

OCTOBER

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



ARE YOU REALLY WELL?
Read What Joan Blondell
Learned About
Good Health for Women

Read as a Thrilling Story

THE GUIDING LIGHT ▼

A Great Drama That Brings
Something New into Your Life

YOU THINK I'M DEAD

The Startling Confession of a
Famous Star's Gamble for Love



BETTY GRABLE
Featured in
20th Century-Fox picture
"Down Argentine Way"



LEARN BETTY'S SECRET

FOR *Beautiful Eyes*

"It's easy to have lovely, alluring eyes," says glamorous Betty Grable. "The magic secret is Maybelline eye make-up." You'll be thrilled when you see your eyelashes appear glamorously dark, long, and luxuriant. A few brush strokes of the Solid or Cream-form Maybelline Mascara create the glorious effect. Both forms are so easy to apply . . . tear-proof . . . absolutely safe.

Stirring depth and beauty for your eyes . . . with softly blended Maybelline Eye Shadow. Then, the joyful climax . . . when you form your brows in graceful, classic lines with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Just soft enough for best results.

Try these three simple beauty aids today. Then . . . step back and look at yourself in your mirror. Your eyes appear larger and more glamorous! There's a new, arresting beauty in your face. That's the thrilling magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

For eye make-up that's natural appearing . . . for eye make-up in good taste . . . be sure you get Maybelline. You'll find attractive purse sizes in your nearest 10c store.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in smart gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in convenient zipper case, 75c. Same shades (applied without water).



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, in convenient purse size. Black or Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six most flattering shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

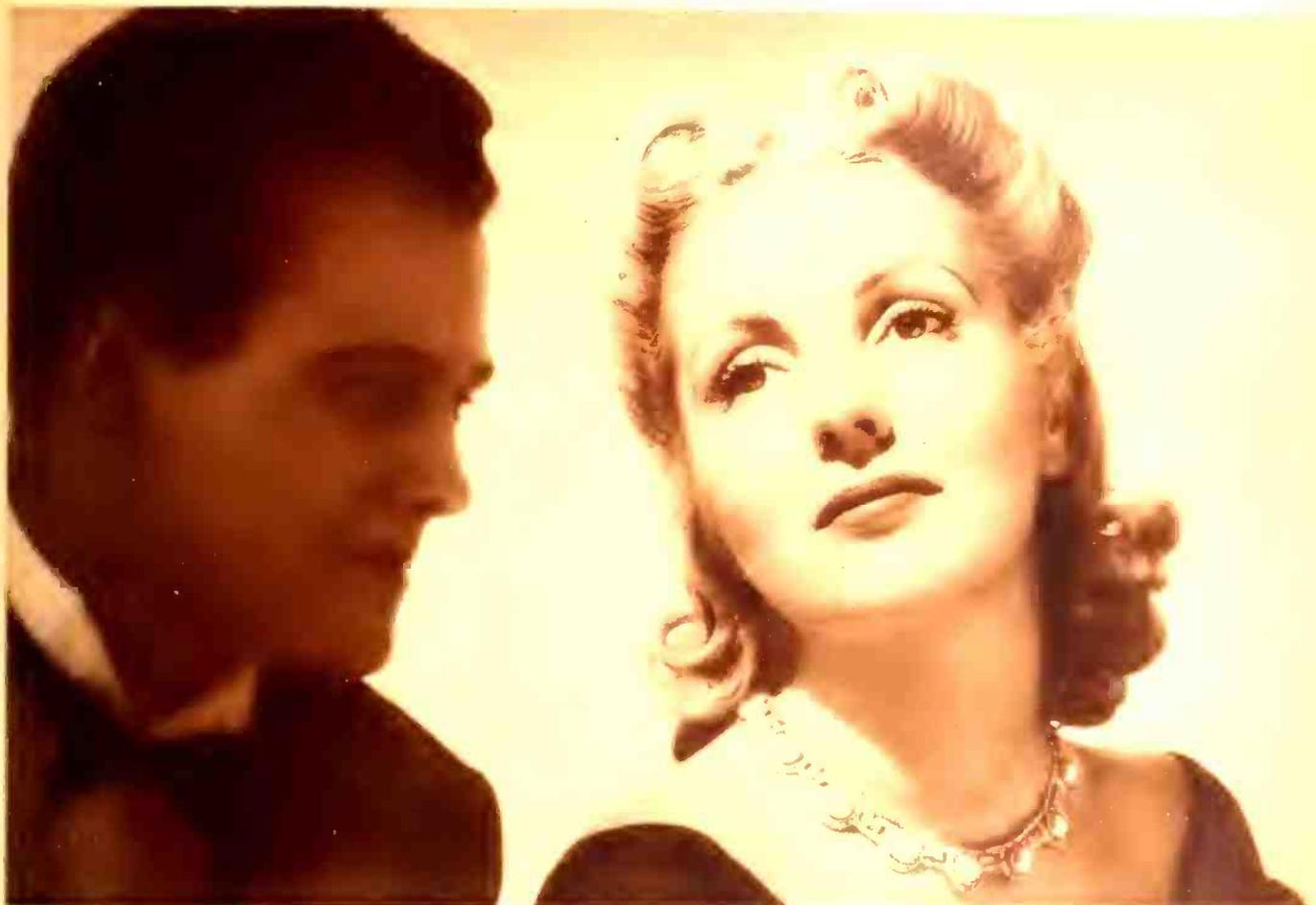
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



HIS EYES SIGNALLED:

"YOU'RE THE SONG IN MY HEART!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Protect your own bright smile. Let Ipana and Massage help guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"!

SHE HAD ALWAYS HOPED it would happen this way—soft lights, smooth music, his eyes speaking volumes: *"You're beautiful,"* they said, *"beautiful!"*

But then—she smiled! And his eagerness gave way to indifference. For beauty is always dimmed and darkened under the cloud of a dull and dingy smile.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES with your own priceless smile . . . with your own happiness. Give your gums as well as your teeth the daily care they need. And never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! The minute you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*make a date to see your dentist.*



And take the advice he gives you.

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS.

"Pink" on your tooth brush may not mean serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Chances are he will say that your gums, denied

hard chewing by the many soft, creamy foods we eat today, have become tender, weak from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but to help invigorate the

gums. So, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums whenever you brush your teeth. The pleasant "tang" you'll notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Start the healthful dental habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . . and see how much it helps your gums to become stronger, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiantly lovely.



Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush, too—specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN
ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

made for
love...



the loveliest
thing in make-up

Chiffon



It's literally meant for love
—this alluring new Chiffon
Lipstick. New, smoother
texture that lends a soft
enchantment to your
lips. New, costlier perfume that adds a
rapturous ecstasy to each kiss.
Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these
exciting new shades. Your choice, only 10¢.

Chiffon Red, Raspberry, Medium, True Red

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢



A new, entirely different cream,
the only cream you need
apply for cleansing, to help
clarify and soften the skin.
A fine foundation. You'll
be thrilled with the silken dewy
texture it lends to your face.

Chiffon Powder 10¢



"You'll look lovely in Chiffon"
—the face powder of finer,
longer-clinging texture—shinc-
proof—cake-proof—in seven
high fashion shades:

Brunette	Natural
Dark Tan	Rose Petal
Ilcige	Rose Beige
	Dachel

Special Features

The Guiding Light	Irna Phillips	10
Begin radio's dramatic story of human souls		
Radio's Most Eligible Bachelor	Kirtley Baskette	14
Why does Edgar Bergen prefer to remain single?		
Are You Really Well?	Pauline Swanson	16
Read what Joan Blondell learned about good health for women		
They Also Serve		
Meet two of Radio's most important war correspondents—		
Fred Bate	Katherine Rankin	18
Edward R. Murrow	Norton Russell	19
You Think I'm Dead		20
The confession of a star's daring gamble for love		
Did You Ever	Woody Herman, Bob Musel, Lionel Rand	23
A favorite bandleader writes a gay new tune		
Alias Alice Blair	Howard Sharpe	27
She's the unpredictable, completely delightful Martha Scott		
Good News For Fall	Gwenn Walters	28
A preview of Fall fashions modelled by Mary Martin		
I Married The Guy	Freddie Donahue	30
Glamour was her life—until she met Al Donahue		
Your Child and You		32
Win cash prizes in Radio Mirror's new and exciting contest		
John's Other Wife		34
In her new dilemma, Elizabeth Perry faces her greatest problem		
The Cooking Corner Presents Your Winning Desserts	Kate Smith	38

Added attractions

What Do You Want To Say?		3
Impressions	Fred R. Sammis	4
What's New From Coast to Coast	Dan Senseney	6
Radio's Photo-Mirror		
Irene Rich		26
Hollywood Radio Whispers	George Fisher	37
Facing The Music	Ken Alden	40
Inside Radio—The New Radio Mirror Almanac		42
What Do You Want To Know?		58
We Canadian Listeners	Horace Brown	65
Tips on Fingertips	Dr. Grace Gregory	82

ON THE COVER—Joan Blondell by Sol Wechsler
(Photo, courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE PEACE AT LAST

OUR radio had become a source of constant dispute among our six children. What one liked, another did not and courtesy was often disregarded in the resulting arguments, until I finally made the following hard and fast rule: Each child might choose one evening of the week for his own pleasure, turning in on his favorite programs. Sunday evening is for Mother and Dad. I find this scheme has promoted courtesy and has avoided all arguments and has developed in the children's choice and discrimination in their selection of programs.—Mrs. Andrew J. Devlin, North Troy, New York.

SECOND PRIZE

"THE LAND OF THE FREE AIRWAVES"

A lot of folks are always growling about the commercials on our American radio broadcasts. Frankly, there are times when I, too, could wish some of them were eliminated, or at least shortened. Nevertheless, I wonder how many of these chronic complainers would prefer to have the Government-interference—or, as in some countries, Government-domination—of the airwaves?

After all, we enjoy the benefits and privileges of the radio in America because thousands of sponsors make it possible. Philharmonic Orchestras, dance bands, sporting events, news-of-the-day, home helps, drama—these, and a multitude of other interesting and entertaining programs are ours without cost or obligation.

So let's thank God we live in "the land of the free (airwaves) and the home of the brave!"—Mrs. Willis J. Loar, Spokane, Wash.

THIRD PRIZE RADIO'S STEPCHILD

Why don't some alert sponsor consider Friday night for his show? Or do they think the buying public all desert their homes on this night? It really seems that way from the caliber of entertainment emerging
(Continued on page 57)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than September 27, 1940. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

S.O.S. — S.O.S. Swell Music—but Wrong Girl



Stay popular! Every day..and before every date prevent underarm odor with Mum

IT WAS such swell music—and such a should-have-been swell girl! But just a *hint* of underarm odor—even in a pretty girl—and men are quick to notice... certain to disapprove!

To *stay* popular... from the beginning of the evening till it's time to go home... smart girls make a *habit* of Mum. It's never wise to expect your *bath* to keep underarms fresh! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Mum every day saves you worry—makes you "nice" to be *near*!

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant... and Mum makes new, de-

lighted users every single day! You'll be sure to like Mum for dependability and—**SPEED!** Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor *for hours!*

SAFETY! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to *any* kind of fabric... so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM! Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration, but by preventing the *odor*. Get Mum today at your druggist's. Use it every day. Then you need never worry that underarm odor is spoiling your charm.

MUM AFTER EVERY BATH SAVES POPULARITY



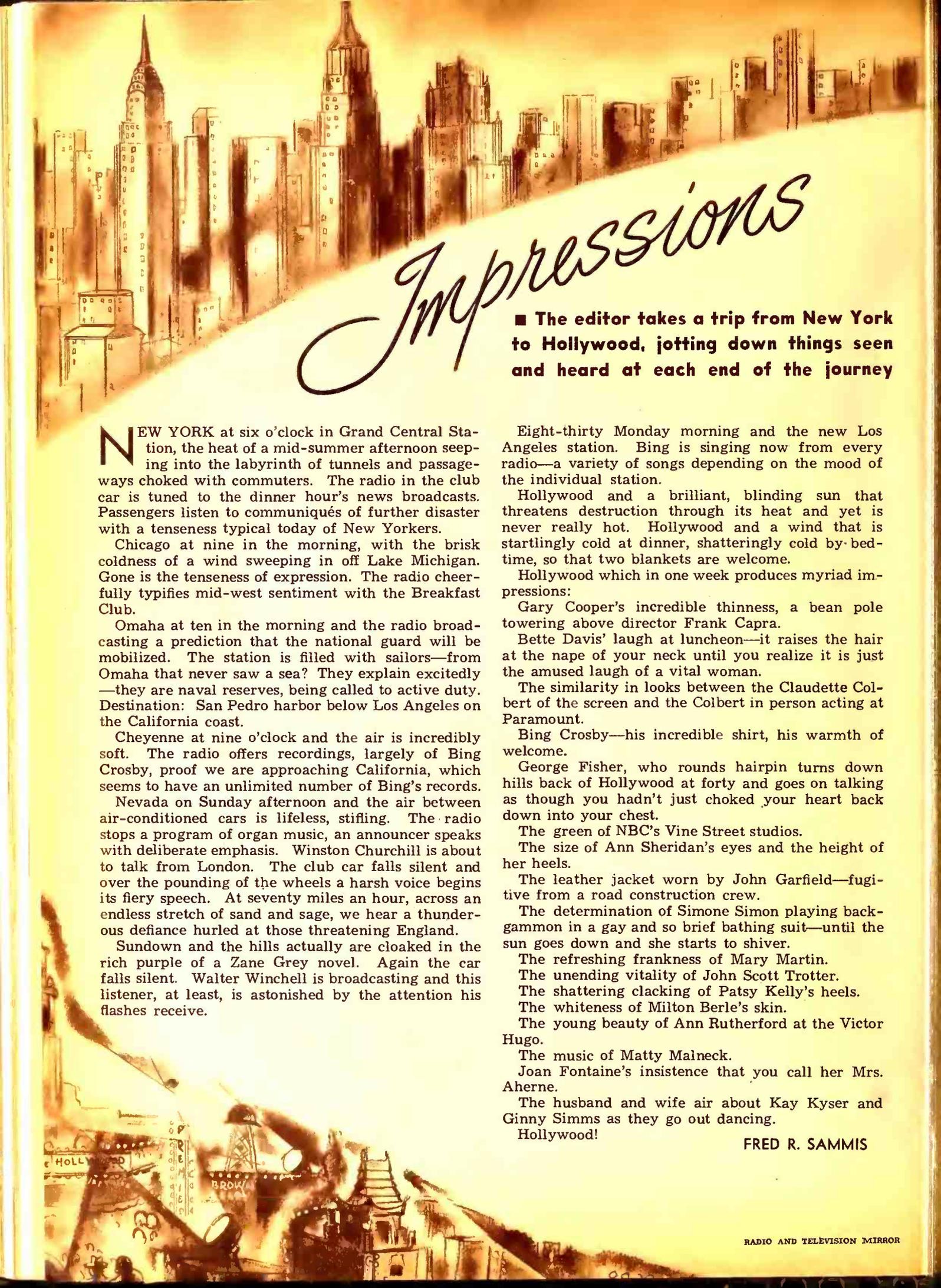
BUT... WHY TAKE SUCH CHANCES, PEG? MUM AFTER YOUR BATH PREVENTS UNDERARM ODOR!

TO HERSELF: I'VE GOT JEAN — AND MUM — TO THANK THAT BILL'S IN LOVE!

For Sanitary Napkins
More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe... guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Impressions

■ The editor takes a trip from New York to Hollywood, jotting down things seen and heard at each end of the journey

NEW YORK at six o'clock in Grand Central Station, the heat of a mid-summer afternoon seeping into the labyrinth of tunnels and passageways choked with commuters. The radio in the club car is tuned to the dinner hour's news broadcasts. Passengers listen to communiqués of further disaster with a tenseness typical today of New Yorkers.

Chicago at nine in the morning, with the brisk coldness of a wind sweeping in off Lake Michigan. Gone is the tenseness of expression. The radio cheerfully typifies mid-west sentiment with the Breakfast Club.

Omaha at ten in the morning and the radio broadcasting a prediction that the national guard will be mobilized. The station is filled with sailors—from Omaha that never saw a sea? They explain excitedly—they are naval reserves, being called to active duty. Destination: San Pedro harbor below Los Angeles on the California coast.

Cheyenne at nine o'clock and the air is incredibly soft. The radio offers recordings, largely of Bing Crosby, proof we are approaching California, which seems to have an unlimited number of Bing's records.

Nevada on Sunday afternoon and the air between air-conditioned cars is lifeless, stifling. The radio stops a program of organ music, an announcer speaks with deliberate emphasis. Winston Churchill is about to talk from London. The club car falls silent and over the pounding of the wheels a harsh voice begins its fiery speech. At seventy miles an hour, across an endless stretch of sand and sage, we hear a thunderous defiance hurled at those threatening England.

Sundown and the hills actually are cloaked in the rich purple of a Zane Grey novel. Again the car falls silent. Walter Winchell is broadcasting and this listener, at least, is astonished by the attention his flashes receive.

Eight-thirty Monday morning and the new Los Angeles station. Bing is singing now from every radio—a variety of songs depending on the mood of the individual station.

Hollywood and a brilliant, blinding sun that threatens destruction through its heat and yet is never really hot. Hollywood and a wind that is startlingly cold at dinner, shatteringly cold by bedtime, so that two blankets are welcome.

Hollywood which in one week produces myriad impressions:

Gary Cooper's incredible thinness, a bean pole towering above director Frank Capra.

Bette Davis' laugh at luncheon—it raises the hair at the nape of your neck until you realize it is just the amused laugh of a vital woman.

The similarity in looks between the Claudette Colbert of the screen and the Colbert in person acting at Paramount.

Bing Crosby—his incredible shirt, his warmth of welcome.

George Fisher, who rounds hairpin turns down hills back of Hollywood at forty and goes on talking as though you hadn't just choked your heart back down into your chest.

The green of NBC's Vine Street studios.

The size of Ann Sheridan's eyes and the height of her heels.

The leather jacket worn by John Garfield—fugitive from a road construction crew.

The determination of Simone Simon playing backgammon in a gay and so brief bathing suit—until the sun goes down and she starts to shiver.

The refreshing frankness of Mary Martin.

The unending vitality of John Scott Trotter.

The shattering clacking of Patsy Kelly's heels.

The whiteness of Milton Berle's skin.

The young beauty of Ann Rutherford at the Victor Hugo.

The music of Matty Malneck.

Joan Fontaine's insistence that you call her Mrs. Aherne.

The husband and wife air about Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms as they go out dancing.

Hollywood!

FRED R. SAMMIS

Where are the BLOOMERS of yesteryear?



Girls bless the day when bulky, bunchy bloomers gave way to neat, trim shorts. For girls today want greater freedom . . . greater comfort!

That's why you'll find Kotex sanitary napkins preferred to all other brands! Because Kotex is *less bulky* than pads made with loose, wadded filler.

Made in *folds* with more absorbent material where needed, less where it isn't, Kotex fits better . . . doesn't chafe!



When you want to look swish—wear a sleek, slinky evening dress that flatters the figure. But beware of stubby-end napkins . . . they're bound to make "tell-tale" outlines! With Kotex your secret is safe! The *flat*, form-fitting Kotex ends never give you away.

What's more—Kotex has a new, *improved* moisture-resistant "safety-panel" for *extra* protection!



3 Cheers—Kotex* comes in 3 sizes . . . Super—Regular—and Junior. (With Kotex you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes offer you the comfort of softness without bulk . . . the confidence of flat, pressed ends . . . the protection of moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sell for the same low price!



FEEL its new softness
PROVE its new safety
COMPARE its new flatter ends



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

"You scarcely know you're wearing it"

What's New



This picture is just a joke—but Barbara Jo Allen really did run off with Irene Rich's car.



Claire Trevor donned the proper uniform for her Red Cross broadcast. Below, singer Barry Wood week-ends at his country home.



BY the time you read this, Kay St. Germaine, dark and beautiful young singer on Meredith Willson's Musical Revue on NBC, should have become the bride of Jack Carson, Hollywood movie actor. The wedding was scheduled for August 14.

* * *
The Don Ameches have just had their fourth baby—and it's another boy, bringing them up even with those other begetters of sons, the Bing Crosbys. It looks as if the title of Don's recent picture, "Four Sons," was prophetic after all. A clear case of Nature being on the side of the Twentieth Century-Fox publicity department.

* * *
Rudy Vallee still wants to be a movie producer, he announces. That was his idea a year ago when he left his long-run variety hour—and now that he's back in radio, it's still his idea.

* * *
For your "It May Happen" file: Robert Young, of the movies, is talking contract with an advertising agency to star in a comedy-mystery radio series, starting in the Fall.

* * *
The Oscar Levants—he's the musical know-it-all of Information Please and she's the former June Gale—are expecting another Levant before so very many more months. . . . And Karl Swenson, NBC's Lorenzo Jones and CBS's Lord Henry in Our Gal Sunday, will become a father for the second time in October.

* * *
After many years of apartment and hotel life, the Meredith Willsons have at last moved into their own home. The musical director of Good News of 1940 and his pretty wife have settled down in the Beverly Hills house formerly occupied by Loretta Young.

By DAN SENSENEY

Penny Singleton lived up—or down—to her radio character of Blondie the other day by appearing on Malibu Beach in a play suit which combined the colors of beige, royal blue, Christmas red, and grass green—successfully, too.

* * *
Betty Winkler, Girl Alone star, was carefully initiated by her husband, Bob Jennings, into the mysteries of stud poker the other evening. He went to all the trouble of making her a neat set of diagrams of all winning hands, and then invited two of his poker-playing friends to come in and deal a few hands. The diagrams were such a success that Betty was able to celebrate her initiation with all the chips Bob and his two friends had used to start the game.

* * *
It looks as if Arlene Francis, Budd Hulick's partner in the What's My Name quiz program, is about to realize her dearest ambition. Arlene is badly stage-struck, and in the last couple of years has been in several Broadway plays. Although Arlene did good work in them, they all flopped with thuds that could be heard from here to Nome, Alaska. But now she's cast for the leading role in a new play to be produced by The Playwright's Company, which seldom bothers with anything but a hit.

* * *
Two of radio's most popular young people, Ethel Blume and Felix Knight, are Mr. and Mrs. now. Ethel plays the part of Betty in the Easy Aces sketches, and various dramatic roles on other shows, and Felix is a tenor who is heard regularly in New York and frequently on network programs. They were married at a civil

from Coast to Coast

service in Supreme Court Judge Pe-cora's chambers, and were the guests of honor at a reception later which was attended by about two hundred friends. The bride, a pretty brunette, wore a dress of powder-blue silk.

Officials at the NBC parking lot in Hollywood were thrown into a dither the other evening when Irene Rich came out from a broadcast and found her own car missing, but another, precisely like it, in its place. And Barbara Jo Allen, the Vera Vague of the Chase and Sanborn show, was upset upon arriving home to receive a telephone call from NBC asking her to please return Miss Rich's car and retrieve her own. "I should have realized it wasn't my car," Barbara Jo sighed. "It had a tankful of gas."

For the next dry day, try out a lime smash, as created by Vivian Fridell, the Mary Noble of NBC's Backstage Wife. Here's the recipe: juice of one lemon and one lime in a tall glass, stir in a spoonful and a half of sugar, fill the glass with shaved ice, pour in seltzer to take up the blank spaces, and garnish with a mint sprig. It tastes good enough to be sinful.

SALT LAKE CITY—In the nine and a half years he's worked for station KDYL in Salt Lake City, Dave Sim-



Dave Simmons—all-around sports authority for KDYL's listeners.

mons has done about every kind of work there was to do except sit down at the monitor board and handle the controls. But perhaps he's best known to Utah listeners for his six-nights-a-week sportscast.

Dave comes from Colorado, where

he studied at the University of Colorado and proudly wore a Sigma Nu fraternity pin. While he was still on the campus he lost the pin to a co-ed named Grace Schroeder—but after graduation he got the pin back in return for a diamond-studded wedding ring.

While he was in college Dave played drums in a school dance band, and in the summer of 1929 the boys got an engagement at the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Denver, where Dave was allowed to announce the numbers played over the air. He liked announcing so much that when college started in the Fall he drove from Boulder to Denver every night to handle remote-control broadcasts; and in February, 1930, when he graduated, but not without honors, he moved right into a spot at KSOO, in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. There he remained until he heard of an announcing vacancy at KDYL, when he got on the long-distance telephone, talked to the president of the NBC-Red network in the mountain area, and was hired.

Golf is Dave's favorite pastime, and he recently won a flight championship in the State Open. Next to golf come football and basketball, and he's the Intermountain authority on these two sports. His pet peeve is people who

(Turn to next page)

"Thrilling"—say Lovely Women of New Camay!



• "New Camay is so mild," writes Mrs. G. D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y. "A perfect beauty soap to help keep my skin soft and radiant."

A BEAUTY soap so different, so wonderful that women everywhere are thrilled... so wonderful that thousands are switching to new Camay! Again and again they speak of new Camay's mildness—its unusual lathering qualities—its enchanting new perfume!

Let new Camay help you, as it is helping other women, to look your loveliest. Put its gentle cleansing to work for you... helping you in your search for a lovelier skin!

Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps Wins Women Everywhere!



At your dealer's now, no change in wrapper!



• "I'm just thrilled by new Camay," says Mrs. T. J. Moriarty, Plainfield, Ind. "I take particular care of my skin, so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so wonderfully mild that it really seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And what a marvelous new fragrance it has!"

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!



Jimmy Melton and Franca White, co-stars on NBC's Telephone Hour, display one of Jimmy's own ancient cars at the New York World's Fair.

His voice isn't good and he stumbles over words at the mike—but Grady Cole of WBT is one of the best-loved stars in the Carolinas.



have good jobs and don't make the most of them. * * *

Dick Kollmar, who plays Dennis Pierce in CBS's *Pretty Kitty Kelly*, is an amateur movie-maker. He and his wife, columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, have written their own scenario, and part of the home-made plot deals with *Pretty Kitty Kelly*, so Dick brings his camera to the studio and shoots his co-workers. * * *

TORONTO—Canada has its top dance-bands too. For instance, how about Mart Kenney and his *Western Gentlemen*? Mart has been making music for radio since 1927, and for network radio since 1934, and United States listeners have heard him frequently—but he himself has never crossed the Canadian border. At the moment, you can hear him every Sunday night at 11:30, E.D.T., presenting the show he calls *Rocky Mountain Melody Time* over the Canadian network and the NBC West Coast system.

The full name is Herbert Martin Kenney, and a more modest, likable guy you'd go a long way to find. He is of medium height, fair-complected, with brown hair and gray eyes, and a moustache. He was born on March

7, 1910, in Toronto, is married, and has two sons, Martin, Jr., 8, and Jack, 5.

Mart organized his present orchestra in 1930, over CJOR, Vancouver, playing in the Alexandra Ballroom. Since then he and the boys have played in hotels in Alberta, Regina, Lake Louise, Vancouver, Toronto and Banff. Mart does all the conducting and arranging, and plays most of the time in the band, stopping only for tempo changes and to give instructions. He's versatile, and can play first alto sax, baritone sax, clarinet and flute, besides singing as a member of his *Three of a Kind* trio. * * *

A honeymoon that should have been taken five whole years ago was the one Laurette Fillbrandt and Russ Young started on last month. Laurette is Virginia Richman in *Girl Alone* and Daisy Mae in *Li'l Abner*, both on NBC, and Russ is a busy Chicago announcer. Because of radio jobs they've been unable to get away for that wedding trip until now, five years after they said "I do." * * *

The parade of different dance bands which used to feature the MBS Show of the Week, Sundays at 6:30 Eastern time, will no longer be a parade when

the program resumes the end of September. Vincent Lopez and his orchestra will be in there making music every week—and it will be all sweet music, no swing. * * *

When her new serial, *Lone Journey*, made its air debut, authoress Sandra Michael hied herself from New York to Chicago for the first broadcast. She arrived at the NBC studios on a rainy, blustery day to find two elegant corsages awaiting her—one of purple orchids from her husband and one of white from the sponsors. "And," mourns Sandra, "I would be wearing a four-year-old raincoat and a battered felt hat!" * * *

The stork played an unexpected role in a recent script of *The Goldbergs*. Eleanor Powers Haynes, who plays Amy in the serial, intended to make her last appearance on the air on a Wednesday afternoon, because she expected to have a baby about two weeks later. Instead, she became a mother on Tuesday night, and Gertrude Berg, writer of *The Goldbergs*, had to work all night and most of the morning on a new script in which Amy didn't appear. * * *

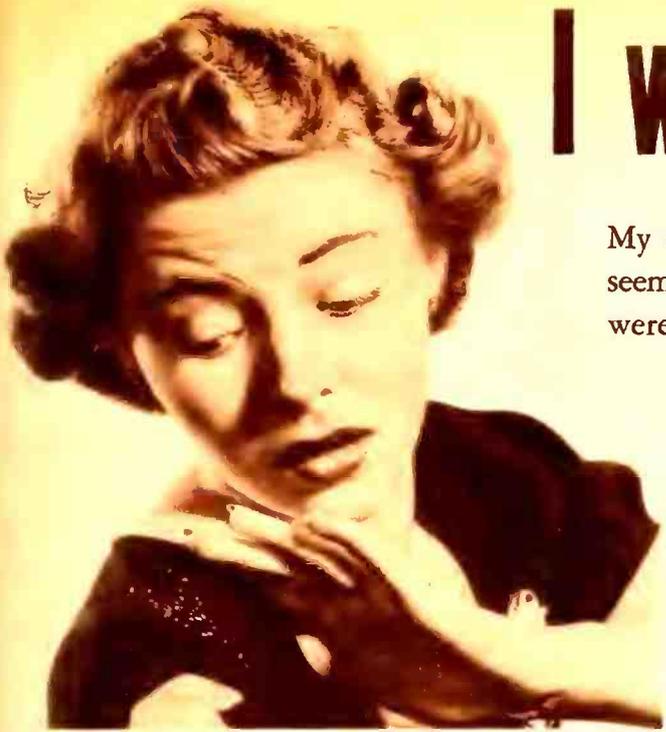
CHARLOTTE, N. C.—One of the South's most popular radio stars has a poor speaking voice, a fumbling way of talking, and practically no conception of microphone technique. He stumbles over the script, and takes time out to explain that on his way to the studio he got a cinder in his eye and so can't read. Then he goes on to say, "The other day I ran into a man whose Blue Ribbon cow got a cinder in her eye, and—" And after he tells that story he slips in a casual remark about Blank & Blank's all-wool suits and overcoats. The next day Blank & Blank are swamped with people wanting to buy "those suits Grady Cole told us about on the radio." * * *

They say in Carolina that Grady Cole has a million friends, and certainly that many people listen to him over Charlotte's station WBT. He has been on WBT several times a day, six days a week, for more than ten years, beginning as a radio reporter for the *Charlotte News*, and working up until he is now head of the station's Farm Service Bureau and master of ceremonies on the *Alarm Clock* program which opens the station every morning at the awesome hour of 5:30.

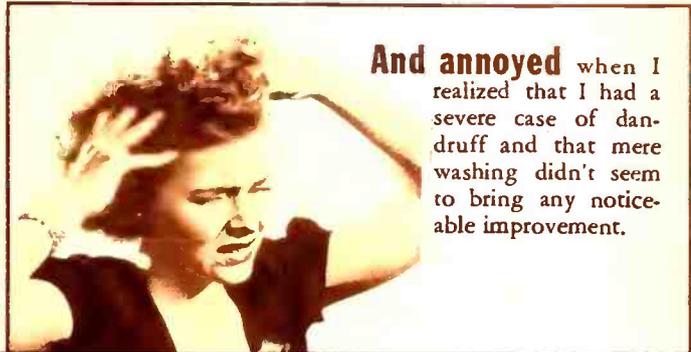
People think of Grady, who is only thirty-three years old, as the man who can solve all their problems, from how to keep the neighbor's chickens out of the petunia bed, to how to get a proposal out of the boy friend. One listener sent him the story of her little boy, who ran across a picture of the Last Supper. He asked his mother for an explanation, and when she had finished, asked, "Were you and Daddy there?" "No," the mother said, and the little boy pondered a minute. "Hmm," he said. "I bet Grady Cole was!" That about sums up the general attitude toward Grady. * * *

So many farm parents have named their children after him that there is a whole generation of Grady Cole Browns and Grady Cole Smiths growing up in Carolina. And it's no wonder that when Grady campaigned for Red Cross funds to care for the 1937 flood victims, more than \$44,000 poured in from all parts of the Carolinas. (Continued on page 84)

I was alarmed—



My scalp was feeling tight and itchy . . . seemed inflamed . . . and distressing flakes were showering down on my dark dresses.



