as scheduled, on the nine-

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"Your mother's very upset," Marshall Bruce said, but he couldn't hide the smile of pride in his eyes.

"I know, and I'm sorry. I guess it'll be better if I don't see her right

away. You understand, don't you, Dad? I want to be independent, and really *live!* Get myself a job—"

"Yes," her father said, nodding. "I understand perfectly. And, Pam—" His deep-set eyes twinkled. "I say, go to it!"

MARTINE'S STORE—Ladies' Ready-to-wear—was no great shakes. It was a barn of a building just off Union Square, and not one of Pam's former acquaintances would have thought of going there to buy clothes. But the salary was fourteen dollars a week—just about enough to live on, with care. And she didn't much want to see any of her former acquaintances.

Every morning at a quarter to nine she stood in line at the time-clock, slipped the card marked Paula Barton into the machine, and pulled the lever. Every night at six, after hours of taking cheap dresses off hangers and putting them back on, helping perspiring fat ladies in substantial prints and praying that the seams wouldn't burst, keeping a weather eye open to distinguish between prospective customers and those who were "just looking"—every night she went back to her furnished bedroom with aching feet and tired body. Only this time it was a joyous ache, a free and glorious tiredness.

But, early in her second week, she had her first really difficult customer, and went down to defeat. The customer, a pear-shaped woman with unconvincing blonde hair and angry protruding eyes like blue China Easter eggs, tried on dress after dress, complaining bitterly all the time. Not until she had made a selection of her own was she satisfied—and even then she had to have Pam's approval as well.

"Don't you agree that this looks much better on me than that blue atrocity you tried to sell me?" she asked, twisting back and forth in front of the mirror.

Pam hedged. "I'm glad you like it, Madam."

"Young woman, I asked you a question. Do you still like the blue dress better?"

"Well," Pam said frankly, "I do think the blue is in better taste. Horizontal stripes are all wrong for your figure."

After that, things got bad, with the woman flushing a mottled pink and screeching like a peacock, drowning out Pam's apologies and explanations. Tall young Mr. Adams, the floorwalker for the section, soon answered her cries. "This stupid salesgirl of yours has dared to insult me," she babbled. "She said this dress—the only decent one you have in stock—was in bad taste!"

The floorwalker's lean face was solemn. "Would you like another salesgirl?" he inquired.

"Certainly not! I want this one fired. She said my figure was—"

"Please, Mr. Adams," Pam begged, "she misunderstood. I didn't mean to insult her!"

"You needn't lie, young woman. I've seen your kind before."

"If she told you that dress was in bad taste," the floorwalker said abruptly, "she was right. It looks like a tent on you. And our salesgirls are here to help the customers, Madam, not to be shouted at. If you don't like the service here, you'd better go some place else."

"Mr. Adams!" said an authoritative voice from behind them. Somebody in the crowd that had collected whispered in awe: "Mr. Martine! The boss!"

"Well," said Eddie Adams, ex-floorwalker, to Paula Barton, ex-salesgirl, an hour later, "so there's a good job gone."

"Two good jobs," said Pam.

"And I was in the money, too," mourned Eddie, over his automat sandwich. "Two hundred and eighty-six

dollars and forty-five cents. That's what I had in the bank. Another month would have made it three hundred."

"I'm sorry," Pam said. "But another store is bound to need a floorwalker."

Eddie glared at her. "A floorwalker! Say—you don't think I'd take a job like that again, do you? Do I look like a floorwalker?"

She had to admit, looking at him across the slab of imitation marble, that he didn't. A thin, nervous face, flat-cheeked, square-jawed; a sensitive mouth; blue-gray eyes that were curiously innocent and defenseless, for all his wise way of talking. He went on:

"I took that job because I had to. Chemistry—that's my job. Had two years of petroleum engineering at Columbia Extension, but when Dad had to quit work, I gave it up. Dad's a chemist too—a good one. And if the two of us only had a laboratory of our own, to work it out, we've got a way to absorb carbon monoxide fumes from automobile exhausts—it's been tried before, but our method is really practical—"

He broke off, eyeing her suspiciously. "Why should I be telling you all this?" he inquired of himself.

"But I think it's swell, Mr. Adams."

"Nix—call me Eddie. People that've been fired together ought to use first names. What's yours?"

"—Paula."

"Okay. Hurry and finish eating and we'll start looking for jobs."

Pamela was looking in her purse for another nickel. He stopped her, sternly. "This lunch is on me. How many more nickels you want?"

"Just one," she said meekly. "I want some ice cream on my pie."

He snatched the proffered money back. "No you don't. That pie's got cheese on it, hasn't it? That's enough."

She looked up at him, startled. After a barely perceptible pause she said: "I see. Apparently you're an expert on practical economics as well as chemistry."

"You mean I'm tight?" he said without rancour. "Sure I am. I've got to be—and so-ve you. Here! Let me see your purse."

BEFORE she could stop him, he had snatched it and was methodically going through its contents. "Two dollars and eighty-seven cents," he announced. "And no job. When's your rent paid to?"

"That's none of your business."

"Can't be long, anyway," he shrugged her temper off. "That settles it. You're coming home with me. We've got a back bedroom we can't rent because the window won't open. You can sleep there."

Afterwards, Pam was never quite sure how she came to be part of the Adams household. She certainly hadn't intended to—well, not *really* intended to. Yet in a week, there she was, living in the back room, having her meals with the family, calling Mr. and Mrs. Adams "Dad" and "Mother."

The relationship went farther than mere words, too. As much as Eddie, she soon found herself worrying over Dad's health—over the long half-illness that had sapped his strength so he could no longer hold down a job; and over the dubious, confusing reports that were all the doctor gave about him. With Eddie, she longed for a laboratory of his own, where he and his father could work out their process for eliminating carbon monoxide fumes. A far-off, rosy dream, that seemed, for most of Eddie's savings were gone in the weeks that passed before either of them found another job.

Then things were better, with Eddie working in an oil refinery in Jersey, and Pam in a Times Square hat



Pam sank down wearily on the steps of the high-shouldered brownstone walk-up where the Adamses lived.

shop. At least, there was enough to pay for food and rent and the doctor's frequent visits. Winter faded into spring and spring into summer, and suddenly it was July.

July the fifth. It should have been just another hot summer day, but to Pam, sinking down on the steps of the high-shouldered brownstone walk-up where the Adamses lived, it was a little more than that. It was her birthday. Of course, Eddie didn't know—she hadn't told him because he'd be sure to want to buy her something, and he couldn't afford it. But . . . it would be nice . . . rather . . . if he did know.

THE life of the crowded street flowed past her as she sat there on the front steps. The long climb up three flights to the apartment loomed before her like Mt. Everest. She was tired—and because she was tired, and it was her birthday, and in a way a mile-stone, she found herself thinking thoughts that she had resolutely barred from her mind. Eddie. Darling. If she could only say that to him—if he would only let her. But Eddie's mind was not on her. It was too firmly set on a bank-account. She smiled, wryly. Funny. Once the possession of money had kept her from what she wanted. Now it was its lack.

All at once, Eddie was standing beside her, grinning down into her upturned face, one hand dangling a little paper-wrapped box before her eyes.

"Hey! Wake up—and happy birthday!"

"Eddie! You didn't! How—how did you know?"

"You let it slip, once, and forgot. Go on, open it!"

It was a slim little bracelet, gold set with garnets. "Not rubies, or diamonds, like you ought to have," Eddie said. "But it's real, anyhow. Fake jewelry doesn't go with you."

And after dinner, Eddie insisted, they were going out to celebrate. "I don't care if it costs five bucks," he said. "We're going to split the town wide open!"

Perhaps they didn't quite do that, but they went to a Broadway show, sitting high up in gallery seats, and afterwards they took the bus and then a ferry to the Palisades, where they rode on the roller-coasters and merry-go-rounds.

IT was afterwards, as they walked through the dark, deserted streets from the bus stop to the apartment, that the spell broke. All the laughter was gone now. Eddie was silent, trudging along with his hands in his pockets his eyes on the sidewalk.

"Eddie," she said timidly, "what's the matter? You just—sort of froze up—all of a sudden."

"Nothin'," he said, with an irritated shake of his head.

"Is it—is it because I spent so much money?"

"Don't be a dope." He whirled on her. "Do you think I'd care if you spent a million—if I had it? You think I'm tight. Sure I am—I've got to be. Being tight's the one outside chance I've got to win—the one—" He broke off, hopelessly. "Let's not talk about it."

He was looking at the sidewalk once more, so he did not see the brooding

pity in her face.

"Let's do talk about it, Eddie," she said quietly.

"For what? Where will it get us?" He was savage now. "There's nothing I can say that you haven't guessed. I've got so much bottled up inside me I could talk until doomsday and still not tell you anything you don't know."

"But suppose—suppose I want to hear it anyway?"

"Suppose you do. What does it all add up to? We love each other. So that's great. But we can't afford to get married. All I can offer you—all that's left over after I've taken care of the folks—is a little furnished room somewhere. And you—" his voice tightened, and he turned away his head—"you deserve a lot more than that."

This, she thought, wasn't the way she had expected to hear a man say he loved her. No pretty speeches, no moonlight. Only tense, bitter words, spoken late at night on a grimy New York street. But not the less sweet, for all that. One hand rose and pressed itself against her cheek in involuntary, secret delight. He did love her, and that was the important thing. Surely, beside that, his anger and pride about money couldn't matter much—she would soothe them, wipe them away as if they had never been there.

"I won't mind, darling," she said. "I'll still be working, remember. We'll make out somehow, and take care of the folks too."

"And there's another (Continued on page 70)

I Married

Now I can tell it—the story of my secret life with a radio idol I loved so much that I became his unacknowledged wife

I.

AMONG all my memories—along with the days of fear and heartache—I still have that one day of happiness. I'll always have that to look back on: the brief twenty-four hours of my wedding day.

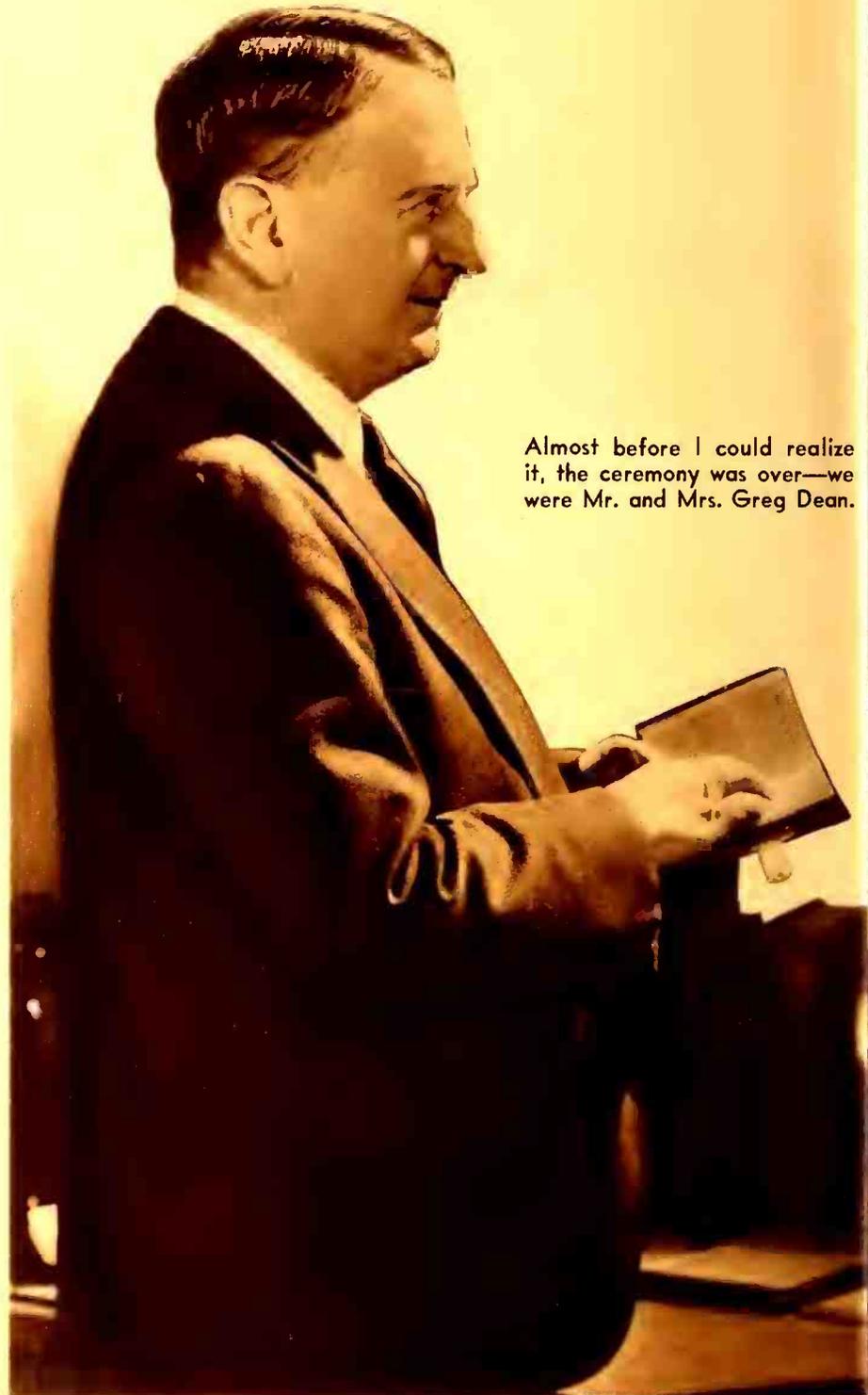
Blindingly hot, it was. The sun seemed to have actual weight as it struck you, yet the desert air was so light and heady that you didn't have any feeling of oppression. In the judge's little office, where we stood before a plain flat-topped desk for an altar, there was even a little breeze. The flat leaves of a palm-tree scraped together, outside the window, with a dry sort of noise.

I looked up at Greg's face, as we waited for the judge to begin, and smiled. In a few minutes now, he'd be my husband. The world wouldn't know it; once this day was over neither of us could acknowledge the other, perhaps for months. But at the moment, that didn't matter. Greg—handsome, talented, so-serious Greg—would be my husband; I would know it, and that would be enough.

And then, almost before I had time to realize it, the ceremony was over. Just a few words, mumbled by the white-haired judge whose name I didn't even know: "Do you, Thomas Boerland, now take Katharine Moore to be your lawful wedded wife? . . . Do you, Katharine Moore, now take Thomas Boerland to be your lawful wedded husband? . . ."

Of course, I had known Greg would use his real name, not the one he had taken when he first became a professional singer—but just the same, it fell with a slight shock on my ears. As if, somehow, I were not marrying him at all, but another man.

Then Greg was slipping the plain little gold ring on my finger, fumbling a little, endearingly, in his nervousness; taking me in his arms, kissing me on the lips. We were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Boerland—



Almost before I could realize it, the ceremony was over—we were Mr. and Mrs. Greg Dean.

Outside the Law



which didn't mean a thing to anyone except us. That we were also Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Dean didn't mean a great deal, either—now. But some day it would, my heart sang—some day it would.

"That's his wife," people would some day whisper when we went into the stage door of a broadcasting studio or a concert hall. "They were married when he was still almost unknown, and kept it secret for a while because they didn't want to spoil his chances in the movies. It was just after he got his contract with Imperial." And magazine writers would come to me—some day—and I'd tell them the story of our wedding and how it happened—how I'd met Greg in a Hollywood radio studio, while he was singing on a local program, and I was just breaking into the business as an actress, taking small parts in dramatic shows, reading commercials—doing anything they'd hire me to do. How we started going around together, and how almost from the first I knew I loved him.

THERE was one thing I wouldn't tell them, though, because it still hurt me, just a little, to think about it. I didn't blame Greg—I knew that one disastrous experience with marriage, when he was little more than a boy, must have made him wary. I knew, too, that a young man with his way to make in the entertainment business travels faster if he travels alone. But I wouldn't tell these people in the future that the secret marriage had been my idea—my solution for what had seemed an unsolvable dilemma. I wouldn't tell them that marriage, even a secret marriage, hadn't occurred to Greg until I suggested it. I understood, but they might not. It was the secret Greg and I would share in that far-off, beautiful day when fame should have come to him, and we could stand together before the whole world, just as we had stood together at the flat-topped desk in the judge's office.

If I had known that day was never to come! . . .

We said goodby to the judge, and went down the stone stairway, with its golden-oak hand rail, and out

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If I had known that day was never to come!

We said goodbye to the judge, and went down the stone stairway, with its golden-oak hand rail, and out

of the court house into the bright, dusty street. All around the little town was desert, a waste of sand, cactus, Joshua trees, with only the narrow ribbon of concrete connecting us with Hollywood, which we had left that morning. Now it was late afternoon. Greg's dark-blue sports roadster, its gleaming surface a little dulled with the dust of our journey, stood at the curb.

"Well," Greg said uncertainly, "where now?"

FOR we didn't have much time for a honeymoon. The whole escapade had been undertaken, necessarily, on the spur of the moment. Greg was busy on the Imperial lot, acting in his first picture, and we both had radio shows, so once we had made up our minds to get married, the next problem had been when. We hadn't dared stay in California for the ceremony, for fear the news would get out, and the trip across the state line to Nevada took almost a day. But, the night before, Greg had called up with the good news that his shooting schedule on the lot

was giving him two whole days off, while neither of us had a broadcast for the same length of time—so we'd hastily made plans, packed a few clothes—and here we were!

I tried to think back over the road we had traveled that morning, to remember if we had passed any places that looked pleasant enough to spend the night in, but without much success. In every direction there was nothing but desert.

"Maybe we ought to drive straight back to Hollywood," I suggested, but without really meaning it.

"Oh, no," Greg said seriously. "That wouldn't be very safe. We might be seen if we went somewhere there—I mean—"

We looked away from each other, both of us blushing.

At last we simply got in the car and drove back toward the west. The sun glared straight into our eyes, and all at once depression settled on me. I felt hot and dusty. The wedding was over, so abruptly; we didn't know where we were going; and we felt constrained and embarrassed. And I wondered, for the

first time, if we had done right in marrying so secretly and furtively. Perhaps it would have been better to wait—

The sun sank, and the clear, pale desert twilight came, while we whizzed along the road. Seven o'clock, eight o'clock—

Greg looked at me doubtfully. "We're getting to Lone Rock. Would you like to stop there? It's not such a bad place."

I nodded, and soon we were driving down the main street of the town. There seemed to be only one hotel, and it wasn't very inviting. Then, at the edge of town, I caught sight of a neat little auto camp, tiny bungalows grouped about a graveled court. Greg wrinkled his nose when I suggested taking a look at it.

"An auto camp!" he said. "For a honeymoon?"

Nevertheless, he stopped, and when we had inspected the bungalow they showed us, he had to admit it was better than a hotel, with its clean floors, bright curtains at the windows, and adjoining shower.

The camp attendant went away and closed the door behind him. Greg looked at me, then away, lit a cigarette and strolled to the window. "We'd better go somewhere and eat," he said vaguely.

Then, suddenly, he crushed the cigarette out, turned swiftly, and took me in his arms.

"Darling!" he whispered against my hair.

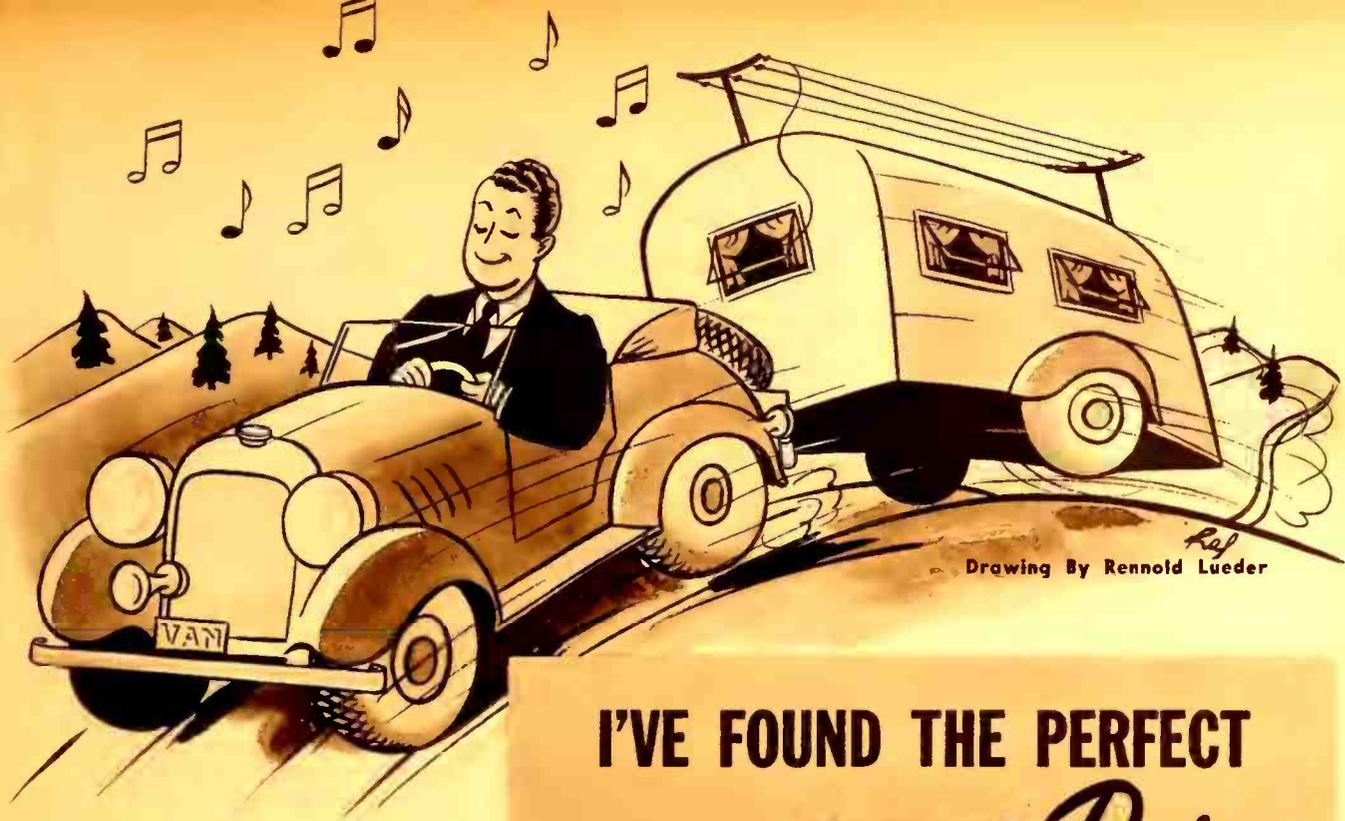
All my momentary depression faded away, and I gave myself to his embrace, gladly. I felt, once more, secure and safe in his love, and I said to myself that I had only been suffering from the nervousness of any young bride.

Yet that same feeling, a sort of submerged sense of disaster piling up around me, was to come again, and again, and much too often. I had never believed in premonitions; I can't entirely believe in them even now, but the fact remains that from the very beginning I knew there was something wrong about our marriage, something I could not—or would not—analyze.

It was still with me two weeks later, when I had to take my wedding ring out of my purse and look at it, to convince myself that our elopement hadn't been all a dream. Nothing was changed. I still lived in my little one-room apartment, on the Los Angeles side of Hollywood; I still went to the broadcasting studio almost every day; I still saw Greg there frequently, and sometimes went out with him to dinner. But we both realized we couldn't be seen together too often. Hollywood (Continued on page 62)



I turned away from him, hating to let him read the anguish in my face—even though soon I would have to confide in him.



I'VE FOUND THE PERFECT *Backseat Driver*

WHEN I am on the road radio is my boon companion, trustworthy guide, respected counselor and ever jolly entertainer. At last I've found the perfect backseat driver—one that never talks back, argues about the right road to take, or criticizes the way I shift gears.

Radio plays an important part of my life when I am home, or in residence at any spot for a period. But there the rounds of daily calls, business and social visits, movies and theaters prevent me from being with it as much as I like. Traveling, however, particularly by trailer, it is the most important factor in my daily rounds.

As I usually start shortly after daylight I leave my trailer bedside radio on when I go to sleep. The soft strains of the early morning music awaken me not too abruptly. I do my morning stretching exercises to the rhythm of the gymnastic leaders. Cooking breakfast, the weather reports are being flashed in and aid me in planning the route for the day. At approximately the same time, of course the news reports keep me informed of world

affairs and take the place of the daily newspaper which is then rarely available. I usually spend eight or nine hours a day driving, quite often alone. At intervals I turn on the car-radio and get news, music, lectures, whatever my mood requires, or whatever I feel I need to supplement my thoughts. Incidentally I find myself paying attention to the cooking recipes and household hints—something which I wouldn't think of doing at home. Over a charcoal fire in the evening I frequently try out with some success new ways of preparing a dish I've just listened to. The advice on cleaning is particularly useful in the trailer for there are so many different things to keep in condition. And I often waft myself to sleep at night listening to Stokowski or Damrosch or the lighter music of

Rudy Vallee, Ben Bernie or Wayne King. The late evening news is a source of great satisfaction, for although I'm usually able to pick up newspapers enroute, the daily stint of driving and the evening's chores often tire my eyes so much I feel little like reading.

Yearly I travel about 50,000 miles by airplane, boat, train, car and lately largely by trailer. When I'm working on some particular story I naturally have to go to my destination by the quickest possible route. There is no latitude for deviations. But much of the time I am engaged in making surveys and studies of particular countries and sections thereof. Here is where my radio is of great aid. When I'm planning my day's trip if I find the weather is particularly bad in one section, I (Continued on page 60)



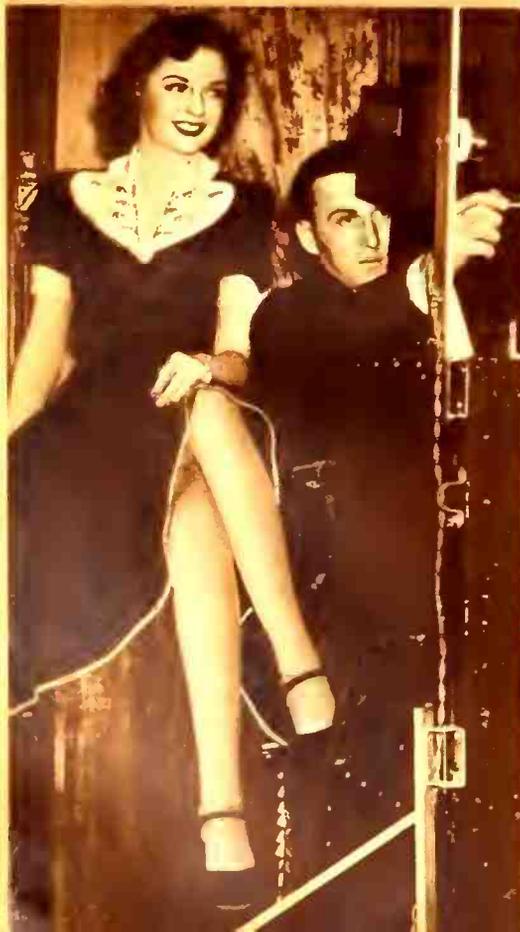
■ The famous fugitive from Fifth Avenue salutes man's best companion on the open road — his radio set, which never talks back, disagrees, or finds fault, and even saves lives

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.



During rehearsals, performers wear sun glasses, but for the actual performance they must come off. Here's Fred Waring doing his master of ceremonies' job before the powerful rays of the great television lights.

Lillian Eggers, New York model, stumbled into her television job.



Before Your

By JACK
SHER

LIGHT the set!"
"Places everybody!"
The three heavy television cameras moved noiselessly into position. The pretty girl announcer stood under the glaring lights moving nervously. The Fred Waring choral singers, just to her right, scrambled to get into position.

"Quiet!" A voice boomed through the studio.

It was echoed by assistants, and everyone on the set held his breath and kept his eyes glued on the nervous girl announcer.

High in a dark room, just above the television studio sets, the director watched the girl's image on a series of three screens directly in front of him. Then he began giving instructions to the three television

cameramen below, speaking his commands through a public address system. It was almost eight o'clock. Everything was ready.

"All right, let's go!"

The girl announcer opened her mouth and at the same instant people sitting in front of their television sets within a fifty-mile radius of the Empire State building, saw and heard the girl on the screen. The first official television program was under way.

As soon as the girl was through speaking those in front of their television sets saw the entire Fred Waring Company, sixty in all, suddenly flash on their screen. The boys and girls kept things moving briskly, doing ten minutes of singing, dancing and comedy. Then, as

Mary McCormick, NBC's girl announcer, is making up for her appearance before the television camera. Below: They call her the "Image Girl." Charlotte Manson has been the constant subject for NBC's experimental television tests.

very Eyes

■ A miracle becomes a daily occurrence—and here is your free pass to the first backstage tour of a regular television broadcast



the Waring gang wound up with a spectacular finale, the scene shifted and the title of a play, "The Unexpected," appeared on the screen. As the title faded away, those watching their screens were looking at a stage setting similar to one you might see on a Broadway stage. The actors, Earl Larrimore, Marjorie Clarke and David More, took their parts well, in this amusing one-act comedy drama. As soon as it was over, there was a breather for those in the studio, but on the screen appeared the face of Lowell Thomas, as television gave its audience the first movie made especially for television, called "Teletopics." As soon as it was over, the action centered in the studio again, with Marcy Wescott, Broadway musical comedy

star, singing popular tunes of the day. Dick Rodgers, famous composer, accompanied her at the piano.

After Marcy, the girl television announcer came on and announced that the next scenes would be televised from the World's Fair, and suddenly, the beaming face of Ed Herlihy, NBC's inquiring reporter, came on the screen. He was in front of a big building on the Fair grounds, and beside him were several people who were picked at random to answer his questions and be televised. He kept the questions popping at a lively rate and most of the people interviewed showed up well on the screen. It was one of the highlights of the program. As soon as it was over, three excellent jugglers were televised from the

studio. Then, the star of the show, Donald Duck, in a full-length cartoon, wound up the show.

Yes, after all the talk, promises and build-up, television is here as a regular, reliable entertainment medium—ready to take its place along with radio and the movies.

So now, LET'S GO TO A REHEARSAL:

The modern, air-cooled television studio at NBC is like a Hollywood sound stage in miniature. Here, actors and actresses scurry around the brilliantly lit sets in make-up; cameramen, berets and all, "dolly" and "Pan" and "truck" to get the shots the director wants. Sets are pulled up and down in a twinkling as assistant directors shout out instructions.

Being in (Continued on page 58)

THE CURTAIN

Magic

■ In its excitement, color and bustle, an NBC television studio is like a Hollywood sound stage. Left, rehearsals go on while stagehands set the scenery. Note the batteries of bright lights, the wall being moved into position, and the microphone at the end of its long pole, or "boom." In the picture at left below, the stage is set and the scene is being televised.



Three cameras are used alternately, to give more variety to shows.



■ Left, the director's room, where the action in the studio is watched on three screens, one for each camera. During rehearsal, the director talks to the actors over a microphone and public-address system—he never sees them in the flesh, as the studio is on the floor below. Television requires a big technical crew—four men in this room besides the director, who is second from the right. Inset, it has often been said that blondes can't be televised, but this picture of Jean Muir, taken directly from a television screen, proves once and for all that they can. The girl announcer on NBC's first regular sight broadcast was also a decided blonde.



RISES ON A *World*

■ Right, one of NBC's programs presents an actual staged prizefight: sporting events will undoubtedly be frequent attractions in sight-sound radio. The Philco portable transmitter, below right, is even now touring the country, picking up outdoor happenings. Some outdoor scenes may be filmed, developed at once, and put on the air as moving pictures.



BOSTON
SCHENECTADY ALBANY
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
CAMDEN

MILWAUKEE
IOWA CITY
CHICAGO
KANSAS CITY



In Florida, the portable television camera catches a golfer as he tees off.

