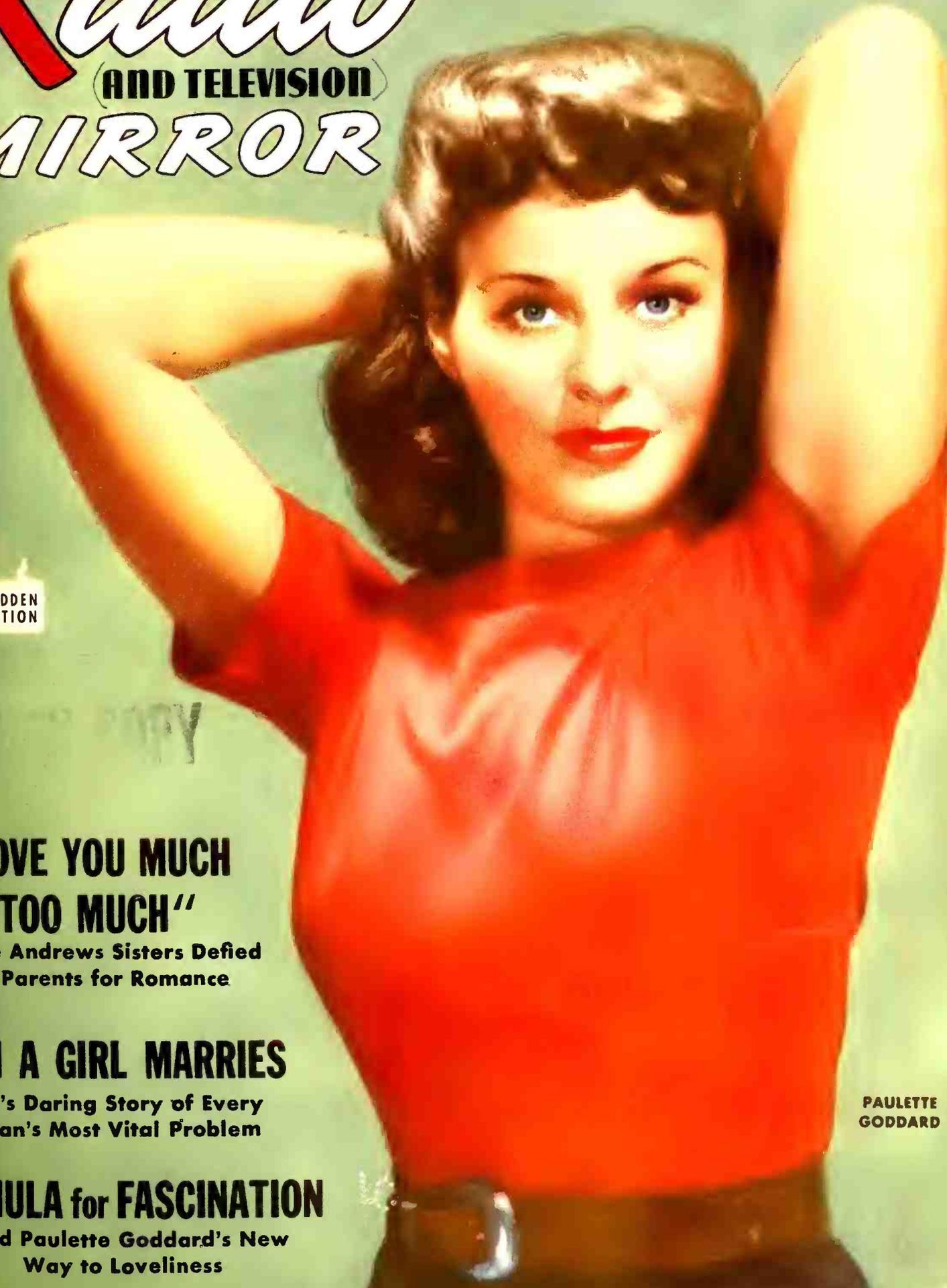


MAY

Radio

(AND TELEVISION)

MIRROR



10
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

**"I LOVE YOU MUCH
TOO MUCH"**
Why the Andrews Sisters Defied
Their Parents for Romance

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
Radio's Daring Story of Every
Woman's Most Vital Problem

FORMULA for FASCINATION
Read Paulette Goddard's New
Way to Loveliness

PAULETTE
GODDARD

HE8690
.R16

ANOTHER \$150 GONE!



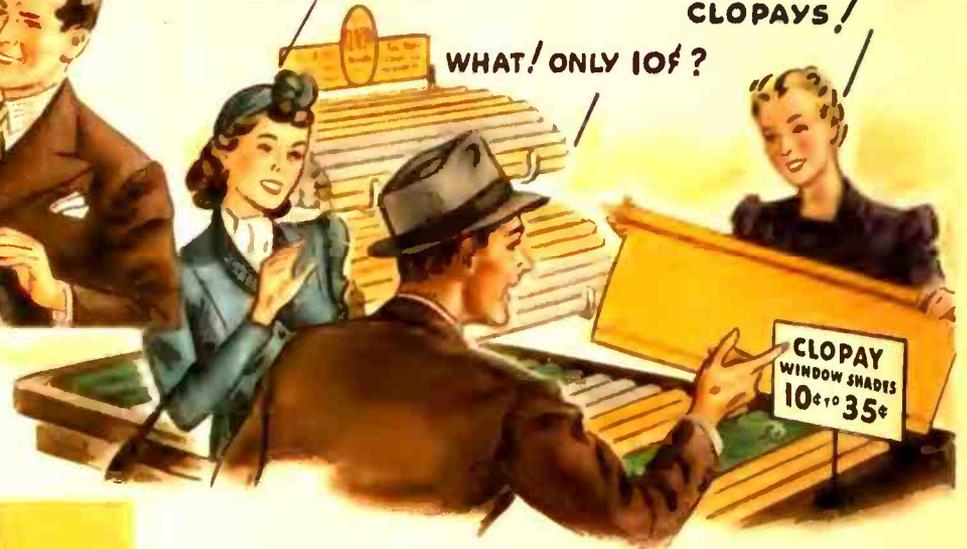
OH, NO DEAR! YOU COME WITH ME TO THE DIME* STORE!

THERE! AREN'T THOSE CLOPAYS STUNNING!

AND FOR 35¢ YOU GET WASHABLE OIL-PAINTED CLOPAYS!



WHAT! ONLY 10¢?



HERE HONEY-YOU SAVED ENOUGH FOR A NEW HAT!



...THANKS TO CLOPAY!

JOHN WAS SO IMPRESSED BY MY DIME* STORE DISCOVERY

"John said, 'Honey, you're a bargain-hunter *de luxe!* When I look at those CLOPAY Lintones I'd swear they were linen—and only 15c!'. . . But it's our CLOPAY Washables, I marvel at—with that lovely oil-painted finish that washes like glass! For a mere 35c! I'll say you can't beat the dime* stores for window shade bargains—their CLOPAYS saved dollars for me."

A complete line: 36 x 6 size, ready to attach to roller without tacks or tools: Clopay Shadomore—10c; Clopay Lintone—15c. Complete on roller with washable oil finish: Clopay Fab-Tex—29c; Clopay Lintone-Washable—35c; Fabray Plique—45c.

Some items slightly higher Denver and West.

***BUY WINDOW SHADES AT THE "DIME" STORE**
Yes, and by "dime store" we mean all 5c to \$1 stores and the thousands of neighborhood, variety and hardware stores where Clopay departments offer you amazing values in window shades of surprising beauty—from 10c up! Send 3c stamp for set of 49 color samples to Clopay Corp., 1333 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES



• Her chic little bonnet of smart silken braid wears a striking veil, a red, red rose.

A New Easter Bonnet can Halt a man but a Winning Smile can Hold him!



Your smile is yours alone...far too precious to risk!
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

THE EYE-CATCHING smartness of a new Easter bonnet—how quickly it captures a man's glance! But once his attention is halted, it takes a bright and winning smile to hold him.

For no girl can make a lasting impression with a dull and dingy smile. Don't let *yourself* in for this tragic mistake. Never neglect your teeth and gums. Never dismiss lightly that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

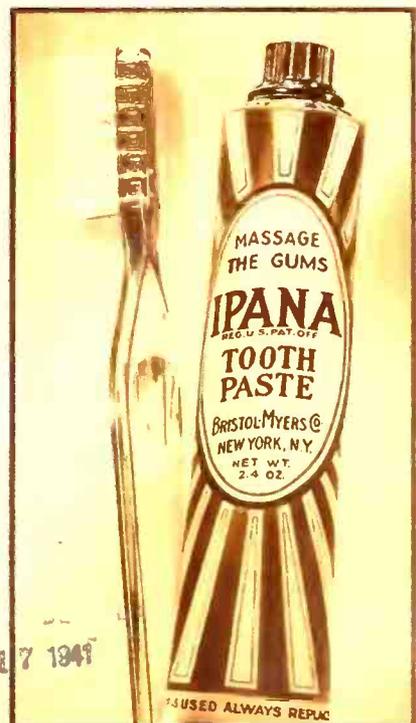
Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist at once! It may not indicate anything serious, but let him decide. Often, he will tell you your gums have grown tender, flabby

from lack of exercise. And the fault frequently lies with our modern soft foods. His verdict may simply be "more work for those weakened gums"—and, like many dentists, he may suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that delightful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage, as circulation awakens in the gums—stimulates them—helps make gums firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile you can be proud of!



JAN 17 1941

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

W. 5/28/41

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

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COVER—Paulette Goddard, by Sol Wechsler
(Courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

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**You never know how much you've loved
until you've loved—and lost!**



Why risk loneliness? Mum each day surely guards your charm!

WHY should love seem so easy to keep when you *have* it... but so hard to *win back*? The memories of happy days—of dances, dates—are so heart-breaking! And even worse is the gnawing thought that somehow it might have been *your* fault that they are gone.

So often it is a girl's fault, although she may never know it. For where is the man who will speak about a fault like underarm odor... who would humiliate her by suggesting that she needs Mum?

Girls who *keep* romance never take for granted the matter of personal daintiness. They don't expect just a bath to keep them fresh and sweet—they use Mum every day! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*... but with Mum, future underarm odor is *prevented*. Though your bath may fade—Mum's protection goes right on!

Mum is so quick and so dependable, that more women choose this one pleasant cream than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just pat a little Mum under each arm—at *any* time—even after you're dressed. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! The American Laundry Institute Seal proves that Mum won't harm fabrics. So safe that you can use it even *after* underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to stop perspira-

tion—but by neutralizing the odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Thousands of women have the daily Mum habit (thousands of men, too). Let Mum guard *your* charm!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, prevents unpleasant odor. Avoid offending this way, too.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER... SAFER... SURER... THAN MUM!



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Listen!

■ While a gadding editor takes you to an exciting television broadcast, to meet a gracious and happy wife, and to a Lanny Ross program

IN the new and surprisingly tasteful Cafe Rouge of the Pennsylvania Hotel several nights ago I saw Mrs. Glenn Miller at one of the tables. Across the crowded dance floor, leading the band, her husband smiled at her over the heads of the swaying young couples. As I watched, a steady stream of people came up to her table, sat down and chatted gaily a few minutes before making room for new arrivals. She had the air of a gracious woman diplomat holding a conference of state. Nor did she in any other way fit into the usual conception of a danceband leader's wife. Beautiful in a quiet, well mannered fashion, she was more a woman you would meet in the home of a rather well-to-do friend than in the blaring world of dance music.

It intrigued me. Here certainly must be a marriage in interesting contrast to the more accepted husband and wife relationship of radio. So I determined to learn more about this season's most spectacular musical success and his wife. I found that here indeed is a charming story. If you've half the healthy curiosity I suffer, you will want to read what Jack Sher writes about Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Miller. I promise it for the next issue of the magazine.

On a recent Sunday evening I watched another of television's many new experiments. I found myself sitting forward in the darkened room, gripped with audience excitement and I knew then the experiment was a success. It was a television broadcast of a hockey game in Madison Square Garden. There, on a mirror of a set in Radio City, I saw the figures of the players speeding up and down the ice, saw a man fall, felt the blow as he crashed against the sideboards—felt the impact because the sound, picked up by a sensitive microphone, was as painfully clear as though I had been sitting a few feet away from the rink.

Television, it seems, advances most rapidly when there is a minimum of publicity about it. This past winter when you've heard so little about its progress, this miraculous new enter-

tainment medium has been taking thrilling steps forward. Prices of the sets are about to be cut nearly in half, a solution has been found finally for a television network, a new large screen is nearly practical now. So much more has happened that I can't tell you in this short space. A more complete and more exciting review of television and its miracles is due you. It will be along shortly.

It is fun—there's no better way to describe it—to sit in the control room and watch a broadcast. So I sat and thoroughly enjoyed myself as the Lanny Ross program on CBS gradually took shape and was ready for the second hand to touch the hour of two o'clock when the show would go on the air. At three minutes before, they were still rehearsing a troublesome rough spot. At one moment before, the director grudgingly granted that it had to be satisfactory with just sixty seconds left. I'm sure not one of the four in that control room with me would have gambled a dollar on how the program would come over the air. Neither the director, on whose shoulders lay the final responsibility for co-ordinating all the elements of the broadcast, nor the engineer whose skilled hands must control the volume and the tonal qualities, nor the man in charge of the script, who timed each song, each announcement, each commercial with a stop-watch and wrote the figures in the margin, so that when this same broadcast was repeated four hours later for the West Coast, there would no longer be any doubt about ending on time, nor the harassed looking individual with a pencil behind his ear who made strange marks with a leaky pen and smoked more cigarettes than he knew.

Yet exactly at two-fourteen o'clock and thirty seconds the program drew to a smooth and definitely satisfactory conclusion, there was the pleasant pause of complete silence and then: "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System."

Radio's miracle men had done it again.

—FRED R. SAMMIS

Listerine likes nothing better than to FIGHT INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

THAT should be good news to you if you have any sign of this condition.

That's the kind of a case Listerine Antiseptic really welcomes . . . the infectious type in which germs are active . . . in which inflammation and itching may be present . . . in which scales and flakes are a humiliating problem and relief seems far off. Then Listerine really goes to work, often giving amazing results which test cases clearly show.

Kills Infectious Dandruff Germs

First Listerine gives hair and scalp a cooling and refreshing antiseptic bath. The scalp tingles and glows. Distressing flakes and scales begin to go . . . inflammation and itching are alleviated.

But most important of all, Listerine Antiseptic kills a substantial number of the germs associated with infectious dandruff—including the strange "bottle bacillus," called *Pityrosporum Ovale*.

This active trouble-making parasite is recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff. As you know, dandruff is the most common diseased scaly condition of the scalp and is often infectious.

Improvement in 76% of Test Cases

Extensive research showed that when rabbits were inoculated with *Pityrosporum Ovale*, they soon developed dandruff symptoms like those with which you are familiar. When Listerine was applied daily to the affected areas these symptoms disappeared in 14 days, on the average.

Clinical tests on men and women who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day revealed even more impressive results. In one series of tests 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

Confirming such scientific results are enthusiastic letters from users, praising Listerine Antiseptic for dandruff.

Don't Delay . . . Use Listerine Now

If you have any sign of dandruff, start the Listerine treatment at once. Neglect may aggravate the symptoms. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

The medical treatment that thousands employ!



Bing Crosby co-stars with Gloria Jean on the air and in his new Universal Picture, "If I Had My Way."

WHAT DO YOU *want to say?*

FIRST PRIZE

HATS OFF TO ARLENE AND BUDD!

Arlene Francis is just a name to me but her voice tells me she is a warm-hearted, fun-loving girl. Every Saturday night I listen to What's My Name.

To be natural is one of woman's greatest charms, I think, and one which is so rarely seen today.

Budd Hulick, who is on the same program, is also a natural.

Men, will you allow a mere woman to suggest you listen to Budd's smooth, perfect diction, and then try to make the little woman happy with your "smooth, perfect diction!"—Mrs. Hazel Kirk Beer, Vineland, N. J.

SECOND PRIZE

FAN THE FLAME

Are you a fan? I mean, one of those who keep the flame of genius burning, not the cool-off kind? Well, you don't know what fun is 'till you start "fanning!" Spend three cents a week for a stamp and start building up some of your local radio performers and announcers. They will get a lift from a letter.

You'll find, too, that your favorite programs will begin to seem more real if you have a hand in the making of them. You may not ever hear any response from some of them; on the

other hand, you might be surprised to know how grateful they are.—Mildred A. Frizzell, Lonsdale, R. I.

THIRD PRIZE

TUESDAY NIGHT'S THE NIGHT!

What! After all that good dinner you expect me to go out? And on Tuesday night? Nothing doing. I wouldn't miss that good radio entertainment tonight for anything. Just take a look at this program. Isn't it a "honey?" Here's Fibber McGee and

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN
— — PRIZES — —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

Address your letters to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than April 29, 1940. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

Molly, Bob Hope, and that Pot O'Gold, we might get nineteen hundred dollars just by staying home. And there's that Aldrich Family, and Jimmie Fidler, and then there's Uncle Walter's Doghouse. Here is Edward G. Robinson in Big Town and Johnny Presents. So many, many excellent programs—and here is We, the People. Along about here, I'll eat that other piece of pie, I couldn't manage for dinner.

No, siree, I'm staying home tonight!—Mrs. Ethel Ailer, Martinez, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE

SHE'S HAPPY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the Chase and Sanborn Company for cutting down their program to a half hour. It is certainly a relief to be able to hear Charlie McCarthy without have to endure Dorothy Lamour's caterwauling, and worst of all, Don Ameche's forced gaiety.

It's a streamlined program now—good all the way through.—Maxine Baxter, Norwood, Ohio.

FIFTH PRIZE

SHE'S NOT SO HAPPY

The new Chase and Sanborn program prompts me to write: variety may add spice, but in profusion, it creates confusion. The "spot-light" appearance of several artists during a short program, is unwise; it does not permit the artists adequate presentation of their abilities, which alas, lessens listeners' appreciation and fails to create the sustained interest for which sponsors strive!—Mary E. Lauber, Phila., Pa.

SIXTH PRIZE

BING, YOU BETTER WATCH OUT!

I like the Bing-Bob-Bazooka combination on Thursday evenings very much, but—(I hate to say it, Bing)—sometimes I wish our good friend Crosby would cheese it by using more craft! "Scatterbrain" is a nice song, but if he puts it over much oftener, I shall begin to think it is his theme song, to say nothing of the grave danger that some of us may be moved to regret the birth of the composer. And Bing is surely the last man to wish that injustice to fall upon an unsuspecting musician.—S. B. McClean, Montreal, Canada.

SEVENTH PRIZE

THE HERO OF THE MONTH

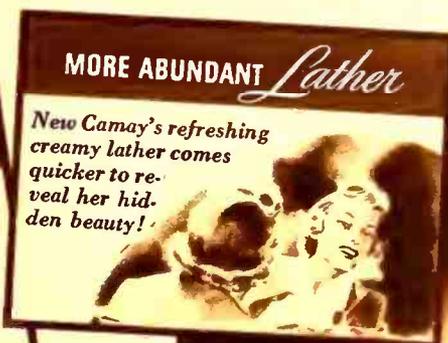
Gene Autry the Singing Cowboy turned down an offer of \$3000 from a tobacco company because HE does not smoke! Instead, he accepted an offer of \$1000 weekly from Double Mint Gum, to appear on a half hour radio show!

It is my belief therein lies the reason for Autry's success. He is sincere! He does not try to dupe the public, but gives his best at every performance, whether it be on the screen or the air.

Gene Autry will sing in my home, via the radio, weekly, and I hope that my little boy will emulate him!—Mrs. V. Dogan, Akron, Ohio.

Now! CAMAY brings you this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

Let Camay help you to a Lovelier Skin and a More Radiant Complexion... with these three Wonderful Aids to Beauty Cleansing!



THE MOMENT you open a cake of this wonderful, new Camay you'll *know* it's different. There's a new, entrancing fragrance that just lasts and lasts! Note, too, new Camay's abundant lather, its unusual mildness!

Women everywhere are turning to the new Camay... discovering in Camay their ideal beauty soap... adopting the Camay Way to Beauty. Perhaps you, too, can find new loveliness by following this Camay beauty method as printed on the back of the Camay wrapper.

Camay's 3 Advantages Proved by Tests!

Our tests against 6 other best-selling toilet soaps proved Camay's advantages. Time and time again, Camay proved it possessed a greater mildness than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time, had a fragrance that most women preferred!

Because of these tests, you can definitely trust yourself to Camay's gentle cleansing care and expect it to help you in your search for a lovelier skin, a more radiant complexion, new allure!

Go to your nearest dealer. Look for Camay in its famous yellow and green wrapper. It's cellophane covered to protect freshness. Get 3 cakes of Camay... give Camay every test you can think of... and feel your skin responding to its gentle beauty cleansing care!

Now — more than ever

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

New, long-lasting Fragrance that 2 out of 3 women preferred!

We asked hundreds of women to compare Camay's fascinating, new fragrance with that of 6 other famous toilet soaps. Approximately 2 out of 3 women voted for Camay. You'll like Camay's new fragrance, too. It lasts in the cake just as long as there is a bit of soap left!



Trade-Mark
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



"A PERFECT BEAUTY SOAP!"

Read this interesting letter from
Mrs. George D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y.

Your new Camay is so mild, gives such marvelous, gentle lather, and has such a lasting, lovely fragrance. I find it a perfect beauty soap to help keep my complexion wonderfully soft and fresh and radiant.

(Signed) ELIZABETH L. LAWRENCE
Bronxville, N. Y. (Mrs. George D. Lawrence)

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

The Camay your dealer now has is the New, Improved Camay. No change in the familiar green and yellow wrapper. The change is in the Soap.

What's New

FROM COAST TO COAST



Usually stars give parties for reporters—but Jimmie Fidler reversed things by entertaining for the stars. Above, Cesar Romero, Brian Donlevy, Joan Crawford, Edgar Bergen, Ken Murray.



Right, Bob Hope passes on the joke that wowed the studio audience at last week's broadcast. From left to right, Edna Johnson, host Jimmie Fidler, Peter Hayes, Hope and Judy Garland.

By DAN SENESEY

HERE'S hoping Dick Powell makes a hit on the Thursday-night Good News program. His contract runs for only four weeks, sponsors being proverbially cautious folks.

Around about the time you read this, Jack Benny ought to be signing a new contract with his Jell-O boss. The salary's said to be \$18,500 a week, with Jack paying all salaries of supporting cast, band, and singers out of that amount.

Don't put too much stock in the rumors that "Gone With the Wind" is being peddled for a radio serial, at an asking price of a million dollars. The people who made the movie would have to be consulted too, and they don't think letting the public listen free to the story of Scarlett O'Hara would be good for boxoffice figures. So if "Gone With the Wind" ever reaches the air at all, it will probably be after the picture has been seen everywhere.

Wedding bells are in the offing for Donna Damerei (Marge of Myrt and

Marge) and Peter Fick, famed swimmer—if the diamond he gave her for a Valentine's Day present is any indication.

And another marriage bulletin—Edmond O'Brien, of the late Betty and Bob cast, and seen on the screen in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and Nancy Kelly, who was in radio too until she went to Hollywood. In June, they say.

The internes, staff doctors, and nurses at a certain Chicago hospital never had as much fun in their lives as the day Barbara Luddy, laid up there with an injured leg from an automobile accident, rehearsed for one of her CBS First Nighter programs. Barbara hated to miss the broadcast, but her doctor said she could leave the hospital only for the half-hour required to go on the air, so rehearsals were held in her room. Hospital attendants went into a complete dither—kept coming in to see how Barbara felt, to smooth her pillow, to bring her a cup of custard, anything to satisfy their curiosity about how a

radio program was rehearsed. Finally, after Barbara's temperature had been taken five times in as many minutes, director Joe Ainley printed a sign and hung it on the door. The sign said, "Keep Out—Serious Operation Under Way." It worked, and the operation was a success—Barbara gave a fine performance that night in the CBS studio, sitting with her leg propped up on a chair before her.

While we're on the subject of First Nighter stars, Les Tremayne, Barbara's leading man, keeps a complete file of all letters sent him, with a carbon copy of his answer clipped to each letter. A candidate for Dave Elman's Hobby Lobby?

An automobile mechanic thought he was creating a job for himself when he wrote in to the NBC sound effects department: "I have noticed that the gears in all the transmissions of your autos heard on the air are worn. They're especially noisy in first and second. I think I can remedy this situation." Tactfully, NBC wrote back that all the worn transmissions

were on records, and that they had to be worn, or listeners wouldn't hear them at all.

Seems as if the producers of Joyce Jordan, *Girl Interne*, on CBS, just can't keep an actress in the serial's leading role. Rita Johnson played Joyce two years ago when the program began, but a movie talent scout came along and packed Rita off to Hollywood with a contract in her pocket. Helen Claire was the next Joyce, but she went to work and became a Broadway star in the hit comedy, "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," and had to give up most of her radio work. Next was Elspeth Eric, who followed in Helen's footsteps by getting the only girl's part in another Broadway play, "Margin for Error." Now Ann Shepherd is playing Joyce, and everyone connected with the program is hoping she'll stay. Serves 'em right for hiring such good actresses.

The director of the CBS Grand Central Station program, Ira Ashley, is more hard-boiled than the British censor, it seems. The other day he got a manuscript submitted to him by a writer in Bermuda who hoped to sell it for air use. Marked on the envelope were the words, "Passed by Censor." But it didn't pass Ira.

Did you know that Ronald Reagan, the Warner Brothers movie actor, used to be an announcer at WHO in Des Moines, where everyone called him "Dutch"? Now Ronald's brother Neil (whom everyone calls "Moon") has quit his announcing job at WOC,



Even Fred Kirby, WLW's singing cowboy, was surprised as the requests came flooding in.

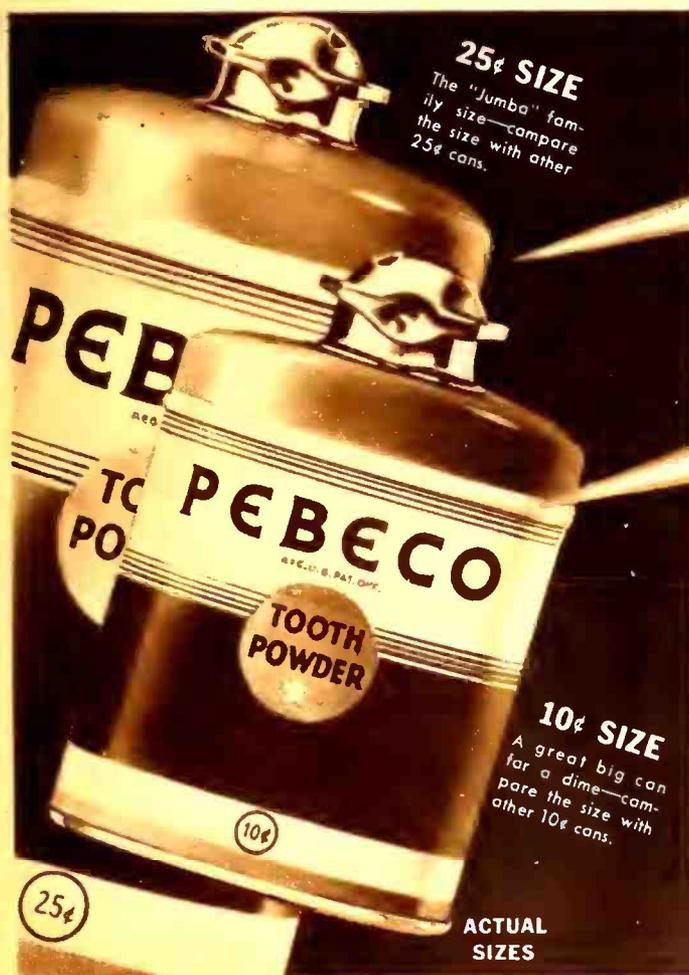
Davenport, Iowa, and he's going to Hollywood too.

Selena Royle, who plays the title role in the CBS serial, *Woman of Courage*, is writing a play, but she won't tell what it's about. All she'll say is that "it begins with a third act!" . . . Joan Tetzl, who plays the *Woman of Courage's* daughter in the serial, has just returned from a rush visit to Hollywood, where she made a screen test for Howard Hughes. Asked about the ordeal, Joan says indifferently, "I much prefer working on radio."

Another radio personality who went out to Hollywood for a screen test is Kingsley Colton, the youngster who co-stars with Betty Garde in *My Son and I*. Kingsley was tested for the role of the boy in "The Yearling," but no decision as to whether or not he'd get the part had come through by the time we went to press.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, half an hour after the noon whistles have blown, Lee Kirby and Dottie Conner stand in front of Charlotte's Imperial Theater, smile at the crowds, read a commercial into a WBT microphone, and begin asking questions. Lee does the quizzing and Dottie is the "talent scout." She persuades the bashful on-looker to come up to the microphone, leaves him there to Lee's tender mercies, and then scampers off to ensnare the next one. Together they make up WBT's *Man in the Street* broadcast, now in its third year.

Putting on this quiz program means that Lee Kirby sits up late at night, long after his wife and two children have gone to bed, poring through question and answer books for good ones to use on the show. Usually, after a while, he tosses the books aside and makes up his own queries instead. He runs through about fifty questions every week, and it's a man-sized job to get them, because they must be clever and yet not too difficult. On Wednesdays, he gives his guests a chance to get even with him by inviting them to ask *him* the questions. He usually knows all the answers. (Continued on page 80)



"I GIVE YOU MORE TOOTH POWDER FOR LESS MONEY"

"LOOK WHAT I GIVE YOU FOR A DIME"

"I SPEND LESS AND HAVE WHITER, LOVELIER TEETH"



HERE'S a bargain that is a bargain. Pebecco Tooth Powder cleans your teeth as thoroughly, pleasantly, and harmlessly as any dentifrice at any price. And look how much you save on these big over-size tins. Try this refreshing tooth cleanser. It gives you gleaming, sparkling teeth—and cuts your dentifrice bill.

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MOST FOR YOUR MONEY
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FORMULA FOR

Fascination

By PAULINE SWANSON

■ Everything she is, everything she has, she owes to work and an unshakable belief that life is what you make it—Read what radiantly lovely Paulette Goddard has to say about the three vital questions in a woman's life

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S car drove up to the entrance of the Philharmonic auditorium in Hollywood on that night a few weeks ago when the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe opened its annual engagement in the film city.

The doorman sprang to open the door, and an audible sigh burst from the onlookers as Paulette Goddard, unbelievably beautiful, stepped out.

She was wearing an adaptation of the fiesta gowns of old Spain—tiers of black lace, cut to reveal her perfect figure, her bronzed mid-riff shining bare above the voluminous skirt. No detail of the picture was missing. On her hands were black lace mittens. In her coppery hair a single red flower was clipped into the folds of a matching lace mantilla.

The fans leaning against the ropes along the passageway to the theater weren't the only ones who gasped as they watched.

A film producer and his wife, half way up the aisle, turned and looked at Paulette critically, quite unabashed, as she passed them. (In Hollywood, one rule of Emily Post has been abolished: staring is not rude, but a compliment.)

"She's radiant!" the producer said aloud.

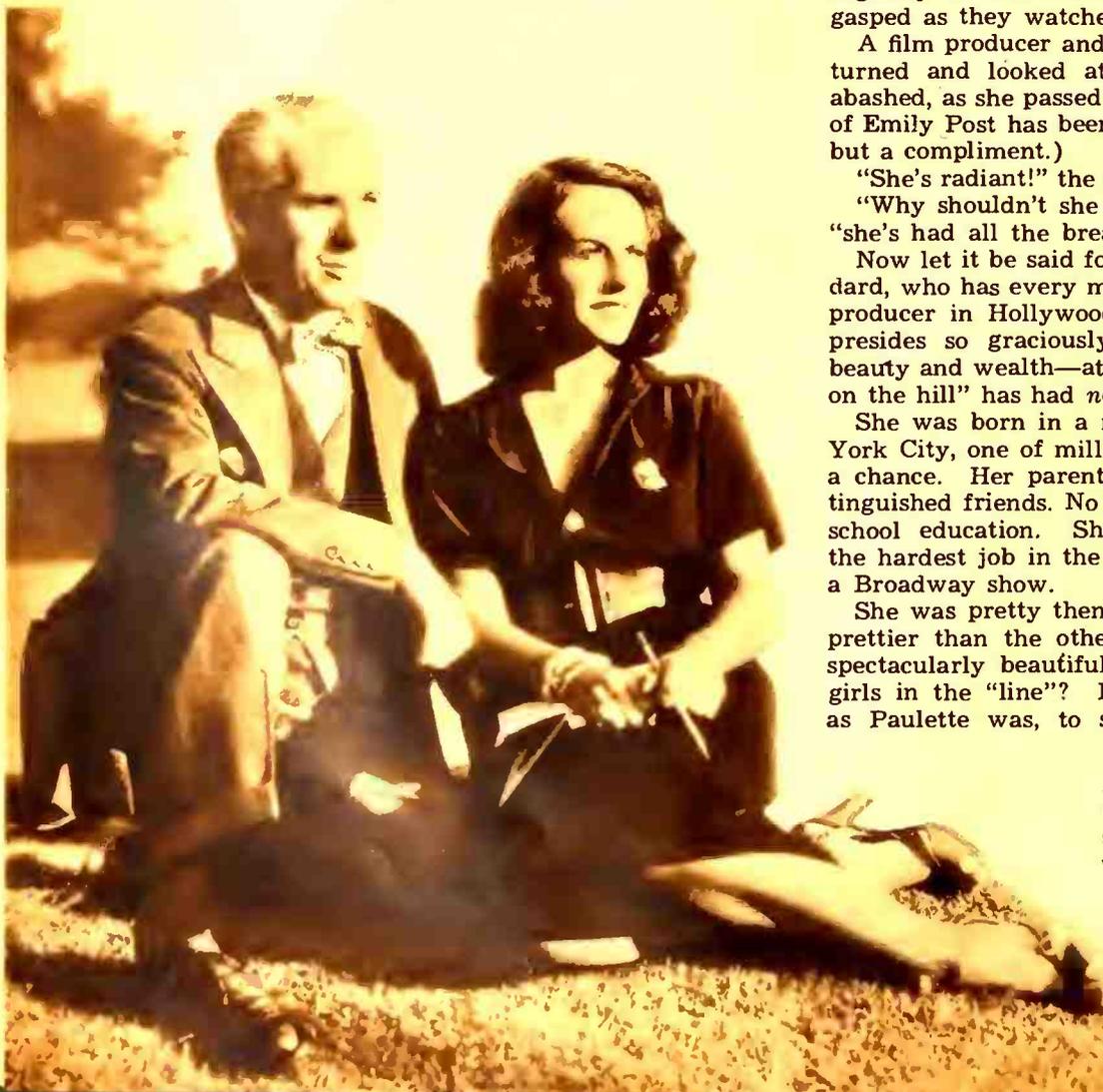
"Why shouldn't she be," his wife said less audibly, "she's had all the breaks."

Now let it be said for the record that Paulette Goddard, who has every motion picture director and radio producer in Hollywood bidding for her service, who presides so graciously—in an aura of success and beauty and wealth—at Charlie Chaplin's "white house on the hill" has had *none* of the "breaks".

She was born in a modest section of teeming New York City, one of millions of girls who must fight for a chance. Her parents were poor. She had no distinguished friends. No pull. She had the barest public school education. She was working at sixteen—at the hardest job in the world, that of a chorus girl in a Broadway show.

She was pretty then, blonde and vivacious—but no prettier than the other girls in the chorus. She is spectacularly beautiful now. Where are those other girls in the "line"? Perhaps they were not willing, as Paulette was, to study themselves and then to

As one of radio's most popular guest stars, Paulette shows the same vitality and buoyancy that won her Charlie Chaplin's love.



capitalize on whatever there was in their girlish prettiness that would make for mature beauty and distinction. Paulette's lovely figure is the result of rigid discipline. Would these other girls have made like sacrifices? All those attributes of hers, other women envy now they might have had, may still have, if they will follow her example. It isn't easy, but it can be done.

Nor is Paulette's professional success the result of the "breaks". Throughout the country, as in Hollywood, the misconception exists that Paulette was a straggly kid, down on her luck, when Charlie Chaplin discovered her. Perhaps the ragamuffin role she played in her first picture with Chaplin has contributed to that belief. On the contrary, Paulette was a "success"—in the material sense of the word—before she met Charlie. She drove into Hollywood in a Duesenberg roadster. She lived at the swank Sunset Towers apartments. Perhaps she would not have catapulted to the top of the heap so quickly without the great comedian's help and guidance, but she would have got there—ultimately.

No, there is nothing of accident or chance in the beautiful face Paulette turns to Hollywood now,
(Continued on page 72)



Paramount

Notice the startling contrast in these two pictures—one of Paulette when she used to spend hours every day distorting her natural beauty and charm—the other, above, as she is today, with that radiant, clean and refreshing look.



Two Kinds

THE NEW



Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor



THEY'RE Hollywood's gayest—and most devoted couple.

To see them together, you'd never know they were married. There is a youthful boy-friend-girl-friend quality about them that you don't often see in married folk, an insouciance, a spicy freshness and tang to their relationship rare and wonderful to behold.

They're always kidding each other—always flipping wise-cracks back and forth. They do imitations of each other, they razz each other—they say exactly what comes into their minds.

And yet—

Beneath the flippancy and sauciness, there is a strain of magnificent devotion. When he talks seriously, her eyes light up with pride, and she listens intently to every word he says. Every Sunday afternoon, she comes to his radio broadcasts, on the CBS Screen Guild program, sitting patiently all afternoon through the rehearsal, watching him work. Except for their individual business appointments, they are never apart—always laughing, always together.

When she was operated on for appendicitis a few weeks ago, he disappeared from Hollywood affairs for two solid weeks. He became a complete recluse—in her room at the hospital—spending all his time with her, talking (*Continued on page 84*)

By LUCILLE FLETCHER

of Marriage

THE OLD

Gene and Ina Autry

It was the night of April first, 1939, and the two of them sat there at dinner, a little glum. This wasn't usual, either, because they were very much in love, really. But now something was wrong. The young man fidgeted nervously and the girl across the table was too quiet. This night that should have been so special, was flopping for both of them. Even when they went into the living room for coffee, as they always did, the cosy fire on the hearth failed to cheer them up. . . .

Then the doorbell rang. The young man sprang to answer it; returned quickly to the living room with a package in his hand.

"Here it is, honey," he said to the girl, relievedly. "Wait. . . ." He tore off the wrappings to disclose a shining black disk; strode over to the phonograph and put the record on. Then he straddled a footstool at the girl's feet as a tuneful, beguiling baritone began to sing.

"There's only one love in a lifetime, There's only one dream to share—"

The young man looked up at the girl, a quiet smile in his blue eyes.