And annoyed when I realized that I had a severe case of dandruff and that mere washing didn't seem to bring any noticeable improvement.



Was it infectious? So many symptoms suggested a possible case of infectious dandruff . . . and my doctor confirmed my fears and suggested Listerine Antiseptic.

Your treatment!

Use Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day! Clinical tests on men and women who did this showed impressive results! In one series of tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms within 30 days!



Ah-h! How I enjoyed those daily treatments. So antiseptic. So cleansing. So cooling. So easy. And so effective. Flakes and itching began to disappear.

It's wonderful to go to parties and dance again without having to worry about the distressing symptoms of infectious dandruff. And every week I give myself a Listerine treatment to help guard against infection.



Get after infectious dandruff now—with LISTERINE!

Clinic and everyday use prove. Listerine Antiseptic's value against this scalp condition which affects so many.

Don't fool around with what may be a troublesome condition! If you are irritated, disturbed by the distressing, uncomfortable symptoms of infectious dandruff, start your *home* Listerine Treatment today . . . the medical treatment thousands use.

Just apply full strength Listerine Antiseptic to your scalp morning and night—all over! Massage the scalp and hair vigorously, persistently. It's as easy as it is delightful.

Cooling, soothing Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine which has been famous for over 50 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle—kills millions of germs associated

with the infectious type of dandruff . . . including the queer "bottle bacillus" called *Pityrosporum Ovale*, which outstanding specialists recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Remember, Listerine is the medical treatment which, within 30 days, brought complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in a clinical test. Start today to see what it does for you!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Pityrosporum Ovale, the "Bottle Bacillus" magnified many thousands of times.

The

GUIDING

■ Begin radio's great drama of human souls—this story of lovable Dr. Ruthledge and the unforgettable people of Five Points will bring something new into your own life

ONCE Five Points had been the heart of the city. The founders had planned it to be a focus, a central place of beauty, and they had so arranged things that five streets had their beginnings here, springing out like the rays of a great five-pointed star.

But the streets were narrow, and factories sprang up in the hollow below Five Points, and the wealthy people of the city turned their backs on the smoke and the smell, and moved away to higher ground where the streets were broader and the air sweeter. The big stores followed them. The buildings that were left behind fell away into ruin and decay, and soot and grime blurred the clean lines of once-proud structures. Men who worked in the factories brought their families into houses that had been owned (and in some cases were still, though the fact wasn't advertised) by the wealthy founders of the city. Ballrooms and drawing-rooms were cut up into many tiny cells in each of which whole families slept. Ground floors were remade into scores of mean, dark shops where shoddy fabrics and odorous foods were sold.

The five streets leading from Five Points swarmed with a polyglot mixture of races and creeds. Through the steamy summers and the bitter winters they kept the district alive with their clamor—strident, vulgar, brawling, and vital.

Only the church and the parsonage, at the corner of Grand Boulevard Drive, remained unchanged. Solid, wedded alike to the ground on which they stood and the sky which hung above them, they were immutable, safe and certain in the shifting currents of life about them.

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

Photos by Seymour

Even in the quiet of his study, Dr. Ruthledge felt the strong conflicting tides of life in Five Points.

LIGHT

Based on the radio serial by Irna Phillips heard daily at 11:45 A.M., E.D.T., on NBC-Red, sponsored by makers of P. & G. White Naptha Soap. Photos posed by members of the cast.

By day, hundreds of feet shuffled up the stone steps to the church door; by night you saw the dark mass of its solid frame structure, sharp against the city's reflected glow on the sky. And day and night, a lamp burned in the window of the Reverend Dr. John Ruthledge's study in the parsonage.

Ellen, Dr. Ruthledge's housekeeper, complained bitterly that the constantly burning lamp meant a criminal waste of good electricity. But the Doctor only smiled at her. He would have mortgaged all he possessed in the world—which, truth to tell, was not so very much—to keep that lamp burning.

It was only an ordinary and rather homely table-lamp, made and given to the Doctor by Pasquali, one of his parishioners; but it was also a symbol. Working at his desk, he was always conscious of the light at his back, sending its friendly beam out to greet every wayfarer, of no matter what creed or station in life. The Doctor liked the universality of that lamp. It was like his church, impartially extending its welcome to everyone who glimpsed it, to those with whom the Doctor was familiar and to those unknown to him.

He could almost visualize the stresses, the strong conflicting tides, of the life in Five Points. Hundreds of people, living close to one another, crowded so that they jostled physically as well as spiritually; each with his own story, his own hopes and fears. And yet not entirely his own, for everyone had his impact upon his neighbor. So many of these people were lonely, yet none of them was really alone.

Even in the sanctuary of his study, writing Sunday's sermon in his neat, flowing script, he felt their presence. Even there, they were with him—Ned Holden, Rose Kransky and her father and mother and brother, Fredrika Lang, Ellis Smith, Paul Burns whom he had never met—all these and many others.

He dipped his pen; then, in the act of putting it again to paper, he



"Ned mustn't know!" she moaned. "I killed Paul to keep Ned from knowing the beast his father was."

paused thoughtfully, feeling anew the sense of loss that had first come when Ned Holden announced that he wanted to leave the parsonage and live by himself. The parsonage had been Ned's home ever since the day when the Doctor had taken him in, a ragged, frightened lad whose parents had deserted him. With Mary, the Doctor's motherless daughter, he had gone to school and played and fought, until

—suddenly it seemed—they were both adults, and Ned had found himself a reporter's job on the biggest afternoon newspaper. He could still have stayed on at the parsonage, of course, but as he had told the Doctor, his brow wrinkling with youthful sincerity:

"You've done too much for me already. I want to stand on my own two feet . . . just to see if I can. Anyway, I'd like to get a furnished room somewhere—it doesn't have to be very big or fancy—and live with myself for a change. Besides, I've got some writing I want to do. . . ."

In his room on the other side of the city, Ned Holden, unaware that he was in the Doctor's thoughts, ran a frantic hand through his dark, tumbled hair and glared at the typewriter as if it were his personal enemy. At the top of the sheet of gray copy-paper it held were the numerals 125. A hundred and twenty-five pages of the novel had gone perfectly, and now he was stuck! For a week he hadn't been able to get through 125 and into 126.

Of course, he reminded himself savagely, he knew well enough why he could not work. The sweetly grave face of Mary Ruthledge came between him and the words he was trying to set down; came not as an inspiration, but as a vision of something that was unattainable. If he lost Mary, nothing else—neither his job on the paper nor his novel—was worth striving for.

He could go now—this minute—to the Five Points parsonage and ask her to marry him. At least, her answer would banish uncertainty. He would know then if he would have to forget the love that had shaped his whole life, ever since he had first come to Dr. Ruth-



MARY RUTHLEDGE

ledge's house and met the shy, big-eyed, six-year-old Mary.

But—there he came up against the Fear. Morbid fear, that was what Dr. Ruthledge had called it, on the one time he could bring himself to confide in the older man. Morbid it might be, but that made it no less real.

Perhaps it was a childhood memory—perhaps only a dream. But there was a vision he could not erase, of a

squalid room, a man whose smile was cruel and at the same time weak. Had that man been his father? Had the woman that he remembered less clearly—only that she had been a sad presence in his childhood—had she been his mother?

Other than that dim memory—if it was a memory—he knew only that he had been abandoned when he was six or seven years old, had been given sanctuary by Dr. Ruthledge. The pastor of Five Points had told him, "I never met your father, Ned. But I knew your mother—and she was a very lovely lady."

"But if you knew her, can't you tell me about her?" Ned had insisted. "What was she like? Why did she leave me with you? Is Holden my real name?" The questions boiled up to his lips.

Dr. Ruthledge had shaken his head sadly. "I'm sorry, Ned. I wish I could tell you more."

The unanswered question, the intuitive knowledge that Dr. Ruthledge was hiding something from him, had combined to increase Ned's fear. A lovely lady? But how could she have been, if she had abandoned her child? Or if she had loved the man he remembered? With the uncompromising sternness of youth, he judged an unknown woman, and condemned her.

In himself he felt none of the cruelty and debauchery that were in the face of the man in his memory. But it might be that ugly things were sleeping in his soul, bequeathed to him by his parents and

only slumbering beneath the veneer of decency which Dr. Ruthledge's training had imparted. Or it might be that he himself had escaped them but would pass them on to his children.

He had tried to express this fear to Mary's father, and as was to be expected, he had received what comfort the older man could give. "I know you better than you know yourself, Ned," Dr. Ruthledge had said. "And I know you are clean and fine. So put those fears away. They are your greatest dangers—as fear is always man's greatest danger."

"Then you wouldn't object if I asked Mary to marry me?"

"Of course not, my boy! It would make me very happy. But—I do think you should wait, and try to conquer this foolish dread—this obsession—about your parentage. As long as it is there you are not a whole man. You are carrying something with you that at any moment may rise up and strike you . . . and Mary."

He had taken the minister's advice, and had tried to wait. The novel had helped. Writing it had brought him a sense of achievement, and had turned his mind away from the dark thoughts where danger lurked. It had seemed, for a while, that when it was finished he might be able to go to Mary, unafraid.

Then Ellis Smith had come to Five Points—a stranger, an artist, who had given his name at first only as "Mr. Nobody from Nowhere." He had walked into the chapel one evening when Mary was playing the organ, and had fainted at her feet. For a week after that he had stayed in the parsonage, recuperating from the exhaustion and hunger that had caused his collapse, and then he had taken a room in a nearby tenement, and found a job in the paint factory. He seemed to have every intention of staying in Five Points—and since his arrival, it seemed to Ned, Mary had changed. . . .

It would have comforted him if he had been able to read Ellis Smith's thoughts at that very moment. In his tenement room, across the street from the church, Ellis was thinking of Mary Ruthledge—but only fleetingly, with half his mind. The sound of the organ, being played in the chapel below, threaded through the ceaseless hum of tenement life, and he remembered Mary as he had first seen her—bright



MRS. KRANSKY



ROSE KRANSKY

head bent over her music, slim hands flying over the keyboard and body swaying as her feet manipulated the pedal keys. "St. Cecilia," he had called her.

He was not, however, in love with her. Ellis Smith, he would have told you himself, had lost all power to love. The girl who would prove this belief of his to be a fallacy had not yet entered his life.

Like Ned, he was working. A sheet of paper was tacked to a drawing-board in front of him; on it he was sketching in charcoal an arrangement of bowl and fruit and paring knife which lay on his table. An unfinished oil portrait of Mary was propped up against an easel in one corner of the room. That was Mary Ruthledge to Ellis: a model, a face whose delicate contours he could, perhaps, set down on canvas.

AS he shaded in the handle of the paring knife, he heard a sudden outburst of angry voices from the flat below. The Kranskys again. Why was it that people who loved each other dearly could succeed in hurting each other so? It was only love that made the Kranskys quarrel—the love of old Abe and Mrs. Kransky for their headstrong, ambitious daughter, Rose. They set their own standards for her, and expected her to live up to them; and when she chafed at their restraints, neither generation could understand the other.

The Kranskys and the Ruthledges were almost the only friends Ellis Smith had made in Five Points, which did not take quickly to what it did not understand, and emphatically did not understand this thin, intense young man with the cynical mouth and the tragic eyes. His speech, his manner, and his shabby, once-expensive clothing all marked him for a world far removed from that of Five Points. Curiosity went completely unsatisfied, however. Not even Dr. Ruthledge, recipient of so many confidences, knew that Ellis Smith's real name was Gordon Ellis, or that he had deliberately disinherited himself from his wealthy family and cast himself adrift, to succeed or fail on his own abilities.

It had been a good move. He knew that now. For the first time in a rather useless life, he was happy in his day-time job at the paint factory, and in his night-time one of painting, drawing, sketching. Bent over his drawing board, he hummed, tunelessly.

Heavy footsteps tramped up the stairs and past his door. Subconsciously, his mind registered the fact that Fredrika Lang, in the next

room, was receiving a visitor.

Fredrika Lang trembled at the knock on the flimsy wood of her door. She knew too well who it was, and she knew that if she did not respond the knocking would go on, louder and louder, until its noisy rhythm spread out to vibrate all through the tenement, all through Five Points, until at last it reached the ears of the one person who must not hear it.

Once more she berated herself for yielding to the impulse to return to Five Points. She should have known that Paul would guess where she had gone, would follow her, would

make himself a constant menace to the happiness of her son.

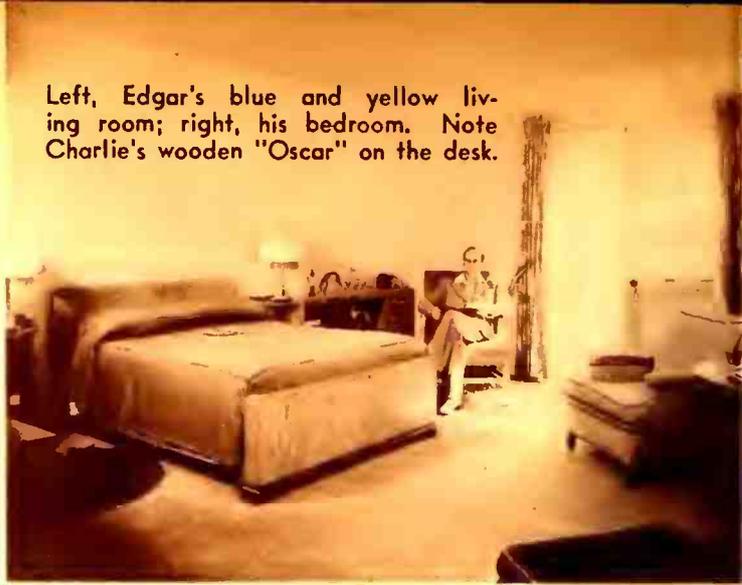
Wearily, she got off the tumbled bed, turned the yellow flame of the gas-jet higher, and opened the door. Paul Holden, who now called himself Paul Burns, cast her a brief, smirking glance, then lounged into the room.

"Good evening, my dear. Don't you think you could arrange a more wifely greeting?"

"I've told you," she said, standing stiffly beside the door, which swung shut of its own weight, "that I don't think of you as my husband any more. I (Continued on page 59)



"Mary—" was all Ned could say. "Mary!" And without question, she came to him.



Left, Edgar's blue and yellow living room; right, his bedroom. Note Charlie's wooden "Oscar" on the desk.

Photos, courtesy of NBC, Hollywood



RADIO'S

Most

By
KIRTLEY BASKETTE

ON the dresser in Edgar Bergen's bedroom stand the photographs of two girls. They are the only two pictures in the room and they flank the mirror where Hollywood's perennial bachelor stands every morning to knot his tie and dress his sparse blond hair.

They are neatly framed in silver, but a close look reveals a few frayed edges and some tell-tale yellow spots. When you notice further that the ladies are adorned with fluffy ruffles, oriole-nest coiffures and demure, adoring expressions—you may begin to wonder who in the world they are.

If so, you have nothing on Edgar Bergen.

He hasn't the faintest idea himself. He found them one time in an old trunk!

That a brace of ever-lovin' but absolutely unidentified beauties should hold down the most intimate spot in Edgar Bergen's house (when scores of very real and quite easily located girls in Hollywood and around the country sigh wistfully for that honor) is Bergen's own sly joke to himself at the eternally fancy free state of his heart.

Thirty-six last February, never wed, rich, famous, popular, witty, courtly, full of fun, star of Sunday night's Chase and Sanborn show heard over NBC, perfectly dispositioned and good looking, too, Edgar Bergen is by all odds the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood. Yet today he is as far from matrimony as when he was working his way through Northwestern University or traveling the tank town vaudeville circuit on the three-a-day.

If you tracked down the strings of his heart, you would find them leading to his mother, his brothers, a wooden scamp named Charlie McCarthy, "Puppschen," a Doberman pinscher madonna, and "Bingo," a wise black cat. Others would tie on to a collection of old magic tricks, four professional movie cameras, a fire engine-red motorcycle, a littered up workshop and

The Rumpus Room was designed strictly for fun. Here Edgar relaxes as ventriloquist and plays magician



You'll find Edgar at just about any Hollywood function that's fun. At the Ice Show with NBC star Helen Wood.

Eligible Bachelor

He's rich, he's famous, and more important, he's good natured and good looking too. Why, when he'd make such a perfect husband (with a beautiful new home) does Beau Bergen prefer to remain single?

practically any piece of machinery that he can take apart and try to put together again.

If you asked Bergen why he has never made marriage, he would be sure to fire back some outrageous excuse, such as he gives for owning his horse, "Chief:" "He kicked me once. I bought him so I could starve him to death." The truth is, Bergen is having entirely too much fun to settle down. With and without the ladies—but mostly with.

For the mere fact that Cupid has never been quick enough on a power dive to wing him doesn't disqualify Edgar Bergen as a ladies' man. On the contrary, Bergen likes coffee and he likes tea; he likes the girls and the girls—well—they are scattered all over Hollywood at this very moment, staring at the telephone and heaving long, wishful sighs. They know it may never ring for weeks with the other end saying, "Edgar Bergen speaking"—but still it might. And if you ask them exactly why it's worth all the suspense you get swamped by a rush of such gush as: "the sweetest man in the world!" and "a perfect gentleman!" and "a circus of fun!" until you begin to get the general idea. Beau Bergen is a ladies' man, whether he knows it or not.

Late one recent night the gently snoring citizens of Beverly Hills bolted upright in their beds as a roaring series of explosions rumbled up the canyon walls and shimmied palatial windows that clung there.

Hazy about just whether the Japs had landed at last or a swarm of Heinkel bombers had considerably overshoot Scapa Flow, the citizens peered timorously from their darkened windows. They saw what looked like a wobbly comet snorting and leaping down the famous Beverly bridle path.

Astride the comet perched a top-hatted, white-tied young man. Clutching his streaming coat tails for dear life a sweet young thing in a filmy evening gown shrieked with delight as she bounced behind.

The citizens retired again (Continued on page 66)



A date with Bergen may mean riding on his fire-red motor-cycle. Fay MacKenzie seems to be enjoying it.



■ Joan had always taken her abounding vitality for granted—until she was warned of the danger of losing it.

■ Right, with her two children, Ellen and Norman; far right, Joan and hubby Dick Powell enjoy the kind of restful vacation that the doctor ordered.

CARE

■ You may think you are—
but there's a lesson in what
Joan Blondell learned about
true health for women that
you can't afford to ignore



YOU REALLY WELL?

BUT doctor, I simply can't stop working!"

Joan Blondell was lying in bed in Mt. Zion hospital in San Francisco. Solicitous friends had rushed her there the night before, when in the midst of last-minute rehearsals for "Goodbye to Love," the play she was doing with her sister, Gloria, she had quietly folded up in a limp heap in the center of the stage.

The chart on the bottom of her bed read "Nervous Exhaustion." Just a fancy name for plain overwork. And the doctor who attended her said the remedy was very simple: all she had to do was to stop working.

But Joan couldn't stop working, and she didn't think it was necessary anyway. She wasn't sick, she pointed out. Just a little tired. Certainly not in such bad shape that she had to call off all her duties and crawl into bed.

She scoffed, rather angrily, at the

notion that she, who had always been so superbly healthy, should upset her own plans and those of the people who worked with her. The play was opening in San Francisco in a few days, rehearsals were still going on and she couldn't possibly be spared. On her bedside table were two fat motion picture scripts, proof that her movie bosses, too, were urging her to hurry up and work, work, work!

All these excellent reasons for getting up and going back to work only made Joan's doctor shake his head more decidedly. And all he said were those familiar words:

"Young lady, there is nothing so important as your health!"

And though Joan hadn't realized she was really ill, she found out that the doctor—as always—was right!

"I'm grateful that I realized it before it was too late," Joan told me one day a few weeks later. "I didn't know that the first symptoms

of overwork are ominous signposts of more serious trouble to come. You have to heed them, if you are going to save all the things that make life worth living: youth, beauty, and your essential vitality. Over-rule the doctor's orders for too long, and they're gone. Gone for good."

I wondered, as Joan spoke, how many other women—not Hollywood stars, but housewives and stenographers and women in the everyday walks of life—desperately need that same realization.

Are you really well?

You aren't, unless you can say truthfully that your body has a fresh, unwearied zest—that you do not suffer from that too-familiar "dragged-out" feeling—that, in short, you are not tired. You may not be ill, but you do need a rest. Your body is giving you the warning signals that mean "overwork."

It seems impossible, always, to stop working. All of us are so busy in this (Continued on page 80)



■ Fred Bate, NBC's representative-in-chief in London

They also Serve

By KATHERINE RANKIN

■ As vital as the strategy of war itself is the struggle against tremendous odds of American newscasters to bring you the truth about European chaos

YOU know his voice. You heard it just before Edward VIII, King of England and Emperor of India, announced his intention of abdicating his throne to marry the woman he loved.

You heard it just before Neville Chamberlain, then prime minister of Great Britain, told the world the result of the Munich conference.

You heard it again, broken with horror and tension, on the first night of England's entrance into her second war with Germany, giving out the British Admiralty's statement of the sinking of the *Athenia*.

You heard it when the German armies marched through Denmark. You heard it when Rotterdam fell. You heard it, taut with strain, during the retreat of the British from Dunkerque.

It comes on the air after the introduction of the American announcer of NBC, "And now we shall call in London. The next voice you

will hear will be that of our representative in the English capital, Mr. Fred Bate. Go ahead, London!" Almost always it is the forerunner of news of world-stirring importance, the herald of a world empire.

It sounds like an English voice, carefully modulated, authentically Mayfair. It should, for Mr. Fred Bate has lived in London for a long time. He's a veteran of Britain's premier crack regiment, the Coldstream Guards. He's the intimate friend and companion of royalty. From his voice and his social location you'd probably think him a product of the West End of London. He isn't.

He rose to high fortune from the great West Side of Chicago.

Back in the days when Joe Howard was singing "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" at the old LaSalle Theater on East Madison Street, Fred Bate was eating ten-

cent lunches at a bakery on West Madison Street. He was a kid then in McKinley High School. Even in that faraway time, though, he was a young man with a destiny. He knew it.

At seventeen he thought the pen was mightier than the sword. Before he was through high school he was doing commercial cartoons. If you knew Chicago in those days you'll remember one of his masterpieces. All the billboards of the town were placarded with Fred Bate's drawing, a fantastic sketch of a wild-eyed young man dragging by the hand an obviously-willing young woman as he called to her, "Come on, Min, let's go to Riverview!"

Riverview was Chicago's biggest amusement park. Fred Bate worked there during that summer vacation as assistant press agent. When he wasn't sketching cartoons for the park's (Continued on page 68)

■ Janet Murrow refused to leave her husband when CBS arranged to evacuate all the wives of its reporters.



■ Edward R. Murrow heads the CBS European office in London.

By NORTON RUSSELL

■ Meet two men who shoulder the lion's share of responsibility in the task of broadcasting the war—Fred Bate of NBC and Edward R. Murrow of CBS

AFTER a blacked-out night, the thin light of dawn is creeping up over the land of England—over the hedgerows and sturdy oaks and grassy meadows of the countryside, over the smoke and grime of London and the huge industrial cities of the Midlands, over the gray, oily ripples of the Thames, over the Channel and over all the big, skyward-pointing guns. It is half-past three in England, and a slender, intense-looking man is sitting in front of a microphone in the Columbia Broadcasting System's London office, saying:

"Hello, America. This is Edward R. Murrow."

It's three-thirty in London. Across three thousand miles of tossing sea, it is ten-thirty in New York—along toward the end of the evening, nearly bed-time for all the folks who must be up and working the next morning. It's nearly bed-time for Ed Murrow too. But unlike

his working compatriots in New York, he won't get eight hours of sleep. He'll be lucky if he gets four, and more likely it will be three or even two. Or maybe none at all, if something should happen.

The time when Ed Murrow worried about not getting enough sleep is past—long past. He's pretty well used to it now, and he has more important things on his mind. He might very easily worry about whether the office where he works or the apartment building where he lives will still be left standing, brick on brick, by the time another British dawn rolls around. As a matter of fact, he doesn't worry much about that, either.

Chiefly concerning him at the moment, and at all moments, is his job. For Ed Murrow is European Director for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and he must keep his finger on the pulse of all Europe. He must get the news, he must get

it straight, he must write it, he must submit it to the censors, he must clear the time for broadcasting it to the United States, and he must talk it into a microphone. Of course he has assistants, but not as many as you'd expect. And anyway, he's the boss. Seeing that things run right is his responsibility, and no one else's.

It wasn't like this in the old days—away back in 1937 when Ed first went to London as CBS' European director. Then his job, while important enough, was a matter of arranging quaint broadcasts like an interview with a London cabby, or an on-the-spot show which was accurately titled, "Saturday Night in the Spread Eagle Pub at Little Barfield, Sussex." Or he would see to it that George Bernard Shaw or H. G. Wells or the current party whip in the House of Commons was persuaded to say a few well-chosen words for (Continued on page 68)

You Think I'm Dead

■ Eagerly, this famous star seized the incredible chance that offered the only possible escape from her bitter, hateful marriage—never thinking that some day, for love's sake, she would be forced to confess her secret

DON'T like this business of having to make a date every time I want to see you," Paul said. "Let's get married."

There they were, the words I'd been dreading for weeks. They seemed to hover there in the air, clamoring for an answer. And I had no answer to give.

The possibility that Paul would ask me to marry him had been haunting me for a long time, ever since that day when he first kissed me. It happened at the radio station, in a studio full of people. I had just finished singing the last number on our program, one of the Schubert *lieder*, and the control man had given the Off-the-Air signal, when Paul jumped off the conductor's stand, threw his baton into the air, caught me to him and kissed me. To the others, it might have seemed that he was just showing a slightly over-enthusiastic appreciation for my singing. But not to me. There was something magic in that kiss, something that startled both of us. I knew what it meant and it frightened me. I had worried about it, but that had got me nothing.

And now, there were those words, waiting to be answered.

"I can't marry you, Paul," I said at last. "I—it's so hard to say—" I didn't quite know how to go on and, because I didn't know, I plunged right into it. "You don't

■ Only a small handbag, embossed with my initials—yet it was to change the entire future course of my life.



even know who I am. I'm—well, I'm dead. I've been dead for over a year."

Paul grinned at me. He burrowed deeper into the armchair with his shoulders and stretched his long legs closer to the fire and just grinned.

"Well," he said, "if you've been dead for over a year, all I can say is that you're a pretty nice spook and I'd much rather be married to you than to a lot of live gals I've seen."

He wasn't taking me seriously. He was expecting to hear some silly, feminine twaddle that he could brush away with a kiss.

"Please, darling," I begged. "You've got to listen. I told you the truth. I'm dead. When I tell you who I really am, you'll see how impossible the whole thing is."

"All right, Spook," Paul grinned. "Who are you?"

"Well," I took a deep breath. "My name isn't Janet Ware. I just took that name a year ago." Then I told him my real name, the name of the girl he thought was dead.

It began a long time ago. I was seventeen. It makes me laugh a little to think of what a raw, tow-headed kid I was when I arrived in New York. It makes me a little sad, too. I had nothing, no money, no experience, no friends. I did have my voice, however, and a scholarship to study with one of the finest teachers in the country.

I'll skip over the first part, there was nothing unusual about it. I got myself a small, shabby room in a shabby, old house and, because I had to eat, I got a job in a department store. And I began my lessons.

My teacher turned out to be a wonderful, white-haired, old man, to whom people were voices and very little else. For a long time, he never even thought of asking me how I lived. He was very excited about my voice and since I had to take my lessons in the evenings

when his other work was finished, very often he would work with me for two or three hours, instead of the one hour my scholarship called for. Of course, working so hard, singing so long four evenings a week, in addition to my eight hours a day at the store, was a strenuous routine. I lost a lot of weight and began to look peaked and strained. It began to affect my voice and the old man noticed it.

So, one evening, we had a long talk instead of a lesson. He looked grave all through my story of how I was living and when I got through, he shook his head and pondered. Then he snapped his fingers.

"You must make some money," he said.

I could only smile. I knew that. But how?

"Radio," he announced. "But I don't know anything about radio," I said. "It's a very difficult medium—and my voice isn't ready—and—"

The old man pooh-poohed my objections. "All you need is a little coaching for radio," he said. "And I know just the man for you."

"Coaches have to be paid, too," I said.

"Hmm, yes," the old man said. "But I will take care of this one." He went to the telephone and dialed a number. "Hello," he said. "John? This is Grazzi. Fine, fine! John, I'm sending a girl named Meredith James to you. I want you to give her a few hours of coaching in radio technique. But be careful! I don't want her voice ruined. All we want is some radio technique so she can get work right away. And you send the bills to me, so none of your financial acrobatics. Hear?"

And that's how I met John Custis.

You probably know about him. He's the highest paid radio coach in the business. He's built up a reputation for being able to train anyone to sing for radio, no matter how small the voice—or how bad. All he requires in his pupils is a half-



way decent ear for music—and money.

I should have been forewarned by Grazzi's attitude toward John Custis. The old man looked on John as a very clever charlatan. But I was very young. I still believed that people were generally good, if you let them be. Besides, John Custis didn't look like a charlatan to me.

I met him the next morning at his studio, as Grazzi had arranged. The moment I saw him coming toward me across the wide, thickly carpeted studio, his hand stretched out

■ Tony held me close, pressing me to him, his lips seeking mine hungrily.

for mine and a gentle, half smile on his lips, my impression was that he had been deeply hurt at some time. He was so handsome and, somehow, so sad. His voice was very low and had a soft, sad quality, too.

He led me to the piano and tested my voice for range. Then he made me sing a couple of songs. As I stood there singing, his eyes took on life, they glowed almost. The sadness gave way to a look of happiness. I thought it was my singing

that had affected him so much and it made me very proud to be able to erase the unhappiness from his eyes so easily. How could I guess what he had in his mind? I knew nothing about him.

John Custis coached me for four weeks. I worked on a microphone in his studio. I studied the numbers he selected for me. They weren't good numbers, but they were all flashy—what we call "bravura" numbers, lots of trills and runs and high notes. And after four weeks, John himself took me to a radio network for an audition.

It all happened so fast. And it was all so easy. Suddenly, I was a discovery. I got a contract with the radio station. My name began to appear in all the papers with surprising regularity, always coupled with the name of John Custis, who was credited with having discovered me.

Of course, after awhile, I thought I could stop taking lessons from John. But he wouldn't hear of it.

"Merry, darling," he said when I mentioned leaving him, "you're a singer. You think because you have that contract you're all set for the future. But you don't know radio, the politics, the red-tape. I do. Let me handle all those things for you. You just sing."

So, just to keep things business-like, I signed a contract making John my manager and there was never any more talk of leaving him. Grazzi was furious with me. John went right on coaching me, selecting the numbers I was to do on the air, advising me, telling me what to wear and where to live. He was

very clever. Old Grazzi was right about him, but I didn't see that until much later. Until too late.

I didn't see then that John was doing everything he could to keep me dependent on him. I didn't realize that I was happy to be with him only because I was lonely and there was no one else. Nor did I know that since my "discovery," pupils had been flocking to him, some with talent, some utterly hopeless, but all of them acceptable to John. I didn't know then that John didn't care how he made his money as long as he made a lot of it.

I never questioned my feelings for John until that night when he drove me out into the country and asked me to marry him. The top was down and the summer night was soft around us. There was just enough light from the moon to show me his face had that sad look on it and as he talked in that gentle way he had sometimes, I felt that he was horribly afraid I was going to hurt him.

Now, looking back on it all, I can't find any excuse for what I did.

I can tell myself that I was young and foolish and romantic. But nothing alters the fact that I knew I didn't love John, knew it even while he was begging me to marry him, while he was leaning over me, his nervous, supplicating hands playing on my arms, my shoulders, drawing me closer and holding me tight against his tense body. He was kissing me and his kisses didn't mean anything. But I was young, just young enough to be noble. I couldn't bear the thought of hurting him. He had been so good to me, so kind, so unselfish. I felt that I had to repay him.

And so, I married him.

At first, it wasn't so bad. There must be a certain satisfaction, a certain compensation, in being noble, I guess. Anyway, it kept me going for almost a year.

Then, gradually, John became more and more possessive. He was insanely jealous. He flew into tantrums on the slightest provocation. A cruel, sadistic streak in him began to come to the surface. I think he suspected that I didn't love him and that made him more and more aggressive in his love making, as though he thought he could break down my resistance by the sheer force of his caresses.