RADIO'S PHOTO- MIRROR

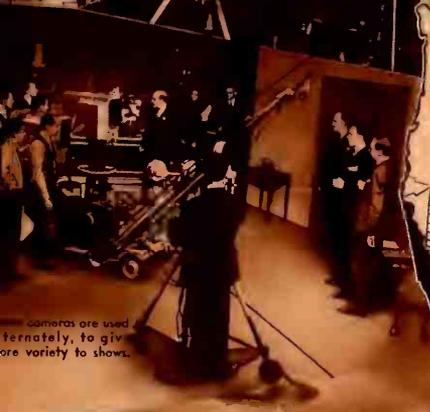
■ Above, a map of the United States shows you where television programs may be seen, to the best of our reporter's knowledge, either now or by the end of 1939. At each city marked an experimental station is already in operation, or the construction of one has been licensed. No licenses for commercial stations have been given, as yet, but if you live within fifty miles of any of these cities, a television receiver in your home will be able to receive the programs sent out. Right, Fred Waring and his orchestra supplied television with its first regularly scheduled variety show. Inset, NBC's new television inquiring reporter, former announcer Ed Herlihy.



THE CURTAIN RISES ON A *Magic World*

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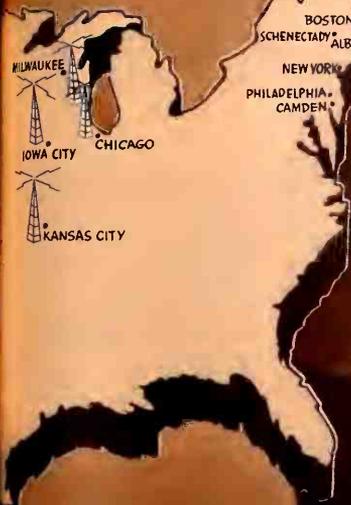
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RADEO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR



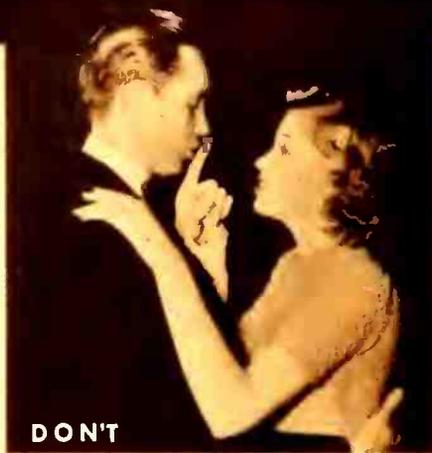
LANNY ROSS TELLS

What's Wrong



DON'T

■ Kay Lorraine and Lanny show the phoney-elegant way NOT to hold your partner's hand.



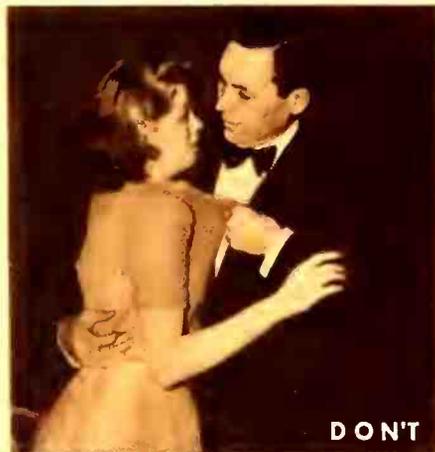
DON'T

■ If you want your partner to enjoy that dance, don't keep up a constant flow of chatter.



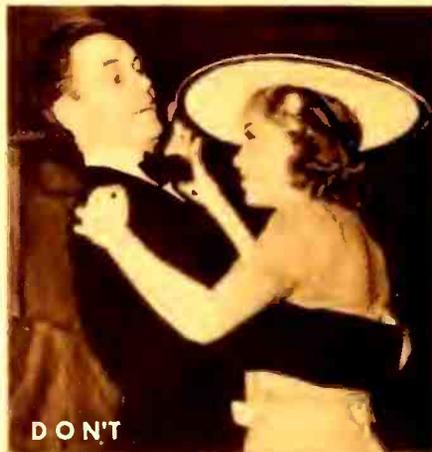
DON'T

■ Some men may like to have you dance as close as this, but, says Lanny, most of them don't.



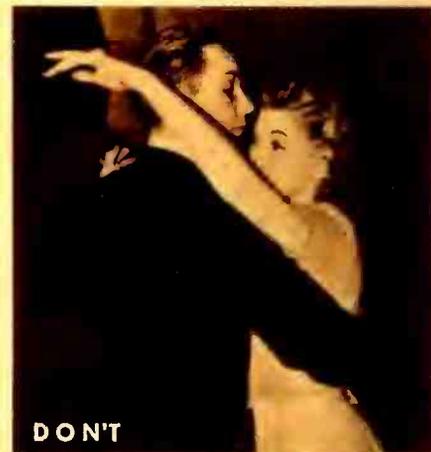
DON'T

■ Fishnet dresses are pretty but a man doesn't think so when they catch on his studs.



DON'T

■ Picture hats are pretty too, but Lanny swears they're a menace on the dance-floor.



DON'T

■ How to make yourself unpopular—wave hellos to other men over your escort's shoulder.



DON'T



DON'T

■ Too many girls hinder instead of help their partners. Left, Kay is leaning on Lanny's chest; right, she's hanging on to his arm, making him carry her around. Above, the Hit Parade couple demonstrate another bad way to hold hands.



DON'T

with Women's Dancing

DO

WOMEN, you are wonderful! No matter how mad we men may get at you, you're still wonderful. Even if you are always late, even if you do wear the darndest hats, and even if you can't learn that fifty dollars will only buy fifty dollars' worth of clothes.

But—and I'll bet I've got the entire male population to back me up—there's one time and place you're not nearly so perfect as you think. It's time you were told. We've been too polite and too scared until now to speak up. I'm still scared, but here goes anyway. . . .

No matter what you may think, lots of times it's you, the woman, who is responsible for these slips and stumbles that make dancing a punishment instead of a paradise. When that happens, do you blame yourself? Never. You blame the unlucky male whose arms are around you and whose toes are under yours.

Yet the chances are, every time you dance you are liable unconsciously to commit at least one of these faults I'm going to tell you about and which can so easily make you and your partner wish you'd gone to a movie instead.

Remember, it's not just me talking to you—it's every man who ever had a French heel come down hard on his instep and was then glared at by his graceful feminine partner who was undoubtedly saying to herself, "If only men would learn how to dance!"

Yes, the chances are fifty-fifty it was just as much your fault as it was his.

For instance:

Take the girl who tries to lead. I don't think I know a single man who won't gripe about this to other men—when he's sure he's not being overheard, of course! Maybe the girl does dance so well that she could lead better than the man. But she'll be a more popular girl if she forgets that (*Continued on page 61*)

■ The perfect dance posture—as posed by Lanny Ross and Kay Lorraine, singing stars of the CBS Saturday night Hit Parade.



His Life is News!

Broadway Oracle, family man, recluse, night life king—read the truth about that amazing bundle of contrasts—Walter Winchell

By MILDRED LUBER

The story thus far:

AMERICA'S most famous reporter was born on April 7, 1897, on West 116th Street in Harlem, New York City—the son of an immigrant couple who spelled their name Winchel. He grew up there, in that rather tough neighborhood, and when he was still just a boy began singing in the Imperial Theater, the corner nickelodeon, with Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. His boyish good looks, combined with a fair singing voice and an ability to dance, led him directly to professional vaudeville as he grew up, and except for an interval during the war when he was in the U. S. Navy, he was on the stage until 1922. Then he changed professions entirely, taking a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job on the "Vaudeville News," a house-organ for the Keith-Albee vaudeville circuit.

PART II

FROM the retired vaudeville performer who was working for twenty-five dollars a week on the "Vaudeville News" to today's Walter Winchell is a long jump. Not in years, necessarily. Measured that way, it's only a decade and a half, more or less. But in his way of living, in his bank-account, and most important, in his attitudes toward the world and toward himself, the Walter of 1939 has jumped so far that he's a different man entirely.

Today he is a strange mixture of recluse and bon-vivant; of family man and night-owl; of the historian of trivialities and the serious crusader. With, you must remember, the recluse, the family man, and the crusader uppermost at all times. He has a town apartment and a country home, neither of which is often entered by his acquaintances—he has few friends, in the intimate meaning of the word. He has a wife and two children, all of whom he adores. The key to that adoration, and its proof, lie in his constantly growing interest in governmental and international affairs.

In the old days, just after he'd first become a reporter, he didn't know much about what went on in Paris, Berlin, London, Washington; and cared less. The Broadway and cafe-society scene was what sincerely interested him. His column of jokes called "Merciless Truths," and another column of racy trade gossip called



"Broadway Hearsay," which he began writing soon after he joined the "Vaudeville News" accurately defined the boundaries of his enthusiasms.

Other men give their girls flowers or boxes of candy. The Walter of today might do that too. But when he was courting June Aster, his first present to her was a free full-page advertisement in the "Vaudeville News" for the dancing team of Hill and Aster, of which she was a part. The gift is significant: it hints at two things—that Walter couldn't afford flowers or candy then, and that to his Broadwayish way of thinking, a free ad was a pretty fine present after all. June must have thought so too. At any rate, a year after the ad appeared, she became Mrs. Walter Winchell.

In the last few years, success has been achieved, and Walter has had time to grow—to find out what really interests him, and what is really worth fighting for. But in those early days, he had to concentrate, as so many of us must, on earning a living. Getting

It took Hyman Fink to get this rare shot of Walter, Mrs. Winchell and their daughter, Walda.



ahead. Finding tools with which to work, and learning to use them.

Four years on the "Vaudeville News" were his apprenticeship. It wasn't an easy apprenticeship, either. Much good shoe-leather was worn out on the daily rounds—along Forty-second Street, up Broadway to Forty-third, east and west of Broadway, up to Forty-fourth, east and west. . . . There were so many agents' and brokers' offices to be visited, each with its crumb of news to be carefully picked up, pocketed, carried away, made into a paragraph or a sentence. He didn't know it, but he was laying the foundation of that vast acquaintance which was to go on giving him news items for the next fifteen years.

WALTER finally became a columnist for a real New York newspaper but not because there was any tremendous demand for his talents as a writer. He did have a rare talent, however, for which Fulton

Oursler, supervising editor of the *New York Graphic*, was willing to pay—a higher price, incidentally, than he had anticipated. Oursler hired him as a tipster, for it was evident that Winchell had more inside dope on Broadway's glamorous figures than anyone else in town. Oursler wanted Winchell to bring all his hot news tips to the city desk as leads for front page stories. Winchell agreed to go to work for the *Graphic* but he expected payment—not in more money but in the right to have his own column, under his own name. Oursler capitulated. It would be worth a column if he could just get those tips.

Walter might never have stopped working for the *Vaudeville News* and begun being a journalistic force if it hadn't been for Norman Frescott, then star of a very successful vaudeville act and until recently known to you as the Frescott who was master of ceremonies on the popular program, *Uncle Jim's Question Bee*. Wouldn't Winchell, Frescott (*Continued on page 74*)

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■ Such blessed relief to learn finally the truth about her past and yet—should Kitty accept her lawful birthright and lose the man of her heart?

Pretty Kitty

The whine was coming closer. It was filling her ears. What was happening?

The story thus far:

WHAT was Kitty Kelly's real identity? All she knew was that she had wakened one morning in a third-class cabin of a ship bound for America. Her memory was gone, and her grim-faced companion, Mrs. Megram, told her she was a poor Irish girl, just recovering from a grave illness. But there was more to the story, she learned a year later, when Mrs. Megram was murdered, leaving behind her a note speaking mysteriously of Kitty's "rightful place in the world." Meanwhile, she had fallen in love with Michael Conway, a young lawyer, but she refused to marry him until the mystery of her past had been cleared up. Michael, growing restless under the uncertainty of his position with Kitty, one night broke a dinner engagement with her on the excuse of business. Disappointed, she yielded to the pleas of Grant Thursday, a rich playboy, and went to dinner with him, where she saw Michael, intoxicated, with Isabel Andrews, the wealthy daughter of the man Michael had said he was dining with. Believing that her only chance of getting Michael back lay in regaining her memory, Kitty agreed to see a psychiatrist, Dr. Orbo—and discovered when she met him that he was the man who had originally caused her to lose her memory, back in Ireland.

Yet she did not entirely trust the sinister-looking Orbo, although he made an appointment to see her next day and begin treating her to restore her memory. She trusted him still less after the treatment, when he hypnotized her and attempted to make her write her name, Kathleen Kelly. Some in-

A fictionization by Lucille



Kelly



stinct, even through the fog of hypnosis, warned her not to do so. That night, dispirited, she stayed alone in the apartment, her roommate, Bunny, and Grant Thursday going out together; and while they were gone Orbo came in, saying he was going to take her to a hospital. She tried to resist, but his hypnotic power drained all strength away from her, and the last thing she remembered was being put into an automobile which sped away through the night.

PART III

WHEN she came to herself, she was lying on a tumbled bed in a small dark room. The shades were pulled down. A single lamp burned on a wash-stand nearby, casting weird shadows. Outside she could hear the wind and rain beating against the window-pane, the low rumble of distant thunder.

Where was she? A hospital? For a moment her cloudy mind recalled Dr. Orbo's words. "I have come to take you to a hospital," he had said. Was this it? Perhaps—perhaps he had been playing fair and square.

Then, as her brain cleared, she sat up and looked about her. If this was a hospital, it was the strangest one she had ever seen. The lamp was an old-fashioned kerosene one. The walls were stained and yellow. Even the linen on the bed was soiled, the gray blanket torn and gritty.

And it was all so terribly still.

There was not a footstep to be heard here, no distant human sounds at all. She pushed back the covers and stood up. She was still completely dressed, except for her shoes. Her stocking feet padding softly over the bare floor, she ran to the window, and looked out.

It was raining wildly, but by staring hard, she made out at last that there were woods all around, deep, thick woods. There were no lights visible, not even the headlights of a car. Nothing but trees and darkness and rain.

How had she come here? She passed her hand over her eyes, trying to think. But she could remember nothing of a journey—nothing except Dr. Orbo's glittering eyes leading her on. Had they come by train or car or boat? And what had happened? Why had he brought her here? Why had he left

"Kitty!" His voice broke in a sob of relief. "My darling—I've found you!"

Photos by Pinchot

her in this wretched room alone?

She gave a little sob of terror. She must escape—and quickly. He might return at any moment. She ran to the door, yanked vainly at the knob. The door was locked.

He had trapped her here—like a creature in a cage. But for what reason? What had she done? Who was he, this madman, who could erase one's memory, and bring it back again? And what did he want of her? Oh, it did not matter. She must get away. She must beat at the door, lean out the window, scream with all the power in her body. Someone, perhaps, would be passing by.

Fletcher of the dramatic CBS serial by Frank Dahm, sponsored by Wonder Bread

Someone might hear her. . . .

She went back to the window, raised the sash, and screamed with all her force.

"Help! Help! Murder!" They were the only words she could think of.

It was no use. She slumped down to her knees, against the window-sill, and bowed her head. No one had heard.

BUT someone had heard. Someone inside the house. Footsteps were coming down the hall. A key was turning in the lock. Someone was entering the room. Dr. Orbo, she thought. She did not look up, until a woman's voice sounded in her ears.

"Okay, dopey," it said. "You can come now. They're waitin' for you."

The woman in the doorway was middle-aged, dressed in a crumpled nurse's uniform.

"Who's waiting for me?" Kitty did not move. "And where am I? Who are you? I want to get out of here!"

The woman grinned.

"Oh you do, do you?" she mocked.

She advanced into the room, still smiling that knowing smile. Kitty tried to fend her off. But she was powerful. In a moment, she had reached the bed, grabbed Kitty's arm in a cruel grip and twisted it back, farther and farther, until Kitty screamed with pain.

"Okay, dearie! Here we go!"

She dragged Kitty out of the room, and down a long hall. They went down a creaking wooden staircase, into a long hallway that smelled of chloroform, into an old-fashioned huge kitchen.

Two men were sitting before an oilcloth-covered table, reading papers by the light of a kerosene lamp. They looked up as she entered. One of them was Dr. Orbo. The other was sallow-faced, with close-set eyes and bristly black hair.

Dr. Orbo was looking at her with dark satisfaction.

"Well, Isaac Hamish—" he turned, smiling to the man beside him. "This is she—at last! Are you satisfied?"

The other man shrugged.

"Not yet. She is of no use to us now. You know that. Remember. My bargain called for something else. . . ."

"Of course." Dr. Orbo nodded.

"Well, Mr. Hamish, that will not be difficult. She is weak now. Look. She can scarcely stand. Mrs. Daggett—assist Miss Kelly to a chair!"

"Come on, dearie!" The woman jerked her arm. But she would not sit down. What were they going to do now? Who was this man, Hamish? What was his "bargain?"

She burst out at them.

"Please, Dr. Orbo! There must be some mistake! I—I have done nothing. Nothing. My name is Kitty Kelly. I—I'm a poor orphan girl from Dublin. Please. I—I'll do anything for you—but please let me go away."

Dr. Orbo spoke soothingly.

"Of course, Miss Kelly. You are going home in a little while. There is no cause for alarm. This is merely a part of my treatment. What one might call the Second Stage. Sit down, my dear. Now—put your mind at rest. Lie back against the chair . . . rest . . . rest. Now, Mrs. Daggett—if you please. Bring in the revolving light machine."

"Light machine!" Kitty sat up with a shudder. "Please, Dr. Orbo. You can't. You can't hypnotize me

Daggett!" he barked. Mrs. Daggett obeyed.

Kitty tried to look away, but he held her firmly, his fingers pressing into her eye-sockets, forcing open the lids. He was forcing her to stare at the lights. But she must not see them. She must hold herself taut. Yet the dizziness was coming over her, the familiar faintness. She was going down . . . down . . . down . . .

Suddenly in the midst of her whirling descent, there was the sharp sound of a bell ringing through the house. A peremptory ring. Dr. Orbo's fingers trembled against her eyes.

"What's that?" he hissed at Hamish.

"Andrews, I suppose." Hamish shrugged.

"Andrews!" Dr. Orbo's voice was hoarse. "What's he coming here for now?"

"To sign the stock certificate. I told him to meet me here tonight."

"He's too early!" Dr. Orbo paused. The bell jangled again. He snapped at Mrs. Daggett.

"Tell him to wait. Keep him out of here, until I call you, do you hear?"

"Sure." Mrs. Daggett disappeared. Dr. Orbo's fingers pressed up Kitty's aching eyelids again, more cruelly.

"Now, Miss Kelly . . . once more . . ." he began. "Once more." But Kitty would not give in. Andrews! But it could not be *the* Mr. Andrews? Not Isabel Andrews' father? Not Michael's new boss? What was he doing here—in this desolate house? This house of murder?

It did not matter. He was a stranger—someone outside the circle. Else they would let him into the kitchen. She drew in a deep breath, stiffened, let out a blood-curdling shriek.

"Help! Help, Mr. Andrews . . ." Dr. Orbo clapped his hand over her mouth. But the scream had its effect. There were quick footsteps down the hall, then Mr. Andrews' voice sounded anxiously from the doorway.

"What's happening here?" she heard him say. "Why—Miss Kelly! What are you doing—? He stepped into the room, his overcoat over his arm. She caught a momentary glimpse of his heavy-set figure, his white mustache. Then Isaac Hamish was standing in the middle of the room, with a revolver in his hand.

"Stay where you are, Andrews!" he warned. "There is nothing to see in this room."

"But—Miss Kelly—? What are you doing to her?" Mr. Andrews protested.

"There is no Miss Kelly in here!"

(Continued on page 53)

**Honeymoons Need
Not End! For proof,
we give you Jon Hall
and Frances Langford.
In next month's issue,
read their story for
the secret of lasting
wedded happiness**

again! I won't. I won't let you!"

She turned to the sallow man at Orbo's side. "Mr. Hamish! I—I promise you. I'll do anything you say. But please! Dr. Orbo doesn't understand. I don't want anything. I'm just Kitty Kelly, a poor girl from an orphan asylum in Dublin who . . ."

"Orbo—come and take care of her," Hamish said. "This sort of thing disgusts me. I thought you were going to get it over with at once."

"So I am!" Dr. Orbo stood up, his shadow enormous, menacing in the dimly lit room. His *sauve* scientific manner was quite gone now. Pitilessly he held her on the chair, forcing her head up, toward the machine. "Start the lights now, Mrs.



M A D E L E I N E C A R R O L L

★ If all secretaries were as beautiful as Madeleine Carroll, who jats down the minutes for *The Circle*, Sunday nights on NBC, mighty few letters would ever get written. This is Madeleine's first weekly assignment, after a long time of being radio's busiest guest star.

Paramount

RADIO'S WAY TO A

Perfect Figure



It's miraculous—but no miracle! You can have one too by following the orders of this exclusive picture-story

SUMMER'S here, and there's no sense in denying it. No sense, either, in denying the fact that you won't enjoy the warm weather unless your figure is in trim to look well in those sheer dresses and revealing bathing suits.

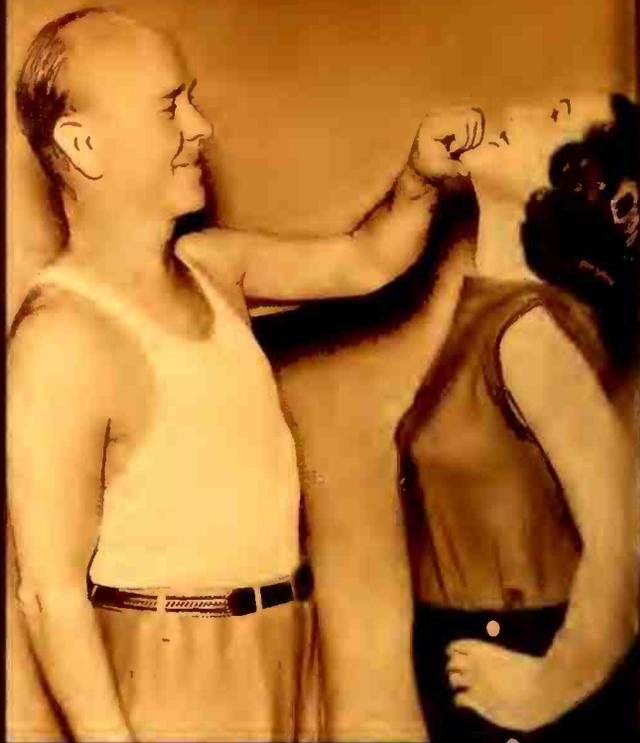
So, to help you out on the job of removing extra poundage, RADIO MIRROR asked Wallace, the Mutual network's Get-Thin-to-Music Man, and Sunda Love, star of the CBS serial, Step-mother, to pose for these pictures, graphically showing how you can reduce in your own home.

For more of these exercises, tune in Wallace's daily program, broadcast at 11:30 A.M., E.D.S.T., over Mutual.

Since he went on the air, Wallace has melted off at least a million pounds of excess fat from feminine figures with these exercises. He guarantees that if you follow them religiously they'll flatten your stomach, smooth your hips, chisel your chinline, clear your complexion, put a glint in your eye and lend a spring to your walk.

But, says Wallace, it won't be any miracle. The only miracle will be in getting yourself to do these exercises EVERY DAY.

Ready to start? . . . It is seven o'clock in the morning. You're sleepy? You want just five minutes more of snoozing? (Continued on page 57)



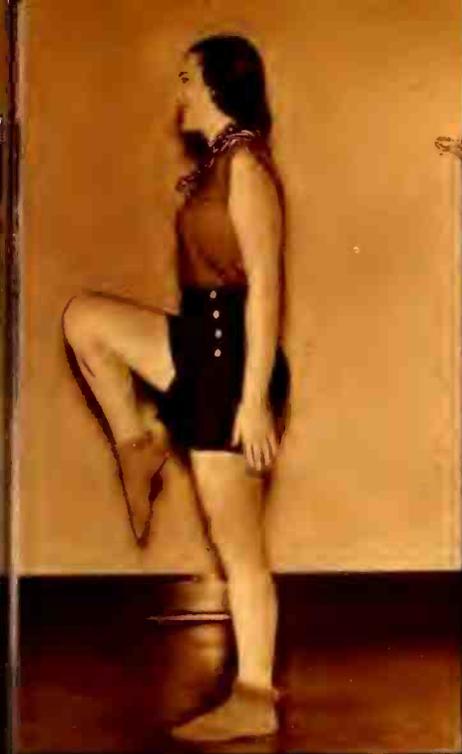
Wallace and Sunda Love demonstrate exercise number one, for achieving that chiseled chinline.



Four, for tummy tires: lie flat on the floor, arms at your sides and toes pointing down, and . . .

. . . bring your legs up and over into the air until your toes are touching the floor behind you.





Two, for thighs and limbs: step high, keeping toes pointed down.

Three, for a romantic waistline: extend your arms shoulder high...

... then swing continuously from right to left and back again.



... keeping the left leg on the floor, raise the right leg straight up. Next, right leg down, left leg up.

Five, for a modeled torso: flat on the floor again, with palms flat, raise both legs without crooking your knees...

Six, for general well-being: start on all fours, with your chin well up. Next, kick backward and upward...

...like a mule. But see to it that your knee is straight at the end of each kick. Now try it with the other leg.



THE CASE OF THE

Hollywood

Conclusion:

BRUCE EATON stepped forward and said, "I'll take the entire responsibility for this. This young woman has nothing to do with it."

The bank cashier said, "Don't let them fool you. It's a holdup. They put on the act together, and . . ."

One of the city officers interrupted, "Good Lord, that's Bruce Eaton, the actor!"

"Actor nothing," the bank cashier protested. "They tried to hold me up. That man's no more Bruce Eaton than I am. He's a stick-up artist. If they hadn't jerked the gun out of my hand, I'd have had them. This man walked into the bank, and while I was waiting on him, this woman came in and stood at the counter. I asked him if she was with him, and he said he'd never seen her before. Then when you gentlemen drove up in your car, she started yelling at him, and ran around behind the counter. I figured she was handing him a gun. I knew right then it was a stick-up and yelled at them to stop. She kept right on coming, and . . ."

The sheriff's cold eyes fastened mine in cynical appraisal. "How about it?" he asked.

I said, indignantly, "I was simply trying to get the man's autograph. You can imagine *my* surprise! I dropped in here to try and cash a check, I noticed someone was back in the vault with the cashier. Then, I suddenly realized it was Bruce Eaton. Do you think I'd pass up an opportunity like *that*? Naturally, I wanted his autograph."

The officers exchanged dubious glances. I could see that the cashier's excitability, and his hysterical talk of gun-play, were putting him in a spot.

Bruce Eaton said, calmly, "Well, it's been rather an exciting experience, Miss . . . What's your name?"

"Miss Bell," I said, "Claire Bell."

"It's been quite an experience," he said, smiling. "I've had autograph hunters pursue me before, but never under *quite* such unusual circumstances. Perhaps if you're going my



way, you'd care to accept a lift back to Los Angeles?"

"I'd be delighted," I told him.

Bruce Eaton calmly started for the door, cupping his palm under my elbow.

The city officer said, "Just a minute, please," and then to the cashier, "What was he *doing* in the bank?"

"He wanted to get some things out of a lock-box," the cashier said.

"Did he have the key to the lock-box?"

"Yes, of course."

The officers exchanged glances. There was a sudden, significant tenseness about their attitude. "What," the city detective asked, "was the number of the lock-box?"

"Number five," the cashier said.

The sheriff gave a low whistle. The city detective said, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Eaton, but we came down here to investigate that lock-box. If you had the key to it, perhaps you know why."

"I'm sure I know nothing whatever about your reasons for coming here," Bruce Eaton said, with dignity.

"Did you open the box?"

"Yes."

"Do you have the key to it?"

"Yes."

"Let's see it."

"I see no reason for giving it to you."

There was a harsh note in the

■ With a dramatic meeting in a lonely country bank, Miss Bell comes to

Scandal

By Erle Stanley
GARDNER

Author of "The Case of the Velvet Claws"
"The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

"You lie!" she screamed, and jerking herself free, made a sudden wild rush for the door.



Illustration by
Mario Cooper

detective's voice. "Now listen," he said, "I'm asking you nice. I want the key to that box."

The sheriff said, "Wait a minute. We don't need to bother about the key. We're more interested in the contents. What did you take out of the box, Eaton?"

"Don't answer questions, Mr. Eaton," I warned. "Sit absolutely tight. This is outrageous!"

The city officer said, ominously, "You keep out of this, sister, or you'll wish you had," and then to Eaton, "You answer questions, and cooperate, or we'll search you."

I was hoping frantically that Bruce Eaton would get the significance of my quick wink. He did.

"Go ahead and search me," he said, "you have sufficient force to do it, but I won't submit to the indignity of answering questions about matters which are simply none of your business."

The hardboiled city officers closed in on Bruce Eaton. They held his arms, went through his pockets swiftly. "Here's the key to the lock-box," one of the officers said.

The officer in charge nodded to the bank cashier. "We'll open it up, and take a look."

As one in a daze, the cashier produced the bank's key. I heard the double click of locks opening, and then the officer exclaimed, "It's empty. There ain't a thing in here."

The officer looked at me with uncordial eyes. "You," he said, "have taken in a lot of territory in this thing, sister."

I said, scornfully, "Get a matron and you can search me."

The officer looked me over. It was a warm day, and I was wearing light clothes. "I guess," he said, "you haven't *very* much concealed on you. Take a look in her purse, Bill."

The screen door of the bank swung open and shut, as Mr. Foley, looking cool and calmly competent, entered the bank. "Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said. "I'm sorry to disturb your little party, but I think it's about time for you to get down to brass tacks and catch the murderers, don't you?"

The city detective was the nearest to Mr. Foley. He said, "Who in blazes do you think you are?"

Foley ignored the question. "You came down to set a trap," he said. "Because of a little premature gun-play on the part of an hysterical bank cashier, you were talked into springing your trap before you'd even set it."

The officer said, "You're full of advice, brother. Suppose you tell us how it happens you know so much about it, and we'll just take a look at your driving license, and any other means of identification . . ."

"I'm not going to argue with you," Foley interrupted. "Two people are coming in this bank. If they find it full of officers, you're never going to get anything on them. Unless you can get some additional evidence, you can't pin a thing on them. Get your men scattered about, filling out deposit slips, standing up at the windows. Make this look like a busy bank, and you'll catch your murderer."

The officer seemed dubious.

I looked out through the window, and saw the detective, who had called on me in Mr. Foley's office, and Mrs. Temmler, just getting out of an automobile.

I knew that seconds were precious, and had a sudden inspiration.

"All right," I said. "I'll confess everything, (Continued on page 67)

the end of her mystery—and to the beginning of an unexpected romance



Hollywood Scandal

By Erle Stanley
GARDNER

Author of "The Case of the Velvet Claws"
"The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

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The bank cashier said, "Don't let them fool you. It's a holdup. They put on the act together, and . . ."

One of the city officers interrupted, "Good Lord, that's Bruce Eaton, the actor!"

"Actor nothing," the bank cashier protested. "They tried to hold me up. That man's no more Bruce Eaton than I am. He's a stick-up artist. If they hadn't jerked the gun out of my hand, I'd have had them. This man walked into the bank, and while I was waiting on him, this woman came in and stood at the counter. I asked him if she was with him, and he said he'd never seen her before. Then when you gentlemen drove up in your car, she started yelling at him, and ran around behind the counter. I figured she was handing him a gun. I knew right then it was a stick-up and yelled at them to stop. She kept right on coming, and . . ."

The sheriff's cold eyes fastened mine in cynical appraisal. "How about it?" he asked.

I said, indignantly, "I was simply trying to get the man's autograph. You can imagine my surprise! I dropped in here to try and cash a check. I noticed someone was back in the vault with the cashier. Then, I suddenly realized it was Bruce Eaton. Do you think I'd pass up an opportunity like that? Naturally, I wanted his autograph."

The officers exchanged dubious glances. I could see that the cashier's excitability, and his hysterical talk of gun-play, were putting him in a spot.

Bruce Eaton said, calmly, "Well, it's been rather an exciting experience, Miss . . . What's your name?"