"Happy anniversary, honey," he said.

And—"Happy anniversary, Gene," she answered, the tears bright in her eyes. "I might have known you wouldn't forget. . . ."

(Continued on following page)

By **MARIAN RHEA**



"I could have bought you a present," he explained, anxiously, "but you always say you have everything you want. And so I wrote you another song. It isn't such a much but—heck, you know how I feel."

And (I wasn't there, but I can imagine what happened) he kissed her and the evening was a success, after all. . . .

Yes, maybe you have guessed. . . . It was Gene Autry who played the phonograph record, and his wife, Ina, who was hurt because she thought he had forgotten their seventh wedding anniversary. But Gene had only wanted his new song, which he had barely finished in time to record, to be a surprise for her. And in the end, everything worked out all right. It was bound to, really, because Gene Autry's marriage is a happy one.

NOT that you hear so much about it, and perhaps that is strange, Gene being the showman that he is—always wearing fancy cowboy suits and ten-gallon hats and sending his horse, "Champion," to work in a specially built "taxi" emblazoned with his name in letters four feet high! The public likes this sort of thing, Gene thinks. He thinks a guy whose radio programs are heard over a national network (CBS, every Sunday), whose films have been seen by millions, whose weekly mail is nothing short of colossal, should give his fans their money's worth.

But his personal life is something else again. It belongs just to Gene, and to Ina. . . .

Gene met his wife, the former Ina May Spivey, in the fall of 1931, in Springfield, Mo. She is the niece of Jimmy Long, with whom Gene has collaborated on so many of his songs, and was living with her uncle and going to college in Springfield when Gene came down from

Chicago to spend a week-end. "Miss Spivey; Mr. Autry. . . ." Long made the introductions formally. Then he tried to carry Gene off to the piano to rehearse a new song.

But he didn't make it. Gene just stood there and looked at Ina, pretty, dark-haired, dark-eyed, quiet-spoken.

"Maybe we could go to a movie this evenin'," he suggested.

"Hey, we have to work!" Long protested, but Gene brushed him off. "Maybe you have to work, Jimmy. Me—I'm goin' to a movie—if the young lady is willing."

She was willing. After the movie they went to a gay little café to dance, but instead Gene told Ina about his radio job in Chicago (on the National Barn Dance program over station WLS), about the records he made and how they were increasing in popularity. He told her where he was born (on a ranch near Tioga, Texas); about Chelsea, Oklahoma, where he went to school and later learned to be a telegraph operator on the "Frisco" (St. Louis and San Francisco) railroad. He told her how Will Rogers had walked into the little station one night and, seeing Gene's guitar lying there on the instrument board, had asked him to sing for him, and how Will had told him, "You've got a future, young feller, singin'."

He told her he thought maybe he had, at that, although his pay over WLS wasn't so much—yet. He wasn't self-centered nor a braggart, even though he was doing a lot of talking about himself. He was only laying the groundwork for a dream which was already shaping itself in his heart. Here was a girl who, if he had anything to do with it, was going to mean much in his life. And he wanted the record clear from the start.

"That was like him," Ina Autry says, now. "He always lays all of

his cards on the table. In any kind of dealing, he wants the other fellow to understand the whole situation."

So when they said goodnight in the dark front hall of the Long home in Springfield, after that first date, a good many things had been tacitly settled.

"Of course, I hadn't asked her, yet," Gene says. "But I knew she was the girl for me, just the same."

He went back to Chicago and continued his courting "by remote control." No, he didn't write many letters. "Gene can't write a letter long enough to really say anything, to save his life," Ina tells you. But he called her up about five times a week and he wrote songs to her. Yes, as perhaps you know, Gene writes most of his songs—some four hundred, to date. Melodies and lyrics come to him and he sings 'em to someone who can write down notes (since Gene can't) and there you have a song.

Ina smiles, now, as she admits she can't remember the names of the songs Gene dedicated to her back in their courting days, but she says she was terribly thrilled when he would call her up, long distance, and say, "Be sure and listen in tonight. There'll be a song for you." He didn't broadcast the dedication. I told you, he isn't one to exploit his personal affairs. He just sang the song and Ina knew it was for her.

CHRISTMAS time came and went, with Gene spending the holidays in Springfield. Then Chicago again. More phone calls. . . . More songs written for Ina. Came April first, 1932. Ina and Mr. and Mrs. Long went to St. Louis and Gene met them there. The four of them met for lunch at a big downtown restaurant. Gene sat across the table from Ina and looking at her, straight, his eyes asked her a question. . . . "Now?"

She nodded. Yes. . . .

The two of them got up without eating their lunch and told Mr. and Mrs. Long they'd "be back. . . ." They went out and got a license and hunted up a minister and were married. Funny. . . . Through it all, they said little to each other. They didn't have to, Gene explains. They only knew they were in love and that they wanted to be together always. . . . When, hand in hand, they came back to the restaurant, the place was closed for the afternoon and Mr. and Mrs. Long were waiting outside in the practically zero weather. . . . But they weren't so very mad when they were told what had happened.

So Gene (Continued on page 86)

■ "There's only one love in a lifetime," sang Gene to Ina on their seventh anniversary.



John Raby plays Harry Davis

Mary Jane Higby plays Joan



When a Girl Marries

■ Should she heed the wisdom of age or follow the urge of her own passionate youth? A lovely heroine of radio's romantic serial makes her decision

SAMUEL FIELD touched his daughter's arm gently, almost timidly. Why did parents sometimes have to break the hearts of the children they loved? And, at nineteen, hearts are so easily broken!

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Joan," he said miserably, "but young Davis quit his job this afternoon."

Joan's gaze, fixed on his face, was uncomprehending. "Harry? Harry's—quit?"

"The Chicago train left an hour ago. I expect he's on it—he said he was going to leave Stanwood tonight."

Joan half rose from her chair, one of the deep leather chairs that furnished her father's apartment with masculine comfort. "Why, he couldn't!" she said on a rising note. "He wanted to stay here—he wanted to work for you. It was a marvelous chance for him! I—"

Her father, standing beside her, said, "Joan. Baby. Sit down. We've got to talk."

Dumbly, she obeyed: she listened.

But what he said made little impression on her. There was pity in his face, but it was an old pity that had forgotten young hearts in



love. He was against her, too. He was making an effort to be sympathetic, of course—Samuel Field always did that—but he didn't really understand, any more than her mother did. To him, just as to all the others, she was a foolish child, who didn't know her own mind, who was determined to upset the careful plans of her elders.

Well, of course it was a terrible thing to break your engagement only a few hours before it was to be formally announced! She knew that. But how much more terrible it would have been to go through with it, knowing that she loved another man!

Phrases of her father's measured, logical speech entered her mind, lingered there a moment, were forgotten. "Young Davis . . . a fine boy, brilliant . . . but barely out of law school . . . has a mother and brother to care for . . . can't support a wife for years yet . . . both can afford to wait . . . you just met him . . . love takes time, time to grow. . ."

Sitting there, intently smoothing

A RADIO MIRROR
Novelette

the pale peach satin of her skirt over her slender legs, she thought, I mustn't listen, I mustn't, because if I listen I'll cry. I mustn't listen, and I mustn't think. At least Daddy hasn't mentioned Phil, or what happened last night—was it only last night? It seems years ago.

"Harry must have realized," her father was saying, "the impossibility of the situation. Very rightly, he decided that the best thing to do was to go away."

"But don't you see—if he's run away that proves he loves me, too! And he didn't even know I'd broken my engagement to Phil! Now he's gone and I'll never see him again!"

Never see him again. . . .

SHE knew now it was possible to find love in a moment, in one second out of all the millions that made up your life.

Until she'd met Harry Davis, she hadn't known what love was. She had supposed that she loved Phil Stanley—must have supposed it, since she had promised to marry him. Only the afternoon before, she had been preparing, quite contentedly, for the engagement dinner. The greatest problem on her horizon was that of getting another man to take the place of Dick Everett, who couldn't come to dinner because he'd been suddenly called out of town.

Everyone in Stanwood knew what the dinner was for, of course. Ever since Phil used to escort her every Saturday afternoon to Miss Markey's dancing classes it had been an understood thing that she was his girl and that some day they would be married. Such an understood thing, in fact, that no one, least of all Joan, had ever questioned its rightness, any more than she questioned the rightness of the fact that the sun rose in the morning and set at night.

And today she would have been wearing Phil's ring, still unquestioning, still accepting, if Harry Davis had not come to the wrong house looking for Samuel Field.

At first she had thought the tall, rather shabbily dressed young man was the piano tuner, and she told her sister Sylvia to let him in and tell him the piano was in the library. But when, fifteen minutes later, she realized that nothing except expertly played music, and none at all of the usual harrowing piano-tuner chords, was coming from the direction of the library, she went to see what was the trouble.

He wasn't a piano tuner at all, she discovered after a few moments of conversation: he was a lawyer

who had come to see her father with a letter of introduction, about a job.

"The girl that opened the door simply said the piano was in here, so I—just came in and started playing," he explained. "Is Mr. Field busy?"

"Why—" Even after five years, it was always hard for Joan to explain to people who didn't already know how things stood in the Field family. "He—he doesn't live here. My father and mother are—separated. Daddy has an apartment in the Bona Vista, farther down the street."

She liked the nice way his face changed. "Oh—I'm sorry. That's what comes of asking directions of people in corner drug stores." He started to get up. "I'd better go down there, then."

"No—don't go. Won't you play a little more? I like it."

She certainly had no intention of saying that. The words just popped to her lips, and were out before she thought.

He sat down again, and ran his fingers lightly over the keys, and suddenly they both found they were smiling. Joan tried to think of all the things she had to do . . . but somehow, just then, they weren't important. It wasn't even important that in a few hours her engagement to Phil would be announced.

Harry Davis was so different from anyone she had ever known. Even now, after only a few minutes, she could tell that. There was character in his face, in the strong lines of his jaw and mouth and nose—character, but gentleness and humor as well. And the way he talked—straightforward and friendly, and yet, somehow, a little shyly. As if—as if she were someone terribly shining and beautiful whose existence he couldn't quite credit. Not at all like Phil who, though she supposed he loved her, always spoke as if she were a child—adorable and sweet, but still a child.

Phil . . . She knew, all in a moment—without knowing any more about Harry Davis than that he was alive and sitting there, a few feet away from her—that she couldn't marry Phil Stanley.

"Won't you come to dinner tonight, Mr. Davis?" she asked, hurrying her words so she could get them all out before the enormity of saying them to a virtual stranger could overcome her. "I mean—I know it's awfully short notice, but we'd love to have you."

He seemed pleased, but not, she noticed thankfully, terribly surprised. "Why—thanks, but I haven't any dinner clothes."

"That doesn't matter. I'll tell everybody you're a musician, and



The radio serial, *When a Girl Marries*, from which this story is adapted, is heard Monday to Friday on CBS, sponsored by The Prudential Insurance Co. See page 76 for cast of characters.

they'll expect you to be different. Won't you, please?"

"Of course, if you want me to," he said simply.

How long her mother had been standing in the doorway, watching them, Joan didn't know. But suddenly, there she was, saying in a voice that dripped with disapproval, "Joan! Phil has been asking for you."

Harry Davis jumped to his feet, and Joan performed sketchy introductions, which her mother acknowledged briefly and without undue cordiality.

"I'll go down and see Mr. Field," he said, "and then come back. About seven?"

"Yes. About seven."

He smiled at them both, sketched a funny, awkward little half-bow, half-nod, and was gone.

"Really, Joan," Mrs. Field said, "inviting a young man you hardly know! Who is he? Where did he come from?"

Joan took a deep breath. "Mother," she said slowly, "we can't announce my engagement to Phil tonight. We mustn't."

Her thoughts avoided the hours that followed. The amazement, the stupefied anger, the arguments, the raised voices. The hasty consulting of Phil, and the hurt, bewildered look in his eyes. And through it all, herself standing alone, trying to explain, without daring to tell the real truth.

ONLY in Eve Topping, her best friend, had she found sympathy—and the look of unutterable relief that came to Eve's face when she heard that the engagement was off, told her why she could count on Eve's help. Poor Eve! Well, now she knew how Eve must have felt, loving Phil and seeing him preparing to marry Joan.

The most horrible moment of all came after dinner. Joan thought she had persuaded her mother not to announce the engagement, but Mrs. Field had other ideas. Joan's sudden change of mind she diagnosed as mere school-girl nonsense, to be over-ridden with the ruthlessness it deserved; so at the end of dinner she beamingly rose and made the announcement.

Joan was watching Harry Davis' face. He had returned, jubilant because Joan's father had agreed to take him into his law office. But now, at her mother's words, she saw him go white and push back his chair, and in the babble of congratulations which followed, he got up and left the room. With that, she had the assurance she had longed for—the same wonderful

thing that had happened to her that afternoon, had happened to him as well.

But, because it had happened, he had run away. She was free of her obligations to Phil; that morning they had had it all out, and Phil had agreed to release her. "I'll always love you," he had said tensely. "Always. But I don't want to marry you if you don't love me." They wouldn't make any announcement about the engagement being broken, they had decided; instead, they would simply let it be known after a few weeks, among their friends,

that it had ended, by mutual consent.

Sitting there, listening to her father's fumbling attempts to comfort her, she thought bitterly that freedom had come too late.

She stood up. "Please, Daddy," she said, "I think I'll go home. I'm tired . . . I'd rather not talk any more, just now."

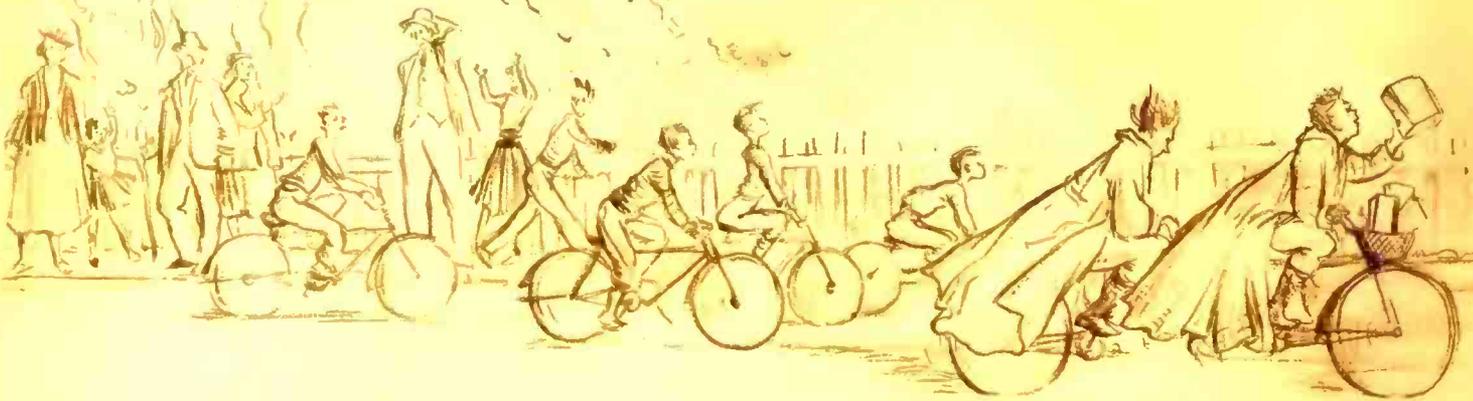
Outside, the little roadster her father had given her for her eighteenth birthday was waiting, and she drove for a while around Stanwood and then into the country, hoping that her mother would have gone

(Continued on page 4)

Suddenly they both found they were smiling, completely unaware of Joan's mother standing in the doorway watching disapprovingly.



HENRY ALDRICH AND



■ In a story as gay as the Aldrich Family broadcasts themselves, love-lorn Henry, down for Cupid's count, finally triumphs with the aid of Dizzy and a bicycle built (after a fashion) for two

HEN—RY! Henry Aldrich!!” His mother’s voice, poured with practiced pitch down the narrow basement stairs, summoned the chubby young man from the silence of a day dream which had already begun to vex his companion, a thin boy about his own age, who was industriously oiling the sprocket of a tandem bicycle upended on the cellar floor.

“Yes, Mother?” Henry’s reply was almost automatic.

“Mary and I are going to the movies. Do you and Dizzy want to come along or are you going to work on that bicycle all night?”

Henry roused his attention sufficiently to introduce a slightly offended tone to his answer.

“Have you forgotten the race is

tomorrow, Mother?” he called.

Since this at least settled the question of whether Henry cared to accompany his older sister and herself to the picture show, Mrs. Aldrich closed the cellar door again and left Henry to resume his musing.

Several times Dizzy looked up from his task, watched Henry idly turn a nut on the saddle the wrong way, started to speak and then shook his head compassionately.

To say that Henry Aldrich was love sick would be as much of an understatement as to tell a man with mumps that his jaw looked a little swollen. Henry was positively stricken. And there seemed to be no immediate cure for his condition since the object of his affection was more than a thousand miles away, vacationing in New England. As he thought of Kathleen, flying along resort roads, Henry leveled a contemptuous glance at the decrepit machine on which he and Dizzy were working.

The bicycle which lay sprawled across the cellar floor was a relic of another age. Henry Ford conceivably might have been interested in it for his collection of early American antiques. Certainly it was not a machine which might have been expected to be entered in the Centerville Home Week annual bicycle race. But a series of misfortunes had robbed both Henry and Dizzy of their more modern wheels and the tandem they were now repairing provided a gambler’s last chance at the \$50 first prize money.

But now, pondering over the fact that a fifth day had passed without a letter from his loved one, Henry’s enthusiasm over the morrow’s event had suddenly waned.

“Dizzy,” he cried, breaking his

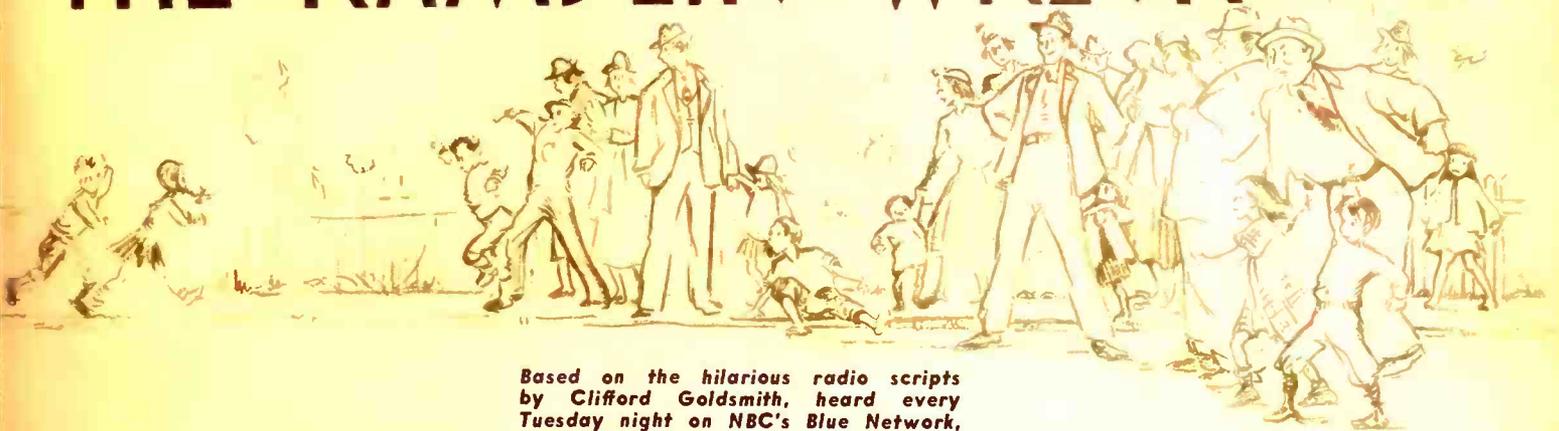


Henry, bitter rival of . . .



George Bigelow, favorite to win . . .

THE RAMBLIN' WRECK



Based on the hilarious radio scripts by Clifford Goldsmith, heard every Tuesday night on NBC's Blue Network, sponsored by Jello-O puddings. For the cast of characters, see page 71

long silence, "I'm not going in the race!"

"Oh, Henry," pleaded his friend, "you can't change your mind like that!"

"Can't I? The only reason I was going in it was so we could win the \$50 and get enough carfare to go to Kathleen's house party."

Dizzy shot a sympathetic glance at his downcast friend. "And we can still win it," he urged.

"Why should I care about going to her old house party? She promised on her word of honor to write me and I haven't had a line from her."

"She probably wrote you and the letter was lost in the mail. I heard of a girl that wrote a letter to a fellow and it wasn't delivered for

twenty years. Maybe that's what happened in this case."

"Well, I'm not going in the race!"

"Listen, Henry. You've got to. Why don't you take some of our tire money and phone her? We've got a little extra."

"She isn't worth it."

"I've got an idea. How about putting the call in and asking the operator to reverse the charges?"

"What does that mean?"

Dizzy was a little doubtful on this point. "I don't know. But I've seen my older brother do it."

"And it doesn't cost him a cent?" Henry was obviously interested.

"Not a dime."

"Who does pay for it?"

"I guess nobody does."

"Is that right?" Henry was puz-

zled but half persuaded.

"Maybe the Government does," conjectured Dizzy. There were so many things the Government paid for these days, it seemed plausible.

"Isn't that decent of them," mused Henry. His annoyance with Kathleen had vanished. "Why don't I try it? Listen, Dizzy, I'll send Father downstairs here and ask him to help you and you keep him busy until I'm through." Henry laid down his wrench and got to his feet.

"Be sure you keep him busy, while I'm phoning, now!" he admonished Dizzy from the foot of the stairs.

In the living room, Mr. Aldrich had just turned his newspaper to the latest chapter of the mystery

(Continued on page 67)



The great race, in spite of Dizzy . . .



And Henry's mother . . .



And loyal father.



■ Left to right, Maxene, Patty and LaVerne Andrews, singing stars of Glenn Miller's Chesterfield program on CBS, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

■ Vic Schoen, who writes those unique vocal arrangements . . .

By JERRY MASON

THIS is the story of two girls who risked unhappiness and ridicule for the right every American woman takes for granted: The right to love.

Their misfortune was that their names were Maxene and Patty Andrews. Because they were—and are—two-thirds of the singing Andrews Sisters, they were fair game for the newspapers. What in any other family would have been a private quarrel became, in their case, laughing headlines, ludicrous news stories, gossip columnists' paragraphs. A circus of publicity, a reporter's holiday. . . .

It could have wrecked their careers. Even more important, it could have pulled down, forever, the precious structure of the Andrews family; could have estranged Maxene and Patty from the father and mother they love—and who love them, even though they do not, al-

ways, understand them.

But Maxene and Patty stuck to their guns, through a situation which grew steadily more intolerable and at last burst into mocking headlines: "Cupid a Sour Fourth in Andrews Trio." They wanted only one thing: the right to discover—in the same way any girl makes the greatest discovery of her life—if they were really in love.

Well, you saw what determination brought them. The stories in the papers, the sensational, jocular stories. The publicity, none of it the kind any sensitive girl could find anything but distasteful, to say the least. And the Tuesday night when Patty was forced to sing alone on Glenn Miller's CBS program, while Broadway buzzed with rumors that the Andrews trio was breaking up.

All that you know about. But you don't know the why of it—the real story of two girls and their sister and their sweethearts and their parents. You don't know that story because it's the one Maxene and Patty, and to a lesser degree LaVerne, refused to tell the reporters.

But, before you can understand the drama that was played out behind the headlines, you should be given the stage-setting:

For eight years the three Andrews Sisters have been singing together in public. For most of that time they toured the country, accompanied by their mother, while their father remained in Minneapolis, where he was a successful business man. Two years ago Mr. Andrews gave up his business and joined his family in New York. The girls had not yet become famous, but they were well enough known to theater managers and night club owners to get jobs.

"I love you much too much"

■ Behind lurid headlines is a hidden drama that will find its echo in every woman's heart—the story of the Andrews Sisters who were glad to pay in heartbreak for the right to love



... and Patty, who found herself falling in love with him.



■ Lou Levy, the Andrews Sisters' manager, for whom there may be ...



... wedding bells now that Maxene is free to learn if she is in love.

They should have been happy, this family of five, in New York—particularly after tremendous success came to the three girls.

But though the girls became stars, though they became young women, to Father and Mother Andrews they remained "the children." Their children.

It's a viewpoint that is common enough even in America, and the accepted rule in the Old World; and Father and Mother Andrews still belonged, in spirit, to the Old World. He was born in Greece, she in Norway, and they did not realize that their talented daughters were wholly a product of free, individualistic America.

Not that it mattered, at first. The girls were willing, while they were in their 'teens, to accept the possessive love of their parents. They were willing to be told what to eat, what to wear, when to sleep, whom

to see. LaVerne, particularly, understood her father and mother. She was the oldest, she was closer to them, and she could always explain the wisdom of their decisions to the two younger girls.

"Daddy and Mother are right—they know best."

And, until the crisis, this was always true.

Then Maxene and Patty met Lou Levy and Vic Schoen, just as they were leaving girlhood behind, becoming women. Lou is the theatrical manager who took the girls, when they were broke and discouraged, and within a few months made them stars. Brilliantly and unfailingly, he has helped them win fame and money. Without him, they and all show business agree, they might still be almost unknown.

Vic Schoen is the boy who got them their first job in New York and who, as long as the trio sings

together, will write their unique vocal arrangements.

To cover many months in a sentence, Maxene and Patty found that they liked to be with Lou Levy and Vic Schoen. Love? It wasn't a question of that. There hadn't been time to think of love. Maxene knew only that Lou was the gentlest and most considerate man she knew; Patty that Vic was fun to be with at dances, at movies, along Fifth Avenue.

Columnists who saw the girls with Vic and Lou jumped to conclusions. "Look for a merger any day now between Maxene Andrews and her manager, Lou Levy." "Vic Schoen and the youngest Andrews are oh-so-much!"

Those were items that disturbed Father and Mother Andrews. Their first thought was that marriage would mean the end of the trio.

(Continued on page 90)

RADIO MIRROR'S
PREVIEW OF A HIT

Cut Off My Heels And Call Me Shorty

As gay as "Well All Right" and amusing as "A-Ticket-a-Ticket"—
here is a grand new novelty song for our music-loving readers,
starring the famous Andrews Sisters on their CBS broadcasts

Words and Music by
VAN ALEXANDER

(Composer of "A-Ticket-a-Ticket")

and
DON RAYE

(Composer of "Well All Right")

VOICE

Come on a-round the stand near the band, The boys and I are glad you came. Now, let's see

who I know, I'll bet dough that I can tell you all by name.

Instrumental accompaniment for the piano.

CHORUS

Shucks, there's old aunt Kate, she's a sol - id "gate" - I
 Well, hel - lo there, Jack, when did you get back? - I
 Well now, blow me down! Look who's here in town. - There's
 Yep, and there's ole Jake. Well for good - ness sake! - Boy
 Well now, bless my soul - if it ain't ole Joel! - Who
 Well now, starch my shirt! - if it ain't ole Gert! - Come

nev - er thought that chick would be out so late. Now look - a here, Kate, are you try'n' -
 thought they bur - ied you out in Hack - en - sack! Say look - a here, Jack, you can jump -
 Mai - zie o - ver there in the low - cut gown. You're look - in' good, Babe, and that gown -
 what - cha do - in' here at this ole clam - bake? You've got your boots laced, and you're here -
 ev - er cut your hair must - 've used a bowl. You say it's the style out in ole -
 on and bend my ear babe, let's have the dirt. You say you've had twins since the last -

- to be naught y? Well cut off my heels and call me short - y.
 - for an old - ie, Well shave off my hair and call me bald - y.
 - is sure "slink - y," Well steal my per - fume and call me stink - y.
 - for a quick - ie? Well flat - ten my head and call me "Iek - y."
 - Cal - i - forn - y? Well clip off my ears and call me corn - y.
 - time you've seen us? Well chop off my arms and call me Ven us.

SONG OF THE MONTH

Nobody's Children

■ Who is having the best time—Jack Benny or the children?



■ There is always one cause for which a star is never too busy, or too tired, to give of his time—the cause of needy and homeless youth

NOT to find homes for orphaned children, but to bring home to every listener one of America's most vital problems—that is the purpose of Nobody's Children, on the Mutual network every Sunday at 4:00 P.M., E.S.T. Walter D. White, who originated the program and talks to the children on the air, believes that by letting America hear the stories of underprivileged youngsters, he can awaken the interest of every community in them. And lending all their support to him are many of Hollywood's radio and screen personalities, who come to the Children's Home Society in Los Angeles to make personal appearances on the program.



■ John Payne couldn't look prouder if these two kids were his own.



■ As cute a youngster as ever graced a swing—and what more could she ask than to be swung by James Cagney?

■ Some children get acquainted with Lum and Abner—Chester Lauck (seated) and Norris Goff. Right, Walter White.





■ With two of their own at home, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell find time to romp with this group of youngsters.



■ Motion picture actress Florence Rice enjoys reading a bedtime story to two attentive listeners.



■ Gracie Allen and George Burns show three interested little ones how they make you laugh.

THE ROMANCE OF

Helen

Listen to the Romance of Helen Trent, starring Virginia Clark, on weekdays at 12:30 P. M., E. S. T., over CBS, sponsored by Edna Wallace Hopper and Louis Phillippe Cosmetics.

The story:

THERE was strangeness in Helen Trent's first meeting with Drew Sinclair, the dynamic young production head of Sentinal Studios. He had seen the costumes she had designed for "Heaven on Wheels," and now, months after that picture had been released, he was offering her the job of costuming his own new film, "Fashions of 1939." It was only toward the end of their conference that a chance remark made it plain that he had been trying to get in touch with her for weeks, and had been led to believe by his secretary that she was out of town. Helen told him the truth—that she had been in Hollywood all the time—and he summarily dismissed the secretary, who made no explanation of her conduct. Sandra, Sinclair's wife, also made an attempt to warn Helen against taking the job, but Helen disregarded her. For a time Helen's relations with Sinclair were very friendly, although he remained something of an enigma to her—he was so different from any other man she had ever known, and particularly different from Dennis Fallon, the gay and zestful young Irishman she had loved until he died of heart disease. Then, out of a clear sky, Drew accused her of negligence in letting an entire sequence of "Fashions of 1939" be shot with the wrong costumes. Helen could not know that Reggie Peabody, the head of the costume department, hated her because he was afraid she would eventually get his job, nor that Sandra Sinclair resented Drew's admiration of her. These two, when the opportunity arose, poisoned Drew's mind against Helen by claiming that she had mixed up the costumes on purpose, in order to delay shooting "Fashions of 1939" and thus aid a competing picture. Drew, in a fit of anger, dismissed Helen from her job.

■ Leaning above the body of a man was Drew Sinclair, staring blankly.



Trent

■ Start now, for the first time in novel form, the poignant drama of radio's lovely heroine who dared to love another woman's husband

THE platinum-blonde-and-pink secretary put the telephone back in place and said: "Mr. Sinclair will see you in just a moment, Mrs. Trent." Then she returned, abstractedly, to her typewriter.

Helen tried to sit back, to relax, but every muscle in her body seemed to be made of fine, tautly drawn wire. In her lap she felt the weight of her hand-bag—only a small bag, and not a very expensive one, but it held her future. In it was a square of paper, scrawled over with ink in an elaborate handwriting—a bit of paper for which she had paid five thousand dollars, almost her last penny.

Would Drew Sinclair believe that piece of paper? Would he believe her story—the story which she could not even tell in its entirety?

Oh, he must believe! He *must* believe what was true!

Yet—perhaps he would not. Perhaps he would say, "You tell me your signature on that sketch was a forgery. But how do I know *this* is not forged?"

Ultimately, she knew, her fate must depend upon herself alone, upon her own sincerity. Drew Sinclair, if he was to believe her story, must believe in *her*—in her integrity as a person and as a woman. She herself, not the letter, must make him believe.

The harsh sound of a buzzer broke into her thoughts. The secretary nodded, "Will you go into Mr. Sinclair's office now?"

She had dreaded the meeting with Sinclair, but she should have remembered that he was, after all, a gentleman. He rose when she came in, and indicated a chair for her, and though he did not smile there was in his face none of the anger that had been there the last time they were together.

"You said you had something important to tell me?" he asked.

"Yes . . ." How to begin? All her carefully prepared plans, to tell him the story from the first, seemed futile now, in the face of that inquiring, impersonal gaze. She opened her bag and brought out the letter. "Here," she said. "Maybe you'd better see this first."

He read it through twice, slowly and carefully, and



■ Helen halted on the threshold, a stifled scream burning her throat.

except for a slight start of surprise, without any emotion that she could see. Her heart sank. Couldn't he help, couldn't he meet her half-way?

"You'll want to know, of course, how I got that letter," she said hurriedly when he had laid the paper down on his desk. "It's a long story, but if you'll just listen . . ."

"I'll be very glad to," he said. There was about him an air of complete and utter repose, neither inviting nor repelling her story—the air of a man who is waiting to be shown.

"Do you remember Hilda Lawson, the secretary you had before I came here? You let her go—"

"I fired her," he said succinctly, "because I found out she had lied when she told me you were not in Hollywood."

"You—fired her, yes," she amended, disconcerted by his directness. "Well, she came to see me, the day after one of the trade papers carried the story that you'd . . . fired . . . me. She was almost dead from hunger. She told me Reggie Peabody had forced her to tell you those lies. He got her the job as your secretary in the first place—" Sinclair gave an almost imperceptible nod of confirmation. "—and she thought for a while she owed him some loyalty for that. He was afraid, after he saw 'Heaven on Wheels' and found out you wanted to hire me, that I'd take his job, and so he got Hilda to pretend she couldn't locate me. Then, when you found out and fired her, Reggie kept promising to get her another job, but he never did. I was simply amazed," Helen burst out in a sudden renewal of the emotion she had felt at that first interview with Hilda Lawson. "I'd never suspected Reggie of being anything but the good-hearted youngster he always seemed!"

"No," Drew Sinclair said quietly. "Neither have I." But whether or not he distrusted Reggie now, it was impossible to tell from his tone.

"Anyway," she continued, "Hilda said she was sure Reggie was at the bottom of getting me into trouble over the costumes for the night-club sequence. Thinking things over, I rather believed her, but I certainly didn't know how to prove it. I never could have proved it if Gordon Decker hadn't helped me."

"Gordon Decker? . . . Oh yes, the set designer over at Consolidated."



Reese Taylor as Drew Sinclair

■ Drew Sinclair's features were deeply carved and his hair looked as though it might be rough to the touch.

"Yes—we're old friends. I told Gordon about it, and he took me to see Frankie Messara." As always, when she thought of Frankie, she was struck by the incongruity of going to him for help—that round little man who spoke villainously bad English and had a past that was checkered with exploits frowned upon by law and order. But he had done for her what no uniformed policeman could ever have accomplished.

"We went to Frankie's night club and Gordon introduced me. Frankie said, 'Sure, he knew Reggie Peabody,' and promised to send one of his men to watch Reggie. You see, by this time we'd figured out that Reggie, or more likely someone he'd hired, must have forged my name and okay on the wrong sketch, and Frankie said that if we watched Reggie long enough we'd catch him

talking to the man who did the forging. It seemed like a terribly slim chance, and I'd almost given up hope—"

(Those endless days and nights, when no word came from Frankie Messara, when it seemed certain that the frail thread of evidence they were spinning had snapped!)

She hurried on: "—when Frankie called to say that an ex-convict named Slick Nestor had gone to Reggie's apartment, stayed about half an hour, and then gone away again. But Frankie said he knew where we could find Nestor, and—well, Gordon and Frankie and I saw him, and he confessed that Reggie paid him to forge my name."

And now she had come to the part of the story where she could not be quite frank, even though frankness would immeasurably help her own case. About Verlaine Lafferty, for instance, she could not tell Sinclair. The deception about the costumes had been carried out with Verlaine's assistance as wardrobe mistress; only two days ago, Verlaine had confessed this to her, under questioning. But there had been extenuating circumstances, and Helen believed that Verlaine was sincerely penitent, so she had agreed not to tell Sinclair, to give Verlaine another chance. Perhaps she was a soft-hearted fool, to endanger her own position by agreeing to protect someone else—and then again, perhaps she was not. It had been Helen's experience that, given trust and friendship, the hardest-bitten criminals would prove themselves worthy. And Verlaine was not, by any means, a hard-bitten criminal, but a woman who had desperately needed the money that Reggie Peabody had offered her.

She said, "Gordon Decker and Frankie Messara were both there when Nestor confessed—they saw him write that letter. Before Nestor would give it to me, I had to promise I wouldn't show it to you for forty-eight hours, to give him time to get out of Hollywood. So he's gone, but you can ask Frankie—or Gordon. They can tell you it's the truth."

"How did you persuade this Nestor to give you a signed confession?" he asked.

"He was angry at Reggie—he'd been trying, unsuccessfully, to blackmail him for more money. But I—I had to pay him, too, before he'd give it to me," she confessed.

"I see."

She was almost at the end of her self-control. Searching his brooding, intent face, trying to gain from it some hint of his belief or

(Continued on page 56)

■ Bess Johnson, heroine of Hilltop House, is a busy woman, yet she's never too tired to listen to her daughter Jane's young confidences.

Ben Pinchot

MOST mothers, following modern books, have become too modern in their relationship to their children."

Bess Johnson, lovely star of Hilltop House, sat with me in the living room of her home in New York, while Jane, her nine-year-old daughter, helped set the table for dinner.

"I'm not a 'pal' to Jane. I don't want her calling me Bess. I want her to always know me as mother, and command the respect that title infers. Too many women, in their efforts to be modern and liberal, are making a mistake by being too much of a 'pal' to their children.

"Of course, Jane and I are good companions, we go to circuses, shows, and outings together, but always as mother and daughter, not as a couple of girl friends. For I believe a parent's relationship with a child should be founded on two great principles: respect, and confidence."

Coming from Bess Johnson, I knew too, that these ideas were from the mind of a young woman

DON'T BE A *"Pal"* TO YOUR DAUGHTER

■ **Raise your children in the modern manner—but be careful not to be too modern, advises lovely Bess Johnson, radio's popular dramatic star**

who has really succeeded, really known life. For, as the former head of a large advertising agency in Chicago, she has been a success in business, as well as knowing stardom, motherhood, and marriage.