Our private life became just a succession of horrible scenes, when John would scream and rave at me. Often, I was on the point of leaving him. At such times, he would break down and cry. It's terrible watching a man cry. And I'd get the feeling that it was all my fault and I'd feel sorry for him and give in to him and we'd have peace for awhile.

Not that John's hold over me was purely this emotional one. No, he had me in the hollow of his hand in every way. There was that contract I had signed with him. I didn't realize what kind of a contract this was until nearly two years after I'd been married to him. Then, one day after a violent scene, I told him I was going to divorce him.

"Oh, you are, are you?" he screamed at me. "And what are you going to live on after you get your divorce?"

Naturally, I said I still had my work. By that time I was planning a concert tour and studying very hard with Grazzi.

"You won't have any work," John announced. "You won't have any work, because I'll see to it that you don't."

"I have contracts," I said.

"Sure," he said. "And you have one with me. Better read it over carefully."

I not only read the contract myself, I went (Continued on page 75)

■ And then I told him my real name—the name of the girl he thought was dead.



**RADIO MIRROR'S
PREVIEW OF A HIT**

DID YOU EVER

Lyrics by **BOB MUSEL**
and **WOODY HERMAN**
Music by **LIONEL RAND**



■ Once Woody Herman sang while Tony Martin played a saxophone. Now, Woody's a band-leader and Tony's a singer. Lovely Dillagene Plum is Woody's vocalist.



DID YOU EVER

■ Presenting a delightfully gay tune that we're betting will add still more fame to the reputation of its co-author and introducer, orchestra leader Woody Herman

Lyrics by
BOB MUSEL
WOODY HERMAN

Music by
LIONEL RAND

Chorus

The musical score for the chorus of "Did You Ever" is presented in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Did you ev - er Walk a-round in a dream?", "Did you ev - er Use the moon for a theme?", "Did you ev - er Look at real es-tate views?", and "Did you ev - er Read the fur-ni-ture news?". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with chords and melodic fragments.

Did you ev - er Walk a-round in a dream?

Did you ev - er Use the moon for a theme?

Did you ev - er Look at real es-tate views?

Did you ev - er Read the fur-ni-ture news?

These are things I'm do - ing more and more

You're the one that I've been wait - ing for Did you

ev - er Pluck the stars from above? Did you ev - er?

Then you must be in love. Did you love.



IRENE RICH

■ The Fashionable Forties—Irene, star of radio's *Glorious One*, heard Sunday nights over the NBC-Blue network, and recently starred in MGM's *"Mortal Storm,"* is proof that the mature woman of today can be just as smart as her young daughter. For summer days, Miss Rich wears this triple sheer frock.

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

ALIAS

Alice Blair

■ She's the unpredictable, unconventional and completely delightful Martha Scott, who proves you can be a great star without glamour, even in Hollywood

By HOWARD SHARPE

YOU simply can't believe it about Martha Scott. The whole thing's too improbable.

When you find out what there is to know about this girl, you learn not only the upside down story of Hollywood's Helen Hayes—as they call her out there—but also of radio's Alice Blair. Alice comes to you through Martha's voice in the afternoon, just as you finish your dusting; and you listen, millions of you.

For Martha Scott went back to radio, where she got her start, after she'd been signed right into wealth and glory by the movie fellows. She went back because she's a girl with ideals. She understands that those day-by-day radio serials bring a lot of pleasure to women everywhere. Listeners know Alice Blair as Martha's voice; if Martha stopped talking, Alice—who is a very alive and meaningful person to so many of you—would die.

Besides, young Miss Scott (she's twenty-four, to be exact) isn't going to be flattered and ballyhooed by enthusiastic critics into believing she's Hollywood's White Hope until she sees it happen. "Not on one picture, or even three," she said. "I'm going to keep an out, in case I'm like a meringue on its fourth day."



Shrewd, that one, along with her ideals.

The first time I saw her (on the "Howards of Virginia" location) Martha was a stunning Southern belle dressed in chic riding clothes of the Revolutionary period and galloping horse-back down a trail toward a bevy of rolling cameras. Side-saddle, which is the hardest way.

Three hours later I came upon an unspectacular young lady dressed in slacks and without glamour. She looked a little like one of the script girls, except that her face was more distinctive than any script-girl's face ever was (square-jawed, high-browed, with disturbingly intelligent eyes)—and she was looking speculatively up into a tree.

"Hi," I said. Then, of course: "What's up there?"

"Nothing. Somebody said if I

climbed a tree this afternoon I wouldn't be stiff tomorrow from riding."

"Haven't been on a horse for a while, hmm?"

"I have *never* been on a horse. Until today." She limped into the sun and sat down. "I hurt," she added reflectively.

The sun up in Santa Cruz, California, is nice and warm, and there are pine trees all around and if you're on a hill you can look down at the bay, too. Martha and I sat, looked, and talked about her for the rest of the afternoon.

But maybe I'd better tell you her story from the beginning, in a straight line, so you don't get confused. It's a nice sort of tale, with its dominant overtone of love and its undertones of sacrifice, of great friendship, of struggle and of near despair. (Continued on page 55)

GOOD

By
**GWENN
WALTERS**



**New silhouettes, short skirts,
perky hats—here's Radio Mir-
ror's preview of fall fashions,
worn by lovely Mary Martin**

■ Miss Martin's evening gown, above, is of starched mousseline de soie. The lavish gold palm leaf is its distinct decoration.

■ This three-piece costume (right) is navy flannel. The slash pockets and lining of the jacket match the lining of the top coat.

■ For colder days, Mary selected a gray Persian lamb jacket (left) with an off-the-face navy felt hat, and chamois gloves.

Photographs by Richer

NEWS FOR FALL

RADIO MIRROR brings you exclusive photos of Mary Martin's new fall clothes which were designed by Edith Head for Mary to wear in her new Paramount picture, "Rhythm On The River," in which she stars with Bing Crosby. The lovely star of Thursday night's Good News of 1940, on NBC, liked these clothes so much that she purchased them as the basic beginning of her fall wardrobe.

"Frocks will reach to the mid-calf this fall," says Edith Head. "Coats should drop an inch below the dress hemline. Evening clothes will have skirts longer in back.

"The selection of a fall coat is most important, for it can make or break your entire wardrobe. Sport coats will have a boxy, broad-shouldered look, and often will be collarless. Short, boxy models will predominate among fur coats—they will be sans collars and will have open sleeves and deep pockets.

"Fall frocks will feature nearly every fabric and color. Sleeves will have many new details."

Hats will be perky, a bit gay and surely becoming, says Miss Head.

These designer tips coupled with the photographs of Mary's wardrobe are Good News for Fall.

■ Huge pockets and tie closing that are held by copper rings, distinguish this dressy coat of rust-colored wool with matching felt hat. Right, Mary's polo coat has the new, ample fullness and shoulder yoke. It closes at the neckline and has a detachable hood.

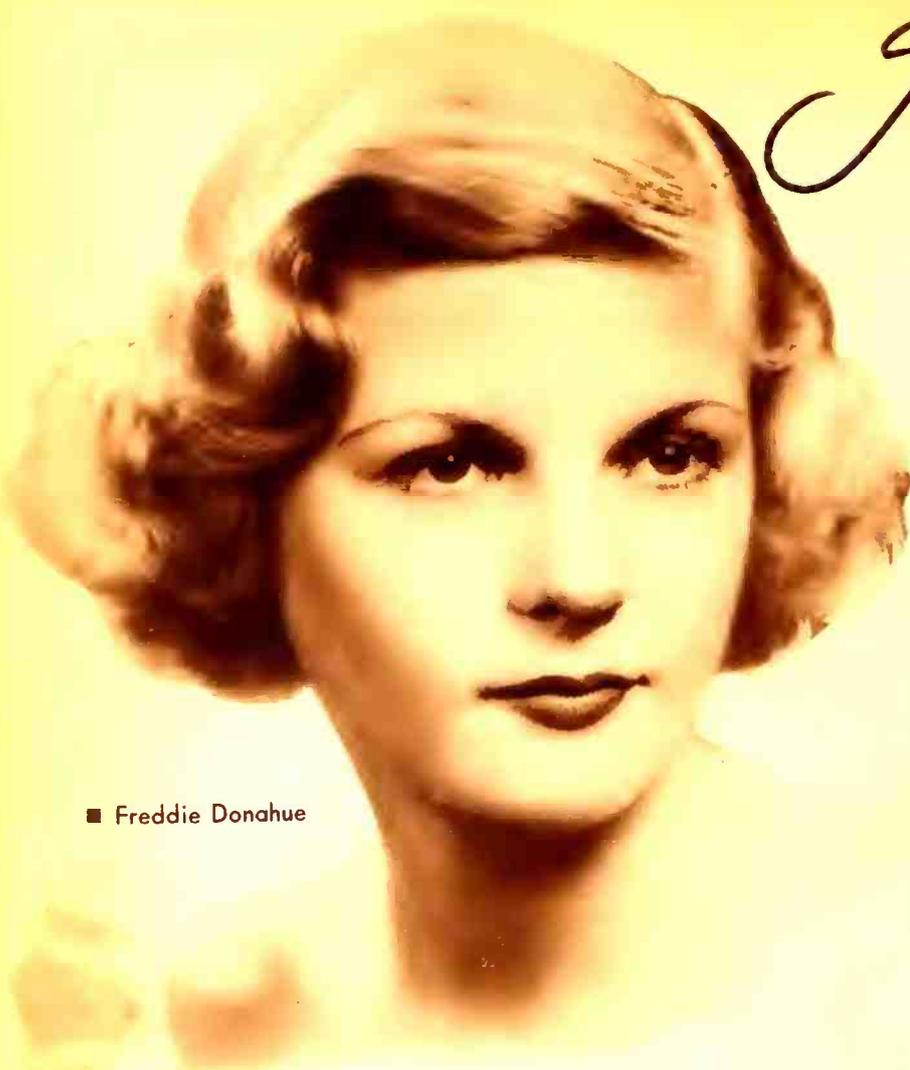


■ Mary's paisley print cholis (above) boasts a pinched waistline and kimono sleeves. The rust belt and pouch pockets were inspired by the coat.

**RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR**

I Married

■ Glamour was her life, until she fell in love with a bandleader—the confession of a debutante who gave up cafe society for a home



■ Freddie Donahue



■ On Long Island is the simple home of the happily married Donahues.

By FREDDIE DONAHUE

ONCE upon a time there was a debbie who lunched at the Colony Club every day. She lolled around at "21" in the afternoons, shrilling about nothing with other empty-headed society girls. In the evenings, she went to the Versailles, or El Morocco, or the Stork Club. You simply MUST be seen in the right places, my dear!

Twice a year, she went to Bermuda or Nassau and lazed around on the beaches with indolent young men who wore crew haircuts. She was seen with suave continentals, who never had any money in their pockets, but who did have such titles as "Duke" or "Count" or "Marquis."

She thought she was having the time of her life. And she spoke of the things that happened to her as being "simply marvelous" or "simply wonderful" or "simply delicious." Too often, she drank one cocktail too many and her Lily Dache hat would sit very precariously on her head. Whenever the pace slackened, she would get pan-

icky because she was afraid to admit that life with the 400 was boring.

Do I remember her? Oh, very well. Her name was Frederica Gallatin. That girl was me.

The name is no longer Frederica Gallatin. It's plain Freddie Donahue now. My friends are no longer the people who speak only to the 400. My friends are the real, sincere, down-to-earth people who work for a living.

Society kicked me out. It turned its back on me for committing an unpardonable breach of Blue Book etiquette. You see, I fell in love with a danceband leader and married him. His name is Al Donahue and I hope you've heard of him and like the way he plays swing music.

We've been married seven years and have two children, Albert, Jr., aged six, and Nancy, who is just two years old. Our home is in Manhasset, Long Island. The doormen at the fashionable spots don't see me any more because I'm too busy with the children and with trotting to the

butcher and the baker. They wouldn't recognize me if they did see me, for my face is relaxed. Living a simple, married life has given me a sort of easy, permanent smile. I'm perfectly happy and I intend to stay that way.

All I know about society these days is what I read in the newspapers. And when I read about the antics of my ex-cohorts, I sigh with relief and thank Heaven that I am no longer copy for Cholly Knickerbocker or Lucius Beebe. I paid the price every glamour girl pays for a life devoted to being seen in the *right* places.

It is a one-dimensional life, believe me. It's a mad, frantic chase for a happiness you never quite catch. It makes you jittery, unhappy and, after awhile, stupid and unbearable. The people aren't real because they have no purpose in life. True happiness lies in the enjoyment of simple things. But few glamour girls get off the merry-go-round long enough to realize this.

I might be in "21" right now, in-

The Guy



■ Al Donahue



■ Two reasons for Freddie's happiness—Albert Junior, and Nancy.

stead of at home writing this, if it had not been for a summer I spent in Bermuda. It was there I met Al Donahue. He was playing in the fashionable Bermudiana Hotel. He attracted my attention because he treated my crowd the way you treat children. He looked down at us with amused and tolerant eyes. He had dignity, poise, and common



■ On hot afternoons you'll always find the Donahues out for a swim.

sense, which all my escorts lacked. I lacked them too. The first time I was introduced to him, my nose went up and I acted as though it were a great condescension on my part to talk to a band leader. We went to a friend's house to play records and I remember saying very haughtily, "You know, I always thought musicians had long hair



■ Freddie met and fell in love with Al one summer in Bermuda.

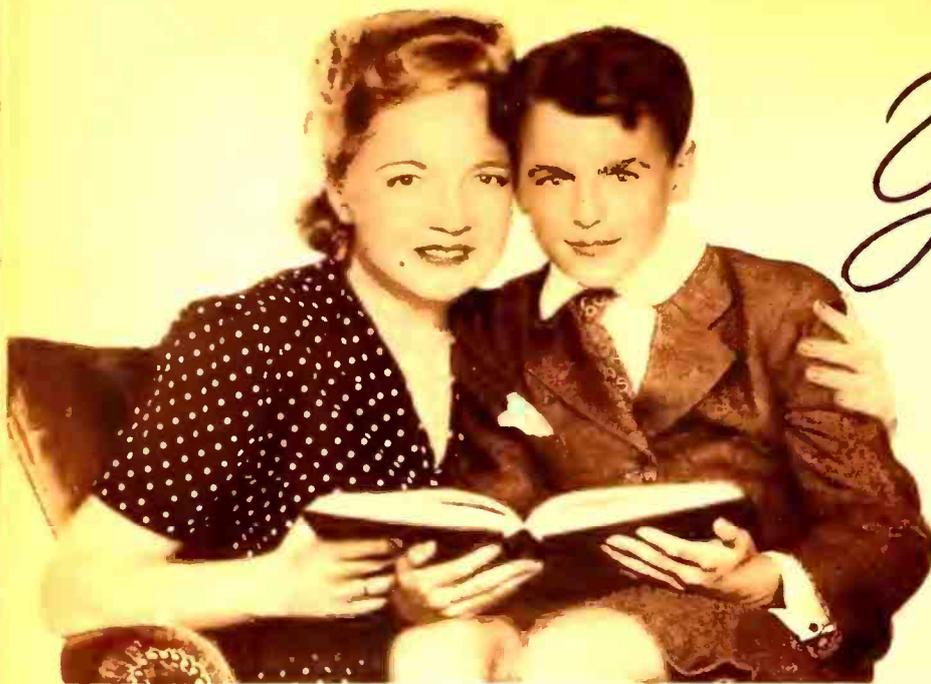
and carried violins."

Al laughed. "I knew right away you were the observant type," he said. "Blondes usually are."

"You don't like blondes?" I said icily.

"Not as much as brunettes," he grinned.

This made me furious and we had quite a (Continued on page 53)



■ Mother and son in the CBS serial, *My Son and I*, are Betty Garde and Kingsley Colton. Sponsored by Calumet and Swansdown, *My Son and I* is heard Monday through Friday at 2:45 P.M., E.D.T. Below, Gracie Allen with Ronnie and Sandra.



Your Child

■ Presenting an exciting, easy-to-enter contest for all mothers, in which all you need to win one of 28 cash prizes is—a photograph!

MOTHERS, here's a contest designed especially for you, the most important members of all families. For years there have been beautiful baby contests, but now mothers can get their recognition, too. And it's simplicity itself to win.

All you have to do to become eligible to win one of the twenty-eight cash prizes is to send **RADIO MIRROR** a photograph of yourself and your child, or children. The photograph, a stamp and an envelope—and you're on your way.

The sponsors of the popular CBS daytime program, *My Son and I*, in co-operation with **RADIO MIRROR**, are making this unique contest possible. But that doesn't mean your entry must be a mother-and-son picture. A mother-and-daughter picture, or one of a mother and daughter and son will be just as acceptable to the judges.

So send in that cherished mother and child photograph. It needn't be a studio portrait—any good, clear snapshot not smaller than 3¼ by 4¼ inches will do. Neither does it have to be a picture taken recently. It may bring you a cash prize, plus the thrill of seeing it published later in this magazine.

Read the rules carefully to be sure you know exactly what to do and then dig out your album or put a new roll of film in the camera, get your daughter or son, or both, pose them with yourself—and the judges will do the rest.

And just as a guide and suggestion as to the kind of pictures you can send in, here on these two pages are a variety of mother-and-child photographs, with famous radio stars posing with their children.

OFFICIAL ENTRY COUPON

Mother and Child Photo Editor,
Radio Mirror,
P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please enter the accompanying photograph in your Mother and Child Photo Contest, pursuant to your published rules governing this contest.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

and You

THE RULES

- anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc. and members of their families.
- Submit pictures of mother and child or mother and children. No children past their sixteenth birthday when photographed may be entered. Studio poses are not necessary. Snapshots are acceptable. All entries must be suitable for reproduction. Pictures must be 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 or larger.
- Each picture submitted must have the official entry coupon clipped from this page and pasted on the reverse side and properly filled out. No picture will be considered unless accompanied by this coupon.
 - Entries will be judged on the basis of human interest and attractiveness.
 - For the best picture judged on this basis Radio Mirror will award a cash first prize of \$50.00. The two second best will receive \$25.00 each. The five third best will be awarded \$10.00 each, and in order of their excellence the twenty next best entries will receive prizes of \$5.00 each—twenty-eight prizes in all. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
 - The judges will be the editors of Radio Mirror and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. No entries will be returned. Prize winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for published reproduction wherever desired.
 - All entries must be submitted by First Class Mail to—Mother and Child Photo Editor, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
 - Entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Tuesday, November 12, 1940, the closing date of this contest.



■ You can submit an album shot, like the one above of Bess Johnson and daughter Jane, or an informal snap like that below of Edward G. Robinson and Manny.



■ Mary Livingstone and Joan Naomi Benny pose in the intimacy of their own home.



■ Include Father in the picture if you wish, and you'll have a family group like the one below of Bing Crosby, Dixie and the four boys.

JOHN'S Other Wife

■ In this intimate radio novel of one woman's marriage, Elizabeth squarely faces the choice of living her own life or the one John offers her—as fate adds new irony to her dilemma

ELIZABETH PERRY was resentful, fearful and terribly alone. John, her husband, whom she adored, was so immersed in Perry's Department Store that he had forgotten about his wife and home. The women with whom he worked in the store shared more of his thoughts than his own wife.

There was Annette Rogers, clever young society woman who was John's chief dress designer. Jealousy for Annette was already beginning to stir in Elizabeth's heart when she learned, indirectly, that Annette had been borrowing money from John with which to play—very successfully—the stock market. John's admiration for Annette's financial cleverness was so obvious that Elizabeth came to a sudden decision—to beat Annette at her own game by investing in the market herself. When she discovered that the millionaire, Robin Pennington, who was a principal stockholder in the store, had been giving Annette the market tips which turned out so successfully, Elizabeth asked Pennington to help her with his advice. The next day she invested the \$20,000 worth of bonds which John had given her on their marriage, in an oil stock, buying on margin. After an agonizing week she was told that she must raise another \$10,000, or lose her original investment, and in a panic she mortgaged the house.

Then her plans crashed about her head. The oil stocks fell to almost nothing, and she lost her entire \$30,000. Annette announced her intention of marrying Henry Sullivan, John's business competitor, and Elizabeth divined it was because she had lost the money which John had loaned her. John, desperately in need of money for the store, asked Elizabeth for her bonds, and she was forced to confess that they were gone. John turned to the only backer he could find, wealthy Mortimer Prince, who agreed to put money into the store if John would hire his daughter, Carlie, and teach her store management.

Days passed before the breach between Elizabeth and John caused by her loss of the money was completely healed. Robin Pennington, seeing her unhappiness, revealed his own love for her and offered to give her a job on a radio station he had recently bought. Thus, he pointed out, she could earn money to repay John. But while she pondered his offer, miraculously, her life with John became happy once more. She had dreaded the advent of Carlie Prince,



Fictionized by Ethelda Bedford from the radio serial heard

but John seemed to think of the lovely, spoiled heiress only as a charming child, and of himself almost as her father.

For weeks, John and Elizabeth knew their old happy relationship. Then, on a week-end when they had planned to celebrate their wedding anniversary, John was summoned by wire to Mortimer Prince's lodge at Lake Bemidji.

Disappointed at being left alone on her anniversary, Elizabeth tried to pass the time while John was away—and late on Saturday night, turning on the radio, she heard the news flash of a hotel fire at Lake Bemidji, where John Perry and Carlie Prince were listed as among the missing!

■ Then John turned to Elizabeth, his arms half extended, as if he were pleading with her to trust in him.

Posed by Erin O'Brien-Moore
as Elizabeth and William
Post, Jr., as John Perry.



Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M., E.D.T., on NBC-Blue, and sponsored by the makers of Freezone and Kolynos Toothpaste.

THERE must be some mistake!" Elizabeth Perry repeated the words again and again, barely conscious they had become her prayer during that frantic drive.

A mistake. Yet, against her constant hope, her heart pounded out the staccato words of the news broadcast, announcing over and over the horror in her ears:

"... the Crane Hotel in the resort town of Lake Bemidji is on fire, a blazing inferno... among those registered and missing are John Perry... Charlie Prince..."

Only the hope of saving her husband had driven Elizabeth out into the night. When she had heard the news bulletin, as she sat peacefully by her fire, an

electric switch turned in her mind, sent her into action. Now through three of the strangest hours she had ever known, she had strained at the wheel of her car, peering through the foggy night, turning and struggling through narrow country roads—on toward Lake Bemidji.

A heavy fog blanketed the narrow road. Only by leaning far out of the car could she see as she drove. The hazard was too great for time to think beyond the feeble reach of the headlights. Had she been unwise in taking this back route to the Lake? Could she have made better time on the main highway, which, of course, would be roaring with fire engines, ambulances and speeding cars?

Against the wall of fog she imagined John's face. She strained to see the expression, which eluded her. If only he could know she was trying to reach him, that it was impossible to rush the car faster. The wild impulse wound her fingers tighter about the unyielding wheel. She tried to grip her excited heart, hold her mind still.

THIS couldn't be the end! Five years of love, of marriage, of life together . . . this couldn't be the end—for John. For her, too. How could she go on without him?

Elizabeth struggled to think of the present, in which she was hurrying to help, to find John, doing the only thing she knew to do; even though she arrived too late, even though she were powerless when she reached him. Like a drowning person, she reviewed so much of what

had gone before in John's life with her. John's life. It couldn't be over, because he loved to live too dearly. He lived every ounce of life richly, fully. Out in it all the time, reaching for the maximum, inviting challenge, courting the exhilaration of combat, excitement. If only she could have been more exciting to him! The feeling of inadequacy bit into her excited heart. John loved thinking of her as being out of the stimulation of business. He wanted her in a comfortable home, separated from his active world . . . just as she had been tonight when his world of activity and excitement reached in and found her, striking her into action with its news. Its unrest. No, the life John visualized for his wife held no terror such as this. No matter what happened John would not want her driving wildly, blindly into the night.

■ "Why did this have to happen now?" she was thinking—when she had at last decided to leave John, begin a life without him.



How could she keep back that other thought any longer? When it was right there, on the top of her mind, edging in, pushing for notice all the time! The car plunged down a hill, into a little valley. Through the thicker fog came the strong pungent smell of smoke. The fire could not be far now.

Elizabeth's heart pumped like the car engine. The sudden steep incline called for second gear. At the hill top, where the trees cleared, surely she would be able to see the fire! Would John still be missing? She could not push the other thought back longer . . . *would Carlie be missing, too?*

Why, in the greatest torment she had ever known, did she keep thinking of Carlie? Why was Carlie Prince in the hotel where John was? Why, too, was John there, when he had said he was going to Mortimer Prince's lodge? The lodge was at the opposite end of the lake from the hotel. Miles lay between. The ugly facts, the uglier questions, marshalled themselves before her, refusing to be ignored.

Oh, did it really matter now what John had said, what she once believed and understood? What suspicion could be important now? Only one thing mattered. Only one—that John was alive. Elizabeth's wide, staring eyes stung with guilt.

NOW, on the hill top she could see flames flashing high and wide! The lake, mirroring the flare, was fantastic.

Elizabeth's foot pushed harder on the gas. Her hands gripped the wheel, steadying and comforting her in some small measure as a prayer burst from her heart:

"Let him be alive. . . . Let him be alive."

How she ever lived until she saw John would always remain a mystery of horror in her memory. Seconds dragged painfully as a state trooper propelled her up the steps of a little hospital at Lake Bemidji, through the corridor, up more steps, where ether was stronger than smoke.

John was lying on a white bed. He was fully clothed. A bandage was wound about his head. He did not see her, because his eyes were closed and during that strange second as she stood in the doorway, her mind photographed every detail. That he was alone, that two lights burned strangely against the stark white of the walls and the first rays of morning sun.

"John! John!"

Elizabeth's voice was hoarse, barely more than a whisper. She reached (Continued on page 70)

Hollywood Radio Whispers



■ Celebrating a birthday for Blondie on the air—author A. E. Scott, Dagwood, Blondie, bandleader Billy Artzt.

IS IT business or pleasure that is attracting Ona Munson, femme star of Big Town, to the big town?

* * *

Bill Goodwin, Bob Hope's announcer, will resume work on the Blondie programs, after a two months' absence trotting the stage boards with Hope.

* * *

The death of Robert Wildhack upset the plans of Al Pearce's show the other week. The famous "sneeze and snore" artist was scheduled to appear on the show.

* * *

The Dr. Christian show, starring Jean Hersholt, is already signed until 1942.

* * *

The Andrews Sisters, Maxine, Patty and LaVerne, are playing featured parts in "Argentine Nights" with the Ritz Brothers, and are so good they have been signed for three additional pictures.



Fanny Brice frankly admits that the comic strip is her favorite reading. She studies the comics in all daily papers.

* * *

Shooting of the first "Scattergood Baines" starts August first!

By GEORGE FISHER
Mutual's Hollywood Reporter

■ Gracie Allen and Irene Dunne are guests at Carmel Myers' garden-party in aid of the Red Cross.

Shirley Temple will not be a voter for another decade. But this month she proved that she won't be "lost in the shuffle" before she becomes of voting age. Shirley, I am told very confidentially, has arranged for a long series of broadcasts commencing late in the fall. She has made temporary deals with two major film companies, any one of which assures us that she will remain on the screen. Which means she will be busier than ever before.

One reason Shirley's been kept off the air is that she was too young to read, which would necessitate her having to memorize radio scripts. Now that she's grown-up, look for her to continue to hang on to her place in your heart as a movie and radio favorite.

* * *

Irving Hoffman, in New York, writes that Milton Berle, the comic, is a dead ringer for Ben Lyon, since he had his nose clipped down.

(Continued on page 74)



THE COOKING CORNER PRESENTS

Your Prize

By **KATE SMITH**

Radio Mirror's Food Counsellor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks over CBS at 12 o'clock, noon, E.D.T., sponsored by General Foods.

HERE I am, with more of those wonderful prize-winning recipes from the RADIO MIRROR Cooking Corner Recipe Contest, just as I promised you.

So many contestants sent in recipes for desserts that my hunch that most of the eating public is dessert-minded was confirmed, and for this reason I've selected for you five desserts which are new, delicious and different from any I've ever eaten. But varied as they are, they have one thing in common—they are quickly and easily made and they require a minimum of baking time, surely an asset in these sultry days.

Since so many of you have adopted the modern method of economy—using the oven to prepare the whole dinner rather than one dish alone—I've added an entree which can cook right along with a number of these desserts.

Polly Apples

(Mrs. E. E. Hughes, Wilmore, Pa.)

- 4 medium apples
- 1 cup sour cream
- ½ cup water
- Cinnamon

Cut apples in half and remove cores. Place, rounded side up, in cake pan or baking dish, add water and bake at moderate temperature until apples begin to soften. Pour sour milk over apples, sprinkle generously with cinnamon then continue cooking until mixture bubbles and apples are done. This makes a nice individual dessert—two apple halves cooked in a small ramekin

Paradise Coconut Surprise

(Mrs. Grace V. Marlow, Spokane, Wash.)

- 4 oz. package of grated coconut
- 1 pt. milk
- 2 tbs. butter
- stale cake (crumbled)

- 2 eggs (separated)
- 2 tbs. sugar
- ½ tsp. vanilla extract
- 2 tbs. sugar (for meringue)
- Jam

Reserve enough coconut to sprinkle on top of the pudding. Boil together for two minutes the remaining coconut, milk and butter. Pour boiling mixture onto cake crumbs, mix thoroughly and add beaten egg yolks, sugar and vanilla. Pour into greased baking dish and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) When done, place small mounds of jam over the top. Whip the whites of eggs stiff, add 2 tbs. sugar

and pile roughly over the jam-dotted pudding. Brown slightly in oven, sprinkle with coconut (which you may dye with fruit coloring if you wish). Serve with whipped cream if desired.

Chocolate Peppermint Nut Roll

(Mrs. Janisch, St. Paul, Minn.)

- 4 eggs
- 4 tbs. powdered sugar
- 3 tps. cocoa
- ½ cup cake flour
- 1 tsp. double acting baking powder
- 1½ cups whipping cream
- 1 stick peppermint candy
- ½ cup chopped nut meats

Enjoy

YOUR OWN BRIDGE PARTY

RULE 1

Invite only people you are sure will be congenial with one another.

RULE 2

Have your tables ready with score-pads, pencils and fresh crisp cards in position so your guests can begin to play without delay.

RULE 3

Select refreshments which can be prepared several hours in advance of the party; those which must be eaten as soon as ready will either call you away from your guests before the last hand is finished or force them to wait uncomfortably while you are fussing in the kitchen.

RULE 4

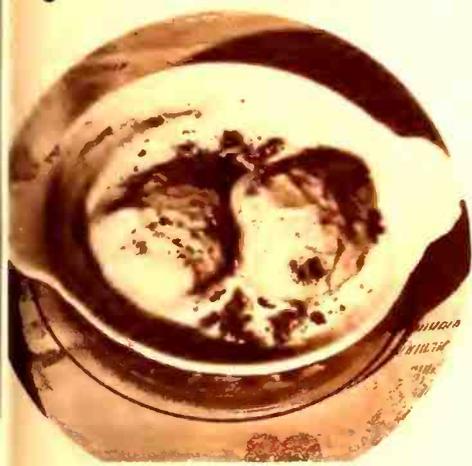
Be sure to have plenty of long cooling drinks to serve during the game, such as the iced chocolate mocha shown in the intriguing king and queen decorated glasses. Make it in ad-



vance by combining half a cup of chocolate syrup, three cups of milk and one cup of very strong hot coffee and beating with a rotary beater until frothy. Just before serving, beat again, pour over cracked ice and top with whipped cream. (Makes four tall glasses full.)

Follow these four rules and your guests will have a good time—which means that you will, too!

Winning Desserts



■ Polly Apples, submitted by Mrs. E. E. Hughes of Wilmore, Penna.



■ Paradise Coconut Surprise—Mrs. Grace V. Marlow, Spokane, Wash.



■ Banana Pineapple Pie—by Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, Caldwell, Texas.

Beat egg yolks well. Sift together powdered sugar, cocoa, flour and baking powder and mix with the beaten yolks. Beat egg whites stiff and fold into first mixture. Spread $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick on greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until done, about fifteen minutes. Turn cake onto waxed paper which has been laid over a damp cloth. Crush the peppermint stick and add it to the cream after it has been beaten. Spread peppermint-flavored whipped cream onto cake (reserving some whipped cream for top) and roll as you would a jelly roll. Spread remaining whipped cream on top and sprinkle with grated nut meats. Serve with hot Mint Chocolate Sauce.