"Miss Bell," I said, "Claire Bell." "It's been quite an experience," he said, smiling. "I've had autograph hunters pursue me before, but never under quite such unusual circumstances. Perhaps if you're going my

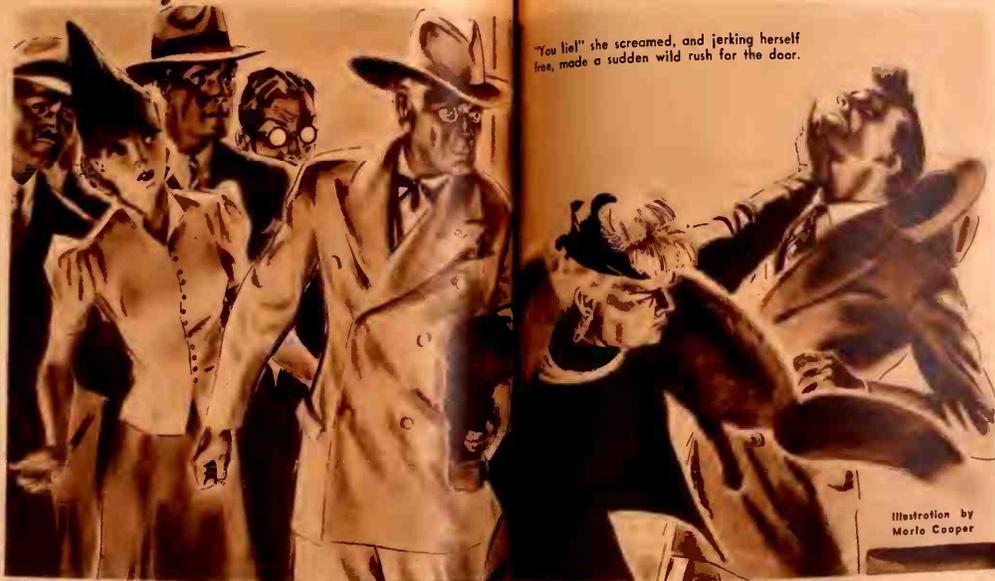


Illustration by
Mario Cooper

way, you'd care to accept a lift back to Los Angeles?"

"I'd be delighted," I told him.

Bruce Eaton calmly started for the door, cupping his palm under my elbow.

The city officer said, "Just a minute, please," and then to the cashier, "What was he doing in the bank?"

"He wanted to get some things out of a lock-box," the cashier said.

"Did he have the key to the lock-box?"

"Yes, of course."

The officers exchanged glances. There was a sudden, significant tenseness about their attitude.

"What," the city detective asked, "was the number of the lock-box?"

"Number five," the cashier said. The sheriff gave a low whistle.

The city detective said, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Eaton, but we came down here to investigate that lock-box. If you had the key to it, perhaps you know why."

"I'm sure I know nothing whatever about your reasons for coming here," Bruce Eaton said, with dignity.

"Did you open the box?"

"Yes."

"Do you have the key to it?"

"Yes."

"Let's see it."

"I see no reason for giving it to you."

There was a harsh note in the

"You lie!" she screamed, and jerking herself free, made a sudden wild rush for the door.

detective's voice. "Now listen," he said, "I'm asking you nice. I want the key to that box."

The sheriff said, "Wait a minute. We don't need to bother about the key. We're more interested in the contents. What did you take out of the box, Eaton?"

"Don't answer questions, Mr. Eaton," I warned. "Sit absolutely tight. This is outrageous!"

The city officer said, ominously, "You keep out of this, sister, or you'll wish you had," and then to Eaton, "You answer questions, and cooperate, or we'll search you."

I was hoping, frantically that Bruce Eaton would get the significance of my quick wink. He did.

"Go ahead and search me," he said, "you have sufficient force to do it, but I won't submit to the indignity of answering questions about matters which are simply none of your business."

The hard-boiled city officers closed in on Bruce Eaton. They held his arms, went through his pockets swiftly. "Here's the key to the lock-box," one of the officers said.

The officer in charge nodded to the bank cashier. "We'll open it up, and take a look."

As one in a daze, the cashier produced the bank's key. I heard the double click of locks opening, and the officer exclaimed, "It's empty. There ain't a thing in here."

The officer looked at me with unworldly eyes. "You," he said, "have taken in a lot of territory in this thing, sister."

I said, scornfully, "Get a matron and you can search me."

The officer looked me over. It was a warm day, and I was wearing light clothes. "I guess," he said, "you haven't very much concealed on you. Take a look in her purse, Bill."

The screen door of the bank swung open and shut, as Mr. Foley, looking cool and calmly competent, entered the bank. "Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said. "I'm sorry to disturb your little party, but I think it's about time for you to get down to brass tacks and catch the murderers, don't you?"

The city detective was the nearest to Mr. Foley. He said, "Who in blazes do you think you are?"

Foley ignored the question. "You came down to set a trap," he said. "Because of a little premature gun-play on the part of an hysterical bank cashier, you were talked into springing your trap before you'd even set it."

The officer said, "You're full of advice, brother. Suppose you tell us how it happens you know so much about it, and we'll just take a look at your driving license, and any other means of identification . . ."

"I'm not going to argue with you," Foley interrupted. "Two people are coming in this bank. If they find it full of officers, you're never going to get anything on them. Unless you can get some additional evidence, you can't pin a thing on them. Get your men scattered about, filling out deposit slips, standing up at the windows. Make this look like a busy bank, and you'll catch your murderer."

The officer seemed dubious. I looked out through the window, and saw the detective, who had called on me in Mr. Foley's office, and Mrs. Templer, just getting out of an automobile.

I knew that seconds were precious, and had a sudden inspiration. "All right," I said. "I'll confess everything. (Continued on page 67)

■ With a dramatic meeting in a lonely country bank, Miss Bell comes to

the end of her mystery—and to the beginning of an unexpected romance

DOCTOR'S

Folly

"Doctor's Folly" was heard originally as one of the Aunt Jenny broadcasts, on CBS every Monday through Friday, sponsored by the manufacturers of Spry.

THIS story can be explained in only one way. For two years Robert McClean was not himself. All his life he had lived for his family and for his great work as a physician and surgeon. And there never was a better man. Then an operation that meant much to him went wrong. And on top of that, when he was upset and in an emotional state, he met Sue Barclay. For two years, after that, he was not the same man. You might say he was insane, with an emotional insanity, or that he was desperately groping after something his soul needed. Something that was in the palm of his hand all the time.

Robert and Louise McClean got along after a fashion, during those two years, while their daughter, Virginia, was away at college. He was home very little and she kept things peaceful and never complained about the change that had come over him, even though she turned into a gray ghost of the proud and spirited woman she had been.

But when Virginia reached home things grew worse. From the time Virginia was born she had been her father's idol, but now she could do nothing to please him. Once he had taken pride in her popularity. Now he did what he could to check it. He wove morbid fancies about her

absences from home at night, and flew into a rage with Louise when she protested against his suspicions. Of course, all his criticisms rose from the consciousness of his own guilt, but he would not admit this even to himself.

One morning at breakfast his

nagging flared into an open quarrel. Virginia had come down, happy and glowing in her youth, anticipating a golf tournament that afternoon which she hoped to win.

"I'm counting on having you on the sidelines, cheering," she told her father in a voice that fairly sang.



■ An Aunt Jenny story—of a husband and his last desperate search for ecstasy, though he knew it meant tragedy for those he loved



For a minute her eyes took in Sue Barclay's tinted hair, her cheap mouth.

Robert McClean said sourly, "I've no time for golf tournaments. You seem to forget I have a practice to take care of." He took another sip of coffee and set the cup down with a hand that trembled slightly. His hands had never been quite steady since the failure of that operation, two years before.

"And right now," he went on, "I've something more important than golf to talk to you about. Virginia, I don't like the way you're running around—here, there, every-

where! Night after night you leave your mother alone. Simply wasting your time with a lot of irresponsible, useless people."

She just stood staring at him, hurt and hopeless.

"Robert, please," Louise interrupted. "You don't know what you're saying—you can't mean it."

He fixed her with an angry stare. "I know very well what I'm saying, and I mean every word of it. What's more, I want Virginia's promise that she won't go out again in the eve-

ning until she has my permission."

"But, Dad," she protested, "tonight I'm going to dinner with Dick Emerson and his mother and father. We're celebrating Dick's first big architectural commission and his parents' twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. . . ."

"You heard what I said," he told her coldly.

"Mother!" Virginia was frantic. "Mother! You ask him. . . . It's—it's so very important tonight!"

Louise McClean somehow managed a smile. "You're in love with Dick, aren't you, dear?" she asked gently.

"Terribly!"

"Terribly!" He mocked her scornfully. "Louise, I will not have you putting such ideas into the child's head. What does she, at her age, know about such things? Dick Emerson—how does he expect to be an architect if he spends every night dancing until three or four o'clock?"

VIRGINIA stepped to her father's side. "I hate to disobey you, Dad, but I'm going to that dinner party tonight. I can't submit to any more of your unfairness. It's been much too long now since you've even tried to see my point of view, or Mother's."

He rose from the breakfast table. "Very well. I can't lock you in your room—particularly since your mother chooses to let you twist her around your little finger. But from now on I shall stay at my club."

"Robert!" Louise called after him. "What's come over you? You must be ill!"

He paid no attention, not knowing how right she was. But he was to learn how ill he was, to his sorrow, within the next twelve hours.

He went from his house to his office, and then to Sue Barclay. After such scenes, and they were increasing in intensity and number, he never could get to her fast enough. He honestly believed she was the only person in the world who understood him. With her, he found peace. When he had lost that important operation, for instance, Louise had told him he must put that unavoidable failure behind him, together with all his miraculous successes, and go on to other successes. But Sue had babied him, encouraged him to talk about his failure. And when he had told her how the very sight of certain surgical instruments terrified him, she had silenced him with long kisses.

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It was the same when he turned more and more of his practice over to his cousin, Arthur Johnson. Louise looked pained, reproachful. But Sue rejoiced because he would have more leisure to spend with her.

He had told Arthur Johnson about Sue. He had had to talk to someone. She was his life. She filled his thoughts. Lately, however, he had begun to regret his confidences. Today, for instance, Arthur was none too pleasant about taking over for him when he learned it wasn't Virginia's golf tournament that took him away. And he had distinctly muttered something about Louise being a fine woman who deserved better than she was getting.

WITH Sue, he soon forgot about Virginia and her tournament. Even though he had bought her her first clubs, small size, when she was a little girl; even though in other years he had spent his weekends on the links with her, helping her improve her stroke, beaming at the compliments that came her way—still, with Sue, he forgot her.

All through the championship match Virginia hoped her father was there, moving along the green with the gallery. She couldn't believe he meant the bitter things he had said to her that morning. By the time the match was over she had persuaded herself she would find him waiting for her.

She won brilliantly. But Dick Emerson was waiting alone, except for an enthusiastic group—his friends and hers—who surrounded both of them.

Virginia tried not to show her disappointment. She was gay with the others. But Dick, loving her the way he did, saw past her surface laughter. And after she had changed into evening clothes, in the clubhouse, and they got into his car for the drive to the Sunset Club, his one idea was to cheer her somehow.

"Virginia," he said, "it doesn't mean anything that your dad wasn't there. Doctors can't always get away when they want to. You know that, sweet."

She shook her head. "It isn't just because father wasn't there this afternoon, Dick." She had to fight to keep her voice steady. "It's that he's—he's changed so. I don't know why. I hardly know him any more. And I worry about Mother, too. She tries to pretend everything is all right, but she looks as if she were dead inside."

But by the time they reached the Sunset Club, with its lights, its music, its congratulations from friends, she was beginning to feel better. Dick summoned the head-

waiter to their table to ask him to have the orchestra play the wedding march when Mr. and Mrs. Emerson arrived.

And then it happened.

Dick saw Virginia look across the room, saw her eyes widen in horror. She was looking at her father, seating Sue Barclay at a flower-laden table. And their manner toward each other left her no room for hope or for doubt.

"Virginia!" Dick said. "Where are you going, darling? What are you going to do?"

His questions were unnecessary. He knew. Where she was going and what she was going to do were plain enough. A moment later she was standing beside her father. Sue Barclay saw her first, and stared until Robert McClean turned around.

"This is why you wouldn't let me



Tune in Aunt Jenny who tells her real life stories on CBS.

go out at night!" Virginia's voice was not much more than a whisper. "You pretended you wanted to protect me. And all the time it was only because—you were afraid I might see you! Like this!"

For a minute her eyes, dead as stones, took in Sue Barclay's tinted hair, her cheap mouth. Then she turned to her father again.

"Oh, Dad," she cried, "how could you? I'm so ashamed. For myself. For mother. And most of all for you!"

"Well, I'm glad you found out," her father said, and now she realized, as he slurred his words, that he had been drinking. "I'm glad you came here to spy on me. Now you can go home and tell your Mother it's all over—tell her to send her

lawyer to see me. Tell her she can . . ."

But Virginia's sobs as she ran toward the door cut him short.

Dick Emerson ran after her. For a long time he had known how things were with Doctor McClean. And for a long time he had dreaded the day when Virginia must know, too.

He tried to keep her from taking the wheel. But she was far beyond reason.

"I'm going to drive," she told him. "I have to, Dick—fast!"

There was nothing he could do but climb in beside her. Many times he begged her to go slower.

"Turn down the wind-shield, please!" was her answer once. "I want air on my face!"

She couldn't get enough air. It was as if she hoped that the evening rushing at her would make her clean again.

"The turn, Virginia. The turn!" Dick shouted to her finally. "Virginia darling, you can't make it at this speed! You just can't. Slow down, slow down, for God's sake!"

This time his answer was the screech of the brakes, applied too late. For the tires screamed on the skid, and as they went over there was a horrible splintering crash.

By some miracle Dick wasn't hurt. But all the time they waited in the glare of other cars for the ambulance, and all the way to the hospital, Virginia never moved.

They sent for Mrs. McClean. She and Dick waited together for Arthur Johnson to come out of the examination room. It was very quiet there in the corridor. Sometimes a nurse passed them quickly, a door opened and closed again, or a buzzer sounded.

"Dick . . ." At last Mrs. McClean spoke. "What happened—to make Virginia so reckless? It wasn't like her. She—she must have had a great shock."

"We met her father. . . ." Dick said.

"With Mrs. Barclay?"

He nodded, grateful to her for sparing him.

Arthur Johnson came from the examination room. "The X-rays show a compound fracture near the base of the skull," he said. "There must be an operation at once. But I can't do it. The basilar artery is almost severed. It's a delicate job—a hair's breadth slip would be fatal."

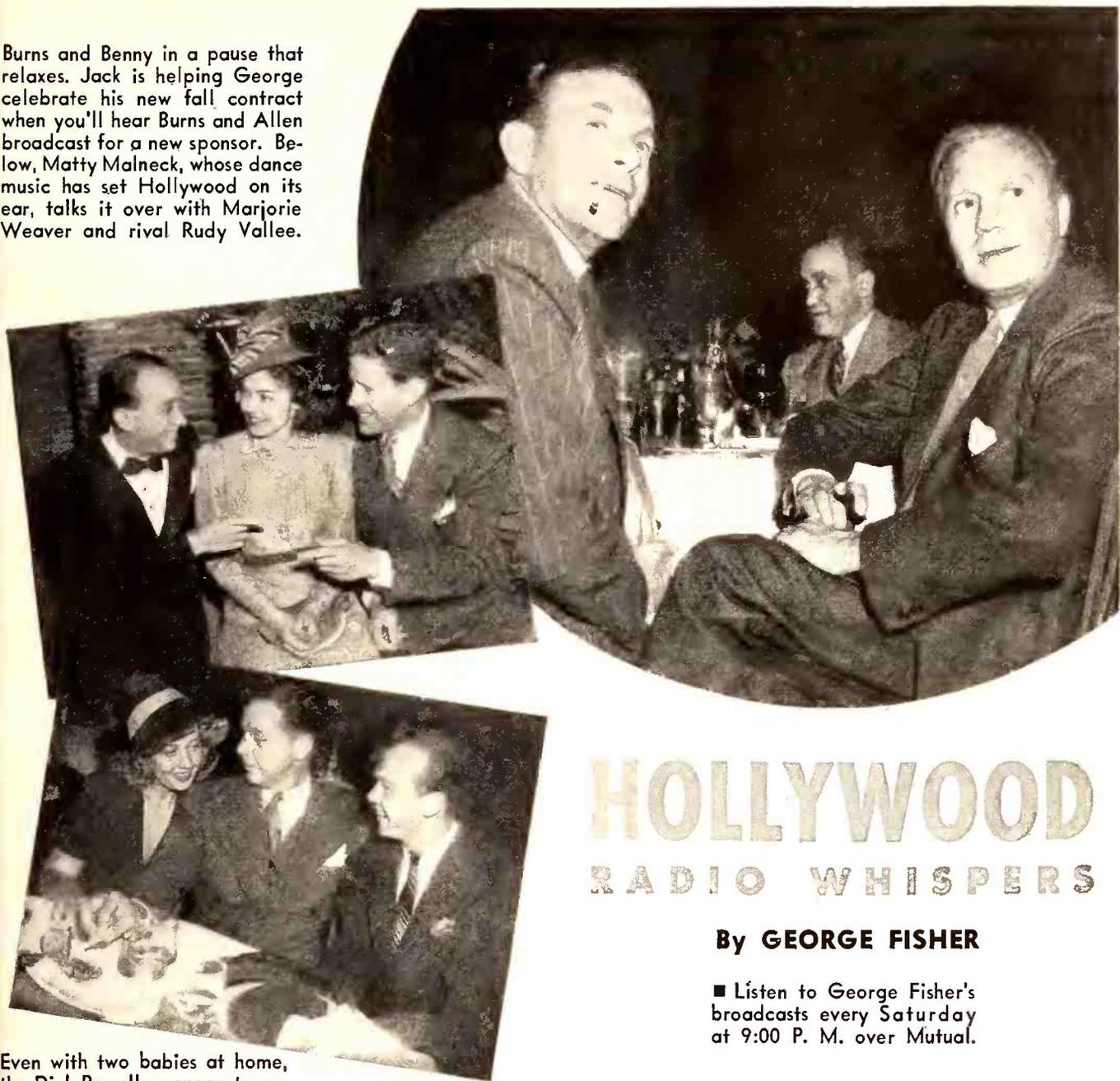
"But someone can do it!" Virginia's mother cried.

Arthur said, "Her father. You must go for him."

"At Mrs. Barclay's," Louise mur-

(Continued on page 65)

Burns and Benny in a pause that relaxes. Jack is helping George celebrate his new fall contract when you'll hear Burns and Allen broadcast for a new sponsor. Below, Matty Malneck, whose dance music has set Hollywood on its ear, talks it over with Marjorie Weaver and rival Rudy Vallee.



HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By **GEORGE FISHER**

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday at 9:00 P. M. over Mutual.

Even with two babies at home, the Dick Powells manage to enjoy a night out. Skinnay Ennis, right, joins their table.

RECENTLY I had a confidential talk with an official of one of the movie firms, and here's what he told me. So many unfavorable reactions have been registered against one of their comedienesses by Women's Clubs, Church groups and other alliances, that it is not expected that the studio will renew her option when it expires soon. This may mean that her film career in Hollywood is at an end, but it is certain that she'll continue on her radio program.

It's not surprising to me that the Texaco Show has never had a particularly good popularity rating: After all, Ken Murray is only a little better than average comedian, and the dramatic skits suffer from lack

of sufficient preparation. Frances Langford is not at all happy with her position on the show, for she has lost a lot of popularity while being associated with Texaco.

The Bob Hope show is a brilliantly written affair, but suffers by keeping the audience always in high pitch.

Paramount, which has been wondering what was going to happen with its next picture with Jack Benny, can go ahead with the release of "Man About Town," anyway. When it was sneak-previewed here in Hollywood, it got a terrific hand, and showed without any doubt that the audience approved of the comedian, the patrons apparently forgiving him his recent trespasses.

Betty Jane Rhodes, Hollywood's Television Girl, created a sensation when she sang on a recent Guild Show.

Matty Malneck's superb swing crew has taken Hollywood by storm, and plays nightly at Cafe Lamaze, with a CBS wire. Malneck plans to open on Broadway's 52nd Street in the fall.

Orson Welles was approached half a dozen times to make pictures, and each time his requests remained the same. He wanted to make pictures, to direct, produce and write his film scripts. Genius Welles might be allowed to do this on the stage, but Hollywood has never been a town that will (Continued on page 73)

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Jesse Lasky (right) rehearses two aspiring actors.

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

JULY 2: Ezra Stone and the Aldrich Family replace Jack Benny on NBC-Red at 7:00. . . . Edwin C. Hill replaces Walter Winchell on NBC-Blue at 9:30.

JULY 9. A new and welcome addition to the list of drama programs is Knickerbocker Playhouse, on CBS tonight at 10:00.

JULY 16: On CBS at 9:00, there's a pleasant summer show, sponsored by Ford and starring James Melton and Francia White.

JULY 23: More hot-weather music—on CBS at 7:30, the Gulf show, with Jane Froman, Jan Peerce, and Erno Rapee's orchestra.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Gateway to Hollywood, on CBS from 6:30 to 7:00 P.M., Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Doublemint Gum, in conjunction with RKO Pictures.

Everybody was dubious when Jesse L. Lasky first presented the idea for this program. It sounded too much like one of those talent contests which end up in disappointment and heartbreak for the contestants and a black eye for the sponsors. But now, near the end of its second thirteen-week period, everybody agrees that Gateway to Hollywood has been very much worth while.

In its first thirteen-week series, two young people gained long-term contracts with RKO and featured roles in a new picture, "Career," six others were given contracts for film work, and the remaining ten contestants were sent back home at the program's expense, none the worse for their adventure. A similar good record is expected by the time the second series ends.

Much of the credit for this success belongs to Lasky and the way he went about getting talented youngsters for the pro-

gram. Three veterans of the films, Bryant Washburn, Jack Mulhall and Herbert Rawlinson, were sent around the country to scout little-theater groups, interview promising acting talent, and record voices.

Each week, in Hollywood, Lasky and Charles Vanda, who directs the programs, select a boy and a girl by looking at the pictures and listening to the voice recordings sent to them by their scouts.

The contestants arrive in Hollywood, and meet Vanda and Lasky. The girls live at the pleasant Studio Club, the boys at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

A week of rehearsal follows, without the screen guest-star, always a top-notch celebrity, who doesn't rehearse until Friday. On Friday night Vanda moves the entire cast from the KNX studios, where they've been working, to the stage of the CBS Vine Street Theater, where the actual broadcast will be given Sunday; and here the show is pulled together Friday night and Sunday. Saturday is always a day off for rest and brushing up on individual roles. Frequently, the girls visit the RKO studios on Saturday, and there they are loaned attractive dresses from the studio wardrobe to wear in their broadcast appearances.

Rowena Cook of New York City and Ralph Bowman of Lincoln, Nebraska, were the lucky winners of the first Gateway to Hollywood talent quest, taking the names of Alice Eden and John Archer. In the second quest, now drawing to a close, the winners will be given the names of Virginia Vale and Robert Stanton, and will be featured in RKO's "Three Sons." They have a slightly tougher row to hoe than the first pair, for they must be able to sing as well as act.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



RAY PERKINS—who sends you Letters Home from the World's Fair, on NBC-Blue this afternoon at 5:45. He's a man of many abilities—pianist, song-writer, singer, comedian, master of ceremonies. Born in Boston, he went to Columbia University, was in the U. S. Army from 1917 to 1919, and is now a commissioned major in the reserve corps. He broke into radio back in 1925 on a New York station.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	PROGRAM
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio NBC-Red: Organ Recital
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures NBC-Red: Four Showmen
		8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News
		9:00	
	8:00	8:00	CBS: From the Organ Loft
	8:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
	8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock
		9:15	
	8:15	8:15	NBC-Red: Tom Terris
		9:30	
	8:30	8:30	CBS: Aubade for Strings
	8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Crawford Caravan
		10:00	
	9:00	9:00	CBS: Church of the Air
	9:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Highlights of the Bible
		10:30	
	9:30	9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
	9:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Children's Hour
		11:00	
10:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: News and Rhythm
	9:00	10:00	NBC: News
	9:05	10:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
		11:15	
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book
		11:30	
8:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernares
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Romance Melodies
		12:00 Noon	
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: RADIOD CITY MUSIC HALL
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Walter Logan Music
		12:30 P.M.	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
		1:00	
	9:00	11:00	CBS: Church of the Air
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Waterloo Junction
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
		1:30	
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
		2:00	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Democracy in Action
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's
		2:30	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: It Goes Like This
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Barry McKinley
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Kidoodlers
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: CBS Symphony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: Festival of Music
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Name the Place
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Words Without Music
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: National Vespers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Rangers Serenade
		4:30	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: The World is Yours
		5:30	
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Joseph Henry Jackson
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee
		5:45	
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
		6:30	
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Gateway to Hollywood
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Grouch Club
		7:00	
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: People's Platform
7:30	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: The Aldrich Family
		7:30	
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Musical Playhouse
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Radio Child
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
		8:00	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Dance Hour
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: NBC Symphony
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: DDN AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Ford Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
		9:30	
7:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Edwin C. Hill
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
		9:45	
7:15	7:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Knickerbocker Playhouse
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Circle
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Goodwill Hour
		10:30	
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Cheerio
		11:00	
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Dance Orchestra
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Dance Orchestra

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.
		8:00 A.M. NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15 NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30 NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade
		9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell
		8:00 NBC: News
		9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
		8:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
		9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
12:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
		10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45 CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:00	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Young Wilder Brown
		11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
1:30	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
8:00	10:00	12:15 P.M. CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought
		12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: Your Farm Reporter
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
		1:30 CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music
		1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours
		2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
1:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Your Family and Mine
		12:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: When a Girl Marries
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
		5:30 NBC-Red: Billy and Betty
		4:30 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00 CBS: News
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	9:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:30 CBS: Blondie
6:30	8:30	6:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Larry Clinton
6:30	5:30	8:00 CBS: Tune-up Time
		7:00 NBC-Red: AL PEARCE
		8:30 CBS: Howard and Shelton
8:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Magic Key of RCA
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
7:30	6:30	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER (Ends July 10)
5:00	7:00	10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: True or False
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Dr. Harry Hagen takes a drink before his program.

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

JULY 3: Ben Bernie and all the lads open an engagement tonight at the Hotel Astor—listen on CBS. . . . A radio version of that popular comic strip, *Blandie*, starts on CBS tonight at 7:30. . . . George Hall's orchestra opens at Kennywood Park, Pittsburgh—listen on NBC. . . . Larry Clinton stars in a new program, opening tonight, on NBC-Red at 7:30, rebroadcast to the west at 6:30, Pacific time.

JULY 10: It's too bad, but after tonight's broadcast the Lux Theater, CBS at 9:00, starts its summer vacation.

JULY 17: Walter O'Keefe and Andre Kostelanetz are being heard on CBS these warm summer Monday evenings at 8:00.

JULY 24: Far some dinner-time music, tune in Fred Waring's Gang on NBC-Red at 7:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: True or False, conducted by Dr. Harry Hagen, an NBC's Blue network from 10:00 to 10:30, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Williams Shaving Cream.

Everybody has his pet quiz program, and this is the favorite of a good many people. Its questions are sometimes hard to answer, but they don't require much explaining. Dr. Harry simply makes a statement—far instance, "Napoleon's wife was named Josephine"—and the contestant has to tell him and everyone listening in whether the statement is true or false.

Unlike some quiz programs, True or False doesn't ask you to send in questions. Dr. Harry and a few assistants dig up all the queries themselves, and arrange them in categories—questions about history, about science, about the movies, about art and literature, and so on.

Contestants on True or False are di-

vided into two teams, of six people each, and the quiz is conducted like an old-time spelling bee, with contestants stepping down when they make a mistake. Everybody on the winning team gets a \$5 prize, while the winning individual, the only person left after everybody else has made a mistake, gets \$25. People on the losing team get prizes, too. Lately they've been receiving a set of True or False's "I.Q. Game," a quiz program which they can take away and play in their own homes.

It's Dr. Harry's job to see that somebody wins during the half-hour the program is on the air. It would be tragic if the questions were so hard that all the contestants failed before the air-time was up, and equally tragic if the questions were so easy more than one contestant was still in the running at the end of the half-hour. Only once since the program has been on the air has there been a tie. The two teams were invited to return the following week and play it off.

Sometimes a contestant who fails on a question writes in to complain that his answer was really correct. When this happens Dr. Harry checks the answer with all known authorities and reference books, and if the contestant was right, he gets a prize—\$25 if he was on the losing team, \$20 if he was on the winning side, because in this case he's already received \$5. But usually the contestant is wrong and Dr. Harry is right, because all questions are carefully checked beforehand.

Contestants always like Dr. Harry Hagen for his amiability and comfortable manner, which quickly puts them at their ease. His real name is Harry Strandhagen; he has a perfect right to the "Dr.," he's married, has five children, and lives in Connecticut.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



JANICE GILBERT—who plays Trixie in Her Honor Nancy James, Jean Adair (and also a two-year-old baby) in *Hilltop House*, Helen Menken's daughter in *Second Husband*, and Clarabelle Higgins in *Doc Barclay's Daughters*—is only sixteen years old—does a number of dialects and speaks French and Spanish fluently—has brown hair and blue eyes.

Complete Programs from June 28th to July 25th

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Publisher Macfadden and narrator Fulton Oursler.

Tune-in Bulletin for July 4, 11, 18 and 25!

JULY 4: Independence Day—fireworks and parades and fun! . . . And special programs on all the networks. . . . On NBC-Red at 9:30, there's a new musical show in place of Fibber McGee and Molly—it stars pianist Alec Templeton, Billy Mills' orchestra, singer Edna Odell, and Conrad Nagel as master of ceremonies. . . . Art Shaw is the star of the Old Gold program, NBC-Blue at 9:00, for the first time tonight—Rabert Benchley is taking his vacation. . . . And Bob Crosby's orchestra has replaced Benny Goodman's on the Camel show, CBS at 9:30. . . . CBS broadcasts the Demoiselle Stakes horse race from the Aqueduct track.

July 11: There's an all-star baseball game, between the National League and the American League, on both CBS and MBS at 2 o'clock this afternoon, E.D.S.T.

July 18: Last chance tonight to hear one of your favorite programs—Dick Powell, Martha Raye and Parkyakarkus on CBS at 8:00.

July 25: For some things you never knew before—listen to the Inside Story program, on NBC-Blue at 8:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: True Story Time with Fulton Oursler, sponsored by Macfadden Publications, an NBC-Blue at 9:30.

You're listening to two magazines on the air, every time you hear True Story Time. Twenty-five minutes of the half-hour are given over to a real-life drama from True Story Magazine, and five minutes to a capsule presentation of an article or story from Liberty Magazine.

Fulton Oursler, editor-in-chief of all Macfadden publications, is the master of ceremonies and commentator on True Story Time, introducing the drama, and pointing out its significance in the light of current news events.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

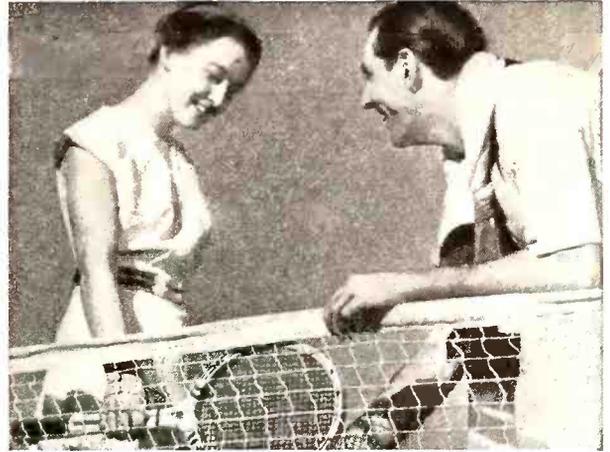
HELEN FORREST—Artie Shaw's girl vocalist on his Old Gold program, NBC-Blue at 9:00 tonight. Helen was singing in a Baltimore night club when Shaw heard her and hired her, although he had another singer at the time. She was born in Atlantic City 22 years ago, and took a commercial course in Washington, D. C., but never used it, becoming a singer instead. Washington voted her its most popular singer, and gave her as a prize a trip to any tropical country she chose—but she's never yet claimed the prize, though she hopes to some day. She used to sing for Mark Warnow as Bonny Blue.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	PROGRAM
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		9:00	NBC: News
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		8:30	NBC-Red: Family Man
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
12:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
9:45	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Wilder Brown
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most out of Life
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	CBS: Carters of Elm Street
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Her Honor, Nancy James
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Where to Look for Help
		12:45	CBS: Our Gai Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Your Farm Reporter
		1:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peabody Takes Charge
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: This Day is Ours
		2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
11:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Your Family and Mine
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	CBS: When a Girl Marries
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Mary Martin
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guilding Light
		4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Midstream
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Billy and Betty
		5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00	CBS: News
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Jimmie Fidler
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
		7:30	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: BIG TOWN
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: The Inside Story
6:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
		8:30	CBS: DICK POWELL
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: For Men Only
		9:00	CBS: We, the People
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Artie Shaw
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
		9:30	CBS: Bob Crosby
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: TRUE STORY TIME
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Alec Templeton
		10:00	CBS: Hal Kemp
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: If I Had the Chance
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
		10:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

THEY *All Agree* ON TODAY'S NEW SKIN CARE



In England, The Lady Rosemary Gresham, daughter of the 21st Earl of Erroll, has cared for her skin with Pond's since her school days. She says: "Pond's is as perfect as ever for cleansing and softening my skin!"