Bess is divorced now, but that wasn't as much a failure as it was a sacrifice. For several years she was happily married to Dr. Perry,

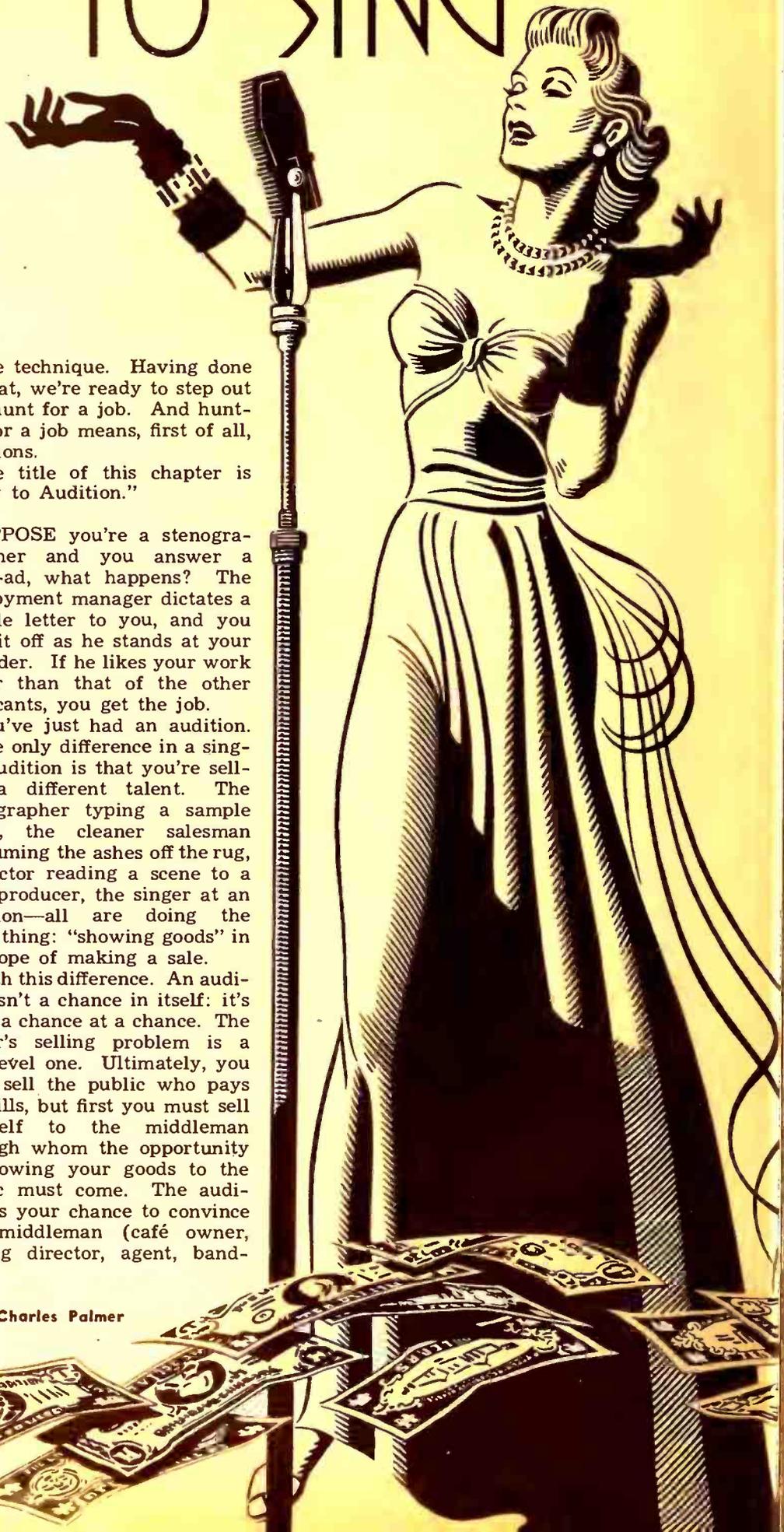
By JUDY ASHLEY

one of Chicago's leading research physicians. They had been childhood sweethearts, they had married against their parents' wishes, they had struggled happily together during those lean years when "Doc" was completing his long medical education.

Bess had worked then for him, to give him the chance to bring out the genius she knew he possessed. But when he finally arrived, when he finally attained financial security, Bess couldn't seem to get herself out of the work habit. Then, "Doc", joining the staff at the University of Chicago, spent long hours in his laboratory, poring over test tubes and microscopes, often only grabbing a few hours sleep on the little couch in his office, to be able to start work earlier the next morning.

It was a question of two people, each with (Continued on page 89)

HOW TO SING



I OFTEN wonder how many potential singing stars are never discovered, either by themselves or someone else—how many boys and girls who could be as famous and successful as today's Crosby, Vallee, Langford or Raye will never be heard from outside their own or their friends' homes. I'm willing to bet there are a great many—and the reason they'll never be heard is not lack of ambition on their part, but simply because they don't know how to go about getting recognition.

That's why I've particularly enjoyed, during the last few months in RADIO MIRROR, taking you by the hand and doing my best to show you how to go about learning to sing for money. If these articles help one in every hundred of you to get his or her feet on the first rung of the ladder of success, the paper and ink hasn't been wasted.

Now for a quick look over the ground we've already covered—though if you've just tuned in I think you should beg, borrow or steal preceding issues and read them all. We've looked over the different kinds of popular songs and selected the type that suits your voice best. We've studied our songs and learned how to "set" them for singing in public, and last month we went pretty deeply into the mysteries of micro-

phone technique. Having done all that, we're ready to step out and hunt for a job. And hunting for a job means, first of all, auditions.

The title of this chapter is "How to Audition."

SUPPOSE you're a stenographer and you answer a want-ad, what happens? The employment manager dictates a sample letter to you, and you type it off as he stands at your shoulder. If he likes your work better than that of the other applicants, you get the job.

You've just had an audition.

The only difference in a singing audition is that you're selling a different talent. The stenographer typing a sample letter, the cleaner salesman vacuuming the ashes off the rug, the actor reading a scene to a play producer, the singer at an audition—all are doing the same thing: "showing goods" in the hope of making a sale.

With this difference. An audition isn't a chance in itself: it's more a chance at a chance. The singer's selling problem is a two-level one. Ultimately, you must sell the public who pays the bills, but first you must sell yourself to the middleman through whom the opportunity of showing your goods to the public must come. The audition is your chance to convince this middleman (café owner, casting director, agent, band-

FOR MONEY

BY CHARLES HENDERSON

(WITH CHARLES PALMER)

Rudy Vallee says—"It is difficult to find words potent enough to express my enthusiasm. Even an old dog like yours truly profited from the reading."

■ **Would you be really prepared if you had a sudden call for an audition? You will, after reading this chapter of a unique series by a famous vocal teacher**

leader, radio producer, or whoever) that you are worth gambling his money on for the spot he has in mind.

What goes on at an audition? Essentially, you come in, you sing, you go out. Of course, there are a hundred different types of auditions, in as many different environments, for as many different types of singing jobs. There's the night club in the cold light of morning with the chairs up-ended on the tables and the scrubwomen listening as you run through your song. There's the advertising agency where you sit in a chromium chair while a spruce young executive with a gardenia in his lapel listens to the record you brought with you. There's the bandstand in the echoing ballroom where you step to the mike in front of the shirtsleeved rehearsing musicians and do your stuff. There's the music bungalow on the picture lot, the radio studio, the barren rehearsal hall, the empty theater stage, and what not.

There you have the scenes. Surroundings differ, standards of courtesy differ, but the routine is always the same: you enter, you sing, you leave.

Now let's imagine that you have been notified to appear somewhere tomorrow morning for an audition. What are you going to do in the meantime? Stop reading right here; lay down the book for a few minutes and make your plans.

Plans all made? Fine, but I'm afraid they're all wrong. I don't know you, I'm just playing percent-

ages. My guess is that you started laying plans for the audition itself, with hardly a thought for that intensive preparation in which the actual singing is only the final step of a series. Well, here is what I suggest.

First, find out what kind of singing your potential employer wants to buy. Second, equip yourself with that sample of your ability which best fits his needs. Let's break this down.

What kind of singing does your potential employer want to buy? In other words, for what kind of job are you auditioning? Dig into it, in case you don't already know. If it's a night club, drop in and see what the present singer is doing, what kind of a place it is, what the patrons are, and what they seem to like. If it's a radio show, what singing has been successful on similar shows in the past? If it's a band, can you catch them or drop in at a music store and run over their recordings? Maybe you're dealing with a new place or program where you can't go on form; in that case, your friends in the trade can help you. If you're show-wise you may already have picked up the information in trade gossip and stored it away against a time of need. Ask questions of your show-wise friends. "I'm going to audition for Billy Rose tomorrow, at the Casa Manana. What sort of singing does he go for?" They'll say something like, "He wants a voice that'll rock the roof, lousy with dynamics—and you'll need plenty of rhythm and

sex appeal." Now you know what you're shooting at.

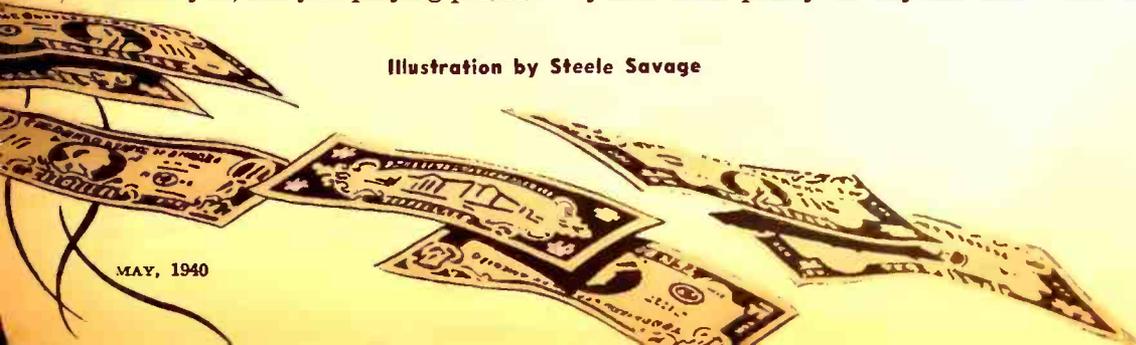
Personally, I think this is pretty obvious stuff. Apparently I'm wrong, because it's almost a novelty to have a singer (and this includes professionals, too) come to an audition with a sample that indicates the slightest advance thought.

Take a "blind" radio audition, where the singer is trying out for radio in general rather than for one specific program. Listening to the radio in the living room for a day and evening would disclose to him that practically all the solo singing is of a popular nature. If you're auditioning for the Metropolitan, or Chautauqua, or chorus work, or a church job, go ahead and sing classical. I'm not writing about that. But if you want to audition for the popular entertainment field, sing a popular song, at least for your opening number, and sing that particular type of popular song which best fits the spot you're aiming at.

Now about *choosing your songs*. In using the plural, I'm being subtly complimentary, for the fact that you are allowed to sing more than one number at an audition is a mark of real interest.

Choose a song with which your hearers should be familiar (so that they can concentrate on your handling of it), but not the smash hit of the day. The chances are that most of your competitors will pick on the latter, and not only will the judges be fed up with it, but you will invite too (*Continued on page 63*)

Illustration by Steele Savage





■ Frances Langford (kissing hubby Jon Hall behind the candles) gives one of her famous Hawaiian parties in honor of Rudy Vallee. On his right is Pat Dane, on his left are Raquel Torres, Stephen Ames.



■ Bet it's the Blondie comic strip Mr. (Dagwood) and Mrs. Arthur Lake are amused at.

Hollywood

RADIO WHISPERS

THERE was a typical Hollywood romantic mix-up at Frances Langford's luau (Hawaiian for party) honoring Rudy Vallee's new radio program. Ken Murray and Nancy Kelly, reported to be engaged, were both there—Murray with Mary Healy and Miss Kelly with Irving Cummings, Jr.

Jerry Colonna, the "Oomph" man of Hollywood, was given that build-up to promote extra publicity about him: His sponsors were considering dropping him, but the Oomph campaign put him over on top again!

Hollywood, indeed, was shocked to learn of the "midnight elopement" of bandleader Artie Shaw and glamour girl, Lana Turner. Lana had been engaged to Attorney Gregg Bautzer and had had a date with him on the very day she eloped with Shaw. Persistent gossip has it that the marriage will not help Miss Turner, because of the ill-feeling Shaw recently created when he intimated

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to Fisher Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon and Saturday night over Mutual that all "jitterbugs" were morons.

That fancy whistling heard intermittently on the Crosby programs is not done mechanically, or by a bird imitator, but by Bing himself. It is never planned that way, and John Scott Trotter, the band leader, has no advance warning. When he hears Bing whistling, he softens his orchestra so the instruments will not overshadow him. Whistling has been one of Crosby's favorite diversions for years. He discovered that he was a whistler quite by accident ... or by the necessity once present-

ing itself. In the old days when he was a vocalist with a band, he had to sing without a copy of the song before him. Once he forgot the lyrics. To cover his error, he began whistling as fancily as possible. The audience liked it. And he's done it intermittently ever since.

Although both the King's Men and the Jim Jordans knew each other by reputation, the quartet members and the comedy team had never met until the singers reported at rehearsals the other week for their first appearance on "Fibber McGee and Molly."

"Well, I've never met you," commented Ken Darby, leader of the King's Men, "but we certainly like your swimming pool."

(Continued on page 78)



**RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR**

■ We knew he couldn't stay away much longer from his first love—radio. And so we welcome Don Ameche back to his own show. Beginning on April 5th, you'll be hearing him over the NBC-Red network, at 10 P.M., E.S.T.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE

Haunted

It was a strange kind of violence—seemingly without motive or purpose, and disturbingly surrounded by a sort of theatricality, as if the legend of the cave had suddenly struck back at unbelievers with proof of its reality.

But nothing had been quite normal about that weekend, except, perhaps, the perfectly natural male reason for Ellery Queen's presence in Professor Collins' luxurious and isolated mountain cabin. Nikki was there, had been for nearly a week, and what good is a beautiful secretary when she is up in the mountains, writing letters to you about a cave full of ghosts who moan at night until the very pine trees shake with apprehension?

Ellery had, therefore, stopped all pretense of doing any work without Nikki's inspiration and set out to spend the weekend near her and then bring her back to New York. His father, Inspector Queen, and the mountainous Sergeant Velie had decided to come along because, they said, they didn't believe in ghosts and would like to see one in action.

The general idea had been for Ellery's party to stay at Tecumseh Lodge, a few miles from the Collins cabin, but upon arrival they found

themselves overwhelmed by the bouncing hospitality of Professor Collins and his wife, and almost before they knew it were installed in three superbly comfortable guest rooms. For Nikki's reports of the casual acquaintances who had whisked her away from Tecumseh Lodge in the midst of her vacation were not exaggerated; they maintained a mountain cabin that more nearly resembled a French chateau.

It was when, just before dinner, everyone gathered in the spacious, many-windowed main room, that the first fantastic note was struck. Colin Montague and Alex Lewis, it seemed, intended to make a scientific investigation of the haunted cave.

"Ghosts!" rumbled Sergeant Velie from behind an upraised cocktail glass. "Nuts!"

Laura Montague, with the serious intensity only eighteen-year-olds can summon, cast a disapproving look at him. "Don't talk that way, Sergeant. There *are* ghosts, you know."

"She's her father's daughter," Colin Montague said approvingly. "Our family's always had a healthy respect for the supernatural."

Ellery lit a cigarette and spoke around the curling smoke. "You're an expert in psychic research, aren't you, Mr. Montague?"

Montague was a bluff, red-faced man of fifty years or so, dressed youthfully in white flannels and a green sport jacket. His colleague, Alex Lewis, looked rather more like a serious psychic investigator. He was little and wizened and serious, and he wore a suit of wrinkled flannel.

"Oh, I wouldn't say an expert—" Montague began modestly, at which Lewis gave a scornful snort.

"Nor would I," he observed. "Montague, you're a gullible idiot. The way you were taken in by that ectoplasm mumbo-jumbo in Seattle."

Montague leaned forward in his chair, and added a degree or two of red to his complexion. "I sup-

pose you wouldn't have been fooled, too, Lewis!" he said hotly.

"I?" The little man, too, was showing signs of anger. "Don't be silly! Why, you remember how I exposed that gang of fake mediums in Nashville! But you were all ready to—"

Montague threw himself back so heavily his chair creaked. "Lewis," he stated, "you're a fool!"

Collins held up a placating hand. "Gentlemen, gentlemen!" He smiled around at his guests. "That's the way it's been with these two, Mr. Queen, for twenty years. Bitter enemies. Yet they'd cut the throat of anyone else who attacked either's reputation!"

Sue Collins said: "You know, Mr. Queen, Mr. Montague has probably the largest and most valuable library on psychic phenomena in the world."

"Lucky dog!" Lewis grumbled. "He's got books I'd give my right arm for!"

"And you two gentlemen are up here," Ellery asked, "to investigate the ghostly nature of the so-called haunted cave back of Professor Collins' house?"

"We intend," Montague said pompously, "to conduct a scientific experiment."

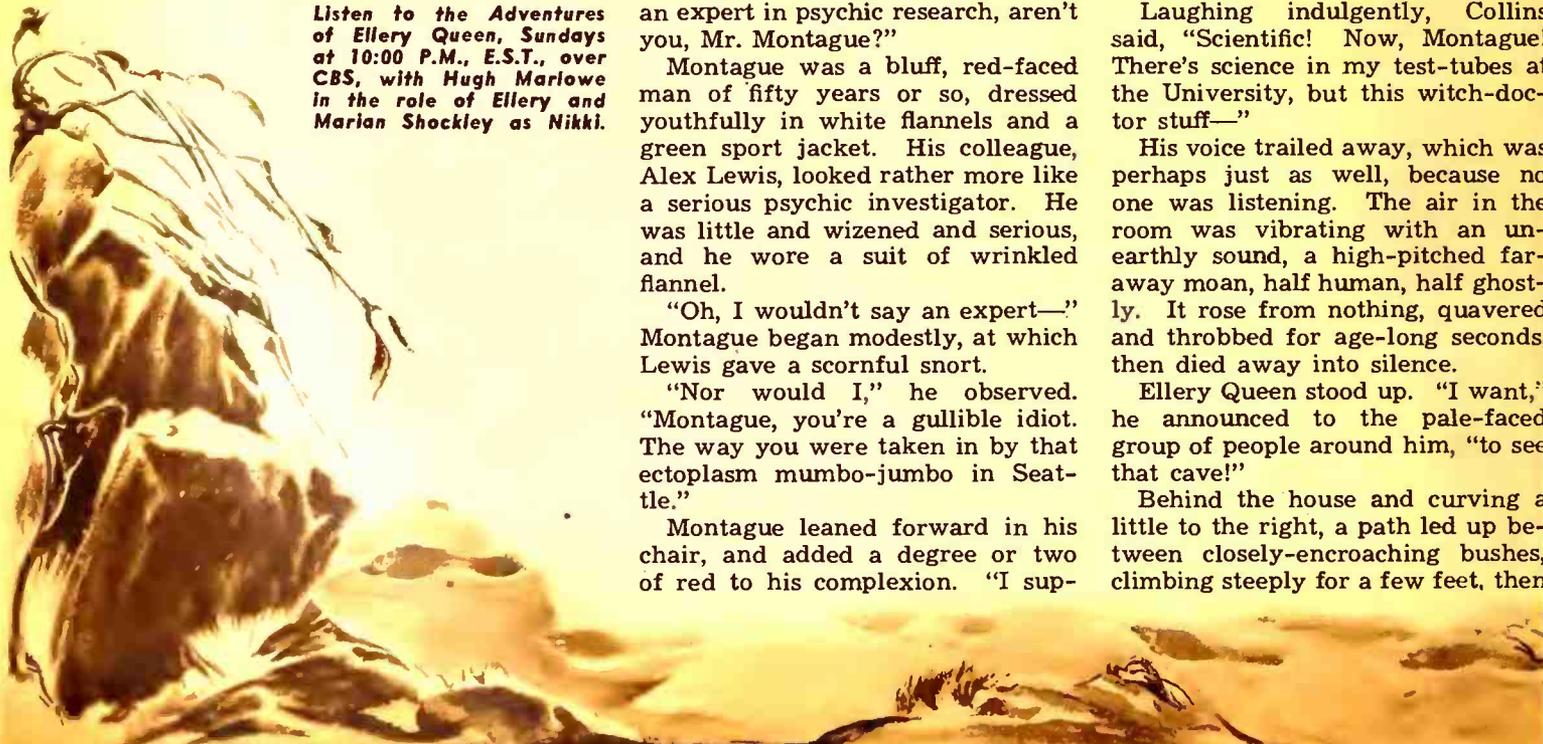
Laughing indulgently, Collins said, "Scientific! Now, Montague! There's science in my test-tubes at the University, but this witch-doctor stuff—"

His voice trailed away, which was perhaps just as well, because no one was listening. The air in the room was vibrating with an unearthly sound, a high-pitched far-away moan, half human, half ghostly. It rose from nothing, quavered and throbbled for age-long seconds, then died away into silence.

Ellery Queen stood up. "I want," he announced to the pale-faced group of people around him, "to see that cave!"

Behind the house and curving a little to the right, a path led up between closely-encroaching bushes, climbing steeply for a few feet, then

Listen to the Adventures of Ellery Queen, Sundays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T., over CBS, with Hugh Marlowe in the role of Ellery and Marian Shockley as Nikki.



CAVE

■ Can a 100-year-old ghost commit murder? Presenting—an **ELLERY QUEEN MYSTERY** with all the romance and chills of this famous detective's popular radio program

levelling out just before it reached a sandy clearing. On the other side of the clearing was the cave—a small opening in a mass of rock that completely crowned the crest of the mountain. To right and left of the huge boulder, cliffs fell sheerly away for fifty feet or so.

Ellery, the Inspector, Sergeant Velie, Lewis, Montague and Collins stood on the edge of the clearing, looking across it in the gathering darkness toward the opening of the cave. The feminine section of the party had elected, rather understandably, to stay in the house.

The moans had stopped; Lewis remarked fretfully that they *always* stopped as soon as anyone came near the cave to investigate.

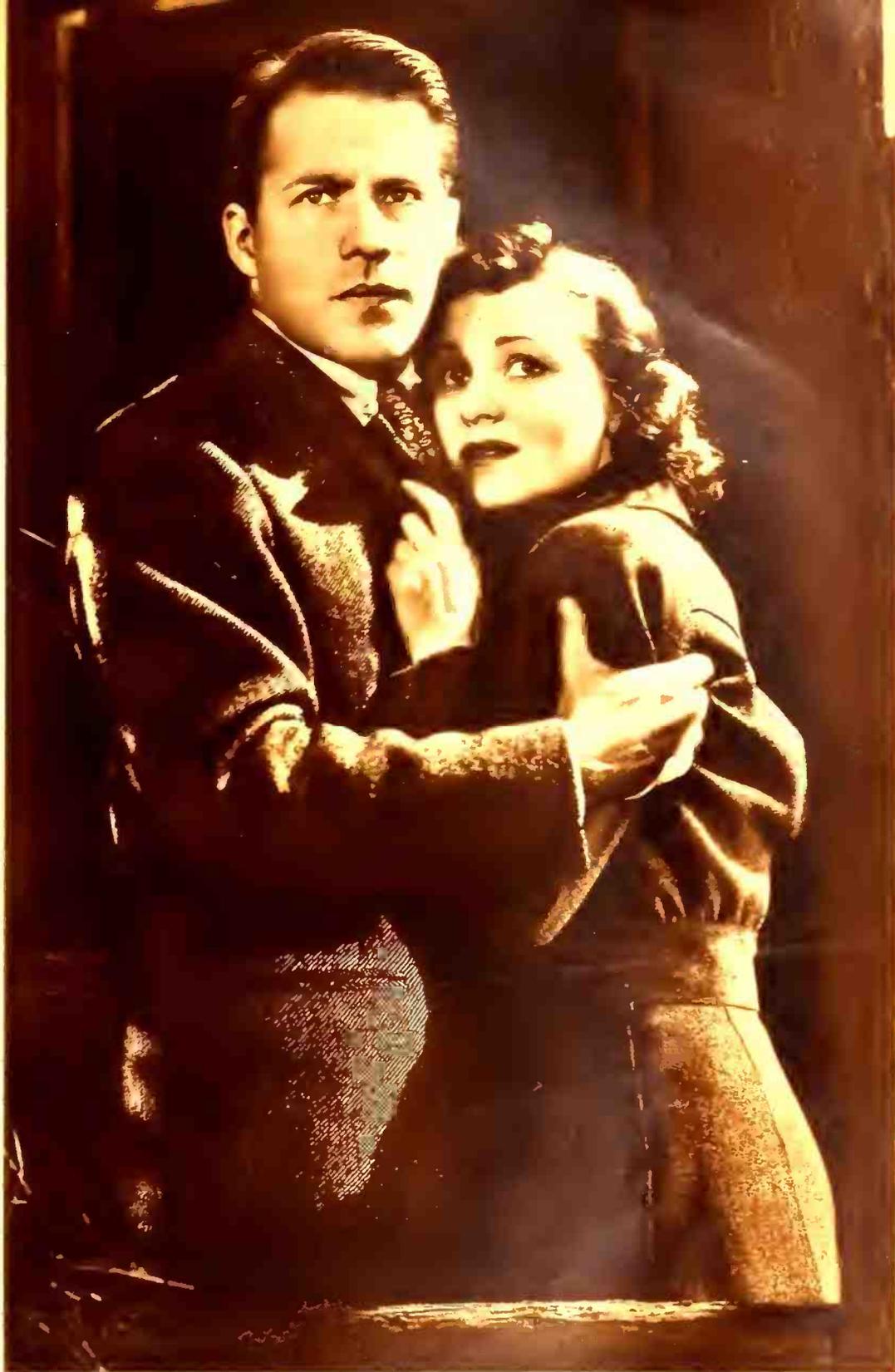
"Well," said Ellery, "suppose we look into the cave."

"Just a minute." Inspector Queen held up a hand and cocked his bird-like head to one side. "Isn't that some one coming?"

A crackling of underbrush behind them sent a tingle up and down Ellery's spine. He whirled, and saw a huge, ungainly figure looking in the shadows like something out of prehistoric time, coming toward them.

Then Professor Collins laughed. "Oh, it's only Old Gabriel Dunn—an old backwoods character who lives in a shack down the mountain-side. . . . Hi, Gabe!"

The approaching figure, now that it was identified, lost its terrifying



■ Nikki screamed and threw her arms around Ellery's neck. For a moment they stood there, tense, while the ghostly wail rose and throbbed.

character and became a tall, shabbily dressed and heavily bearded old man. "Hi, Perfessor," he said in a voice like the creaking of a rusty hinge. "You hear them moans, too? Strangler's getting mighty rambunctious lately."

"You believe in that hogwash, too?" Velie asked disgustedly.

Old Gabe looked him up and

down calmly. "Man gets to believin' a lot o' things livin' up here alone in the mountains, Mister," he replied.

"Just what is the story of the Strangler and the cave?" Ellery inquired.

"Some mountaineer, Mr. Queen," Montague said pompously, "is supposed to have lured wayfarers

into the cave and strangled them for their money. More than a hundred years ago, all this happened. Then he threw the bodies into the lake—you'll see that there's a natural opening in the wall of the cave, like a window, looking over the lake."

"Yes, sir," Gabe said. "An' ever since them folks he murdered keep moanin', like you heard."

"Nonsense, Gabe!" Professor Collins beamed cheerfully. "It's simply the wind blowing through the natural formation of the rock, making a moaning noise."

Gabe simply looked at him; and Lewis and Montague snorted.

Ellery, followed by the rest of the party, walked across the clearing to the entrance, which was closed by an unlocked door of heavy oak.

THE interior, lit by Ellery's pocket torch, was completely bare—nothing but walls, ceiling and floor of solid rock. At one side was the little natural window, and when Ellery leaned out he could see the lake gleaming palely some fifty feet below.

The scientific experiment of Montague and Lewis, Ellery learned as they left the cave was scheduled for the next day. The two investigators planned to spend an entire twenty-four hours in the cave, beginning at six o'clock in the morning. They would be equipped with food and water, blankets, an oil lamp, and sound-recording apparatus.

"We're taking every precaution against the possibility that the sounds are made by a human agency," Montague said. "If it doesn't rain tonight, although it looks as though it might, we'll soak down the loose earth of the clearing just outside the cave, get it good and soft, so that anyone approaching the cave will have to walk across the mud and leave footprints."

"But you two gentlemen aren't ghosts," Ellery pointed out. "To get into the cave, you'll both leave footprints in the clearing."

"Oh, we'll go barefoot to identify our own prints," Lewis said.

Montague produced a heavy padlock, pulled the door of the cave to behind him, and locked it. "And the key," he said, patting his side, "stays in my pocket until six o'clock tomorrow morning. If you want to see us begin the experiment, gentlemen, you'll have to get up early.

It was a matter of principle with Ellery never to get out of bed before he had to, so it wasn't until a few minutes before six the next morning that he and his father and Nikki joined the other witnesses leaving the Collins house in twos and threes and staggering sleepily up the path toward the cave.

"Well," Ellery pointed out, "our two scientists won't have to soak down the clearing in front of the cave, at any rate. I woke up once during the night and heard the rain coming down like thunder."

Nikki shivered. "I kept being afraid I'd hear that moaning again."

"Probably just as Collins says—it's only the wind," Ellery reassured her. "Hello!"

For they had come within sight of the cave, and all the other members of the expedition were standing at the edge of the clearing, looking across at the cave, and talking excitedly.

"I can't imagine what's happened to Montague!" they heard Lewis fussing. "If he's gone into the cave already—"

"Daddy wouldn't do that," Laura Montague told him. "Not if he promised to go in with you."

"What's up?" Ellery asked—and stopped. For deeply imbedded in the soft mud of the clearing and leading straight across it to the half-open door were the prints of a man's bare feet.

"He's tricked me!" Lewis said bitterly. "I might have known it! His word of honor—he gave me his word of honor we'd go in that cave together. And now what's he done? Got up early and tricked me!"

"Don't you dare talk about my father that way!" Laura flashed out at him. "How do you know he made those footprints?"

"Then where is he?" Lewis demanded. Raising his voice, he shouted "Montague! Come out, you—you weasel!"

"Just a minute," Ellery said sharply. "I'm going in there—I'll circle around to the side, so as not to spoil the prints, and if anyone has to follow me, go the same way . . ."

They all fell into a shocked silence as they watched him go around the edge of the clearing, push open the door, go through it into the cave.

In a moment he was out again.

"Dad! Velie!" he called in a voice that trembled a little. "Come in here—quick!"

Laura Montague screamed once—a high wail of foreboding and terror that was flung back at her by

the echoing mountains.

"Nikki," Ellery called, "you take Laura and Mrs. Collins back to the house. Please!"

Colin Montague lay on the stone floor of the cave. He had been strangled to death. And his footprints, which later measurements proved could only have been made by his bare feet, showed plainly that he was the only human being who had walked across the clearing.

"But look at the marks on his throat!" Inspector Queen murmured after a brief inspection. "The main welts are in the front, with the thumb-prints at the back of the neck, pointing upwards!"

Sergeant Velie expelled a breath of relief. "Ghosts—nuts! I've got it! This guy choked himself!"

"Rats, Velie," the Inspector snapped. "In the first place, it's next to impossible to strangle yourself with your own hands—your grip would relax automatically the second you began to go unconscious . . . and in the second place, even if you could strangle yourself, you'd naturally place your thumbs on your windpipe, in front of the neck, not at the back!"

They were still standing over the body when the door creaked open and Collins and Gabe Dunn entered. "I've told old Gabe about it," Collins explained, "and he took a look along the trail to see if he could find anything."

"Well, did you?" Inspector Queen asked the old man.

"Wa-al, not much," Gabe said, carefully averting his eyes from the man on the floor. "It's a narrow trail, an' the whole bunch o' ye trampled through there at six this mornin', so they's no footprints. But down at the edge of the woods, where ye enter the trail after leavin' Professor Collins' cabin, they's a couple o' small juniper bushes. They been crushed flat. I figure this feller Montague slipped an' fell off the trail on top o' them junipers on his way to the cave this mornin'."

"Um. Very likely," Ellery observed.

"Terrible thing. Terrible," Collins said, shaking his head slowly from side to side. Laura in hysterics—Nikki Porter, trying to console her—my own wife ill from shock—and Lewis—Lewis hasn't said a single word since this happened. He's—scared. Pale as a—as a—"

"Why don't you say it?" the Inspector asked harshly. "Pale as—a ghost!"

"It looks," Ellery said, "as if only a ghost could have killed poor

(Continued on page 81)

ONE MAN'S FAMILY

■ Continuing the fascinating series of pen portraits of radio's most popular family, the Barbours. Here is the intimate history of Clifford, the second son, who learned from a tragic early marriage that life holds more than the pursuit of pleasure

CLIFFORD BARBOUR, second son of Henry and Fannie Barbour, grew up in the post-war decade known as the age of "reckless youth." He was typical of this era in which girls were "flappers" and boys wore bell-bottom trousers.

Unlike Paul, who began championing lost causes in his youth, Cliff was on the gayer side, full of the buoyancy of the age. He went with six or seven girls in high school and delighted in giving them the impression they were not altogether safe in his company if the moon and the time and the place were in harmony.

The girls knew differently, however. Most of their mothers knew Cliff and considered him "a pretty decent kid with many fine instincts."

He was friendly as a Dobermann pup, deeply sympathetic to the other man's troubles; yet quick to anger, highly emotional, and over-indulgent in some of the pleasures he should have denied himself until later in life.

When Cliff was seven, Father Barbour's business struggles were beginning to relax. He began accustoming his family to a few of the luxuries of life.

Among these luxuries was the Barbour home at Sea Cliff, overlooking the picturesque expanse of ocean beyond the Golden Gate.

Cliff knew nothing of the family's leaner years—the years in which Paul and Hazel were growing up—and life to him was not quite so serious. He accepted the family's status as routine.



CLIFFORD BARBOUR

Illustration by B. Redey

As a child, he romped through the Barbour home enjoying life to its fullest, dived into sofas and slid down stair rails. Being red blooded, he was constantly entangled in mischief.

For dealing with these unhappy situations as they arose, Father Barbour kept a stiff-soled slipper conveniently in his bedroom. All of the five Barbour children have felt the sting of the family slipper, but it is more dominant in the memory of Cliff.

This is understandable, for Cliff's closest and almost constant companion was his twin sister, Claudia, ever willing to abet mischief and

pranks and create new problems in child psychology.

Claudia, having a feminine instinct of self-preservation, knew how to talk her way out of unpleasant situations. Consequently, more than half the punishment fell on Clifford.

The discipline had its beneficial effect in later years and Cliff, now twenty-seven, father of a motherless year-old son, is not ungrateful for the punishment his father drove himself to inflict.

Nevertheless, he occasionally shows erratic tendencies, chiefly because he is unable to find happiness.

(Continued on page 61)

The Cooking

"LET'S BUDGET"

LIMITED food budgets and leftovers! What problems these are to the housewife in her unceasing efforts to provide nourishing and varied menus. However, they are problems which can be solved if we face them squarely and with foresight, if we refuse to let them get us down but accept them rather as challenges to our ability and ingenuity to create wholesome, appetizing meals. That's why this month I've worked out menus and recipes based on leftovers and low-cost foods, which will have your family crying for more.

Let's start on the assumption that you have in your refrigerator the remains of last night's roast and browned potatoes and canned peaches. If you serve them all tonight, you think, dinner will be simply an echo of last night's meal. So back into the refrigerator until the next day go the roast and potatoes and tonight you serve instead a baked bean supper with peach tapioca for dessert.

Cooked in the old-fashioned manner, baked beans were fairly expensive when you consider the time and gas that went into their preparation. But today, with the many canned varieties on the market, seasoned to suit the most exacting taste, they are an appreciable saving in the food budget. The pot of beans

by
KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELLOR**

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



If you've some left-over peaches, here is a recipe for a Tapioca Cream to make a delicious dessert.

Dress up last night's meat leavings with a biscuit top and you have a swell dish!

Corner Says:

FOR BETTER MEALS''

shown here looks as though it had taken hours to prepare; but actually the beans came out of a can and required only half an hour's cooking time. For a personal touch, you can put in additional flavoring. To the beans pictured, we added a sauce made of two tablespoons of New Orleans type molasses, a quarter teaspoon of dry mustard and a small grated onion. The brown bread which goes so well with beans, also comes in a can.

Next time you decide on beans try this delectable way:

Beans and Beef

- 1 lb. round steak, ground
- 1 medium can baked beans
- 1 medium onion, grated
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- ½ tsp. dry or prepared mustard
- Salt and pepper to taste

Run the beans through a ricer, add the meat and the seasonings and mix well. Now, for the best meat loaf you've ever eaten, turn the mixture into a buttered casserole and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Used as a stuffing for green peppers or formed into small cakes which can be cooked beneath the broiler flame or on top of the stove, it is equally delicious.

And now back to the peach tapioca dessert.

Peach Tapioca Cream

- 4 cups milk
- ⅓ cup quick cooking tapioca
- ½ cup sugar ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 or 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. almond flavoring

Combine tapioca, sugar, salt, egg yolk and milk in top of double boiler, stirring sufficiently to break egg yolk. Place over rapidly boiling water and bring to scalding point (5 to 7 minutes), then cook for 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from boiling water. Beat egg white until it will hold its shape, fold small quantity of tapioca into beaten white and add to remaining tapioca. Cool—mixture thickens as it cools. When slightly cool, add flavoring, then chill. Serve in sherbet glasses, with sliced peaches.

Next night, go back to your leftover roast. Since meat pie with a biscuit top and curried meat served with rice are so good that I always have a hard time deciding between them, I'm giving you dinner menus based on both. As a matter of fact, they are so dissimilar that you can serve the pie one night and the curry the next.

Meat Pie with Biscuit Top

- 2 cups diced cooked meat
- 1 cup meat gravy
- 1 cup cooked potatoes, diced
- 2 medium onions, cut into quarters

- 3 carrots, diced or cut into strips
- 1 cup cooked peas (one small can)
- 1 tsp. dried celery leaves.

Salt and pepper to taste

Cook carrots and onions until tender, then combine with meat, peas, seasonings and gravy (if you have no gravy, dissolve a bouillon cube in a cup of liquid in which vegetables were cooked, or the liquid from the peas). Turn into buttered casserole and cook until heated through. While filling is heating, prepare tiny biscuits, lay them on top of the meat mixture and return casserole to the oven. Cook at 400 degrees F. until biscuits are done.

Curry

- 1 medium onion, diced small
- 1 medium apple, diced small
- 2 tbs. currants, chopped
- 2 tbs. sugar 2 tbs. vinegar
- 1 to 2 tbs. curry powder
- 1 tbl. cornstarch
- 1 cup cold water 3 cups milk
- 2 cups diced cooked meat

Cook onion, apple and currants in butter until onions are tender, but not brown. Stir in one tablespoon sugar and the vinegar and mix well. Combine remaining tablespoon sugar with curry powder and cornstarch, and make into thin paste with one cup cold water, and stir into cooking mixture. When well blended, add milk gradually, stirring constantly. When sauce is smooth, add meat and heat through. In making curry be sure to use a low flame, otherwise liquids will evaporate too rapidly and mixture will burn.