Hot Mint Chocolate Sauce

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup grated chocolate
- 1 tsp. mint flavoring

Cook together sugar, water and grated chocolate to form smooth sauce. Remove from heat and stir in mint flavoring.

Strawberry Cream Pie

(Mrs. Alice Flaherty, Detroit, Michigan)

- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar
 - $3\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. cornstarch
 - $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt
 - 2 egg yolks
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla
 - 1 cup hulled strawberries
 - 1 large baked pie shell
- Mix dry ingredients, add scalded

milk gradually. Cook fifteen minutes in a double boiler, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Slowly pour hot mixture onto beaten egg yolks, return to double boiler and cook two minutes longer. Add vanilla, pour into baked pie shell and set aside to cool. When cool, add strawberries, and top with the following strawberry meringue.

Strawberry Meringue

- 2 egg whites
- 1 cup hulled strawberries
- 1 cup powdered sugar

Place all three ingredients in bowl and beat until light and fluffy—about ten minutes with electric beater, fifteen to twenty minutes by hand. Pile meringue on pie and place in refrigerator for half an hour before cutting.

Banana Pineapple Pie

(Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, Caldwell, Texas)

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups milk
- 4 tbs. flour or 3 tbs. cornstarch
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 small can crushed pineapple
- 2 chopped bananas

Combine sugar, milk, flour (or cornstarch) with the well-beaten egg yolks and cook in double boiler, stirring to prevent lumping, until thick. When thick, set aside to cool. When cool, stir in pineapple (which has been drained) and bananas. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made of the three egg whites beaten with 3 tbs. sugar. Bake until meringue is browned.

Ham Stuffed Eggs

(Mrs. Clyde Roeder, Lansing, Iowa)

- 6 hard cooked eggs
- $\frac{1}{16}$ tsp. prepared mustard
- Salt and pepper to taste
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ground cooked ham (left-over)
- 1 can (10 oz.) condensed mushroom soup
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttered crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese

Peel hard cooked eggs, split into half lengthwise and remove yolks. Mash yolks and mix well with seasonings and ground ham. Fill egg whites with the yolk mixture, place in buttered pan and pour on the mushroom soup which has been blended smoothly with the water. Cover with buttered crumbs and grated cheese and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until cheese and crumbs are golden brown and sauce is bubbling. Serve on toast.

Variations: (1) Use crabmeat instead of ham for filling, and serve with rich cheese sauce (white sauce with grated cheese added) instead of mushroom sauce.

(2) Use shredded chicken and mushroom in filling, and serve with mushroom sauce as given in original recipe.

(3) Use flaked salmon (canned) in filling and bake with rich white sauce to which one small can of peas (or one cup cooked fresh peas) has been added. One teaspoon grated onion may be added to any one of these sauces if you like it.

FACING THE

Music

By
KEN ALDEN



■ When you hear the strains of savage music on a piano, it's the introduction to Bob Zurke's band.

THE Artie Shaw-Lana Turner marriage is now just a front page memory, but the clarinetist is doing well enough musically, on the Burns and Allen commercial.

Benny Goodman should be out of Mayo Clinic by the time you read this. He sought relief in the famous Minnesota hospital from a sciatic nerve condition. Ziggy Elman did the baton waving while Benny was away. However, the bespectacled swingster is expected back on the bandstand for his September Meadowbrook, N. J., engagement.

Griff Williams will be a 1941 papa. . . . Bonnie King, a former KMBC, Kansas City songstress, is now a member of the Bob Crosby band. . . . Leith Stevens' band renewed for the Fall Big Town series.

Paul Whiteman and his band are reported to have received \$30,000 for their chore in the new Mickey Rooney film, "Strike Up the Band."

Best bet for next season: Lovely Carol Bruce, hit singer of "Louisiana Purchase." Movie, record, and radio people are after the girl who used to pinch-hit for Bea Wain in Larry Clinton's band.

Marlyn Stuart, Hollywood eyeful, has signed a two year contract to sing with Al Kavelin's band.

You can tune in Hal Kemp from New Orleans' Roosevelt Hotel and Ted Lewis from Chicago's Chez Paree.

TOM CAT OF THE KEYS

FROM a backstage dressing room in New York's Paramount theater, one day last season, came the stately sounds of a Bach fugue—a strange and foreign noise for this swing citadel. Like an unheralded pied piper, the player attracted the assorted



RADIO MIRROR READERS VOTE SAMMY KAYE THEIR 1940 STAR BANDLEADER

SAMMY KAYE is the victor in **RADIO MIRROR'S** second annual band popularity poll, which found hundreds of "Facing the Music" readers casting their ballots for 46 different dispensers of sweet and swing music. The slim Ohioan copped first place from last year's winner, Eddy Duchin, by the narrow margin of twenty-two votes. Overwhelming preference for sweet orchestras was also recorded.

Here are the **RADIO MIRROR** dance band favorites for 1940:

1. Sammy Kaye
2. Eddy Duchin
3. Guy Lombardo } tie
4. Kay Kyser
5. Benny Goodman
6. Orrin Tucker
7. Dick Jurgens
8. Glenn Miller
9. Gene Krupa
10. Tommy Dorsey
11. Charlie Barnet
12. Bob Crosby

Formal presentation of the "Facing the Music" gold baton will, be made in September on one of Sammy Kaye's coast to coast broadcasts.

■ Evelyn Poe, Bob's vocalist, seldom hears her boss playing Bach these days. He only does it when he's sad.

stagefolk. They listened reverently. When the concert was finished, only the distant sounds of the talkie, coming from the auditorium, broke the spell. Suddenly the pianist spun around. When he saw his audience, his face turned crimson. He got up sheepishly and closed the door.

A few minutes later this same pianist was seated at another piano—this time on the stage—and was beating out a savage boogie woogie introduction that meant one thing to the joyful spectators: Bob Zurke and his band.

That little backstage episode is the best way to describe 28-year-old, Detroit-born jazz stylist, tabbed so appropriately the "tom cat of the keys." Because back of all his modern piano hijinks is a sound knowledge of the classics. Bob says he couldn't play his kind of jazz without it.

When I asked Bob about that Bach performance, he explained:

"It was opening day. My band was new. I wasn't sure we had clicked, so when I got to my dressing room I went directly to the piano and tried to play—play anything that would get my mind off that first show. I guess I was pessimistic. Anytime I'm feeling low, you see, I turn to Bach."

Bob hasn't played much Bach since that memorable day. He's been too happy. The month of July saw his band in a summer collaboration with singer Tony Martin. Together they played a series of successful one night engagements that helped win this band many new friends. The Fall season promises lucrative engagements.

Bob was born in Detroit of a poor but large family. He had five sisters and two brothers. From the time he was four, his strong, nimble fingers have splashed keyboards—hurdy gurdy keyboards, Steinways, a gumstuck keyboard in a nickelodeon, and

now on his shiny, new Storytone, which utilizes specially designed electrical amplification to give full tone color to piano solos.

When there wasn't enough money to take care of music lessons, Bob got them by other methods. He would work, or he'd win a music scholarship. By the time he and his cousin Stanley Dennis, now a well known bass player, formed their first band Bob had sixteen years of musical study behind him.

To make sure that their band was playing in the currently popular tempo, the cousins would listen for hours to the recordings of Jean Goldkette, Red Nichols, and Bix Beiderbecke, and be guided by them.

Those early recordings of pioneer swing were never forgotten. "I play now as I played then, with allowances only for a sprightlier tempo," Bob said.

But so enmeshed in musical finesse did Bob become that he sacrificed all attempts to learn finances or showmanship. Thus his star was late in shining. For years he banged around from one band to another. Sometimes he was stranded. Often he worked in two bands at a time.

This happened when Bob was in urgent need of cash and his mother was ill. His first chore lasted from 6 P. M. to 2 A. M. Then, while the other musicians were wearily packing their instruments, Bob would dash out to a nearby honkey tonk, and tickle the keys for another four hours.

Fortunately for Bob's fingers, his prolific pianology became known to wise musicians. The golden offer finally came. Bob Crosby's pianist,

Joe Sullivan, was desperately ill. They needed a replacement quickly. Bob Zurke flew from Detroit to Dallas. He arrived in Texas at 8:30 and was on the bandstand an hour later.

Bob quit the Crosby band last year. Some say he was never happy there since he was not one of the troupe included in the cooperative setup, and hence did not share in the yearly dividends. Others say Bob was not an easy man to handle. Then there were always offers from bookers suggesting that he head his own band.

Zurke was hounded by bad luck. He broke his finger just before his band's premiere. After that, just when the band was getting a start, swing music started to decline.

Bob has certain set ideas on how to play dance music.

Here are some of his rules:

"Play the blues simple and clean. You must feel a ballad and fill out the tones. As for a rhythm number, well, just go out and pitch!"

HOW THEY MAKE RECORDS

THANKS to dance music, the phonograph record industry is experiencing an almost unbelievably successful revival. There has been a 700 per cent sales increase since 1933. Last year, 50,000,000 discs were sold. There are now some 300,000 slot machine phonographs blaring forth across the country. Many of the radios sold today have record-playing attachments.

With this rebirth, the manufacture of recordings has improved considerably.

Contrary to popular belief, there is no wax or rubber in records. The material is composed of resins, shellac, and various types of fillers in a formula that is constantly being changed. This takes the form of a huge mass of black dough, before it is pressed into discs. The master record is cut in a large studio, where the bandleader checks with the sound engineer to insure high quality acoustics and proper microphone placement.

Often a song is played a dozen times before perfection is reached. Then another engineer watches the groove on the master through a microscope to make certain its depth is correct.

This record then undergoes a metalizing process, receiving two applications of bronze powder and a silver cyanide treatment in order to form a silver plate from the disc.

The disc is then passed to the engraving division where any imperfections are engraved out. Old or imperfect (Continued on page 83)

■ Mignon Smith's job (below) is to play records for imperfections. She listens to eighty of them a day.



■ A lump of "biscuit dough" is inserted in this machine and in 35 seconds out pops a perfect record.



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M. CBS: News NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio NBC-Red: Organ Recital
			8:30 CBS: Morning Moods NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			9:00 CBS: News of Europe NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
			9:15 NBC-Red: Four Showmen Quartet
			9:30 CBS: Richard Maxwell NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
			10:00 CBS: Church of the Air NBC-Blue: Melodic Moods NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
			10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan NBC-Blue: Southernaires NBC-Red: Children's Hour
10:35	9:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: News and Rhythm NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
			11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY NBC-Blue: Sid Walton NBC-Red: Words and Music
			11:45 NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters
			12:00 Noon NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
			12:30 P.M. CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle NBC-Red: Wings Over America
			1:00 CBS: Church of the Air NBC-Blue: American Red Cross NBC-Red: Lee Gordon Orch.
			1:15 NBC-Blue: Vass Family
			1:30 CBS: March of Games NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser NBC-Red: Silver Strings
			2:00 CBS: United We Stand NBC-Blue: Treasure Trails
			2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
			3:00 CBS: CBS Symphony NBC-Red: Concert Music
			3:15 NBC-Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
			3:30 NBC-Red: Yvette
			3:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
			4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers NBC-Red: NBC Orchestra
			4:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning NBC-Blue: Swing Ensemble NBC-Red: The World is Yours
			5:30 CBS: Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm NBC-Blue: Voice of Hawaii NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today
			6:00 CBS: Fun in Print NBC-Blue: Gordon Orchestra NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
			6:30 CBS: Gene Autry NBC-Blue: Cavalcade of Hits NBC-Red: Beat the Band
			7:00 CBS: News of the World NBC-Blue: News from Europe
			7:30 CBS: ELLERY QUEEN NBC-Blue: World's Fair Band NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
			8:00 CBS: Columbia Workshop NBC-Blue: Sunday Night Concert NBC-Red: CHARLIE McCARTHY
			8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
			8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
			9:00 CBS: FORD SUMMER HOUR NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
			9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
			9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
			9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
			10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
			10:30 CBS: Public Affairs NBC-Red: Human Nature in Action
			10:45 NBC-Red: Voice That Walks Beside You
			11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines NBC: Dance Orchestra

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Southernaires—Edmansan, Smith, Taney and Peters.

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

September 1: Big news today is that Charlie McCarthy and his stage, Edgar Bergen, are back on the air—NBC-Red at 8:00—and Deanna Durbin is his first guest, singing songs from her new picture, "Spring Parade." . . . CBS broadcasts the last day of the National Lawn Tennis matches at Forest Hills.

September 8: The musical game the Philip Morris program used to play has given way to a mystery-dramatic series, Crime Doctor—CBS at 8:30.

September 15: A new program starring Oliver Santaria, yadeler, starts this afternoon at 5:15 an NBC-Blue.

September 22: For the kind of music everybody likes to hum, tune in Gene Autry's program on CBS at 6:30.

ON THE AIR TODAY: The Southernaires Quartet, an NBC-Blue at 10:30 A.M., E.D.T.

Taa seldom sponsored, taa little appreciated, always well worth listening to—that's the Southernaires. These four colored singers are well into their eleventh year of network broadcasting, and they've become a real NBC institution. If the absence of ballyhaa about them has kept you from getting acquainted, today is a good time to repair the omission.

It was in the winter of 1929 that four young colored men from different parts of the country met in New York's Harlem and decided to form a quartet. They rehearsed for three months before making their debut in a Manhattan church. By that time they were a thousand dollars in debt, so they had to be good. They were. More church jobs followed; then they went on the air over a local station, an NBC scout heard them, and they've been an NBC ever since.

The Southernaires are Hamer Smith, tenor and master of ceremonies, Jay Stane Taney, baritone, William Edmansan, bass, and Lawell Peters, principal soloist. Until last April their pianist and arranger was Clarence Janes, but a sudden illness in the midst of a tour forced Janes out of the Southernaires and since then Spencer Odam has played their accompaniments.

All the Southernaires have been to college, and all are married. Hamer Smith, who comes from Florence, Alabama, is a nephew of the famous Negro composer,

W. C. Handy. It's his beautiful speaking voice you hear in the sermons of the "Little weather-beaten whitewashed church." Hamer neither drinks nor smokes.

Jay Stane Taney is the most jovial member of the quartet. He's from Columbia, Tennessee, and he handles the group's fan mail, writing many personal letters of cheer and comfort to listeners. William Edmansan is an actor as well as a singer and is often heard doing colored roles in radio serials. He has also had a good deal of stage experience, and is a semi-professional photographer. He has a twin brother who looks almost exactly like him and is a member of a dance team; people are always mistaking one twin for the other, with just about the complications you'd expect. Lawell Peters, the soloist, is the most quiet and reserved member of the foursome.

Many of the songs you hear the Southernaires sing have never been written down before. Their hobby is interviewing a'd people of their race and resurrecting ancient hymns and slave chants which have never been put on paper. To date, they've found and memorized more than 700.

Many a partying Harlemitte will be listening to the Southernaires broadcast this morning. It's quite the fashion up there, the boys have learned, to stay up all of Saturday night, having a good time, and listen to the Southernaires in the morning, because "it's so much like going to church."

SAY HELLO TO . . .



ANN STONE—one of Hollywood's most versatile air actresses, and heard tonight as Madge Harrington in Irene Rich's serial, *Glorious One*. She was born in Geneva, Switzerland, and her real name's Aneta Zukovsky. Coming to America with her parents in 1910, she went to school in Chicago, then studied dramatics and began acting. In Hollywood, she's appeared in pictures as well as on the stage.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage	
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children	
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly NBC-Red: The Man I Married	
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge	
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	
		8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House	
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph	
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother	
12:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	
		9:30	8:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
		11:00	CBS: Short Short Story	
		10:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Martha Webster	
11:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life	
		11:30	CBS: Big Sister	
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver NBC-Red: Against the Storm	
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	
		12:00 Noon	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS	
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White	
		12:15 P.M.	CBS: When a Girl Marries	
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
		12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	
		12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: The Goldbergs	
		12:00	MBS: I'll Never Forget	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful	
9:03	11:03	12:03	CBS: Right to Happiness	
		1:15	CBS: Road of Life	
		2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone	
2:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World	
10:00	12:00	2:15	CBS: Girl Interne	
2:30	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	
10:15	12:15	2:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley	
1:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	
10:30	12:30	2:45	CBS: My Son and I	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches	
		3:00	CBS: Society Girl	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	
11:00	1:00	3:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	
11:15	1:15	3:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family	
		3:45	CBS: A Friend in Deed	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	
		4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	
2:30	3:30	4:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	
		5:00	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone	
1:00	3:00	5:15	CBS: Beyond These Valleys	
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful	
		5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong	
		3:00	4:30	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
1:45	3:45	6:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout	
7:55	9:00	5:00	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		9:05	5:05	CBS: Hedda Hopper
2:15	4:15	5:15	6:30	Paul Sullivan
9:00	5:15	5:30	6:45	CBS: The World Today
2:45	4:45	5:45	6:00	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00	5:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	7:30	NBC-Red: FRED WARING'S GANG
6:30	5:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: BLONDIE
7:30	5:30	6:30	8:00	MBS: The Lone Ranger
6:30	5:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN
		8:00	7:00	CBS: Those We Love
8:00	6:00	7:00	8:30	NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour
4:00	6:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: Howard and Shelton
7:30	6:30	7:30	9:00	NBC-Blue: True or False (Sept. 9)
4:30	6:30	7:30	9:00	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
		9:00	8:00	CBS: Lux Theater (Sept. 9)
5:00	7:00	8:00	9:30	NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
5:00	7:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Show Boat
8:00	7:30	8:30	10:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Contented Hour
6:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Ted Collins and Kate Smith go speed-boating between broadcasts.

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

September 2: It's Labor Day, the last holiday of the summer—so make the most of it. . . . For racing fans, NBC has the Washington Park Handicap from Homewood, Ill.; and both NBC and CBS broadcast the opening day race at Aqueduct Park. . . . Drew Pearson and Robert Allen and their Washington Merry-Go-Round do their last broadcast tonight. . . . Those We Love returns—CBS at 8:00.

September 9: Two of your old favorites return to the air tonight—True or False, on NBC-Blue at 8:30, and the Lux Radio Theater, on CBS at 9:00.

September 16: Listen to Richard Maxwell's new program, A Friend in Deed, on CBS at 3:45 this afternoon.

September 23: Ted Husing broadcasts the opening of the Belmont Race Track this afternoon over CBS.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Kate Smith Speaks, on CBS at 12 noon, E.D.T., sponsored by Grape Nuts.

It's a semi-vacation that Kate Smith is having this summer. When the sponsors of her noonday talks decided they'd like to keep the show on the air through the hot weather, Kate countered with a request that she be allowed to go on the air from her summer home at Lake Placid—and that's what was finally decided, to everybody's satisfaction.

You ought to see the comfortable set-up Kate and her manager, Ted Collins, have up there in the cool mountains. Kate's home is on Buck Island, about a mile and a half off shore from the town of Lake Placid. It's almost like a small village in itself, because both Kate and Ted have their homes there, plus guest houses, boat houses, a tennis court and a big outdoor barbecue pit. Three speedboats are moored to the dock, so that nobody need be disappointed when the urge to go somewhere comes. Kate herself is an expert at operating a speedboat, and usually insists on taking the wheel. She laves speed of any kind, and drives a car so fast that everyone worries about her safety.

The broadcast today comes from a special room in Kate's house. Kate, Ted, Mrs. Collins and the Collinses' daughter, Adelaide, all live on the island, but the program crew, consisting of a CBS engineer, a United Press news man to take

care of the news teletype machines, and script writer Jane Tompkins, all live at the hotel in town to keep in better touch with what's going on in the world. The CBS engineer, John McCartney, has the most envied job of the summer. His sole duty is to handle the controls for fifteen minutes five days a week; other than that he doesn't have to do a thing. And here's the joker—when he finishes his long summer at Lake Placid late in September, he still has his vacation coming to him!

Kate doesn't lack for entertainment between broadcasts. There are the speedboats, of course, and the whole wide lake to swim in, and her garden to take care of, and her cocker spaniel, Freckles, to take walking, and fish to catch, and her own movies to take. At night the whole party can grill steaks over the barbecue pit, and later go into town to see a movie (Kate is a rabid movie fan) or drop in at the Beach Club. Or they can stay on the island and run off some of the numerous movies they take themselves.

Some time during the summer they all hope to drive up to Nova Scotia for a week, doing the broadcast from different points en route.

Only one thing worries Kate while she's at Lake Placid. Every time she looks at her garden she thinks of the one she has in New York, on the terrace of her penthouse apartment—and she frets a little. She wonders if it's getting along all right.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



PAT MURPHY—Girl Alone's Scoop Curtis on NBC. Pat is a genial, friendly Irishman who has been in radio since 1930, just after he left college. He'd been trained to be a concert pianist, but radio seemed to offer a better living. Since 1935, when he came to Chicago, he's been in demand as a leading man on the air. Pat married Lucille Edwards, formerly of station KSTP, St. Paul, in 1936.

Complete Programs from August

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		10:00	
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15	
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45	
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
9:30	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
		11:00	
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: Martha Webster
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		12:00 Noon	
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		12:15 P.M.	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
		1:30	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
		1:45	
	11:45	12:45	CBS: Road of Life
		2:00	
2:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
		2:15	
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
1:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
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11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
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		4:00	
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12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	
	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		5:00	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:15	
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: Beyond These Valleys
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:30	
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:45	
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		6:00	
6:55	8:55	5:00	CBS: News
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
		6:05	
9:05	5:05	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:30	
9:00	5:15	6:15	CBS: Paul Sullivan
		6:45	
	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
		7:45	
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
		8:00	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Roy Shield Review
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
		8:30	
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
		9:00	
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: We, the People
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Musical Americana
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
		9:30	
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Professor Quiz
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Kay St. Germain
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey Orch.
		10:30	
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: News of the War
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Horace Heidt sings a duet with his young vocaliste, Jean Farney.

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

September 3: The First Nighter, one of your favorite dramatic shows, is back for another season of broadcasting tonight, so tune in CBS at 8:30. . . Mutual is to broadcast the World Series exclusively, so tonight at 10:15 (and every Tuesday at that time) it's presenting World Series previews. Tonight it takes a look at the Brooklyn Dodgers.

September 10: That Martha Webster serial on CBS at 11:15 this morning is the story of Life Begins, under a new name.

September 17: A welcome bit of melody in the midst of quiz programs is Jahny Presents, NBC-Red at 8:00.

September 24: Last year's comedy sensation, Bab Hape, returns tonight at 10:00 on NBC-Red for another triumphant season of laughs.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Treasure Chest, starring Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights with Jean Farney, personality singer—an NBC-Red at 8:30 P.M., E.D.T., sponsored by Tums.

Yes, this is another quiz program, but it's the only one on the air in which you can win romance as well as money.

Steady Heidt fans for the last few years may remember a stunt he began when he was leading his band in New York's Hotel Biltmore. It was called Answers from Dancers, and was originated long enough ago to be on the ground floor of the quiz craze. In it Horace would pick out dancing couples, bring a portable microphone within range of them, and ask them questions—the whole proceeding being broadcast.

The Treasure Chest is Answers from Dancers adapted to a radio studio instead of a dance floor. Horace chooses couples from the studio audience. Each couple is handed a string attached to a bell, and Horace asks a question that can be answered with the name of a tune the orchestra plays. As soon as the contestants think they have the right answer they pull the string and the bell rings, thus timing them. Six couples take part in each half-hour broadcast, each couple getting ten dollars for a correct answer—plus a grand prize of thirty dollars to the couple answering in the shortest time. Couples who miss the question altogether

have to "walk the plank"—with the sound-effects man supplying the splash.

Frequently Horace selects individuals instead of couples, pairing them and introducing them together on the air—and that's where romance comes in. Several times, since the show went on the air last June, these temporary studio pairings-off have continued outside the studio. No marriages yet, but things look promising.

You'd enjoy meeting little Jean Farney, the newest and youngest member of the Heidt troupe. Jean is only sixteen, but the Treasure Chest engagement is the second one she's had with Horace. She joined the Musical Knights two years ago, but illness soon afterward forced her to leave the crew until a few weeks ago, when Horace, once more in the middle west, re-signed her. Jean is still in high school; but her work in Chicago with the Musical Knights takes her away from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, her home town, so she's taking a correspondence school course. Jean's very pretty, but too young to have any serious romance, so all the boys in the band see to it that she's always properly chaperoned.

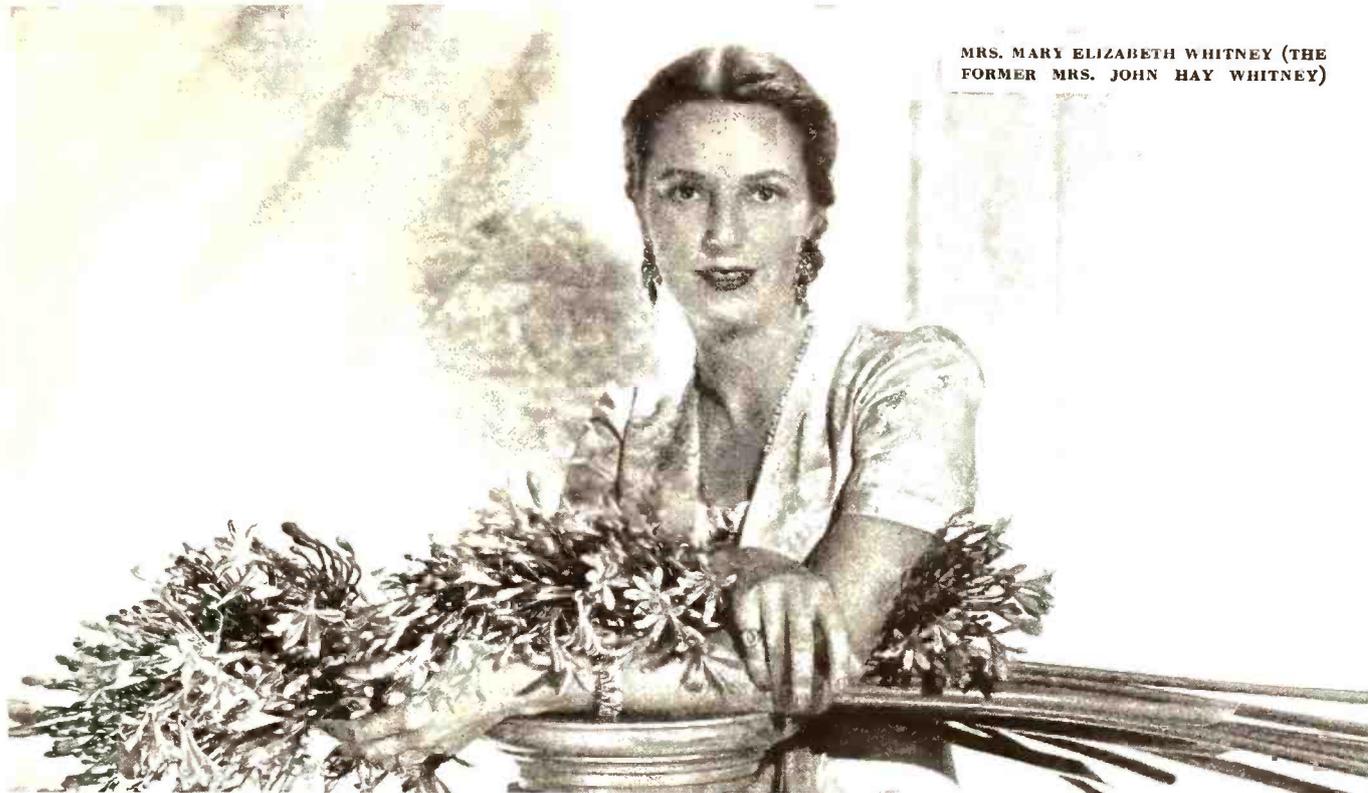
As this story is written, The Treasure Chest and its companion program, Pat O' Gald, both came to you from Chicago; but the first cool days of fall will find the Heidt brigade returning to Horace's native California to appear in James Raasvelt's first major film production, called (addly enough) "Pat O' Gald."

SAY HELLO TO . . .

JANET LOGAN—the tiny, 95-pound bundle of talent who plays Helen Gowon Stephenson in the CBS Road of Life serial. Janet was born in Eldon, Missouri, and her family includes such distinguished ancestors as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Admiral Oliver H. Perry, and General Putnam. She won a beauty contest soon after graduating from high school, and it led her to a California stage production. She was acting in a Chicago showboat as Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl, when Rudy Vallee came along and hired the troupe for a guest appearance on his show. It was Janet's first crack at radio, and she gave up the stage.



MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)



BEAUTY CREED:

"I'd rather have a beautifully-cared-for skin than Beauty." So you asserted proudly—rightfully.

And, contrariwise, this beautifully-cared-for skin of yours proclaims you a Beauty!

For no girl who exercises such care of her skin—joyously and meticulously—ever fails to exercise similar care of two other aspects of her person which, indeed, set off her skin's beauty. Namely, the shining sculptured glory of her well-kept hair, the chic simplicity of her dress.

All three are matters of Taste. Games of Skill!

Play *your* part in the exciting game of skin care with enthusiasm and with a wise head—and you will have exciting rewards. Play it, as do many members of our foremost families, according to the authoritative rules laid down by Pond's:

There are five moves in this stimulating Game. Each has its definite intention, its ample rewards.

WOMAN-SKIN

so different from a man's in its compelling softness . . . its ineffably tender look and feel. Instinct-wise, women since time began have nurtured and protected the priceless heritage of flower-fresh skin, made it a true and natural accent of their essential femininity.



QUICK RELEASE—Bury your face under lush, luxurious Pond's Cold Cream, and *spank* it forthrightly for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes—with cream-wreathed fingers. Pond's *mizes* with the dried, dead cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on the surface of your skin, softens and sets them free.

REMOVAL—Clean off the softened debris with the white tenderness of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off also are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

REPEAT—A second time spank your face with cream-softened fingers. This spanking increases both the actions of Pond's Cold Cream—cleansing and softening. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Notice that superficial lines seem less noticeable—pores look finer.

COOL ASTRINGENCE—Now splash with cool, fragrant Pond's Skin Freshener, slapped on with cotton dripping wet.

SMOOTH FINISH—Last, mask your face with a downy coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's specific duty is to disperse remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, leaving your skin silky, smooth, pliant! Wipe off after one full minute for the richest rewards. Then observe with what ease your skin receives its powder, how surprisingly it holds it.

Play this through at least once daily—before retiring or during the day. Repeat it in abbreviated form when your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily rules for a fresh and flower-soft skin.

Send for Trial Case. Forward at once the coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CVK, Clinton, Conn. Please send me a complete Pond's kit of the 3 Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

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MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY), like many other members of distinguished American families, has for years observed the Pond's rules for skin care

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Uncle Jim (left) fires questions while the ballaon gets bigger.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 28, September 4, 11 and 18!

August 28: Be sure to tune in True Story Magazine's new program, I'll Never Forget, a Mutual stations this afternoon at 1:00, E. D. T. It stars Frank Luther and Pat Barnes, and besides bringing you a quarter hour of entertainment, offers a chance to earn some money. It's an Mondays and Fridays too, at the same time.
 September 4: NBC broadcasts an all-star football game. . . . Manhattan at Midnight, an NBC-Blue at 8:30, is a half-hour drama of someone's life in the Big City.
 September 11: Listen to Lanny Ross tonight at 7:15 on CBS. . . . Let's hope soon he'll be back on the air five nights a week.
 September 18: Jean Hersholt's Dr. Christian playlet, an CBS at 8:30 tonight, is always worth listening to.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Uncle Jim's Question Bee, an CBS at 8:00 P.M., E.D.T., rebroadcast to the West Coast at 8:30 P.S.T., and sponsored by Rinsa.

Uncle Jim's Question Bee is an old-timer, but you'd never recognize it in its present stream-lined form. It has several new features, culled from suggestions sent in by professional writers, advertising agency executives, and amateurs with ideas. One suggestion to pep up the show was to give everyone in the audience five dollars, but this was rejected as being too radical.

Uncle Jim, the third Uncle Jim since the Question Bee first went on the air, is really Bill Slater, as interesting a personality as you could hope to meet. Bill Slater leads a double life. Daytimes he is headmaster of Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn. In radio, besides being Uncle Jim, he is also a well-known sports broadcaster.