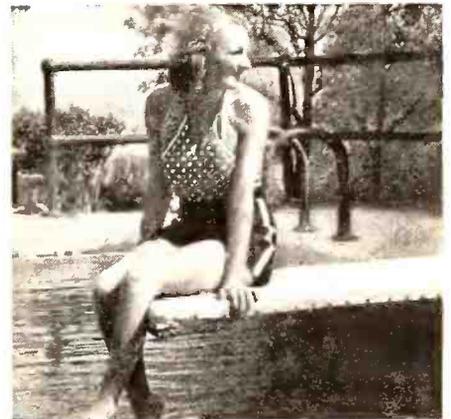
Montreal—The Hon. Ann Shaughnessy, daughter of the late Lord Shaughnessy. With English and American sportswomen, she cheers the new skin care—"skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream.



*British and
American Sportswomen*
CREAM
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO THEIR SKIN*



In Canada—Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, of Toronto, goes to Lake Muskoka for fishing. " 'Skin-vitamin' in Pond's is an added reason for banking on this grand cream!"



A Roosevelt smiles from the springboard! The former Anne Clark says: "Now that it's known 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health, it's great to have it in Pond's."



Titled English Horsewoman—The Lady Cynthia Williams, daughter of the Earl of Guilford, often visits America—one of many British peeresses who praise the new skin care.



It's American to skate! Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington, often joins her friends at a private rink. She has always used Pond's to give make-up that winning sparkle.



In Britain, in Canada and in the United States, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	PROGRAM
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade
		8:30	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		9:00	
		8:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
		9:05	
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:30	
		8:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		8:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
		9:45	
		8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
		10:15	
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
1:00	9:15	10:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
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		12:15 P.M.	
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	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
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9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
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9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
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10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	10:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: Your Health
	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
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		2:30	
12:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: When a Girl Marries
	10:45	12:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
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12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
		5:30	
		4:30	NBC-Red: Billy and Betty
		5:45	
		4:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
		6:30	
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Bob Trout
		6:45	
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
	7:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
		7:30	
7:30	6:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
		8:00	
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Phil Baker
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
		8:30	
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM
	4:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Hobby Lobby
	7:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
		9:00	
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: What's My Name
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



Left to right: Morse, Mather, Nicky, Teddy, Jack, Fother

Tune-In Bulletin for June 28, July 5, 12, and 19!

JUNE 28: There are an awful lot of final broadcasts for you to listen to tonight—The Ask-it-Basket on CBS at 7:30, Gang Busters on CBS at 8:00, Fred Allen's Tawn Hall Tonight an NBC-Red at 9:00, the Texoco Star Theater on CBS at 9:00, Edgar Guest on CBS at 10:00—but here's hoping they'll all be back in the fall. . . . Joe Louis and Tony Golento fight in the Yankee Stadium tonight, if all the sports promoters' plans go through, and NBC will describe the battle to you.

July 5: What's My Name, a quiz show, starring Arlene Francis and Fred Uttal, takes Fred Allen's place on NBC-Red tonight at 9:00. . . . Phil Baker changes broadcast time, beginning tonight—fram now on, Wednesdays at 8:00.

July 12: On NBC horseroce fans this afternoon hear the Massachusetts Handicap. . . . Leighton Noble's orchestro starts on engagement at the Baker Hotel, Dallas, Texas, tonight, heard on NBC.

July 19: Brush up on your musical knowledge with Koy Kyser's Kollege, on NBC-Red at 10:00 tonight.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: One Man's Family, on NBC's Red Network from 8:00 to 8:30 P.M., Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Tender Leaf Tea. (If you live in the Pacific Coast time zone, you hear it, Sunday nights at 8:30.)

This deon of family serials has been on the air since April 29, 1932, and on the NBC network since May, 1933. In all that time it's never changed its theme song, "Destiny," or its basic cast (although new players are added as new characters enter the story); but it has moved from San Francisco, where it first originated, to Hollywood, where it is now broadcast from Studia G in the Hollywood Rodio City.

The real boss of One Man's Family never appears on the air. He is Carlton E. Morse, who originated the program, and

now writes it, directs it, produces it, and personally controls the entire production and cast. Author Morse's ward is law where One Man's Family is concerned, but he's an easy master and maintains only a few sets of rules. One is that no member of the family knows what is going to happen in the current week's script until the day of the broadcast. Another is that there can be no studio audience, and no visitors at all allowed during a broadcast. Marse personally ouditions all new players, and has been known to listen to a hundred ospirants before finding the right one.

The cost of One Mon's Family falls naturally into the family pattern—in fact, they all get together every now and then to have family parties. Minetto Ellen and J. Anthony Smythe, who play Father and Mother Barbour, actually made their stage debuts together in Oakland when they were very young, and met again for the first time in years to play the parents in this story. Other members of the cast love to coll them "Mather" and "Father."

Claudio and Hazel (Kathleen Wilson and Bernice Berwin) ore married to non-professionols and are the mothers of young sons. Teddy Barbour and Wayne Grub (Winifred Wolfe and Jock Edwards) really attended the same school, Hollywood High school, and will go to the University of California together next fall. Poul (Michael Raffetta) is exactly as his oir fons imagine him, tall and dork, and Clifford (Barton Yarborough) is tall, young, and devoted to his "mather," Minetta Ellen. Beth Holly (Barbaro Jo Allen) does o good deal of radia work outside the Family—one of her roles is that of Phil Morris' girl on the Benny show. And Jock (Poge Gilman) is precisely the same character he plays on the air. He's just finishing college, and as o side-line he maintains a photography business.

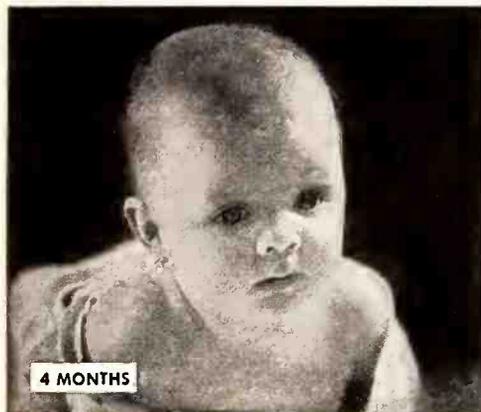
SAY HELLO TO . . .



ARLENE FRANCIS—as happy a radio entertainer as you can tune in. Happy because she's one of radio's very few women stars and she's married and lives in a beautiful country house. You hear her as Judy LaRue in Big Sister on CBS and as the feminine questioner on that new NBC show, What's My Name, pinch hitting for Fred Allen. She was born in Boston, went to a finishing school, then to the American Academy of Dramatic Art, then to Europe. At home again, she briefly ran a gift shop before going into stage work and then radio. Her real name is Kazanjian. A decided brunette, she is 5½ feet tall.

Diana's record would delight any Mother!

First Year: SPLENDID START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



4 MONTHS

"With doctors approving Clapp's so heartily," Diana Dann's mother says, "of course Clapp's Foods were the choice for my baby. And she loved them—right from the first."

"You know, the Clapp people have worked with doctors 18 years. They were first to make baby foods, and they're the only large company that makes nothing else! So they're experts!"



10 MONTHS

"Diana just grew, like Topsy," Mrs. Dann says. "But oh, *how* she grew! She gained a pound a month regularly, and when this photo was taken, she was starting to walk."

"One look, and you knew she was getting plenty of vitamins and minerals. And for a baby girl, she had the healthiest little appetite you ever saw!"



17 VARIETIES

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

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

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

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Toddler Years: PICTURE OF HEALTH...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



2 YEARS

"She never had to be coaxed to eat. Not even when the time came for coarser foods—babies often get notional then, but not she!"

"We promoted her from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods and she loved them right off. Of course, the flavors were so good and so much like the Strained, that was why. And no lumps or stems, as you're bound to have sometimes in foods cooked at home!"



3½ YEARS

"There's so much variety in Clapp's! Diana gets 11 kinds of Chopped Foods. And when she has one of those new Junior Dinners that combine meat and vegetables and cereals—why, it's almost a meal in itself."

"Yes, she's really very well-built—she rides a pony and she can swim. She's real proof that if you want to do a perfect job of baby-feeding, it pays to insist on Clapp's!"



11 VARIETIES

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

Soup—Vegetable Soup

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

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

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

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



CLAPP'S BABY FOODS



STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			8:15 NBC-Red: Hi Boys
			8:30 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
			9:00 NBC: News
			9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
			9:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
			8:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
			9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
			8:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
1:00	9:15	10:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Noon
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: American Life
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Your Farm Reporter
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
11:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: When a Girl Marries
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Martin
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Sunbrite Smile Parade
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: Rhythm Auction
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Billy and Betty
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: March of Games
	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:15	9:15	6:15	CBS: Music by Malneck
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
7:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Joe E. Brown
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Goldman Band
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: RUDY VALLEE
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: It's Up to You
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Rudy directs the band—and telephones the control room.

Tune-In Bulletin for June 29, July 6, 13 and 20!

JUNE 29: Lost show of the season for Kote Smith—an CBS of 8:00 . . . and when she returns next fall you'll hear her Friday nights. . . Harry James, who used to be Benny Goodman's trumpeter, opens with his new orchestra tonight of the Rose-lond ballroom in New York—listen to his broadcasts over NBC and MBS.

July 6: Carl Deacon Moore's orchestra opens tonight of Lake Breeze Pier, Buckeye, Ohio, and NBC will broadcast his music late of night.

July 13: The Professional Golfers Association championship matches begin today of the Pomonok Country Club. . . CBS broadcasts a description, spoken by the colorful Mr. Husing.

July 20: Bing Crosby's guest star tonight, on NBC-Red of 10:00, is Movie star Brion Aherne.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Rudy Vallee Hour, sponsored by Royal Desserts and Fleischmann's Yeast, on NBC-Red from 8:00 to 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time.

Next October 24, Rudy Vallee will have been on the air for ten solid years, all the time for the some sponsor. Ten years of uninterrupted weekly broadcasts is something of a record, particularly when you consider vocations for Rudy have never entered into the scheme of things. As a matter of fact, though, Rudy's temper is better now than when he began broadcasting in 1929. He still is apt to make a scathing remark or two, if things aren't going right in rehearsal, but not as frequently as he used to.

The Vallee broadcasts come from NBC's big studio 8-H, in Radio City—and will continue to originate there until this fall, when Rudy will move back to Hollywood for a while. It's the largest studio in the building, seating about 1400 people. Rudy helped NBC in designing this studio, but

when it was finished discovered that he didn't like to use it, preferring the smaller 8-G. Until recently he steadfastly refused to do his broadcast from 8-H, but finally the demand for tickets to the studio audience forced him to give in.

At rehearsals and during the broadcast, Rudy has a telephone on his music stand, connected with the control booth, and talks over it constantly, checking up on tonal balance. Another gadget he'd like to use, but can't, is a system of red and green lights of his own invention. It consists of a red and a green light on the microphone. If a singer or actor is standing too close to the mike, the red light flashes; if too far away, the green one comes on. If he's just right, neither light is burning. Rudy thinks this would do owoy with the frequent necessity of having an engineer come out and push or pull on inexperienced actor closer or farther owoy from the mike. But engineers don't agree with him—they think the strain of watching the lights would throw people off and make them lose their places in their scripts—and so Rudy has never been able to get his lights instolled.

There's only one day of rehearsal for the Vallee Hour, but it's a busy one, losing all of Thursday; and other preparations go on for a week or more before each broadcast. Rudy has his own office, where he auditions talent and reads dramatic scripts. Well-established stage stars, big names in the theater, often have to go through the ordeal of auditioning before they are accepted for the Vallee Hour. Rudy has two secretaries, one to stay in the office and one to accompany him to rehearsals and broadcasts. The office secretary is a Vallee fixture, Mrs. Marjorie Diven, who has been with him for ten years and manages all his business affairs.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



ELIZABETH RELLER—who adds to your radio pleasure in the role of Connie in the CBS serial, Doc Barclay's Daughters. Elizabeth, though born only in 1913, has been an announcer, has played the part of Betty and Bob, has studied for two years at Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, and has appeared in some of New York's bigger stage productions. December fourth is her birthday, Richmond, Indiana, her home, Swarthmore her college. Everything Elizabeth does is marked by a stubborn refusal to accept defeat, though success should come easily to anyone with her beautiful brown hair and blue eyes.

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE JEAN PARKER

Featured in
THE HAL ROACH
PRODUCTION
"ZENOBIA"

*Find thrilling new
Beauty in*

MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP!



Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



ELSA: Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your eyes?

JOAN: Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing new way, and the only true guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll love it!



ELSA: You're proof that it's perfect for hazel eyes, Joan! But my eyes are blue!

JOAN: Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



ELSA: And they discovered that eye color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

JOAN: Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! It's the color of your eyes!



JOAN: Marvelous Matched Makeup has already been adopted by stars of stage and screen, debutantes, models! And no wonder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, the powder never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives a smooth, suede-like finish!



JOAN: And Elsa, for real flattery, just try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so smoothly—gives your lips lovely, long-lasting color!



JOAN: With Marvelous, you look lovelier instantly! You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for perfect color harmony, use them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! (65¢ in Canada)



55¢ EACH

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

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

MF-839

My eyes are Blue Brown Gray Hazel
Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

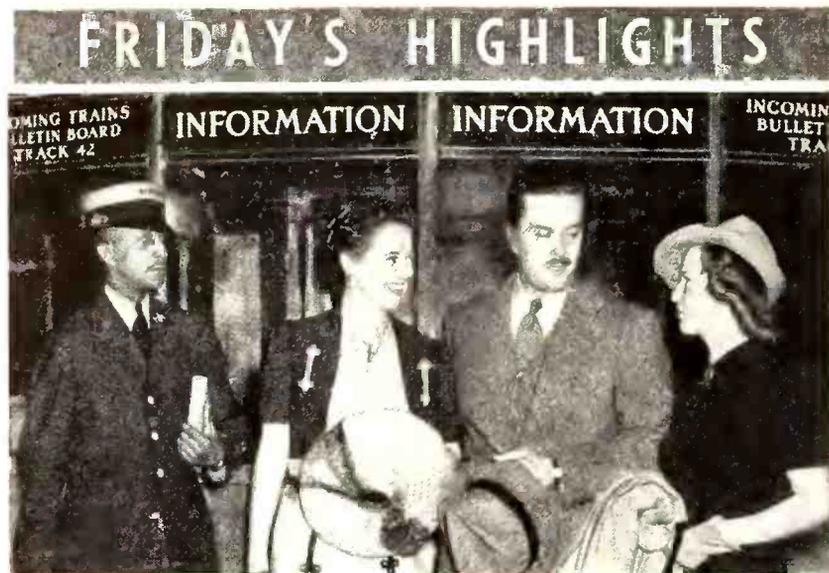
Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	PROGRAM
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
		8:00	NBC: News
		9:05	
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:30	
		8:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		8:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
		9:45	
		8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	
12:00	8:00	8:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
		10:15	
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
1:00	9:15	10:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	
1:30	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
		12:15 P.M.	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: At Home in the World
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Your Farm Reporter
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Let's Talk It Over
		1:30	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
		1:45	
11:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
		2:00	
12:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
12:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
12:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
12:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: When a Girl Marries
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Martin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:45	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
		5:30	
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Billy and Betty
		5:45	
	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
		6:45	
	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	
6:45	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
		7:30	
7:30	6:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
		7:45	
8:00	5:45	6:45	CBS: The Waring Family
		8:00	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
		8:30	
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Johnny Presents
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: 99 Men and a Girl
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Waitz Time
		9:30	
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Death Valley Days
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Grand Central Station
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Lady Esther Serenade
		10:30	
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Bob Ripley



■ Ruth Warwick, Erik Rolf and Helen Claire at Grand Central.

Tune-In Bulletin for June 30, July 7, 14 and 21!

JUNE 30: At 4:15 this afternoon, CBS broadcasts the Suburban Handicap horse race from Belmont Park. . . . Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra open tonight at the Ritz Carlton, Atlantic City, with a Mutual wire to your loudspeaker. . . . Howie Wing, CBS at 6:15, and Lum and Abner, CBS at 7:15, give their last broadcasts of the season tonight. . . . Jahny Presents, formerly heard on CBS at 8:00 on Saturdays, changes tonight to 8:30, Fridays, same network.

July 7: There's a new program for you tonight, a serial called The Waring Family, featuring stage and movie star Leon Janney. Sponsored by Woodbury Soap, it's on CBS from 7:45 to 8:00, with a re-broadcast reaching the West at 8:00.

July 14: Second day of the Professional Golfers' tournament—on CBS. . . . Artie Shaw opens at the Eastwood Gardens—also CBS.

July 21: Russ Morgan's orchestra opens at the Casa Manana in Fort Worth—listen on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Grand Central Station, sponsored by Listerine, on CBS at 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time.

The hero—and the villain—of this dramatic show is a huge pile of steel and concrete that sits squarely in the middle of the intersection of Park Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York City. In other words, Grand Central Station itself. Nobody connected with the program remembers now who first thought of using this "crossroads of the world" as the theme for a series of dramas, but whoever it was, he was a smart fellow.

Every show is complete in itself—it's not a serial. But each little half-hour drama begins in Grand Central Station, picks up a group of characters, and follows them out of the station to their destinations.

Different people write the stories broadcast on Grand Central Station, and different people act in most of the casts. Some of the regular actors, however, heard from time to time, are Parker Fenelly, Erik Rolf, Ruth Warwick (who is Mrs. Rolf), Helen Claire (now that she's no longer starring in the Broadway play, "Kiss the Boys Goodbye"), Arline Blackburn (who also plays Pretty Kitty Kelly in the serial of that name), Florence Malone and Martin Gabel.

The people connected with the program are proud of a letter that came in from a lawyer, asking to see a copy of a particular script that dealt with divorce and its effects on children. He wanted to show it to one of his clients who was contemplating divorce, because the situation in the script so closely paralleled his client's real-life problem. His request was granted, and later he wrote in to say that the client had decided against the divorce and was once more living happily with her husband.

The program doesn't have a studio audience, and comes from CBS' Studio three, on the 21st floor of its building in New York. A sound-effect used on every program is the long-drawn-out whistle of a train, and hardly a week passes that a listener doesn't write in to protest that trains coming into Grand Central Station don't use that kind of whistle—don't use any whistle at all, in fact. The producer of the show has a stock answer which he sends to all train-whistle-complainers, explaining that they're quite right, but a whistle is a good sound effect and is only used for atmosphere.

One of radio's few feminine production "men" is assigned to Grand Central Station by CBS. Her name is Betsy Tuthill, and her job is to see that the program runs smoothly.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



LILYAN PERRON—much better known as Honey, for she's the girl in Fred Waring's novelty trio, Two Bees and a Honey, on NBC-Red at 7:00 tonight. Fred discovered Lilyan and her two partners in the trio, Hal Kanner and Murray Kane, in the College Inn, Chicago—the same place where he first heard Donna Dae, another of his featured singers. Lilyan was brought up in Fall River, Mass., by a mother who was a vocal teacher and wanted her daughter to sing classics—but Lilyan showed a decided preference for the swing variety of music. In private life she's engaged to NBC's popular announcer, Gilbert Martin.

PUT THE BEE

ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.D. S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 80 for the answers.

1. **Passtime** — **pastime** — **pasttime**. Amusement; recreation.

2. **Inflorescence** — **infloessence** — **inflourescence**. The budding and unfolding of blossoms.

3. **Frezia**—**freezia**—**freesia**. A sweet-scented plant of the iris family.

4. **Drivel**—**drivvle**—**drivvel**. Foolish talk; twaddle.

5. **Reddingcoat** — **redingote** — **reddingote**. A long outside coat now usually worn by women.

6. **Paragoric** — **paregoric** — **peragoric**. A medicine that mitigates pain.

7. **Ipecac** — **ipicac** — **ipacack**. Dried roots of a South American plant used as medicine.

8. **Unemployability** — **unemployeability** — **unemployability**. The quality of being unemployable.

9. **Separator**—**seperator**—**separator**. An apparatus for separating cream from milk.

10. **Osserb**—**acerb**—**ascerb**. Sour or bitter to the taste; sharp and harsh.

11. **Hobbnobbed** — **hobnobed** — **hobnobbed**. Associated familiarly.

12. **Antimacassar** — **antemacassar** — **antimacasser**. A cover to protect the back or arms of a chair, sofa, etc.

13. **Digitallis** — **digitalis** — **digitalus**. The dried leaf of the purple foxglove—used principally in diseases of the heart.

14. **Belladonna** — **beladonna** — **belladonna**. The mild narcotic made from the leaves of the plant, "the deadly nightshade."

15. **Aconite** — **aconite** — **accanite**. An extract or tincture from certain plants, used as a sedative.

16. **Deserts** — **desserts** — **disserts**. In the United States, sweets served at the close of meals.

17. **Mascarah** — **mascarra** — **mascara**. A preparation used for coloring the eyelashes.

18. **Homsteader** — **homsteader** — **homstedder**. In the United States, one who has entered upon or acquired a homestead under provision of homestead laws.

19. **Toridity** — **torridity** — **torridity**. The state of being parched.

20. **Naiads** — **naiaads** — **naiads**. The nymphs believed to live in lakes, rivers, springs, and fountains.

TOM or TESS —who's to blame?



HIS PEEVE: "My appearance can make me or break me in my job—and I'm sick and tired of going around in shirts that are full of tattle-tale gray."



HER PEEVE: "I work like blazes. Why blame me if my washes simply *won't* look white?" . . . And the truth of it is, she *does* try hard. It's her weak-kneed soap that dawdles in the tub and leaves dirt sticking in the clothes. What she needs is a livelier, peppier soap. Fels-Naptha—the soap that gets out *all* the dirt.



HAPPY SOLUTION: If tattle-tale gray is your husband's peeve, too—take this wise little tip. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's and give its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naphtha* a chance at your wash. You'll get the snowiest clothes you ever pinned on a line. Every shirt, every towel, every romper just sparkling clean and sweet! You'll get compliments from *him*, and never another complaint!

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	8:00 A. M.
			NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch. NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			8:15 NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert NBC-Red: Hi Boys
			8:30 NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
			8:45 NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade
			9:00 NBC: News
			9:05
			8:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB 8:05 NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
			9:15 CBS: Sunny Melodies 8:15 NBC-Red: Cloutier's Orch.
			9:25 8:25 CBS: News
			9:45 8:45 NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
			10:00
8:00	9:00		CBS: Hill Billy Champions
8:00	9:00		NBC-Blue: Morin Sisters
8:00	9:00		NBC-Red: The Wise Man
			10:15
8:15	9:15		NBC-Blue: Amanda Snow
8:15	9:15		NBC-Red: No School Today
			10:30
8:30	9:30		NBC-Blue: Barry McKinley
8:30	9:30		NBC-Red: Florence Hale
			10:45
8:45	9:45		NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
8:45	9:45		NBC-Red: Armchair Quartet
			11:00
9:00	10:00		CBS: Symphony Concert
9:00	10:00		NBC-Blue: Music Internationale
9:00	10:00		NBC-Red: Music Styled for You
			11:30
9:30	10:30		NBC-Blue: Our Barn
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Education Forum
8:00	10:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Melodies
			12:30 P. M.
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Call to Youth
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Little Variety Show
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Campus Notes
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Poetic Strings
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: Morton Franklin Orch.
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Kinney Orch
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Slavonic Serenade
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Matinee in Rhythm
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: Cosmopolitan Melodies
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Southwestern Stars
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: What Price America
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Three Cheers
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
			6:05
2:05	4:05	5:05	CBS: Dance Orchestra
2:05	4:05	5:05	NBC-Blue: El Chico Revue
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: All Hands on Deck
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Art of Living
			7:00
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Americans at Work
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: County Seat
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
			8:30
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Columbia Workshop
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Brent House
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Avalon Time
			9:00
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
7:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
7:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Vox Pop
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Hollywood Today
			9:45
5:45	7:45	8:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Arch Oboler's Plays
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Benny Goodman

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Breakfast Club's Dan McNeill, Evelyn Lynne, Jack Baker.

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

JULY 1: Just about tonight, watch for the Hit Parade to change time, to 9:00 instead of 10:00, with a rebroadcast reaching the West at 8:00. . . . On CBS at 4:15 this afternoon, listen to a description of the Gazelle Handicap from the Aqueduct track.

July 8: Another horse race, an CBS, from Aqueduct—the Fleetwing Handicap, with a \$5000 purse—listen at 4:15, E.D.S.T.

July 15: It's the final day of the Professional Golfers' tournament, and Ted Husing will broadcast the play on CBS. . . . Far the harsereading fans, the Empire City Handicap, also an CBS.

July 22: The Saturday horse race: The Butler Handicap, on CBS from 4:15 to 4:45.

wise-cracks are spontaneous, and are delivered for the first time just as you hear them on the air.

The genial Don McNeill, master of ceremonies, arrives a few minutes before the show goes on the air. Don, besides being in the program, has the responsibility of planning it and keeping it moving, for the Breakfast Club is unique among broadcasts in that it has no network director on hand, working behind the scenes, timing and overseeing. All that work is left up to Dan, and he does it well. The only restriction placed on him is that he must file the names of musical numbers and poems to be used on the air, so the network can "clear" them—that is, get permission to broadcast them.

Visitors are allowed to watch the broadcast, but because of the early hour, only a few are ever present. Here's what you'd see if you were one of those few: Dan at a table microphone, surrounded by his books of poems and bits of homely philosophy which he reads as the broadcast progresses. Jack Baker and Evelyn Lynne singing at a second microphone at the side of the orchestra—or leaving it to join Dan at the table and swap jokes with him there. The whole cast talks about anything that comes to their minds, along lines generally planned by Dan. If somebody thinks of something funny, he says it—and hopes he'll get a laugh.

ON THE AIR TODAY: The Breakfast Club, with Dan McNeill as master of ceremonies, an NBC's Blue network every day except Sunday from 9:05 to 10:00 A. M., Eastern Daylight Time.

The general notion is that broadcasting is nice work if you can get it—something that's emphatically not true in the case of the Breakfast Club. How'd you like to have the task of getting to a radio studio, rain or shine, at eight o'clock or even earlier every morning (the program comes from Chicago, and nine o'clock Eastern time is eight o'clock Chicago time) and waking up the listening world with a smile? Some of the performers live in suburban Chicago, which means climbing out of bed around six in order to arrive on time.

The Breakfast Club's orchestra has two leaders, Walter Blaufuss and Rex Maupin, who conduct their men on different days. With Jack Baker, tenor, and Evelyn Lynne, girl vocalist, they spend the half-hour before air-time in going over the musical numbers. The spoken lines on the Breakfast Club are never rehearsed—all these

The Breakfast Club was originated in October, 1932, and has grown into NBC's best-loved sustaining program. People are always writing in to Dan and the others on the show; and Dan encourages them to send in poems, jokes, requests, philosophic sayings, or anything they'd like to have read or performed on the air. Holidays always cause a flood of mail—in April and May Dan got more than 300 different poems about Mothers' Day.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



HEDDA HOPPER—famous as deWolf Hopper's fifth wife, as a stage and movie star, as a columnist—but of importance now to radio listeners because she is Portia Brent in Brent House, that Saturday evening half hour over NBC-Blue. Born in Pittsburgh, Hedda began stage work as soon as school work and scored hit after hit—then marriage to famous deWolf Hopper, father of her son Bill, strapping six footer and himself an actor these days. Hedda went to Hollywood after a divorce in the early 1920's for film success. Now, near middle age, she is a gracious example of how to lose youth gracefully.

Pretty Kitty Kelly

(Continued from page 32)

Isaac Hamish said steadily. He walked forward and put the muzzle of the gun into Mr. Andrews' stomach. "Now, Mr. Andrews, I must really ask you to leave. We will conclude our business in the next room—if you don't mind."

Mr. Andrews breathed heavily. A purplish flush came into his cheeks. He stared for a moment angrily into Hamish's eyes, then turned, and walked slowly out of the room. Hamish followed, keeping the gun at his back. The door slammed shut.

"You little—!" Dr. Orbo's voice was a guttural bellow of rage. He seized her by the throat, maniacal anger distorting his face. "I'll teach you to keep quiet!"

A ROUGH gag was thrust into her mouth, bound there with strips of cloth. With one giant hand he held her in the chair, while with the other he wound a rope about her body, tying it so tightly it cut into her flesh. She was suffocating. From far, far away she could hear a shrill whine in the night—the whine of the lighted discs still whirling around.

The whine was coming closer. It was filling her ears. What was happening? Out in the hall, the bell began to ring again and again. Footsteps were pounding, running around the house. Somebody was beating against the front door.

Abruptly Dr. Orbo released his grip, sprang for the door. She slumped in the chair, half fainting from the pain of her bonds. He peered through the crack, then with an oath, seized his machine, and crashed his way through the kitchen window. There was a sharp tinkle of broken glass, the wild flapping of the shade, as the wind and rain rushed in through the hole he had made.

Then the door burst open, and Michael rushed in, and caught her in his arms.

"Kitty!" His voice broke in a sob of relief. "Kitty—my darling! I—I've found you!"

His arms, so warm, so strong, so safe, enfolded her. She sank into his embrace, feeling his cheek all wet with rain, his lips against her own.

The kitchen began to fill with people—policemen, Inspector Grady, doctors, Mr. Andrews, Michael—even Bunny and Slim. And in the center of the room, handcuffed, his sallow face tied up in a bloody bandage, was Isaac Hamish. He was ghastly pale, swaying on his feet. Inspector Grady plumped him into a chair and stood over him. At first Kitty was barely aware of what was going on; then the buzzing in her ears faded away, and she heard Inspector Grady say:

"And so that's why you kidnapped her! So you could get her to sign this stock certificate, and sell the whole business to this—Mr. Andrews here."

Hamish nodded his head.

The Inspector turned to Mr. Andrews.

"Is it true that you were negotiating with this man for these shares?" he asked. Mr. Andrews bit his lip.

"Yes—I was," he admitted. "Or rather, my agent here, Michael Conway was—negotiating with Dr. Orbo for them. They represent a controlling interest in a firm I have always wanted to hold. But I—I never believed there was anything crooked

(Continued on page 79)

Does Body-odor give you INFERIORITY COMPLEX?



Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then you'll decide to bathe in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love!

A MAN'S love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you think he's yours, something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too had, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for

years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor!

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢ Wherever finer soaps are sold





SURPRISE

him with extra-tasty
summer meals
—quick and easy to fix

● Tempt listless summer appetites but don't spend long hot hours in the kitchen cooking! Save work with Franco-American Spaghetti. Serve it as main or side dish. Combine with other foods. Give it to the youngsters for lunch. It's a wonderful energy-builder. And how everybody loves its tasty, tangy cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients! Only 10c a can—order today!



Hash Deluxe

Use your regular hash recipe but add Franco-American Spaghetti to chopped meat instead of potatoes. The sauce gives a wonderful flavor.

Jiffy Dinner Plate

Make nests of hot Franco-American Spaghetti. Fill with cooked peas, top with strips of crisp bacon. Deliciously tasty and appetizing.