BUDGET MENUS

DINNER NO. 1

Tomato Juice (canned)
Baked Beans* Brown Bread
Green pepper and celery salad
with French dressing
Peach Tapioca Cream* Coffee

DINNER NO. 2

Half grapefruit
Meat pie with biscuit top*
Shredded Chinese cabbage and
chopped pimiento salad
Hot gingerbread with whipped
cream Coffee

DINNER NO. 3

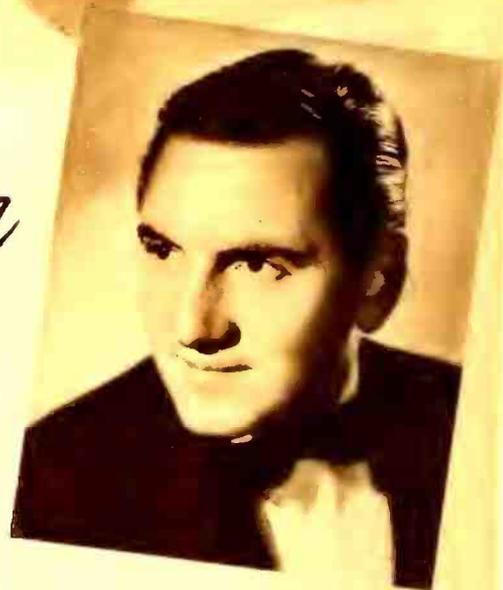
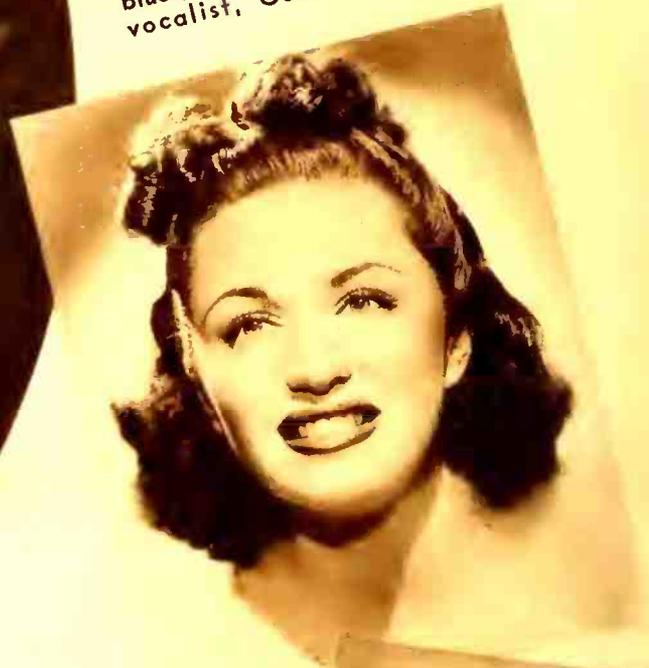
Chicken consommé (canned)
Curry* Boiled rice
Mixed green salad
Crackers Cheese Coffee
(*Recipes given here)



They're only beans, but with this new way of preparing them they're transformed.



■ Three years of struggling to build a band that would sound different are over. Meet Woody Herman, the "saviour" of the blues, left, and his attractive vocalist, Carol Kay, below.



Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

YOUNG Bobby Byrne, Jimmy Dorsey's 21-year-old trombone protege, gets the coveted Glen Island Casino engagement this Spring. This Westchester spot is a springboard for nationwide success. Glenn Miller had it last season.

* * *
Bob Allen, Hal Kemp's handsome vocalist, has forsaken the glamour girls for a Washington, D. C. co-ed.

* * *
Jack Teagarden found out that leading a band is a task. He filed a petition of bankruptcy.

* * *
Barry Wood has been renewed on your Hit Parade. Since the big baritone joined the show it has climbed steadily in audience popularity.

* * *
Jack Leonard is out of the Tommy Dorsey band and has signed with CBS.

* * *
Sweet music has cut into swing so heavily in 1940 that RADIO MIRROR

has been scouting the new soft-tempered orchestras carefully. From the fresh crop, one young crew has deserved special attention — Everett Hoagland. This band started on the coast, developed quickly, and just recently played the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Using the late Orville Knapp's technique, Hoagland has concentrated on music for dancing.

* * *
Matty Malneck returns to Los Angeles and the Beverly Wilshire, while Sleepy Hall is due to replace George Olsen's band in the Hotel Biltmore, New York.

* * *
Ben Bernie got the Hotel Taft grill spot, replete with Mutual and CBS wires.

* * *
Carol Horton has replaced Beverly in Johnny Green's fine band.

* * *
By the time you read this Orrin Tucker should be reaching you on CBS and Mutual airplanes from New

■ The music field is invaded by a new "sweet" orchestra—introducing Everett Hoagland whose band is "designed for dancing."

York's Waldorf-Astoria, and Hal Kemp coming over the ether from Chicago's Palmer House. Incidentally Kemp has been having his troubles finding an able girl vocalist ever since Nan Wynn left.

* * *
The Ozzie Nelsons (Harriet Hilliard) expect another addition to their family in April.

* * *
Through the newly formed Song (Continued on page 43)

Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III

"THE Milder THE CIGARETTE, THE BETTER—
SO OF COURSE, CAMELS ARE MY FAVORITE"



"CAMELS are so much milder," says Mrs. Vanderbilt. "In fact, that's what first attracted me to Camels—their extra mildness combined with their fine, delicate taste and the nice, cool way they smoke."

When a cigarette is as mild as Camels, you just know it's slower-burning. Camel cigarettes yield extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor!

"Every time I smoke a Camel," Mrs. Vanderbilt adds, "I enjoy it—thoroughly. Camels are gentle even to my sensitive throat. Moreover, like all Camel smokers, I welcome that extra smoking in every pack of Camels!"

Until her marriage, Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III divided her time between New York and the South. She is now making her home in Cincinnati—will soon join the summer colony on Long Island. Mrs. Vanderbilt has a piquant Southern beauty—and a Southerner's talent for gracious living. She takes pleasure in running a household, entertaining, welcoming friends "just dropping in for a chat and a smoke." She says: "My friends enjoy Camels, too. And I—well, I can smoke Camels as steadily as I please and never tire of them. They're mild—these Camels!"

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking plus equal to

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PER PACK!**



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Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

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Mrs. Guil Borden, Chicago
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., Philadelphia
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, Boston
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, Philadelphia

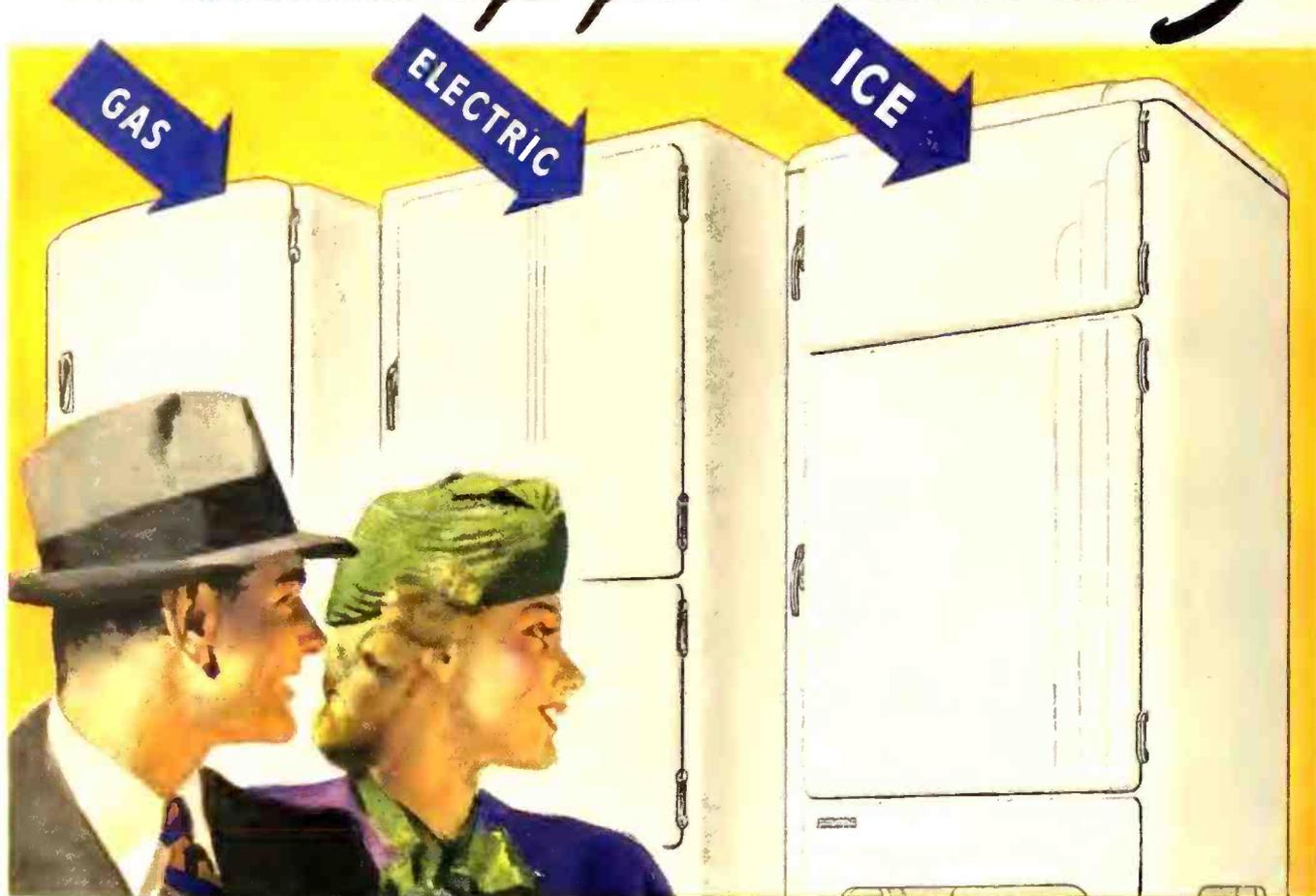
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. Malcolm E. McAlpin, New Jersey
Mrs. Nicholas Griffith Penniman III, Baltimore
Mrs. Thomas Edison Sloane, New York
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Kilian M. Van Rensselaer, New York

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CONSTANT COLD . . . melting ice automatically maintains safe low temperature throughout the entire refrigerator.

PURE ICE CUBES . . . in three to five minutes—plenty of crystal-clear cubes that do not give beverages an "off taste".

Remember — Cold ALONE is not enough!

■ Dancebands can be proud of their pretty vocalists. Left, Phyllis Kenny brings glamour to Van Alexander's band; below, Janet Blair the vivacious new singer with Hal Kemp.



Facing the Music

Continued
(from page 40)

Hit Guild, amateur writers are getting opportunities to collaborate with professional tunesmiths. The Guild is conducting a nationwide search for unknown writers. "Holy Smoke" was written by Johnny Mercer and Royal Marsh, a Boston novice. The Guild's advisory board includes Paul Whiteman, Guy Lombardo, Billy Rose and Kay Kyser.

He's Got a Right to Sing the Blues

THE Famous Door, swing sanctum on New York's jazz-laden Fifty-second Street, was host one chilly night early this year to a cluster of attentive men, seated at tables hard by the tightly-packed bandstand. As the band finished each number, the men applauded vigorously.

The slightly-built, determined young leader bowed pleasantly to the important guests, then turned slowly toward his musicians. Fifteen pairs of anxious eyes looked up at him. Woody nodded his head. The men knew what that meant: Woody Herman's band had finally arrived.

Those three struggling years of building a band that would sound differently from the rest were over. So were the cheap dates in whistle-stop towns, "show-me" booking agents who wanted another band just like Benny Goodman's, and a sagging bank balance that refused to go higher.

Things did happen. His new Decca record "Blues on Parade" caught on. Chicago's Hotel Sherman booked the band. By the time you read this Woody should be reaching you via NBC and Mutual from Jersey's Meadowbrook Club. A flock of choice one-night and theater engagements will follow.

"Somehow I knew it would turn out this way," said Woody, "because sooner or later the blues would be re-born and I wanted to be the proud

papa waiting outside the delivery room."

Woody has always insisted that the blues was the original form of all jazz. Darkies were singing their nostalgic or carefree blues in cotton fields when most of this country was a vast wilderness.

"People forgot what it really was," he explained, "and thought only a slow tempoed ballad was the blues expression. That's untrue. The blues can be sad but it can also be happy and spirited."

Had Woody Herman decided to give up his attempt to bring back the blues, his days of prosperity might have come quicker. But Woody never had much use for imitations.

Show business was always his heritage. His father used to sing with the White City Four, a vaudeville quartet. But in 1914, the year Woodrow Herman was born in musical Milwaukee, his father realized it was time to go into a more promising field. He heroically chucked the profession he loved and got a job in a shoe factory. Otto Herman is still in the shoe business and has been with the Nunn Bush company for twenty-five years.

But Woody's father never forgot the theater. When his son was seven, he could master the entire repertoire of the late White City Four. A year later Woody was whisked into a theatrical agency. The booker was looking for a freckle-faced moppet who could impersonate Wesley Barry, the Mickey Rooney of his day.

The agent carefully observed Woody and said, "He may not act as good as Wesley but he's got more freckles. Will you take \$75 a week?"

Woody didn't like the idea of copying anybody but he aped the movie "Penrod" four months. On the tour he was accompanied by his mother and a tutor.

When his friend Al Mack, a pianist,

suggested that Woody chuck the stage for a job in Joe Lichter's Milwaukee band, parental objections were not too loud. Woody's freckles had faded. He didn't resemble Wesley Barry any more.

AFTER a few years of band baptism, Woody joined Tom Gerun's band in Chicago's Granada night club. Shortly before this job, Woody had enrolled for one semester at Marquette University's music school.

"But it was no go," recalled Woody, "I was sixteen and thought I knew it all. I figured I could teach Marquette a few things."

Gerun's band also gave employment to several other promising youngsters. The saxophone player was Al Morris. You know him as Tony Martin. The girl singer was Ginny Simms. Gerun was an able bandsman but he passed up one good bet. He let Woody and Ginny handle the vocal chores. He kept Tony Martin behind the sax.

Like most musicians, Woody was restless, eager to get ahead, and find a band most suited to his particular style of playing. He drifted from Gerun to Harry Sosnik in 1933, from Sosnik to Gus Arnheim one year later. Finally in 1935 he switched to Isham Jones' famous band.

When Jones brought his band to New York in 1935, it was ranked among the best. The elderly leader was making big money not only from his bandwork but from song writing. The boys in the band also did well, averaging about \$150 a week. Woody was quite content and had no ambitions to lead his own band.

"I figured I'd let the other fellow have the headaches."

But Jones was tired. He had saved his money. In 1937 he broke up the band, leaving a lot of able musicians temporarily unemployed.

(Continued on page 53)

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

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Those amazing Maylan Sisters—Peggy Joon and Marianne.

Tune-In Bulletin for March 31, April 7, 14 and 21!

March 31: Marian Anderson, the great colored contralto, sings tonight on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00 . . . The Mutual network broadcasts a program from Venezuela at 2:00 as part of its Salute of the Americas series.
 April 7: Charlie McCarthy broadcasts from New York tonight—NBC-Red at 8:00 . . . Edno Best and Thomas Mitchell co-stor on the Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00.
 April 14: This is Jack Benny's busy day. He's scheduled for his own show on NBC-Red at 7:00, and far the Screen Actors Guild broadcast on CBS at 7:30 . . . Mutual offers a round-up of prospects for the coming baseball season at 8:00 tonight.
 April 21: Tonight's is the lost Screen Actors Guild program, CBS at 7:30 . . . Richard Crooks is guest stor on the Ford Hour.

ON THE AIR TODAY: The Moylan Sisters, on NBC-Blue at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Thrivo Dog Food.

You might as well get acquainted with Marianne and Peggy Joan Moylan right now, because you're going to be hearing about them for the next twenty years. Being just seven and five years old respectively, they're getting on early start on fame. Right now, unless you live in the Eastern time zone, or own a long-distance radio receiver, you get a chance to hear them only on their guest-starring appearances (so far, they've appeared with Fred Allen and Alec Templeton and on We, the People), but it's only a matter of time—something they've got a lot of.

Marianne and Peggy Joon are really amazing, because they're natural-born singers. They've never had a minute's vocal instruction in their lives, and aren't going to have, if their mother and father can help it. Father Joseph Moylan, a musically talented engraver for Bulova Watches, teaches them harmony, but he never tries to tell them how to sing.

It all began when Marianne was four and a half, and Peggy Joan two and a half. They were playing on the floor of their home in Sog Harbor, Long Island, one day, listening to a quartet on the radio. Marianne remarked, "We can do that too. I'll take the upstairs part, and

you take the downstairs part, Peggy Joon." And they did, singing along in perfect harmony with the radio. Mr. and Mrs. Moylan were astounded, and so were the people who put on a children's program over a local New York station, a few weeks later. Marianne and Peggy Joon have been singing on the air ever since, and this season they've had their Thrivo sponsored program.

They're the least self-conscious radio stars you ever saw, and that's due to the good sense of their father and mother. Both are deeply religious—they attend the Academy of the Sacred Heart of Mary in Sog Harbor, commuting to New York on Sundays—and they believe what their mother told them once: "Your voices were given to you by God to make other people happy, and if you ever get to thinking you're better than anyone else, He can take them right away again." Singing isn't work to them, and neither is memorizing the words and harmony of the three hundred-odd songs they already know by heart.

They're tremendously fond of each other, and hold hands while they sing, or put their arms around each other's waists. If Mrs. Moylan punishes one of them—and she occasionally does—she might as well punish them both, the unspoked one takes it so much to heart.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

TED WEEMS—who must think he has radio's smartest band, since he invites you to send in questions the boys can't answer musically on this afternoon's Beat the Band program, NBC-Red at 6:30. Ted has been leading a band ever since radio's pioneering days. He was born in Baltimore, is six feet tall, has blond hair and blue eyes, and is married. He plays the trombone, but once studied violin.



Eastern Standard Time

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

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Toni Gilmon, Bess Flynn and Donald Cook of Life Begins.

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

April 1: It's April Fool's Day, and of course the networks will take notice of the fact with some special programs.

April 8: The candidate who was nominated for President by the Socialist Party speaks today over Mutual at noon . . . The National A.A.U. Boxing Tournament is on NBC tonight at 10:00.

April 15: Here we go, baseball fans! The first ball game of the season is on the networks this afternoon—certainly Mutual and maybe CBS and NBC—between Washington and Boston. The game's in Washington, and President Roosevelt tosses out the first ball . . . Kote Smith's on her way to Hollywood, so she does her noonday CBS broadcast today from Omaha.

April 22: Have you listened yet to Light of the World, which has taken Betty and Bob's place on NBC at 2:00? It's the story of the Bible.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Life Begins, on CBS at 11:15 A.M., E.S.T. (rebroadcast at 11:30 A.M., Pacific Time), sponsored by Campbell's Soups.

Most dramatic radio serials go on the assumption that a woman older than thirty-five isn't glamorous, and so can't be the heroine of a romantic story. But Bess Flynn, who writes and acts in Life Begins, discovered by looking at her fan mail that many, many women wrote in asking for advice on the problems of the woman who is in her forties. And so—Bess conceived the idea of this serial, and convinced a sponsor that it would be popular.

Mortha Webster, the character played by Bess, is a woman in her early forties who comes to the big city for a job, foils to find one, and eventually becomes housekeeper for the Craig family.

Life has begun all over again several times for Bess. She was born Bess McAllister in Toma, Iowa, and from the time she was in her teens toured the country in stock and legitimate drama road shows. Then she married Charles P. Flynn, also an actor, and settled down to raise a family. When the depression came in 1931, Bess tried to get her ten-year-old son, Charles, a job in radio to help out the family pocketbook. She was more successful than

she'd hoped—she not only got a job for Charles but one for herself as well. For the next three years she was heard in several serials, The Gumps, Over at the Hooperns, and Pointed Dreams. In 1934 she made up her mind to write a serial herself, and Bachelor's Children was the result. That was in Chicago, and Bachelor's Children is still broadcast from there, while Bess lives in New York, writes it and Life Begins, and acts in the latter.

Charles, now nineteen, is still in Chicago, where he plays the part of Jack Armstrong in the serial of that name. John, seventeen, is a student of Notre Dame, and Mary, sixteen, goes to a girls' school.

Bess dictates all her scripts, pacing wildly up and down the room, moaning, laughing, crying, hectoring, shouting, all as the dialogue directs. Dictation makes her restless, so in the midst of it she is quite likely to play with her dog, water a plant, play a hand of solitaire, or thumb through a book, still dictating.

The other members of the Life Begins cast are Ray Collins as Mr. Croig, Carlton Young and Jimmy Donnelly as the two Croig boys, Winfield and Dick, Toni Gilmon as Virginia, Betty Philson as Lucy, and Donald Cook as Lloyd Crawford, the romantic leading man for Toni.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

PAT O'MALLEY—who will convulse you tonight on the Alec Templeton program with his dialect monologue. Pat is an Irishman, went to college in London, and organized a band in his undergraduate days. After college, the band held together for a while, then Pat became a night club singer until Jack Hylton discovered him and brought him to America. It was over here that he first began his monologues.



Complete Programs from March 27 to April 25

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

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Ona Munson studies the script over Boss Robinson's shoulder.

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

April 2: Duke Ellington's band opens at the Show Box in Seattle, and you'll be hearing it play over CBS . . . Will Bradley and his orchestra close at the Famous Door in New York . . . Postmaster Farley talks on Mutual today at 11:15 P.M.
 April 9: For a good-humored and sometimes funny quiz program, with questions that aren't too hard, try Battle of the Sexes, on NBC-Red at 9:00.
 April 16: New York City starts its baseball season today, and all networks will be on hand to watch and tell you about it . . . Kate Smith, still headed westward, stops at Salt Lake City long enough to give her noonday chat over CBS.
 April 23: Jimmie Fidler broadcasts his last program tonight over CBS at 7:15. When we went to press nobody seemed to know whether he'd be back on the air right away or stay off for the summer.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Ona Munson, Edward G. Robinson's co-star in Big Town, on CBS at 8:00, E.S.T. (rebroadcast to the West at 8:30, Pacific time), and sponsored by Rinso.

If Fred Allen were to have Ona Munson as a guest star on his program, he'd certainly introduce her as The Person You Never Expected to Meet, because she doesn't want to be a star. Now, many Hollywood actors and actresses who aren't stars say that, but Ona is one girl who proved it, at least once in her life. A few years ago she was one of the reigning favorites of the musical comedy stage. She gave it all up and found herself a job in a stock company, so she could learn to act. "I knew I'd gone as far as I could in musical comedy," she explains. "As long as I was a singer and dancer nobody would take me seriously as a dramatic actress. So the only thing to do was quit and start in all over again, at the bottom."

About the same time she left musical comedy and began to learn to act, Ona and her husband, Eddie Buzzell, were divorced. She doesn't say it in so many words, but the inference is pretty plain that Eddie's disapproval of her plans was one thing that led to the divorce. She hasn't married again, but she would if the right man came along.

Now Ona lives in Hollywood, where she is under contract to no studio and takes parts in pictures that look interesting to

her. You saw her (or if you haven't you will) as Belle Watling, the fancy lady of "Gone With the Wind." Actually, Ona doesn't look much like the voluptuous Belle. She's blonde and tiny and delicate, whereas Belle was red-haired and big and husky.

Ona got the part of Lorelei in Big Town entirely on her own. When she auditioned, she read the script into a microphone and her words were recorded on a record that was labeled with a number—no name or other means of identification at all. Similar records of all the actresses trying out for the part were sent to advertising agency officials in the east, and were played for them one after the other. When Ona's went on the phonograph every man in the room sat up. They picked Ona because, as one of them expressed it, "We all felt as if we'd like to take her out on a date."

Like many Hollywood folks who come to New York once or twice a year, Ona leads a double life. In Hollywood, she goes to bed at nine and gets up at six, seldom sets foot in a night club, almost never touches liquor, and plays squash for recreation (Ona is, as far as she knows, Hollywood's only woman squash player). In New York, during the three or four weeks she spends there a year, she stays up until dawn, haunts the Stork Club and "21," and returns to Hollywood in a state bordering on nervous collapse.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



RUTH BAILEY—who plays Rose Kransky, the problem daughter, in *The Right to Happiness*, on CBS this afternoon at 1:30, E.S.T. Ruth made her theatrical debut as a dancer when she was ten, but her father said that was too early and made her go back to school. Later she appeared in Cleveland Playhouse productions and then went to Hollywood. She didn't become a star, but she treasures a remark made by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., that she has the makings of a great actress. Moving to Chicago, she went into radio, and intends to stay. She is an amateur airplane pilot, and her greatest extravagance is formal clothes.

At Atlanta's World Premiere

An Ardent Horsewoman, Nancy often rides along the road which winds through long-leaf pines, magnolias and Spanish hayonets on the picturesque Southern estate.

In Hall of the spacious Calhoun mansion, "Tryggvesson," on lovely old Pace's Ferry Road, Nancy and friends prepare to leave for the premiere.

Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.

She was a Belle of the Ball

We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

QUESTION: So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for me! Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."

-She wrote it up

**-BOTH ARE
SOUTHERN BEAUTIES
-AND BOTH HELP KEEP
THEIR SKIN LOVELY
WITH POND'S**

Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the Atlanta Journal column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.

Before the Premiere—Atlanta was alive with parties—Susan Medlock interviews guests on "new" 1860 gowns at buffet supper, while Mammy's serving old Georgia punch—"sillihuh."

In a Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-CVE, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

Lady Esther says Won't you please help your

"NEW-BORN SKIN"

To Keep Its PROMISE of NEW-BORN BEAUTY for you?



Careful! Your new skin depends on *you* to help remove those tiny flakes of older skin that can "smother" your new-born Beauty!

EVERY TIME the clock ticks—every time you breathe—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will make its bow before all the world—in new glory and new glamour, *if you will do your part!*

Why let your new skin be "born under a cloud," asks Lady Esther—when it *can* be flattering—*can* make you look a little younger, fresher, lovelier? Yes, each coming generation of your skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin beclouding your complexion today—concealing the glory of your new skin!

For those tiny flakes of worn-out skin are the thieves that steal your beauty. Feel with your fingertips *now* the little rough spots they leave on your face. They can make you look older, for they keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—give you a lifeless, drab complexion!

My 4-Purpose Cream *permeates* those flakes. Soothingly and gently it whisks them all away—loosens embedded impurities—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—helps your skin to be smoother—lovelier—*younger-looking*.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

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

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

Then try my face cream *at my expense*. Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look *lovelier* day by day. See the *glamour* of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your *Accent on Youth!*

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

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)
LADY ESTHER, 7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
8:00	8:00	8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
8:00	8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: News
8:05	9:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
8:05	9:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	9:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00	9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
8:00	9:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:05	9:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	9:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
8:30	9:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Cadets Quartet
8:45	9:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
9:00	10:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
9:00	10:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
9:30	10:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
9:45	10:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Midstream
9:45	10:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
10:00	11:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	11:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
14:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: Life Begins
10:15	11:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
10:15	11:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
1:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Rosa Leo
10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
14:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45	11:45	11:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Art of Living
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Rangers Serenade
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: The Chase Twins
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
12:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: How Do You Know
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Girl Interne
14:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
1:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
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1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
3:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
3:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Smith's Ed McConnell
3:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Young Widdor Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	6:15	CBS: Billy and Betty
4:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Irene Wicker
2:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
2:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	6:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
5:15	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
3:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: News
3:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: The Guest Book
6:05	6:05	7:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
6:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN
6:45	6:45	7:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	7:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	7:15	8:15	NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
6:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Vox Pop
4:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: One of the Finest
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Ask it Basket
8:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Musical Americana
4:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: George Jessel
9:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Strange as it Seems
7:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Joe Penner
9:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Those We Lov-
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Rochester Philharmonic
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: TOWN MEETING
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUS'IC HALL

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ ZaSu Pitts as Aunt Mamie with "Big Sister" Alice Frast.

Tune-In Bulletin for March 28, April 4, 11, 18 and 25!

March 28: *Those We Love*, NBC-Red at 8:30, broadcasts its last chapter tonight, and that's that bad. Nothing has been said about its returning for another sponsor, either . . . Thomas Dewey speaks over CBS from 10:15 to 10:45.

April 4: This is your last night to hear Glen Miller playing over CBS from the Cafe Rouge of the Pennsylvania Hotel . . . Eddie Duchin opens at the Plaza, in New York, playing over NBC.

April 11: Will Osborne and his orchestra close at Casa Manana, in Culver City, California. They've been broadcasting over CBS . . . Mutual has an interesting program called *The Story of American Diplomacy*, and tonight it's about the World War. Time: 8:00 to 8:30.

April 25: On that American Diplomacy program we told you about just above, tonight's episode deals with Munich—a sore point in all diplomacy.

ON THE AIR TODAY: ZaSu Pitts, playing the role of Aunt Mamie in the CBS serial, *Big Sister*, at 11:30 A.M., E.S.T. (rebroadcast at 11:00 A.M., Pacific Time), sponsored by Rinso.

That wistful little lady in Columbia's Studio Four, eyeing the microphone so distrustfully, is ZaSu Pitts, who Eric Von Stroheim always insisted was the finest dramatic actress in America. She has been in the movies since 1917, and never has appeared on the screen, even in a small role, without bringing a delighted murmur from audiences. She is utterly without temperament or stuffiness, and has a heart as big as Radio City.

She hasn't given up movie work for radio, by any means. But she isn't under contract to any one studio in Hollywood, and when the opportunity came along to spend a few months in New York and act in *Big Sister* it sort of appealed to her, she says. Asked if she has any movie plans for the future, ZaSu doesn't commit herself. "I'm hoping," she says. "I've been hoping for twenty years."

Two days after she joined *Big Sister*, the other members of the cast were calling ZaSu by her first name, and kidding her unmercifully about her inability to get through a broadcast without "fluffing"—mispronouncing, getting involved in tongue-twisters, or otherwise making a

mistake—at least once. Fluffing is her pet nightmare, and to make things worse she usually does it on the sacred commercials, not in the dialogue of the script where it wouldn't matter so much. "Pitts the Fluff, they call me," she murmurs discursively as she wanders away from the microphone after the broadcast. As a matter of fact, she makes very few real slips. Those she does make are so slight you don't even notice them on the air, but mentally she magnifies them into monumental mistakes.

ZaSu is in New York now, of course, but she has a pleasant home in Hollywood where she lives with her (second) husband, Edward Woodall, and her two children, ZaSu Ann and Donald, both of whom are about eighteen. ZaSu Ann is her own daughter; Donald was the adopted son of Barbara LaMarr, and was adopted in turn by ZaSu when his foster mother died.

The famous hands aren't much in evidence at the microphone. Oh, they flutter a little, of course—ZaSu wouldn't be ZaSu if they didn't—but nowhere near as much as you'd expect. The mournful eyes and the tiny, downward-curving mouth are the same, though, giving the impression of a bewildered soul who finds the world just too, too much for her. A very erroneous impression, incidentally: ZaSu gets a lot of fun out of life.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

HAL KEMP—who opened with his band at Chicago's Palmer House last Thursday, and is heard tonight over Mutual in a late-hour dance program. Hal and Martha, his beautiful wife, celebrated their first anniversary a couple of months ago while the band was playing in Atlanta—the same city in which two boys in the band, Johnny Van Epps and Leo Moran, got married, and about the same time comic vocalist Jack LeMaire became a father. Hal and Martha expect an heir, too, in July. . . . You'll be interested to hear Hal's new vocalist on his program tonight. She's Janet Blair and her picture is on page 43, this issue.



THE MAIN STREET FORUM AGREES—
"Babies take to Clapp's!"



1. The Young Thing with her first baby starts it off by remarking, "I'm starting Barbara on strained foods next week. I suppose it won't matter to her which brand I buy, will it?"
 The chorus of protest rises loud and emphatic. "Oh, doesn't it?" "... why, there's all the difference—" "... if my baby could talk, he'd tell you—" "My Wallie *can* talk—he's on Chopped Foods now—and he—" One speaker finally gets the floor...



2. The energetic ex-business girl says, as she tucks a week's groceries away at the feet of her offspring, "Babies are very choosy about flavor. And Clapp's are so fresh-tasting. They seem like vegetables right fresh out of a garden. You just ought to open up all the brands of strained or chopped spinach some time and taste them yourself. Clapp's would win in a walk!"



3. The former schoolteacher who has read up on infant diet gets in a word: "Clapp's vegetables are specially raised for baby foods. Clapp's aren't ordinary canners, you know. They made baby foods long before the others, and they don't make anything else. They've spent years working with plant-breeders to develop vegetables full of vitamins and minerals and flavor."



4. The comfortable mother of four says, "Listen! It's texture, too. Some foods are too thick for a baby's tongue, and some are so thin he doesn't learn to eat. Clapp's are exactly right. And you'll be glad you started with Clapp's when your baby's older! Clapp's Chopped Foods have the same good flavors, and she'll go on to them so easily—and thrive on 'em for years!"

17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • Cereal—Baby Cereal.



12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • Junior Dinners—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Fruits—Applesauce • Prunes
 Dessert—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.



Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ May Davenport Seymour and Anne Seymour—and both are on the air.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
8:00	8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: News
8:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
8:15	8:15	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
9:00	9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
9:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:05	8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	8:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Cadets Quartet
8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Midstream
9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Woman In White
10:00	11:00	CBS: Short Short Story
10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	10:15	11:15 CBS: Life Begins
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Young Dr. Malone
10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenn's Stories
10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Dr. Daniel A. Poling
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: The CBS Twins
10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
10:20	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Lanny Ross
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Music Appreciation
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Intense
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
1:30	2:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 MBS: George Fisher
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda of Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
3:30	4:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	4:45	CBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Name It and Take It
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
6:00	5:15	CBS: Billy and Betty
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Bud Barbon
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
2:45	4:45	5:45 MBS: Little Orphan Annie
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
6:05	5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
5:30	6:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Gulden Serenaders
5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
6:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
6:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
8:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
6:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ
7:30	7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Yesterday's Children
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: This Amazing America
7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Carson Robison's Buckaroos
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
8:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: What Would You Have Done
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: What's My Name
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Don Ameche (Apr. 5)
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Bob Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Behind the Headlines

Tune-In Bulletin for March 29, April 5, 12 and 19!

March 29: Joe Louis wades into another challenger tonight, according to the schedules, and you can hear the fight over NBC-Blue at 10:00, E.S.T. The challenger is Jahn Paycheck. Bill Stern and Sam Taub do the announcing . . . Lum and Abner do their last broadcast over CBS at 7:15.

April 5: Don Ameche returns to the air tonight in his new program, sponsored by Old Gold. Be sure to listen on NBC-Red at 10:00 . . . Jimmy Dorsey's band opens at the Cafe Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania, and you can hear him on CBS.

April 12: Your Snooper just wants to remind you once more that Josef Marais and his Bushveld Music, an NBC-Blue at 7:00 tonight, make up a delightful show.

April 19: From Hollywood, Kate Smith's variety show presents Dorothy Lamour and Tyrone Power in a radio version of their new picture, "Dance With the Devil." Plus, of course, Kate's usual swell singing. CBS at 8:00.

ON THE AIR TODAY: May Davenport Seymour, playing Mrs. Allen in *Against the Storm*, NBC-Red at 11:30 A.M. and her daughter, Anne Seymour, playing the title role in *The Story of Mary Marlin*, NBC-Blue at 10:30 A.M. and NBC-Red at 3:00 P.M. (And late tonight you may hear May's son, Bill Seymour, announcing a dance program from Chicago, over CBS.)

They're remarkable people, these Seymours—which, incidentally, isn't their real name. May Davenport Seymour was the wife of the late William Stanley Eckert, whose main interest was business, not acting. She's the niece of Harry Davenport, the swell motion picture actor you saw as Dr. Meade in "Gone With the Wind" and as Louis XI in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and the daughter of William Seymour, who was a famous actor-manager in the late 1800s and early 1900s. E. L. Davenport, another famous actor, was her grandfather.

When she was sixteen, May persuaded her father to let her start acting, and for seven years she appeared in New York and Cincinnati in productions he directed. Then she fell in love with Eckert, and when they were married she promised him to give up her career. Anne and Bill were born, but when they grew old enough to go to boarding school May and her husband were separated, and she resumed her stage work. Before she'd

gone very far in it, though, she was offered the job of Curator in the Music and Theater department of the Museum of the City of New York. May didn't know anything about museum work, but she knew a great deal about the stage, so she accepted. That was fourteen years ago, and she still has the job, having built up her department from a nucleus of seven theater programs and ten photographs into one of the most complete theatrical collections in the country.

The love of acting was in Anne's and Bill's blood, and it wasn't long after they left school that they found their way into radio. Sandra Michael, who writes *Against the Storm*, is one of Anne's best friends, and when she was casting this serial she offered May a chance to audition. May accepted, and was flabbergasted and overjoyed to learn that the part was hers. She thinks it is one of the most wonderful things that ever happened to her—getting a chance to act again after she had put all theatrical ambitions aside. Playing Mrs. Allen actually isn't a paying proposition for her, because in order to make up for the time lost at the Museum she has hired an assistant there, paying him out of her own pocket, and on weeks when she isn't in every instalment of *Against the Storm* she loses money on the deal. She says it's worth it, though, just to be acting again.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



HUGH STUDEBAKER—a busy actor you're likely to meet today as Dr. Bob Graham in *Bachelor's Children*, as Charles Meredith in *Midstream*, or as Grandpa Sutter in *The Road of Life*. Hugh's first radio work was in 1928 on a Council Bluffs station, doing a song and piano act. Two years later he was Ted Malone's organist on Kansas City programs. Four years ago he came to Chicago to become one of the outstanding dramatic actors. He loves to travel but hates to drive a car or ride in an upper berth. He also hates to argue about politics. He's married, has dark brown hair, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 43)

Just prior to this disbandment, Woody and three other boys in the orchestra, Joe Bishop, Saxie Mansfield and Walt Yoder had been experimenting on a strictly blues style. They perfected it at jam sessions.

Most of the men in the band soon found other jobs, but the quartet, obsessed with their revival of the blues, decided to organize a co-operative unit.

Fortunately Woody isn't easily discouraged. Take his romantic side. For five years he played transcontinental tick tack toe with a comely CBS actress named Carol Dee. When Woody was in Los Angeles, Carol would be emoting in Chicago, or vice versa. Woody decided that the next time they met up with one another, he'd make her his wife. Woody married the girl the day the band got its first date.

THE date turned out to be New York's mammoth Roseland ballroom. It lasted seven months. People who came to the ballroom enjoyed the new band, but they might just as well have been playing on Pitcairn Island. To outsiders they just didn't exist.