Bill is a West Point graduate—entered that famous school at the very young age of sixteen. Since his graduation he has taught, and got into radio nine years ago while he was an instructor at Blake School, Minneapolis. Since then he has carried along the two careers simultaneously. He picks people to go on the Question Bee by strolling through the audience about twenty minutes before broadcast-time and asking for volunteers. People who raise their hands are asked for their names, their home towns and occupations. While he talks to them Bill looks them over, and if they seem alert and responsive, with eyes that sparkle with good humor, he picks them for the show.

Uncle Jim's Question Bee has a system

of money awards that is so complicated we won't try to explain it here in print. It's enough to say that if you're lucky and smart you could walk out of a broadcast \$69 richer than when you walked in. The contestants who make the lowest scores have a chance to recoup their losses at the end of the program, when Bill fires questions at them while a man on the sidelines blows up ballaons. If a contestant can answer a question before the ballaon bursts, he gets a dollar.

The saga of the ballaon-blower has gone on all summer, and may still be going on. Archibald Braunfeld, the certified accountant who keeps score for the contestants, was first drafted to blow the ballaons too. But to tell the truth, Mr. Braunfeld was only an amateur at puffing up ballaons, and took so long at it that it slowed the program up and cut into the prize-money bankroll. Besides, he didn't like the job much anyway—had to wear a mask because the ballaons bursting in his face were bad for his nerves.

So a professional ballaon-inflater, probably the only one in the United States, was hired. His name is P. Raymond Warny, and he has been in the ballaon-blowing business for fifteen years, first as a street-corner peddler, later as a salesman for a ballaon factory, a job in which he was called upon to demonstrate the strength of his wares. He has blown ballaons at Elsa Maxwell parties and at debutantes' coming-out balls. He scorns the use of a mask—says he can blow ballaons so they will burst away from his face. He can also inflate one in 35 seconds flat.

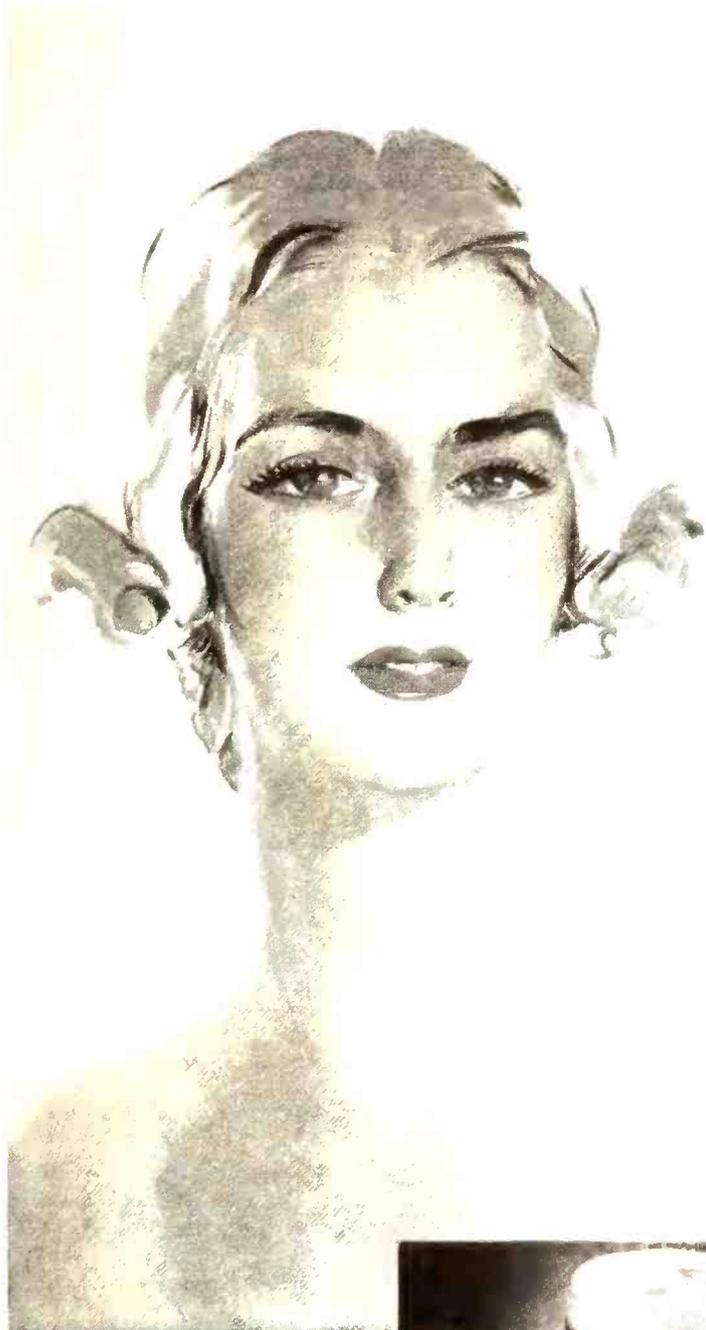
SAY HELLO TO . . .

FRANK READICK—who plays Mr. Meek tonight at 7:30 on CBS. In contrast to the gentle Mr. Meek, Frank also is The Shadow when that thriller is on the air. Frank has been an actor ever since he made his debut at the age of 2 years and 9 months in his father's touring company. At the age of 7 he played his first big role—that of Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He attended a different school almost every week until high-school age, when he settled down and toured with the actors only in the summer. At 19, he was done with school entirely and busy in vaudeville. He's married and lives in New York.



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	8:05	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
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	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
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		1:30	
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	11:45	12:45	CBS: Road of Life
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10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
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1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		6:00	
7:55	9:00	5:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
		6:05	
	9:05	5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:15	
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
		6:30	
9:00	5:15	5:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan
		6:45	
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: The World Today
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
		7:30	
8:00	5:30	6:30	Meet Mr. Meek
7:30	5:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
		7:45	
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
		8:00	
8:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: This, Our America
7:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
		8:30	
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Dr. Christian
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Plantation Party
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Abbott and Castello
		9:30	
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE

**“A Miracle is happening to You right now
A ‘NEW-BORN-SKIN’
for your OLDER Skin!”** *says Lady Esther*



The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying—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!



Is that possible? Yes it is! It is not only possible, it is certain. For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger, it can make you look lovelier and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.

JUST BENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every mortal breath you draw, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a *more glamorous* skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it *can!* If . . .

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should *any* woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Yes, why should she be a victim of her old, her worn-out, her lifeless skin? asks Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes . . . and the tiny rough spots vanish! Impurities are lightly whisked away . . . your skin looks fresh as youth itself . . . so smooth that powder stays on *for hours!* Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses so *thoroughly* and so *gently* that it actually helps nature refine the pores! All the world sees your skin in all its New-Born Beauty!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the purest of creams can make your budding skin as beautiful as it should be.

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition*, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

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

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See if it doesn't bring you New-Born Beauty—if it doesn't keep your *Accent on Youth!*

★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER.
7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (60)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05	
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		8:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
		9:30	
		8:30	NBC-Red: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45	
		8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15	
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45	
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
9:30	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
		11:00	
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: Martha Webster
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		12:00 Noon	
8:30	10:00	11:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		12:15 P. M.	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
		1:30	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
		1:45	
	11:45	12:45	CBS: Road of Life
		2:00	
2:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: Margaret C. Banning
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
		2:15	
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
1:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
	1:45	2:45	CBS: A Friend in Deed
	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	
	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		5:00	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:15	
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: Beyond These Valleys
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:30	
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:45	
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		6:00	
6:55	8:55	5:00	CBS: News
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
		6:05	
	9:05	5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:30	
9:00	5:15	5:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan
		6:45	
	5:45	6:00	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
		7:30	
	5:30	6:30	CBS: Vox Pop
6:00	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Bob Crosby
		7:45	
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
		8:00	
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: Ask It Basket
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Canadian Holiday
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Good News
		8:30	
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: Strange as it Seems
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Pot o' Gold
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: The Aldrich Family
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
		10:30	
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: News of the War

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Bess Johnson and two Glendole "arphons," Jean and Jerry.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 29, September 5, 12 and 19!

August 29: The P.G.A. Golf Tournament is an CBS today, being broadcast by Ted Husing. . . . And Mutual has an all-star football game, with Bob Egan at the mike. For instruction, tune in the Adventures in Science program on CBS at 4:00, and hear Dr. Cassius Way, guest speaker.

September 5: Gaad News, with Mary Martin and Dick Powell, comes back tonight—listen at 8:00 an NBC-Red. . . . On the same network, at 9:00, Ida Lupina, the actress who is suddenly going places in the movies, is Bob Burns' guest star on the Kraft Music Hall.

September 12: To many a listener, Thursday night wouldn't be complete without The Aldrich Family, an NBC-Red at 8:30.

September 19: More and more people are appreciating the message of The Guiding Light, an NBC-Red at 11:45 this morning—and that's why RADIO MIRROR is publishing the complete story of this program, starting on page 10.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Hilltop House, starring Bess Johnson, an CBS at 10:30 A.M., E.D.T., rebroadcast to the West Coast at 12:30 P.M., P.S.T., and sponsored by Palmolive Soap.

Hilltop House is one daytime serial which has dared to be commonplace, and has proved that commonplaceness isn't a mistake, by climbing to the top brackets of listener popularity. It simply tells the daily occurrences of Glendale arphonage, where Bess Johnson is the motran. Of course, there's love too. Bess is in love with Captain John Barry, and now, after a long separation, they are re-united. But whether or not they'll be married is another question—even though some seven million listeners keep bambarding the sponsors with mail saying that Bess has martyred herself long enough and ought to find happiness for a change.

Bess Johnson, whose name is the same in real life as it is in the radio serial, is a beautiful, stately blonde woman with a mature charm. She looks upon her radio career as a fulltime job, and always sees to it that she gets to bed at night by eleven in order to wake up with a clear, strong voice. Her biggest interest, outside of work, is her daughter Jane (nickname "Jap"), twelve years old, who goes to private school in New York and lives with her mother in a modest Manhattan apartment. They invariably spend weekends together, riding horseback or driving into the country in Bess' car.

Bess is very easy to work with, everyone connected with Hilltop House agrees, but there is one thing she won't allow, and that's a clash of personalities or temperaments. If an actor's voice is suited to his role and he does a good job, it doesn't matter to Bess whether or not she likes him personally—she'll work with him in perfect amiability, and expect him to do the same for her.

Most of the Hilltop House actors have been with the program ever since it started. There's Janice Gilbert and Jimmie Donnelly, as Jean and Jerry, who have practically grown up with the show. Joy Jastyn and Irene Hubbard have been Frank Klobber and Thelma Gidley from the beginning. A comparative newcomer is young Jerry Tucker, 14 years old, who plays Roy Barry. Jerry is a veteran actor, though. He was in Hollywood for nine years, appearing in Our Gang comedies, with Morie Dressler and Pally Moran, and in fact in pictures made by every major studio. Roy Barry is his only radio role now, since he's devoting most of his time to getting an education.

David Gothard and Joe Curtin, as John Barry and Steve Courtland, are the two leading men who vie for Bess' love—but as every listener knows, John has the inside track.

Hilltop House has one of the largest casts in daytime radio, with about forty characters who came into the story from time to time.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



EVELYN LYNNE—the pretty and youthful little singer who brings melody to NBC's Club Matinee. Evelyn is different from most singers, who take music lessons and then get on the air. She did just the opposite. Only 18 years old, she's been singing, without lessons, as long as she can remember. In 1934 an amateur contest landed her a job on a Dallas station; then in 1938 she went with Eddie Fitzpatrick's orchestra as vocalist, joining NBC in 1939, about the time she started to take lessons. She's unmarried, 5 feet 3 1/2 inches tall, has dark brown hair and eyes, and likes tennis, horseback riding, and bowling.

ATTABOY, PAL!...NO
MORE MEALTIME
MONKEY BUSINESS!



Babies take to Clapp's!



He's our first baby, so naturally my wife and I got worried when he didn't seem to care about some of his vegetables. Sometimes we begged and pleaded, and sometimes we'd play games and try to sneak a spoonful in while he wasn't looking. One night I got annoyed and tried to force it down him. In the scuffle, the whole dish landed upside down on the floor.



Just that minute in comes our neighbor, Mrs. Blake, and her little boy. "I don't know how it will work with you," she said, when she heard about our troubles. "but I always had very good luck with Clapp's. Richard seemed to take to Clapp's, right away, and just see how well he's grown and thrived. And when he outgrew Strained, he went on Clapp's Junior Foods as slick as a whistle."



"It's Clapp's textures that babies like, as well as flavors. They're not too coarse or thick, nor so thin a child doesn't learn to eat. "You see, Clapp's don't make anything but baby foods. And my land! They've been making them most 20 years, lots longer than anyone else, and getting tips from doctors and mothers all the time—no wonder they know what will make a hit with babies!"

17 Strained Foods for Young Babies

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



14 Junior Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • Combination Dishes—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • Vegetables with Chicken • Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Creamed Vegetables • Fruits—Apple Sauce Prunes • Dessert—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.

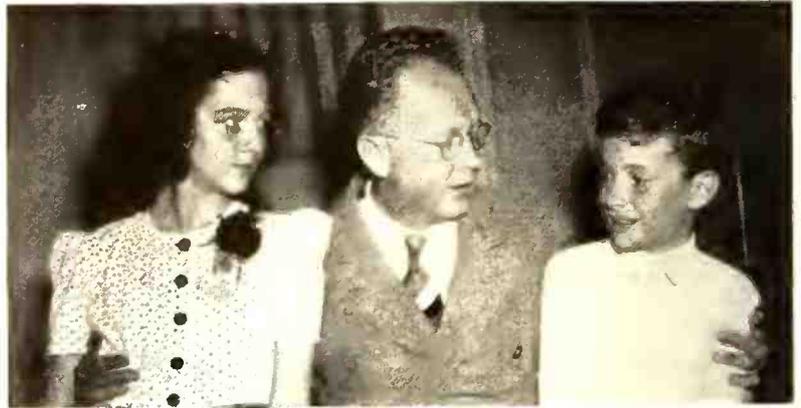


Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
1:30		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
12:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
9:30		11:00	CBS: Short Short Story
		10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Martha Webster
11:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
	9:15	10:15	CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Wife Saver
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT
		12:00	Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		12:15 P.M.	CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
	10:15	11:15	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	10:30	11:30	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:00	MBS: I'll Never Forget
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
		1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Road of Life
		1:45	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
2:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Girl Interne
		1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I
	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
		3:00	CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: A Friend in Deed
		3:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		4:45	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Beyond These Valleys
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: News, Bob Trout
9:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:05	CBS: Hedda Hopper
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Paul Sullivan
9:00	5:15	6:15	CBS: The World Today
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Lanny Ross
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Al Pearce
6:30	8:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	7:30	8:00	CBS: Man About Hollywood
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Strictly Business
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
		8:30	CBS: Choose Up Sides
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
		9:00	CBS: Johnny Presents
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Harry Kogen Orch.
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Waltz Time
		9:30	CBS: Grand Central Station
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: What's My Name
		10:00	CBS: Bob Ripley (Sept. 13)
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Don Ameche
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Quiz Kids

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Two smart kids, Cynthia Cline and Van Dyke Tiers, with Grant Wood.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 30, September 6, 13 and 20!

August 30: Ted Husing will be all over your CBS station today if his plans work out. He wants to broadcast the finish of the P.G.A. Golf Tournament from Hershey, Pa., then hurry to Forest Hills, N. Y., for the National Lawn Tennis matches. But whether he makes it or not, both events will be on CBS.

September 6: Alec Templeton returns to the air tonight, replacing Quiz Kids on NBC-Red at 10:30.

September 13: Another old favorite is back with us, beginning tonight—Robert "Believe It or Not" Ripley. He's on CBS at 10:30.

September 20: Still another returning program proves that summer's over and another air season is under way—Kate Smith's variety hour, on CBS at 8:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Quiz Kids, with Joe Kelly as master of ceremonies, on NBC-Red at 10:30 P.M., E.D.T., and sponsored by Alka-Seltzer.

Grant Wood, famous American artist, visited a Quiz Kids broadcast and remarked afterwards, "I've always known that some youngsters could ask impossible questions, but here are some who answer the impossible." Because this is a question-and-answer program in which children from 7 to 15 years of age do the answering. The questions aren't easy, either.

Quiz Kids went on the air last June as a summer fill-in during Alec Templeton's vacation, and Alec will return on September 6 to take over the spot again; but the fill-in show has become so popular that the sponsors are thinking about keeping it on the air at another time. So if you're one of those who have been enthusiastic about it, don't be discouraged when it leaves the air—you may be hearing it again.

A Chicago publicity man, Louis G. Cowan, conceived the idea of Quiz Kids. With Sidney L. James, a magazine editor, he gathered a group of intelligent children and made a record of the program. Only a month later a sponsor, having heard the record, had the contract ready.

The youngsters you hear on the program aren't unusual children. They have high intelligence ratings, true enough, but they aren't infant prodigies and they don't spend all their time studying. Girard Dar-

row, 7-year-old expert on plants and animals, showed up for a recent broadcast with a banged-up knee, the result of a vacant-lot baseball game.

The children are nominated by listeners, then submit to a written examination and personal interviews by the program officials before being definitely chosen to go on the air. Every boy or girl who goes on the show gets a \$100 Liberty Bond, and the three highest-ranking contestants are invited to appear again the following week. One youngster had been on five successive broadcasts when this story was written, and was still going strong, gathering in a Liberty Bond per week.

Really difficult questions are taken in their stride by the children. For instance, can you answer this one? "If you have some valliseria, cambomba and sagittaria plants, where would you plant them?" Or could you "make a candle, but not out of the usual animal fat?" The answer to the first is "In a fish bowl, because they are aquatic plants." The second: "Use a candlefish. It is a small fish of the smelt variety with oily flesh. It burns quite readily with little smoke and gives a good light."

Warming-up sessions on Wednesday night before the broadcast get the children used to performing before a microphone, but a different set of questions is used when they are actually on the air. Joe Kelly, master of ceremonies and quizzer, admits that he learns something new from the kids every broadcast.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

ARTHUR MANN—master of ceremonies on tonight's sports quiz on CBS, Choose up Sides. Arthur knows about all there is to know about sports today, but there was a time, when he was a youngster, that the rest of the kids used to tell him he could play all nine innings of a ball game in right field. He didn't find out for a long time that he was also entitled to a turn at bat. Besides learning about sports, Arthur has been an artist, actor, cartoonist, police reporter, drama critic, and writer for radio and magazines. He's married, and lives with his family on a farm which he tries hard to make self-supporting.



OUR **DUO-THERM** DRIVES HEAT THROUGH EVERY ROOM—WARMES THE WHOLE HOUSE **QUICKLY!**

AND ITS **POWER-AIR** MEANS GOOD, WARM FLOORS—AT MUCH LESS FUEL COST!



This new kind of heater FLOODS your floors with warmth!

A **NEW** blessing comes with oil heat this winter—even more important than cleanliness and convenience!

Now you can enjoy heat that *floods* your floors with cheerful warmth—heat which is *forced* into far corners . . . into other rooms—heat that costs *less* than oil heat ever did before!

Forced circulation—with Power-Air* enables the Duo-Therm to heat better “from the ground up”! Heat is driven to the floors, and is kept in constant circulation at the

living-level—instead of “loafing” at the ceiling. You get more uniform comfort in your rooms from top to bottom!

You get something no fuel oil heater has ever given before: a *positive* forced circulation of heat like that of the latest basement furnaces! And Power-Air means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you better heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air

kept the house *warmer*—while using **LESS OIL** than a heater without Power-Air!

And—Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

Has most efficient burner made! The handy front dial “tunes” your Duo-Therm to any heat! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner operates at *any* setting with equal efficiency, cleanliness and silence—gives more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! The special waste-stopper saves fuel! Another grand comfort is the radiant door—open it and you’re warmed through in a jiffy! And a Duo-Therm is *safe*—all models listed as standard by the Underwriters’ Laboratories.

Keep cooler in summer, too!

The same Power-Air blower that drives heat in the winter can be operated independently of the heater to give a cooling 27 mile-an-hour breeze in the summer!

Even with Power-Air, a Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! Get immediate delivery now on the easy payment plan. Go to your Duo-Therm dealer today and see the 12 beautiful models. They heat 1 to 6 rooms—come in the console or upright cabinet type. *All* can be equipped with Power-Air. For further details—mail the coupon now!

Uneven heat without Power-Air!	All-over, even heat with Power-Air!
TOO HOT HERE 95°	WARM HERE 80°
WARM HERE 79°	WARM HERE 72°
COLD HERE 62°	WARM HERE 70°
<p>This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it “loafs” on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!</p>	<p>Now see how Duo-Therm’s Power-Air drives ceiling heat <i>down</i>—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!</p>

Copr. 1940, Motor Wheel Corp. *Patent applied for

New All-Weather DUO-THERM Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

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SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Rolph Edwards (right) helps a consequence-poyer cry like a baby.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 31, September 7, 14 and 21!

August 31: There's plenty of horse-racing for you to hear today if you're interested—the Hopeful Stokes and the Sorotogo Cup Stokes on all three networks at 5:30, and the Prairie Stakes from Washington Park at 5:45 on Mutual alone. . . . And Ted Husing is broadcasting the National Lawn Tennis matches on CBS. . . . Cesare Sodero is guest conductor on Mutual's Pop Concert tonight at 9:30.

September 7: NBC broadcasts the horse-racing from Aqueduct Park. . . . The Brush Creek Follies, on CBS at 2:30, is funny and clever.

September 14: For some unusual music, listen to Yella Pessl play the horspichord on CBS at 6:30. . . . NBC offers another race from Aqueduct Park.

September 21: Wayne King and his orchestra are back again, starting tonight at 8:30 over CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Truth or Consequences, on NBC-Red tonight at 8:30, E.D.T., sponsored by Ivory Soap.

With Truth or Consequences, the radio quiz program reaches its peak of insanity. In it, the great American public not only gets up and tries to answer hard questions, but everyone who fails has to perform some crazy consequence.

Rolph Edwards, announcer for many a quiz program, had the idea. For a long time he'd believed that people rolled on as contestants might have more fun if they engaged in some physical activity, indulged in a bit of acting or horse-play. That's as far as the idea went, until Ralph happened to attend a weekend house-party at which the youngsters played the old Truth or Consequences game. It looked like such fun that soon the adults were playing it too—and Ralph suddenly saw how easy it would be to adopt it to radio.

As it was finally put on the air, here's the idea: A contestant picked from the audience is asked a question by Rolph Edwards, who besides thinking of the show is its master at ceremonies. If the contestant answers correctly he gets fifteen dollars—if he doesn't, he has to pay the consequences by acting out some humorous feat. Consequence-payers are always awarded five dollars as a consolation prize, and every contestant, win or lose, gets six cakes of Ivory soap. In addition to these prizes, there's a twenty-dollar award which goes to the best consequence-poyer of the evening, so it's really possible to go

to a Truth or Consequence broadcast and walk out twenty-five dollars richer.

Here are some of the idiotic consequences which have been used on the program: One woman had to portray the role of Juliet in the "Romeo and Juliet" balcony scene, interspersing her lines with commercial plugs for her father's tailor shop. Another woman had to play a kitchen bond, consisting of a washboard, teakettle, garbage pail with foot lever, dish pan, and wooden spoons. A hod carrier was asked to play a patient in a dentist's chair, having his tooth extracted while under the influence of too much laughing gas. A burly Brooklyn construction foreman was told to imitate a baby crying for his bottle. We could go on, but the consequences listed ought to give you an idea.

Rolph Edwards, the master of ceremonies, is red-haired, twenty-seven years old, and comes from a farm near Merina, Colorado. He used to think he wanted to be a playwright, and actually turned out plays for the graduating class of his high school six years in succession. But while he was majoring in English at the University of California he participated in a college broadcast and did so well he got a job in an Oakland radio station. That about finished his play-writing ambitions.

Rolph says contestants would frequently rather pay the consequences than win fifteen dollars—he knows because he's seen several people deliberately fail to answer questions in order to have a try at the consequences.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

FRAN ALLISON—who plays Aunt Fanny on Uncle Ezra's program tonight at 10:00 over NBC-Red. As you can see from the picture, Fran isn't at all the old lady she sounds on the air. She comes from LaPorte City, Iowa, and can both sing and act. When she graduated from Cole College in 1927 she got two jobs, one as a school teacher, the other singing over a local radio station. Gradually her radio work got more important than her teaching, until finally she gave the latter up and joined station WMT full time, signing an NBC contract in Chicago in 1937. Fran's tall, brown-eyed, dark-haired, weighs 130 pounds and is single.



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M. CBS: News of Europe NBC-Red: News
			8:15 NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch. NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-Tete
			8:25 CBS: Odd Side of the News
			8:30 NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			8:45 NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
			9:00 CBS: Hill Billy Champions NBC-Red: News
			9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
			9:15 NBC-Red: Watch Your Step
			9:30 CBS: Let's Be Lazy NBC-Red: Wise Man
			9:45 NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
8:00	9:00		10:00 NBC-Blue: Richard Kent NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
8:15	9:15		10:15 NBC-Blue: Four Belles Quartet
8:30	9:30		10:30 CBS: Welcome Lewis, Singing Bee NBC-Blue: Calicchio's Orch. NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
9:00	10:00		11:00 CBS: Old Dirt Dobber NBC-Blue: Deep River Boys NBC-Red: Song Folks
9:30	10:30		11:30 CBS: Dorian String Quartet NBC-Blue: Our Barn
8:00	10:00	11:00	12:00 Noon CBS: Country Journal NBC-Blue: Miller Orch. NBC-Red: Strings That Sing
8:30	10:30	11:30	12:30 P.M. CBS: Let's Pretend NBC-Blue: FARM BUREAU NBC-Red: Call to Youth
9:15	11:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Highways to Health NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
9:30	11:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
10:00	12:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Vera Brodsky NBC-Red: I'm an American
10:30	12:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Brush Creek Follies NBC-Red: Matinee in Rhythm
12:00	2:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Bull Session NBC-Blue: Club Matinee NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
12:30	2:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: A Girl, a Boy, and a Band
1:00	3:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Gus Stick Orch. NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
1:30	3:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Rhythms by Ricardo
6:30	8:30	5:00	6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout NBC-Red: El Chico Orch.
2:05	4:05	5:05	6:05 CBS: Albert Warner NBC-Blue: Golly Orch.
2:30	4:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted NBC-Red: Art of Living
2:45	4:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
3:00	5:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform NBC-Blue: Message of Israel NBC-Red: Kaitenmeyer's Kindergarten
3:30	5:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Gay Nineties Revue NBC-Blue: Callaway Orch.
3:45	5:45	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaitenborn
7:00	6:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Sky Blazers NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
4:30	6:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Wayne King Orch. NBC-Blue: Marriage Club NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences
8:00	7:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
5:45	7:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
6:00	8:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: News: Orchestra NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
6:15	8:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
6:30	8:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: News of the War

I Married the Guy

(Continued from page 31)

battle of it. After that, whenever I saw him, we would quarrel. Rather, I would be nasty and he would be amused. Just about everyone but I knew I was falling in love.

One day a friend of mine was about to return some records he'd borrowed from Al. I said I'd return them for him. I wouldn't admit I wanted to see Al. I kidded myself into believing I was only doing a favor for a friend.

When I got to the hotel and found Al, I said, "Here are your records. I was asked to bring them back."

"Have you heard any of them?" Al asked.

"No," I fibbed.

We lugged a victrola down to the beach and began playing the records. After that, I began collecting records as an excuse to see Al. For a long time, I pretended that all I was interested in was his knowledge of music, but it didn't fool him. I guess he knew from the beginning that I was in love with him.

MOST of my friends thought it was very quaint of me to be going with an orchestra leader. They never thought for a minute that we would get married. When I told my mother how serious I felt about Al, she raised an awful fuss. She hadn't met him, but she thought all musicians were worthless, addle-headed young men. So, when I brought Al to meet her, I didn't tell her who he was. I introduced him as a young man I had just met.

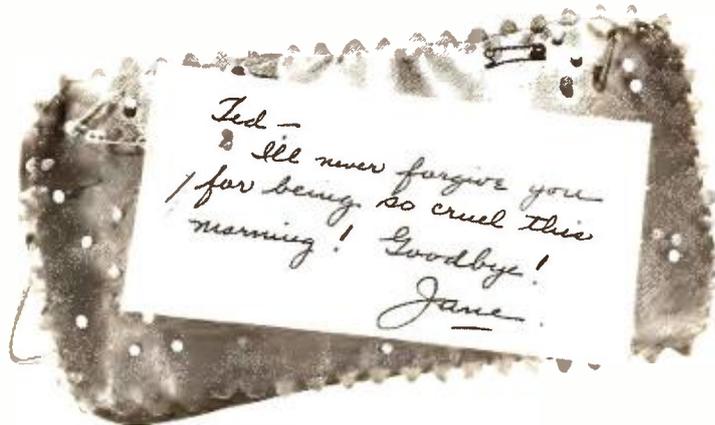
After he left, she said, "That's the first man I've ever seen you with that has any sense." And when I told her who he was, she laughed and gave us her blessing.

Al and I were married in New York at St. Vincent Ferrer, a fashionable church. My own wedding was the last society function I attended. I knew before I married Al that it would mean my breaking off with the exclusive set, but it was a break I've never regretted. For, from that day on, I began to wake up and learn about how the "other half"—the sane, sensible half—lives.

One of the experiences that taught me most about people was my first trip on the road with Al's band. I learned how musicians live and the hardships they go through on one-nighters. As we traveled about the country, I learned how to get along with and appreciate everyone, from bus drivers to the coal miners who came to hear Al's music. In short, I learned that real people don't care what boat your grandpappy came over on as long as you're a regular person now.

It was not only educating, it was exciting and fun. Whenever Al is on the road and I stay home to take care of the children, these are the people with whom I pal around. They have taken me into their flock. I now speak their lingo, understand their problems and share their laughs.

Not long ago, when Al was playing at Meadowbrooke, a number of my old society friends dropped out to look me over. They found me at a table with a publicity friend of mine and two song publisher pals. The debs and their escorts sat around yawning and sniffing as of old. They



MATILDA: Oh me, oh my—read this. I knew there'd be trouble if Ted didn't stop picking on Jane.

SUSAN: The poor creature! He raised such a fuss about his shirts—she got desperate and left. Come along, Matilda—we'll fetch her back and show her how to keep the brute happy.



SUSAN: You heard me, young lady! He wouldn't be always storming about tattle-tale gray—if you'd stop using weak-kneed soaps that *can't* wash clean.

MATILDA: Change to Fels-Naptha—golden bar or golden chips. Either way, you get richer, golden soap working with gentle naphtha! That team sure makes dirt scat!



TED: Yep—the merry-go-round next! My shirts look so swell since you put that big, golden bar of Fels-Naptha to work, I'm going to treat the three of you to everything in the park!

SUSAN: And take it from your wise old auntie, Jane, nothing beats Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for washing machines. Huskier, golden chips—they're not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders.

Golden bar or golden chips

FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES

"TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO

“ ...how *Hands* can feel so soft ”



Easily work this lovely miracle yourself... help save your HAND Skin from ugly roughness, coarseness

POOOR HANDS! They soon feel unpleasantly rough—if you let water, cold and wind take nature's softening moisture from the skin. Better supply your skin with new beautifying moisture by using Jergens Lotion.

Thousands of girls use Jergens for the silken-softness of their hands. Goes on so quickly—leaves no sticky feeling! And Jergens contains 2 special ingredients many doctors use for helping soften and smooth coarse, harsh skin. For soft, delightful hands, start now to use this famous Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00.



FREE! .. PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
 MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
 (Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)
 The Andrew Jergens Company, 3516 Alfred Street,
 Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
 Let me see how soon Jergens Lotion helps me have
 lovely, soft hands. Send purse-size bottle, free.
 Name _____
 Address _____



JERGENS LOTION

FOR
SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

bored me. They bored my friends. I was happy when they left to return to New York.

I still get to travel as much as I ever did. Only with Al, traveling has a purpose. Every year since we have been married, he has been booked into a new spot. We've been on location in Miami, New Orleans, Virginia, Nassau and Bermuda.

The children love to travel and look forward to the times when their dad takes us with him to a location spot. It's wonderful for them, because I think children learn more from travel and observation than they do in school.

We only go on these trips when Al is booked into a hotel for three months or more. One-nighters are too much of a strain for a woman and I like to be home with my children. One-nighters only last for two or three months in a year and I think it's a good idea for a married couple to get away from each other once in awhile. I know it makes me appreciate Al more when he does come back.