Sunday Night Supper

Bring on a platter of cold cuts and a big dish of piping hot Franco-American Spaghetti and watch it disappear. Another time, serve poached eggs in spaghetti nests. They'll make a big hit.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for FREE Recipe Book

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 438
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This Must Be Love

(Continued from page 11)

Fowler, a small community on the outskirts of Fresno. Those memories were indelible. Fowler had meant the greatest thing ever to come into her life—Dad and mother bought a piano.

She played with Annes and Marys and Margies and most of them took piano lessons, too. But they meant more to her. There was something about the black and white of the keys that held a fascination for her. Her parents, too, recognized a peculiar touch, a feeling—as old as music—in their daughter whose legs were hardly long enough yet to reach the pedals.

The piano was her life. As she banged out her exercises, she accompanied herself with a thin childish soprano which began to ripen with the years into a contralto.

She was seventeen when she entered Fresno State College. She knew now what she wanted to do with her life. She would specialize in music and then, some day, she'd be able to teach it. Already she had begun to prepare for her teaching, when the events that were to change her life began.

SHE joined a sorority and made friends immediately with two girls who thought, too, that a voice was the greatest inheritance given them. Together, they formed a new harmony trio. And soon Fresno and all surrounding communities came to know them as the "Triad In Blue." The girls were good. Ginny knew they were. They used all their spare time singing at sorority and fraternity affairs and at whatever clubs and restaurants would hire them.

Summer vacation came, and the Triads went to Los Angeles. They spent the weeks getting auditions, singing over local radio stations. Ginny was driving herself—she knew somehow that much lay before her. September returned and brought a new semester at college. But the months seemed to leap ahead and it was summer again. Ginny had made up her mind once more. She was eighteen now—determined to leave school and do something with her voice.

The Triads had planned well for this second summer. They arrived in Los Angeles with smart blue gowns, unusual vocal arrangements for the trio—and a new kind of confidence. Ginny's spirit had transmitted itself. The managers heard something besides voices when the girls auditioned at a beach club. When they were signed, Ginny knew the time had come.

The trio clicked—and so did she. She had begun to step out occasionally from the three-part harmony and command attention with her solos. But finally, the engagement was over. Ginny, a little down-hearted, was not quite sure which way to turn next. Again, though, something happened—the management asked Ginny to audition as a soloist. If she were successful, she could stay on alone. Her partners insisted that she try. Both were returning to school—but if singing were to be Ginny's career, here was her one chance.

Her mind was made up. She selected just one song. A tune called "I Got A Right To Sing The Blues." The most important song I ever sang, Ginny thinks now. If she hadn't sung it well,

she would never have been hired. She would never have met Kay. She would never have been sitting at the piano in that small Santa Monica office, singing for him.

... She had finished her song now. She lifted her fingers from the keys and turned around to face Kay. He smiled again and then spoke in that lazy southern voice of his:

"Miss Simms, I think you're darned good—with plenty of promise. If I could afford it, I'd hire you myself. But I can't. I'll recommend you to Bailey—and I'm sure he'll be able to do something for you."

And then he said (shyly, if I know Kay), "Would you like to go to a football game with me?" and Kay and Ginny began going to football games together. And those dates were not to discuss business.

But then it was time—all too soon—for Kay and his orchestra to head east. But he had done his work. A spark had been struck and it was to grow. If he had failed to discover the promise and warmth which lay beneath the inexperience and nervousness he first found in Ginny's voice, both their lives might have been changed. But it was Kay who discovered what Ginny had and sent her on and up until the swinging cycle brought her back to him.

Because of his recommendation, Bailey was able to place her with a trio on a Guy Lombardo program while Guy was touring the West. From there on, the way was almost easy. She joined Tom Gerun's band in San Francisco and began the life of an orchestra vocalist. She left California with the Gerun organization to go to New Orleans. The months slipped by—almost as America's towns slipped by the orchestra's bus and train windows. New Orleans to Texas. Texas to Denver. Denver and back to the West Coast. And then it was almost January, 1935, and Virginia Simms was in Chicago singing at the French Casino with Tom Gerun's band.

THERE were nights when the late-stayers could notice a straw-haired bespectacled young man slip into a seat at a Casino table. He'd leave work at the nearby Blackhawk to listen to Ginny sing. It was Kay, of course. He was able to afford a girl vocalist now. Ginny was where she had wanted to be a year and a half before. And the man who had gone to the University of North Carolina to become a lawyer and the girl who had started out to be a school-teacher met again—off the beaten track.

The rise of Kay and his band seemed to coincide oddly with Ginny's arrival. The Fall of 1937 saw the beginning of the "Musical Class and Dance" idea. From there on it was easy sailing into the big-money ranks.

As Kay's fame increased, so did Ginny's. As they grew, so grew the Strange Case of the Kay Kyser-Ginny Simms Romance. The Case began on that January day, four years ago, when Ginny joined Kay. It became more and more intriguing. I kept hearing tales of how Kay would never permit photographers to take cheap, over-glamorous pictures of his girl singer. I was told that Kay had arranged for his own recording company to issue records bearing the label

"Ginny Simms and her Orchestra."

I heard that they were secretly married, because their rooms at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York, where the orchestra was playing, were very close together. And then found that Ginny's mother lives with her and accompanies her constantly—cross-country and back.

But the Case continued to grow. I determined to solve it—yet Kay and Ginny have steadily refused to discuss their relationship with anyone. They had never talked to a reporter-detective about it—either to affirm or deny their romance. I knew that—and I knew I was on the trail when they agreed to see me. For the first time, they had consented to see a writer. . . . Love-detectives—are you ready?

When I entered his hotel living-room, Kay was there alone. He was wearing his tuxedo pants and an old tweed jacket. I had already felt the full force of his ingratiating personality when Ginny knocked and entered. Her gay yellow evening gown swept the floor. She was lovely that evening. They looked at each other. I looked at both of them. Any man could well be envious of Kay. This must be the girl to whom Kay's mother referred when she said: "I wish he were married so some one could take care of him."

I had my clues well in hand. I needed just two more pieces of evidence to solve the case. Ginny, answering for both of them, took care of the first part missing from our puzzle:

"One thing definite—we are not married. To say that we are is a compliment. But we are not."

Then they looked at each—and I (just a trifle embarrassed) said: "Are you in love?" And Kay began to talk:

WHEN I first met Ginny, I thought girl singers were a form of insanity. But Ginny had something I had never been able to discover in any other girl vocalist. She had sincerity above everything else—not only in her voice but in everything. Her way of expressing herself may still have been a little green—but she had a great deal more. A sincerity, an expression and—yes—a soul in her voice.

"Now, she has everything. To me she is the nicest companion anyone could ever ask for. We're seen together because there is no one else I'd rather be with. That is one phase of our relationship. The other? Ginny is the greatest singer of popular songs in America! I don't mean just the best band-singer—but the best of all popular singers."

Ginny blushed a little and looked at Kay—again.

"That feeling is mutual—except that Frances Langford is my own favorite singer.

"We thoroughly enjoy each other's company. For laughs and companionship and real fun I'd rather be with Kay than anyone else I know."

Kay stood up. Here was the last bit of evidence:

"If it isn't Ginny, it is certainly no other woman."

I gathered my hat and coat. I thought I had the solution to this most strange case. My mind was made up.

You want to know the solution?

Why, I thought you were love-detectives, too!

Realize Your Dream of Thrilling Hair!

An amazing new cleansing-agent in Halo Shampoo brings lovely sparkle and manageability to even dry hair, with no scalp irritation!



GLANCE around you where smart people gather, and see why today many women with plain features are actually considered beautiful!

Hair can do wonders for a woman if she gives it a chance. It can seem to make a round face take on lines of classic beauty. Give fullness and youth to faces that may be a trifle too angular. Yes, hair can reflect exotic over-tones in your eyes and your complexion.

But to reap this reward you must let the natural beauty of your hair come forth. You see, many old-style shampoos so often leave an unremovable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, stringy and unmanageable.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

Here at last is the ideal shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair. One shampoo

HALO SHAMPOO



with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all trace of dull film left by those old-style shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for lemon or vinegar rinse. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves even "wild" hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, flaky dandruff is safely removed.

So buy Halo Shampoo from any drug, department or ten-cent store in the 10c, 50c or \$1.00 size. It is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. If a trial doesn't bring thrilling beauty to your hair, return the empty bottle to Colgate, Jersey City, N. J., and we will gladly return every penny you paid for Halo.

If—

Your Face is Full

here's an up-do that leads the eye back to the exposed hairline, elongates the face and lengthens the neck.

Your Face is Thin

this modified up-do is slightly away from the face, barely covers the tips of the ears, shows fullness around the neckline to soften sharp features.

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

LOVABLE LIPS

are
free
from



LIPSTICK PARCHING

• If you want lips of siren smoothness—choose your lipstick wisely!

Coty "Sub-Deb" does double duty. It gives your lips ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or \$1.00.

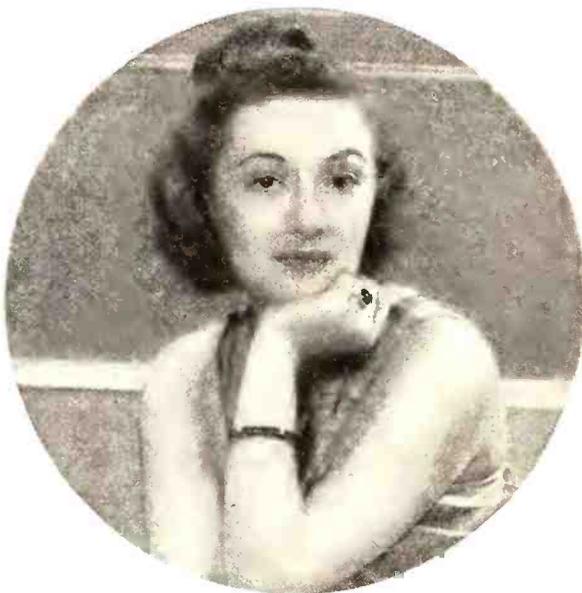
"Air-Spun" Rouge in matching shades, 50¢.

COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



The voice of Patricia Rogers Ryan of the NBC serial, *Girl Alone*, is Betty Winkler's, above.

EL-O-KEW-SHUN classes" at a very early age are, to a large extent, responsible for Betty Winkler's charming radio voice. And "el-o-kew-shun" is just the way she pronounced it when she preferred it to kindergarten.

Miss Winkler as Patricia, is heard on the program, *Girl Alone*, on the air every Monday through Friday at 4:45 p.m. on the NBC Red Network.

Betty was born April 19, 1914, at Berwick, Penna., and because she was so preoccupied with her dramatic lessons, when she was eight years old, did not quite realize the honor bestowed upon her when Bernie Cummings, then a young and struggling band leader, chose her to sing with his band at a charity affair.

Attended school in Akron and later in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Made her appearance on the professional stage when she was seventeen and her radio debut a year later.

Miss Winkler is five feet three inches and usually wears tailored clothes. Devotes much of her leisure time to swimming and the theater.

Marie White, Houston, Texas—Elizabeth and John Perry of John's Other Wife are played by Adele Ronson and William Post, Jr. . . . Sorry we cannot furnish you with a picture of the cast of John's Other Wife.

Inez Clendenin, Akron, Ohio—Jim Ameche was born in Kenosha, Wisc. on August 6, 1915. He won a high school state championship in oratory just a few months before an audition at the NBC Chicago studios started him on his career as a radio star. Always an admirer of his big brother, Jim thought little about acting until Don phoned one day while he was playing tennis and urged him to come to Chicago. He came, he auditioned, he won. From August 1933 to November 1937, Jim played the juvenile role in a daytime serial. In November, 1937, however, he was given a chance

to play leads in Campana's Grand Hotel, the show which once starred Don. He made good, was signed to a contract and on January 3, 1938, began playing in *Attorney-at-Law*. You can hear him this summer on the Woodbury show, Sundays over NBC.

Jim is five feet eight and a half inches, weighs 140 pounds, has a medium complexion, dark brown hair and brown eyes. He enjoys looking at new cars in automobile shows, spends much of his spare time at movies and walking in the park with his dogs.

Irene Zielinski, Chicago, Ill.—Write to Kate Smith and Eddie Cantor in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FAN CLUB SECTION

I have just received word that an Alice Frost Fan Club has been in existence since May 1, 1938. Write to Miss Flo Welsh, 6317 South Hamilton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, for details. As you know, Alice Frost plays the lead in the *Big Sister* serial.

Swing fans anxious to join the Artie Shaw fan clubs may apply to Sid Garfield, president of the International Association of Artie Shaw Fan Clubs, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

If you'd like to join a Kate Smith Club, write to Katherine Caruthers, 8502 89th Avenue, Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.

There is an Eddy Duchin Fan Club and Edna Rogers, Secretary, 3730 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Penna. will be happy to receive requests for membership.

If you're an admirer of Larry Clinton and would like to become a member of the Dipsy Doodle Fan Club, write to the Dipsy Doodle Club, 617 Highland Avenue, Steubenville, Ohio.

Charlotte Bicking, President of the Gene Krupa Fan Club is instituting a drive for new members. Write to Miss Bickering at 33 Downing Avenue, Downingtown, Penna.

Radio's Way to a Perfect

Figure

(Continued from page 34)

Nope. Move the body. Up. Out of bed. Into the bathroom. Dash cold water on your face. Drink a glass of warm water. Feel brighter already, don't you? Slather your face with cold cream. Turn on the radio—low—so you don't wake the family. Any peppy music will do. Are you wearing socks and a fleece-lined sweat shirt or bathing suit? Fine.

ONE. For that chiseled chinline: Stand erect, stomach in, weight on the balls of your feet, hands on hips. Hang your chin on your chest, as far down as it will go. Feel that pull on your vertebrae? This will be good for that dowager's hump, that little cushion at the back of your neck. Now, slowly incline your head backward, as far as it will go. Now you turn your head to the extreme right, resting your chin on your right shoulder. Do you feel those unused cords in your neck pull? Now left. Repeat the entire movement ten times. Head-up-and-down. Head-right-and-left. Be sure you incline the head to the **UTMOST LIMIT** on each count. You must feel the exertion in the neck.

TWO. For thigh and limbs: Again you stand erect in the first position. Your arms are flat and straight at your sides. You bring your knees up smartly, alternating right and left to a quick count. Step high. Be sure your toes point down. How will you know you're doing it right? Lady, you'll feel the rusty muscles answering you in your calf and thigh.

THREE. The five-in-one for arms, neck, back, hips, and romantic waistline: First position. Arms extended shoulder high like yoke. Swing continuously from right to left, and back. Keep your arms rigid and straight to give force to the swing.

FOUR. For legs, hips, and tummy tires: Lie flat on the floor, arms at your sides, toes pointing down. Keep that left leg flat on the floor. Raise the right straight up into the air. Up and down. Back and forth. Keep time with the music and your count.

FIVE. For a modeled torso: Flat on the floor, palms pressed down. Raise both legs straight up at right angles. Don't crook your knees. Now, bring your legs up and over until your toes touch the floor behind your head.

SIX. For general circulation, glint in eye, pride in your legs on bathing beaches, and a rear diminuendo: Start on all fours, in the position of a man looking under a bureau for a collar button, but keep your chin UP. Now kick out vigorously, backward and upward, like a mule. Kick high and hard. See to it that your knee is straight at the completion of each kick.

One more word of advice. Whenever you think of it during the day today, place your hand on your diaphragm to see whether you are inhaling deeply of oxygen, or merely nostril-nibbling. Test yourself at odd moments, until you can sneak up on yourself at any time and feel the deep, regular rise and fall of your diaphragm under the palm of your hand. Practise your exercises to rhythmic breathing like this: Exhale, one-and-two; inhale, three-and-four. All right. Class dismissed.



Enjoy this healthful
delicious treat

**DOUBLEMINT
GUM**



You, every member of your family and your friends can be assured there is no treat so inexpensive and yet so thoroughly satisfying as delicious, wonderful-tasting Doublemint Chewing Gum.

The hat which Doublemint Gum presents here is Lilly Dache's black and white polka dot. Smart, youthful, becoming. The ribbon serves to cup the head in the back and help anchor the hat against gay, gusty winds.

Doublemint Gum with its long-lasting, wholesome flavor is popular wherever smart people gather. You are sure to like it as do millions of others. The chewing aids your digestion and helps polish your teeth, making you more attractive.

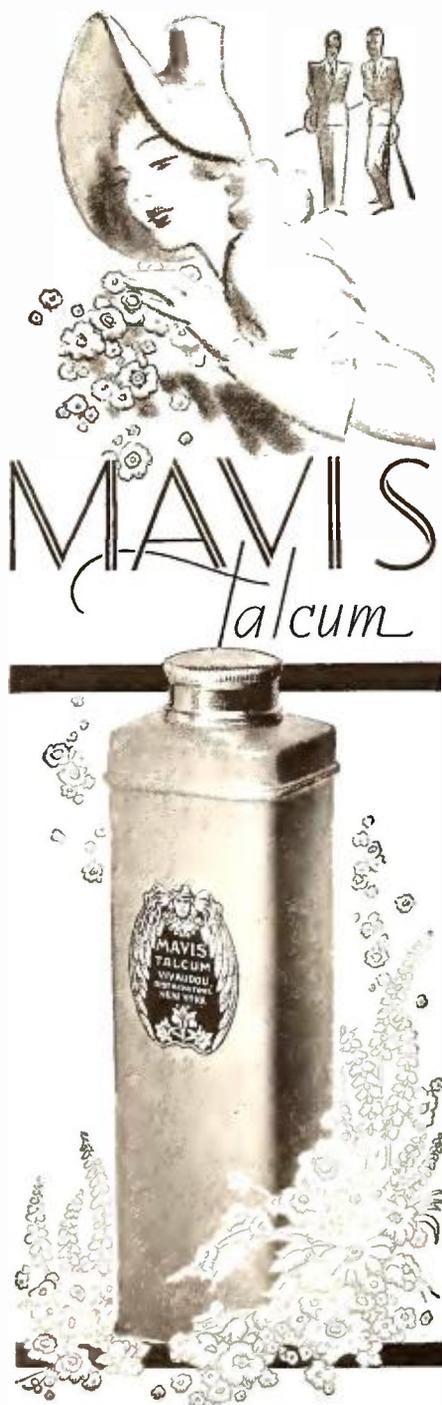
Begin now to know the daily enjoyment of chewing healthful, delicious Doublemint Gum. Get several packages today. T-155

LOVELY-LINGERING

...this fragrance of flowers

He'll just love it!

Showering yourself with Mavis Talcum from tip-to-toe keeps you tantalizingly provocative for hours after your bath—even on hottest nights. It accentuates your every charm. It makes you lovely, alluring! In 25¢, 50¢ and convenient 10¢ sizes.



Before Your Very Eyes

(Continued from page 23)

a television studio during rehearsal is like watching a Hollywood movie company at work. It has all the movement, color and excitement of life in cinema land. Over in one corner, Donna Dae, Waring's young singer, goes through her song, the cameras trained on her. All afternoon she has been complaining about the bright lights, and now her eyes are almost closed as she sings.

Because of the noise and confusion on the set, Waring must write his instructions to the cast on a blackboard. Members of his gang hurry over to read his messages so that they won't miss their cues. Publicity men, with candid cameras, try to get pictures, begging actors to take off their dark glasses. Some jugglers go through their routine in a corner of a set. Other performers stand around restlessly, because the studio is small and there are not enough chairs.

When it is time for an act to be rehearsed, the cameramen give the performers instructions where to stand, pointing to chalk marks on the floor. They are all young men, and many of them look like college youngsters, but in reality they are young television experts that have been trained for years by RCA.

HOW STARS ARE TELEVISIED

There are three cameras facing a scene or a performer. One for close-ups, one for medium shots and one for long shots. The director sits in a booth above the studio in a totally dark room. He can not see what is going on below, but he can see the people at which the cameras are pointed, because their images are transmitted to three screens directly in front of him. If he wants a close-up, he calls for action from camera 1. And tells camera 3 to get ready to take a long shot when camera 1 moves away. And so on. Once the show is under way and actually being televised, the cameramen must remember what they have done and do it again by memory. So scenes are rehearsed all day. Easiest to televise are the movies, and these are put into a television camera in another studio. But the "live talent" must rehearse all day until they are letter perfect, which brings us to—

THE TYPE OF TALENT TELEVISION USES

Right now, television has been using actors who are in radio or on the Broadway stage. Movie people would probably be better but television is, as yet, non-supporting, so it would cost too much to hire them. Many radio actors, however, are excellent because they have become used to playing for studio audiences and know how to project facially as well as vocally. A good example of this is Ed Herlihy, the radio announcer who does the television pick-ups from the World's Fair. Mr. Herlihy is an inquiring reporter and is adept at projecting enthusiasm in order to get people to talk on the air.

It is a general rule that people who photograph well will also televise excellently. A pretty girl still looks pretty on your television screen.

Talent for television is picked up wherever it can be found. Not long ago a beautiful young girl named Lillian Eggers came up to witness a Philco television broadcast. The en-

gineers took one look at her and immediately put her on the impromptu show. She was swell and Philco signed her on the spot.

Other excellent television bets are Ezra Stone, Phil Baker, Lew Lehr, Ben Bernie, Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche, Binnie Barnes, and Mitzi Green. We could name lots more.

It has long been said that blondes are not good for television. A few days ago, Toby Wing and Jean Muir, both decided blondes, took television tests and registered beautifully. Many of the girls that are on the lists to be television announcers are also blondes.

MAKE UP

It is almost exactly like make up used by the movies. On the set you can't tell the difference between television and movie make up. A little less heavy make up than is used in the movies is right for television. Which brings up the point of how people look on the television screen. You've heard that they look green, purple, or maybe pink. This is not true. The images are almost exactly as you see them on the motion picture screen, but not quite so clear.

WHAT YOU SEE

A television receiver looks like a large console radio, and most television sets come radio equipped. Tuning in a television program is a little more involved than getting a radio program, but it can be done in a few minutes. The room must be dark and then the picture comes on the screen. (7½ x 10, for instance, on the larger RCA models). The picture will be clear. Yes, you can tell who it is, but every once in a while you get a "womp," which is a sudden change in the light value of the picture. In other words, the picture may grow dim or brighter all of a sudden. Movies show off best and cartoons are excellent. Donald Duck certainly stole the first television show.

The exciting angle of these television shows is the on-the-spot stuff. The fact that people can be televised on the street, or at a picnic, or watching a fire, and their reactions can be given to you right at the moment, is certainly thrilling. The broadcasts picked up at the World's Fair proved that. As time goes on, more of these pick-up shows will be put on. By the end of the year we should be seeing football and baseball games, at least a portion of them, on our television screens a few minutes after the action takes place. You women will probably be fascinated by the excellent television fashion shows that are being planned.

This early you can't expect television shows to be as smooth running as well-paced radio programs, nor can you expect the images to be quite as good as those you see in the movies.

The important thing is that most of the changes in television will be made in transmitting and not in receiving. If you buy a set now the pictures and programs will become better as transmitting improves. Which brings us up to—

WHEN AND WHERE EVERYBODY CAN ENJOY TELEVISION

If you live in the New York area you can get television programs five

hours a day (movies and newsreels). Two nights a week you get a regular "live talent" show. Television programs are now also being transmitted in Los Angeles and Philadelphia. By the end of the year, and very probably before that, programs will be transmitted from Boston, Kansas City, Camden, New Jersey, Chicago, Iowa City, Albany, Schenectady Milwaukee, and San Francisco. These are the cities that have licenses to put on television shows and most of them already have their equipment.

In the above cities mentioned, several movie houses already have television sets operating in their lobby. So if you live in these cities, or near them, you will probably be given television along with a double feature.

Many of you have already seen television, even though you don't live in these cities. And you will continue to get an opportunity to see it from time to time. Philco Television Corporation has a portable television transmitter now on tour throughout the country. This remarkable instrument, though only five feet high and two and a half feet wide, carries equipment which usually fills an entire studio. It picks up outdoor scenes and projects them on to television receivers with amazing clarity.

These portable television shows have already been seen in Washington, Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Palm Beach and Miami. The tour is now headed towards the Pacific coast and will continue traveling around the country, reaching many small cities as well as the larger ones.

There is another place where many of you will see television and that is at the New York World's Fair. Programs are being received and transmitted from there every day, and it attracts more crowds than any single exhibit. You may also be given an opportunity to have yourself televised! This should be a thrill.

No licenses have been issued yet for television broadcasters to sell their programs to commercial sponsors. The broadcasters want to wait for awhile to see how many sets are sold this year and whether you, the consumer, will enjoy your television programs, which brings us to—

WHERE YOU CAN BUY SETS AND THEIR COST

The companies who have sets on the market are American Television Corp., Andrea Radio Corp., DuMont, Garod, General Electric, RCA and Philco. You can get these sets in most large department stores.

American has sets ranging from \$125 to \$395, featuring three and five inch screens. Andrea sets run from \$175 to \$595, and they also offer a kit of parts for \$97.50 for those brave souls who will attempt to build their own television sets. DuMont has a fourteen-inch screen on their sets, the prices ranging from \$395 to \$445. General Electric runs from \$150 to \$600 tops. RCA runs from \$200 to \$600 tops, the latter having a 7½ x 10 inch screen. Philco's best bet sells for \$350 tops.

The larger the screen the more money you pay for a television set and it is advisable to see as many models as possible before buying. The

cost of operating a set will be little more than your radio costs, but replacements are expensive. A cathode ray tube, which will wear out first, costs from \$25 to \$95.

Many of these prices we have quoted will change, but to be general about it you will be able to purchase a set for as low as \$150 and as high as \$1000.

THE FUTURE

The scientific wonder of television is bound to catch your imagination but the rate of its development will be in proportion to the daily fare of program material. Fortunately, there are still good movie shorts, newsreels and cartoons available and this makes excellent television material. But as time goes on, you, the consumer, will demand good "live talent" shows and it is up to the television broadcasters to come through.

One of the biggest problems that faces television is lighting. In the case of outdoor shots, all vicinities do not provide enough sunlight. Interior stuff, shot on sound stages, costs money, and special television studios will have to be erected. Everything is now very much on a temporary basis. Those in television are cautiously feeling you, the consumer, out.

The future of television is up to you. If you buy sets and enjoy the programs, those in the industry will see that they get consistently better. We think that you in the big cities, who can get programs every day, will buy television sets. And we are sure that along with a few minor disappointments you are going to get plenty of television thrills in 1939.



IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE IN LOVE!
HOW FOOLISH TO MISS YOUR CHANCE THROUGH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

THERE'S JUST NOTHING LIKE A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" TO HELP A GIRL WIN AND HOLD THE MAN SHE LOVES!



BUT WHAT CAN I DO TO KEEP MY SKIN FROM GETTING SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING?

MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS USE!



OLIVE OIL, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!



AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!



WELL, I'M GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE AND GET A "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" LIKE YOURS!

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



I've Found the Perfect Backseat Driver

(Continued from page 21)

How ONE star was made



"Central casting office calling. Miss La Due to report to Mr. Duane tomorrow at seven."



"I just can't go — at this time of the month! I'd be humiliated to death!"



"Straighten up, Joan — haven't you heard of Holly-Pax? Holly-Pax gives protection internally, invisibly. Many of the stars use it."



"You played that scene marvelously, Miss La Due. I'm sure you'll steal the picture!"

FROM Hollywood, world center of fashion and feminine smartness, comes the truly modern mode of sanitary protection — the invisible, internal protection of Holly-Pax.

Developed for screen stars who must be always active, Holly-Pax enables normal women to go through every day of the month with her secret her own. Used internally, Holly-Pax banishes pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't betray itself — even in a swim suit! Its comfort is amazing. No chafing, no binding, no secret fear. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind this advantage alone will bring you!

Available at drug, department and ten cent stores — package of four, 10 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

holly-Pax

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

20c for package of ten



HOLLY-PAX MW89
Palms Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

can usually reroute myself to another. Meeting magazine and newspaper deadlines consulting with editors and keeping up with other business and family happenings I have to be constantly in touch with my world by telegraph and airmail. I nearly always receive my mail in care of the telegraph company which handles my wires. Therefore in rerouting my journey I try to pass a city in which the telegraph station is open until midnight. This will usually give me time to have the wires and mail forwarded from the city to which they were originally addressed. Often the radio weather-reports cause me to change my direction after I've started.

FOR instance one time I left Chicago late in the afternoon for Des Moines, Iowa. I was working my way northwest through the maze of highways that branch out from that great midwestern metropolis. Shortly after we got under way we ran into a cloudburst. This came on top of four days steady rain. Soon the radio began announcing floods in the northern suburbs of Chicago. Next we heard that the Illinois and the Mississippi Rivers were rising at an alarming rate. We were already sloughing through six inches of water, and my trailer is not well equipped for boating purposes. So without mulling over it very much I decided to push on to St. Louis, instead, by way of Indianapolis. The next afternoon, as I was turning east from Champaign, Ill., the rain came down in renewed torrents. Shortly the radio warned that the Wabash was in an ugly mood and about to leave her banks, so rather than risk a passage of the enraged river and her aroused tributaries we again changed our course, dropped Indianapolis and sped straight on to St. Louis where I had more important work to do.

High winds are difficult to navigate a trailer through. It begins to shimmy and skid and slide all over the road. Particularly so in going around curves. Radio has sometimes saved me from having to pass through some nasty storms. Last fall I narrowly missed a hurricane in south Florida. Government radio weather reports warned me in the nick of time.

The make of radio I carry is unimportant, providing its reception is clear and distinct. But I insist it be equipped with first class short-wave. I do a good deal of foreign writing and I must keep up not only with the opinions of the American newscasters on foreign affairs, but of the foreign announcers on their own affairs, no matter how highly propagandized they may be. As all radio fans know there are certain places in which foreign short-wave reception comes in better than in others; yet if one is carrying a short-wave set which is attuned only to those spots, one misses a great deal of foreign news. For this reason I carry my own generator as well as my own electric plant. The latter I use when the trailer is not in motion, to store up the radio energy necessary. In the stern end of the trailer I have a conversion switch. Sometimes when we are standing still I am able to hook into city power giving me from 110 to 120 volts. But when this isn't possible I make my own 6-volt juice. Of course I carry two

fitted radios—one in the car and one in the trailer. In addition I have a portable set for hotels, cabins, trains and boats.

The power-car and trailer are equipped with the latest thing in 2-way telephone. This is an absolute necessity if anyone is riding in the trailer. Last spring I took a crowd down to the Kentucky Derby from New York. A well-known Washington official went back in the trailer to sleep as we were crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains. This was his first experience in the trailer in motion. We were winding and bobbing around the West Virginia hills. He was in the trailer scarcely ten minutes before he jumped up, grabbed the telephone and began desperately ringing the buzzer to the driver's seat. The driver, either because he was too busy rounding the mountains or because of mischievous inattention, did not answer immediately. When he did the Washingtonian begged him to stop immediately. The trailer wheeled slowly to a stop, a mile further along the road, and the agitated New Dealer bolted through the trailer door thirty seconds ahead of his breakfast.

From reading this yarn it would appear as if I was always in motion, which isn't true at all. I often stay a long time in one place or another. When time hangs heavy as it sometimes does, I begin the usual twirling of the dials. Sometimes I pick up police calls, which are as interesting as detective stories, and a whole lot more exciting because you've got to fill in the missing gaps through your own imagination. Other times I hear the "hams" talking to one another from various parts of the hemispheres. This is often the most thrilling thing on the air. It still fills me with amazement to be camped out in the Rockies and to hear a boy in the diamond fields of South Africa talking to another boy in British Columbia.

ON lonely nights I don't have to tell anyone who has motored much how consoling and pleasant it is when one is driving along a long, lonely road to switch on Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy or Bob Burns. It gives one a kick which is totally lacking in reception at home.

Most sporting events I find more exciting to listen to than to watch. I'm quite sure I got more out of the Louis-Schmeling fight hearing it on my automobile radio at a roadside stand on top of the Cumberland mountains, surrounded by a group of mountaineers, than I would have at a ringside seat.

If I'm too far away from church on Sunday morning I can carry on my devotions with my favorite minister and hear the choir that I most enjoy. And during a political campaign I can travel with my favorite candidate in all parts of the country without having to be on the spot to help him personally. Better still I can hear the opposition which is something he can't possibly do.