Eventually the Rockwell-O'Keefe office booked them around the country in such places as New Orleans' Hotel Roosevelt and Minneapolis' Nicollet.

"I'd like to say the country went wild when they saw us," Woody continued, "but it wasn't in the books. We did fair business but most of the dancers were puzzled by the blues. They wanted their bands to play pretty much alike. I realized America's dancers were not ready for something different."

They played the Famous Door, the Paramount, the Meadowbrook, the big places, the small places, but the results were the same.

"We were the only ones with the blues," he sadly admitted.

Then late in 1939 they returned to the Famous Door. Here at least they could find solace from a handful of converts they had won over earlier in the year.

But by this time the swing critics were up in arms against the armies of copy cats. Surely there was some band due for belated recognition.

The search started and finished at the Famous Door. The melancholy phrasings, the band's dynamic brass, the kick of the rhythm section, and the warbling of Carol Kay, the tiny brunette, all merited attention. In such tunes as "Woodchoppers' Ball" and "Indian Boogie-Woogie" the critics found the inspired arrangements of Jiggs Noble and Zilner Randolph. For novelty there was Joe Bishop's fantastic flugelhorn, an over-sized trumpet that sounds like a trombone.

And beneath it all they found the blues and its saviour, Woody Herman.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Deep Night; Starlit Hour (Victor 26445), Tommy Dorsey. Rudy Vallee's old torch song is reincarnated with a handsome background in the "Marie" style. Crisp work on both sides.

Gacho Serenade; When You Wish Upon a Star (Bluebird 10570), Glenn

(Continued on page 55)

How I turned my ostrich
into a peacock!



Granny gave a party one day and I noticed my little Betty hiding like an ostrich—as if she were ashamed to be seen. Later, the poor kid told me that some of the youngsters had been joking about tattle-tale gray—they said her dress had it bad.



I was so upset, I wept. And Granny was furious. "Why wash with lazy soaps that leave dirt stuck in the clothes?" she stormed. "To get clothes really clean, just use Fels-Naptha—bar or chips!"



Well, I practically flew to the grocer's after Granny told me to switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. And tattle-tale gray dropped right out of my life! My washes are a dream since I put Fels-Naptha's richer, golden soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha on the job! Every towel and sheet so breezy-sweet and bright! Every dress so snowy-white, it's no wonder my little girl is the proudest little girl in town!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap—BAR OR CHIPS



"Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs. See how it makes the greasiest, grimeiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing. See if you don't find it the grandest bar soap you've ever tried!"

"And if you use a washer . . . try Fels-Naptha Soap' Chips. The only chips holding richer golden soap and naptha! They move dirt faster because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And my, what rich, creamy suds you get—they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder."



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	PROGRAM
8:00	8:00	CBS: Today in Europe
8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: News
8:10	8:10	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
8:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch.
8:25	8:25	CBS: Odd Side of the News
8:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Dick Liebert
8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
8:00	9:00	NBC: News
8:00	9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
8:15	9:15	CBS: Old Vienna
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: No School Today
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Cloutier's Orch.
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Rakov Orchestra
9:30	10:30	CBS: Hill Billy Champions
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Charioteers
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Betty Moore
9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Young People's Concert
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Murphy Orch.
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Hilda Hope, M.D. (off. Apr. 6)
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Country Journal
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: Education Forum
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Eastman School of Music
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Let's Pretend
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: FARM BUREAU
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Lani McIntyre Orch.
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Orch.
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Dol Brissett Orch.
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Bull Session
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Campus Capers
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: KSTP Presents
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Human Adventure
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Magic Waves
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Del Courtney Orchestra
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
3:05	5:05	6:05 CBS: Albert Warner
3:05	5:05	6:05 NBC-Blue: Johnny McGee Orch.
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Which Way to Lasting Peace
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Today in Europe
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
8:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Sky Blazers
6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Guy Lombardo Orch.
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Art for Your Sake
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Gang Busters
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Glen Gray
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Wayne King's Orch.
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Youth vs. Age
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Death Valley Days
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bob Crosby
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: ARTURO TOSCANINI
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Gay Nineties Revue

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Bert Parks and Ilka Chase broadcast from the Waldorf's Empire Room.

Tune-In Bulletin for March 30, April 6, 13 and 20!

March 30: Arch Oboler's plays, on NBC-Red at 8:00 tonight (unless they've gone to work and switched his schedule again) don't get much publicity, but you ought to listen. Famous picture stars often work on them for only a few dollars, because they like the roles Arch gives them.

April 6: There's a special Army Day program over CBS . . . On Mutual, you can listen to the Socialist Party's National Convention in Washington.

April 13: If you like stories of the Old West, Death Valley Days, an NBC-Red at 9:30 tonight, is certainly made to order for you.

April 20: A kind of sports event that isn't heard often on the air is yours for the listening today—the Washington vs. California crew race, over NBC.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Luncheon at the Waldorf, on NBC-Blue at 1:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Camel Cigarettes and starring Ilka Chase and guest celebrities, plus Paul Baran's orchestra and tenor Frank Luther.

It really is Luncheon at the Waldorf, too. An hour before you hear this program the luxurious Empire Room at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York fills up with guests who seat themselves and enjoy an excellent meal. Mostly, since this is a program aimed especially at women, the guests are feminine, but a few men sneak in for the food and the fun.

Guests of honor, whom Ilka interviews on the air, are scattered around at various tables. When air-time comes, an assistant creeps up on them with a portable microphone and they say their little pieces without leaving their tables. Ilka, however, has a microphone of her own in front of the band, with a music-stand beside it to hold her script.

When you listen to the broadcast, it all sounds very informal and spontaneous, but it isn't. The scripts are prepared by Edith Meiser, who also writes Basil Rathbone's Sherlock Holmes sketches, and the whole program—music, dialogue, in fact everything but the eating—is carefully rehearsed.

You'd like to know Ilka Chase. She's actually a great deal like her air personality—sophisticated, smartly dressed, and full of a dry wit. This is her first regular radio job, but she's well known as one of

New York's best actresses, and you've seen her in several movies. In the stage production of "The Women" she played the catty role of Sylvia, which Rosalind Russell did on the screen.

Ilka, being a brilliant actress in her own right and also the daughter of Edna Waallman Chase, the editor of *Vogue*, really dares go to the parties she tells you about on the air. Occasionally she makes news herself, as on the time when she startled people along Fifth Avenue by appearing on the street with a pair of pet lizards on a leash. She is thirty-two years old, and has been married to actor Louis Calhern, but they are divorced now.

Bert Parks, the announcer who tells you about the merits of Camel Cigarettes, is one of the youngest announcers on the networks. He was born on December 30, 1914, in Atlanta, Georgia, and landed a job singing over a Georgia station when he was sixteen. In 1933 he won an audition and joined the Columbia network. Eddie Cantor heard him one day and hired him, promoting him to the roles of stage and occasional singer, but now that Eddie's no longer on the air, Bert is back to straight announcing.

Paul Baran's orchestra makes its commercial network debut on this program. It's perfectly suited for a program like this—melodic and unobtrusive, it lets the spotlight shine on the ladies and their doings. You'll like Frank Luther's singing—not enough of it has been heard lately.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



PAUL WING—chief inquisitor of Youth Versus Age, the quiz program on NBC-Red tonight at 9:00. Paul used to be the master of NBC's Spelling Bee, and will be again when the Youth Versus Age show takes its summer vacation. He comes from Sandwich, Mass., a town noted for glass-making and whaling, but he moved to Chicago when he was a boy. He's been stage-struck all his life, and started out in vaudeville, marrying while on tour. Later, he wrote little stories for his three children, and these stories expanded into a children's radio program. A few years ago he started the Spelling Bee. Sailing is his hobby.

(Continued from page 53)

Miller. Dance music the way you want it, though some more violent Miller devotees may pout over his lack of swing.

Out of Nowhere; Body and Soul (Royale 1836), Johnny Green. Excellent renditions by the composer himself. Noteworthy piano solos.

Balalaika (Columbia 17173; 17172), Nelson Eddy. Rich, romantic and Russian are these two records that reveal a more relaxed Nelson Eddy.

Do I Love You; Indian Summer (Columbia 35337), Kay Kyser. Easy on the ears are these two Hit Parade hold-overs.

One Cigarette for Two; Rosary of Broken Dreams (Bluebird 10554), Freddy Martin. Why this band is consistently neglected is a source of worry to this reviewer. Eddie Stone, an Isham Jones alumni, sings well.

Some Like It Swing:

Blues on Parade; Love's Got Me Down (Decca 2933), Woody Herman. The most discussed swing platter of the month. A haunting operatic strain continues throughout the feverish swing pace. Herman's solo passages on alto sax and clarinet are remarkable. A must.

Rigamarole; Swamp Fire (Decca 2918), Jimmy Dorsey. A pair of standards get lavish instrumentation.

Riverboat Shuffle; Relaxin' at the Touro (Bluebird 10532), Muggsy Spanier. Right off the boat from New Orleans is this lowdown barroom exhibition.

Spring Song; Honeysuckle Rose (Columbia 35319), Benny Goodman. Sensitive swing that produces a subtle, balanced rhythm.

A Be Gezindt; Tarzan of Harlem (Vocalion 5267), Cab Calloway. The hi-de-ho hamlet tears off two incongruous sets of lyrics just for fun.

The Man Who Comes Around; Would'st Could I But Kiss Thy Hand (Varsity 8143), Will Osborne. The slide music is no match for the singing of Doghouse Jones. A novelty disk that's naughty but nice.



Only with my 12 "Magic Fingertips" can you really be sure! Send for them FREE!



ARE YOU innocently choosing the *wrong* nail polish shade? One that blends with your costume, perhaps—but not with your *skin*? Why go on guessing?

Send for my 12 free "Magic Fingertips"! Keep these priceless fashion aids in your dressing table. Consult them always. Each wears a different Lady Esther Nail Polish shade, *exactly* as it will look on your hands.

My "Magic Fingertips" tell such fascinating secrets! Try each and every shade. You'll discover instantly which shades

make your hands look whiter . . . which shades make your nails look smaller! Yes, there'll be one of my new, fashion-right shades to flatter not only each of your costume colors, but *your skin!*

Go to your favorite store, and order that shade in Lady Esther Cream Nail Polish. For only Lady Esther has the *exact* shade your "Magic Fingertips" told you to buy! Notice how smoothly my polish flows on . . . how it resists peeling and chipping for seven long days . . . gives your hands new loveliness!

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music
RADIO MIRROR Magazine
122 E. 42nd Street, New York
I would like to see a feature story about _____
I like swing bands _____
I like sweet bands _____
(Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want a direct answer.)

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

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12 "MAGIC FINGERTIPS" FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (55)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

I'M A LADY WITH A PAST!



WHY, JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO...

DON'T RUB IT IN, SUE! OF COURSE I HAVEN'T A BID TO THE CLUB DANCE. YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHAT A DUD I AM WITH THE BOYS!



OH, AMY! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AND SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH! SORRY TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS, BUT THAT'S THE ONLY REASON YOU DON'T CLICK WITH MEN!



AMY CHECKS UP...

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



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



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

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

AMY, YOU MUST TRY MY NEW FORTUNE-TELLER! SHE'S MARVELOUS!

LISTEN, SUE--AMY DOESN'T NEED A FORTUNE-TELLER! SHE KNOWS HER PAST AND PRESENT--AND HER FUTURE BELONGS TO ME!



BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

The Romance of Helen Trent

(Continued from page 28)

disbelief, she felt utterly helpless. Leaning forward a little, unconsciously holding out one hand toward him in a pleading gesture, she cried, "Mr. Sinclair, you *must* believe me! I was at fault because I didn't oversee the costumes right up until the last scene was shot—but I can't stand having you think I was so criminally careless I initialed the wrong sketch—or that I did it on purpose!"

SHE waited, but still his deep-set eyes studied her, seeming to probe the depths of her mind, of her soul.

At last he nodded. "Yes," he said. "I believe you, Mrs. Trent. I owe you a very great apology."

Even in the midst of her flooding relief, she knew that her instinct had been right. He was believing *her*, not so much the letter which she had offered him as proof. That was the reason for his long, watchful silence, his searching regard. Thank heaven it had brought him to the right conclusion!

"I trusted the wrong people," he said bitterly. "I'm sorry. But sometimes it is very hard to know. I hope you'll come back to us, Mrs. Trent—at an increased salary, of course, and as head of the costume department. Because naturally—" his mouth settled into a grim line—"Peabody won't be with us after tonight."

"I'll be very happy to," Helen said weakly. Her voice sounded far away and strange; now that the ordeal was over, she was exhausted.

What a strange person Drew Sin-

clair was! He said he believed her—yet he had been reserved, impersonal, almost as if he were secretly sorry she had proved her innocence, as if he wished he did not have to re-employ her. Not once had she felt that strong current of sympathy and understanding between them that had made former meetings so pleasant.

And then she shrugged and laughed at herself. That was all nonsense, of course—feminine nonsense, the sort of thing men meant when they said women had no place in business. Because he hadn't jumped up and down and clapped his hands, she was imagining things that weren't so.

Work! Work! From eight in the morning until eight—nine—ten at night. Helen plunged into it gratefully, offering up her energies as a sort of prayer of gratitude. Most of the costumes for "Fashions of 1939" were finished, but Reggie was gone and she now had the entire responsibility of dressing the studio's other pictures. Too, she and her elderly friend and companion, Agatha Anthony, moved to a ranch in San Fernando Valley, in the hope that the change would benefit Agatha's health, and all of her scant spare time was taken up with getting settled there.

For days at a time Drew Sinclair was only a name, a shadowy figure in the background to whom she sent sketches or memoranda. And then, late one evening, he dropped unexpectedly into her office.

"You shouldn't be working so late, Mrs. Trent," he said. "It's after ten.

Knock off now, and let me take you somewhere for a drink."

This was still another Sinclair—not the dynamic, self-assured man she had first met, nor the reserved, impersonal executive of the day she had showed him Slick's letter—but a human being whose eyes pleaded silently for companionship.

When they were settled in a booth at a nearby cafe, a quiet spot at this hour of the night, he made an effort to be gay and casual, asked after her work, complimented her on the dresses for a particular scene; but in a few minutes he relapsed into silence, lifting his glass an inch or so from the table, looking at the damp ring it had left, setting it down again.

UNCOMFORTABLY, Helen asked, "How is Mrs. Sinclair? I haven't seen her lately."

"Oh, didn't you know?" He didn't look up as he crushed his cigarette out in a chipped glass tray. "Sandra's away. She and some friends are cruising on our yacht."

"I'm sorry you couldn't go along," Helen said without thinking. "A vacation would do you good."

"Vacation? Yes, I suppose it would." He smiled, unexpectedly, and Helen felt herself blushing. "Why, do I seem to be slipping—as obviously as all that?"

"No, of course not. Only—you do seem to be worn out. I'm sorry if I was impertinent."

"Impertinent? You? To tell the truth, I *am* tired—or I was until a few minutes ago. You've revived me."

"I'm glad of that." She had meant to speak lightly, but real sincerity crept into her voice unawares, and he heard it.

"Thank you, my dear," he said. "If only—"

"If only what?" she asked when he paused.

"Nothing. I was just wondering—could you come to dinner at my place tomorrow night? I'd like to show you my—our—little boy. I think you'd get along together. Now that his mother's away, he's lonely, naturally—I'm putting this very badly, but what I'm trying to say is that there aren't many people in Hollywood I'd care to bring into my home, to introduce to Peter. . . ."

AS simply as that did Helen enter the personal as well as the professional life of Drew Sinclair. She and young Peter took to each other at once. He was small for his age, thin and delicate—the doctor had told Drew the boy had a weak heart that would improve in time—and he had Drew's own trick of fixing new acquaintances with an intent, searching gaze. Sometimes Helen would leave the studio late in the afternoon to spend an hour with Peter, returning in time to have dinner sent into the office and spend the rest of the evening over her drawing board. Or, once in a while, she took him to the ranch for a week end.

"You know," Drew said to her one Sunday when he drove out to pick up his son, "I can't thank you enough for all you've done. Peter's so much less lonely—and he's looking better, too."

"I haven't done anything, really," she protested. "He's such a darling." But she didn't go on to say what was in her mind—that she loved him because he was a part of Drew Sinclair.

Yes, it was true. She knew that now. In their few meetings in the office, in more frequent ones at Drew's home or the ranch, he had come to mean more to her than employer, more even than friend. At first his strange, changeable character had intrigued her, and to some extent it did still. Perhaps she would never fully understand him—never stop fearing him, a little, for the violence she always sensed, held painfully in check, beneath his occasional spells of moodiness and reserve.

If he were free, if Sandra Sinclair did not exist, would she even then dare to admit her love for him? She didn't know. Somewhere a voice was whispering, warning her not to love Drew Sinclair, telling her that a dark spirit like his would bring her nothing but pain.

Meanwhile, "Fashions of 1939" was finished, edited, previewed in Glendale. Drew asked her to go with him, and she sat between him and the director while the film was unrolled on the screen. There was a thrill of delight at seeing her own name, in featured type, as the picture began: "Gowns by Helen Trent." But after that . . . boredom.

She left the theater knowing that "Fashions of 1939" was an insufferably dull picture.

Drew knew it too. He was silent on the drive home, refusing all Helen's efforts to draw him out.

During the next week, Helen heard

some talk of re-takes on the picture, but then, suddenly, all this seemed to have been abandoned. It was just as well, she thought. Nothing could be done for that picture—Drew might better shelve it, forget about it. Once she would have grieved because all her beloved costumes would never be seen, but now she comforted herself with the thought that there would be other pictures, other costumes.

"FASHIONS of 1939," however, was not shelved. Taking a desperate gamble that his own judgment of it and that of his advisers might be reversed by the public, Drew released it. He lost. The critics wholeheartedly agreed that it was an uninteresting picture, and it was withdrawn from New York's largest theater after only a few days' run because it was losing money. Ironically, only Helen benefited by its release. Her costumes were the only things about the film that were praised, and two days after the New York opening an agent called her to say that another studio was willing to pay what seemed a fabulous salary for her services. She replied that she wasn't interested.

"Better think it over," the agent advised. "For a good many reasons, Drew Sinclair's headed for trouble."

"I don't think so," Helen said, smiling. But later, she wondered. What was it Reggie had said, so long ago? "Fashions" is Drew's big gold chip. . . . If he loses it, he loses everything."

When catastrophe came, it came suddenly.

Drew Sinclair was no longer pro-

"PEPSI AND PETE" . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



MAKES NICKELS GO BIG

Mrs. H. McDonald asked several of her friends in for refreshments after the movies last night. Pepsi-Cola was served along with cheese and crackers. "Delicious Pepsi-Cola certainly stole the show," she said. "And say . . . a nickel goes big when you swap it for a big 12-ounce bottle of Pepsi-Cola."



12 FULL OUNCES



"I MAKE SURE YOU GET A BIG BIG BOTTLE FOR ONLY A NICKEL!"

"I MAKE SURE IT'S PURE AND FINER TASTING!"



FIRST AID FOR "LEAN" BUDGETS. Good news for thrifty hostesses. The handy Pepsi-Cola home carton holds 6 big bottles . . . 12 big drinks. All you need for a good, big party.



If your dealer cannot supply you, fill in his name and address and mail to Dept. D3, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

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Try this ACTIVE lather facial for 30 days



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NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL. ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN REALLY CLEAN

THEN DRY THE FACE BY PATTING LIGHTLY. REMEMBER MEN ADORE A LOVELY COMPLEXION!

BARBARA STANWYCK

HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS take just a few moments —yet they give your skin protection it needs. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather leaves skin fresh and glowing. Try these facials for 30 days—during the day, ALWAYS at bedtime. See what this care screen stars use can do for you.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

COSMETIC SKIN—dullness, enlarged pores, little blemishes —spoils good looks. Use cosmetics all you like, but let Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather remove stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly.

duction head of Sentinal Studios. The news ran through the big, vaulted sound stages, in and out of offices, over Hollywood, like wildfire. A new man was being put in, to go over the organization and change it completely. Minor executives and salaried workers trembled for their jobs. Contract stars predicted to themselves that their options would not be renewed. Everyone who had been connected with "Fashions of 1939" knew that he would soon be out of a job.

WHEN Drew came home, late that night, he found Helen waiting for him, curled up in one of Sandra Sinclair's white-leather chairs. "I didn't know," she said unsteadily, "whether to come here or not. I thought you might . . . want to see me . . ."

Drew's iron control broke. "Want you!" he said, taking her outstretched hands in a grip that hurt. "All day long I've been watching the rats desert the sinking ship—pretending they never knew me. It's good to know that someone . . ."

But there was something else she had to tell him. "I've seen Peter. He's not well, so I had the doctor come."

Alarm leaped into his drawn face. "What's the matter? His heart—"

"Only a bad cold, but the doctor said he'd have to stay in bed." It was worse than that, really; the doctor had been concerned at the boy's fever, but she couldn't tell him so. Not now, when everything was going so terribly wrong. "I've just been up to see him. He's asleep, and the nurse is with him."

Drew sank down into the chair opposite Helen. "His mother should

be back soon," he said wearily. "I sent her a radiogram today, asking her to come home." Leaning forward, hands clasped and elbows on his knees, he looked like a beaten, defeated gladiator. He went on, monotonously, "I'll have to sell the yacht. . . . I may not even be able to keep this house. I should, though. It costs like the devil, but you have to keep up a front in Hollywood. I should have saved more money, but I thought I couldn't fail—"

Helen slipped from her chair. "Can't I fix you a drink? Maybe something warm—it would help you to sleep."

"No—please don't bother." He looked up and smiled. "It was good of you to wait until I got home, Helen. I'll be all right."

Somehow, she thought, it was symbolic of her relations with Drew Sinclair that the first time he had ever used her given name was in a speech of dismissal.

The next day, early, she called his house—to learn that Peter's fever was mounting and that the doctor said it was pneumonia. The dread word took on even deeper terror in Peter's case, with his weakened heart.

For three long days Helen spent most of her time at Sinclair's. Peter, in his delirium, thought that she was his mother—luckily, since Sandra was still at sea, despite repeated radiograms urging her return. On the second day, worn out from her vigil, she had a whispered conference with Drew outside the sickroom.

"If he lives—you've saved his life," Drew told her starkly. "But you can't keep this up much longer." "I'm all right," Helen said. "I can

get a little rest now—he's asleep."

Drew had a cigarette between his fingers; with a fierce, violent gesture he threw it to the floor and ground it into the carpet with his heel. "Sandra!" He uttered the name like a curse. "Why doesn't she come? She's had plenty of time—and she knows Peter is sick! I'd like to—" He stopped abruptly, the muscles of his jaw rippling beneath the skin, and for the first time Helen saw the dark and angry passions whose existence she had always suspected.

Another day, and the sun of southern California seemed to have retired behind a barrier of mist—damp, clinging, gray. The very sight of it was depressing, doubly so in the house of illness.

BUT late in the afternoon Peter rallied, miraculously: he recognized Helen and his father, and smiled; his forehead, so dry and hot a few hours before, became cooler and a little moist, and toward six o'clock he fell into a deep, untroubled sleep.

Helen and Drew, resting a few minutes later in the drawing room, found themselves talking and laughing naturally for the first time since Peter's illness. Afterwards, Helen always remembered how there was, about that brief few hours before the telephone call came, the lightness and relaxation and good-will of old friends who have gone through tense hours together.

"You deserve a celebration," Drew said. "Let's get out of the house—go to dinner somewhere."

"All right!" Helen agreed. "Nurse says Peter won't wake for hours. I know! Let me go home, then you can

drive out and pick me up, after I've bathed and dressed. Yes! I want to dress up—I want to feel gay again!"

So it was arranged. Until nine o'clock, they ate and danced, and Drew even forgot for a while, Helen thought, the failure of "Fashions of 1939," the absence of Sandra.

And then a waiter was standing over Drew, saying, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Sinclair, you're wanted on the telephone."

Drew's and Helen's glances met, with one thought—Peter!—and then he was on his feet, hurrying after the waiter.

After a few minutes that seemed interminable to Helen, he was back. "Peter's all right—still sleeping," he said quickly. "But the Coast Guard just called the house to say Sandra's yacht is twenty miles outside San Pedro harbor, fog-bound."

"Oh—then she'll be in as soon as the fog lifts!"

"That might not be for another twenty-four hours—or more." His face lit up. "I know! The yacht can't get in, but a speedboat could get out. I could run out there in an hour, and bring Sandra back!"

FOR some reason—perhaps it was premonition—Helen did not catch fire from his enthusiasm. "Can't you wait, Drew? Maybe the fog will lift in the morning."

"Why wait? And why can't you come along? We'll be back by midnight."

"Do you think I should? Peter..."

"Nurse says he's sleeping beautifully. Come on!"

This time the lingering forebodings

vanished. "All right!" she agreed.

A moment's delay while he called San Pedro and located a speedboat to take them out—and then they were driving through the fog, along the deserted, ghostly docks.

In the boat, the wind whipped their faces as they plunged into the blank, opaque wall of mist. For an hour they forged ahead, and Helen wondered how the pilot could keep his bearings in such universal darkness. Then, with dazzling unexpectedness, they had left the fog behind and were skimming over the water in bright moonlight. Half a mile away the yacht rode at anchor, lights gleaming from every porthole. When their boat was within a few yards of her, the pilot shut off his engine and coasted, and in the silence the sound of dance music rose, sweet and clear.

Drew was standing up, ready to grasp the grating of the landing stairs, before the boat had drawn up alongside. He jumped out, helped Helen aboard, and was up on the deck in two bounds.

Some people were dancing on the cleared space aft, and Drew strode toward them. One of the women, catching sight of him, called, "Drew! Darling!"

"Hello, Mimi," he said. "Where's Sandra?"

The dancers, frozen in their positions, looked at each other in awkward silence. "Why—I don't know," said the woman who had first spoken. "She was here—just a minute ago."

Helen saw Drew's eyes dart from one couple to another, saw his muscles tighten. Without a word, he turned and made for the companion-

way. Instinctively, she started to follow him, but she had gone only a few steps when she stopped.

The dance music finished its strain while the group of people stared curiously at Helen and then drifted into a murmuring knot. Helen leaned against the rail, her heart thudding in her breast. Somewhere a door slammed, violently. The little waves lapped against the side of the yacht, and a new dance tune, after some preliminary chucklings of the automatic record-player, began.

THEY all seemed to be waiting, held tight in the grip of expectancy.

Every nerve in Helen's body jerked. In the half-light, she saw the faces of the others all turned toward her, white, scared blurs. She pushed herself away from the rail and began to run—across the deck, down the companionway, her high heels clicking and slipping on the brass-covered treads. It had come from down here—that single, stinging report, like the crack of a child's firecracker. . . .

The others were behind her when she flung open a white door and halted on the threshold, a stifled scream burning her throat.

The body of a man was lying outstretched on the thick rug. Kneeling above it, staring blankly at it, was Drew Sinclair.

Has that fierce temper of Drew's led him to commit murder? What happened in the few minutes that Helen waited on deck, before the shot? Don't miss the next installment of "The Romance of Helen Trent," in the June Radio Mirror.

MARY WITBECK, LOVELY CORNELL JUNIOR, SAYS:



For Allure... get that modern natural look!

IT'S EASY WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Today women want makeup that is subtle . . . that gives complexions the natural beauty of gay, young "collegiennes." And that's what Richard Hudnut has created in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, and the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring . . . gives you that delightful, natural look that men adore!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's easy now to find the powder that is exactly right for you. Just ask for Marvelous Face Powder—the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

See how smoothly Marvelous Face Powder goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbling for hours and hours! For complete color harmony, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each, 65¢ in Canada.



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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Burgess Meredith is the master of ceremonies on The Pursuit of Happiness, Sunday afternoon on CBS.

AT the risk of incurring his wrath, we've simply got to say "Buzz" Meredith is little—but what a dramatic dynamo! His full name is Oliver Burgess Meredith and he's master of ceremonies on the Pursuit of Happiness program over the Columbia network each Sunday afternoon at 4:30 E.S.T. Only five feet seven inches tall; twenty-nine years old, he's been acclaimed as one of the most versatile, intense and brilliant of America's younger actors.

It would be much easier to list the things he hasn't done, but the story of his life is really too interesting and too varied to skip over. He started off by leading the church choir, acting in student plays and doing some reporting. He went to Amherst for a time, but lack of funds sent him on his way . . . and into the business world. He sold haberdashery and vacuum cleaners. He was a Wall Street runner, a roofing expert, a sailor on a tramp steamer. At times business wasn't very good, and there's a wonderful story Meredith tells of living for a week on an exclusive diet of cereal samples given to visitors at a breakfast food plant. Through all this, he never forgot about the oratorical contest he won while at Amherst, and was determined that some day he'd become an actor.

In 1929 Buzz was introduced to Eva LaGallienne and convincingly talked himself into a place with her Civic Repertory group. His subsequent rise was rapid, and ran the gamut from stock, barn shows and little theater groups to Broadway, Hollywood and radio. Among the various shows which acted as steps to the top were "Little Ol' Boy," "She Loves Me Not," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and his wonderfully imaginative performance in "Winterset."

He's a delight to watch on his Sunday afternoon radio show. Casually dressed, a little on the dishevelled side, and wearing his traditional broadcast hat which he tugs at con-

stantly, Mr. Meredith tackles his job with really exciting intensity.

Mrs. A. G. Castro, Lodi, Calif.: The following is the cast of The Romance of Helen Trent:

- Helen Trent Virginia Clark
- Drew Sinclair Reese Taylor
- Agatha Anthony Marie Nelson
- Gilbert Whitney William Green
- Alice Carroll Virginia Jones
- Jonathan Hayward Bret Morrison
- Mrs. Dunlop Hope Summers
- Barbara Sue Mary Frances Desmond

Miss Sally Andria, Waterbury, Conn.: Miss Elspeth Eric, former leading lady of the Joyce Jordan program is now appearing on Broadway in the show "Margin for Error." She has also been playing the role of Jane Hartford in the NBC serial "Betty and Bob."

Miss Genevieve Kryptovich, Tunkhannock, Penna.: The theme songs of the programs you are interested in are as follows:

- Just Plain Bill . . . Polly Wolly Doodle
- Our Gal Sunday The Red River Valley
- Pretty Kitty Kelly Kerry Dance
- Orphans of Divorce I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen

FAN CLUB SECTION

Miss F. Wagemaker, P. O. Box 41, Houston, Delaware, is interested in joining a Jack Benny and a Fred Allen Fan Club.

Miss Luella Brown, Wheldon Homestead, Springfield, Ohio has recently formed a Charlotte Manson Fan Club. She would like to hear from all those radio fans interested in honoring the leading lady of the "Society Girl" serial.

Miss Evelyn Bradin, 5137 Pratt Street, Omaha, Nebraska can become a member of a Lanny Ross Fan Club by writing to Miss Marian McClow, 919 Roanoke Avenue, Hillside, New Jersey.

One Man's Family

(Continued from page 37)

Down a cliff from the Barbour home, and standing against the surf, is a sea wall. Atop this sea wall Cliff and Claudia as children spent many afternoons watching the ships steam toward the open sea while they talked over the many mysteries which confront a boy and girl in pre-adolescence. Hundreds of subsequent events in their lives had their inception in conversations on the sea wall, and likewise, many of their problems have been solved there. They go there even yet, when things are not going well.

Cliff did not distinguish himself in high school, except for his gaudy clothes. Father Barbour was generous in his allowance, but he handled his money prudently.

At the University of California, he showed little change in habit, demeanor and temperament. He was a fraternity man, quite well liked about the campus.

DURING his sophomore year, Claudia eloped to Reno with another student, Johnny Roberts. For years, Cliff and Claudia had studied together at night. Now that Claudia was gone, Cliff lost interest in school. He wanted to quit.

Some years before, Father Barbour had given up hope of ever bringing Paul into his stock and bond business. Cliff was willing to enter it, if Father Barbour would allow him to withdraw from college.

Father Barbour meanwhile had become aware of Cliff's business proclivities and he consented.

A few weeks after he had been out of school, he demonstrated his ability as a business man, but he talked vaguely of becoming an actor. The family considered this more of a fantasy than an ambition. Angered when they took his ambition lightly, Cliff forced the issue.

Father Barbour dissented. It was apparent if a Barbour son was to carry on the Barbour stock and bond business after the father's retirement, that son would be Cliff.

Cliff was insistent on his stage ambition and he bitterly resisted all attempts of his father to dissuade him. The stage, Father Barbour contended, was impractical and precarious business. You work when you should be sleeping and you sleep when you should be working. And what about a home?

The argument raged for weeks. His ambition became a cause célèbre and he was not entirely lacking in sympathy within his home. Mother Barbour, Paul, Hazel and Claudia could see his side and therefore became "belligerent neutrals." In fact, they could see both sides of the disagreement.

Cliff spent his afternoons on the sea wall with Claudia, discussing ways and means of winning out in this new family crisis.

Finally, he appeared to be the victor. Father Barbour consented to his withdrawal from the firm and Cliff went out to begin his career as an actor.

During the ensuing weeks, he called often at the Barbour home. He had gotten his first stage job and the show was in rehearsal. When the family inquired as to the nature of his part in the play, he replied:

"Wait . . . I want to surprise you



FASHION DICTATES

NEW *Glamour* FOR YOUR EYES

It's a "must" in the Fashion outlook—and it's here to stay. Glamour that gives your eyes new importance with every costume you wear. All it takes is smart harmony in eye make-up. And that's easy with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Simply choose your Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in harmonizing shades . . . and notice the thrilling difference. It's fascinating to step up your beauty and style so *naturally* with Maybelline—the eye make-up that's smart because it's always in good taste.

THE EYES OF FASHION

by
Maybelline

Costumes of yellow, chartreuse, rust, brown, green, or any of the deep "Woodland" colors call for Maybelline black or brown shades of Mascara with matching eyebrow pencil. The harmonizing shades of Maybelline Eye Shadow are Brown and Green.

With blue, wine, black, fuchsia, all the purplish colors, wear Maybelline black or blue shade of Mascara and black eyebrow pencil, lightly applied. And to harmonize, Maybelline Eye Shadow in shades of Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray or Violet.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in zipper case, 75c.



Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow in dainty pastel box.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with point protector.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

**New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration**



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
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More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold... Try a jar today.

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39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE—**

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rinin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

**NEW ODORLESS* CREAM
safely REMOVES HAIR**

Nair is painless... not irritating to normal healthy skin...*no sulphide depilatory odor... economical...39¢ a tube at stores or from Carter Products, New York. **NAIR**

on the opening night."

Finally, the big night came, and the Barbours were all there, dressed as they had never dressed before.

Father Barbour seemed to encounter some difficulty in finding his son's name on the play bill.

"Look," said Claudia, pointing a lacquered nail to the seventeenth name in the program. "It says—'Second Burglar—Clifford Barbour.'"

Cliff was unable to live down this blow to his pride. After keeping the family in suspense for weeks, he had been billed as a "second burglar." Father Barbour made the most of this opportunity to ridicule the stage career of the son he so passionately wanted to become a member of his business firm.

HE invited Cliff to return to his old desk at the Barbour stock and bond house and Cliff seemed grateful.

In later years, Father Barbour has had no reason to regret the father-and-son business relationship. Cliff is thoroughly dependable.

Although faithful to the firm during business hours, he remained to some extent a gadabout. It was he who first introduced Beth Holly to the Barbours. She has never been regarded without suspicion by the family.

None of his romances had been taken seriously until he met Anne Waite three years ago. This was the beginning of what has been to date the biggest event in his life.

He was twenty-four. Anne, daughter of a professor of music at the University of California, was twenty-two. No one in the family could doubt her obvious devotion to Cliff.

She was the genuine, lovely sort of girl every mother wants her son to marry.

They were married six months later and were off on the China Clipper for a honeymoon in Honolulu. This, said the Barbours, was the world's most perfect romance.

When Cliff and Anne returned from their honeymoon, several Barbours, among them being Claudia, suspected that Cliff was unhappy.

Claudia, being Cliff's soul mate from childhood, reported the gist of the family's observations to Cliff, but he denied that anything was amiss. Claudia assumed his denial echoed wishful thinking.

At the end of the third month, Cliff suddenly informed the family that Anne had returned to her family home in Berkeley, and that she was displaying great aloofness toward him.

Cliff was visibly shaken. He came home early from the office and led

Claudia away to the sea wall, where they talked over his plight. He was still in love with Anne.

Anne's love, Cliff confided, had been a spiritual love. She had found every touch of his hand revolting and almost unbearable.

Thereafter, he was rebuffed in every attempt to see her.

Within the year, Cliff had a mysterious call from a Berkeley hospital. Anne wanted to see him. He got there too late. Anne, who had not told him that she was expecting a child, had died in childbirth.

The baby, a boy, had survived. Cliff allowed the Barbours to take the child home with the understanding that it must be kept from his sight.

He would not tolerate, he said, the presence of a baby which had been responsible for the death of the girl he loved.

The baby quickly won the hearts of the Barbours, but Cliff sternly avoided it for months. In the end, even Cliff was unable to resist its charms.

Now, Cliff's world revolves around the baby, which, still nameless, he calls "The Skipper." He plays with it for hours, enters it in baby shows and wants to turn the world upside down when it doesn't come home with first prize.

To remind Cliff it is high time the baby was being given a name, the family calls it "J. D." for "John Doe."

Cliff is going with the girls again and if he misses Anne, he keeps his troubles to himself.

ANOTHER of Cliff's aberrations popped up last winter when a red-haired, gray-eyed divorcee, Margaret Lloyd, moved into the neighborhood. Miss Lloyd assumed that his pursuit of her did not indicate genuine affection and she asked him to stay away.

In protest, Cliff sat on her door-step most of one night. The divorcee eventually had to suggest to the Barbours that they keep their son away.

Cliff continued his pursuit. But as always, the family won in the end.

The Barbours were never genuinely worried about Cliff and the divorcee. They are convinced that if "The Skipper" is to have a step-mother, Clifford will look her over very carefully.

Next month—read the interesting biography of Claudia, twin sister of Clifford and his closest and almost constant companion—the third in this unique series of pen-portraits of One Man's Family.

MIRACLES!

■ The Chicago police sent cars screaming to what had been the city's colorful underworld to handle what they thought was another riot call. But they found working there a power greater than man. You can read the details of this vivid story by Will Oursler—1000 MIRACLES A WEEK, in the May issue of the nonsectarian magazine

YOUR FAITH

AT YOUR NEWSDEALER'S

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

How to Sing for Money

(Continued from page 31)

direct comparison with the singer just before or just after you. I'd say select one of the coming hits which fits the prospective environment, has an arresting opening, and gives you the broadest opportunity to display your strong points.