WHEN Al's away, I very often go out with friends of his in the music business. He knows this and encourages it. I know he goes out for relaxation when he's on the road and it doesn't bother me a bit. Neither one of us is jealous and that's why we'll stay married. The more pretty girls he sees, the better it is. That keeps him from falling for one.

Learning about the music business is another thing that has kept us happily married. Musicians lead a grueling, upsetting life. Al often comes home nervous and temperamental. The minute he walks into the house I can tell whether or not things have gone badly. If they have, I leave him completely alone. There is nothing a musician likes better than silence and peace after a tough night on the bandstand.

Not long ago, Al was breaking in a new band. During that time I kept out of his way as much as possible. When things were running smoothly, he came to me and thanked me for the way I had been. That repaid me a hundred times for any inconvenience I went through.

We lead a very "take-it-easy" life out here in our Manhasset home. Al's work keeps him up late, but we spend most of our afternoons swimming or playing tennis together. There is never any rush to catch trains, or have meals on time, a problem that's irksome to most women. I do have to stay up late at night, for Al seldom gets through work until two in the morning. But all my life I've kept late hours. That's the *only* thing for which I can thank my former society friends.

It doesn't seem as though Al and I have been married seven years. It seems only yesterday that I was one of society's sillies, unhappily flitting from place to place. Maybe getting married and having a family isn't the most important thing a woman can do in the world, but I feel it's important and makes me happy. I also feel that my life has some meaning, now that I am no longer trying to be the Number One glamour girl of this, or any year.

I'll admit, though, that the day Al proposed to me in Bermuda, I had no idea I would be giving up night clubs for a home. And loving it!

Alias Alice Blair

(Continued from page 27)

It begins very pleasantly on a farm just outside Jamesport, Missouri. She was born there, and there she lived for ten years which, from the standpoint of later romance, started her off wrong; it made her a rural kid, you understand. And it made her shy, because farms are lonely. Worse, it made her a tomboy—what can you expect of a girl when she's got to play with two boy cousins and nobody else?

But there was one good thing. She found out how to live alone and like it, how to amuse herself without any help, and how to let Martha Scott look out for Martha Scott.

These qualities, and pigtails and a homemade dress and cotton stockings she had when her family moved to Kansas City. They put her into a high school attended by the country-club set offspring, and Martha was eleven, just walking into adolescence, and the other girls had silk hose and marcel waves and boy friends and Martha had her drab plaited hair with the straw in it.

THAT'S when she fell in love. It would be. No half measures, either; he was the best looking, most athletic, tallest, god-like Senior of them all. Martha could have died for him, and often wanted to. He didn't know her, of course. But she could sit in chairs he had vacated, thinking, "This chair is holy." She had good taste, for her age. He was chosen the Ideal American Boy that year. Also—and this is important—he was chosen for the lead in the school play.

It popped into Martha's mind that maybe if you added courage, shrewd planning and Work to an Ideal, you might come out with something pretty big. There was a heroine in that play who got soundly kissed several times (think of the *rehearsals*) and rescued in the third act.

Martha decided to get the part. She did. She walked through clouds to the first rehearsal, too, and floated into his arms, and came down precipitately with scarlet fever. After four weeks the doctors got worried. "The child doesn't seem to care about getting well," they told Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. Scott talked to Martha's teacher.

Martha's teacher sent Martha a note. It said: "We've decided that the play must have a prologue, and you're to read it. Please manage to get well before opening night. . . ."

And that was that, of course. She crawled out of bed, a cadaverous convalescent and staggered to school. It was her first triumph.

By the time Martha was through high school she'd stopped being scrawny, and had learned what to do with her hair; and she'd bought a lipstick.

There were other boys then, as there have been since, although none of them as important. Other things were worrying her, anyway. The Scotts, financially, had fallen on evil days, and there was no money for college. Martha rather thought she'd like to be a teacher, but there it was.

She was just about to relax and take any old kind of job she could wangle when a letter came from a distant relative, a school teacher named Ida Lilly. Enclosed were Ida's savings, \$1500, which Martha, the let-

"Your dear little Face is smooth as satin —"



Easy, now, to have Smooth Skin that tempts Kisses . . . let this new "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment help you against drab dry skin

HERE, at last, is beauty care for your face as simple, as effective and lovely, as Jergens Lotion care for your hands!

It's the new Jergens Face Cream!—the "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment that helps to beautify every type of skin.

This one new cream (1) cleanses expertly; (2) helps soften your skin; (3) gives a velvet finish for powder; and (4) makes a lovely Smooth Skin night cream that helps amazingly ogoinst sensitive dry skin. This is important to every girl, because very dry skin tends to wrinkle early!

Jergens Face Cream was created by Jergens skin scientists, working with Alix—famous designer of beautiful Paris fashions.

You want your complexion to be fresh and satin-smooth. Start now to use this

new "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 for the big economy jar, at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream today, sure!

Endorsed by *Alix of Paris*

Famous Fashion Creator

Already, Praise from Users!

Miss Ruth Eastman, Springfield, Mass.: "I tried one expensive cream after another for my 'difficult' skin. Then, being a Jergens Lotion fan, I tried your new Jergens Face Cream. I use it daily, now; and my skin is smooth and so much clearer!"



Alix of Paris

ALL-PURPOSE . . . FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

JERGENS FACE CREAM



FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

FREE! Generous Sample of lovely new Face Cream. Mail coupon now.

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 1602 Alfred St. Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to try your new "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment. Please rush my free supply of Jergens Face Cream.

Name _____

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SILVER PLATE
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silversmiths

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4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
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

25¢
for 5 rinses

10¢
for 2 rinses



ter said, was to use for college and pay back later, when convenient, without interest. Further checks would be forth-coming, as needed.

In the University, while she was learning to be both a teacher and an actress—she was pretty sure about wanting to teach but that stage bug kept biting—Martha found out a lot of things about herself. She was popular at last, because she could buy the right clothes, and did, and wore them well; and she learned what to do with her hair and how to use such things as lipsticks and rouge. She taught for six months, after being graduated, whereupon she knew that class-rooms were not for her . . . and the next years aren't a very nice part of the story, because they're full of poverty and little roles in road shows and long hours of work behind counters in candy stores.

Until she got the part of Emily in "Our Town." That was swell, since the critics raved about her, and the play did well, and Ida Lilly could start receiving checks in payment for that magnificent loan. You know, probably, that Martha's fine work in that play lured Hollywood into bringing her out to do the same job in the picture, and you may have read all the times Hollywood said, "She's terrible, she isn't pretty, she'll break the cameras, send her back!"

THEN it was that radio saved Martha Scott for the movies, by giving her a chance to play Alice Blair. That was a year and a half ago, and radio kept her alive while Hollywood was trying to make up its mind whether or not she was good enough for celluloid. Radio did more than that. The boys on the program would just nod when she came in again for the sixth time, or the eighth, and say, "I've got another chance for a test," or, "There's a spot in a play I'd like to have a go at." They'd set their recording program accordingly, give the kid a break.

"You'll get there, honey," they'd tell her with that terrific kindness only people in the profession seem to have. "Run along," they'd say, "we'll fix up something . . ."

That's the debt she owes radio, now in these days when the best stories are being bought at fabulous prices for her pictures and the top producers are airmailing plays for her to read, in the hope she'll accept for a season. Martha pays her debts. She sent Ida Lilly her last installment with an advance from the "Our Town" assignment, and when you listen to the Alice Blair program you'll hear Martha's voice just as it has always been; except that now the announcer can call her "Martha Scott, star of 'Our Town,' 'The Howards of Virginia,' 'Three Cheers for Miss Bishop,' as Alice—" and all the rest of it.

Martha leads the good life, with sporadic periods of discipline, in Hollywood. When she's working she throws everything she's got into the job; and then, what with the eternal complications of her personal life, she puts just as much energy into her late afternoon-and-evening activities.

Eventually, of course, she has to get in front of the nearest mirror and take stock. I remember we were sitting in the Beachcomber's one afternoon, and Martha remarked she'd like to meet a certain columnist I knew, and I said I'd introduce them, and she said, "In about three weeks, swell. I'm going into hiding until I look

like an ingenue again. My eye-lids are dropping to my knees."

This was an over-statement. She looked fresh and about eighteen, except for her eyes. They were a little tired, and no wonder. "Howards of Virginia" is an epic, and she'd been slaving at it for months. But the rest she takes, when she takes it, is complete. She tells everybody she's going up North or down South or somewhere vague, and then she shuts herself up in her house at Malibu, with a discreet and solicitous housekeeper, and stagnates peacefully. It's a house designed for that sort of thing. It's on a hill and you can practically dive off the front terrace into the Pacific.

EMOTIONS, when they let loose in Martha's case, are involved and explosive. Complications set in. Now if she'd only be a glamour gal in the best tradition she'd be all right. If she'd swoop out of her house dripping with jewels and furs, and babble gossip or little flatteries during an evening, her private life would be a simple matter.

But no. Martha puts on a face out of the nearest compact, combs her hair up on top of her head or brushes it back so that it blows in her open car, steps into a simple, expensive, unassuming dress without a single sequin on it, throws one sable, not fifty, around her neck in case the night gets chilly, and she's off.

In Santa Cruz, when everyone else was settled in the town's best bar for the afternoon, Martha slid off the tall stool and asked to be taken to the nearest grove of big Redwoods. They're the oldest living things, you know, and walking among them is a little like being in Notre Dame, only it's all less pretentious and more magnificent. We wandered around among them for an hour, and she made two remarks.

"Look at the names," she said, pointing to a little sign. "'Mother and Children.' What foul taste—who did the man who stuck his silly whimsy-pooch labels up there think he was, hmm?"

Later she said, "Now I have to change all my ideas about immortality around." And just as I was beginning to worry about a healthy young woman getting so bogged down with solemnity—"How about that Bumpmobile concession down at the beach?" she suggested. "And a hamburger."

So it was all right. Perhaps stardom, and Hollywood will change her. You can't ever tell. But somehow Martha doesn't have much taste for the things that transform women when terrific money and great fame and lots of adulation come to them. Gosh, she'd have to give up eating oranges in bed, she couldn't leave her shoes and stockings off in the house the way she does now, or practically ever spit through her teeth, or light a match on her thumbnail when she wanted a cigarette.

No, she's too intelligent, too busy untangling her private affairs and being a fine actress, to go caviar on anybody. So long as you want her, too, she'll find those hours every week to thumb her nose at Hollywood and go to a broadcasting station and cut into wax transcription records the very human character of Alice Blair.

Listen to Alice's voice as it comes from your loud-speaker. If it ever loses that down-to-earth, rich-with-simplicity quality, then, I was wrong.

What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 3)

from the radio on Friday nights!

Don Ameche and the Oxydol program are the highlights of the evening.

Please, sponsors, we all haven't plenty of money to be able to take trips every weekend.—T. F. Donovan, Lewiston, Maine.

FOURTH PRIZE

"OH! JOHNNIE, OH!"

In regard to television, I'm beginning to wonder if it really would be enjoyable to see the person perform.

I've always gotten a kick out of hearing "Wee Bonnie Baker" sing with that baby voice of hers, and have always associated that voice with a petite blonde, blue-eyed baby-doll.

But lo! and behold, RADIO MIRROR's picture of the Baker gal kind of knocked my little "dollie" in the head. After seeing the picture I don't think I can stand hearing "Oh! Johnnie" sung in that tone of voice again.—Mrs. J. Dorer, Los Angeles, Cal.

FIFTH PRIZE

IS SHE BURNED UP!

Concerning Jack Sher's article about Don McNeill.

To say I was disappointed is putting it mildly. I was burned up.

While it was a very nice article it sounded as if it was a year old.

What does he mean that Don McNeill is "second best master of ceremonies" and a "shade ahead of Bing Crosby?"

Just in case Mr. Sher hasn't been mobbed by 31,000 Breakfast Club fans, will you please inform him that Don placed first as master of ceremonies and that the Breakfast Club was voted the best variety program. Also, the favorite program of all programs was the Breakfast Club with over twice as many votes as the program placing second.—Mrs. W. A. Ronzar, Hutchinson, Kansas.

SIXTH PRIZE

A TRIBUTE TO THE STARS

May I be the first of the many who, I know, will write thanking radio for such a marvelous program as the Red Cross two-hour show on June 22nd.

Never have I heard such an impressive group of celebrities together and never have I seen such whole-hearted enthusiasm and sympathetic support as was given this worthy cause.—B. Nelson, Walkermine, Calif.

SEVENTH PRIZE

ORCHIDS TO DICK POWELL

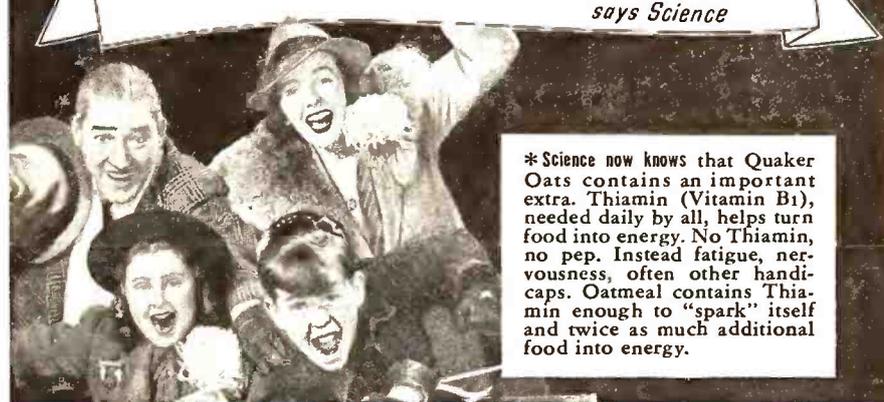
A dozen orchids to the producers of the Good News of 1940 for selecting Dick Powell as Master of Ceremonies for their new half-hour show. Since he has joined their group the program has taken on a new sparkle and zest. The half hour moves at a fast and peppy pace and the pleasing warbling of Dick and Mary Martin whether in solo or duet form is enough for all of us to sit up and beg for more. Incidentally why doesn't some wise producer sign these two to co-star in a motion picture? It would surely be as big a hit as their radio romancing.—Miss Sheila Maher, Ridgefield Park, N. J.

THE MOST DELICIOUS BREAKFAST IS QUAKER OATS
says Betty Winkler, Famous Radio Star



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says Science



*Science now knows that Quaker Oats contains an important extra. Thiamin (Vitamin B₁), needed daily by all, helps turn food into energy. No Thiamin, no pep. Instead fatigue, nervousness, often other handicaps. Oatmeal contains Thiamin enough to "spark" itself and twice as much additional food into energy.

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● "We are not getting enough Thiamin," say scientists. Modern refining of foods has caused a widespread shortage of this precious element, absolutely necessary if we are to feel our best, look and think at our best. Thiamin affects nerves, growth, digestion. It is needed for energy. In fact, acts as a "spark-plug" that helps turn food into energy.

How wonderful to get precious Thiamin in the breakfast already found an overwhelming favorite for flavor, in independent investigations—delicious Quaker Oats!

What's more, Thiamin is not stored up in the body, like some other vitamins. You need a fresh supply daily. So make the delightful Quaker Oats breakfast a daily habit. So economical—gives two to three times as many servings as six other leading cereals, per penny of cost. Prepare in as little as 2½ minutes. Get a package at your grocer's today.

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COTY

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



The voice of Franca White blends beautifully with James Melton's on The Telephone Hour, heard Monday nights on the NBC-Red Network.

FRANCA WHITE, lovely singing star of the Telephone Hour, heard over the NBC Red network at 8 o'clock on Monday evenings got her radio break in a most unique fashion. How would you like to audition for a network show and avoid the usual accompanying jitters just because you didn't know you were having an audition? That's precisely what happened to Franca.

It all came about like this: Miss White worked in Hollywood as a singing-double in the role of Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, in the film version of "The Mighty Barnum." A New York radio producer saw the picture and was so thrilled by the lovely, anonymous voice that he immediately wired the coast for further information as to the unseen star. Before a week had elapsed, Franca was in possession of a radio contract and was on her way to New York and a new career.

Though this success sounds rather effortless, in reality, Franca had to work very hard. She is the daughter of a music teacher, and hearing her mother's pupils sing their scales made Franca realize that she'd like to reach for high "C" herself. After a number of years of study with her mother, she progressed to other teachers. Just after she entered college she received a vaudeville offer—and decided to give up her books to travel with a musical troupe in order to gain the poise and assurance which would naturally develop. At the age of 18 Franca was invited to appear with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and at the Hollywood Bowl in grand opera presentations. From time to time she would "lend" her voice to the movies—which brings us back to her radio audition. And we would be the first to admit—it's a grand way to get into broadcasting!

* * *
 Trudie Cummings, White Plains, New York: The gentleman who plays the part of Roger Powers in Young Widder Brown and Charlie Martin in

Stella Dallas is Frank Lovejoy.

Mr. Mark Wilson, Pasadena, Calif: There was a lengthy feature on Betty Lou Gerson in the August issue of RADIO MIRROR Magazine. If you want to write to her, address your letter to the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. H. M. Sayers, Freeport, Long Island: Henry Burr, known as the Dean of Ballad Singers, was born in St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada, on January 5, 1885, and made his first vocal appearance at the age of seven. He made his formal vocal debut at the age of twenty, after a number of years of hard and intensive training, and was such an immediate success that he soon had a contract to make Victor records. Burr proved to be one of their best salesmen because eventually his name was put on more than nine million phonograph records. He has been on the National Barn Dance program for a number of years, and is constantly in receipt of scores of letters from fans who want to know if he is the same Henry Burr they used to hear on the phonograph.

Doris Wilson, Philadelphia, Penna: Following is the cast of Glorious One: Judith Bradley, Irene Rich; Jeff Bradley, John Lake; Susan Bradley, Florence Baker; Don Bradley, Larry Nunn; Madge Harrington, Anne Stone; Dr. Stevens, Gale Gordon.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Miss Barbara MacCracken, 115 Highland Avenue, Fitchburg, is the president of a very active Clyde Burke Fan Club and would like to hear from all the Burke enthusiasts.

There's a thriving Gene Autry Friendship Club for those persons interested in the Singing Cowboy. You can get all the information by writing to Dorothy Pinnick, Box 185, East Gary, Indiana.

If you listen to Pretty Kitty Kelly, and you like Arline Blackburn, why don't you write to Miss Carol Brickley, Box 43, Talmadge, Ohio.

The Guiding Light

(Continued from page 13)

don't even want to see you."

He looked scornfully at her thin, stooped figure, at the face which illness and imprisonment had faded to a grayish pallor.

"It's no treat to look at you either, Frances—I beg your pardon, Fredrika. I keep forgetting you've changed your name."

"What do you want?" she asked fearfully.

"What do I always want? I haven't your miser's instincts, sweet. I can't live on nothing a day. To be brief—I want money."

He threw himself down on the bed. Anger shook her. "You dare to come back here and ask me for money! After what you did with that check Ned gave me. . . ."

He smiled mockingly, and said, "I really don't know what you're talking about. If that check was raised, it was before you gave it to me. I told you that before."

REMEMBERING Ned Holden's face, the night he had confronted her with the check, Fredrika was unable to speak. Everything had been so beautiful until then. She had met Ned at Dr. Ruthledge's, had talked to him, feeling the boy's instinctive liking for her, and the experience had been like balm to her soul. And when Mary Ruthledge had admired her brooch—the one remaining bit of jewelry left to her by twenty years of marriage to this beast who now watched her narrowly from the bed—she had wanted to give it to the girl. Instead, Ned had asked if he might buy it for Mary, offering her a hundred dollars for it. Rather than combat his pride by insisting that he accept it as a gift, she had consented.

And when Paul Burns, the man who was Ned's father, had come to her demanding money, she had committed the incredible folly of giving him the check, never thinking that his clever fingers could or would raise it to a thousand dollars.

She had not known that she could still be hurt as deeply as she was

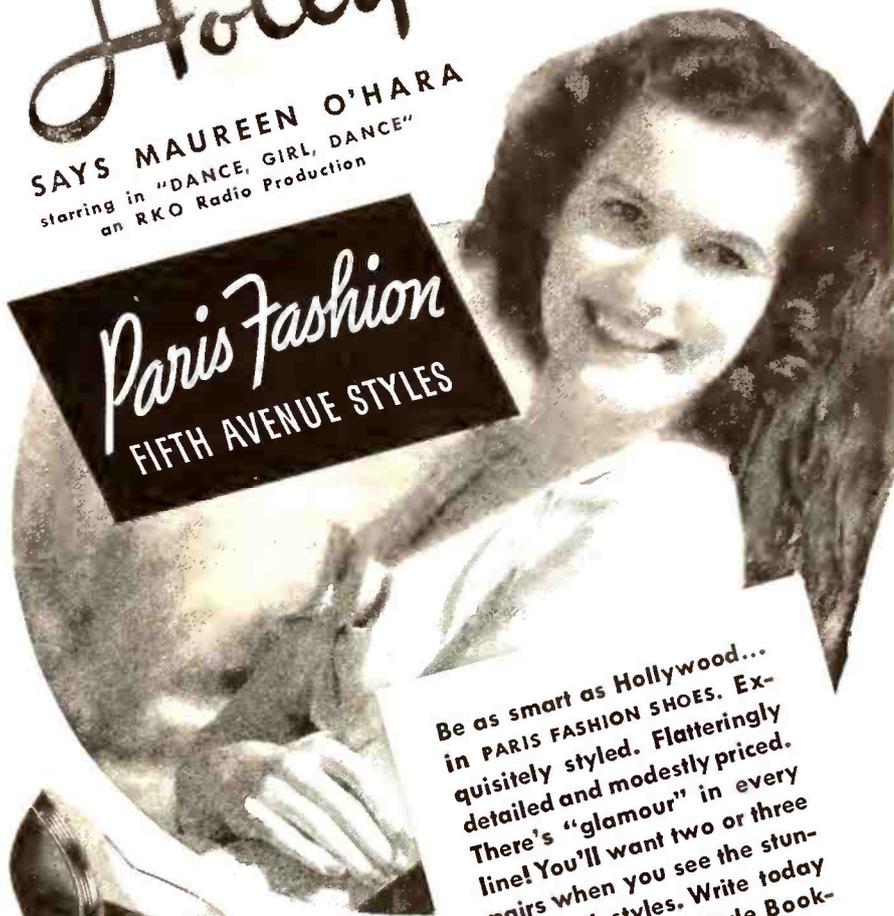


In Chicago, RADIO MIRROR's editor, Fred R. Sammis, chats with Evelyn Lynne, NBC Club Matinee vocalist.

"Tops in Hollywood!"

SAYS MAUREN O'HARA
starring in "DANCE, GIRL, DANCE"
an RKO Radio Production

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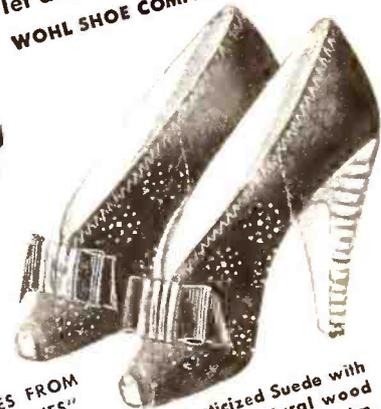
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hurt by the scorn in Ned's eyes when he brought her the check. Luckily, the bank had not honored it, and Ned did not prosecute her. She would have preferred prosecution, even a prison sentence, to seeing the death of Ned's friendship for her.

"It's no affair of mine," Paul Burns was saying now, "if you raise checks and get yourself into trouble—"

"Be quiet!" she blazed. "Stop trying to pretend you think I raised that check, when you know you did!"

With a shrug, he said, "Have it your own way, if it makes you feel better. At any rate, I didn't get any money out of it, and I need some. Either you get it for me, or I'll go to Ned and tell him I'm his father."

She took a step toward him. "Paul! You've got to let him alone! I don't want him to know who his father and mother were—he must go on thinking of me just as Mrs. Lang."

"How pretty!"
"He's doing so well, Paul . . . He's working on a newspaper, and he's writing a book, and I think he and Mary Ruthledge are in love. We *mustn't* spoil his life."

"Who wants to? It wouldn't hurt him to contribute a little to the support of his father."

She said desperately, "Paul, I'll—I'll come back to you—we can go away together. I'll work, we can get along, I'll give you everything I earn. But don't go to Ned—don't make me go to him."

SWINGING his muddied shoes impatiently off the bed and sitting up, he abandoned his studiously careless manner. "Listen. We aren't going anywhere together—I'm as sick of you as you are of me! But you'll ask that young stuffed-shirt for money, or I will!"

Standing there, feeling sick hatred for this man grow in her breast, she saw a swift parade of the years. Herself—young, beautiful, child of a wealthy family—running away with plausible, handsome Paul Holden. A six-month honeymoon—a glorious honeymoon, paid for by the sale of her jewels. Then disillusionment. Endless arguments with Paul, when he sulked because she would not ask her family for more money. Long days and nights when she was left alone, not knowing where he was or what he was doing. Ned's birth, and an attempt to start afresh—an attempt

that was ruined by Paul's insane extravagance and dishonesty.

At last she had realized that she must save Ned from his father's influence. Their aimless travels had brought them to Five Points, and she heard of Dr. Ruthledge, whom people called "The Good Samaritan." She took the child to Dr. Ruthledge, begged him to give him a home and never let him know who his parents were. Even then she had known it would be futile to take Ned with her and try to escape Paul. The attempt would have failed then—just as it had failed now.

The years since she had left Ned with Dr. Ruthledge stretched behind her, sordid and unhappy, climaxed by a prison sentence which she had served for a crime Paul had tricked her into committing. And now there was only one thing she could leave the world: a son who was clean, honest, self-respecting.

HALF aloud, she said, "You've been my curse, Paul. Can't I ever escape you?"

"No," he smirked. "You married me—for better or for worse, till death do us part."

"Yes," she said. "I suppose so." She turned quickly to the rickety dresser, pulled open a drawer. "I've been saving this," she remarked, "for a time like now."

"What've you got?" Then, as she turned, he stared and laughed. "Don't put on an act, Frannie. Put that revolver down."

She did not answer. Her finger tightened on the trigger. The cold metal felt comforting, reassuring. All emotion except thankfulness—thankfulness that she could find a way to keep her secret from Ned—had left her, and now her nerves were only cold, frozen threads. His eyes left the weapon to seek her face, and found there an expression he had never seen before.

"Frances! Drop that gun!" he cried, jumping to his feet. Halfway to her he heard the shot, and the bullet struck him violently in the chest. He stumbled and fell forward, staring at Fredrika in agonized amazement.

Automatically, not knowing what she did, she pulled the trigger again and again. The weight of the gun was heavy on her dangling arm as she backed away, and her lax fingers let it fall to the floor. Dimly, from far away, she heard the sound of excited

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voices, and knocking like low thunder on the door. She paid no attention, but went on backing away from the body until her legs struck a chair and she sat down. Ellis Smith, bursting into the room ahead of an excited crowd of tenants, found her there, staring at the man's body.

Meanwhile, in his own room, Ned Holden had come to a decision. He stopped only long enough to seize his hat and switch off the electric light.

"Wait," Dr. Ruthledge had said. But he couldn't wait, and watch Mary turn gradually to Ellis Smith, drawn to him first by sympathy, then by glamour. He couldn't wait, and run the risk of losing her entirely.

Ellen answered her impatient ring at the parsonage door, her broad, homely face lighting up at the sight of him. Miss Mary had just come in from the chapel, she said, and was in the kitchen dealing with a glass of milk and some cookies. She paused expectantly, waiting for Ned to take the hint and flatter her by begging for some of her famous cookies for himself. Instead, he forced a smile and said he would wait in the parlor. Ellen, resentful, departed, and a moment later Mary stood in the doorway.

On the way over, he had framed a dozen speeches, and now he didn't forget them, but they seemed senseless and stupid as he looked at her. In her light blue cotton dress, her hair brushed back from her forehead by a careless, hurried hand, she suddenly seemed once again the little girl he had loved so long—a little girl, but with all the added beauty of a woman.

"Mary—" was all he could say. "Mary!" He held out his arms and took a step forward. Quietly, simply and without question, she came to him.

But as he held her close, caressing her bright hair, his lips against the softness of hers, the thought was insistent, tarnishing his happiness and triumph: jealousy of Ellis Smith had betrayed him into showing Mary his love while the fear of his parentage was still with him—a shadow between them. And Dr. Ruthledge had said that that fear could, at any moment, rise up and strike him . . . and Mary.

OUTSIDE, the first faint wail of a siren was heard in the streets, as the ambulance and the police truck came toward Five Points—one to take away the body of Ned Holden's father, the other to carry his mother to prison.

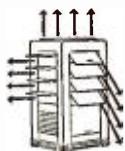
Murders were no novelty in Five Points, but Fredrika Lang's murder of the man who called himself Paul Burns created something of a sensation. Five Points liked a crime to be simple and clear-cut and full of details, which this one was not. The Lang woman accepted arrest quietly, but she refused to say a word in her own defense. Her silence was irritating to the lawyer the court appointed to defend her, to everyone in Five Points who had speculated about her identity even before the murder, and to the reporters who were assigned to cover the story.

Ned Holden was grateful that his work on the newspaper did not require him to interview Mrs. Lang. He did not want to see her. He had liked her so much, on the one or two occasions when he met her at Dr. Ruthledge's parsonage, that her dishonesty in the matter of the check had shocked him to his very soul. Even now, he

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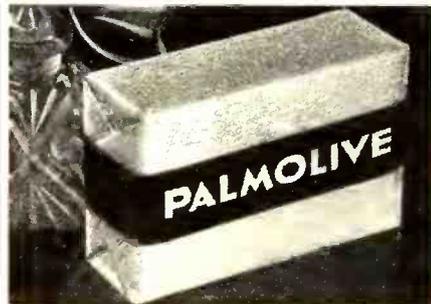


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WELL, I NEVER DREAMED THERE COULD BE SUCH A DIFFERENCE IN SOAPS! BUT NOW I'LL USE ONLY PALMOLIVE. I WANT TO HAVE A "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" TOO!



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MADE WITH Olive and Palm Oils TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

did not like to think of her. He could not believe that anyone who had seemed so gentle and upright could be capable of trickery and then murder—yet the facts were there, for anyone to see. It was almost as if (though he told himself this was ridiculous) someone very dear to him had betrayed him.

Only to Dr. Ruthledge, Five Points' "Good Samaritan," did Fredrika Lang reveal her inner feelings in those weeks before and during her trial. Heedless of his parishioners' disapproval, he visited her daily in her cell.

"You aren't being fair to yourself, or to Ned either," he argued. "Tell them why you killed Paul Burns—tell them he was really your husband and was threatening to extort money from Ned, or to force you to do it."

BUT then Ned will know!" she moaned, her mask of indifference dropped to reveal the anguish that lived with her day and night. "And I killed Paul only to keep him from knowing what a beast his father was!"

"It would be better for Ned if he did know," Dr. Ruthledge said.

But this she would not believe. She had seen, and read correctly, the fearful, stubborn pride in Ned's face.

Alone in his study, Dr. Ruthledge wrestled with his conscience. By all the laws of his church, he was bound to keep the confidence Fredrika had given him.

The only person in Five Points who felt almost no interest in Fredrika Lang's trial was Rose Kransky. Rose, the daughter of the pawn-shop keeper, had important problems of her own. For the first time in her life, she was experiencing freedom.

The quarrel Ellis Smith had heard the night of Paul Burns' murder had been a decisive one. Ever since she had gone to work at the Cunningham Publishing Company, Rose had resented her father's affectionate criticisms, her mother's solicitude, her brother Jacob's youthful curiosity. Then she had been promoted to be Charles Cunningham's secretary, and the ties of home had seemed to become even more burdensome, until at last, in the angry discussion Ellis had overheard, she told her parents that she had leased a small apartment in another part of the city, where she intended to live alone.

"It isn't that I don't love Papa and Ma," she said in difficult self-justification to Dr. Ruthledge. "I do. But—oh, they were born in the old country, and they've never left it. Not really. They want me to act like they acted when they were young. To them it's a sin if I wash out a blouse on a Friday night. They don't seem to care that I'm breaking the Sabbath just the same if I go to work on Saturday."

Dr. Ruthledge, the Christian minister, listened quietly to this daughter of an alien creed. Neither of them saw anything incongruous in the situation. Dr. Ruthledge cared far more for people than he did for creeds, and Rose and he had been friends ever since she was a child.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "your father and mother are realists. They know that in America one has to work on Saturday mornings—but one does not have to wash out blouses on Friday nights."