Thus in all of its varied phases radio is the best traveling companion I have. It never argues with me about the road; it never gets in my way; and it never answers back. It simply states a fact and lets me make the decision.

Lanny Ross Tells What's Wrong With Women's Dancing

(Continued from page 27)

fact and allows her partner to think he's got the situation under control anyhow. So, never, never lead if you want dancing happiness.

Many women who seem to be committing this crime probably don't mean to. I have it on the authority of a New York dancing teacher, Albert Butler, that the whole trouble is one of balance. Many girls don't stand firmly on the balls of their feet, Mr. Butler says, controlling their own center of balance, and so they seem to be pushing a poor chap around. *Stay on your own feet and keep your balance.*

This balance thing is pretty important in dancing. Take the girl who hangs all over her partner's chest, or pulls on his arm as if she wanted to chin herself. Another simple question of balance. If she were standing, nicely balanced on her own two feet, with the same kind of freedom she uses in walking, she wouldn't have to cling. A little clinging is an excellent thing in a woman, but not on the dance floor. It wears a man out. *Don't cling. Don't lean.*

AND you know something else that wears him out? You'd never suspect it. When you see a strained look on a dancing male's face and a slight glaze in his eyes, you can bet the girl he's dancing with is chattering her head off. Nearly every man hates this, unless the girl is the one and only, and the reason seems simple enough. He's enjoying both the music and the motion of the dance—or else he'd be home with a crossword puzzle. In any

case, he appreciates a little peace and quiet. He'd definitely just as soon not hear the story of a girl's life to the tune of "Begin the Beguine." *Don't chatter.*

And, by the way, ladies, if you really are out to make your dancing partner boil—and to make yourself unpopular—just keep on waving and calling to other chaps on the floor. If you want your escort to ask you again, make it a point not to greet David or Charlie or Jim so enthusiastically over his shoulder. *Don't wave hellos.*

There's one frequent masculine objection that doesn't trouble me personally very much. But most men kick about it.

Don't dance too close.

Now why a man should really object—but, as I said, I pass this along because so many men do object. They give unromantic reasons like the fact that lipstick gets on their collars or suntan powder comes off all over their white linen suits.

On the other hand, let me register one serious complaint. I mean picture hats. Picture hats are something like porcupines—awfully pretty and interesting to look at from a distance, but nothing to cuddle under your chin.

That's what I tell Kay Lorraine when we take a few turns together to Mark Warnow's Hit Parade orchestra on the stage of Columbia's big Broadway playhouse on Saturday mornings. That's what I'm telling Kay in the picture. *If you must wear a hat, remember your partner's neck.*

Going from hats to dresses for danc-

ing—and don't think the wrong kind of clothes can't interfere with dancing—I think this summer is going to see a menace arise in the new craze for fishnet in women's clothes. Or any other fabric that gets caught in things. Now, personally, I think fishnet is a wonderful fabric to make dresses out of. Anybody can see what I mean. But it's hard enough to tear yourself away from a pretty girl without having your shirt buttons or studs go with her. *So don't wear fishing clothes on the dance floor.*

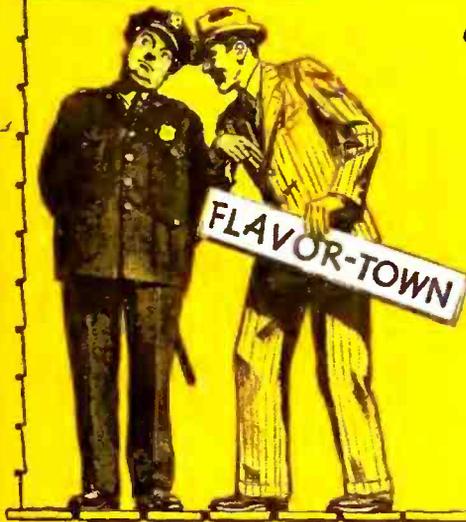
Maybe I'm making too much fuss about the whole thing. But it's a relief for a man to get a chance to come right out in public and defend himself.

DID we deserve them? Well, not that time the girl insisted on shagging when all we really wanted to do was a quiet walk. Not that time the girl kept spraddling as if she were doing a broad jump instead of moving her feet close together like a pair of scissors.

But I'm an easy-going sort of chap and only tell girls these things so they will have more dancing fun than ever this summer. Just follow old Professor Ross' tips and listen to your Dad or hubby kick about the bills for all your new dancing dresses!

Only don't, for heaven's sake, take it too seriously! Remember, all of us men will go right on loving you even though you dance all over our new white shoes, if you'll remember the biggest rule of all—*In dancing as in singing, have fun.*

CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.



"WE OUGHT TO TAKE
THAT OLD SIGN DOWN
AND CHANGE THE NAME
TO FLAVOR-TOWN"

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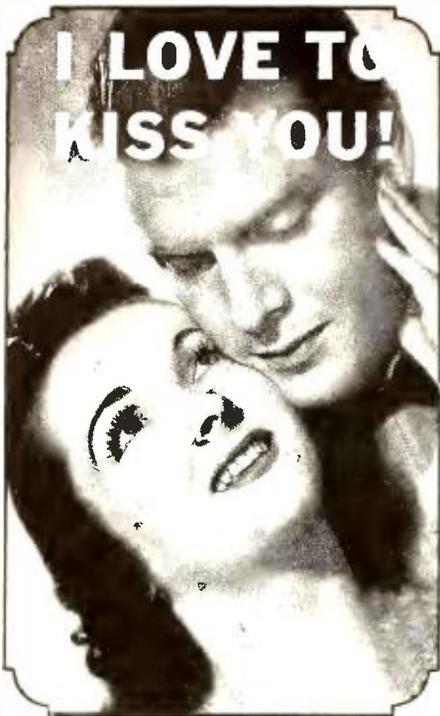
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I Married Outside the Law

(Continued from page 20)



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is a hive of gossip, full of newspaper columnists and radio commentators, all eager for every scrap of news. Until recently, none of them had been interested in Greg, particularly, because the program on which he sang was heard only on the West Coast, but now that he was one of Imperial's new contract players, and was beginning to be talked about as a good bet for a coast-to-coast air show, his name was beginning to mean something.

I knew all this—but still I wasn't prepared for the bombshell exploded so casually in my lap by Ralph Mont, one morning two weeks after the wedding.

EVERYBODY liked Ralph. He had his own coast-to-coast gossip program, once a week, but he never high-hatted us lesser radio performers who never got our names mentioned on the air and perhaps seldom managed to work on a network broadcast. He was a young fellow, not yet thirty, slight in build and usually with a far-away, preoccupied look in his gray eyes—not at all the dynamic, aggressive type of person you'd expect a successful Hollywood reporter to be. I knew him slightly—he'd even taken me once to a preview, a few months before I met Greg—and I was glad, that morning, when he perched himself on a stool next to me at the drug-store counter where I'd gone for a cup of coffee between rehearsals.

"Hello, chipmunk," he said cheerfully. "Big glass of orange juice," he called to the counter-man, and put a cigarette in his mouth. Around the cigarette, he mumbled carelessly, "You're looking wonderful—but of course all brides look wonderful, don't they?"

I managed to set down my coffee cup without spilling it. "Bride?" I said in a voice I hoped sounded natural. "I'm not a bride."

"Oh yes, you are," he said in a low voice. "You were married on the fourteenth, at Dune. To Greg Dean." "How did you know?" I gasped.

"Darling, that's my business. Why, I pay every county clerk in Nevada and Arizona to send me complete lists of all marriage licenses every two weeks. And Greg's real name is Thomas Boerland. You can see how simple it was."

The counter-man set down his glass of orange juice, and he began sipping it through a straw, looking at me quizzically. I must have gone very white, because I was simply panic-stricken at the thought of Greg's anger if the news got out. To have anyone know was bad enough—to have a coast-to-coast news broadcaster know was infinitely worse.

He chuckled. "Pretty nice of me to tell you about it before broadcasting it, wasn't it?" he said. "Gives you a chance to ask me to keep my mouth shut."

"Your—your—" I stammered, unable to believe that there could even be such a possibility. "You don't mean you—might—keep the secret?"

"I might," he nodded. "You'd be surprised at the number of secrets I keep, all the time. Keeping judiciously chosen secrets is the way I got a lot of news."

"But—how? I don't understand." "I keep secrets for people I like. I

like—you." Even then, I noticed that he didn't say he liked Greg. "And people I like, like me. When the time comes, they bring me the tip first. I still get my scoop, and no feelings hurt. I don't like to hurt feelings."

A fat woman eased herself onto the stool next to me, and he gave me a significant glance, finished his orange juice, and accompanied me to the street.

"Don't worry," he said. "You've got your own reasons for keeping it a secret, and I can guess what they are. Marriage wouldn't help Greg much right now—and I hear he's going great guns in that picture he's making."

"I don't know how to thank you, Ralph—" I began.

"Forget it," he said with a wide, friendly smile. "I love having people under obligation to me. And I guess I'm just naturally romantic—I cluck over an elopement as much as an old lady in a small town."

A sudden thought struck me. "Suppose somebody else—some other columnist or radio reporter—finds out about it?"

"That's a chance we'll both have to take. But I don't think there's much danger. As far as I know, nobody else in this business gets lists of marriage licenses wholesale. And I'll have to hand it to you—nobody from Hollywood ever thought of going to Dune to get married before. You were pretty far off the beaten track."

And then he was gone, leaving me torn between doubt and relief. What a strange man he was! Underneath his flippant way of talking, there was a real friendliness and warmth. At first, when I learned he knew our secret, absurd, melodramatic thoughts of blackmail had crossed my mind. But now, somehow, I felt I could trust him. If only no one else learned of the marriage!

AFTER some thought, I decided not to tell Greg that Ralph knew. It would only worry him—and some instinct warned me that Greg and Ralph were not the sort of men who would ever be very friendly.

After this, the weeks slipped by. Greg was terribly busy at the studio; he had a good part in a musical picture called "Monterey," which gave him a chance to sing and do some acting as well. And I, of course, had my work to take up my days.

But the nights—there was nothing to fill them. Even today, I don't like to write about the loneliness of those night-time hours I lived through, longing for Greg. Even when he was with me, we could not be wholly happy—the guilty, furtive way which he must come to the apartment late at night made our love seem a clandestine, cheap affair.

Yet, I told myself, what were we to do? I knew from items in the trade papers and gossip columns that Greg was being groomed by the Imperial studio to be a romantic singing leading man. Already, one of those studio campaigns had started, linking his name romantically with that of the leading lady in "Monterey." It sickened me to read the gossip-items, even though I knew they were nonsense.

Then came a veritable epidemic of

Hollywood marriages—Nelson Eddy, Tyrone Power, Douglas Fairbanks—big names, romantic names; and people who knew the picture industry began shaking their heads and saying that these marriages wouldn't do the stars any good, particularly those who had never been married before. "Every girl who admires a star," one columnist wrote, "likes to think, deep in her heart, that some day—maybe—she can marry him. And she hates to learn that he has married someone else. Only this morning, I got a letter from a sixteen-year-old girl, saying that she'd never go to one of _____'s pictures again."

IN the midst of all this, Greg pointed out, it would be fatal to announce our marriage. "Just a little while longer, dearest," he said. "If I'm a hit in 'Monterey,' we can announce it and everybody will think it's so romantic. If I'm not a hit—well, then I've muffed my chance, and nobody will care either way."

It was always so comforting when he was with me, talking to me. Under his assurances all my half-formed doubts melted away, like mists under the sun. "Oh, you will be," I whispered, holding him close. "You've got to be a hit."

But when he had gone, the loneliness and uneasiness came back again. There was one fear, worse than any other, that I never mentioned to Greg. If he was a hit—Why, then he'd be famous, and I'd be a nobody. Just a little radio actress, unknown. Wouldn't Greg be ashamed of me? Wouldn't I be a drag on him, even then?

I was home, alone, lying awake in

the darkness, when this thought first came to me, and I buried my face in the pillow, as if by doing so I could force it out of my head. But it stayed. It was always there, afterwards.

It was there when two or three days passed without even a telephone call from Greg; when I saw his name in the list of guests at some party to which I had not been invited; when I asked him, hating myself for asking it, "Where were you last night? What did you do? Tell me all about it." It irritated Greg to have to answer such questions, and I didn't blame him. But I couldn't stop myself from asking them.

Looking back, I know the true reason for my loneliness. It was not simply that our marriage was a secret. It was something deeper than that—a knowledge that I wouldn't admit even to myself—that some day the man I loved was going to let me down. I *must* have known it, even then; but I chose to delude myself, blind my eyes to the truth.

One night the telephone rang, and I flew to it, hoping it would be Greg. Instead, it was Ralph Mont. "How'd you like to attend a sneak preview of your husband's picture?" he asked.

"Why, I'd love to—except—" I hesitated. I'd been going to say that I expected Greg would want me to go with him—but I suddenly realized he might not. Ralph's next words proved how right my hesitation had been.

"It's tonight, you know. You can come along with me, if you aren't doing anything."

Tonight! The preview upon which our future depended—and Greg hadn't even mentioned it.

"All right. Fine," I said. "Where shall I meet you?"

"I'll be there in ten minutes."

He arrived on the dot, and soon we were on our way out to the suburban town where the preview was scheduled.

"I don't think Greg even knew about the preview," I said after a while. Something made me say it, to defend Greg both to Ralph and to myself.

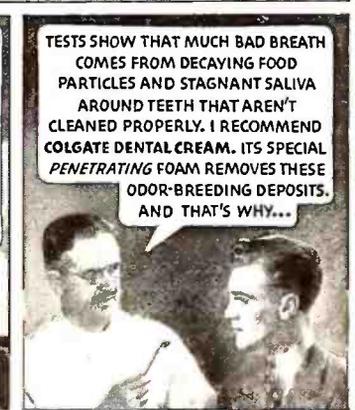
"I wouldn't be surprised," he said easily, and after that we drove on, not saying much.

It was nine o'clock when we reached the unpretentious neighborhood theater where the preview was being held. Big, expensive cars were parked up and down the street, and we were just able to squeeze ourselves into a pair of seats far back in the auditorium. We were barely in time—hardly had we settled ourselves when "Monterey" began.

AT first I paid little attention to the picture, peering around the hall to see if Greg was there. At last I gave that up as a vain occupation, and watched the screen. It was a strange, eerie sensation, seeing my husband up there—or rather, seeing his shadow. I was not sure I liked it. He seemed so remote, so different from the man I loved. But after fifteen minutes or so, a new feeling of excitement began to well up inside me.

Greg was good! He was terribly good! All of his natural charm came out in this new medium, intensified and heightened. And his singing was beautiful.

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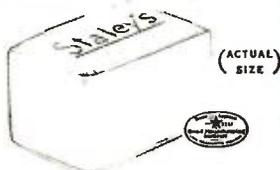
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I knew, by the time the lights went up, that we had seen the birth of a new star.

Without saying anything, Ralph and I elbowed our way out through the crowd. I was so happy I could have danced for joy. Greg had made his hit, he would soon be famous—and then we could announce our marriage.

I looked for him again, outside the theater. And then I saw him. Smiling, triumphant, he was just coming out of the door, with Lily Vail, the star of "Monterey," and some men I didn't know.

I forgot everything but my happiness. I ran toward him, pushing my way past bystanders. Not until I was a few feet from him did he see me. His face lit up, he started to smile—and then his eyes went dead, passed over me as if I hadn't been there at all. He turned to Miss Vail again, said something, and laughed uproariously at her reply.

I SANK back into the crowd, letting it cover me and hide me and carry me along down the street. In the swirling fog of my anger and humiliation I could find just one thought: "This must not happen again. Never, never. I am his wife, and it's my right to stand beside him in his moment of triumph."

Ralph found me, at last, and led me back to the car. I was grateful for his silence, then and on the trip back to Hollywood.

The next day my unhappiness had crystallized into a hard core of determination. I felt ill and weak, but my mind was made up. I called Greg at his apartment, at the studio, at the broadcasting station, anywhere I could think of that he might be. At last, late that night, I reached him, and he promised to come right over.

What happened in that brief visit he made to my apartment was torture to me. But I had to ask him, even though I brought my whole dream-world down around my head. The experience in front of the theater had shown me that I couldn't stand our equivocal position any longer. At last, I had to face the truth.

"Greg," I said quietly, "please announce our marriage now. I'm frightened. Last night I felt like a silly woman, throwing herself at the feet of a movie star. Don't I deserve something more than that?"

He was angry too. "You should have known better than to burst up to me the way you did."

"I know. I'm sorry for that. But I love you, Greg! I was so happy for your sake. And—for ours, too. Because I thought we could tell everyone we're married."

"You don't understand," he said impatiently. "Last night was just a preview—you can't tell—" He stopped, for we both knew he was lying.

"Greg—don't you love me? Don't you want to acknowledge me?"

"Oh—of course I do! But—right now— Oh, well, I guess I'll have to tell you. Imperial wants to send me on a long personal-appearance tour, with the picture. They've got big plans for me—that's where I was today, in conference. All day long, I was talking to them." His cheeks flushed, his eyes grew bright. "They're going to rush 'Monterey' into release right away, open it in New York, with me, and then tour the big cities. Don't you see what it'll mean to me? Why, it's the biggest thing that's ever

happened. I'll be famous—"

He said more, much more, but I heard only a part of it. A terrible dread was forming around my heart, like a crust of ice. "You're hurt now," my mind kept saying. "That's all. Just be patient—the hurt will go away. Greg doesn't mean to be cruel. He's just excited, and full of his own concerns, and convinced that success depends on keeping his marriage a secret a little longer. He really loves you. Tomorrow all this won't seem so bad." That's what my mind said, but my heart wouldn't listen. And when Greg tried to put his arms around me, I drew away.

"Please—not tonight," I said; and a few minutes later he left.

Except at the broadcasting station, I didn't see him again during the week before he left on the tour. Not once.

The night before he was to leave, he had told me, he would come to the apartment. I waited there for him, nervously—and when the telephone rang, I knew, before I answered, that it would be Greg, apologizing and saying he was unable to get away.

Then came days of complete misery. I couldn't work, I couldn't sleep. I would drag myself out of bed in the morning, and if I had a broadcast, go down to the studio and read my lines mechanically, not caring very much what they sounded like on the air. And when this indifference began to be noticed, and jobs started going to other girls, I couldn't seem to care much about that, either.

I read everything that was printed about Greg—the accounts of his appearance in New York, reviews of "Monterey," everything—with a kind of dull wonder that I had once held this famous man in my arms and believed that he belonged to me. Now he belonged to the whole world.

It was three weeks after Greg's departure that Ralph Mont came to see me one night, unexpectedly.

"I'm glad you're home," he said. "I had to see you—because I'm afraid, chipmunk, I've got some bad news."

"Greg?" was all I could say.

NO—not exactly. I— His sensitive mouth set itself in a firm, unhappy line. "I hate to do this to you. But the papers will have it tomorrow anyhow. I just got a tip. Greg's former wife—the one he got a divorce from years ago—has turned up. She says he got the divorce by default, and it isn't legal. She wants him to come back to her."

The room—everything before my eyes—seemed to quiver, and then steady itself. "But—he's married to me," I said stupidly.

"I'm afraid he isn't—not if he's still married to her."

I turned away from him, hating to let him read the anguish in my face—even though soon I would have to confide in him. He was my only friend, the only one I could count on for help. He touched my arm.

"I'm sorry, Kay. It's tough. But nobody knows except me. We can figure out what's best to do."

"It's not that simple, Ralph," I told him. "You see—I'm going to have Greg's baby."

Will Kay be able to save her baby from being born under the shadow of an illegal marriage? Read next month's RADIO MIRROR for the dramatic climax of her fight for her husband's name.

Doctor's Folly

(Continued from page 40)

mured. Both men watched her walk down the corridor and disappear through the door.

"How much of a chance. . .?" Dick asked pleadingly.

Johnson liked this boy with his brave, level eyes. He liked him enough to tell him the truth. "Not much of a chance at all. But one in a thousand if her father gets here in time."

HAD he known the emotional state Robert McClean was in at that moment he wouldn't have counted upon him at all. The scene with Virginia had upset Sue and they had left the club immediately.

"Don't cry," he implored her, over and over. "Don't cry, Sue. It was horrible for you, I know. But I'll see that it never happens again. I'm going to be free. And I'm going to spend my life making you happy."

If he hadn't taken that last drink, when they reached her apartment, things might have turned out differently. But she urged it on him, to steady his nerves. That was the way she was! She catered to his weaknesses, for it was through them that she held him.

"I—I just can't forget Virginia's face," he told her, taking the glass. "It was as if I had destroyed something inside her."

She kissed his mouth into silence. "Sue," he told her finally, "you'll never know how grateful I am to you. For everything. For your un-

derstanding. When the divorce is granted we'll go far away, you and I—and we'll never come back. . ."

If Louise heard him say that she gave no sign. She was standing just within the doorway, white-faced, swaying a little.

"Robert!" she called. "Robert! Virginia's dying. There was an accident. It's a brain hemorrhage. Only you can save her. She's at the hospital."

It was as if some mechanized part of his brain sprang into action. He went to the telephone, called the hospital, issued orders. And as he rushed out of the room, perhaps he did not even hear Sue call out after him.

Traffic was heavy. At every cross-street the light was against them. Huddled in her corner of the cab, Louise felt time flow through and over her—rushing, hurrying time, every second precious if her daughter's life was to be saved. While in her heart she wondered if Virginia's father was equal to the delicate job he faced; even if, by some miracle, they were not too late.

Arthur Johnson's reaction was the same. "You're sure you're all right?" he asked; and in the operating room, where Virginia lay like a marble statue, he pointed out the X-ray details as if he dared not trust Robert to observe for himself.

Robert asked a nurse to wipe his eyes. They were misting so he couldn't see.

Harris, the anaesthetician, said, "Respiration thirty. Pulse fifty-two.

Dropping fast. . ."

"Adrenalin!" Robert demanded. But Arthur stopped him. "You can't, yet!" he said. "Remember the hemorrhage."

"The gauze again, please," Robert said, like a man in a thickening fog. "My eyes. . ." The nurse wiped them, and for a moment he stood upright, with a tremendous effort. "The trephine," he called.

"Robert! Robert!" Arthur cried. "It's in your hand!"

No one in that deathly still operating room dared to breathe. They knew what was happening. Some of them had seen it before, and would never forget. The shaking fingers, the staring eyes above the white mask, the uncertain movements—they all meant fear.

The trephine dropped to the floor.

"I'M leaving. . ." Robert McClean stumbled toward the door. "Arthur—you do it!"

Half blind, he went on to the wash room. And it was there, some thirty minutes later, when his mind began to clear, that he had a full and horrible realization of the thing he had done.

In the corridor Louise McClean and Dick still waited. Louise saw Robert shuffling toward them.

"You're dressed!" she said. "What does that mean? Robert!"

Now her hands were on his shoulders. Now she was shaking him.

"What happened? Speak. Robert,

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tell me, is she . . ."

"Arthur's with her in there, doing what I should have done," he said. "You may as well know it. I failed—failed Ginny when she needed me most. I've been thinking . . . And now I know what I've done—to you—to her—and to myself . . ."

She went back to the bench and sat down beside Dick again. She was utterly numb. Then she began to cry and her sobs came as if they were torn from her.

Dick was scarcely aware of the two who wept beside him. Not for one split second did he take his eyes off the door through which Arthur Johnson at last must come—to tell them—

When the door did open Dick's cry came choked. "Doctor Johnson? Is she . . ."

Arthur stood before them, smiling. "She's alive," he said. "And safe."

And those blessed words brought Louise and Robert McClean, un stumbling and unhesitatingly, back to each other's arms.

Dick did not even try to hide his tears. "She'll be so happy to live now," he said. "She'll be so happy!"

Louise and Robert stretched out their arms to Arthur.

"You've done a wonderful job," Robert told him. "But you know that."

Quietly Arthur shook his head. And when he spoke his voice, too, was unsteady. "I know nothing of the kind," he said. "I never believed in miracles—until I picked up that trephine. But then I knew it wasn't my hand alone. . . . I can't explain it. It's just something I know but don't properly understand."

"Perhaps," Louise ventured, "another hand guided yours, Arthur. Perhaps He took the destiny of our family into His gentle hands."

"I think so," Arthur agreed reverently.

For one brief but beautiful moment he let the three who loved Virginia so dearly look in at her from the doorway. She had not yet regained consciousness. But while they watched there a smile softened her lips. It was as if she knew the happiness they were planning for her.

It wasn't long after Virginia recovered that she and Dick were married. And I can wish them no greater happiness than Louise and Robert McClean have known through all their life together, except for those two years of madness.

Should We Send Our Men to War?

(Continued from page 13)

only organization in the world today that can commit a crime and not be punished for it. A nation can do anything it has the strength to do, and do it without punishment—simply because there is no law above the law of the sovereign state. That law will have to be created, or we will always have wars.

"It wasn't created after the last war, because we weren't wise or imaginative enough. A League of Nations was set up—in which the United States refused to take part—when what was really needed was a union of people, a union of the people of the world, made up of the people's regularly elected representatives, and modeled after our own United States.

MAYBE such a union, to act as an international governor, couldn't be created on the heels of another war. Certainly it can't be created now—not without some totally unforeseen event to change the international situation. Meanwhile, there is the very real threat of war.

"For what I'm going to say, I know very well that people will call me a war-monger, but I don't mind particularly. I've been called many things. The Communists call me a Fascist, the Fascists call me a Communist. I've even been called a Jew, but I don't happen to consider that an insult, so I don't pay any attention to it.

"I don't believe war is inevitable, but I do believe we have to show strength to maintain peace. If we drift on a do-nothing policy, we will drift into war. That is the reason I have approved, by and large and so far, of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. He knows that we must be on our guard, and must keep the world convinced that the United States is something to be reckoned with. The last war might never have occurred if the German government had not believed that we would stay out.

"I'd like to be a pacifist, if pacifism meant living in peace. But there are some things I hate worse than war. I think illimitable terror is worse than war. I think being allowed to live only on somebody else's terms is worse than war. And I think perpetual international anarchy is a form of war.

"We in America have to make up our minds! If we don't like war, it's up to us just as much as it is to the rest of the world, to see that there isn't any. And, paradoxically, we have to be ready to go to war in order to keep peace.

"If war comes, it may well be because we in America have shirked our responsibility as a member of the family of nations—and if war comes, we will pay for our indifference by being drawn into it, or ruined by it. Then it will be too late to ask yourself, 'Should we let our men go to war?' because there will be only one answer. They'll go whether you let them or not."

And there you have it—the opinion of one who is universally acknowledged to be an expert on world affairs. Yet she was speaking not only as a journalist, but as a woman, and from her words I drew the obvious conclusion—that if a general European war were to break out, she would be in favor of anything that would bring a quick victory to England and France, and defeat to the Rome-Berlin axis. No matter how much it hurt her, she would want her men to go to war. Convinced as she is, from her knowledge, that they would have to fight eventually, she would want them to go quickly, because then the war would be that much shorter and cost that many less lives.

Perhaps it would be a good idea for you, the women of America, to ask yourselves that same question, now—and let the world know the answer you choose.

The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 37)

but I'm not going to take the rap alone."

I saw Mr. Foley's eyes widen with surprise; saw Bruce Eaton start incredulously. The city officer nodded. "Now," he said, "you're talking sense."

"All right," I told him, "here come my two accomplices. If you want to get the goods on them, go to it."

The officer turned to his men, "Okay, you boys," he said, "get up at the windows. You," to the cashier, "get back there and start waiting on them. Make it snappy, let's go."

The men dispersed into groups. The officer took me by the arm, and said, "You, come on over here and stand at the table. Remember, we're making out a deposit."

MRS. TEMMLER and her escort strode directly to the cashier's window. She said, cooingly, "My friend," with a nod toward the man with her, "is a detective. My husband is an inventor. He had an invention he wanted to sell, and left notes about the secret of the process in a safety deposit box here. The box is number five. I'm suing my husband for divorce, and I have here a court order appointing this gentleman as a receiver to take charge of all of the property belonging to the community. Here's a certified copy of the order."

She pushed a legal looking document across the counter.

"And don't tell me that you haven't an extra key to it," she went on, "because we know that you have."

The cashier glanced helplessly about him. The man who accompa-

nied Mrs. Temmler, and was now posing as a receiver appointed in a divorce action, glanced casually over his shoulder, and evidently became suspicious as he saw the men who were gathered in little groups in the bank, suddenly frozen into attentive immobility—all eyes on Mrs. Temmler. Then he saw me. I saw panic in his eyes. He turned and started for the door. One of the officers casually stepped between him and the screen. Abruptly I saw the flash of a fist.

Mrs. Temmler turned just as the city officer slammed her accomplice up against the wall so hard that it shook the building. Then, she, too, started to run, but the men grabbed her. The man who had told me he was a detective had his wrists circled by handcuffs; and Mrs. Temmler was in the grip of one of the officers. The city officers in charge said: "Okay, sister, here are your accomplices. Now go ahead with the sketch."

I tried to make my laugh sound casual and carefree, but I knew it was a hollow failure as soon as I heard it. I managed, however, to make my voice breezy and nonchalant. "Don't be silly. I was simply fixing things so you'd trap these people intelligently."

The handcuffed man sneered, "That's what you say! I'm an operative, I've been shadowing this little lady ever since she started to work for that man, Foley, over there."

"Wait a minute," the officer interrupted, staring hard at Foley. "Is this woman working for you?"

He nodded.

I saw the officer's lips tighten. He said to the handcuffed detective.

"What's your name?"

"Thompson Garr."

"All right, Garr. Go ahead."

WELL," Garr said. "She went out to Temmler's house the night of the murder. She went in there by herself. When she went in, Carter Wright was alive. He had the key to that safety deposit box with him. When this woman came out, Wright was dead, and she had the key."

I realized that circumstantial evidence had caught me in a trap. I whirled to the detective, and said, accusingly, "And you and that blonde accomplice of yours tried to run me down a block from Temmler's house."

Garr said, easily, "I didn't try to run you down, sister. I was tailing you."

Mr. Foley said, "Just a minute, gentlemen, I think I can clarify the situation. The woman who is with this man appeared at my office earlier in the day. She stated she was Mrs. Charles Temmler, that Carter Wright had stolen the key to the safety deposit box from his employer; that her husband didn't know anything about the theft, and she was afraid to have him find out, because it would indicate she had given the chauffeur the opportunity to steal the key."

Mr. Foley took a telegram from his pocket. "I wired a detective agency to check up on Mrs. Charles Temmler. I find that Mrs. Charles Temmler is with her husband in New York City. I also find that Carter Wright had a woman traveling with him as his com-

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DON'T THEY?

THEN WHY DO SO
MANY OF THEM
RISK LOSING THE
CHARM OF CLEAR
SMOOTH SKIN?

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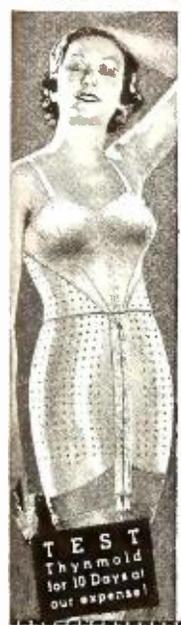
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mon-law wife, and the description of this woman tallies identically with that of..."

"You lie," she screamed, and jerking herself free of the officer who was holding her, made a sudden wild rush for the door.

She almost made the door, but they subdued her, and got handcuffs on her.

MR. FOLEY said, "I think, gentlemen, you'll find that Thompson Garr, the detective here, was hired by Mr. Temmler to get back the key to this safety deposit box, but Garr saw no reason why he should get a potential fortune and turn it back to Charles Temmler. He decided to get the key, recover the contents of the box, and keep whatever he found there.

"He first resorted to trickery, and then to violence. He actually got the key, but lost it, and, even then, didn't know where the safety deposit box was located. He knew that Padgham and Wright were going to reach an agreement, and that that agreement was to be negotiated through my office. He acted upon the entirely natural assumption that the information he wanted would be contained in the agreement.

"He deliberately injured my secretary in an automobile accident, planted one of his operatives in the employment agency which handles all of my employment problems. His operative, Miss Blair, had an inside track with Miss Benson, who runs the agency. Miss Benson recommended her to me very highly, and I probably would have accepted her if she hadn't made the mistake of thinking she could land a job more through her sex appeal than through ability.