Above all, avoid hackneyed numbers. Unknown songs are risky, but if you must use one (maybe you feature "special material"), make sure that it is striking, and simple enough to be easily comprehended on first hearing.

Your first, or feature, number must reveal not only your voice and its strong points, but your facility of phrasing, the clear attractiveness of your diction, and the distinctiveness of your style. The second number may demonstrate your versatility. The third should also show versatility, though it may hark back to the type of your feature as a sort of reprise; but it should be short and preferably light. If the first number is a ballad, follow it with a rhythm song, and maybe swing the third one. If the first is rhythm, follow it with a ballad to show your ability to sustain tone, and so on. The three numbers should be increasingly brief.

NOW about "routine." Verses are dangerous in auditions, so let's forget them. The principle is to "build" to a climax at the end. Therefore, if your first number is a ballad, I suggest that you do one chorus in medium tempo, have the piano play the first ending, and then repeat the second half of the chorus in rhythm, finishing up with the second ending, or even using a specially constructed "big" ending. If your first number is in rhythm all the way, take the second chorus in the same tempo, but brighten it with melodic variations, heightened pace, or some other exciting device. Following this principle of "building," you will never open with exciting rhythm or swing and slump from it into the quieter, anticlimactic ballad-style. You want to finish with your bid for applause, so plan your ending with a great deal of care, because you want applause now as much as you will ever in your professional life.

Your second number, though different in type, can follow the same sort of routine. Your third should be held to one chorus only. I'm offering these ideas as general suggestions; there are no "musts." I strongly recommend, however, that you do not let any audition number run over one minute and forty-five seconds.

Mark up the piano copy in a professional manner: perhaps a red arrow at the point where the pianist should start, and a "dal segno" sign (:f:) above the staff at the point where you begin the last half-chorus. In the upper left corner, above the verse, write your key (if transposition is necessary), the routine, the tempo and changes thereof, and whatever else the pianist needs to know. You'll go over it with him verbally, of course, but this marking saves time and avoids a possible breakup in mid-rendition. What's more, it sets you apart from the amateurs who come to the audition without anything more than a crumpled lyric, ask the pianist to play some obscure number from memory and, as the crowning touch

Does he want to kiss you?



**Smooth, tempting lips
are every man's ideal**

No man likes to kiss lips that are hidden under a coat of heavy, greasy color. Don't let *your* lips repel the man you love! Use Tangee Lipstick because it doesn't hide the softness of your lips...because it has a marvelous *cream base* that gives your lips alluring smoothness, flattering color—just the kind of lips that invite kisses!

The Natural shade of Tangee looks orange in the stick, but magically changes, when applied, to the one color, ranging from rose to red, that is most becoming to you. It doesn't blur or smear—and it *stays on!*

When you try Tangee Natural Lipstick, be sure to use the matching rouge, compact or creme. And, use Tangee Face Powder, too, to give your make-up its final, perfect touch. When you want more vivid color, ask for Theatrical Red, Tangee's new brilliant shade.

T World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

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

Check shade of powder desired:

Peach Rachel Light Rachel Dark Rachel
 Flesh Tan

Name _____
(Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ MA50

MAMMOTH 1940 CONTEST NOW RUNNING

WE WILL PAY

\$25,000.00 *in prizes*

FOR FORTY TRUE STORIES

Year after year Macfadden Publications, Inc., extends to men and women everywhere a wonderful opportunity to add handsome sums to their incomes by setting down in words true stories that have happened in their own lives or the lives of friends or acquaintances.

Already we have paid out well over \$600,000 in prizes alone for true stories and in addition we have purchased many hundreds of other true stories at our liberal word rates. Of this vast sum, a large, a very large percentage has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication.

The chances are that you have lived or observed a story that provided we can use it we would publish gladly if you would write it and send it in. Do not feel that because you have never written that you cannot write. If these other men and women had felt that way they would be poorer by perhaps a half million dollars. Simply say to yourself—"Others have done it—I can do it—I will do it."

In writing your story tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings, and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly.

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

Judging on this basis to each of the best ten true stories received will be awarded the magnificent sum of \$1,000 and to each of the next best thirty true stories will be awarded the handsome sum of \$500. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

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

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Contest closes Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

CONTEST RULES

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

- Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.
- Do not send us printed material or poetry.
- Do not send us carbon copies.
- Do not write in pencil.
- Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.
- Do not send us unfinished stories.
- Stories must be written in English.
- Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.
- Send material flat. Do not roll.

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

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

Prize Schedule

10 Prizes at \$1,000 each.....	\$10,000
30 Prizes of \$ 500 each.....	15,000
40 Prizes	Total \$25,000

Contest Rules—Continued

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

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned. You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

This contest ends Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

COUPON

RM 540

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C
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.)

of ham, ask him to help locate the proper key. I'm not fooling, it happens all the time. Obviously, the simpler your routine is, the safer.

Naturally, you will choose songs which sound good with nothing but piano accompaniment, as opposed to gingerbread special arrangements which are effective only with a full, rich band backing. Don't go in for radical changes in tempo unless you have your own accompanist. In other words, when working with the staff pianist, remember that he is seeing your arrangement of this number for the first time. For absolute safety, a strict-tempo beat is best.

And don't open a briefcase and pull out twenty dogeared copies, offering the judges a choice. It's another mark of the amateur.

Dress carefully. You'll feel more assured if you know you look your best. Smart appearance and the ability to wear clothes with a bit of a flair has an important bearing on almost any job in show business; even in radio. Dress quietly, but with smart attractiveness and distinction—something noticeably inconspicuous, if you follow me. A girl with a good figure shouldn't hide such an important asset, but she should subtly permit it to be discovered, rather than parading it in something that looks like a bathing suit with a ruffle. Avoid any appearance of being conscious of your clothes; try to achieve an air which indicates that you always dress this way.

ON the day of the audition, vocalize early to take the kinks out of your voice. Then allow yourself plenty of time all around, and thus take one more worry off your mind. By this time you are as "ready" as you'll ever be, so read a magazine, think about something totally foreign to music and careers, relax.

But once you're at the audition, bring every sense to its peak of alertness. As you enter and as you wait for your turn, register the whole scene and procedure in your mind; note the position of the piano, spot any cables or chairs you might trip over, see how your predecessors go about instructing the accompanist, getting the mike adjusted to their height, and so on. Note which is the front end of the mike and what seems to be the proper singing position for it. Last night's plans were necessarily a bit incomplete; this is the moment to bring them up to date. In short, think of everything ahead of time, and do everything as far as possible according to plan.

And now you're on. You rise and walk casually over to the piano to chat briefly with the pianist as you hand him your music and give him the necessary instruction. This is a valuable moment, for it gives you a chance to get your heart down out of your throat, and to use your voice enough to get used to its strangeness. Now that's done, you step to the mike and your piano introduction starts.

If by now you don't know how to deliver your song and how to work the mike, I've wasted a lot of typewriter ribbon. But I think you do know, and moreover, that your knowledge is so much second nature that you aren't thinking about technique at all. You are throwing yourself deeper than you ever did before into the meaning of the lyric, with a sincerity that's going to throb out of the loud-speaker in the booth, make

those judges stop talking about the fifth race and begin to look at each other with lifted eyebrows and nods of surprised approval.

Self-consciousness is the worst hurdle at an audition, and also the hardest to lick. The stage is bare and cold, there's no heartening illusion, and the whole atmosphere is one of "show me!"—or worse, of inattention. Under these circumstances the amateur invariably "plays down" his delivery; when asked why he didn't throw himself into it and put on his act, he says "I'd feel like a fool." Well, they won't. Remember "they" are in show business: they are looking at you through the eyes of their customers whom you may entertain, and they want your act done with the same fire and fervor you'll put into it when the footlights are on and the money is up. The true professional goes into his act anywhere at the drop of a hat. Every good actor (and don't think that a singer isn't an actor) has a dual personality: he's himself, talking about the weather until he gets his cue, then he goes into his "manner" as though a light had suddenly been turned on inside him. "They" will think you silly only if you fail to go into your act when the bell rings.

Of course, you will use all the rules in the book as you sing the song, but here are a few detailed pointers for auditions. Have your lyric typed or written plainly on a square of cardboard (paper crumples, rattles in a mike, blows off the stand easily, and flutters far away when dropped). Mark it with your personal "interpretation" signs. Don't try to read your music off the pianist's rack, and don't turn the pages for him. If you or he slips up, grin pleasantly and ride right over it. Mean that grin—don't let a boner throw you. Don't swallow obviously in the waits nor clear your throat loudly in the rests. Don't let a wavery start upset you, because you'll probably be all right as soon as you get underway; the judges expect a little nervousness and allow for it. Nervousness goes to the breath, so take a few deep ones during the piano introduction, and be sure you have a lungful ready to start the song with. Catch from the piano the pitch of your first note (also that of the first note after an interlude or modulation), and have the note formed in your mind before you hit it.

Here are a few things which don't make a favorable impression. A nervous laugh or giggle when addressed; a little pre-song speech, as "this is a song about a shy red fox"; an embarrassing coyness in speech or song delivery; or an air of "this'll kill you." Running the fingers around inside the collar as the piano plays the introduction; pulling down the girdle, or yanking at the stockings while standing at the mike; pulling a handkerchief apart between the fingers as you sing, tossing insinuating hips and sultry glances at the booth, or dis-

playing biological affability in any other obvious way.

A word on gestures. Use whatever gestures you feel, but keep them down and see that they don't look staged or rehearsed. Swing and sway a bit if you feel that way, and if it helps you drive over a number. But be careful not to bob or weave out of the beam of the mike, and avoid audible foot-tapping or finger-snapping.

Well, you've sung your first number and the listening Fates are pleased to let you sing your second.

Eventually the people for whom you are auditioning will say "Thank you very much." You listen anxiously, but they let it go at that. You are now free to leave at any time. You can, if you wish, foolishly ask for the chance to sing another number, but the smart move is to flip a smile and a brief "thank you" to the accompanist and the judges, and take a moment in some legitimate occupation (such as slipping on a coat, or putting your music in your bag) to give them time to decide to stop you on the way out if they want to—and then leave with no fuss or bother, not stopping to tell anybody about the cold which made your voice sound so poor today. If you have a legitimate alibi, work it in subtly and at the proper time.

If you don't click at the audition, waste no time in soreness or kidding yourself that you didn't get a proper chance. Those people are taking the time to hold an audition because they are anxious to find talent, and if you'd had what they wanted, they'd have taken you. A failure at an audition can actually be worth money to you, if you'll try to discover why you failed, and mend the fault. After a mass audition, you'll have to locate the reason by deduction. The greater intimacy of a private audition may enable you to ask the reason and get it, especially if you ask for it in a manner which convinces that you aren't trying to kick up trouble, but are honestly searching for the helpful truth.

In certain types of auditions, principally those for stage work, you'll have to learn to harden your hide, because you are going to be discussed, from bosom to bridgework with the same frank freedom as though you weren't there. Don't let it ruffle you; you are just a bill of goods to them, and there's nothing personal in it. You are getting without charge the advice of expert showmen on your particular case, and if you're smart enough to absorb it, it will be an invaluable part of your education.

Next month—all about one special and very important phase of singing for money: *How to Sing on the Air*. Learn how to project your personality without the aid of sight, how to build your own program, how to conduct yourself in that strange world, the broadcasting studio. Read "How to Sing for Money" in the June issue of *RADIO MIRROR*.



• Whoever saw a "fashion plate" with rough, chapped lips? *Smart* lips must have the smooth sheen of glossy red silk. So don't risk Lipstick Parching! Take advantage of the protection offered by Coty "Sub-Deb." This amazing Lipstick actually helps to soften... while it brightens your lips with the season's ultra-smart, ultra-brilliant colors!

THRILLING RANGE OF 9 SHADES!

You'll like the dramatic shades of "Sub-Deb" Lipsticks! Newest of many grand shades is *Magnet Red*... very dashing, very red.

Sub-Deb
SIGNALS STYLE!

Double Sub-Deb \$1.00
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OUR PARADE OF HITS—

■ Continues next month with the first publication anywhere of a new song by Glenn Miller, that young bandleader who's making music history. Sing and play "After Tonight" in the

JUNE RADIO MIRROR

Hearts Beat Faster! Pulses Throb!

Exotic is the word for Park & Tilford's famous No. 3 Perfume! This tantalizing, long-lasting scent makes you fascinating, and weaves about you a seductive spell! Brought to you by the famous house of Park & Tilford, with its 100 year tradition of truly fine quality. Try Park & Tilford No. 3 Perfume *today!* Drug, dept., 10¢ stores.

Wake up your sleeping loveliness with Park & Tilford beauty aids, preferred by the smart set *everywhere:*

FACE POWDER • LIPSTICK • ROUGE • PERFUMED DEODORANT



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PARK & TILFORD *Perfumes and Cosmetics*

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS BY HORACE BROWN

THE lady is a lady, but the lady is a "tramp," for she has "tramped" over most of the existing globe and is now like a female Alexander. The lady is Claire Wallace, highest-paid "single" on the Canadian airwaves, now on her fourth consecutive year for Bristol-Meyers, with her ultra-smart and ultra-ultra-popular "Tea-Time Topics," commercializing Sal Hepatica, Ipana, Mum, Ingram's Milk-Weed Cream, etc. You may tune to Claire's truly radiant radio voice Mondays through Fridays over CFRB, Toronto, 6:15 to 6:30 p. m., EST.

Now, how does a lady whose urge is to travel get to be the highest-paid radio artist in this broad Dominion? Well, it might be hard for some persons I could mention, but not for Claire Wallace. Not that things come easily to Claire, but to me she seems to have a gift for assembling her life and making it work the way she wants it to work. Probably the main urge was necessity. The apple of her eye and her severest critic is her fifteen-year-old son, Wallace Belfrey; and I've no doubt it was for Wallace Belfrey that she set out grimly to conquer the world, when her husband died.

Claire received some snooty schooling at Branksome Hall and St. Margarets School. It was natural, even inevitable, that she turn to journalism. Her father, William Wallace, was publisher of the Orangeville (Ont.)

Sun; a brother, Clifford, was, until recently, managing editor of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*; another brother, William, is advertising manager of the *Toronto Daily Star*. As a "sob sister" on the *Star*, Claire was grounded in her future air performances, covering such assignments as a wrestling match from the viewpoint of the predatory female, a day with a department store detective, and a story about two hundred and fifty Toronto gigolos, who responded to her sly "want ad.," etc. She then originated the *Star's* popular social page column, "Over the Teacups."

It was at this time the ferocious travelling-bug got in his dastardly worst. Sorely-bitten, Claire left the *Star* for London, England. Here she free-lanced, then worked with Mrs. Adams, noted woman commentator of the famous *Observer*. She saw history in the making, as she covered the wedding of Princess Marina and the Duke of Kent, the Silver Jubilee of King George V, and other front-page-of-the-world features. Returning to Canada, Claire plunged into advertising and magazine writing. Lady Luck tapped her forcibly on the shoulder, while she was doing a broadcast for the *Daily Star* from colorful Woodbine Racetrack, describing Milady's fashions and foibles. Bristol-Meyer's executives, on the lookout for radio material, heard her and promptly

signed the bewildered fashion expert. The sponsors wanted her to do a chatty daily column of the air on social activities, fashions, news, and assortments, a la her "Over the Teacups". Trust Claire not to be bewildered long; it was a job, but she did it, and did it so well her salary remains a secret for fear of jealous revolt in Canadian radio ranks.

CLAIRE WALLACE takes unusual vacations. Air-minded, last summer she flew the Atlantic by clipper. She was the first woman to fly in Canada by the new Trans-Canada Airlines. Her biggest thrill, she thinks, was when she donned a diving-suit to stroll 'mid Bermuda's underwater coral reefs; she almost strangled.

The top-ranking "single" of Canadian radio is very tall and slim, with honey-blonde hair, wind-swept and attractive in the manner made famous by the late Amelia Earhart, Claire's constant inspiration.

She has a typically female hobby. She collects cats . . . fifty-seven of them . . . but they don't add much to the milk bill for they're made of china, cloth, silk, plaster, or wood.

Indispensable on the Claire Wallace broadcasts is jovial, genial, Tod Russell, a sort of lighter (not much) Don Wilson. He and Claire have a lot of fun ad-libbing, which the audience also enjoys.

Henry Aldrich and the Ramblin' Wreck

(Continued from page 19)

serial which occupied him through an inch of his after dinner cigar every night, when Henry entered.

"Father, could you give us a little assistance down in the basement?" Henry's tone was guileless.

"In what way?"

"We'd like to have you look over the back tire and see whether you can figure what should be done with it."

"All right, son," he said good humoredly. "Come on."

"You go ahead, Father. Dizzy is waiting for you. I'll be there in a minute."

HENRY listened until he heard his father's footsteps clatter down the basement stairs, and then moved quickly into the hall and picked up the telephone receiver.

"Hello, operator. I want to put in a call to New Weston, Vermont." His voice was shaking a little with excitement. It was the first time he had ever talked on long distance and added to that thrill was the knowledge that in a minute he would be hearing Kathleen's surprised greeting.

"I want to talk to Miss Kathleen Anderson," he instructed. "Her father's name is Robert Anderson. And listen, Operator. Would you mind reversing the charges, please? . . . My name? . . . Do you have to have my name? Well—Henry Aldrich."

At the other end of the line, Henry could hear the mysterious mechanics of the call being placed. One feminine

voice after another took up the chant of code-like instructions as his line was opened through to New England. Then suddenly a crackle smacked his ear and the humming static was silenced until the Centerville operator came back on the wire. Her report was rattling.

"What? The charges? Well, they're to be reversed. This is on the Government. . . ."

"I'm sorry, your party refuses to accept the charges," the maiden at the keyboard announced. "Do you wish to pay for the call?"

"What's it got to do with parties? This isn't an election," argued Henry.

"I said the govern . . ." Henry was embarrassed now. Dizzy hadn't prepared him for this emergency. The operator's impersonal sing-song was prattling away again.

"Miss Anderson is on the phone?" echoed Henry nervously. "She's right there at the other end of the line?" This was too much. Suppose Kathleen could hear his debate over the cost of the call. There was only one thing for a man of the world to do in such a position. With a slight effort, Henry cleared the lump in his throat and summoned up an air of casualness. "Well, as long as she's waiting, I guess you'd better charge it here, then."

"Go ahead, please," said the operator and Henry could hear Kathleen's high pitched "Hello."

"Hello, Kathleen. This is Henry . . . Henry . . . H-E-N-R-Y. Have you

forgotten me? . . . I'm fine. How are you? . . . Mmmm. I say I'm fine . . . fine . . . F-I-N-E. F . . . like in Frank . . . R-A-N-K . . . K . . . like in Kansas. Oh, I'm all mixed up. No, I didn't say I was going to Kansas. I said . . ."

With the ear that was not pressed against the receiver, Henry heard his father bellowing from the basement:

"Henry, where are you? What are you doing?"

Henry clamped his free hand over the telephone mouthpiece. "I'll be right there, Father," he called.

"Well, bring down your tire cement," ordered Mr. Aldrich.

"Just a minute, Kathleen," Henry blurted into the phone. "I've got to . . ."

Leaving Kathleen's precious presence dangling on the wall, Henry sped out to the kitchen, tugged at a drawer and dashed to the head of the basement stairs, clutching the tube of tire cement. "Hey, Dizzy," he shouted. "Catch!"

BACK at the telephone, Henry eagerly picked up the receiver. "Hello, hello, Kathleen?" He panted for breath. His exertion had winded him. "Well, this is Henry again."

Kathleen's voice held a coquettish tone. "Did you get my letter?" she asked archly.

"You wrote?" exulted Henry. "Oh, Kathleen, I'm going to carry it in my pocket in the race. If Dizzy and I win the \$50 we're both coming up

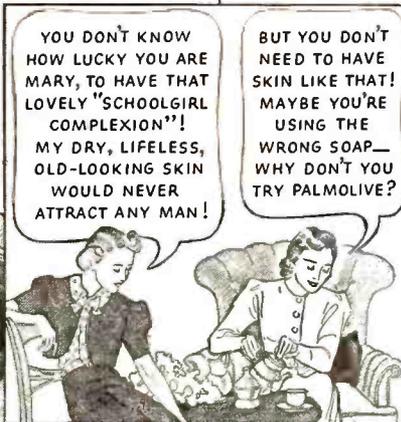
IF YOU WANT TO BE SOMEBODY'S

Dream Girl

DON'T LET YOURSELF GET DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

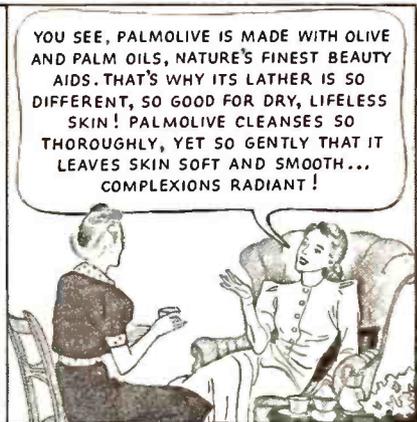


WHY THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH, ALLURING!



YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE MARY, TO HAVE THAT LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"! MY DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING SKIN WOULD NEVER ATTRACT ANY MAN!

BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO HAVE SKIN LIKE THAT! MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP— WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE?



YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

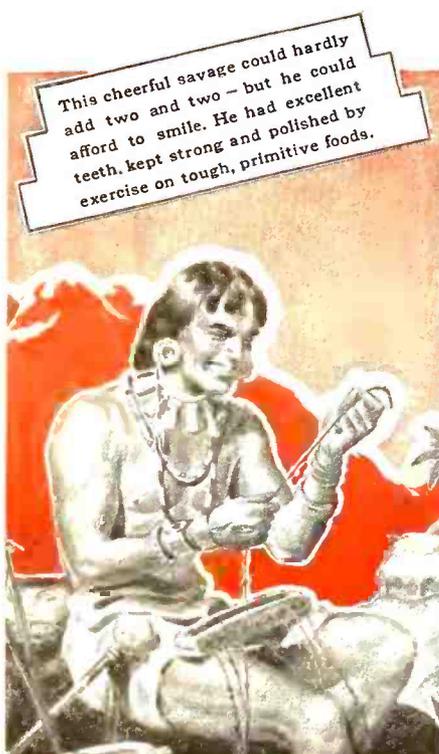


I WISH I'D KNOWN ABOUT PALMOLIVE BEFORE! BUT I'M GOING TO START USING IT RIGHT AWAY THEN MAYBE SOME MAN WILL FALL IN LOVE WITH ME!



MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

NOT SO GOOD AT FIGURES BUT...



This cheerful savage could hardly add two and two - but he could afford to smile. He had excellent teeth, kept strong and polished by exercise on tough, primitive foods.

HELP YOUR TEETH KEEP STRONG, LUSTROUS

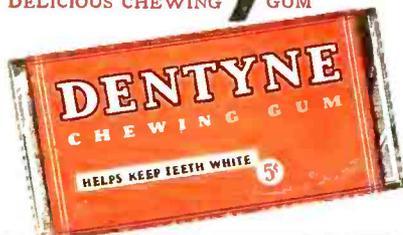
Dentyne's exceptional firmness gives your teeth healthful exercise that modern soft foods can't furnish. It helps keep your teeth sound and sparkling!

ENJOY DENTYNE'S TEMPTING SPICINESS!

Flavor fans instantly recognize Dentyne's smooth, spicy flavor as real *quality* flavor. Long-lasting, delicious! And you'll like Dentyne's flat package - it slips into your pocket or purse so neatly and handily.

Dentyne

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT ... MOUTH HEALTHY

to your houseparty.

"And listen, the Centerville Times is going to cover the race on its radio station. If Dizzy and I win, we'll be making a speech afterwards, and if I get the chance, I'll say a few words to you."

From the cellar stairs, Henry could hear Dizzy whistling. The tune was "Here Come the British," and the signal could have been no clearer if Dizzy had shouted a warning.

Edging closer to the mouthpiece, Henry lowered his voice. "I've got to say good-bye now, Kathleen. I'll be seeing you." He had hardly hung the receiver on the hook when his father queried Dizzy in the hall.

"Where have you been, Henry?" queried Mr. Aldrich.

Adroitly, Dizzy covered Henry. "Your father says we've got to buy a new tire."

"You certainly have, if you want to ride in that race," affirmed Mr. Aldrich.

"Well, we've got enough money. We'll get one," declared Henry and then gave a startled jump as the telephone rang.

"Don't bother, Father, I'll answer it." Henry moved toward the instrument but his father crossed in front of him. Henry turned a despairing look on Dizzy at his father's next words. "Hello? . . . Am I through talking with whom? . . . With whom?" Mr. Aldrich's eyebrows arched into twin question marks. "Hold the wire a minute, please." Sam Aldrich stared at his son speculatively.

"Henry?"
"Yes, Father?"
"Do you know anything about a call to Vermont?"

"Vermont, Father?" Henry sounded as if the name were as unfamiliar to him as the capital of a distant country.

"You don't know anyone in Vermont, do you?" Mr. Aldrich apparently was as puzzled as Henry hoped he himself looked.

"Why . . . no one except Kathleen, Father."

A great light broke on Sam Aldrich's countenance. He turned back to the telephone. "Operator, could you please tell me what the charges are?"

Henry was fumbling in his pocket. "I've got the thirty cents right here," he said eagerly. His father waved him away and listened for a moment and then, with a "Thank you," clicked the receiver.

"Do you have change for fifty cents, Father?" Henry inquired.

"The charges," said Mr. Aldrich looking sternly at his son, "happen to be three dollars and eighty-five cents!"

HENRY'S immediate and frantic petition for credit left his father unmoved and payment for the phone call left the partners just thirty-eight cents for the new tire.

"There go our chances for the race." Dizzy was desolate. But Henry, after a moment's moody contemplation of their plight, suddenly brightened.

"I know what we can do, Dizzy," he cried. "I know exactly what we can do. And I'll bet it will work!"

"What is it, Henry?"

"Meet me at Main and Second Streets at nine o'clock tomorrow morning and I'll show you."

Just two minutes after the doors of the Centerville First National Bank opened the next morning, Henry, fol-

lowed by Dizzy, approached the desk of Frank Nye, the president. Henry wore an expression of self-confidence that would have become a junior partner of J. P. Morgan and Company. "How do you do, Mr. Nye," he greeted the grey-haired official. "We'd like to do some business here."

The banker looked up from a pile of mail before him. "If you want to open an account, Henry, just stand over in that line."

"Well, that wasn't exactly what we had in mind, Mr. Nye. You see it's this way. We need some money. But we don't want to borrow it. We've got a better idea."

"Don't worry, Mr. Nye, we aren't going to hold you up, or anything," interjected Dizzy. If Mr. Nye was relieved at this reassurance he gave no sign of it.

"We're going into the bicycle race this afternoon," continued Henry, "and we're sure to win."

"How do you know you are?" demanded the banker, and Henry was surprised to realize that, although seemingly intent on his correspondence, Mr. Nye had been listening.

BECAUSE there will be two of us against one of everybody else," pointed out Dizzy.

"And what is your proposition?" Mr. Nye asked.

"When we win, we'll probably be asked to make a speech on the radio right afterwards," explained Henry. "And when we make it, how would you like us to say a few words about your bank?"

"In other words," expounded Dizzy, "we'll tell everybody we're depositing the money we win with you."

"And how would that help the First National Bank?"

Dizzy was unprepared for this sort of reasoning. He looked at Henry. "Why . . . why . . . how would it, Henry?"

"If we recommend the bank, it must be good," declared Centerville's would-be testimonial tycoon.

Mr. Nye chuckled. "How much would this wonderful advertising cost the bank?"

Henry swallowed twice. "Would . . . would \$25 be a little too much?" He eyed the bank officer hopefully.

"Quite a little."
Dizzy's methods were more direct. "What would you consider a reasonable amount?"

"Would you be interested in putting this bank on its feet for the sum of two dollars?" asked Mr. Nye.

"You really want us to do it?" gasped Henry, delighted.

"Yes, it's a bargain." Mr. Nye rose, drew two crisp new one-dollar bills from his pocket and, with a hearty handshake, dismissed his callers.

Outside on the sidewalk, Dizzy pounded his plump pal's back. "Henry, that was the easiest two dollars I ever made."

Henry, swept away by the magnitude of his success, was gazing thoughtfully at Bishop's Clothing Emporium across the street. "Dizzy, I've got another idea. Come on."

With Dizzy at his heels, Henry hurried across the street, entered the clothing store, and once more launched into his sales talk on the merits of radio publicity.

"I wouldn't be inclined to be interested," announced Morris Bishop, the proprietor. "People have got to see to buy." However, after an earnest fifteen minutes discussion, it

was agreed that the boys should exploit the Emporium for a retainer of \$2.50. But in addition to airing a radio plug for the store, Henry and Dizzy were to ride in the race attired in samples of the two articles the Emporium was featuring in its current summer sale. On their bicycle was to be tied a sign reading: "Clothing Furnished by Bishop's Suit and Coat Emporium."

"What are the specials you want us to wear?" inquired Henry when the deal was completed. Mr. Bishop fitted the contrasting figures before him with an experienced eye.

"Heavyweight, high leather boots and fall top coats!" answered Morris.

It was noon before Henry and Dizzy completed their canvass of the Main Street merchants and then the practical Dizzy insisted that they halt their campaign in favor of lunch. "I can't pedal six and a half miles this afternoon on an empty stomach. And besides, we've got enough for the tire, now," he insisted when Henry suggested they skip the meal in favor of another hour's search for sponsors.

They repaired to their respective homes and over the luncheon table, Henry proudly recounted his success as a solicitor. "We got \$8 in cash and promises of \$10 more," the boy bally-hoo broker boasted. Mrs. Aldrich was visibly impressed. Even Mary, Henry's older sister, admitted that he had shown admirable initiative.

After lunch, he strode through the kitchen with a stomp that sent Mrs. Aldrich's eyes to the soles of the high leather boots he was wearing, and out into the yard where the tandem was propped against a laundry pole, its new front tire as conspicuous as a sable patch on a pair of old overalls.

Around the corner of the house, appeared Dizzy. Over his sweater and corduroy slacks, Dizzy was wearing a new heavy top coat which reached to the middle of his high leather boots. He looked like a trapper who had borrowed a coachman's outfit and was sorry he'd ever left the woods. The hot August sun baked him like a jacketed potato. Henry was struggling into his own, even larger model of the Bishop Emporium's suggestion of what the well-dressed man would be wearing when snow fell.

He then began adjusting a wire basket onto the front handle bars of the tandem. The basket was filled with sample boxes of breakfast food from Allen's Grocery which the boys had contracted to toss out to the crowds along the line of the race.

On the quiet summer afternoon's air there suddenly came the sound of band music in the distance. "Hurry up, Dizzy. Get on," ordered Henry. "Hear the band. I guess the crowd is beginning to gather. We'd better get down to the starting line." Henry looked up at the window of his parents' room and called.

"Mother, Mother! Aren't you coming to see the race?"

Mrs. Aldrich appeared at the window and waved good luck. "Your father is coming," she announced. "But I'm going to stay home and listen to it on the radio."

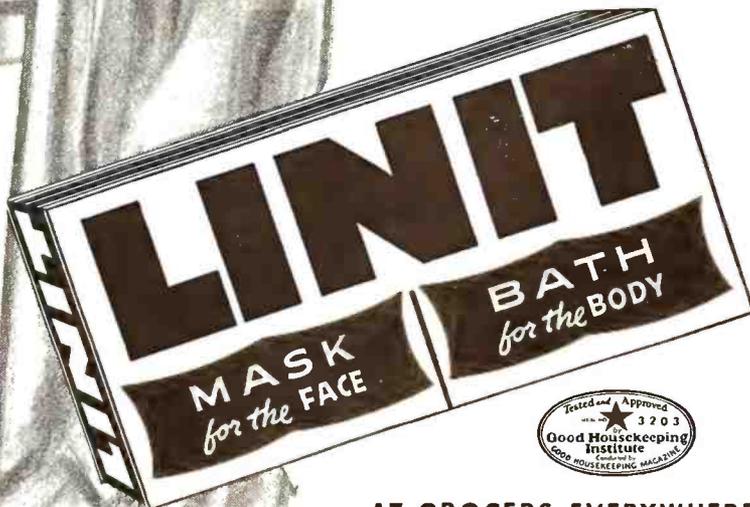
Henry and Dizzy maneuvered a mounting and, a little shakily at first, started slowly pedalling toward the center of town. Mrs. Aldrich remained at the window and watched them out of sight and then moved swiftly to her bedside radio and turned the switch. Soon there

Have You tried Linit for the Bath lately?



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AT GROCERS EVERYWHERE

She Sang Her Way To Sorrow



"There's a little lady with my band who can sing that 'Oh, You Nasty Man' song for you," Rudy Vallee suggested to the studio during the making of his picture labeled "George White's Scandals."

And Alice Faye, frightened to death, stepped forth and sang her way straight into marriage with Tony Martin and a career of complete unhappiness.

Well, apparently it's all over now, not the career but the marriage, for Alice, her eyes swimming in tears has signed, reluctantly, her name to a divorce complaint.

In Movie Mirror for May, appears the complete, intimate story of the events

leading up to the Faye-Martin marriage and the events leading up to Alice's suit for divorce. Titled "Journey's End" it is a poignant account of a marriage apparently predestined to failure from the outset. Everyone wishing to keep abreast of Hollywood events should read it. Get your copy of the May issue today.

In addition to Journey's End you will want to read The Life and Love of Lana Turner? ● Is Shirley Temple Leaving Us?

● It's a Date (fictionization of Deanna Durbin's delightful picture) ● A Debt Is Paid (Dorothy Mackaye and Paul Kelly) ● Phyllis Brooks Tells "Why I Gave Up Carey Grant" ● Good-bye to Love (Jean Parker and George MacDonald) and the many, many other features, articles and departments awaiting you in this splendid issue of the magazine that brings Hollywood to your home each month.

FASCINATING MAP OF HOLLYWOOD

How would you like an illustrated map of Hollywood showing where the stars live, work, play and hold their parties? Movie Mirror has a limited supply of maps of Hollywood drawn by the famous artist, Russell Patterson, 14" x 22", beautifully printed in two colors. While they last readers of Movie Mirror can secure them for only 10c each (coin or stamps). Address all requests to Movie Mirror Hollywood Map, Dept. RM5, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

movie

M I R R O R

May Issue Out Now!

buzzed through the loudspeaker the crackling voice of Ted Sloane, sports editor of the Centerville Times.

"Well, here we are in Centerville, folks," began Sloane, "about to see the annual six-and-a-half-mile cross country bicycle classic. Among others who are entered in the gruelling contest today are: Thayer Fenner, David Mercer, George Bigelow and Tommy Wentworth. And now coming down Main Street is a sight to behold, ladies and gentlemen. Two dark horses if we've ever seen two. Henry Aldrich and Dizzy Stevens, who will ride together on their own tandem. To try and describe their bicycle would be impossible. Apparently it is equipped for both land and water. Open up the way, folks, and let the two boys through to the starting line.

"Henry! Henry Aldrich. We'd like to hear a word or two from you before the race begins." Mrs. Aldrich felt a tingle of excitement chase itself around her ribs as she waited for her son's voice to come over the air. There was a moment's pause and then Sloane, the announcer, asked: "Going to win this race, Henry?"

THERE he was. There was Henry! "Yes, sir," quavered an uncertain tenor. And then gathering confidence, the boy's voice went on. "And I'd like to say that the money Dizzy and I get for the first prize will be deposited in the following banks: The Centerville First National, the Centerville Dime Savings, and the Bank and Trust Company of Centerville."

Just then another boy's voice, suspiciously like George Bigelow's, drifted into the microphone. "Hi, Henry, where you think you're goin' on that ramblin' wreck?"

The jingle of her telephone bell summoned Mrs. Aldrich away from her radio long enough to explain to a bridge-playing friend why she would be unable to make a fourth for the afternoon. When she returned to her room, Sloane was in the midst of a description of the race from his car which was pacing the leaders.

"And from here on, for the next four and a half miles, it promises to be a hard fought battle," bleated the broadcaster. "Dave Mercer is now running third. George Bigelow, the favorite to win the race, is now within one length of the leaders, Aldrich and Stevens. He's even with them. He's a full length ahead of them. He's opening the stretch at every turn of the wheel. The car in which your announcer is riding is about to pass Aldrich and Stevens. If you listen, you of the radio audience may be able to hear the hum of their wheel as it tears down the open road."

There was that sense of emptiness that invariably follows a cut over in radio and then, laboredly over the sound of their tandem's whining sprocket, came the voices of Henry and Dizzy.

"Did you ever feel anything more uncomfortable in all your life, Dizzy, than these darn boots of Bishops?"

Through pants, as he pumped the pedals, came Dizzy's answer, "Boy, I wouldn't buy a pair like these if you paid me."

"And is that First National Bank a gyp! Two dollars for all that publicity. . . ."

"The tightwads!" echoed Dizzy as Sloane pulled his microphone out of sound of their voices.

"Ladies and gentlemen Bigelow is now starting up the long pull toward

Kendall Hill. Aldrich and Stevens are dropping to third place. In fact they've dropped to fourth place. It's upgrade now and obviously the tandem terrors are not moving so easily. Here is an interesting bit of news. Aldrich has just removed his coat and is throwing it in the ditch. Stevens is following his example. Dave Mercer is moving up on Bigelow. Aldrich and Stevens are now in twelfth place, and still dropping back.

"Aldrich has just dismounted and is running back to the coat he threw away. Through our glasses it looks as if he is getting a letter from the coat and running back to rejoin his frantic teammate.

"Instead of coasting, as the others are doing, to gain a rest, Aldrich and Stevens are now travelling at terrific speed. They are now riding fifth. Bigelow has looked over his shoulder and sees what is coming. Aldrich and Stevens are second! The two boys must be making at least three hundred pedal revolutions a minute. Perfect timing . . . perfect control. They are out to win this race and fifty dollars. Wait! Wait! Something's about to happen, folks. A threshing machine has just pulled in from a

us know how they did it, but Aldrich and Stevens are now up there, threatening Bigelow's lead. There are only about a hundred yards left to go, and Bigelow is swerving to block Aldrich and Stevens, as they try to pass. It doesn't look as if the boys on the tandem will be able to get by. They're going to try, folks. Now Bigelow swings over directly in front of them. They try on the other side.

"Bigelow is doing all he can to block them and so far he's succeeded beautifully. Whoops! Bigelow swerved and for one moment the two bicycles actually touched. Here they are, less than twenty-five yards to go. Ten . . . Five . . . Two! Bigelow is still leading. And Bigelow crosses the line first!"

There was a cannonade of cheers and then over the radio came the voice of a race committeeman. "First prize of \$50 goes to George Bigelow. Second prize, a repeating air rifle to Henry Aldrich and Dizzy Stevens."