Rose flushed. "That's what Papa says. Just the same, I can't see what difference it makes whether I live

my life their way, or mine. Both ways are good—it just happens that my way is better for me."

"I hope so, Rose." He might have said more, but wisdom forbade him. He knew that this tempestuous girl, with her dark, flashing beauty, came to him for approval and not for the criticism she found so abundantly at home. And, though he could have criticized her wilfulness, her selfishness and her impetuous spirit, why should he, when there were so many things about her to praise?—her generosity, her young courage, and her vision of a world beyond the confines of Five Points. He only feared, sometimes, that her good qualities might combine with her bad ones to bring her unhappiness.

TOO, he wondered a little about her new job, which she had had only a few weeks. Mr. Cunningham's former secretary had been Helen Ryder; rather unpleasant hints had been circulated about the illness that had forced her resignation.

"You like Mr. Cunningham?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! He's a wonderful man to work for—so kind, and thoughtful." She giggled, reminding him of how young she really was. "My job isn't really like work at all! Oh, and I came over especially to tell you," she added, "he just read the first chapters of Ned's book, and he likes them. He told me if the rest of it is as good as the beginning, he'll publish it."

Dr. Ruthledge beamed with pride. "That is good news, Rose. I must tell Ned. In a way that's justification for me, because he didn't want a publisher to see the book until it

was all finished, but I persuaded him to let Mr. Cunningham read what he'd written. This ought to spur him on.

Ned needed little spurring on just then. Page 125 had been left far behind, and he was working swiftly, efficiently, every night. It was only in the short, cloudy moments between sleeping and waking that his old fear came to trouble him, reminding him that his parentage was still shrouded in mystery.

Fredrika Lang kept her promise to herself. She held grimly to her refusal to testify in her own behalf. The trial was almost routine, and its outcome fore-ordained. Fredrika was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to death. They took her away to the State Penitentiary to await the day of her execution. But there were still delays. Months passed while the law ran its careful course. All trials, it seemed, which had resulted in a death penalty must be carried automatically to the Court of Appeals for affirmation; so once more lawyers argued and judges listened. Then the higher court handed down its approval of the lower court's decision, and at last the date for the execution was set.

DR. RUTHLEDGE felt a strange little thrill of horror when he read the date in a small story buried on an inside page of his newspaper—for Fredrika Lang's case had long since lost its fascination for the public. May the fourteenth. The day before that which Ned and Mary had set for their wedding. Only a week away.

As if the imminence of Fredrika's penalty had given him new wisdom, he suddenly saw what he must do.

Early the next morning, he departed quietly for the state capital. He had

already arranged, by telephone, an appointment with the Governor, whom he knew slightly, and he was admitted at once when he arrived at the State Building.

He told the Governor the whole story of Frances Holden, alias Fredrika Lang, as he knew it. When he had finished, there was a long silence.

THE Governor's chair creaked slightly as his heavy body shifted in it. "Why have you told me all this, Dr. Ruthledge?" he asked. "Are you hoping I'll pardon her?"

"I hope nothing," the minister told him. "I've told you her story because someone in authority should know it. It is too heavy a responsibility for me to bear alone. I do not judge Mrs. Lang—but you may. If, on the basis of the information I have just given you, you feel some sort of clemency is justified . . . why, I shall be happy, but only because I feel that punishment should be in God's hands, not man's."

"Mmm," said the Governor. "I see what you mean. Unfortunately, most voters don't feel that way. It would be political suicide for me to pardon Mrs. Lang without making some sort of public explanation."

Dr. Ruthledge felt a sort of dismal weariness, not because of the refusal, but because of the motive of expediency which prompted it. He bent his head and rose to go. But the Governor was speaking again, a slight smile on his lips:

"In the present case, I don't have to consider that aspect of the situation. Strictly in confidence, I am retiring from politics at the end of my present term—so Mrs. Lang's pardon is entirely between me and my con-

science. I'll talk to her, Dr. Ruthledge, and make my decision in a day or so."

Neither Fredrika Lang nor the Governor ever divulged what was said at the interview which took place two days later. But an executive pardon was issued soon afterwards.

Fredrika came to Five Points on the afternoon of May fourteenth, the day she was to have been executed, the day before that set for Ned's and Mary's wedding. She had only one purpose there—to see Dr. Ruthledge and thank him for what he had done. And then, she told herself, she would go away and never return.

SHE waited until evening, and then called Dr. Ruthledge on the telephone, asking him if she might come to the parsonage to see him.

"Of course, Mrs. Lang," his deep voice answered. "Come right over."

She hesitated. "Ned—where is he?" she asked. "I don't want to see him."

"That's all right," he told her. "He was here for dinner, but I heard him and Mary go out a few minutes ago—to take a last look at the cottage they're going to live in, I suppose. They're being married tomorrow, you know."

"Yes," she murmured. "I—know."

As she hurried through the crowded streets of Five Points toward the parsonage, she tried not to wish that she could be at the wedding. It was quite impossible, she reminded herself. Every contact with her son had brought only trouble. She dared not risk another—not even so slight a one as that of creeping into the church and watching the marriage ceremony from the shadows.

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It's a Beau Catcher... that modern natural look!

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

To give you the piquant *natural* charm of gay, young "collegiennes"—the *modern* trend in makeup—Hudnut has created *Marvelous Face Powder*, the remarkable new powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring . . . gives you that disarming *natural* look men like so well.

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

Marvelous Face Powder goes on so *smoothly*, clings for *hours*, agrees with even sensitive skin! For *complete color harmony*, use matching *Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick*, too.

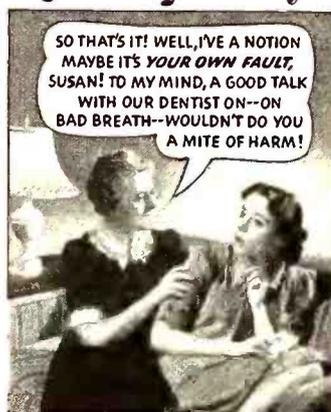
Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)



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"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."

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"I DON'T AIM TO HINDER YOUR COURTING, JIM—BUT IT WAS RIGHT LATE WHEN YOU BROUGHT SUSAN HOME FROM THE DANCE, SO... GOODNIGHT!"

"SWEET SUE—JUST YOU"

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

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE

OVER TWICE AS MUCH

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

Yet even then fate was arranging one more disastrous meeting for this woman and her son.

Ned and Mary had not gone to their new cottage, but only for a walk. Arm in arm, they strolled away from Five Points, up Grand Boulevard Drive. At about the time Fredrika reached the parsonage, they turned and began to retrace their steps. Ned looked down into Mary's happy face.

"Mrs. Ned Holden," he murmured. "Like the sound of it?"

Mary squeezed his arm. "It's the most beautiful name in the world," she said.

"Mary—no regrets?" Ned asked.

Her eyes met his in candid surprise. "Regrets? Why should there be, Ned?"

"I was afraid—once—that you were in love with Ellis Smith," he confessed.

"Oh." Her gaze left his, and she walked beside him for a moment in silence. "I like Ellis—I'm sorry for him. But I'll never love anyone in the world except you, Ned. I thought you knew that."

"I do, now," he said humbly. Then he smiled. "But I'm glad I didn't before. It was not knowing—being jealous of Smith—that made me ask you to marry me, instead of—"

"Instead of what?"

"Instead of waiting until I had more money," he said after a pause, in a different tone. For suddenly the fear had come again, reminding him that he had disregarded Dr. Ruthledge's warning to wait.

Mary was aware of the change in his mood, and they did not talk as they came to Five Points and walked up the path toward the parsonage. At the door they stopped, knowing they must part until the next day, hating

to do so for even such a short time. And in that moment, they heard Fredrika Lang's voice, coming through the open window of Dr. Ruthledge's study.

"I'll go away tomorrow, Dr. Ruthledge. I'll never come back—I've caused enough trouble here. But I'm happy. Whatever happens to me, I'll know that my son is near you, and that you're helping him—"

THE CAST

Dr. Ruthledge.....	Arthur Peterson
Mary Ruthledge.....	Sarajane Wells
Ned Holden.....	Ed Prentiss
Fredrika Lang.....	Muriel Brenner
Ellis Smith.....	Sam Wanamaker
Rase Kransky.....	Ruth Bailey
Mrs. Kransky.....	Mignon Schreiber
Ellen.....	Henrietta Tedra

Mary saw Ned stiffen and close his eyes. He put out one hand to touch the wall and steady himself.

"Dad!" Mary called, knowing only that she must stop Mrs. Lang from saying anything more.

Before the suddenly silent pair in the study could recover from the shock of hearing Mary's call, Ned was in the room.

"What did you say?" he asked thickly. "Who is your son, Mrs. Lang?"

She did not reply, but stared at him in immobile terror.

"Who is your son?" he repeated, almost screaming. "Am I?"

"Ned, please—" Dr. Ruthledge interrupted, hoping to give Fredrika time to collect herself. But a glance at her, cowering in her chair, told him that it was useless. She was too

stunned to deny Ned's charge.

Ruthlessly, the boy continued, "And who was my father?"

Still she did not answer, and he leaned down and gripped her shoulders. "Tell me—who was my father?"

Gasping with pain, she whispered, "The man I killed—the man who called himself Paul Burns. He was a thief—a scoundrel—I didn't want him to ruin your life . . ."

Gradually his tense fingers relaxed. "A thief! A thief—and a murderer. They were my parents!"

His voice sharp, Dr. Ruthledge said, "Ned! Get hold of yourself! You're acting like a child—"

Ned whirled on him. "And you knew! You knew—but you went on telling me that my mother was a lady! You were even willing to let your daughter marry me—knowing what monsters our children might be!"

MARY, standing in the doorway to the hall, held out her arms. "But don't you see, Ned—that was only because Dad knew your mother! He knew that no child of ours could be anything but good and fine!"

Ned looked around at them, pressing one hand dazedly against his forehead. "I've got to get away," he mumbled. "Away by myself . . . to think this thing out."

At first slowly, then more rapidly, he walked out of the house, into the busy streets of Five Points.

So at last Ned has learned the secret of his parentage. Will his soul, undermined by fear, be able to withstand the shock? Be sure to read the coming chapters of this dramatic story in next month's RADIO MIRROR.

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS By HORACE BROWN

WALTER BOWLES . . . every week day at 6:15 p. m., EDT, for over a year, I have been hearing a voice. It comes to me over CBL, Toronto, and belongs to a young man of fifty-one named Walter Bowles. The program is the newscast of the Toronto Daily Star, Canada's largest-circulating newspaper.

Now, there are some very fine newscasters in Canada. I'm thinking of Christopher Ellis of Montreal and Jim Hunter of Toronto. But, if I'm to be allowed a personal preference, I'll plump for Walter Bowles.

Walter has a style all his own. In the first place, he has a deep, sincere and quiet voice; there's no sensationalism in Walter's delivery whatsoever, but somehow it's more compelling than the accepted newscasting technique. Too, it's distinctly Canadian. When Walter Bowles signs off, he leaves you with the feeling that the news has been presented clearly and impartially by an intelligent friend, who thinks deeply and straightly. And I have yet to hear Walter mispronounce a word or make a grammatical error, which is probably the schoolteacher coming out in him.

Walter is my idea of that over-worked term . . . "cosmopolite." This is all the more strange, when you consider that, in his own words, "I was born in Toronto, I've lived here all my life, and what's more, I've

never lived east of Yonge Street."

In appearance, Walter gives definition to the word "sturdy." If he was taller, he'd be professorial, for he hasn't a hair on top of his well-filled head. It's his ready smile, lighting up an habitually serious expression, that impresses you . . . that, and his voice.

Walter went to the Old Ryerson school in Toronto, then Harbord Collegiate, and ended up by getting his B.A. from Victoria College, University of Toronto in 1914. He appeared with Raymond Massey, of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" fame, when that gentleman was a member of the University Players, as a 'varsity student.

At the outbreak of the Great War, Walter tried to enlist, but a deafness in one ear that had been with him since infancy kept him out. He claims that the three times he tried to enlist was what made his hair fall out in such large quantities that it is now non-existent. Failing army life, he served efficiently as acting dean for three years at Victoria College, while the dean, the Hon. Vincent Massey, brother of Raymond and now Canada's High Commissioner in London, helped his country.

IN 1919 he became first Warden of the newly-opened Hart House, the great undergraduate and alumni institution established at the University of Toronto by the Massey fortune.

After two years in that position, he took postgraduate work in France, and returned to teach in Appleby School in Oakville.

For some time he had his heart set on Radio. He had appeared in numerous radio skits, and the samples only whetted his appetite for the whole. After some years in the Educational Department of the Oxford University Press, he resigned to become an aerial free-lance. In 1936 he wrote and played the title role in the Imperial Tobacco series, "Dexter Randolph." This led to an important role in that concern's big show, "Canada in 1937" and "Canada in 1938."

FOR this program he toured across Canada, broadcasting each week from a different centre.

His broadcast lasted seven out of the thirty minutes and had to include not only the historical background, geographical features, and industrial development of his place of broadcast, but also an interview with an interesting personality. That those seven minutes, so crammed and seemingly dull on paper, became highly colorful and entertaining at Walter's hands speaks well of his ability.

His big "break" came after this success, when the Toronto Star hired him to be its newscaster. It looks as if he's going to be doing just that little thing for a long time to come.

"We've been a
PEPSI-COLA
family

ever since our Wedding Day"

For over 35 years delicious, wholesome Pepsi-Cola has been a family favorite. Now a favorite with millions—the big, 12-ounce bottle is packed with flavor . . . and one handy Home Carton takes care of a big family. Pleasing to the taste . . . easy on the purse . . . that's Pepsi-Cola.



And this is the big, new, streamlined bottle of Pepsi-Cola, favorite with millions... because it's bigger and better!

BIG BIG BOTTLE

**MAKES A NICKEL
LOOK SO BIG!**



Honest Injun! A jumbo package of Royledge shelving is only 5¢! Nine feet of smooth, clean surface to protect your shelves . . . with a gay, lovely fold-down border to decorate the edges! This curl-proof border, two layers thick, wears for months, needs no tacks, no laundering. It's a heap-big household buy . . . and a heap-sight more decorative than plain or painted shelves.

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Dear old-fashioned patterns, or bright modern motifs, at the shelf-paper counters of 5 & 10, neighborhood and department stores. 5¢ and 10¢ sizes.

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MUCH STRONGER - LONGER LASTING
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This sticker identifies Royledge.

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"FEEL THE EDGE"

THE price you pay for a well-known brand always represents full value for your money, with full weight and measure assured. Insist on well-known brands, always.

Visit Your Drug Store During
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TORRID TEST in DEATH VALLEY
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NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

Yodora protects under most difficult conditions! A dramatic series of tests proves it! In Death Valley, under the supervision of a registered nurse, Miss L. H. applied Yodora. Then she played two sets of badminton at 100° in the shade! Even after this gruelling test, the underarms remained dainty... untainted by Underarm Odor! You can trust Yodora. It's delightful, fully pleasant to use—smooth, silky, agreeably scented. Yodora

is soft and easy to spread. Non-greasy . . . it leaves no heavy, unpleasant smell to taint your clothing. In attractive 10¢, 25¢ or 60¢ jar, or 25¢ tube.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.

YODORA
DEODORANT CREAM



Radio's Most Eligible Bachelor

(Continued from page 15)

grumbling about some fool playboy and his girl. They didn't know the comet was the shy Mr. Edgar Bergen and his red Harley-Davidson motorcycle, with Helen Wood, NBC's glamour girl, on the jump seat. They had been to a formal party and afterwards taking a moonlight motorcycle ride, formal fixings notwithstanding, seemed like a good idea to Edgar.

All his girls have learned to expect the unexpected when they go out with Beau Bergen. Maybe that's why they love to go so much, when their turns come around. Because Bergen is tantalizingly temporary in his attentions. He plays the field, entirely for fun, and the field knows it, darn it!

THORA TAYLOR, pretty little NBC contest winner from Ogden, Utah, was Bergen's date the night he got bounced from the Palomar dance hall. Thora had stepped out with Bergen to the Coconut Grove, mostly for publicity purposes (The perpetually fresh list of new cuties coupled with Bergen's name spring from his obliging nature in this direction) and Bergen liked her. She could talk brightly and intelligently, which he likes, and besides Thora was comfortably engaged to a boy back home. They went to Rosa Ponselle's party in the afternoon. Bergen wore a new sports outfit he was particularly proud of with an open neck shirt. After the party it seemed like a good idea to run down to the Palomar and hear Artie Shaw.

But when they rolled up to Los Angeles' jitterbug Heaven, in Bergen's town car, with his chauffeur driving, a man followed them inside, frowning darkly. The moment Edgar sat down at a table, this dour individual colared him. "You'll have to beat it, Mac," he ordained, "you ain't dressed right."

The situation was terrifying to Thora, but Edgar found it intriguing; instead of getting angry he tingled in the funny-bone. "I've suspected this for some time," he informed his captor, at the door, "What's wrong with my get-up?"

"No tie," the bouncer informed him. "You can rent one for fifty cents, if you wanna stay."

So Bergen rented a fifty-cent tie to go with his expensive tweeds, the very loudest one they had. And before they drove away in his town car he was dickering with the Palomar manager to buy the tie-renting concession! He said he thought it held a great future. Miss Thora Taylor will probably not forget that evening soon.

Bergen dotes on surprises, impromptu fun and an obey-that-impulse way of acting. He usually calls up his girl friends, saying, "We're going to do such-and-such. Would you like to join us?" instead of making dates ahead. Often he'll disguise his voice in one of the many dialects he's good at and work up a character and situation over the telephone before he gives himself away. By that time the girl usually is too weak to say no.

About a year ago NBC asked him to come down to the studio with Charlie and pose with some of their

young starlets for publicity pictures. As usual Edgar, who loves to help any newcomer get started, agreed. Kay St. Germaine, Helen Wood and a group of young Hollywood hopefuls were on hand, and the afternoon turned into a lot of fun mixed with the business of getting photographed. When it was over, Bergen suggested that the little gang—some six or seven—come up to the Beverly Hills Hotel that evening "for an informal party." He said he'd dig up dates for them and maybe something to eat.

When they arrived, they found a full sized rhumba orchestra from a Los Angeles hotel, a big buffet spread, champagne, six dance instructors to teach everyone the rhumba, and fifty other guests! The party got that way in a couple of hours.

The rhumba, incidentally, is Beau Bergen's favorite caper and he'd rather dance than do anything, except perhaps take a clock apart, or invent something like his new electric ant trap.

WHERE Beau Bergen really blooms, of course, is at parties. He loves parties, preferably small, with his close friends clustered around—Ken Murray, John Myers, his attorney, Billy Gilbert, and scattered wives and girl friends of the moment. He can do all right tossing big events too, as he proved last year with his Tony Pastor costume party, *a la* the Gay Nineties. That fulfilled, incidentally, a party ambition he had held since schooldays.

Ordinarily, though, when Fay MacKenzie or Helen Wood or any of his current date list hear Edgar saying, "Let's have a party," they know it means the Rumpus Room. They know, too, that when they get back home they're going to ache all over from an evening of what impolite people call belly laughs.

Edgar Bergen's Rumpus Room is the only newly built part of his magnificent Beverly hilltop home, where he lives with his mother, Mrs. Nellie Bergren (the correct spelling of his name) and his two Swedish house helpers, Helga and Arvid. It was designed strictly for fun and that's what it gets—in big barrels.

There's a small built-in stage and footlights, with a curtain covered with small town ads, the same kind of a curtain that used to roll up before Edgar and Charlie in their less affluent days. There's a midget battered piano, a closet full of collapsible chairs, a modern fireproof projection room, complete movie sound equipment and reels of funny film, including, by the way, "The Lovin' Swede."

Edgar's particular parlor specialty

is magic and legerdemain. He has all the fancy capes, shells, drums, wands and other traps necessary to pull a pigeon out of his best girl's fluttering bosom.

Bergen's personal tastes in women run very definitely to brunettes. In all his beauing activities in Hollywood he has taken out but one blonde, the alabaster Anita Louise, but that was even more ephemeral than the average Bergen fling. His other feminine fetish is green. Anything green—dress, hat, jewelry, eyes—or experience. Being a true Swede (both his mother and father were born there) Edgar sees that plenty of pale blues and yellows are scattered about his house and his wardrobe too. But the Irish comes out when he gets around girls.

He selected Mary Hanrahan, his personal secretary and general all-around Girl Friday, out of one hundred secretarial applicants because she wore a green dress that matched her eyes!

Mary is, after all, the real head woman in Edgar Bergen's life. He calls her "my boss." She's the only other living person who holds Charlie McCarthy at broadcasts. She's a tall, capable Irish girl with dark hair, light eyes and a way of getting things done. Clarence, Edgar's brother, handles the many Charlie McCarthy novelties of the big business Edgar Bergen, Incorporated, has grown into. But Mary dabbles in everything, radio, dolls, the comic strip, and very efficiently too. When Bergen acquired his house, she selected all the furniture and supervised the decorating. Edgar would probably be pretty lost without Mary.

PROBABLY the most fun he has out of life, besides steering Charlie McCarthy through a welter of funny business, is tinkering. Out behind his house is a workshop with all the tools you can think of off hand—wrenches, electric drills, and things. Every new piece of machinery he sees he yearns to investigate. The other day he put in an order for a Mitchell movie camera. They're the newest and best in professional use at the studios and maybe you'd better not know how much they cost. Someone asked Edgar why in the world he wanted one—especially when he already had four other makes.

"I want to take it apart," replied Bergen.

Which, about as well as anything, sums up radio's most eligible bachelor who, with an income of a quarter of a million dollars every year, should be able to make any girl like riding behind him on a red motorcycle.



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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.

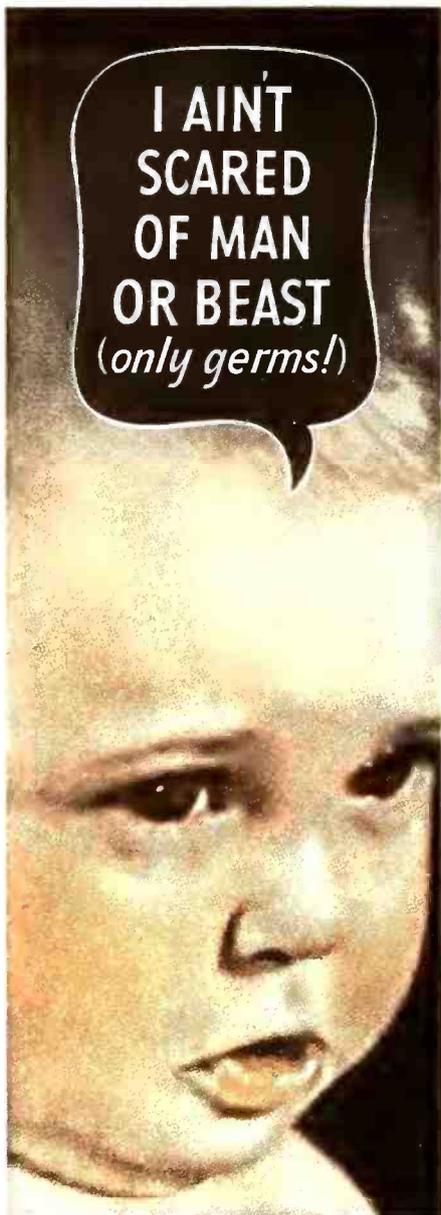
The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is also open the year around, with accommodations at greatly reduced rates for the winter months, for health building and recreation.

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The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to twelve, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request. Address inquiries to: Bernarr Macfadden, Room 717, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

I AIN'T
SCARED
OF MAN
OR BEAST
(only germs!)



"Gee, you don't blame me for being scared of germs, do you? They're EVERYWHERE, just waitin' to pounce on us babies. But, thank goodness, Mommy knows how to protect my skin! After my bath, she goes all over me with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. That's a baby's best BODY-guard, yes Ma'am!"

Mother, to give your baby's skin the best care, to keep it safer from germs, and free of rashes, do as almost all hospitals do, as most doctors recommend: oil baby's skin daily with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. Do this until he's at least a year old. And use the oil after every diaper change, too.

Then continue the protection with Mennen Antiseptic Powder. Made by a new process—Hammerized—it's as smooth as air. And—it's Antiseptic. A survey indicates it is recommended by more doctors than any other baby powder.

Remember, also, nothing takes the place of visits to your doctor. Take your baby to him regularly.



MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL and POWDER

They Also Serve

Fred Bate

(Continued from page 18)

advertising he was pinch-hitting for the amusements on the big lot. He ballyhooed the Johnstown Flood panorama. Some of you must remember that spectacle.

Later he was to take his portfolio of sketches and his vaulting spirit to the University of Chicago. History doesn't record his scholastic attainments there, nor does it highlight the few years after his graduation. Every one knew that he was smart, ambitious, and capable, but it took the bugles of 1914 to change the course of Fred Bate's destiny. In the first year of the World War he was gone. Some one said he was leaving to study art in Spain. He never got there. He fell in line instead with those who sped their memorable way to Ypres and the Marne. In London he joined the Coldstream Guards.

THE Guards, veterans of generations of wars for Britain, was a regiment to stir his flaming imagination. The Coldstream Guards was marching in the World War and with it, head high, eyes gleaming, went the tall, straight-shouldered boy who once had lived more than half a world away from its barracks.

On a summer day when peace had come once more to a war-weary world the society columns of the London *Morning Post* carried the announcement of the marriage there of Mr. Frederick Bate of the Guards to the daughter of his colonel, the god-daughter of the Dowager Queen Alexandra.

Already royalty had found Fred Bate a gay companion. The gayest crowd in London—it was then the gayest crowd in the world—made him one of their own. The Mountbattens, the young Marchioness of Milford-Haven, Lady Furness, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, the Guinness girl, the Rajahs and the Maharajahs took him to their hearts and to their parties. Definitely he was one of The Gay Young People. By day you'd see him in Piccadilly or Bond Street with the

Prince of Wales. By night the two of them would take London in their stride, all the way from the Berkeley to the Kit-Kat Club. Americans abroad saw them in Cannes, in Paris. From the Crillon to Jed Kiley's in Montmartre they took their meteor flight, and every one who saw them came home with some thrilled tale.

Then came Wallis Warfield Simpson and Edward's abdication. By that time, sped upward because even in his blithest moments he was consumed with ambition and energy, Fred Bate was high in the ranks of the NBC in England. Ironically, it fell to his lot to sound the death knell of power for his old friend, his fellow soldier. It was Bate's voice you heard just before Edward spoke farewell to his people on that momentous afternoon when the man who was king declared an empire well lost for love. There was sorrow in Fred Bate's voice that day and sympathy, and a sigh for things that might have been.

Now it is a serious Fred Bate. He is the head of the National Broadcasting Company in London. He supervises overseas communications and, through sleepless nights and hectic days, he awaits release of communiques from War Office and Admiralty to flash across the Atlantic to listeners in the United States. He has never left his post, even to attend the marriage of his daughter, the beautiful Bridget Pamela Arkwright Bate, to Mr. Hugh Chisholm in New York.

Now it is a serious voice that tells of men who die in Flanders mud, of great gray ships that stand guard, of watchful old men and prayerful women. The British would claim it as a mirror of their own virtue of endurance; but any one who knew the West Side of his youth must know that any boy from our own midlands, born and bred where people struggled, would hold forever the spirit of all the boys and girls who worked and played and set their courses by the far-away stars that shone dimly above the crowded streets of Chicago.

Edward R. Murrow

(Continued from page 19)

the benefit of American listeners.

No crises, you see, and not much lost sleep.

But although not many people in the world seemed to realize it, even in those days Ed Murrow, and the Columbia Broadcasting System, knew that crises were on their way. Ed knew it because he already had important sources of information in Europe, and CBS must have known it, because they chose Ed for the job.

Ed Murrow was born in North Carolina thirty-six years ago. His family moved westward when he was a boy, and he attended the University of Washington and Washington State University. After that, he went to Stanford and got a Master of Arts degree. He was elected president of the National Student Federation, and in 1932 he became assistant director of the Institute of International Education—a job that sent him traveling

around the United States, visiting colleges and arranging debates, lectures, and exchange scholarships. Summers still as assistant director of the Institute, he guided student tours through Europe, incidentally meeting and talking to foreign members and officials of the Institute.

Knowing all these intellectual and well-informed citizens of Europe made Ed Murrow an ideal representative for CBS. But knowing them turned out, also, to be one of Ed's great personal tragedies. As nation after nation disappeared under the tide of Hitlerism, many of Ed's friends disappeared too. Some of them he has never heard of since. Of others, months later, he has learned that they are dead, in concentration camps, or penniless fugitives.

In March, 1938, Ed was on his way to Latvia and Lithuania to arrange for a program of native folk-music,

when word came to him in Warsaw that Hitler's Germany had finally effected its cherished "Anschluss" with Austria. Ed had to get to Vienna, of course, but the only transportation available was a 23-passenger airplane—so he chartered it and flew in it to Vienna, a lone passenger. At the Vienna airport he found that the German troops had commandeered all buses and taxis, so he made the last part of the journey on foot.

At that, he was lucky. Nowadays there wouldn't be a 23-passenger plane available. Before the war, Ed used to fly a great deal over Europe, co-ordinating CBS activities, but now, naturally, he remains in England.

Through the crisis years he watched communication between himself and his assistants in European key cities get more and more difficult. He always knew when a crisis of some kind was brewing, and where, because for a day or so ahead of time it would be impossible to get long-distance telephone calls through to that particular city. Frequently he had to resort to ridiculously round-about methods to get instructions through to CBS men in the Axis countries—like sending a cable to Berlin by way of South America.

When you consider all the difficulties Ed Murrow must overcome in getting the news and broadcasting it to America, you're apt to conjure up a picture in your imagination of a hard-hitting, aggressive individual. On the contrary, Ed is very quiet and very diplomatic. When he talks to you he looks directly into your eyes and speaks in a rather hurried, low voice. He doesn't often smile, which

is natural enough, but he never loses his temper, which is remarkable, in view of the extreme nervous tension under which he works and lives.

He's a good reporter, but he is mainly interested in the meaning of the facts he reports—likes to look past them to the underlying forces and trends to which they are clues. In the present world, he's like a man watching a volcano erupt—he sees the smoke and flame, but he's busy thinking about the greater chaos beneath the surface of the earth, and trying to decide what caused it, and where it will break out next.

In his broadcasts, though, he sticks to the facts, and almost never editorializes. He did make one blood-chilling remark, though, which becomes more frightening the more you ponder it. "I believe," he said, "that this war is for the control of men's minds."

Ed is married to a very pretty young American woman whose name is Janet, and they live in a flat across the street from the CBS offices and near the BBC building. Early this summer, when CBS made arrangements to evacuate the wives of its correspondents in European capitals, Janet refused to leave. They have no children, and Janet said that her only responsibility was to stay with Ed.

Janet furnished their flat herself, and though she didn't stick to any one period of decoration, she has excellent taste and created a charming home. There are a few New England antique pieces which she brought over with her from the United States, plus some modern furniture purchased in England. Ed's study is

filled with American Indian rugs and pottery which he collected as a hobby in the days when he was traveling around the United States.

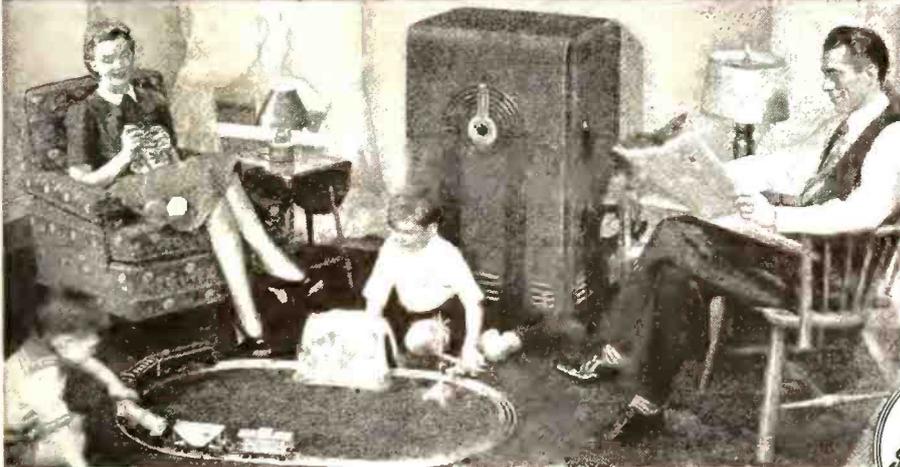
Janet is an accomplished pianist, and Ed is making a reporter out of her as well. Frequently he puts her on the air with stories about London's food supply or the evacuation of children.