"Then, after Carter Wright's death, this woman, who had been passing herself off as his wife, saw an opportunity to trick me into getting possession of the key. She thought either Padgham or I must have it, so she posed as Mrs. Temmler, and tried a bold and audacious trick. It didn't work. Shortly after she tried that, however, Garr must have got in touch with her. You can see what happened; they hatched up a fake court action, in which she sued a fictitious husband under an assumed name, and got this court order."

The city officer seemed impressed. He said to Bruce Eaton, "How did it happen you got the key?"

"I gave it to him," I said, before Bruce Eaton could answer. "I found it on the floor of Mr. Temmler's house when I went there to get Carter Wright to sign the agreement."

Mr. Foley said, "Surely, you gentlemen don't need to detain Mr. Eaton. He isn't going to run away."

"How do we know?" the officer asked.

Mr. Foley laughed, and said, "In the first place, he's innocent; in the second place, even if he wanted to run, there'd be no place for him to go. Every man, woman, and child, who has ever been to a movie, knows Bruce Eaton."

The sheriff said, "I reckon that's right, boys."

Mr. Foley said, "I think I can finish with the rest of these details, Miss Bell. I'd like to have you go back to the office and wait for me. You'll drive her back, won't you, Mr. Eaton?"

"Certainly," Bruce Eaton said. "It will be a pleasure."

I said, "Do you want to give me any instructions about these papers in the bank case, Mr. Eaton? I haven't

them in the files, but they're where I can put my hand on them."

I saw him frown.

"No," he said, thoughtfully.

It takes a long time under ordinary circumstances for two people to get to know each other, but when some emergency arises and two persons are teamed up against the outside world they either click, or they don't. Mr. Foley and I clicked. I felt suddenly as though I'd known him all my life.

"After what happened last night," I said, "I want to be sure there won't be any misunderstandings. You didn't want me to get those papers in that bank case?"

There was comprehension in his eyes. "Yes, I did. I hope you didn't misunderstand me."

LAUGHED and said, "Quite the contrary. I feel any difficulty would be quite vice versa," which I hoped was sufficiently goofy to fool the officers. I knew Mr. Foley would get it.

"Exactly," he said.

The officer said, "Well, don't stand there chinning. We have work to do. Get started, you two—if you're going."

"I take it, then, that you'll take care of that matter?" I asked Mr. Foley.

"Yes. You took the papers out of the file?"

"Yes, Mr. Foley. If you want them you can get them any time before lunch tomorrow."

I saw that for a moment he was puzzled. Then his face lit. "Oh, yes," he said. "I'll take care of the matter at the earliest opportunity."

I nodded to Bruce Eaton. "Ready," I said.

Bruce Eaton drove rather slowly, returning to Los Angeles. Several times I caught him stealing quick glances at me, sizing me up, but it wasn't until we had left Pomona behind that he said, "I wonder if you realize just how much it means to Woody Page, and to me—what you've done?"

"I haven't done anything," I said, making the usual stereotyped answer, with my mind not at all on what he was saying, but on what must be happening back in Las Almiras, wondering if I shouldn't have stuck by Mr. Foley until after the situation had been finally cleared up.

Bruce Eaton said, "Won't you have dinner with me tonight?"

"You forget," I told him, "I'm a working girl."

"But you don't work in the evenings."

"I may have to."

"Well, let's take a chance that you won't."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Eaton, but..."

"Aren't you going to call me Bruce?"

I flashed him a smile, and said, "All right, Bruce, I'm scrry. I'm worried about Mr. Foley."

"Your boss, Mr. Foley, looks to me very much like a person who could take care of himself, under almost any circumstances," Bruce Eaton said. "I don't think you need to worry about him, at all."

"I'm worried just the same."

"Well, how about that dinner date?" he asked.

"Thanks all the same, but I'm holding the evening open for the boss. May I have a rain check on it?"

"You most certainly may," he said, and then, after a moment, added, as he pushed his foot down on the throttle, "And I presume that means

you're in a hurry to get back to Los Angeles and your office."

The car leaped ahead like a frightened animal, until I braced my feet against the floor boards, and watched the quivering needle of the speedometer. Bruce Eaton concentrated on the driving. It wasn't until he'd stopped the car in front of my office building that he took my hand and said, "Claire, you've done a great deal for Woodley Page. You've done a lot more for me. I don't suppose there's any use trying to tell you how much."

HE looked as if he wanted to say more, but someone recognized him as he stood there holding the door open for me. People began to crane their necks, so I just gave his arm a squeeze and said, "It's been grand getting to know you, Mr. . . ."

"Bruce," he interrupted.

"Bruce," I said, and grinned.

"Right, Claire," he told me. "I'll be giving you a buzz."

I crossed the sidewalk to the office building. People stared at me as though I'd been a queen.

Mr. Foley didn't come in until nearly six o'clock.

"Great heavens!" he said. "Are you still here?"

I nodded.

"You're supposed to go home at five o'clock."

"But I hadn't heard from you, and . . . and I was waiting."

"What happened to your actor friend?" he asked, frowning.

"He wanted me to go to dinner," I said. "I took a rain check on it."

"Why the rain check?"

"I wanted to hear from you. I was worried about leaving you in a spot there at the bank."

He looked at me with frowning contemplation as though perhaps trying to find confirmation in my face of something he had heard in my voice. So I said rapidly, "Tell me what happened."

"Nothing much," he said. "The woman was afraid she was going to get roped in on the murder rap. When the going got good and rough, she caved in and put all the blame on Garr's shoulders. Garr tried to get out by making *her* the goat. When I left, they were both going sixty miles an hour, calling names and making accusations. I lifted the letters out of the cashier's lunch box."

"Do you know exactly what happened on that murder?" I asked.

He grinned, "I think so. One of the things that's been puzzling you is what happened to your shorthand notebook and that agreement in the brief case. Right?"

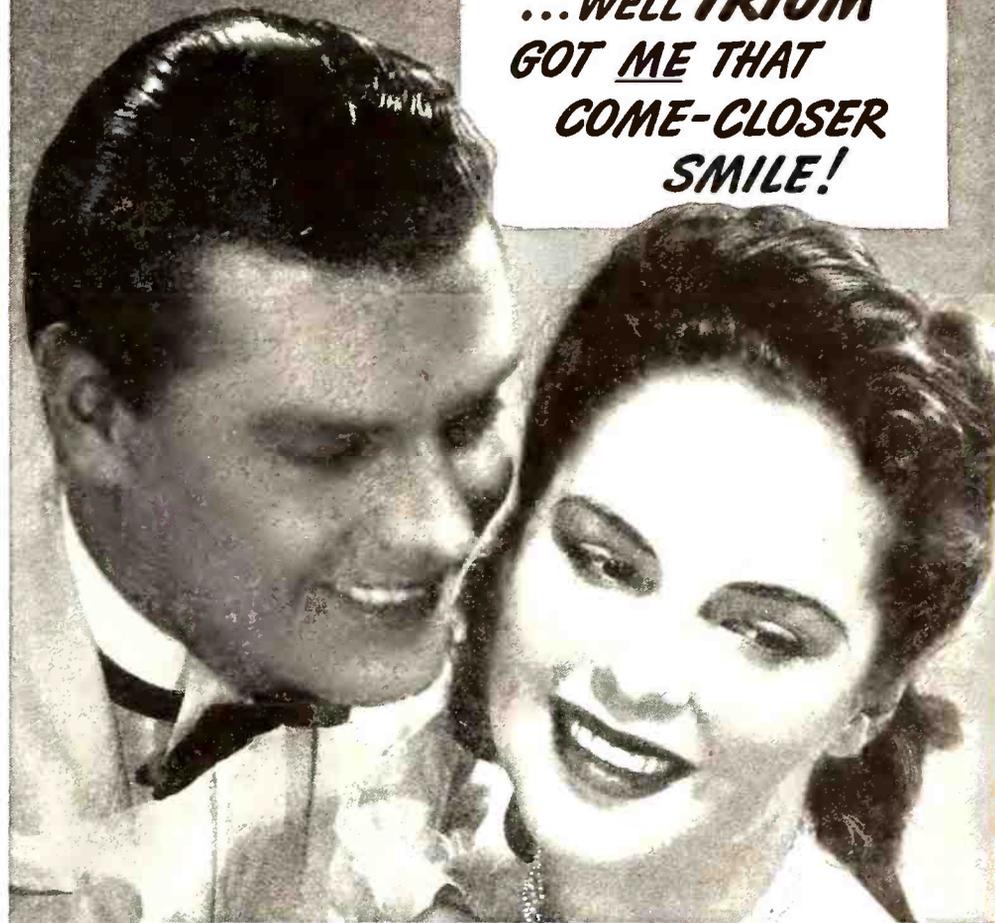
I nodded.

"Well," he said, "you see it's this way. Padgham went out to the house a little early. He got there a few minutes before you did. He found the corpse in the upstairs room. Your actor friend had evidently been tied and gagged in the closet—Garr admitted slugging him and tying and gagging him after a struggle, but wouldn't admit the murder—Anyway, Padgham beat it. After ten or fifteen minutes he started worrying about what was going to happen to Woodley Page. He wondered if Carter Wright happened to have the key to that safety deposit box in his possession, and thought it would be a good plan to find out. He drove back toward the house.

He didn't dare to be seen in the house, so he took a flashlight out

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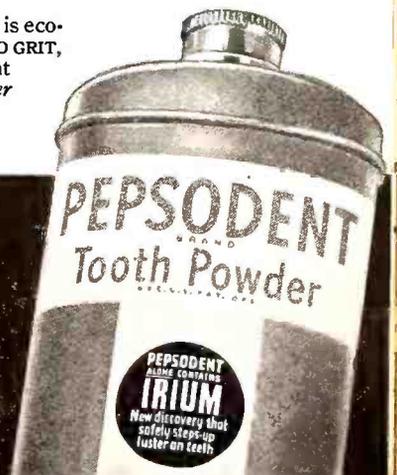
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of his car and slipped it in his pocket. Then he went around to the back screen porch, pulled a master switch which plunged the whole place in darkness, and walked around to the front door. He rang the doorbell, just as a precaution, not thinking it possible anyone was in the house, but not wanting to take a chance on being discovered if someone *did* happen to be there. When you opened the door, it almost knocked him over.

"You didn't notice the significant part of his conversation. He didn't ask you anything about when the lights went off, and despite the fact the house was in darkness, started upstairs to see what he could find. That shows he had a flashlight in his pocket, and he wouldn't have had a flashlight with him unless he'd taken it, knowing that he had use for it.

"So," Mr. Foley went on, "after thinking the matter over, I got hold of Padgham, accused him point-blank and made him admit the whole business, in addition to telling me about the real purpose back of the agreement. It was, of course, a species of blackmail."

"But why did Mr. Padgham steal the agreement and my shorthand notebook?" I asked. "If he . . ."

Mr. Foley grinned and said, "He didn't. Now don't get mad, Miss Bell, but I'm the guilty one. I lifted the agreement out of your brief case while you were in the drugstore, telephoning the police. I came up to the office late last night to get your shorthand notebook. I was afraid you were going to get dragged into it. I was afraid the police would grab the agreement, and I didn't think that was exactly the right way to treat my clients."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" I asked.

"Because then you'd have had to lie to the police. As it was, you rather suspected Padgham of having taken

the agreement, which was perfectly swell as far as I was concerned. . . . Why did you take a rain check on Bruce Eaton's dinner invitation?"

I felt color in my cheeks, but tried to make my voice sound casual. "I thought perhaps you might want me. . . ."

"I do," he said, "Let's go out where we can eat and dance and forget all this."

That finished the case as far as the office was concerned. As far as I'm concerned it's just started things, and I don't know how or where they're going to end. Bruce Barton called me at the office this morning, insisting on a definite date for dinner.

Mr. Foley came in a few minutes ago and paused by my desk to look down at me. I don't think I can ever forget last night, with the rhythm of the dance music, and drifting across the floor in his arms. He said, "Let's do that again sometime, Claire."

I nodded.

"Soon," he said.

I didn't tell him about Bruce's call. "Any time," I told him.

He put his hand on mine for a minute, and said, "You look mighty sweet with that red ribbon tied around your hair," and then, as though afraid he'd become too personal, made a great show of grabbing his mail and bustling into the office.

I picked up the paper with its big headlines reading,

"POLICE OBTAIN CONFESSION IN WRIGHT MURDER CASE."

I started to read and . . . I picked up the receiver as Mr. Foley buzzed my signal. I thought he wanted to give me some dictation so I was reaching for my book, but instead he said, "How about lunch today?"

I didn't dare answer right away—not after what happened last night. He's too darned clever at reading voices.

THE END

Debutantes—You Can Have Them!

(Continued from page 17)

thing. Maybe it's old-fashioned to want kids—all right, then I *am* old-fashioned! But that's the way it is. We've got to forget it."

No. Soft words of comfort would not help him. Well, rouse him to a greater anger. "All right, Eddie," she said in a small voice. "After all—you know how much you love me."

"What's it matter how much I love you—when I can't afford to do the things I want to do for you?"

Pam thought of her home—the Bruce mansion, its corps of servants, its luxury, and its deadly dullness. How could she make him understand how little money meant to happiness? For an instant the truth was on the tip of her tongue—but she stopped. She didn't dare. The deception must go on, or she would lose him forever. She would let it go on, for the rest of her life, if by doing so she could keep him. She said lamely, "But money's *nothing*, Eddie."

"Nothing, huh? Have you any idea what we could do with five thousand bucks? We could get married tomorrow—I'd buy you some clothes—we could send Dad to a good hospital and find out what's really the matter with him—we could make a payment on a little house somewhere—and I could have that lab. I need, so I could make

every city in the country a better and cleaner place to live in! If it's any satisfaction to you, I do love you so much I can't see straight—but that's the end of it."

EDDIE ADAMS," she declared, "it isn't! If you don't propose to me—Eddie, we're going to get married—tomorrow!"

"You're crazy!" But a light began to flicker, far back in his eyes.

"Sure I am. But I don't care. Why, you darn fool, I love you so much I'd marry you even if you were rich! We're going to Greenwich tomorrow!"

The light in Eddie's eyes was blazing now. "What? And spend seven dollars on train fare? Nix. We'll get a license tomorrow, wait five days—and then go to the city hall in a taxi."

They tiptoed up the stairway to the apartment. "Going to wake your mother and tell her?" Pam whispered.

"Sure," he whispered back. "I—"

And stopped. There was a line of light under the apartment door.

Eddie threw the door open. Mrs. Adams and the doctor stood in the living room, their faces white and drawn under the glaring electric light.

Pam stood quite still listening to the hurried, whispered explanations. Eddie's father—a sudden collapse—

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Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. M-43, Detroit, Mich.

must have treatment—a pneumothorax operation and then months of complete rest—a thousand dollars for the operation alone—

It all clicked into place. She knew what she had to do now. Perhaps Eddie wasn't big enough to forgive her for deceiving him—but he would have to know. It was the only way she could save his father's life.

She turned and ran to the door, down the stairs, into the early dawn.

She didn't see Eddie again until late the next afternoon. There had been so many things to do—see her father, explain to him, notify the hospital, tell Mother Adams. She was sitting in the living room when Eddie came back from work.

"Paula!" he cried. "Where did you go? I looked everywhere for you until I had to leave for work—Why, where's Dad? And Mom?"

"Your father's in the hospital, Eddie," she told him.

"But we can't pay for it, Paula!" "You pay for it with this." She held out a slip of paper—a check for two thousand dollars, made out to Edward Adams and signed Marshall Bruce.

MARSHALL BRUCE . . . Eddie said stupidly. "Why, he's rich. What's he to you?"

"He's my father, Eddie."

"Your—your—" There was a long pause. Then Eddie laughed. "I get it. Swell. Marshall Bruce's daughter—and you'd marry me even if I was rich. Very funny. I'll bet you've had a swell time, haven't you? Slumming with the Adamses!"

"Shut up!" said Pamela. Her heart should have been broken. Instead, she was furiously angry. "I might have known you'd take it like this," she raged. "Because money's the one thing in the world that matters to you, you're too blind to see that all the money in the world isn't as important as loving someone!"

"Paula!" Eddie gasped. This was a new Paula—a red-haired, green-eyed, blazing fury.

"My name is Pamela. Call me that! And there's another thing—I told my father about your idea—your plan to make cities healthier to live in. He'll lend you that five thousand you need. He offered fifty thousand, but I said we only needed five. That we still wanted to be on our own—now and always. But you won't take that either, I suppose—because nothing matters to you but pride—pride over money! It doesn't even matter that I'd live with you forever in a furnished room if you asked me to!"

She stalked to the door, and turned for a final shot. "So you can take your dreams and your budgets and your kids—and throw them in the East River!"

The door slammed behind her.

Eddie ran to it, tore it open, burst through it at top speed, yelling, "Paula! Pamela! Hey!"

"Huh?" said Pam. She was standing quietly right outside the door.

"Oh—I thought you were running away."

"That's what I thought you thought," Pam said. "Oh, Eddie, I can't help it if I was born rich. Can't we—can't we both just forget it?"

"I don't know," Eddie said grimly, "whether to kiss you or kill you."

"Well—I wish you'd make up your mind and do one or the other."

"Oh, Paula—er, Pamela," said Eddie tenderly, making up his mind.

I WISH I COULD TELL MY DOCTOR



THE SECRET SUFFERING OF MILLIONS — MEN AS WELL AS WOMEN!

There is no affliction more common or distressing than simple Piles.

About 75% of the people, it is said, suffer from simple Piles. The trouble is embarrassing. It is wearing. It tells on your health, on your looks.

A TABOO SUBJECT

On account of the delicacy of the subject, many people hesitate to seek treatment. Yet, there is no ailment more in need of attention.

Any person who has any signs of simple Piles should do something about it at once.

One of the very best things you can do to relieve the distress of simple Piles is to use Pazo. Pazo almost instantly relieves the itching and pain. Its very touch is comforting.

TRIPLE ACTION

Pazo is effective because it does three things. First, it soothes the sore and inflamed parts and relieves the pain and the itching.

Second, it lubricates the dried and hardened parts and keeps them soft and comfortable.

Third, it tends to reduce the swollen parts and helps check bleeding.

This triple action gives real results.

Pazo comes in tubes, with small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This little Pile Pipe makes it easy to apply the medicine high up and within the rectum.

(For those who prefer, Pazo also comes in suppository form.)

AT OUR EXPENSE!

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a liberal trial tube is yours for the asking. Just mail a postcard or the coupon below. Use Pazo according to directions. If you do not get the relief you seek from Pazo in a week's time, consult your doctor.

Write today for the free tube of Pazo.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 117-MF, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

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This offer is good only in U. S.

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**NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK
BRINGS NEW ALLURE!**



Now the secret of keeping lips looking temptingly moist and lustrous has been solved! A new ingredient, used only in Twin Sisters Dewy-Sheen Lipstick, makes this thrilling effect possible. Try it! See the tender, dewy sheen it imparts—how natural and truly desirable your lips appear. Nothing quite like it! Extra creamy—helps prevent chapped lips. At your nearest ten-cent store, or send coupon.



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Please send me Twin Sisters Dewy-Sheen Lipstick in the following shades.....
I enclose 10c for each. (15c in Canada)

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Electricity in 12 Weeks in Shop of Commerce—Learn by doing—many earn while learning. Free employment service after graduation. You don't need advanced education. SEND FOR MY NEW FREE BOOK and my "PAY TUITION AFTER GRADUATION" PLAN. H. C. Lewis, Pres., COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 500 South Paulina Street, Dept. C9-64, Chicago, Ill.

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**STRONGER
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**AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER
DEPARTMENT STORES**

**HAPPY RELIEF
FROM PAINFUL
BACKACHE**

Caused by Tired Kidneys
Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.
If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 8)

Alexander, Jan Savitt, Dick Stabile, and Harry James. They are the "dark horses" of the new season.

BACK in the lush days before the depression and even the fabulous Wall Street crash, a caviar-crusting cafe did a flourishing business in the heart of New York's public Central Park. It was known as the Central Park Casino. Jimmy Walker was mayor of old Manhattan and the Casino's favorite customer. To this park paradise where the cover charge was often compared with the national war debt, came the socialites, the spenders, and sportsmen. The backgrounds of these spenders varied but they had one thing in common. They all crowded like school kids out on their first "date" around the bandstand to watch a sinewy, swarthy pianist make music in Leo Reisman's band. The pianist was Eddy Duchin.

The lad had just come down from Boston and was playing like mad. He had to prove that the decision he had made was the right thing. His father had planned a career as a pharmacist for his tall son. Eddy had even graduated from Pharmacy College. The piano beckoned and one summer while working as a waiter in a boys' camp he organized his fellow waiters into an orchestra. That ended any pill concocting for Eddy.

When Reisman left the Casino his pianist stayed behind. The Casino, on the advice of important patrons, prevailed on Eddy to organize his own band.

He became the debutante's delight. Society swarmed around him in Palm Beach, Newport, Southampton, Los Angeles, London, Paris.

Everything Eddy did clicked. Commercial programs came his way. Stage dates were his for the asking. While playing in the Persian Room of the Plaza, which has become his second home, Eddy met and fell in love with a lovely debutante, Marjorie Oelrichs. They were married as thousands cheered. Eddy seemed destined for continual luck and happiness.

But tragedy struck the Duchin household. His wife died in childbirth.

The blow momentarily stopped Duchin. But he came back fighting. A lengthy tour was prescribed by his managers and he rolled up box office records across the country.

The Duchin style has not undergone drastic changes. Everything evolves around the piano. Occasionally they tear off a swing tune just to show they know how to do it. In fact, the best-selling swing record of last year—"Ole Man Mose"—was made by Duchin.

Artie Shaw is now on the road to recovery after plenty of medicos gave up on the clarinetist. . . . Will Lee Wiley, the songbird, help him recuperate?

Saxie Dowell, flushed with success of his tune, "Three Little Fishes," has left the Hal Kemp band. Bob Zurke gave Bob Crosby notice to form his own combination, despite domestic trouble and other headaches.

Maxine Grey, Hal Kemp's warbler who returned to the band to replace her successor, Judy Starr, has left again. She may marry Tommy Lee,

west coast radio prexy. Nan Wynn took Maxine's place on the band.

Bert Block junked his Bell Music to manage Dick Stabile's band, while Penny Wise has stopped writing tunes to sing them on Mutual. . . . Charlie Barnet, whose name is linked with Dorothy Lamour's, is swinging out vigorously from Playland, Rye, N. Y.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet
Tears From My Inkwell; Little Hot Dog Stand (Victor 26199) Sammy Kaye—Acceptable treatment of two standard tunes that have attained a degree of popularity.

Our Love; Only When You're In My Arms (Victor 26202) Tommy Dorsey—The streamlining of Tchaikowsky coupled with the tune from "The Castles" fares well under the Dorsey trombone and tricks.

Tea For Two; There'll Be Some Changes Made (Brunswick 8341) Clarence Profit Trio—A strange and subtle treatment strictly for listening purposes and revealing the kind of piano you'd like to play.

Sing a Song of Sunbeams; East Side of Heaven (Decca 2359) Bing Crosby—That man is here again with a finished rendition of tunes from his newest flicker.

Ad-De-Day; Class Will Tell (Decca 2365) Ted Weems—A Cuban novelty dominates this platter. You'll probably hum it on the way to work and then wonder what the devil it's called.

It's All So New To Me; Honorable Mr. So-and-So (Victor 26205) Joan Crawford—The oddest record of the month. MGM's Joan tries her charm and voice (?) on the records and fares fairly well on the top side. Terrific accompaniment carries Joan over the rough spots.

Three Little Fishes; Chestnut Tree (Victor 26204) Hal Kemp—Fishie talk replaces double-talk, and threatens to sweep the country. Saxie Dowell, Kemp's ex-saxophonist, penned it and they'll probably put his statue in the Aquarium.

Some Like It Swing
Sweet Georgia Brown; Ciribiribin (Brunswick 8327) Harry James—This new swing band piloted by Harry James, a fugitive from Goodman, stands out on this platter that really sizzles.

Rock-a-Bye Basie; Baby Don't Tell On Me (Vocalion 4747) Count Basie—It's the colored Count's new theme song and he really rocks it with some pretty fine Boogie-Woogie manipulations on the keyboard.

If It's Good; Sticks and Stones (Bluebird B10203) Les Brown—In a month shy of outstanding swing records, this unheralded platter stands out.

Lady's In Love With You; Some Like It Hot (Brunswick 8340) Gene Krupa—The drummer and his vocalist, Irene Day, show off a pair from Gene's first film "Some Like It Hot."

And the Angels Sing; Snug As a Bug (Decca 2390) Jan Savitt—Can you stand another smart rendition of this hit tune? We would especially the way Savitt rolls it.

Tain't What You Do; It's Slumber-time Along the Swanee (Vocalion 4708) Mildred Bailey—The First Lady of Swing is given a tune right down her alley. She doesn't disappoint.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 41)

take dictation. When Mr. Welles learns this, then perhaps we'll see him on the screen.

* * *

Here's how you must make up for television, girls, according to Max Factor's special concoctions just out: Deep scarlet lips with blue undertone, light tan foundation, bluish powder for cheeks and red for neckline!

* * *

Artie Shaw, who was given only a fifty-fifty chance to live a few weeks ago, is practically fully recovered from his illness. When doctors first took Shaw's blood test to the laboratories, the attendant took one look at it and said, "This is the blood of a dead man!" But Shaw fooled everyone and staged a fight the like of which no doctor has seen in years and after receiving six blood transfusions in one day, the band leader pulled past the crisis. The Palomar, where Shaw's orchestra has been playing announced his return by using billboards reading: "That Man's Here Again!"

* * *

Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable and Robert Benchley are poker and roulette fans . . . but my informants tell me they're not very lucky!

* * *

Lya Lys, who we predicted was the only new Hollywood discovery capable of giving Hedy LaMarr some real competition, makes her first major

radio appearance on the Crosby hour.

* * *

Burgess Meredith, in a dramatic series titled "Prosecuting Attorney," will most likely replace the Bob Hope fun show for the summer. This is bad news to Milton Berle who had been expecting the job.

* * *

Jim Ameche, brother of filmstar Don Ameche, replaces Charles Boyer on the Playhouse series late in June.

* * *

You may be surprised to hear this, but the best dressed girl at the Trocadero the other night was not a movie star, but the wife of my radio competitor, Jimmie Fidler. She drew raves from all the stars, including the exquisitely dressed cafe society folk.

* * *

Rudy Vallee's terrific romance with Susan Ridgeway has most of the other film pretties green with envy. They've always figured Rudy was a swell catch . . . and it seems to them that Miss Ridgeway has the inside track to an early marriage.

* * *

Wendy Barrie celebrated her birthday recently and planned to have a large party; but at the last minute cancelled the affair when she learned that she would have to work late on the set. Finally, at nine o'clock, Wendy went home and called a few

friends to join her at a midnight supper celebration. Later in the evening, a big limousine drove up in front of her house . . . a man got out, entered the house, sat down at the piano and played and sang birthday songs for Wendy for over an hour. The man was Rudy Vallee!

* * *

Mickey Rooney is adding another success story to his amazing list of accomplishments. The young star has persuaded MGM to let him direct a portion of his next picture, "Babes in Arms." Rooney, without any help from director Busby Berkeley, will direct the minstrel show sequence, and if it is good MGM has promised him screen credit as director of that particular scene.

* * *

Bob Burns is expecting a double celebration at the end of this month. His second baby is expected to arrive on the same day that the Burnses celebrate their second wedding anniversary. It's a curious fact that Mrs. Burns, who was the former Harriett Foster, Bob's ex-secretary, has not relinquished her secretarial duties to anyone else. Mrs. Burns still answers Bob's fan mail, takes care of his business engagements and otherwise runs his office as well as his home. Some say that Harriett will always remain Bob's secretary. After all, it isn't every secretary who marries her boss, is it?

OH, ANN—I WISH YOU WERE GOING TO THE HOUSE PARTY, TOO!

ANN THINKS: **SO DO I— WHY DOES BETH GET ALL THE 'BIDS'?**

HERE'S BETH'S SIMPLE SECRET . . .

I WISH I COULD TELL ANN TO AVOID OFFENDING! IF SHE'D ONLY LUX UNDIES AFTER EVERY WEARING, SHE'D BE HEAPS MORE POPULAR!

Avoid undie odor with Lux

Don't risk offending others! Lux undies daily! Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor, keeps undies new-looking longer. Avoid harsh soaps, cake-soap rubbing. Buy the BIG box of Lux!

—a little goes so far—Lux is **thrifty**

EASY WAY...

Tints Hair JET BLACK!

**CAKE SHAMPOO ADDS
LOVELY BLACK COLOR
TO HAIR THAT IS
STREAKED—DULL
FADED—GRAYING
BURNT—LIFELESS**



This remarkable CAKE discovery, TINTZ Jet Black Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, grime and safely gives hair a real smooth, JET BLACK TINT that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded dull, burnt, off color hair a minute longer. TINTZ Jet Black Cake works gradual... each shampoo leaves your hair blacker, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Full cake 50c (3 for \$1). Tintz comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark Brown, Tidian, and Blonde. State shade wanted.

SEND NO MONEY Just pay postman plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We Pay Postage if remittance comes with order.) Don't wait—Write today to TINTZ CO., Dept. 843, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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MIRACLE AERIAL LOOP**



Gets local and foreign stations clear as a crystal; just connect to radio; no aerial; no ground, required. Most remarkable reception; five day trial; sent postpaid. **\$1.00**

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SINUS SUFFERERS! Here's relief from nagging, painful, on our positive sinus attacks. Small, handy heat-lamp CONCENTRATES penetrating Infra-Red Rays on the afflicted area. Relieves Sinus discomfort quickly by its soothing action. Also excellent for muscular aches and pains. Infra-Red Heat penetrates deep into the tissues and steps up circulation, relieves strained membranes. This hand held Heat Lamp puts the heat where you want it. Safe. Easy to use. Portable. Nothing else like it. \$3.95 complete, C.O.D. 10 day money-back guarantee.

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Stops Perspiration Annoyance. Destroys body Odors. Instantly effective. More for your money. Drug, Dept. and 10c Stores.

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DON'T suffer needlessly from painful corns. Just put a scientific Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special Blue-Jay formula gently loosens corn so it can be lifted out. By avoiding the pressure and friction that caused your corn you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—only 25¢ for 6.

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MAKE MONEY with this AMAZING VALUE

Sell 50 PERSONAL \$1 Christmas Cards

MAKE \$25 IN A UP TO \$25 IN A WEEK

Earn extra money easily taking orders from friends and others. Sell 50 large, smart Double-Fold Christmas Cards with sender's name for only \$1.00 retail. Choice of 20 attractive designs, or assorted! Every order pays liberal profit.

Hundreds of men and women making splendid income. No experience needed.

MANY OTHER BIG VALUES

Box of 25 Assorted Christmas Folders retails \$1. you make 50c profit. Gift Wrappings, Religious and many others. Every Assortment larger—more cards—bigger value. Send for FREE Sample Outline.

20 NEW SPARKLING DESIGNS

General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-606, Chicago, Ill.

His Life Is News!

(Continued from page 29)

asked, be a perfect columnist for the Graphic, New York's newest newspaper enterprise which Bernarr Macfadden was publishing?

Oursler was unimpressed by Winchell's potentialities as a reporter. He'd think it over. He had little time to do anything else. From that moment on, he was besieged by phone calls from both Winchell and Frescott. In the middle of the night, at dinner, at breakfast, he would answer a call. "How about that job?" Still he saw no reason for hiring Winchell to write for the paper. But the more he saw of Walter the more Oursler realized that this ambitious hooper had magnificent sources of news.

SO Winchell was hired as a man who could give real reporters leads on big stories and got a column to write to keep him happy. It didn't take Oursler long to realize that all the tips he'd expected Winchell to give the City Desk were somehow finding their way every time into the column—which certainly didn't give the front page any big stories, but did give the paper, New York and Winchell a column that became increasingly popular.