As the shouts of the crowd subsided, Mrs. Aldrich could recognize half a dozen voices near the broadcaster's car. One of them seemed to be Mr. Nye, president of the First National Bank.

"Henry Aldrich, I want a word with

Cast

THE ALDRICH FAMILY

- Henry.....EZRA STONE
- Mrs. Aldrich.....KATHERINE RACHT
- Mr. Aldrich.....HOUSE JAMESON
- Mary Aldrich.....ANN LINCOLN
- Dizzy Stevens.....EDDIE BRACKEN
- George Bigelow.....CHARLES POWERS

side road, directly in front of Aldrich and Stevens. Hitched to the machine is a load of oats. The tandem is behind it. There is no way to pass. The boys have got to hit it. They can't get by. Whew!

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have just seen a miracle. The two boys squeezed by and didn't touch the threshing machine. What riding! The rest of the contestants are shut off because the threshing machine has now moved into the exact middle of the road.

"What's this? Aldrich and Stevens seem to be having trouble. They are trying their best to stop their wheel. We can see from here that the front tire is as flat as a pancake and their wheel is wobbling all over the road.

"Apparently the boys have no pump with which to repair their puncture, and are debating what to do. They've just stopped the threshing machine and . . . oh, this is wonderful! . . . they've taken a bag of oats and are pouring the oats into a slit in their deflated tire and are taping up the hole.

"Meanwhile several bicycles have passed the tandem and the race now seems to be between Bigelow and Mercer.

"But no! We don't for the life of

you," he was saying.

"I know," came her son's throaty tone, above the confusion. "You want those two dollars back, don't you?"

"No, Henry. Any boy that has as much enterprise and courage as you and your friend Dizzy, here, certainly deserves some kind of a reward."

The buzz of a myriad private greetings at the finish line drowned out all of Henry's answer but the final phrase: "You mean, Mr. Nye, you'll give us a job, and we can earn our carfare to New England some other way?"

"Wait and see, Henry," came the chuckle of the bank president.

And then clear and true, above the noisy hubbub of the final minute of the broadcast, Mrs. Aldrich caught her husband's awed accents.

"Henry, don't you ever get discouraged?"

With a twist of her wrist, Mrs. Aldrich clicked off the radio. It was thrilling. It was a memorable event. Think of hearing her own husband and her own son on the air! But she couldn't loiter to listen for more. They'd be home soon, now. And, as the unsung sage of the Aldrich Family she knew what her duty this very minute was.

It was time to be getting dinner!



MOMMY
calls me "cuddles"
but my enemies
call me
**BABY-FACE
BUTCH**

"Enemies? Sure, I have millions of 'em —the Germ Gang. They're everywhere. But, boy, do I mow 'em down! 'Cause my mommy helps protect my skin every day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. That sure does liquidate those germs!"

Mother, to give your baby's skin the best care, to keep him more free of rashes, and safer from germs . . . do as practically all hospitals do, as most doctors recommend: oil your baby's skin daily with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. Do this until your baby is at least a year old. And use the oil also after every diaper change.

Then continue the protection with Mennen Antiseptic Powder. Made by a new process, Hammerized, it's smooth as air. And, because it's Antiseptic, it's recommended by more doctors than any other baby powder.

Note: To insure your baby's health, take him to your doctor, regularly.



MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL and POWDER

My Son, My Son

NOW AVAILABLE IN CONDENSED
FORM FOR QUICK READING



William Essex (Brian Aherne) discovers the body of Maeve (Laraine Day).
From *My Son, My Son*, Edward Small production for release by United Artists.

Now that the magnificent Edward Small production of *My Son, My Son* is on the eve of release by United Artists, moviegoers will be glad to learn that Howard Spring's powerful novel of that name has been condensed to two hours reading time and is immediately available for their enjoyment. The condensed version appears complete in the May issue of Photoplay on sale April 10.

If you expect to see the picture starring Brian Aherne, Madeleine Carroll, Louis Hayward, Laraine Day and many other popular players, do not fail to read the story so that, when you see it on the screen, it will seem like a reunion with old friends.

We can particularly recommend the May Photoplay to every movie enthusiast. In addition to *My Son, My Son*, you

will find in it a galaxy of Hollywood features that will thrill and delight you, among them *A Memo On Melvin* (Douglas) by Claude Binyon, *Time Out for a Lullaby* (informative feature about Geraldine Fitzgerald, the foreign star find of the year), *A Round-Up* of familiar Hollywood faces, a magnificent display of Hollywood fashions modeled by Jean Arthur, *Hawaiian Honeymoon*, *I Married Adventure* (autobiography of Osa Johnson) and a score of other engrossing articles, features and departments.

Get a copy of Photoplay for May today! Note its stunning Shirley Temple cover, its gorgeous art layouts, its riot of color, the comprehensive scope of its contents and you will understand why Photoplay is recognized by millions as the aristocrat of motion picture magazines.

May Issue **PHOTOPLAY** Out April 10

Formula for Fascination

(Continued from page 11)

nor in the list of fat parts she is playing in the current pictures and on the air. Everything she *is*, everything she *has*, speaks aloud of work, work, work—and an unshakable belief that life is what you make it.

All this is a preface to my telling you what Paulette herself has to say about beauty, about men, about success—the three most vital questions in a woman's life.

Anyone can prattle of "beauty secrets," of this mysterious trick, and that fabulous short-cut to a ravishing appearance.

But they don't work.

Paulette Goddard's advice to women who hunger for beauty and success is hard to take and harder to follow. So if you're a softie about your diet, about exercise, or if you'd rather follow the mob than strike out on your own, don't bother to proceed.

But if beauty, glamour, the attention of men is worth any effort, then, continue.

PAULETTE GODDARD is twenty-seven years old. Yet she looks ten years younger. Her exquisite figure is round, yet slim and solid. The contours of her face are almost child-like. Her hair is bright and soft. You know as you look at her that she'll be a famous beauty for twenty—for thirty—years to come.

I visited her on the "The Ghost Breakers" set at Paramount to ask her how she does it.

She was the center of attention on the set, just as she had been as she entered the theater to see the Ballet Russe a few nights before. Only here her audience was a star-hardened group of motion picture craftsmen. These men are used to Big Names. Their interest in Paulette was remarkable. I guessed that she might be divulging a choice bit of movie-town gossip.

But Paulette was not gossiping. She was discussing with Director George Marshall her business in the next scene in the picture. Discussing it intelligently, eagerly. I stood on the sidelines unnoticed for several minutes while star and director, with an interested group of onlookers, milked that scene dry of everything it had to offer—every nuance of meaning, every opportunity for a good performance. When she walked before the camera to play the bit, Paulette brought the lines to life!

"You like your work," I said, when we were introduced.

"I love it," she said. When I'm in a picture I think of nothing else. I work even in my sleep, I think—sometimes when I've gone to bed worrying about the way in which to play a certain scene, I wake up with the problem solved! I wish it right."

It was obvious that she was pouring all of her amazing vitality into her work. Perhaps, I thought, this was the secret of her radiant youthfulness. Her absorbed interest in the thing she is doing has given her a well of fresh beauty and appeal.

You may scoff at the apparent paradox. "Work one's way to beauty? Impossible!" you say. But Paulette Goddard has proved it is not. Prove it for yourself by looking about you. Aren't your friends who work the hardest—at their homes, or their jobs,

provided they are interested in them—the most attractive, the most vital women you know?

"Work and stay young," said Paulette, laughing like a child at my surprise. "You don't seem to spend much of your time powdering your nose," I said.

We had stumbled into the subject I had come to discuss, so we quickly got down to cases. We began with cosmetics, since the topic had come up. Except for lipstick and a little mascara, Paulette uses cosmetics sparingly and picks them with care. "I stay tanned all year," she explained. "Why cover up a nice healthy brown?"

"And if the tan leads to dry skin?" I asked her.

"Dry skin," Paulette says philosophically, "is dead skin. I scrub it off with soap and water."

"What on earth do you have on your cosmetic shelf?"

"Cleansing cream, lipsticks, mascara—and a bar of soap!"

Let this spare use of cosmetics inspire the idea that Paulette Goddard is beautiful in spite of herself, let me rush into the breach with the other side of the story.

"You find out very quickly in the movies what can make or un-make a face," she said. "I used to spend hours in the beauty shop having my hair tinted and curled. I piled on huge quantities of cosmetics. And I looked a fright. But I had the same face I have now. After a few gruelling sessions with the portrait cameraman I found out what was the matter. My face didn't have a chance against the artificial frame I had given it. So I let my hair return to its natural shade. I wash it myself—often. It's never 'set', except for a special coiffure for a picture. But it's brushed—hard—every night.

MY features began coming through the fog when I started leaving off the top layers of cosmetics and began to experiment with my lip line and eyebrows. I let my eyebrows grow back to their natural curve, and pampered them with plenty of oil and brushing. I spend more time putting on lipstick than I do putting on clothes—I use a brush, and never leave my dressing table until the lipstick is properly applied. It's no trick—but it takes time to get the soft, natural line that is most becoming.

"Is the word 'natural' popping up too often? That's because I think it's the most important word in the beauty vocabulary. No one has to take my word for it. Just look at my pictures—before and after. They tell the story."

These pictures are startling in their contrast. Paulette, discovering the potency of simplicity, has become beautiful by being herself.

"Clothes," she explains. "I had to find out my type. I have a high waist line—I must never wear long-waisted dresses. I have small feet, so I wear high-heeled, short-vamped shoes. Hats? I never wear them."

Clothes sense has nothing whatever to do with money, according to Paulette, and she has proved it. Most of her dresses and her dozens of suits of slacks are purchased in one of Hollywood's more modest women's shops. Often she buys sports dresses for fifteen dollars. But she never makes a mistake about style. It has to be her dress—even if it is the big-

gest bargain—or it stays on the rack.

Occasionally, as on the night of the Ballet Russe, Paulette will dress to make an appearance. Then she spares nothing to obtain the perfect costume. Money is no object. She will stand tirelessly through hours of fittings. When she emerges from her dressing room on the all-important night, she is perfection.

A half-dozen such gowns hang in Paulette's well-stocked closets. Along with her furs, shoes, and a few pieces of real jewelry, they represent the only impressive expenditure of money in her wardrobe.

Her beauty, then, is natural. Her clothes must be "right." And she has poured hours into the search for both. But her figure! Certainly, I thought, that must be God-given. A gal might roll on the floor for weeks, and live on a daily ration of three stale crackers and still not achieve those curves.

But that, too, Paulette says is hard work.

"No, I'm not starved," she says. "I eat three square meals a day but no starchy foods. No potatoes—ever! No rich desserts—ever!"

Not ever any cake or pie or whipped cream. Just a small dish of plain ice cream, perhaps once a week. Now and then, a simple custard. How many of you would do it?

Nor does that rigid routine let her off exercise.

"No exercise, though," she put in. "I've never done an exercise in my life—I think they're a bore. But I play golf every day, or tennis. When I'm working in a picture I walk—fast—for a mile before I leave for the studio. That means getting up at six if I'm to be at the studio on time.

"I swim every day, too," she added. "Except for the three cold months around Christmas.

"No masseuses either."
"You certainly do it the hard way," I said.

"Why, it's fun!"

There you have it.

Paulette Goddard lets her beauty problems discipline her life—but she has fun at it. No use being ravishing if you're a long-face, too. Follow Paulette's recipe, and be beautiful—and gay.

AS time goes on, Paulette is accumulating a reputation as one of the best hostesses in Hollywood. Whether her guests are visiting big-wigs from Washington, Hollywood movie makers, or a gang of kids come to visit Chaplin's sons, Paulette makes everyone feel at home.

There's reason for her success here, too. Paulette never makes an appearance unless she is feeling her very best. If she comes home from the studio with a headache, she goes to bed—no matter if the King and Queen of England are expected. Paulette sends down polite apologies. Most of her guests understand. She doesn't worry about the others.

No pretense. No jangled nerves. Just a simple front to the world, and an honest enthusiasm for living. Those are the things which make Paulette Goddard one of the most successful women of her generation.

Try it yourself. Get back to fundamentals in your beauty technique. Give simplicity a chance. Keep healthy. Relax and have fun.

You'll wake up in the morning, so Paulette Goddard promises you, a Cinderella transformed.



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Yours!—the poise and calm assurance of good taste that comes from knowing that your fingernails are "the last word"—with Dura-Gloss! Overnight, millions of women, enraptured with its gem-hard, brilliant lustre, have switched to this new, this different polish, Dura-Gloss! And to Dura-Gloss' new efficient polish remover, too! At all cosmetic counters, Dura-Gloss is only 10 cents!

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**FINGERNAIL
CAP**



Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

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Paterson, New Jersey

NEW COMFORT SAFETY
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You should know why Holly-Pax — the economy tampon — is easy to use and safe.

Many leading physicians agree that nature has provided you with a safe, internal repository—wholly proper for tampon usage. The small, scientifically designed Holly-Pax conforms ideally to natural requirements—with no irritation of tissue—no risk of odor.

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AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND TEN-CENT STORES

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NO DULL DRAB HAIR
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In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

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2. Rinses away shampoo film.
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4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try Lovalon.

At stores which sell toilet goods
 5 rinses 25¢
 2 rinses 10¢

LOVALON
 HAIR RINSE

When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 17)

to bed by the time she got home. Passing the Stanley mansion, she saw lights blazing in the downstairs windows; she did not know that those lights illuminated another family discussion.

Ralph Stanley, Phil's father, was taking the broken engagement as a personal affront. If such a thing were possible, he was even more angry than Joan's mother. Proud, rich, arrogant, and self-centered, he had long ago set his heart on seeing Phil married to Joan. He had no illusions about his son. He knew that he was unstable and frivolous, but he also knew that Joan was the one person in the world the boy loved. On their marriage he had centered all his hopes, believing Joan would, as he phrased it, "Make a man out of Phil." And now, as he saw this dream of his crash into ruins, he focussed all his resentment on the young man Joan preferred to his son.

"She says there isn't anyone else," Phil reminded him.

Stanley bristled. "Nonsense! A girl would never act like that if she didn't think she'd fallen in love with someone else. Who's she been running around with?"

"Nobody," Phil said. "Nobody, unless. . . . There was a fellow I never saw before at the announcement dinner. Named Harry Davis. I remember, too, he got up and left, looking sort of funny, right after Mrs. Field made the announcement."

"Hm," said his father, and filed the name away in a brain that never let go of anything.

It was instinct which led her to accompany her father to court on a morning four weeks after the ill-fated engagement party. He was going to argue a case for the Stanley Paper Mill, in his capacity as Ralph Stanley's lawyer; and he warned her she would be bored.

"It's a dull case, full of technicalities," he told her. "Some fellow named Lawrence who owns a grist mill down the river from Stanley's factory claims the factory uses up all the water so he can't run his mill. He's suing for an injunction to stop Stanley from running the factory at a speed that would use up more than a certain amount of the water."

Joan laughed. "It does sound dull. But I'd like to go anyway—if I'm bored, I'll leave. Who's the other lawyer?"

But that, it seemed, her father didn't know. "Douglas McDonald had the case, but he died a few weeks ago and I don't know who they turned it over to."

He left her at the door of the court room, and she settled herself on one of the uncomfortable benches, looking carelessly about her. And then she sat bolt upright, while electric shocks played over her skin. Harry Davis was coming through the door that led from an anteroom, walking over to the lawyers' table, spreading papers out on top of it!

In a dream of happiness, she sat through the morning session, listening while Harry presented the case for the Lawrences—brilliantly, logically, marshalling his facts and arguments with such skill that once Samuel Field caught his daughter's eye, grimaced, and nodded approvingly,

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if a little ruefully.

At the noon recess she hurried out of the court room and through the hall door of the anteroom into which Harry had gone. There was no hesitation, no faltering about the way they went to each other's arms. Though they had never exchanged one word of love, though they had not seen each other for weeks, it was right that he should hold her close, kiss away the laughter on her lips and the tears on her cheeks.

"And I thought you'd gone away and left me!" she managed to say.

"I meant to. But just as I was leaving I saw Professor Kilpatrick being carried off the train. He'd come to Stanwood to settle the estate of Douglas McDonald, but he had an appendicitis attack on his way, and had to go to the hospital. He would have argued this case today, if he'd been well enough. Instead, he offered me the chance, and I can take over Mr. McDonald's old practice if I like."

"Oh, you must—you must. And we can be married—oh, I know I haven't any shame, proposing to you like this, but somehow I've known from the first minute we saw each other that we were in love—"

"Just as I knew it," he agreed gravely. "But you're engaged."

"Not any more. I broke it off. I had to. If I couldn't marry you, I knew I didn't want to marry anybody."

THE door from the hall swung open and a girl about Joan's own age came in—tiny, dark-haired, dressed simply in an inexpensive sports dress. Her eyes were shining.

"Oh, Harry, you were wonderful! I know we'll win the case—" She stopped, looking at Joan.

"This is Betty McDonald, Joan," Harry said. "She's my secretary."

"How do you do," the girl said, guardedly.

Almost before she had time to form them, Joan's plans to have lunch with Harry were nullified by Betty's announcement that she'd brought some sandwiches and Harry could go over the notes for the afternoon session while he ate. Joan left, feeling curiously deflated.

Late that afternoon, the judge gave a decision from the bench in favor of Harry and the Lawrences.

Joan and Harry had their first date together that evening, in celebration. Dinner at the second-rate little dine-and-dance place a few miles out of town, then miles of driving in Joan's roadster, over roads that remembered the heat of the summer day. Oh, but it didn't matter what they did, what they ate, where they went, Joan's heart sang—they were together! As well be sitting on a park bench, or walking up and down the same city block, as long as they were together.

"I want us to be married soon, Harry! There are some new little houses—darling houses—out on Fox Meadow Lane. We'll live in one of them—"

"Yes. . . ." But she felt a restraint in his voice, and a moment later he went on, "Only—are you sure you want to marry me, darling? You hardly know me—"

"And you hardly know me. Does it make any difference to you?"

"No, but you're different. I haven't anything to offer you. I'm just a kid lawyer trying to get along. I couldn't even afford to rent one of those Fox Meadow houses you were

talking about. And you've always been used to everything. . . ."

She silenced his doubts with a hand against his lips. "I've always been used to having everything except you. Now I've got you, and everything doesn't matter."

Unknown to them, as they drove back into town, Eve Topping saw them—not that they would have cared. But Eve told Phil Stanley, and the next day, when the subject of Joan came up in conversation between Phil and his father, the information was passed along.

Confirmation of his suspicions that Harry was the man who had come between Phil and Joan made the elder Stanley, already furious over Harry's defeat of the Paper Mill in court, determined to do something about getting the young lawyer out of town.

Douglas McDonald's practice had been a good one, composed mostly of farmers and small business men whose fees, while not large, were steady. It was a practice, in fact, which only one struggling young lawyer in a million could hope to fall into. But a week after the Lawrence hearing, two of McDonald's oldest clients made a point of paying outstanding bills and announcing that they intended to "stay clear o' lawyers" in the future. Harry would have attached no importance to this if Joan had not simultaneously brought him a warning from her father.

"Daddy says Mr. Stanley came to him two days after you won that case and wanted a list of Douglas McDonald's old clients. Daddy said he didn't have any such list, but Mr. Stanley told him to send someone out to dig it up. He wouldn't tell why he wanted it, but Daddy says he was furious over losing the law suit."

"What did your father do?"

"He refused, of course," Joan said.

"But if Mr. Stanley really wants the list, it's easy enough for him to get."

BETTY McDONALD, sitting quietly at her desk in the corner of Harry's office, listened in silence. But when Joan had gone she looked at Harry's worried face.

"I guess that's the reason Baker and Thompson left us," she remarked.

"I guess so."

With a little catch of her breath, Betty said, "You and Miss Field want to get married, don't you?"

"Yes," he admitted. "But if this practice is going to pieces we . . . we can't, of course."

Betty, her head bent, drew triangles and circles with the point of one finger on the polished desk top. The blood rushing through her veins kept warning her, Don't look up—don't let him see your eyes—because he mustn't know, and they would tell him your secret!

She jumped up and went with quick, tapping steps to the door, snatching her blue beret and cramming it over her dark curls on the way. "I'm going out to see Andrew Farley," she said. "He's Daddy's oldest client and was just about his best friend. Maybe he can help us."

Betty's interview with Farley, who lived on a farm near Stanwood, was enough to put that gnarled old individualist on his guard; and a few days later, when Ralph Stanley paid a call on him, he knew what to do.

"That's a slick article, that Stanley," he told Betty and Harry when, in answer to his telephone call, they came out to see him. "He c'n get what he



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wants without even threatenin' you—except in a nice way, o' course. Starts in talking how he'd like to help me out—knows times ain't been so good an' I've likely had trouble meetin' my interest payments on the mortgage. I hinted as how I had, an' he up an' offers to pay the next one for me—no interest nor note nor nothin'. So I says that'll be pretty nice, an' he goes on to ask me for a little favor. Says his secretary at the factory has a nephew tryin' to get started in the lawyer business—young fellow name of Ernest Carver, an' would I just let him have my legal work. So I says sure."

"Andy!" Betty's mouth fell open. "You didn't!"

"Sure. Best way to catch a rat's to bait the trap. But I p'tended I couldn't remember the young fellow's name, an' got him to write it down. An' then I says to him, 'O' course I trust you, Mr. Stanley, but that interest ain't due for another three months, an' suppose you was to die or somethin' before then?' So he thought a minute an' then said he'd drop me a note tellin' me what he intended to do for me. . . . An' here it is, an' the piece o' paper with the other lawyer's name on it!" He held them out to Harry.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

Cast

Joan Field MARY JANE HIGBY
 Harry Davis JOHN RABY
 Mrs. Field FRANCES WOODBURY
 Samuel Field ED JEROME
 Phil Stanley MICHAEL FITZMAURICE
 Eve Stanley IRENE WINSTON
 Betty McDonald EUNICE HILL

"That settles it!" Harry exclaimed after he had inspected Farley's papers. "I'll serve Stanley with a summons tomorrow, and sue him for bribing my clients away from me! You'd better let me take these two papers away with me, Mr. Farley."

"No, sir," the old man said, stowing them away in a battered wallet. "They're safest right here with me, right here in my back pocket, where I keep everything I've got that's valuable." And, stubbornly, he stuck to that determination.

That same evening, Eve Topping and Phil Stanley paid an unexpected call on Joan. "We wanted you to be the first to know," Phil said. "We ran over to Brickton today—and got married."

Torn between amazement and relief, Joan looked from one face to the other—Eve's transfigured with happiness, Phil's smiling in a way she could not quite understand.

"I knew I was getting him on the rebound," Eve said softly, "but I don't mind—as long as I have him. Wish us luck, Joan."

"Oh, I do! You know I do!" Joan

said eagerly, happily.

Phil's runaway marriage struck his father still another blow. He turned Phil out of the house and threatened to disown him.

And the process server whom Harry sent to see Stanley reported: "When I handed the summons to him I thought he was going to jump on me and break me in two, he was so mad."

Harry was jubilant, that night when he saw Joan. "With Farley's proof, I can make Stanley back down and cinch the practice for good! And, darling—" his arms held her close—"then we can get married."

Joan rubbed her cheek against the lapel of his coat. She too had news. "Daddy's going to give us a wedding present, Harry."

"To make up for your mother's disapproval?" he asked with a chuckle.

"Guess so. Anyway—he wants to give us one of those Fox Meadow bungalows."

He drew away. "We couldn't accept anything as expensive as that, dear!"

"Why not? It's the one thing I want, and when Daddy asked me to choose—well, I just did. It hasn't got anything at all to do with you. And Harry," quickly, she changed the subject, "Eve and Phil have invited us to dinner for Sunday night."

"Fine. . . . Oh, I forgot. Can't it be some other night? I told Betty and her mother I'd have Sunday-night supper with them, and Andy Farley is coming in to talk about my suit against Stanley."

THE Sunday afternoon was falling into a dusky, gold-powdered twilight when Harry arrived at the McDonalds' neat brick cottage in a modest residential part of town. Andy Farley hadn't arrived yet—Betty said he'd promised to drop in after supper—so they ate crisp waffles cooked by Mrs. McDonald and then Harry and Betty washed up the dishes while Mrs. McDonald went to a movie.

Betty had grown up in the last few weeks, Harry thought, watching her deft hands rinse the dishes and place them on the drain board. She was more poised, a little more withdrawn than she had been at first. Maturity . . . that was the only word. Some boy would be coming along soon, he supposed, asking for the gift of her love. He hoped it might be soon—he was so happy himself, he wanted happiness for everyone.

An ear-piercing screech of brakes hastily applied came from the street outside. Harry dropped the towel and ran for the door, but even as he reached it he heard the roar of a departing motor. People were already beginning to cluster about a dark, awkward form on the pavement.

It was Andrew Farley. He had been struck and killed by a hit-and-run driver. And, as Harry discovered a few moments later, his wallet and all it contained had been taken from his hip pocket.

Thin-lipped, he told Betty: "I'd swear that Ralph Stanley had something to do with this. But I haven't a scrap of proof."

"But how could he know poor Andy had anything to do with your suit against him?"

"I don't know—probably Andy was the only person he'd committed himself to in writing. But I'm as sure of Stanley's guilt as I am of my own name, and I'll prove it if it's the last thing I ever do!"

Joan, busy with plans for the wedding, hardly recognized this new Harry Davis, burning with a fierce intensity, a selfless zeal. She couldn't know how bitterly he blamed himself for Farley's death.

Yet the hit-and-run driver might never have been found if it hadn't been for young Tommy Martin, who lived across the street and was a Junior G-Man. It is second nature with Junior G-Men to take the license numbers of cars, and Tommy had performed this duty automatically on the night of Andy's death. The car, thanks to his quick wit, was traced to a man named Howard Hogan, a foreman at the Stanley Paper Mill.

Hogan was arrested at once, in spite of his claim that he had been driving in the country all that afternoon with his friend, Joe Bates. Samuel Field, in his capacity as the Stanley company lawyer, went to the jail to see Hogan, and was alone with him in his cell for a long time.

A little light was shed on Andrew Farley's last hours by Mrs. Farley. On Sunday afternoon, she said, two men called at the farm. She hadn't seen them, and wouldn't recognize them, but she had heard them talking to Andy on the porch.

"They wanted to buy the farm," she told Betty and Harry, twisting her hands together to keep her composure. "But Andy told 'em he didn't want to sell. An' then he said he was comin' to town to see his best girl, Betty McDonald—o' course, that was just his joke—an' they offered to drive him as far as the town center if he'd walk the rest of the way. So he said all right, and went off with them."

"Did they have any way of knowing he was carrying those letters of Stanley's?" Harry asked tensely.

"Why, no. . . . Now wait a minute. I did hear 'em jokin' about lockin' things up before he left, and Andy laughed an' said he always kept all his values right with him."

HARRY slapped one hand into the palm of the other! "That's it! They brought him to town, let him out and then came to wait until he crossed the street to get to your house, Betty. Then one of them ran him down, and the other waited to pick his pocket. He was probably in that crowd that gathered!" The excitement ebbed from his face. "But it's still just conjecture."

To Samuel Field, talking to Howard Hogan in his jail cell, it was more than conjecture. He listened to Hogan's story with a heavy heart. It was not a pretty story, and it was even worse to a man who had spent twenty years of his life as Ralph Stanley's friend and trusted adviser.

Hogan had an old prison record, and Stanley had known it when he hired him, six years before, at the factory. Because of that tolerance, Hogan had always revered Stanley. Keeping his prison record a secret, he had married a Stanwood girl, had children. And then, a few days before, Stanley had called Hogan into his office and threatened to reveal the prison record and discharge him from his foreman's job at the factory if he and Joe Bates, another ex-convict, didn't obey Stanley's orders to run down Andrew Farley.

"We wasn't to kill him," Hogan babbled. "Just brush against him, and stun him until Joe could get the wallet. But he looked up just as I

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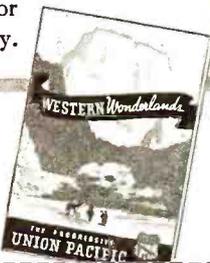
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started toward him, and tried to run. I had to turn the car and—and I turned it too far." He buried his pasty-white face in his hands. "I'll never forget his face when the car hit him as long as I live."

Field stood up. "I'll have to talk to Stanley," he said heavily.

The man raised his head, his lips twisting. "Bates has run out and left me to take the rap. Tell Stanley for me he's got to get me out of this."

"I'll tell him."

He told Ralph Stanley more than that. He told him he was resigning his position as the paper mill's lawyer. And he told him even more . . . so much that when he had finished both men were trembling, Stanley with fear and anger, Field with a sick disgust.

Stanley sat at his desk a long time after Field had left, watching himself through the eyes that would see him in a few days—the eyes of the people of Stanwood. The big man of the town, the leader in all civic affairs, the donor of the playground by the river, the admired, the respected. No. Only a murderer. A murderer. A man with blood on his hands.

He was safe from Sam Field, of course. A lawyer's secrets were as safe as a priest's. But Hogan, faced with a hit-and-run charge, would keep no secrets. And there was nothing he could do, nothing.

It had all started with such a small thing—his determination to smash that youngster who had ruined his hopes for Phil, and had annoyed him over the Lawrence law suit. To smash him as you'd smash a nagging mosquito. And then he'd been foolish, writing that note to old Farley, and to cover up he'd had to go too far.

Slowly, he got to his feet and left the office. He felt weak. The blood was thrumming maddeningly in his temples. Suddenly, the ground tilted up and blackness engulfed him.

The wedding guests, except for a few who were busy tying tin cans to the rear bumper of Joan's roadster, were still milling around the punch bowl when Joan and Harry slipped away for one brief, precious moment—into the library, where they could

close the door on themselves and the memory of their first meeting.

"Mrs. Davis," Harry said. "Mrs. Harry Davis. Darling, I can't believe there is such a person."

Joan, radiant in her white satin gown, swept the lace of her veil back and over her shoulders. (Mrs. Field had said, "You might as well wear the veil I wore when your father and I were married. I hope it brings you better luck than it did us"—her tone implying that she strongly doubted it.)

"There is—and it's me! Glad?"

"Glad? Oh, Joan. . ."

Their first kiss since the wedding—because of course you couldn't count the polite, public one at the altar, with everyone looking on: Phil—still wearing the black arm-band of mourning for his father—and Betty McDonald. . .

Joan closed her eyes, willing herself not to think of them. Harry didn't know, poor darling, that Betty was in love with him. But she knew. No girl could mistake that look in another girl's eyes. And Phil—Oh, he must make Eve happy. She loved him so. Please, dear heaven, let everyone be happy. Let Phil stop staying away from Eve, let him stop drinking too much, take that bitter look from his face when he looks at Harry and me.

In a strange flash of foreknowledge, she saw her life with Harry, saw its outlines, vaguely, as if through mist. It wouldn't all be happiness and ecstasy, nor would she want it so. There would be moments, hours, days, of doubt and distrust, of pain and jealousy. Moments when other people would intrude, roughly, upon their private world, or when she herself, all unused to responsibility, as she was, would know compassion and weariness. And all that was right. A marriage must have its growing pains, too.

Only a moment, and her prescience was gone, forgotten. She smiled up at her husband.

For the further adventures of Joan and Harry, tune in *When a Girl Marries*, Monday to Friday, 12:15 P. M., E.S.T., over C.B.S.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 32)

Don Novis, who sang formerly on the program, had been host to the four singers at the Jordans' swimming pool one day when the Jordans happened to be away from home, Darby explained.

* * *

Arthur Lake settled a question of wrong seating at Santa Anita the other day in a typically "Dagwood" fashion. Lake and his mother, Mrs. Edith Lake, regularly have adjacent boxes at the race track so they can compare bets and racing information. Some mistake in seating arrangement found them three boxes apart at the track the other day. Arthur's suggestion of changing with the occupants of the box adjoining his mother's was met with a cool stare, so Arthur took matters into his own hands. Summoning his strongest voice, he called across all three boxes, carried on a conversation with his mother that could have been heard on the track without a microphone. Mrs. Lake, who has a long stage record herself, answered with a voice that

would have awakened the dead. Five minutes later the Lakes were sitting in their usual boxes.

* * *

It would appear that Director Nagel has a special taste for inviting newlyweds to star on his program. Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, William Powell, Merle Oberon, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Bennett have all appeared within a month after their marriage.

* * *

Mel Blanc, heard on the Al Pearce programs, should be familiar to all moviegoers but probably isn't. He is the voice of Porky Pig, Daffy Duck and Bugs Bunny in "Looneytunes" and "Merrie Melodies." He is the voice of the raven in MGM cartoons, and was the voice of Grandfather Squirrel in "Peace on Earth," which is mentioned for an Academy award.

* * *

Gene Autry, the Oklahoman who sang and rode his way into the fire-sides of exclusive society as well as some fifty million young American

hearts, has started work on "Rancho Grande."

Jean Hersholt, known to listeners as "Dr. Christian," acting in his capacity as president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, will soon start looking for a site upon which the home for aged and disabled actors will be constructed. The funds for this home will come from the motion picture industry's own program, The Screen Guild Show, to which they donate their talent.

May Robson gave Cecil de Mille a sample of what the Radio Theater would be like if it was ever televised. Miss Robson, 76 years old, memorized the entire radio adaptation of the screen play, "The Young in Heart," and in addition, a short interview with De Mille. If and when television becomes commonplace, all actors and actresses will have to memorize lines, since scripts would be out of the question.

Death brought to a tragic end one of the most promising young careers in Hollywood radio. It came quietly, a few weeks ago, to Ernest Carlson, 13-year-old boy actor. The cause was peritonitis and pneumonia. Young Carlson, up to the time of his illness, was one of the busiest young actors in Hollywood radio. He was Ronnie Bradley, the radio son of Irene Rich, Peter Brent on Brenthouse, the kid brother of Doris Kenyon on Cross Roads and a variety of other characters on various programs.

Rehearsal of a recent Silver Theater broadcast got nowhere for hours because the cast, as well as Director Conrad Nagel, were down on the floor busy being boys again. They were playing with a toy electric train used for sound effects.

The new Mrs. William Powell did not join her famous husband when he was signed to the Silver Theater series and did his first broadcast. The reason—a cold. However, she was among those present on the sidelines, looking very fetching in a silver fox and a new little spring flower toque.

Radio and motion pictures have been exchanging stars for years now, but when a film studio buys a title of a radio program to use it for a picture, it's news. Paramount recently

purchased the title, "I Want a Divorce," in which Joan Blondell and Dick Powell will be co-starred.

Los Angeles newsmen and Admiral Richardson, chief of the U. S. fleet, are convinced that Edgar Bergen's mind is as quick as a flash. Bergen, giving a talk at a traditional dinner given by the Los Angeles waterfront press in honor of the new naval chief, was waiting his time to bring Charlie McCarthy out of his suitcase, which he had leaned on the wall behind him. A waiter accidentally knocked the suitcase to the floor and hardly had the echo of the crash died down when out of the suitcase came Charlie's raging voice. "Lemme out of here!" yelled the dummy. "Whatcha trying to do to me, Bergen, kill me? Let me outta here!" So realistic was the effect of Bergen's ventriloquism that for a split second there was dead silence as the keen brains of the newsmen wrestled with the fact that it was Bergen, and not actually Charlie, who did the yelling.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Jack Carson and Kay St. Germaine, songbird once engaged to Edgar Bergen, have set the day of their wedding, April 15th.

Charles Boyer is getting complaints from listeners who say they can't understand him.

Ted Husing is coming to Hollywood to star in a series of Sports Shorts!

Lanny Ross is dickering with another film company to star in a new musical.

CONFIDENTIAL QUESTION BOX

(Answers to your questions about Hollywood Radio Stars)

Miss Mae Lamaack, Davenport, Iowa: Roy Rogers, the cowboy star, has no radio sponsor lined up at the present. His real name is Len Slye, and he is married.

A. E. M., Brooklyn, New York: Linda Darnell's name is really Linda Darnell, and she'll only be heard on the radio as a guest star, occasionally.

Helen Wolos, Philadelphia, Penn.: I have asked John Conte and Bud Heaston to mail you pictures of themselves. Bud is married to the daughter of Sam Wood, the director. John is single, but romances the Hollywood starlets.

Mrs. O. R. Kendall, Orlando, Fla.: I have written to Ed Hill and you should receive a picture of him soon.

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Once she was the favorite vocalist of Hal Kemp's orchestra. Now Maxine Gray is in Hollywood, giving most of her time to television. In between times she visits the Children's Home Society.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 9)



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swers, because three years of solid research teach you a lot.

Lee holds a record of some sort—he's appeared over radio stations in every state in the Union. It all happened some years ago when he was touring the country in the Rexall stream-lined train. At every stop there was the microphone of the local station, waiting for him to talk into it. After that jaunt, which introduced him to some 200 microphones, Lee became a sports announcer, and still describes occasional local games on WBT when he has the time, which isn't often—his quiz show duties see to that. Off the air Lee is quiet and reserved, and never asks questions. He's thirty-six years old and likes to golf and swim, although he shies away from springboards because once when he was a boy he dived into a shallow pool. On the links he scores in the low 80s.

Dottie Conne, his side-kick on the program, is a contralto-voiced young woman who is always smiling, and she seldom fails to disarm the people who gather for the broadcasts and bring them happily up to the microphone. Off the air she is one of Charlotte's most tireless community workers, busy with Community Chest and Red Cross drives. This year she was publicity director for the President's Birthday Ball in Charlotte.

CINCINNATI—Even Fred Kirby, WLW's "Smiling Cowboy," no relation to WBT's Lee Kirby, was surprised. Last Thanksgiving Day he sang on the air for the first time a song he had composed, called "I'm Thankful for Mother." As he finished, he off-handedly announced that he'd send a copy of the words to anyone who requested them. In the next two days the Cincinnati post office delivered more than 14,000 letters from people who took him at his word.

"I'm Thankful for Mother" wasn't the first song composed by the Smiling Cowboy, but it's the best. As a matter of fact, he's written more than three hundred songs and has played and sung them over radio stations in more than twenty states since he got his radio start over WBT in Charlotte, N. C., eleven years ago. Today, at WLW, his schedule calls for twenty sponsored programs every week.

Fred's partner, Don White, is with him on most of his broadcasts, accompanying Fred on the fiddle, mandolin or Hawaiian guitar. They've been friends ever since they met in Charlotte, although they haven't been together professionally all that time. Don was born in a one-room log cabin near Wolf Creek, West Virginia.

Fred may be going into the movies one of these days. He's recently been screen-tested by two large producers.

Remember Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer? Years ago he was a big network star. Then he packed up his accordion and went to London, where he was an even greater success in vaudeville and radio. Now he's back in New York, singing on a fifteen-minute, Sunday morning program on a local station. But don't feel sorry for him because he hasn't got a network show—he's sponsored, and also he's one of the few old-time radio personalities who have bothered to save their earnings.