In 1929 Walter left the Graphic for the New York Mirror. His first salary on the Mirror was \$500 a week. At present, he receives \$1,200 a week from his paper, plus a bonus for his Sunday column. The column is also syndicated to 150 newspapers from coast to coast—another source of income. As editor of the Jergen's Journal, Sunday nights on the air, he receives \$5,000 for each fifteen-minute radio broadcast, fifty-two weeks a year. He broadcasts only forty-eight Sundays, however. Five thousand a week for four weeks' vacation!

All this seems like a great deal of money for writing one column of newsprint a day and talking for a little less than fifteen minutes on the air once a week. But the writing, and the talking, are the smallest parts of Walter's work. Those casual items in his column are not just odds and ends gathered at random. Back of each line is a story, often a big one, and a mass of unseen work. Although Walter prints only one line, or maybe as much as a paragraph, he has always heard a complete, detailed story to justify the note. Sometimes, true enough, the item is vague—you may not know exactly what it means—but its vagueness is not due to doubt about its truth; there are other reasons for not printing the whole story.

And Walter has immeasurably enriched the American language with his "Winchellary"—with words and expressions that originated in his brain. The best known, of course, is "blessed event"—but there are also "is my face red," "infanticipating," "the main stem," "giggle-water," "Renovated," "middle-aisle it," "have Phffft," "making whoopee," and, of course, "Ratzi" which earned Walter the proud post of Hitler enemy No. 1.

Once he feels that he has used a word until it has become stale he fixes his blue eyes on space, and out of nowhere captures a substitute. These strange and new words serve a double purpose. They liven up the column, keep it rich and racy—and they help avoid libel suits. For instance, it would be dangerous to say

that a certain couple were to be divorced, but "on the verge" could mean almost anything, and would help drive a judge to dismissing any libel suit.

When Walter was thirty-five years old, he said he would retire when he was forty. He's forty-two this year, although he looks five years younger, and is still going strong. He's not very tall, and his figure hasn't a trace of that fat which usually goes with fame at forty. His hair has been whitening for years. His eyes, the most memorable feature in his face, are an electric blue and an inward dynamo keeps them sparkling, except when some dullard's conversation causes a short circuit. He wears conservative blue or gray suits.

He's a good listener—has to be, or he wouldn't hear the reams of news he does. But when he feels that his own conversation is more interesting than that of his companions (which is often) he unleashes a rapid-fire patter of ideas and anecdotes, mostly about his career. His greeting invariably is, "What's new?"

A typical day finds Walter rising at five o'clock in the afternoon. First, he writes his column from the material he has gathered the previous night, has breakfast while his family has dinner, and then starts out to work. Long after sun-up he returns, has a romp with the children—and so to bed.

He is his own "Girl Friday," writing the Friday column which he attributes to his secretary, Rose Bigman, although she does contribute some of the "So-and-so called and said..." items. The "Girl Friday" columns originated one day when Walter didn't know what to do to fill in space.

Few people ever have the privilege of watching a Winchell broadcast, which is a shame, for Winchell at the microphone is a very dramatic figure indeed. He loosens his collar and tie, pushes the soft hat to the back of his head, lines up three or four paper cups full of water within easy reach—and off he goes, the high-pitched voice tumbling the words out.

He himself manipulates the telegraph key for his famous sound-effect. Telegraph operators are always writing in to complain that his dots and dashes are just so much gibberish—don't mean a thing. They are quite right—Walter never learned the Morse code—but who cares? Certainly not Walter; he has too much fun jiggling the key.

Read one of his scripts, and you get the impression that you are actually hearing Walter talk. They are typed out exactly as he reads them. All of his dramatic pauses are indicated by dashes. Words like "Fascist," "Daladier," "exposé" and "Mussolini" are written phonetically: "fashist," "Dala-dee-ay," "exposay," and "Moosilini."

One never knows what his broadcast will bring. Once he opened his program with a flash about a triple murder in New York, and informally asked through the mike, "If Police Commissioner Valentine will send a detective to see me, I think I can give him a clue." Ten minutes later, while he was still on the air, a detective from the Homicide Squad dashed into the NBC studio. Winchell directed him to a person to whom one of the murder victims had confided that she feared for her life.

Wake up your liver bile

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Take orders in spare time for my attractive, different Christmas Cards. Make extra income weekly. Show beautiful 1 Box 24 Christmas Folders to friends, others. Make 60c profit per box. Also other Christmas Novelties, Everyday, Gift Wrappings, Religious, Etchings. All fast sellers. Also Christmas Cards with name, 50 for \$1. FREE SAMPLES. CHAS. C. SCHWER, Dept. L-2, Westfield, Mass.

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

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For quick relief from itching of insect bites, heat rash, athlete's foot, eczema, and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

Not a Freckle To WORRY About

If embarrassing facial freckles do not disappear under Dr. C. H. Berry's Freckle Ointment leaving the skin clearer and lovelier your money will be refunded. Keeps dry skin moist and smooth. Get a 65c jar at once at Drug or Department Store.

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Watch given FREE of extra charge with every ring ordered NOW and paid for within one year on our easy two \$2 payment plan! (total \$4). Simulated diamonds set in 925-1000 pure Sterling Silver and 1/30 14K natural yellow GOLD. 10 day FREE trial. We gladly trust you! SEND NO MONEY with order—send postcard—your order shipped SAME DAY by RETURN MAIL. GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO., Dept. S-388, Newton, Mass. In Canada: G. S. WATCH CO. Dept. S-388, Empire Life Bldg., Montreal

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Although I have known Walter nearly all my life, and although I confidently count him as one of my best friends, I must admit that I have never seen the inside of his home. I met his wife just once, years ago. I've never seen his children, except in the picture frames which hang on all four walls of his office in the Daily Mirror Building. There are two children—his daughter Walda, and a little boy called Walter, Jr.

To Walter, even more than to the average man, his home is his castle. He insists upon personal privacy. This isn't a pose, and to me it seems very logical that a man who makes a business of invading other people's privacy should be particularly jealous of his own.

His family—father, mother, wife and children—is Walter's most precious possession, and he keeps it inviolate. In the winter, Mrs. Winchell and the children, accompanied by Walter's mother, go to Florida, where he joins them for a month or so. In the summer they live at his home near New York.

EVEN in Hollywood, when Walter was making "Wake Up and Live" and "Love and Hisses," Mrs. Winchell almost never accompanied him on his trips to the local night clubs. The one time she did, a photographer secured the picture that accompanies this article.

While he was in Hollywood, Walter worked like a demon, for he can't stay away from New York very long without running into a news shortage. Twentieth Century-Fox paid him \$75,000 apiece for appearing in the two pictures, but I'm sure it was the hardest money he ever earned. He was so tense, so nervous before the camera, that Director Sidney Lanfield had to rehearse him until he was worn out before a scene could be shot. Only then had he relaxed enough to appear at ease. For some reason known only to himself, he refused to allow his lips to be rouged, with the result that on the screen they looked unnaturally pale.

His inquiring mind made him want to know what was going on around the set at all times, and the Hollywood custom of shooting scenes in the most convenient order, instead of the way they would fall in the completed picture, drove him almost crazy. He could never figure out what part of the script they were shooting.

Considering his pugnacious pen, he has few enemies—except the Nazis, and he considers their enmity a rare compliment. Although he has a roving assignment, and could go anywhere in the world he wants to, at his employer's expense, he has never been to Europe, and probably never will go. He doesn't even have a passport.

In his forty-second year, Walter Winchell has really found his life work. At heart, he is a crusader, and in the sorry state of the modern world he has found something well worth crusading against. I believe that in years to come his influence will broaden, become even greater than it is now, as his interests and knowledge broaden and become greater. He won't lose the common touch, that part of him that brings him close to the man in the street—but he has learned how to use it to accomplish the most good.

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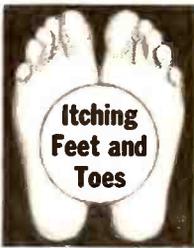
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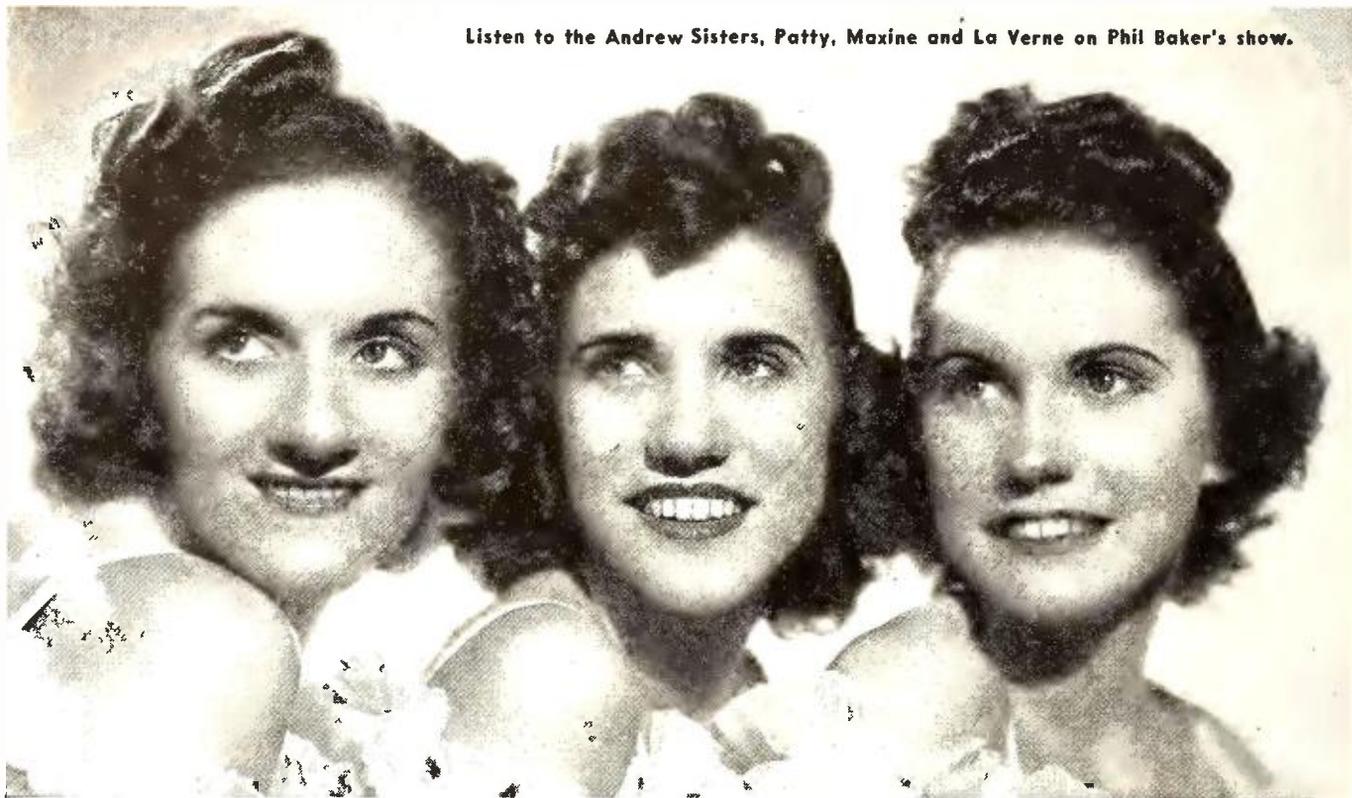


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YOUR LIPSTICK—FRIEND OR ENEMY?

WITH everybody using lipstick, it is amazing how few women really use it to the best advantage. The right lipstick skillfully applied can make any mouth look attractive. Too often a girl's lips are her enemy instead of her friend. One sees lips that are smeary and shapeless, lips that are the wrong color, and lips that could be so easily improved by just a little art helping nature.

The Andrew Sisters, that lovely trio that you hear on the Phil Baker Hour Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock over NBC, are expert in all the arts of makeup. They made a systematic study of it. For months they had a beauty specialist live with them to give them daily lessons.

These talented sisters have been professional entertainers since they were little girls, so young that they had to have a tutor travel with them to satisfy the school laws. Yet there is nothing stagey or artificial in their appearance. Patty—Maxine—La Verne—each is a distinct type, individual and spontaneous. If you are lucky enough to see them, either in the broadcasting studio or in the setting of their delightful home life, you will be impressed by their naturalness.

Here are a few hints on making the most of your lipstick: First, get the right shade. Whether you use a lipstick in the usual form, or a cream rouge, or one of the new liquid lip cosmetics, you have plenty of shades from which to choose.

By
Dr. GRACE GREGORY

Consider first your own coloring and your type. What is right for a mature brunette will be all wrong for the youthful blonde. The outdoors girl with her tan may wear a tawny red lipstick that would be startling on the lips of the sweetly Victorian type, all delicate pastels.

When is the lipstick to be worn?

Sleep

Here are Helen Macfadden's rules for your beauty sleep which were offered over June Hynd's NBC program Let's Talk It Over:

A hard bed is preferable to a soft one. It is better for the spine.

Sleeping without a pillow keeps the neck and chin area more youthful.

The minimum amount of bedclothing with the maximum amount of warmth is not only more comfortable but healthier.

A good sleeping posture is half way between lying face downward and on the side. Lying flat on the stomach, with head turned to either side, is just as good if it is comfortable.

Drugs to induce sleep are habit-forming and dangerous. Take a long walk instead, or a cup of warm milk.

Cultivate relaxation.

Keep a humidifier or water pan in the room to keep the air moist.

Do not avert before retiring.

There are shades for evening and for day. With what dress and hat? One lipstick goes well with bold, strong colors, and another with subdued shades and tints. Take all these into consideration.

Having chosen, the next thing is to get it on properly. Be sure you are in a strong light and have a good mirror. A magnifying mirror is a great help with makeup. It shows up your mistakes in exaggerated form. Never let me catch you smearing on lipstick in public by the aid of a tiny compact mirror or no mirror at all.

Put a little dab of color in each curve of the cupid's bow on the upper lip. Then rub the lips together, drawing them in and out so that the color is spread to the lower lip and well toward the inside of both lips. This avoids a line showing as you talk or laugh.

Now shape the lips carefully with the tip of your little finger. Add a little more lipstick if necessary but see that it is well blended and the line of the lips is preserved.

You may cheat a little and alter the line of your lips, if you do not go too far. To make a small mouth seem larger, spread the color to the extreme corners and edges. For the too-large mouth, reverse this and keep just inside the natural line. This also helps thick lips look thinner.

Last step, powder all around the lips so that they blend naturally with the rest of the face.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 4)

SIXTH PRIZE

WANTED: THE RETURN OF ROBERT YOUNG

A radio show is as good as its Master of Ceremonies—a loud blatant M.C. can ruin a good show and an intelligent one can put over a poor one.

We have just read with more than regret that Good News of 1939 is leaving the airwaves, and with it goes the finest, most intelligent "pleasant-to-the-ears" M.C. on the air. I refer to Robert Young.

After the raucous, "circus barker" introductions of talent from the various air shows, it is a positive relief to our ears to hear the quiet, even tones of Robert Young as he introduces his players, and when he leaves the air, his gentle "Good-Night" is the good-night of a friend leaving our living room. Please, sponsors, let us keep our gentle voiced friend—Robert Young!

A RADIO FAN
FROM BALTIMORE

SEVENTH PRIZE

THOSE WERE THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

Perhaps radio is not yet old enough to have reached its "Golden Era." Nevertheless, although we have much that's fine on the air today, I long for the "Good Old Days!" The early 1930's when we had those marvelous fifteen-minute programs with Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey, Kate Smith, Russ Columbo, Alex Gray, Jane Froman, Ruth Etting, The Mills Brothers, The Boswell Sisters, etc.

Possibly, too, it was the melodious tunes of those days that added to the charm; "Stardust," "Body and Soul," "I Surrender, Dear," "Prisoner of Love," "Rockin' Chair," and so many others.

How much nicer to tune in and really have your favorite for fifteen minutes rather than listening for them at intervals through sixty minutes of hodge-podge.

Ah, me! I guess those were the "Good Old Days."

B. R. BAUER,
Chicago, Ill.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

Burns and Allen had a contract with a new sponsor long long before the one with their present boss was due to run out. Beginning in October, they'll be on the air for Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, at a salary that's said to be \$13,500 a week, or a thousand more than they were getting this season. (Of course, they pay all the expenses of producing the program, out of that amount, so it's not quite as staggering as it seems at first glance.)

* * *

It looks as if, now that Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins, have proved their point, they're satisfied. When the Kate Smith hour went on CBS at 8:00 o'clock Thursday night, everybody said Kate could never buck the competition of the popular Vallee Hour, on NBC at the same time. But this year Kate's popularity rating in the surveys went up past Vallee's—and when she goes on the air again next fall Kate will retire from the Thursday-night fray, taking the 9:00 to 10:00 spot Friday nights on CBS instead. To the victor belongs the right to change times.

* * *

Nan Wynn, songbird of the Hal Kemp Time to Shine program on CBS, is also a bright spot in songwriter Jimmy Van Husen's eyes.

* * *

CINCINNATI—At the age of four, standing on a stool to reach the top of the table, Marsha Wheeler mixed her first cake, and ever since then cooking has been her major passion. Today it's her profession as well, because she is the conductor of WSAI's Wonder Kitchen program, broadcast daily except Sundays from the auditorium of a Cincinnati department store.

Marsha picked up all the cooking instruction she could from her mother when she was a girl, then attended the University of Chicago, where she made a practice of eating at downtown hotels and meeting each hotel's chef.

By the time she graduated, she knew every chef in the Windy City.

She came to Cincinnati and WLW and WSAI in 1927, and has been there ever since. She has a standing invitation to eat in the chef's kitchen of every Cincinnati hotel, and says she'd rather eat there than in the finest dining room in America—even though she must eat lunch at 11 A. M. and dinner at 5, when the chefs do.

With the cleverness of an expert, she can tell from a recipe exactly how it will taste, just as a musician can tell from reading a score how it will sound. She often makes out of an ordinary recipe an interestingly novel one. For instance, she once began with a simple Vanilla Wafer recipe, twisted the ingredients a bit, and ended up with some cookies she called "Lanky Legs," because they were based on ingredients necessary for fast-growing children.

With all her cooking ability, it was her fondness for horses and horseback riding that won Marsha her husband. Riding is her only recreation; she loves it so much that recently, touring the south and southwest to study hotel kitchens in that area, she rode in every Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi and Alabama town she visited.

* * *

Maybe she's breaking union rules, but Eleanor Phelps, besides being the star of the CBS serial, Life and Love of Dr. Susan, impersonates animals on it too. Three puppies are prominent characters in the script, and since the salaries of three separate animal imitators would mount up, radio was combed to find someone who could imitate all three of them at once. One animal-noise-expert—a woman—was finally found and hired, and she does the job very well, but Eleanor always helps her out by contributing a few supplementary barks and whines herself, just to make the illusion richer. And also because Eleanor has always thought it would be fun to be able to imitate animals well, and this is good practice.

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HOT WEATHER MENUS

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON



Above, Ezra Stone who plays the part of Henry Aldrich of the popular Aldrich Family, keeps cool with nourishing foods like this.

“H, it’s too hot to eat!” How often, during sultry weather you hear that plaint. True, it is too hot to enjoy the heavy rich foods so popular during the colder months, but that only makes it all the more necessary to plan meals that are nourishing yet light—so people whose jobs depend upon their being physically fit and mentally alert at all times keep their energy up to standard by eating plenty of cold cereals.

People, for instance, like Ezra Stone, the engaging *Henry Aldrich* of the popular Aldrich Family and star of the Broadway play, “What a Life,” from which radio’s Aldrich Family grew. You can hear him on Jack Benny’s NBC spot these summer Sundays. The secret of good health and energy which enables him to carry on in these difficult assignments is wise eating—and to Ezra that means crisp cereals with milk or fruit.

But don’t get the idea that when you’ve served these valuable grain products with cream or fruit you have exhausted their possibilities. Far from it. They are essential ingredients in many delightful new recipes as well. Two of the most delicious of these are date icebox pudding, and cereal hamburger rolls.

DATE ICEBOX PUDDING

3 cups uncooked bran cereal
1 cup uncooked corn or wheat cereal

Dash of salt 4 tbs. sugar
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1 cup finely cut dates
1 cup chopped walnut meats
1 cup milk

Combine the two cereals and crush into crumbs. Set aside half a cup of the crumbs. To the remaining crumbs add the remaining ingredients with the exception of the milk and mix well. When thoroughly mixed stir in the milk, then mold the mixture into a loaf about eight inches long. Roll the loaf in the remaining crumbs, wrap it in waxed paper and chill in the refrigerator for five to six hours. Cut in slices and serve with whipped cream or any desired fruit sauce.

CEREAL HAMBURGER ROLLS

1 lb. ground round steak (without fat or suet)
½ cup uncooked cereal
½ tsp. salt Pepper to taste
1 clove garlic
1 medium onion, grated

Rub a wooden mixing bowl with the garlic then grate the onion into the bowl. Add the meat, cereal, salt and pepper and mix until all ingredients are thoroughly blended and the mixture has absorbed the onion juice. Form into rolls about four inches long and not more than an inch in diameter. Place on broiler

rack under flame and broil for six minutes; turn and broil for six minutes more.

As a last word on the subject of cold cereals—remember that when crumbed as for the recipes above, they are an excellent topper for any casserole dish that calls for a top layer of crumbs.

THAT EXTRA LITTLE SNACK

You know that there’s nothing that quite takes the place of crackers and milk as a bedtime snack and of course you wouldn’t dream of serving soup or canapes without them, so you don’t need to be told how good they are or how really indispensable in modern menus. But perhaps you’ve never considered them as the basis for a sweet teatime delicacy—one that you’ll serve over and over because of their tantalizing flavor. The recipe isn’t a new one, really—it goes back to the days of our grandmothers and is a new treatment for our old friend the cracker.

MARGUERITES

1 dozen crackers, 1 egg white, 2 tbs. sugar, dash salt
½ tsp. vanilla
English walnut halves

Beat the egg white stiff, add the sugar, salt and vanilla. Spread the mixture on the crackers, top each one with a walnut half and bake in a moderate oven until the meringue is firm and golden brown.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

Pretty Kitty Kelly

(Continued from page 53)

going on. I thought Dr. Orbo was the legitimate agent for the shares—and that the real owner was in London. I—I never connected the deal with this poor unfortunate girl—”

Kitty listened weakly, trying to understand. What was it all about? An estate in London? Stock certificates? Shares? What did it have to do with her?

Mr. Andrews was going on. “I observed a secrecy in connection with the whole matter, Inspector, merely because I was not the only person trying to buy those shares. Mr. Grant Thursday also wanted them.”

Grant Thursday! But of course. She remembered it now. That day in the car, when he had hinted at a deal with Dr. Orbo. So this was what it was. He too had been fighting for those mysterious shares, those shares on which Isaac Hamish had wanted her so badly to write her name.

Oh! it was all so complicated! The Inspector was turning back to Isaac Hamish.

“We will investigate your statements later, Mr. Andrews,” he said curtly. “Just now, while our Mr. Hamish still has breath, I want to know why this girl’s signature was so necessary to those shares. Who is this girl, Isaac Hamish—and why have you tortured her so?”

The room was very still. Kitty held her breath. Outside, through the patched-up windowpane, she could still hear the rain beating, and the distant rumble of thunder. Isaac Hamish groaned, and put his handcuffed hands over his face.

“It’s a long story, Inspector,” he moaned. “And I am very tired—in pain. Must I tell it tonight?”

“Tonight!” The Inspector was grim. “Come!” He motioned to a doctor. “Give him a glass of brandy: That’ll brace him up. Now, Hamish. Out with it at once!”

Isaac Hamish sipped the brandy slowly. It sent a faint flush of returning color to his yellow cheeks. Then he took a deep breath.

THE story of Kitty Kelly,” he began, “dates back more than twenty years ago—to the time when I, Isaac Hamish, was the solicitor to the estate of the Fitzhugh family, hereditary lords of the house of Glenannan. Twenty years ago, there were only two surviving members of the family—the old Earl, and his beautiful daughter, Lady Margaret Fitzhugh.

“The Lady Margaret was a young, high-spirited girl. She fell in love, married against her father’s wishes—and ran away forever. Her husband was a poor young Irish rebel, a Mr. Robert Emmet Kelly—”

“Kelly!” Bunny gave a little gasp from the other side of the room. Hamish looked at her for a moment and frowned.

“Mr. Robert Kelly,” he repeated. “He was a poor man, as I have said, of no connections whatsoever. But the Lady Margaret was willing to give up everything for him. She went away with him, lived in a cottage in the country—quite happy and contented for a year. But her happiness was short-lived. Early in 1917, rebellion broke out in Ireland. Young Kelly was called to the wars. One night he was brought home in an Irish lorry to Lady Margaret’s cottage—dead. That

same night their child was born—a girl, Kathleen. You, Miss Kelly, were that child!”

“Kitty!” Bunny shrieked. “You’re a—a—countess!”

“The Countess of Glenannan.” Isaac Hamish’s face was drawn with pain. His eyes were growing glazed. “That is right, ma’am. Miss Kelly there is an heiress—to one of the oldest and richest estates in Ireland!”

Kitty closed her eyes. The room was reeling round in front of her. A countess! So it had been true! All those presentiments of her past. Everything Grant Thursday had said. The skiing. Mrs. Megram’s words:—“The place that is rightfully yours.”

Isaac Hamish hurried on.

“Yes, Miss Kelly, by rights you should have had the estate long ago. Your—your mother died when you were only two years old. Your grandfather brought you up. He worshipped you—willed his entire fortune to you. He died two years ago, leaving me to turn the estate over to you. But I would have been ruined if you had taken over the estate. For—for twenty years—I had been cheating your grandfather. He was old, careless. But you were young. You—you would have found me out. I heard of Dr. Orbo. He had performed some amnesia experiments, was unscrupulous, half mad. Two days after your grandfather’s funeral I—I delivered you into his hands. He succeeded in destroying your memory completely. I then gave you over to Mrs. Megram, who promised to take you to America, and kill you upon your—arrival. But she changed her mind on the way over—and instead of killing you, she blackmailed us. We—finally—had to kill her.”

“So you were the ones who killed Mrs. Megram!” the Inspector broke in. “Scotland Yard suspected as much.”

“It was a—a—foolish move on our part, I admit,” Hamish groaned. “But we were desperate. Dr. Orbo—had come over from England to find Miss Kelly. We—needed her signature on some stock—we wanted to sell to Andrews there. Dr. Orbo had planned to get her old handwriting back by hypnosis. Then the Mrs. Megram business interfered with our plans.”

“You’ll hang for this, Hamish!” The Inspector blurted out. Hamish smiled wryly.

“Not if I know it,” he gasped. “Your—your men have done me in. I am . . . dying.” His breath came in short sobs. “But there is one more thing I want to tell Miss Kelly—one thing of vital . . . importance. Her . . . memory can be restored. Dr. Orbo was . . . working on the compound. He—he was a peculiar man . . . a . . . scientist as much as he . . . was a murderer. He—he gave me the antidote in this vial. I was to . . . give it to Miss Kelly . . . in case . . . in case . . .”

His voice ended in a suffocated choke. He fell forward in the chair, then slid to the floor in a crumpled heap. The doctors rushed to him. But there was no need for them now. Isaac Hamish was dead.

THE rain had stopped, and the morning sun was coming up over the dripping trees, over the still swamp, when Kitty and Michael finally escaped into the open for a breath of fresh air.

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Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

They walked hand in hand, saying little, like two children. It was all over at last. All the pain and suffering of the last week were over. Michael had explained everything about Isabel. It had been a misunderstanding from beginning to end, a series of little things gone wrong. Isabel had used the big "business deal" between Michael and her father as a ceaseless excuse to see him. That night in the French restaurant, she had deceived Michael into thinking Mr. Andrews was to be there. That day in the store she had captured him again—merely by chance. He had really come to see Kitty and apologize—but she had seized his arm, started talking. He had felt he ought to play along with her, on account of the "deal." He had called Kitty herself again and again—once at the store, that afternoon, when she was visiting Dr. Weyman's—again during her visit with Dr. Orbo. He had missed her both times—and had finally come to her apartment that terrible night when Dr. Orbo took her away. He had found the place empty—the door wide open, not a soul within.

It was over now, and she could rest safely in his love. And yet—there was still something a little strange about Michael. They had walked all this way, to the very edge of the marshy lake, and still he had not taken her in his arms. His face was sober, abstracted. His eyes looked away from her own every now and then.

She touched him gently on the arm. "Michael, darling, what's the matter? What's wrong?"

He did not speak for a moment, only patted her hand.

"Nothing, Kitty. Nothing at all. I—I'm just thinking about your—future."

"I'll be the same as my present, Michael. Only a bit happier, that's all. I—I know who I am now, Michael. I'm not afraid. I—I want . . ."

She wanted to tell him that now they could be married. They had waited for it so long. So many ghosts had come in the way. But the ghosts were gone. The words trembled on the tip of her tongue. She waited for him to pick them up.

But he only stood there, staring over the lake.

"Your future is going to be very different from your present, Kitty Kelly," he said. He looked at the ground, kicking the soft wet earth with the tip of his shoe. "You won't be wanting me in it, that's one sure thing."

"Michael!" She gave a little cry, seized his arm. "Michael, what do you mean?"

He did not look at her.

"I mean—you're going to be rich and famous. You're a countess, Kitty. A real countess. You—you always have been a countess—too good for me. I should have known it—all along."

"Michael!" Kitty threw her arms about his shoulders. "Please! Don't talk that way! It doesn't matter a bit to me. Not one bit! Nothing matters—except you. I—I'd love you, no matter who I was."

Oh, if only he would look at her, if

only he would understand. But Michael shook his head.

"You can say that now, Kitty. But it will matter some day. Once you've got your memory back, I—I'll be forgotten. All right. You're content to be Kitty Kelly now. But wait till the doctors start giving you some of that compound Dr. Orbo left you. Wait till you start remembering things about Ireland and the estate and the people you knew in St. Moritz. Do you think you'll be content to be Mrs. Michael Conway?"

"But I would, Michael! I would. I couldn't forget you—not in a million years! I love you!"

"You forgot the old earl, your grandfather, didn't you? It'll be the same way, once you start taking that medicine. You won't know me any more. You'll want some other kind of man. Someone who fits in with your old memories—someone like that Thursday guy who's more your style."

His voice died away bitterly. They stood there, very quietly, at the edge of the lake, staring into each other's eyes. Then Kitty shook her head. Tears were running down her cheeks.

"Michael!" she said brokenly. "My own dear Michael . . . I—couldn't . . . I'd never want anything in the world to come . . . between you and me . . ."

She fumbled in her coat pocket, as though for her handkerchief. But when her hand came out again, her fingers were clasped tight around a tiny bottle, a bottle filled with pale green liquid. Isaac Hamish had given it to her last night before he died.

She felt it for a moment, caressing its smooth glass contours secretly with her palm. Her memory. The link between her present and her past. There were dear forgotten faces in that bottle. Her grandfather's face. Her mother's. There were landscapes, houses, the green hills of Ireland, the streets of Dublin, the towers of a baronial mansion, and yet, Michael was more important than them all.

With a swift gesture, she lifted the little vial high above her head. It shimmered for a moment, like an emerald, in the morning light. Then she threw it with all her might toward the lake at her feet. It flashed through the air in a dizzy green arc—and fell with a light splash, into the quiet waters.

Michael gave a cry to see it go, and caught her wrist. But it was gone, forever. She was glad, now that it was gone. Glad for life and love. Glad for knowledge and youth, and the consciousness that all the darkness lay behind her. She smiled at him, as he came forward slowly, holding out his arms for her. They clung to each other, as the sun rose higher and higher in the morning sky.

But was Kitty able to cast away all her past so easily? Or did riches bring new trials, new adventures to the sweet Irish girl? And did her amnesia always remain, or did she suddenly regain her memory, forget Michael, her friends in New York? For further episodes in this strange love story, tune in CBS, Pretty Kitty Kelly, Mondays through Fridays, 10:00 to 10:15 a. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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1. Pastime.
2. Inflorescence.
3. Freesia.
4. Drivel.
5. Redingote.
6. Paregoric.
7. Ipecac.
8. Unemployability.
9. Separator.
10. Acerb.
11. Hohnobbed.
12. Antimacassar.
13. Digitalis.
14. Belladonna.
15. Aconite.
16. Desserts.
17. Mascara.
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