LOS ANGELES—Help Thy Neighbor, the program on KHJ that devotes itself to finding jobs for people, has just spread its wings and established branches in five California cities besides Los Angeles—San Diego, San Bernardino, Santa Ana, Santa Barbara and Long Beach. Broadcasts have been given from each of these cities, so now jobless people in them can get the benefit of the program. To date, Help Thy Neighbor has reported finding jobs for more than 17,000 people, and the scope of its activities may soon be broadened—several advertising agencies are interested in selling the program to a coast-to-coast sponsor.

Who sends Bess Johnson, star of Hilltop House, that corsage of violets



Lee Kirby, station WBT's Man in the Street, and his assistant, Dottie Conne, start a typical broadcast

every morning? A card is never enclosed.

CINCINNATI—A roly-poly, cherubic little man who is seldom heard on the air is responsible for the programs that go out over WSAI, WLW's sister station in Cincinnati. His name is Clair Shadwell, and he's been in radio since it was in swaddling clothes.

When he was a boy in short pants and long stockings, Clair and the other boys in the small Ohio town where he was born organized a brass band, with Clair playing the cornet. He stepped out of the amateur ranks when a Chautauqua outfit passing through town needed a cornet player in a hurry, and for several years he toured with this and other shows. The war interrupted his musical career. Although he spent many months in France, WSAI's program director chuckles now when he recalls that the only thing he ever killed was a horse.

Clair is in his second year at WSAI, having come there from NBC in Washington. He's married to the girl who was an assistant postmistress in a small Iowa town he once played in during his Chautauqua days, and they have two sons.

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**The Adventure of the
Haunted Cave**

(Continued from page 36)

Montague . . ."

And at the end of the day, it still looked that way. The only way into the cave was across the clearing, and Montague's footprints showed that no one else had crossed that stretch of muddy ground. They were clear and sharp; no one else could have walked in them after or before Montague.

The only other possible way into the cave was through the window—but it was high above the surface of the lake, and could have been reached only by grappling irons which would have left scratches on the sill. But there were no scratches. The chance that someone might have let himself down by a rope from above was ruled out when Ellery observed that the only way to climb to the top of the cave on the outside was from the clearing itself.

Ellery joined Nikki on the porch just after dinner, which had been served to a subdued group of people by a scarcely less silent butler.

"If I could just get past those footprints!" he mumbled. "But they prove absolutely the strangler didn't cross the clearing. A fly couldn't have walked across that mud without leaving tracks!"

"But, Ellery—I don't believe in ghosts!"

"Of course not, Nikki—"

He stopped, listening, and Nikki screamed lightly and threw her arms around his neck. For a moment they stood there, tense, while the ghostly wail of the haunted cave rose and throbbed and fell again.

THE next morning, after a night of rain which still fell from gray skies, a glum-looking Inspector Queen summoned everyone into the living room.

"Now listen, everybody," he commanded. "I've worked twenty-four hours by phone to get a line on you people—and I want to know what you've got to say about the things I found out. To begin with, Mr. Lewis—you and Montague have been enemies for twenty years—"

"Enemies! You're crazy!" The dried-up little man seemed about to explode with indignation. "We've been friendly enemies, that's true. But—are you accusing me of having murdered Colin Montague?"

"It's wonderful how friendly enemies can turn into unfriendly ones, Mr. Lewis," Inspector Queen said dryly. "Besides, Montague owned something you want—badly. His library on psychic research, Lewis. You've always hankered after it."

"But dad," Ellery interposed, "even if Montague died, how could Lewis—"

"I had a man look up Montague's will. In it he leaves his library to his friendly enemy, Alexander Lewis!" Queen declared.

Into the chorus of gasps that greeted this statement, Professor Collins' voice cut sharply. "But Inspector, that's so absurd—to kill a man for possession of some books—"

"You think so?" the Inspector inquired. "Well, then, suppose I tackle you. Montague borrowed a great deal of money from you—didn't he?"

Collins face stiffened into a mask of dignity. "Oh," he said quietly. "I see. Yes, Inspector, he did."



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"And he wasn't able to repay those loans. So you and he made a deal. He took out an insurance policy on his life to the amount of twenty-one thousand, five hundred dollars—the exact amount of his debt to you!"

Laura Montague was on her feet, all color drained from her immature face. "You killed my father?" she gasped. "Laura!" snapped Mrs. Collins. Then she turned furiously to Inspector Queen. "How dare you suggest my husband killed—"

At this point Inspector Queen tossed his largest and most unexpected bomb of the morning. "But how about you, Mrs. Collins?" he asked quietly. "Does your husband know that you and Colin Montague were once man and wife? That you ran away from Montague, leaving your baby with him, and then married Collins?"

She stared at him.

"So it's out—at last," she murmured. "Yes," the Inspector went on, "and right now I'm checking up on that divorce you were supposed to have got from Montague, Mrs. Collins. For all I know, you never *were* divorced—and when this thing's cleared up, we'll find Montague came up here threatening to expose you as a bigamist—"

PANDEMONIUM then broke loose. Laura fainted, Mrs. Collins began to cry, and Collins made threatening gestures in the Inspector's direction. In the midst of the uproar, there was a sharp knock at the door.

Gabriel Dunn stood outside, his clothes and beard damp from the rain. "I—I just been up to the cave," he announced in that creaky voice. "Somethin's happened up there. Your man here—Finch—he's there, strangled to death!"

For a moment, Ellery didn't know who Finch was. Then he remembered the close-mouthed, saturnine servant.

There was a general movement outside, with Ellery in the lead, running through the rain toward the cave. Once there, he noted quickly that all footprints in the clearing were now washed away.

It was Finch, all right, and he was dead. That wry, tight mouth would never open again. But this time the strangling had been done in the orthodox way; the thumb prints were on the front of the throat, over the wind-pipe, and the finger prints were on the back.

Ellery caught sight of a small, ruined object on the floor a few feet from the body. He bent over it while Velie examined Finch. It was a small box camera—or rather, it had been. Now it was a wreck, for evidently someone had jumped on it repeatedly until it was smashed to bits. The film had been removed.

"Well," Ellery remarked, "that camera's your sure cure for ghosts. Finch must have witnessed the murder of Montague yesterday morning. Probably got up early to see Montague and Lewis off on their experiment, took his camera along, followed Montague when Montague beat it alone to get to the cave before Lewis, snapped a picture of the killing, and—"

"And was all set to blackmail the killer!" Inspector Queen supplied.

"Exactly. He probably made an appointment with the killer for last night, was fool enough to bring his camera along—and got choked to death for his pains."

"The only question is," said the Inspector—"who was the killer?"

"I can answer that question, too," Ellery said softly. "I had a—a sort of brain wave as I ran through the woods just now. Reconstructed the whole thing—and it's really amazingly simple. If you'll just get everyone together at the edge of the clearing, I'll show you how it was done—and who did it!"

CHALLENGE TO THE READER

At this point in *The Adventure of the Haunted Cave*, you are in possession of all the facts and clues necessary to lead to the only person who could logically have murdered Colin Montague and Finch. Do you know who that person is?

Half an hour later, although the rain had stopped, it was a resentful group of people who gathered at the clearing opposite the cave.

"I've asked you all to come here," Ellery began, "because it's time we exploded all this nonsense about ghosts and got back to normal. The murder of Finch last night was the inevitable result of the murder of Montague. Obviously it was committed by the same person.

"The crux of Montague's murder is—how was it done? This morning we have identical conditions to those that existed on the morning of the murder—it has rained, the rain has stopped, and the mud of the clearing is smoothed and unmarked. In other words, what you see now is what Montague saw when he set foot in this clearing—to cross it, enter the cave, and there meet his death at the hands of a very clever criminal.

MONTAGUE," he continued, "was strangled by no ghost. The strangler's hands were human hands—they left human fingerprints. And if the strangler had human hands, he also had human feet, and human feet leave prints in mud. But we know that the murder was committed in the cave, because a man who is on the point of death by strangulation could not walk across this clearing in the straight line indicated by those footprints. Therefore, the murderer, we must assume, crossed the clearing. The question is: how did he cross it without leaving any footprints? Sergeant Velie!"

"Huh?" said that worthy.

"I want you to act the part of Colin Montague. And I—I'm your murderer, Sergeant. This is the morning of the crime, about five o'clock. Sergeant, you rose a full hour earlier than you were supposed to that morning—"

"I did? Oh, you mean Montague," Velie mumbled.

"Montague tricked me!" Lewis burst out. "If that man weren't dead . . ."

"But he is, Mr. Lewis . . . At any rate, Montague wasn't alone. His murderer was with him. Now, Montague and this companion entered the woods, crossed them, and came to this spot—the edge of the clearing before the cave. Come with me into the woods, Sergeant, and we'll demonstrate what poor Finch snapped with his camera—the evidence for which he was murdered last night."

Together, they walked down the trail until they were hidden by the underbrush. The waiting group heard the murmur of Ellery's voice and an agonized yelp from Velie, and then



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they re-appeared—with Ellery riding astride Velie's broad back!

"And that is how it was done," Ellery said, facing them once more. "Montague simply carried his murderer on his back into the cave. That's the only way the murderer could have crossed the mud without leaving foot-prints!"

The inspector said suddenly: "Yes—and the prints of the strangler's fingers!"

"Yes Dad . . . they proved the strangler was behind Montague at the time of the crime, thus confirming my other deduction. But grown men don't run around the Adirondacks at five in the morning playing piggy-back, so why was Montague carrying the murderer? The only reason I could see was that the murderer had to be carried."

"Had to be carried, El?" Inspector Queen asked in bewilderment.

"An injury, dad! And that was confirmed by a significant fact. Old Gabe here had said that he'd found a place on the trail in the woods where someone had slipped on loose stones and fallen into some juniper bushes. Gabe said it was Montague, because he thought Montague was alone. But since we know Montague carried someone, isn't it evident that it wasn't Montague who fell, but his companion?"

"Sure!" the Inspector said excitedly. "It was a fake fall! The murderer pretended to fall and twist his ankle or something, so Montague would carry him!"

"Yes," Ellery went on. "The whole thing was carefully planned to make the murder look like the work of the cave's ghostly occupant—strangulation, one set of footprints leading into the cave—"

"Yes, but," Professor Collins asked, "how did the murderer get out?"

"It's perfectly obvious," Ellery remarked. "I don't know why none of us thought of it sooner. For while no one could have gotten into the cave through that window, because it's fifty feet above the lake, someone could easily get out—simply by diving into the water and swimming to shore."

THE Inspector was chewing a fingernail excitedly. "Of course, of course!" he said with impatience. "But—who was this murderer?"

"Dad—where was this little 'accident' of the murderer's staged, when he fell and pretended to twist his ankle? At the edge of the woods, only a few yards from the house. And yet Montague carried him all the way through the woods to the cave, when it would have been so much simpler just to bring him back to the house! Why? There could be only one reason why Montague didn't carry his companion back to the house, but carried him instead to the cave. And that was—because he and his companion were bound for the cave—because his companion was supposed to share the cave with him for the next twenty-four hours!"

There was a quick movement, like that of a frightened animal, at the edge of the group. "Yes!" Ellery cried, sharp and clear and authoritatively, "Sergeant Velie, arrest the man who got Montague up an hour early on some trumped-up change of plan—who wanted to kill Montague because he hated him and because he knew he would fall heir to Montague's valuable collection of books—Alexander Lewis!"

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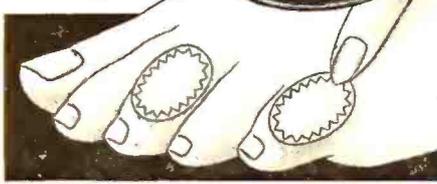
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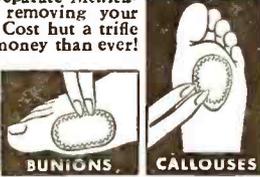
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Two Kinds of Marriage—The New

(Continued from page 12)

to her, reading to her. Every appointment that could possibly be cancelled was cancelled—so he could sit for hour upon hour at her side.

That's Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor's marriage for you—a marriage as modern as 1940, and one that is the envy of all Hollywood.

You wonder about a marriage like that. Here are two people, two personalities individually famous in their own right. Ann, a movie star, with a dozen successes to her credit. Roger, a movie actor band leader, and now a rising young radio personality. You imagine each one, immersed in a sea of responsibilities, each one with a career to make. With fame, so many things get in the way of a happy home life, a normal marriage. How have these two managed to remain so unspoiled, so genuinely fond of each other, after all these years?

I TALKED to Roger about it a few weeks ago. Ann was in the hospital, recovering from her operation. He looked worn and worried—the only time I have ever seen Roger look worn—and his thoughts were obviously with Ann throughout our conversation. And yet, he passed along a message, which summed up every-

thing. "Ann and I have built our married life together on two principles. One is—that for a true marriage—a normal home life is absolutely essential. The other is—that outside our home, both of us are individuals with our own independence—and that neither has the right to interfere in the other's business or professional life."

As far as the normal home life goes, Ann and Roger have one now that's ideal. They live in a pretty Georgian house out in Beverly Hills—not a pretentious house, but lovely—the kind of house an up-and-coming young doctor might live in—or a bond salesman, or a young architect who was doing rather well.

The house is landscaped, with a patio and a garden. Dogs romp over the lawn. Inside, there are cozy furnishings, bookshelves, a crackling fire

in the fireplace. Everything both inside and outside the house was designed especially by Ann. Just like any other young married woman, she took time out from her busy life to study architecture, period furniture, china, rugs, silverware, so she'd be able to do it all in perfect taste.

It's a home they can share with their friends. Almost every night, somebody drops in for dinner. Don Ameche and his blonde wife, Cesar Romero, the younger married set of Hollywood—are all regular guests. Once or twice a week there is music in the big livingroom—with Ann at the piano, half a dozen friends harmonizing in a corner, and Roger tooting away at his pet trombone.

On nights when there are no visitors or parties, they spend long and beautiful evenings together, just sitting by their fireside, talking, reading, or listening to their collection of fine symphonic recordings, which is one of the largest in Hollywood.

You might not think it of Roger—with his boyish eagerness on the air—or of Ann with her pert screen ways—but this quiet happiness of theirs is tremendously precious to them both. For a very important reason. They waited for it, for more than seven years.

In fact, Roger himself sacrificed his career as a band-leader to achieve it. Ann and Roger met each other in Chicago, in 1932—when she was singing in musical comedy, and he was a handsome young juvenile lead.

"It was love at first sight," Roger says today. "By the time I took her home that night, I was crazy about her. But we saw each other only a few times after that meeting—for two weeks later, her show went on to Hollywood—and I was called back to New York."

THERE is something pathetic about that four-year romance of Roger and Ann. It seems almost as though fate did her utmost to keep them apart. For almost four years, that two weeks they saw each other in Chicago was the longest time they ever had to-



■ Important announcement! John's Other Wife, starring Erin O'Brien-Moore, left, and Just Plain Bill, with Arthur Hughes, right, are now heard at new times, 3:30 and 3:45 P.M., E.S.T., on NBC's Blue network.

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gether. Both of them were rising stars. Roger was getting into pictures—in New York—Ann was in road shows, on the stage, and finally in pictures—in Hollywood. They saw each other for brief glimpses—wrote letters—and dreamed of the day when there would be time enough to marry and settle down.

It's a miracle the whole thing lasted as long as it did. But Ann and Roger's romance was the real thing. They had faith. Finally they both landed up together in Hollywood. Not only that—they were cast opposite each other in a picture, "The Girl Friend." They were all set to get married after the picture was finished—but Roger's agent had another idea. "Wait awhile," he said. "I want you to make a personal appearance tour of the country. Your stock's up now—you can get married, when you come back."

Roger wanted to get married then, anyway. But Ann said it was better to wait. She didn't want one of those broken Hollywood marriages—with one here, the other gone tomorrow. So Roger went away on his tour—and Ann waited.

She waited a long time. For during that tour, Roger's agent had another idea. He decided Roger ought to be a bandleader.

It happened this way. As a gag, during the personal appearances, Roger played all the instruments in the band. Music has always been as natural to him as breathing. He's the second son of Arthur Pryor, the famous band conductor—and as a boy, he'd not only played saxophone under his dad's baton, but studied all the other instruments as well. But he'd never thought of music as a career until that spring. Suddenly it appealed to him no end. He was a little tired of pictures, a little tired of the stage.

But there was Ann. Nobody lives more of a nomad's life than a bandleader. If he became one, he'd have to travel constantly. They'd never see each other.

He and Ann had a little talk about it. And this time they decided not to wait.

Exactly three days before he was to leave for Chicago, for his first date with the band, they were married.

It was a marriage that would have tried the patience of a saint—much less, the patience of two young people very much in love.

"For three years," Roger says, "Ann and I caught only brief glimpses of each other. I was traveling with the band constantly—she was busy in Hollywood. Once in awhile—when the band was located for six weeks or so in one spot—and she had a little free time, she'd fly in to see me, and stay for a week-end or so. We were stationed at Catalina Island for one summer, and I commuted back and forth by plane to Beverly Hills every week-end. But on the whole, it was completely unsatisfactory, as far as normal married happiness was concerned. We never felt as if we were really married."

And so—after three long years—Roger quit the band business, and came back to Hollywood, for good.

For all their closeness to one another, their hard-won home life, Ann and Roger are individuals, professional successes. And the success of their marriage is based on that other ingredient as well—independence.

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"Ann and I both believe in personal and professional independence," says Roger. "I never interfere with her career, and she never interferes with mine."

"We try to keep our home life and our business life entirely separate. We never discuss business affairs at dinner, or casually, with our friends. If there is a problem that is puzzling one of us, okay—we may ask the other fellow's advice. Ann may take my advice, and she may not. That's not my affair. I gave it, and it's up to her to decide. We never argue, and we never nag."

"Ann and I run our finances as we run our careers," says Roger. "We don't pool our resources, except for living expenses. She has her own bank account, I have mine. That helps us both feel independent and individually alive."

There is, for example, no family car. Ann has her car, Roger has his. Even the three dogs in the house have separate masters. Roger has a big Dobermann Pinscher of his own—and Ann, to make up for the bigness of Roger's pet, has two little dogs of her own.

They make a point of never disagreeing over their own personal interests. Roger, for instance, is very athletic. He likes to play tennis, and in fact, is one of the stars of Beverly Hills at the sport. Ann isn't in-

clined to sports in the least. But she blithely trots out every time Roger plays, and sits on the sidelines, under a parasol, watching every move.

Roger likes to fly, too. Now Ann can't abide flying. But does she object to her husband's favorite pastime? Not in the least.

"Married life," says Roger, "even with all the advantages, is so full of ups and downs—you've got to learn how to laugh at it all. Ann had that from the beginning. She can make a joke out of anything. When things get too tense—bang!—out comes something funny, to save the day. It's like her operation. I was worried to death about it. But I couldn't show my worry in front of Ann. She was too gay. Sunday afternoon, she came to my broadcast for Screen Guild, and then went on to Bette Davis' party at the Trocadero afterward. She was the life of the party that night—but she went on from the Troc directly to the hospital. Monday morning, she went under the knife. Brave girl, isn't she? Wonderful girl, in fact."

He glanced at his watch. It was time to go back to Ann. I watched him, as he drove off quickly in his mud-spattered, hard-ridden car. Yes, I thought, Ann must be a wonderful girl . . . and the two of them a wonderful couple.

Two Kinds of Marriage—The Old

(Continued from page 14)

Autry, "the singing cowboy" took his bride to Chicago. They lived in a four-room apartment near the broadcasting station and were terribly happy. No, they didn't have much money but that didn't make any difference. Ina cooked the meals, kept house, did the mending and sometimes the washing. She had studied dramatics in college, hoping for a career, but she forgot all about it when she married Gene. He doesn't approve of careers for wives.

"Mrs. Autry keeps busy in other ways and, I think, happy also," he told me. (Yes, he always speaks of her with that quaint, pleasing formality. "Mrs. Autry," it is to everybody but their closest friends, never "Ina.") "One career in the family is enough," he declared. "If a woman wants a career, she'd better forget marriage, because the two don't jibe." Nothing dictatorial nor belligerent about these views nor his manner of expressing them. . . . Just a quiet fellow saying what he thought about things. . . . "Mrs. Autry," he added, "runs the house, but I'm the boss otherwise. According to my lights, a woman should be taken good care of but sort of bossed, too. A man wants to wear the pants. . . ."

Not that he doesn't discuss his affairs—all of them—with her. When he received his offer to come to Hollywood and make motion pictures, they went into it from every angle and it was Ina's advice that finally decided him.

"Maybe it is a gamble," she said, "but we're young and—well, 'nothing risked, nothing gained' . . ."

So they made the break. Of course, they've not been sorry. Not that Gene made very much money in pictures at first. He was no actor and he knew it. He was content to start out modestly, and Ina agreed with him.

"You'll ride along easier, that way," she said. And he did. He also rode fast. He rode so fast that before we city fellers who don't see many westerns, knew it, he was the biggest cowboy star in the business, in spite of the undeniable fact that he doesn't even know the meaning of the word "glamour."

HE isn't a "dynamic" personality. He isn't a male Lorelei. He's—just a guy! A slender, not very tall guy about thirty-two years old, with fine, light brown hair parted on the side and not combed nor cut awfully well. . . . A quiet-spoken, slow-moving guy with direct blue eyes (a sort of turquoise blue) and a ready smile. . . . A fellow with a strong handshake and a calm, direct way of speaking. . . . A fellow wearing, invariably, a striped suit of some kind with fancy pockets, tight-fitting trousers tucked into cowboy boots, shirt with collar and cuffs piped in a contrasting color and the Autry version of a flowing tie. . . . But a fellow who, for all his strange looking clothes, is very real.

I dropped into his office (which is set back of his quite imposing ranch house in the San Fernando valley), one day recently. He was sitting there with his feet on his desk, and we had a little talk. He told me he has always been "sorta musical." "When I was a kid I wanted to play a saxophone and I saved up my money and sent away to a mail order house for one. But when it came I realized I couldn't play it and sing, too. And I liked to sing. So I traded the sax for a broken down guitar and a twenty-five cent book of instructions. Yes—in answer to my question—that's all the lessons I ever had. Mrs. Autry plays the piano," he added (he has a way of bringing her into conversations) "but I don't know one

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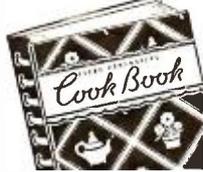
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note from another."

I noticed a couple of rhyming dictionaries on his desk, and he admitted that he uses them a lot. "I wore one plum' out," he confided.

For books in general Gene said he doesn't care much. He reads western stories because he's always looking for picture and, now, radio material. But besides those and the newspapers. . . . He grinned. "No," he said before I could ask him, "I haven't read 'Gone With the Wind' and I haven't read 'The Grapes of Wrath'. Don't suppose I ever will." He does read Dale Carnegie, though, and admires him tremendously. "He's one of our personal friends," he declared with pride. "Kinda helps us to think straight. . . ."

Ina came in about then, to carry him off for a game of golf. She looked very pretty, also about sixteen years old, in her short, tweed skirt, gay sweater, and her hair tied up with a ribbon. They play often, they told me. Gene shoots about an 88, but Ina just "goes along for the ride."

ANOTHER favorite pastime of theirs, they said, is—believe it or not—bridge. And strangely enough, it is Gene, "the singing cowboy" who has converted Mrs. A. to the game! They play four or five nights a week. Just the other night, Gene admitted, he trumped Mrs. Autry's ace. ("A mechanical error—honest—but she was fit to be tied!") Ordinarily, however, he plays a bang-up game, she insisted, knows all the systems and is a firm believer in the four no-trump bid when you are heading for a slam. They play poker too, sometimes, also "solo," another favorite cowboy game which Gene learned when he was a kid—and this despite the fact that his grandfather was a Baptist minister. But bridge, they both think, tops them all. As it happens, Ina, like Gene, once learned telegraphy and for a gag one night during a bridge game, they tapped out on the table information about a certain hand they held, bidding and making a grand slam as a result. Of course, they owned up immediately after. But, Gene says with that quiet grin of his, it's often convenient for perfectly legitimate reasons, to be able to talk to your wife "privately, in public, when she needs it."

They don't quarrel, though. Ina told me, privately, that you couldn't quarrel with Gene because he just grins and shuts up and pretty soon you feel kind of silly, yourself. Besides, she said, he is too honest and fair to quarrel. He's always seeing the other side to things. Of course, they have their little differences. He doesn't like her hats. He doesn't like any of the hats ladies wear these days. He also complains, sometimes, about the household bills. "But not very often, and only a very little," Ina apologized, quickly.

"Is Gene the jealous type?" I asked her, then.

"No," she said. "He is, rather, the kind that would have perfect faith in his wife—but if she ever did anything to break that faith, nothing could ever make it whole again. . . ."

"An idealist," I remarked.

"Yes," she said, and her tone was proud, "an idealist, bless him!"

From which, among other "straws in the wind" it wasn't very difficult for me to deduce that for Mrs. Gene Autry, too, "there is only one love in a lifetime. . . ."

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■ Alice Reinheart, star of *Life Can Be Beautiful*, is proof that a clean skin makes a radiant face.



Photo by Ray Lee Jackson, NBC

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BY DR. GRACE GREGORY

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Recently I was the guest of Alice Reinheart in her charming and distinctive apartment. As soon as I looked at her exquisite skin, clear and lustrous as the petal of a white flower, I knew I had come to the right place for beauty secrets. "No secret," said she. "Just the perfection of cleanliness."

Alice's delightfully modulated voice and fine dramatic sense are enjoyed by a host of fans in "Life Can Be Beautiful" (WABC-CBS, Mondays through Fridays, 1:15 P.M.). She plays the part of Chichi Conrad. Her dramatic career began in San Francisco, in "Hay Fever." But even before that she was known as a child prodigy on the piano. She is still petite, and not only an accomplished musi-

cian but a collector of fine books. Note: she not only collects books, but she reads them. By any standard she is a rare person, with a cultured mind, a vivid personality, and an appearance to delight a connoisseur of feminine loveliness.

Alice Reinheart's insistence on scrupulous skin cleanliness is basic. She herself does not use cleansing creams because her skin has a natural loveliness and clearness. Plain soap and water scrubbing is her specialty.

The human skin is nature's impregnable defense against all that comes from outside. But it is true to say that the tiny oil sacs at the base of all our (practically invisible) facial hairs can and do get clogged. When that happens the skin has a dingy look. Cosmetics not thoroughly removed can contribute to the unlovely appearance.

What to do? Beauty specialists say the skin must be handled gently. First a suitable cleansing cream, stroked in with the gentle upward and outward rotating motion. Try to find all the tense and tired spots

in face and neck. Caress them away. Smooth out the frown lines. Look for the spots of weariness below and behind your ears. Smooth upward in the direction a smile lifts your face.

When your face feels like new, take cleansing tissue and go all over it again (in the same soothing directions), removing the cream. Let the soft, fresh tissue do the work of absorbing and removing the cream and all else that should go with it.

When all the cream is off, and the pores unclogged, and the weary muscles relaxed, then you are ready for softened water (plenty of it) and a pure, soothing soap. If your skin is extra-sensitive, try patting it dry with tissue instead of towelling it. Now you are ready to go on with powder base and make-up.

Keep plenty of tissue handy, in bathroom and dressing box. Always blot your lips with tissue after putting on lipstick. If your lipstick spreads a little, tissue removes it. Too much rouge? Tissue again. It is the only thing soft enough to use on your complexion at any and all times. Being used once only, it guarantees you a surgical purity.

For colds, sinuses, and all the catarrhal ills that flesh is heir to, that handy box of cleansing tissue is what the doctor ordered. Handkerchiefs are as old-fashioned as hoopskirts, except as an ornament in the handbag, delicately scented with perfume. A few folds of cleansing tissue for practical use, please.

If you use night creams, spread a few sheets of tissue on the pillow. The difference in laundry and linen bills will pay for many boxes of tissue, either printed or plain. Tissue is the dainty woman's way of saving her cherished textiles.

WHILE we are talking about cleansing and relaxing, how about your eyes? Alice Reinheart says she washes them out regularly, several times a day. Eyes get filled with dust every time we go out, and strained with close work or reading. We should make it up to them with soothing baths of scientifically prepared eye lotions. There are half a dozen on the market, all good. Choose the one best suited to your eyes. Then wash the eyes as regularly as you brush your teeth. The effect will repay you. The choice is an individual matter. Try them all before you decide. But the regular use of an eye lotion is one of the recognized means of preserving beauty.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

Don't Be a "Pal" to Your Daughter

(Continued from page 29)

a big job to do in this world, and whose lives were too full to include marriage to each other. They parted great friends, and both understood. Now Bess is working for her daughter, her whole life is centered on building Jane into capable womanhood.

"Respect in a child," Bess continued, "is something you can't demand, it must be warranted. One of the surest ways to lose the respect of your children is to allow them to call you by your first name. For this puts you in the same position as the little girl next door. Your opinions, ideas, and advice soon carry little more weight than if they had been presented by some childhood playmate. Then, as your child grows a little older, you will find she will be criticizing you, passing judgment on your clothes, your friends, and even your general actions. Which brings us to what I consider the most important phase of raising children: confidence.

"Children are forever confronted with large and perplexing 'whys?'. They need someone to come to, and a mother must be that person.

NO child ever did anything without a reason, and I find that with Jane, even when she has done wrong, there was a good reason behind her action. At least, it was a good reason to her, and would stand unless its weak points were exposed, unless it was erased by a better reason for not doing.

"A recent little problem of Jane's might illustrate. I have a servant who does the housework and cooking, and when I came home the other evening I found Jane's room was a mess, toys all over, soiled clothes and books scattered about. I asked her why she hadn't straightened her room, and she replied that that was Louise's job.

"Now, to her, that was a good reason. After all, Louise is our servant, and I am paying her to keep the house clean. But Louise had already cleaned Jane's room once that day. I could have scolded Jane, made her clean her room, but that wouldn't have corrected her faulty reasoning. So instead, I explained how Louise had already done her work, just as I had done mine that day at the broadcasting studio, and it wouldn't be fair to ask Louise to do it again.

"So there was a better reason, and Jane responded as any intelligent child would. 'I didn't think of it that way, mother,' she said, and proceeded to put her room in order.

"In other words," I said, "you believe that a plain, bare faced 'no' is the last thing a mother should use?"

"Absolutely, for it is an evasion. The child may obey, through fear of punishment, but she still won't understand why.

"Of course," Bess continued after a moment, "some mothers say, 'But my child never comes to me, never confides in me.' Then I say it is their fault, for they are the only ones who can close the door of confidence between themselves and their child. A tragic example filled our newspapers recently, the boy who shot his childhood sweetheart because she was going to have a baby. Those two children were faced with a great problem, and there was no one to

whom they felt they could turn to in confidence. They didn't think their parents would understand. So they chose death instead."

"But how is a mother to gain this confidence?" I asked.

"By always being accessible, by never being too tired or too busy to listen, by always combating reason with better reason, and by studying to be always a little wiser and a little better balanced than her children.

"With Jane, it is usually two nights of the week when those confidences come. Those nights I come home early to relax, usually having supper in bed. She'll come into my room, and crawl in bed with me. We'll talk about different things, and before long it begins to come out. Something she has done during the past few days that perhaps she feels is wrong, but doesn't clearly know why. I don't scold her, but rather try to present a better and clearer reasoning than hers.

"There are times, of course, when you must exert a firm hand, when you must punish. But only after you have made sure the child understands why it is being punished.

"There is one universal belief that I contradict, and that is the belief that mothers shouldn't have careers. I believe that every mother should have a career, not necessarily on the stage or in business, but some other very important outside interest. She shouldn't confine herself to the home, or try to watch over her children too carefully.

"Let them play more or less unsupervised. They'll make mistakes, they'll probably get in some kind of mischief, they'll have fights and arguments among themselves. Of course, these might be avoided if you kept them continually under your wing, but remember that the only way anyone can learn is by making mistakes."

AT this point, dinner was served. We all sat down at the table, and the meal that followed was one of the liveliest ones I have ever known, made so, mostly, by Jane's adolescent, yet basically sound ideas, and the fact we were all active people who had something to say. I saw plainly what Bess meant by her "hand's off" policy, and the necessity of a mother having some important outside activity. For both Bess and Jane had had full days, they had done things which the other knew nothing about, and both mother and daughter talked and listened with lively interest.

Never once was Jane told to "Be quiet." Her opinions were offered in a serious, adult way, and were respected as such. Therefore she was made to feel she must weigh her words before speaking, and be sure that her offerings were as sound and interesting as anyone's at the table.

So during the following days, I have listened to Hilltop House with new interest. For the principles which Bess explained to me are the foundation of the human story of Miss Bess and the orphan children of Hilltop House. There, day after day, mothers can see these principles put to real life tests, can see how those children become stronger and finer of character simply because they have one person whom they respect, and to whom they can turn in confidence.

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"I Love You Much Too Much"

(Continued from page 21)

They made the old, old, tragic-comic mistake. They forbade their daughters to go out with the men they had chosen, and opposition strengthened that choice.

Maxene and Lou, Patty and Vic, began to meet secretly. The girls would leave the house together, then part to meet their dates, then meet again at a pre-arranged spot so they could return home together.

It was all, really, so innocent. All four might go to a bowling club they'd organized with ten other young people. Or to a night club to dance for a while, or just talk music with other musicians. When you're young, and half in love, it doesn't matter what you do. It only matters that you do it together.

Naturally, they hated to deceive their parents. But—

"If they'd only trust us! If they'd let Vic or Lou visit us at home, without being afraid that any minute we'd run off and get married!"

AND they don't seem to remember what they've told us often enough—that Daddy ran away from home when he was thirteen—and Mama ran away from her father and mother when she was seventeen, to marry him!"

"Anyway—what can we do? I'm not going to give up seeing Vic!"

There were other points the girls began to notice, now that the biggest point of all—their right to see the boys they liked—had been raised. They had always turned over to their parents all the money they earned, willingly. Sometimes that money amounted to \$3000 a week. And yet, they began to realize, though they earned huge salaries, they were still treated like little girls. Each was given only a percentage of her income for spending money. For extra expenditures, justified or not, they had always to ask permission.

That wasn't so important, though, beside the big problem. Secrecy—the necessity of meeting Lou and Vic on the sly—was intolerable to them.

What tormented them more than anything else was that they weren't being given the opportunity to discover, naturally and normally, whether they were really in love or not. They wanted to have all those simple, ordinary things other girls have: dates for movies or dancing, or just an evening together by the radio. They wanted to come home after an evening out, and talk over with their mother everything that had happened.

In the middle of it all was LaVerne—seeing both sides, loving both sides, trying to keep the peace. LaVerne had a sweetheart too, but he was in Minneapolis, and so presented no immediate problem.

Then, on a winter Sunday, things came to the breaking point.

Patty and Maxene had been driving with Lou. They returned home at seven in the evening, later than they had planned, and the questions started.

"Where were you? . . . What were you doing? . . . Who were you with?"

Imperceptibly, before they knew it, they were all quarreling. Maxene, hearing the raised voices, charged with emotion, made her decision. She went to her room, packed her bags, and told her family she'd be back

when they were willing to let her live her own life.

She didn't leave alone. Patty went with her.

That would have been all—two of a family of five had asserted their independence and no one outside their immediate circle would have known—if there hadn't been a curious mischance. A woman who lived in the apartment next to the Andrews complained to the police that she had overheard raised voices, and Mr. Andrews making certain threats. The police, investigating, claim to have found an unlicensed revolver in the Andrews apartment. Andrews a Minnesotan who had not heard of the New York Sullivan law had owned the gun for fifteen years, and had always carried it with him to protect payrolls on long trips. He was taken to the precinct station, booked on a technical charge, to which he pleaded not guilty and released a few hours later. As this issue of RADIO MIRROR went to press he had not been tried.

But that arrest was the break in the Andrews' privacy. It let the newspapers, the notoriety, in.

Maxene and Patty spent Sunday and Monday nights together in a hotel room, seeing no one. They met LaVerne at the rehearsal for the Chesterfield program Tuesday afternoon, but she was in no condition to sing. Poor LaVerne, as the eldest, was caught in a whirl of emotions. She understood her sisters, but she also understood her father and mother.

The worst of the situation, of course, was what had happened to Mr. Andrews—that and all the reporters and photographers it brought in its train. And in the midst of all the hubbub of questions and cross-questions they had to think about singing on the program that night.

LaVerne couldn't sing. Maxene wouldn't sing, without LaVerne. So



■ In a corner of the studio one broadcast day, Gracie Allen was caught crocheting on a cardigan sweater for her daughter Sandra.

it was finally decided, after the sponsors had been talked to, to let Patty face the microphone alone. For the first time, the trio was separated.

Were you listening in that night? Did you hear the way Patty poured her whole heart and soul into that song? Do you remember its words:

"I love you much too much,
I've known it from the start,
But yet my love is such,
I can't control my heart.
I love you much too much,
I ask myself 'what for?'
Then, darling, when we touch
I love you more.
Perhaps I hold your heart too tightly,
But who am I to say?
If I should hold it lightly
It might slip away.
I love you much too much,
You've never really known,
I love you, oh so much,
I'm yours alone."*

That was more than a song. It was a plea—a plea for understanding. As she sang, Patty was hoping that her father and mother were listening, and would know why she and her sisters had chosen that particular song, with words that explained, much more eloquently than any arguments, the unhappiness in their hearts.

It was love that was at the root of all the trouble. Too much love. Too much love of parents for their children, too much love of the children for their sweethearts. Couldn't they listen? Couldn't they understand?

The broadcast was over. Patty, singing alone, had been given an ovation by the studio audience. And now it was time to go home.

LaVerne's eyes, shadowed with sleeplessness, asked the question before her lips:

"Can't you come home, Maxene? Patty? Back to Father and Mother?"

With tears in their eyes, the two girls shook their heads. In spite of everything, they couldn't go home. They couldn't throw away their declaration of independence. It was too hard-won.

They went back to the hotel, feeling strangely deflated, after all the excitement—feeling lost, alone.

Maxene managed a smile.

"Well, Patty. . . ."

There was a knock on the door, and they were on their feet at one bound, flinging open the door. Their father and mother, convoyed by a relieved LaVerne, were outside, bearing the most priceless gift of all: their admission that the girls were entitled to their personal liberty.

Now Maxene and Patty are using that liberty, and using it wisely—to do what they wanted to do all along. Their wish is not necessarily to marry Lou and Vic, but simply to get acquainted with them in the normal way, to see if they actually are in love and not just under the glamorous spell of stolen meetings and parental opposition.

Two young girls have become women, ready to face a grown up world of happiness and heartbreak.

*Lyrics of the song "I Love You Much Too Much" by Don Raye, Alex Olshey and C. Towber, printed by permission of Leeds Music Corp., the copyright owner.



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