The Murrows haven't much time now for entertaining, but they used to do a great deal. Janet, who does most of the cooking herself, would go to Selfridge's, the big London department store, and buy American ham or bacon, coffee, and maple syrup, and on Sunday mornings they would invite people in for real middle-western American breakfasts. The imported delicacies were expensive, but delicious, since no American living abroad ever gets used to English breakfasts. Ed has managed to cultivate a taste for English cigarettes, but not Janet—she still shops for the American kind.

Home life for Ed and Janet since Germany marched into Holland has been confined to brief meetings at odd moments, and occasionally to nods across the width of street which separates the windows of the Murrow apartment from those of the Murrow office. They are living in the same city and under the same roof, but the times are so far from normal that Janet sees almost as little of her husband as if he were in the army.

In a way, he is. For if you believe, as he does, that the war is for control of men's minds, radio, with its command of so many millions of ears, is on the firing line.

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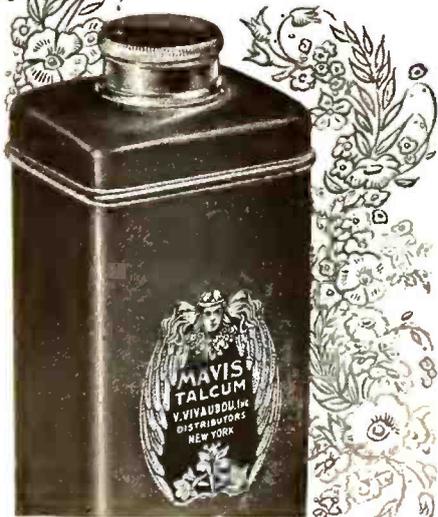


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THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS

John's Other Wife

(Continued from page 36)

the bedside and fell to her knees.

"John—it's Elizabeth!"
No sound, no movement. His skin was—cool, purple, moist. His mouth and eyelids unawake. She couldn't bear it. Clenching his shoulders with wild hands she screamed his name as loudly as she could.

Suddenly arms clamped around her body and dragged her backward. She reached out and took hold of the foot of the bed, held fast. With a hard jab of her elbow, she freed herself and turned to face—Charlie Prince, wide-eyed and almost breathless.

"Leave him alone! You—how did you get here, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth was back at the bedside, leaning over the still face, calling and crying. With grim terror she heard Charlie blurting out what had happened.

"A brick struck him. The doctor says he'll be all right—he's exhausted—has to rest. They gave him something to make him sleep."

Charlie yanked Elizabeth's arm, pulling her to the middle of the floor. "The doctor says he'll be all right?" Elizabeth went over the words at the top of her voice.

"Stop yelling. I told you once! You've got to leave him alone!"

But Elizabeth wheeled back to the bed, holding Charlie at arm's length.

John's eyelids fluttered, his lips closed and mumbled.

NOW the two women leaned over the bed together.

"Elizabeth..." came forth plainly.

"Yes, John."
Elizabeth let tears of relief, of gratitude and joy drop down her cheeks. She was talking and laughing and pressing her face against John's. Telling him of her anxiety, how she had heard the news broadcast—of her endless drive.

But gradually through it all she became aware of Charlie Prince. Charlie bringing the nurse, saying in a tight whisper:

"I had just gone out to get some water—I didn't know she was here. Now—can't you do something... make her understand she has to leave him alone!"

The nurse, austere in white uniform, looked at Elizabeth, then at Charlie.

"I have other patients who need me," she said to the girl. "Those seriously injured."

She turned on her heel and disappeared down the corridor.

John was sitting up on the bed, his fingers pressed to his temples. Elizabeth, half-kneeling, half-sitting on the floor beside the bed, thought she had never known such happiness in her heart.

"I'm all right," John said. "Did this bandage scare you?" He began to unwind the gauze.

"John—" Charlie's whole attention went to him, "please, don't take that off. You're—you've got to rest, like the doctor said."

"Why—what's wrong with me?" he shook his head.

Elizabeth sat there, hearing Charlie tell him a brick had fallen from the chimney, struck him, when he was carrying her through the hotel grounds.

"John, you saved my life. I—I'll

never forget that. You—you were wonderful to me."

Suddenly Charlie crumpled in a heap at the opposite side of the bed. As if to hide her tears, she bent her arm over her face. Her uncontrolled sobs vibrated through the small room.

Elizabeth, suddenly standing, started to go over to Charlie, but the odd expression on John's face held her still. His hand clumsily stroked Charlie's unruly curls.

"Now, child. What's there to cry about? What's wrong?"

Concern over Charlie's tears made his voice natural. He seemed to forget everything but her high, hysterical sobs.

His hand slipped through her curls, found her chin, turned her tear-streaked face toward him.

"Are you hurt, child? Tell me—are you all right?"

She nodded, unable to stop the deep sobs.

"Why are you crying? Tell me."

"I'm—I'm so happy, John. Because you are all right. But it's so awful—to think I owe you my life and still you won't let me take care of you—like the doctor said."

"It takes more than a sock on the head to keep me down for long. Didn't you know that?" His eyes held hers with tender reassurance.

"Yes—I do know." The quivering smile which parted her lips, told him much more, Elizabeth thought. It changed the whole atmosphere of that room—and clamped Elizabeth's mind like a vise.

With strange new energy, John Perry seemed to recuperate. He swung his legs over the side of the bed and pressed his hands to his head. He looked at Elizabeth leaning against the wall and seemed to realize with a feeling of guilt that she was there.

"Little dizzy yet, but ticking," he smiled at her as he got on his feet.

"Here, hold on to me," Charlie was around the bed, beside him.

ELIZABETH made no move, taking in with aching alertness the picture Charlie Prince made, in a light pink slack suit which made her look even more childish, more appealing. But in her long-lashed eyes was an expression impossible to misinterpret. Charlie Prince was in love with John. And John—she told herself, knew it.

Elizabeth felt dizzy. Her hand, brushing the hair from her eyes, was ice. Had she driven nearly all night, to learn this, that Charlie and John were in love? "I only wanted him to be alive," she reminded herself.

In a kind of daze Elizabeth witnessed John snap back into action.

"Wait—Elizabeth, did you say you heard a news broadcast—heard my name?"

"Yes—otherwise I wouldn't have known where you were."

"Then, that means—the papers carried it too."

"The papers—" Charlie said, wide-eyed. "I wonder—if they told how you saved me? I—Oh—"

The nurse was back again, saying many phone calls had come inquiring about Mr. Perry's condition.

John's fingers plowed through his hair, in that way they always did when he was nervous. His eyes went to Charlie; then he turned to Eliza-

beth, his arms half extended, as if he were pleading with her to trust in him. But it was Elizabeth who first spoke.

"Hadn't we better be starting back?"

"Yes." John's thoughts came back from far away. "I want to call the office—"

Sitting on the bed, he lifted the phone. He was talking to his secretary, when Robin Pennington's lean figure appeared in the doorway.

"Why, Elizabeth—" Robin was beside her. "I didn't know you were here too—you aren't hurt?"

Elizabeth shook her head, feeling her face go crimson. Her heart contracted strangely and her hand waved toward John and Charlie.

"John—you all right? I saw the early paper and came as quickly as I could. Paper said you were struck."

John's miserable fingers kept tracing through his hair as he talked.

"It was nothing, Pennington. You drive here from your country place?"

"Mortimer Prince was staying with me and the only way I could keep him from making the trip was to make it myself. You see, he was upset about Charlie—"

"Prince—with—you?" John asked, frowning. His eyes went to Charlie, shifted back to Pennington. Then he added, "I expected him to meet me at his lodge last night. He wired me to meet him to talk over business." Haltingly he continued. "Naturally when he wasn't at the lodge I checked in at the Crane Hotel."

CARLIE spoke for the first time since Robin's arrival.

"Dad is a worrier." Looking at John, then, "I'll fix everything up with him all right. Really, John, I will. When I tell him you saved my life, he'll—"

It was suddenly as plain as if it were traced in neon letters that Carlie had sent John the wire . . . that her father had known nothing of the date with John at the lodge.

Elizabeth broke the tension: "You can drive yourself back to town, can't you, John? I'll have to drive my car." It was such an effort to sound natural.

Nervously John buttoned his coat again and lighted a fresh cigarette. Pennington stepped out into the corridor and Charlie followed.

John's hand on Elizabeth's arm delayed her.

"Elizabeth—I can explain it all to you when we are alone. I realize how it looks, but it's really all right."

Elizabeth shook her head. "You failed to tell me Carlie was to be at your business conference. Did that prevent your asking me along?"

"Elizabeth, it's all right, I tell you. You've got to believe that. I can explain everything, but not now. I've got to get back to the store . . ."

A frown crowded between his eyes. She had never seen him look so tired. She had never felt so weary herself.

They walked down the corridor together. She waited while John went through the necessary details for leaving the hospital. Waited while he got into his roadster, drove away.

Robin Pennington stood beside her, there in the gravel drive beside the hospital—they watched the car disappear. And they both knew the thing they had not voiced—that Charlie Prince had sent the wire to John. She had known that if her father were not at his lodge, it would be the natural thing for John to check in at the Crane Hotel, the only hotel on the

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lake, where she also checked in.

"Well," said Robin, talking straight to the thought in Elizabeth's mind, "Carlie couldn't possibly have figured on the hotel burning."

"No," Elizabeth said flatly. "But if John could have protected her I'm certain he would have . . . Robin, I guess you were right about people changing."

His hand touched her arm, as he said:

"Elizabeth, don't think about it now—you're tired. Let's go find some coffee. I'm certain everything will look brighter then."

In a roadside diner, over numerous cups of steaming coffee, Elizabeth made a decision that morning.

"Robin, now I know I want to take you up on that radio offer—if it's still open. I want to go to New York, as you once suggested."

"When will you go, Elizabeth?"

"A week—I'll be ready then."

In New York she could not think—there would be too much excitement. Rehearsals—voice lessons, dramatic lessons, would fill the days and nights—until this first hurt, this morning's picture of John and Carlie had faded in her heart. After that, she could come back and begin again—with a routine life, with no place for the feeling of inadequacy, of jealousy—of frustration.

WHEN she left Robin an hour later, the plan was firmly set. She would go to New York the following Friday.

Already her thoughts were chasing excitement around like a squirrel in a cage. So many things to be done in the house—because suddenly she knew she would close it up. When she was gone, she knew John would not come there to sleep. He would not come home at all—just stay in town in some hotel near the store.

She would close the house—just as she would close her heart. John no longer wanted to be in either.

When John did not come home except for a few hours sleep during the following three days, she knew in some strange way, that she had not expected to see him any more. There had been a certain stimulation in holding her plans secret from John.

She kept busy packing during the days and went to bed early. In a frenzied daze she got through the nights—as if nature were her ally in escaping loneliness and contemplation.

But as if Nature had turned against her, Wednesday morning she awakened feverish. Her hands were dry and her eyes stung. Sitting on the side of her bed, she began to cry helplessly.

"All I asked was that he be alive . . ." she reminded herself. "I want him to be happy—and I want a chance myself. After all my life wasn't meant to be a series of worries over other women sharing my husband's interest. He can't help being that way—and I can't help being the way I am. John needs two lives—one as a husband, one as a free soul."

Elizabeth stood up, feeling the burden of the world on her head. But she couldn't stand, toppled dizzily back on the bed. The ceiling whirled and her heart pounded ominously. She lay there, listening to her heart beats for what seemed hours before she rang for Molly, her maid.

She stayed in bed all that morning, leaving the dainty breakfast which Molly prepared, untouched. At noon,

she dressed and phoned Dr. Pendergrast, her old family physician for an appointment.

"I'm exhausted, doctor," she told the quiet, gray-haired man, as she sat in his consulting room after a brief examination. "It's just because I'm so excited about going to New York to study for radio."

"Elizabeth—what's the idea of going in for a career again?" he asked, studying her flushed face and too-bright eyes.

"A splendid chance has come my way—and I can't possibly pass it up. Will you help me to feel like myself and close up the house? I—I'm leaving day after tomorrow."

The old doctor shook his head.

"I don't think you're going to make that trip," he said, looking at her over the tops of his glasses. "Something else—something you've been anxious about a mighty long time is going to keep you right here at home, I'm thinking."

Elizabeth's eyes widened.

"Don't tell me it's a surprise to you! You're going to have a baby, Elizabeth, sure as anything. Better get all notions of traveling out of your head and be quiet as you can for a month or so."

"But, doctor, I'm leaving day after tomorrow."

"Huh!" he said dryly. "You young married women must keep so busy these days, you forget about looking at the calendar. Then you blame everything on exhaustion. You can't out-talk nature, Elizabeth."

She stood up, moving mechanically. Hardly listening to his goodbyes, she left the office, allowed the neat, starchy nurse to lead her to the door.

"Why? Why did this have to happen now?" she was thinking—when she had at last decided to leave John, begin a life without him?

Suddenly she knew she could not wait to tell John. She would go to him, tell him what naturally was his right to know. Tell him that for both their sakes they should try to work out their marriage toward a happy solution.

"If I give up my chance in radio for this—surely you can give up Carlie," she would say. Or think of something else. Was it shameful—to put their marriage on such a basis of compromise? After all the years they had wanted a baby, why did nature choose to answer their prayers at this time?

When Elizabeth stepped out of the elevator opposite John's office, she felt almost humble. Her heart pounded at the thought of imparting her news to John. And she had imagined a thousand times how he would look when she told him.

Of course, John had said he would explain to her about the night at the lake—yet he had not explained. She could not forget that—that he had protected Carlie the best he could. But what had happened since then? What—why had she not been told?

Her problem was clear before her: Could she hold John by having his child? Would the knowledge of her condition make him push Carlie out of his mind—could it? Surely marriage was not intended to put a man and woman on a bargain basis. Elizabeth told herself that she did not want to hold John through a feeling of duty. Or did she? Wasn't she game enough to take the responsibility?

Where a few minutes earlier the whole idea of telling John her news

had elated her, lifted her spirits—now she felt doubtful that it was a solution to her problem.

If doubt had not assailed Elizabeth, she would not have hesitated outside John's office. But she did wait, thoughtfully, a few minutes and those minutes changed the whole course of her life.

She saw John's office door burst open, saw him come tearing out like a wild man. His hair was tousled, his coat unfastened. There was a flushed, nervous expression on his face—one of panic.

His whole body was trembling. He turned back towards his open door with clenched fists.

Then Elizabeth saw the crowd in his office—the men, with angry faces and jutting jaws.

"I reduced your salaries because I had to reduce the entire budget of Perry's. Business is off. I can't keep spending when we show no profit. You, heads of departments, daring to come to me at a time like this, questioning my actions. . . ."

Jerome Williams, a middle-aged, gray-haired man who had been employed in Perry's ever since John had become president, stepped out of the group. His usually sallow face was bright pink.

"John Perry, you've brought this on us by your own conduct. The decent, moral citizens of this town don't want to patronize a store whose president gets his name broadcast and in the newspapers, as you have during the last week. It's not right that we have to suffer through your lack of decency."

Elizabeth had to act quickly to stop John. She couldn't scream or plead. She saw his fists, saw him start toward Williams. But Elizabeth, miraculously, was quicker.

IN one swift movement she was between her husband and the irate Williams, her small body holding the two men apart.

Williams backed into John's office, as she stepped up on the desk chair, then mounted the glass-topped desk.

"Listen," she looked down at them with steady, clear eyes. "I think you owe John Perry an apology—and perhaps I'll allow you to apologize to me—when I tell you something which obviously you do not know. I was with my husband at Lake Bemidji, but as I was uninjured in the fire, the radio and newspapers neglected to mention me when they used other names."

A peculiar calm settled over the crowd. No one moved as Elizabeth's hands fell to her sides and she bowed her head. They couldn't know that she was far from calm, that suddenly the entire room swam around her.

She saw John coming toward her, his eyes wide with gratitude. She tried to smile—to reach his hand. But her heel slipped on the polished glass of the desk. She fell. Through the blinding pain, even before John could get around the desk and lift her from the floor, she knew that the reason which had brought her to him no longer existed.

Has Elizabeth's gallant effort to save John from the accusations of his staff resulted in the loss of the one thing that would have kept him with her? Don't miss the final chapters of this exciting novel in next month's issue of RADIO MIRROR.

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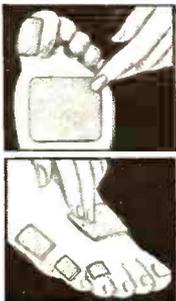
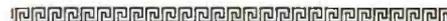
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Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 37)

That song "Who's Yehudi?" is the property of Fred MacMurray. It's his because Fred owns a music publishing business, which he bought to help out his former musical buddies, "The Collegians."

It may be a coincidence, but the happy family life as depicted on the Penny Singleton-Arthur Lake programs seems to be having its effect on members of the "Blondie" staff! Since the series opened there have been four weddings! Joe Donahue, former producer of the show, and Mary Eastman were married in the fall, to be followed by Leone LeDoux, character actress, and Ted Carter; Hanley "Mr. Dithers" Stafford and Vyola Vonn; and Ashmead Scott, writer and director, and "Tig" Turner, actress!

Carl Hoff, the band maestro of the Al Pearce shows, reports that fan mail was addressed to him during the past month in the following variations: Karl Hoffee, Karl Half, Carl Haff, Carol Off, Carl Coff, but not Micky Mouse. P. S.: He's still Carl Hoff!

Frances Langford recently made a long distance phone call from Hollywood to husband Jon Hall on location at Kayenta, Arizona. The conversation happened to take place over the longest single phone line in the United States, stretching a hundred and forty-seven miles from Flagstaff, Arizona, to Kayenta. Jon asked Frances to send along a home remedy for his cold and the next day, unashamed that they had listened in, several people wrote him suggesting better remedies.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Lana Turner's studio, is throwing up its hands at Lana's irrational and ill-advised everyday moves. Lana rushes in where angels fear to tread, and the latest act varnished with nonsense was Lana's decision to pose with her husband and Gracie and George Burns for publicity pictures, and a moment later telling folks about her separation!

Photographers missed a chance the other night when Bing Crosby strolled into Hollywood Radio City to appear on the special NBC short wave broadcast to Little America, dressed up from head to foot like a fashion plate. With his wife, the former Dixie Lee, looking every inch the glamor girl, on his arm, Bing was dressed in a sport suit from the latest pages of a masculine fashion magazine, two-tone shoes and a new straw hat. Bing generally makes his appearance around NBC in those loud "outboard" shirts, a floppy hat, and a pipe dangling from his mouth!

Cliff Nazarro, that funny little double-talking fellow on Meredith Wilson's Tuesday show, is working out a new double-talking mouse character for an animated cartoon. Cliff has done a lot of work for Disney, Looney-Tunes and other cartoon comics.

The chief concern in Hollywood this month is not so much over what

programs will be deleted from the fall radio schedules as over a lack of programs good or bad. Retrenching for months against real and fancied hard times, radio was short of bright "idea" programs, and still is. To fill the gap, caused by dozens of sponsors dropping their options on top programs, the networks have hurried to supply "inexpensive" shows which they are "showcasing" during the summer months.

By this time, more than thirty programs of the small budget variety are at the tip of your radio dial. They are quiz shows, in which the main talent is comprised of a "free" studio audience. So, by the time fall radio sets in, you can expect "audience participation" radio shows replacing the more expensive variety shows. In dollars and cents, it means this: Instead of sponsors paying five and ten thousand dollars a week for talent, they'll be spending five hundred or a thousand dollars.

Hollywood radio circles woke up one morning this month to find its favorite comic, Bob Hope, on the "pan." The reason: it was reported Bob Hope had gone "big-headed," and was demanding a one hundred percent increase in his radio salary.

To this harsh squawk, Hope's producers maintained a shocked silence. But Hope himself answered the remark: "Believe only half of what you read, and nothing of what you hear!" Beyond this, Hollywood is willing to accept Hope's comment on the rumor as the last word. In other words, he's still a comedian and a good fellow: not "high hat" at all.

The Dick Powells moved bag and baggage to the Beach for a three months' rest period. They'll head-quarter at Balboa, with Dick returning to Hollywood once weekly for his radio show.

Perhaps many of you heard "Meet the Stars," the other Tuesday, when it presented George Jessel, Dick Purcell and Ed Norris. Highlight of the show was Jessel's stage appearance before the broadcast. Georgie was amusing the audience with his comedy and wisecracks: He said: "Fisher is the only columnist who didn't make cracks when I married Lois." He continued by complaining about Eddie Cantor's remark, made in San Francisco, that Jessel's wife was teething. "The saving grace for that remark," Jessel said, "is that Lois will be biting, long after Cantor can't!"

Three years ago, when your reporter was doing the Walter Winchell radio program, while Walter was vacationing, I suggested that every radio station sign on and off by playing the Star Spangled Banner. Hundreds of wires were sent to me, from radio station managers, saying they would be only too happy to follow my suggestion. Consequently, all over America, you'll hear stations playing the Star Spangled Banner when they sign on and off. But the fact still remains a great many radio stations are not playing the National Anthem . . . why?

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So natural they even have half moons.

You Think I'm Dead

(Continued from page 22)

to a lawyer with it. And I found out that I had practically signed away my life for the next ten years. The contract stipulated that John was to have the final word in everything I did. If he didn't approve of a contract, or even a song I had chosen, he could stop me from working. And he had complete control over all my earnings. By this time, I knew John well enough to know that he would make full use of his power over me.

If it hadn't been for the work I was doing with old Grazzi, I think I would have gone mad.

The only happy hours I had were those I spent in Grazzi's studio, preparing my repertoire for the concert tour. It was good working with the old man, learning serious music that was so different from the trashy pieces John always made me sing, those things that Grazzi called "cheap vocal gymnastics." And at Grazzi's there was Tony Allan.

Grazzi had hired Tony Allan to be my accompanist on the tour. The old man knew him very well and had recommended him highly, as a pianist and a person. He needn't have, because I liked Tony immediately and we got along famously.

WHEN John heard I was taking a male accompanist on the tour, he went into another tantrum. He threatened to prevent the tour, by the terms of his contract. But this time, Grazzi handled him. I still don't know how he did it, but John gave his permission in the end. Of course, John didn't give in graciously. No. He threatened to kill both Tony and me, if we had anything to do with each other.

I won't bother telling you about the tour. You know about it. There were ovations and triumphs in city after city. I was very happy. I was free of John for awhile. And it was pleasant being with Tony, traveling, talking, having supper after the concerts with him. He was my kind of people. There was much to talk about, much to laugh over.

The time passed quickly, too quickly. It seemed no time at all before we were back in New York and I was giving my last recital of the season at Carnegie Hall. And then there was John again.

We took up exactly where we had left off, only this time John had an object for his jealousy. Tony Allan. All I heard from morning to night was Tony Allan. What had happened between Tony and me on that tour? Why didn't I confess? On and on and on, until I couldn't stand it any longer.

"If you believe all this," I said, "why don't you divorce me? You have grounds, even for New York."

John just laughed. "Do you think I'm going to let you make a fool of me after I've built you up, made you a success?" he said. "And if you're thinking again of divorcing me so you can go to your lover—forget it. If you try, I'll make such a scandal that both of you will never be able to hold up your heads again." And then very slyly, "And don't forget your contract with me."

I was deathly tired of John, of his scenes, his violence, his insane pas-

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TRIMAL

sion. I wanted to go away for a rest, but John wouldn't let me. He accused me of wanting to go to my lover and choosing that time because I knew he was tied down in his work and couldn't go with me.

In a way, he was right, of course. I did want to get away from him. My small taste of freedom had been so wonderful. But Tony didn't have anything to do with it. I wasn't in love with Tony. I was fond of him. But I was wiser, now. I knew Tony's main appeal to me was his difference from John.

Ironically enough, it was Tony who suggested a holiday. He was going to a houseparty in the country for the week-end and the people who were giving it had asked Tony to bring me along. It sounded wonderful, but I knew I could never get away from John, especially if he knew I was going to be anywhere near Tony. I told Tony I couldn't go and why.

"Well," Tony said. "Don't tell the lug where you're going, that's all. Invent something that sounds all right."

I SHOULD have known better, but the prospect of a holiday was too enticing. I let Tony talk me into his plan. Tony knew I had a cousin in Albany of whom I was very fond. I was to have my cousin wire me that she was very ill and needed me. Then, I would get on the Albany train under John's watchful eye and start off. And at one of the small stations along the route, Tony would be waiting for me in his car and we would drive the rest of the way to the hills.

I wrote my cousin right away. She knew I was unhappy with John, asked no questions and sent me a wire immediately.

As it turned out, it was very simple. John was very preoccupied with some business or other and when I showed him the telegram, he hardly noticed it. He just nodded and said it was all right with him. I got quite a kick out of my little plot. It was amusing and exciting to be putting something over on John, even such an innocent thing as a week-end in the country with a group of people.

Tony was waiting for me at a small station along the route, as we had planned. It was such a small station that I almost missed it and in the hurry to get off, I forgot one of my small bags up on the baggage rack. I didn't mind, though, because I knew we could get it back from the Lost and Found later.

We set off gayly in Tony's rattletrap car. Not even the scurrying, black clouds that were gathering over us could dampen my good spirits. I didn't care if there was a cloudburst. And that's exactly what there was.

We had barely gone a couple of miles before the rain began to beat down in torrents. The road was just a sheet of water. The only thing that saved us from going off the road was Tony's familiarity with every inch of it. After what seemed like hours, Tony turned into a bumpy, muddy road and stopped before a tiny log cabin. It was pitch dark by now.

We scrambled out of the car and ran for shelter. In a moment we were inside the cabin and Tony was striking a match to the fire that was all laid in the fireplace. I looked about, shivering in my wet clothes. It was a small cabin, two rooms, I think.

"Tony," I said. "This isn't where we're going to stay!"

"Sure," Tony smiled up at me. "Don't you like it?"

"The people—where are they?" Tony got up from where he was fixing the fire. He came over and took me in his arms.

"There are no people, darling," he whispered, breathing the words into my ear. "I'm sorry. But I had to do it this way. I knew you'd never come with me, if you thought we'd be alone. I love you, Meredith. I've loved you for a long time. I can't wait forever."

For a moment, I almost gave in to his pleading. I wasn't in love with him, but it would be such a perfect revenge, such a perfect way to pay back John for all his accusations. But I couldn't. It seemed such a cheap revenge to take, to throw myself away like that.

"Tony, please," I said. "Please be sensible. I can't. I don't want to. I don't love you—please—" I tried to push him away.

"I can make you love me," Tony insisted. "I know I can. I can make you happy. Please, give me a chance," he begged. He held me close, pressing me against him, his lips seeking mine hungrily.

I didn't know what to do. I knew it would be impossible to reason with him. I stood it as long as I could, pretending to return his kisses. As soon as I could, I pushed him away.

"I'm cold," I said. "My clothes are all wet. Let me go into the other room and change. Please." I smiled as bewitchingly as I knew how. "I'll be right back."

I hurried into the other room and locked the door after me. As quickly and as quietly as I could, I pushed up the window and pried open the rusty screen. Luckily for me, the storm was still raging and the noise of the thunder covered any sounds I made. It was even luckier that I had noticed Tony hadn't taken the key out of the car.

I RAN around the cabin to the car and waited for a burst of thunder to drown out the sound of the motor. It came soon enough and I started down that awful, winding, muddy road.

It was like a nightmare. I couldn't see. I had no idea where I was. I seemed to be driving through solid water. I drove as slowly as I could without killing the motor, but even so I had trouble with trees that would appear suddenly in front of me.

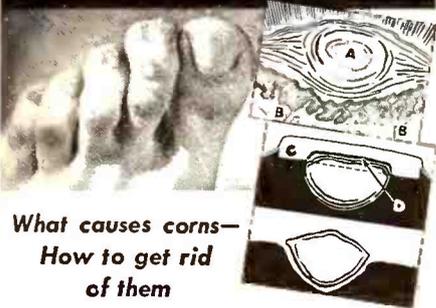
I have no memory of how it happened. I was driving along slowly, peering into the darkness, when there was a sudden burst of light before my eyes—and then nothing. Later, the farmer who found me told me that I had tried to cross a bridge which had been washed away and that the only thing that saved me from being drowned was the fact that I had somehow jammed the car on one of the piles of the bridge.

I woke up to find myself almost smothered under a featherbed and a kind faced, worn looking woman was bending over me.

"Now child," she was saying. "You're all right. Just the shock and cold. You just rest yourself and you'll be up and about in a couple of days."

They were very kind to me, those simple people. They asked no questions and they left me alone. The woman fed me and nursed me. It seemed to make her happy to do it. But as soon as I was well enough. I

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got ready to leave. I'd been ill for three days and I was worried about the consequences of my escapade. I wanted to get on up to Albany to my cousin. The farmer himself drove me to the nearest railroad station in his wagon.

I took the first train going North. At the next station a newsboy got on and I bought some New York papers from him. I opened one and glanced at the front page.

There, staring back at me, was my face. Under it, the caption was an announcement of my funeral services.

"At three this afternoon," it said, "funeral services will be held at the _____ Chapel for Meredith James, well known concert and radio singer, who lost her life in the train disaster on the _____ Railroad last Friday afternoon."

And under the picture, there was a story of my life, still another one in which John Custis figured largely and in which he was described as a grief-stricken husband. Way down at the bottom, there was a short description of the train wreck in which I was supposed to have been killed and from it I found out that the cloudburst had washed out a trestle and the train had crashed into a gully about thirty miles from the small station where I had got off. The club car, in which I'd been travelling, had been completely demolished and the inside of it had burned to cinders. No bodies had been recovered. They had, however, found a couple of heat-twisted steel initials. M. J. The monogram on the small bag I had left behind me. So I was dead!

It took a few minutes for that to sink in. My first concern was how I was going to explain my safety to John. I knew he wouldn't believe me if I told him the truth. I could imagine the scenes he would put on. I shuddered. It would almost be better to be dead than to go back to that—

Then it struck me. I didn't have to go back. I was dead. I was free. I almost laughed out loud when I realized it. I couldn't have asked for anything better.

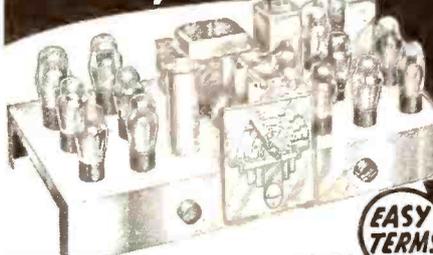
When I got to Albany, I was careful to avoid anyone and everyone who might recognize me. Then I decided to take a chance. I spent the afternoon in a beauty parlor and when I came out of it, my hair was brown and my eyebrows were plucked to a different shape and I had an entirely new makeup on. I was a different person.

I spent that night in a small, shabby hotel, planning and thinking about what I should do. I had very little money. I would have to go to work. Obviously, I couldn't go back to New York. I wanted to stay dead. It did occur to me that Tony knew I wasn't dead, but I didn't worry about it too long. Since John was going through with my funeral services, Tony couldn't have said anything to him. I had to go somewhere where I could get work singing, so I decided on Chicago. No one knew me there, except by reputation.

You know about Chicago. A girl named Janet Ware gave an audition and got a job singing with an orchestra led by a man named Paul Owen. She had a strange, soft, low way of singing and she was an immediate success.

I had to do that, sing in my lower registers, I mean, because I was afraid someone would recognize my voice if

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I did any of the flashy, soprano numbers John had always made me sing on the air.

I went along, minding my own business, doing my work and feeling very pleased with myself. I was through with men for the rest of my life. They were poison to me. They had brought me nothing but grief.

I TURNED to Paul. "And then," I said, "you came along." For the first time in my life, I was in love—and there was nothing I could do about it. "You poor kid," he said. "Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me right away?"

"I was afraid," I said. "I loved you so much and I was afraid to spoil it. I was wrong—I know—but I—I thought it might make a difference to you, if you knew."

"Why should anything that you did before I met you make any difference to me?" Paul asked. "Even if you'd—I mean, I can't say I'd have blamed you if you had played around a bit. But you didn't." He came over and hugged me gently. "You're no spook," he whispered, kissing my ear. "You're a dope. But I want to marry you anyway."

"But I can't get married," I said. "Legally, I'm still married to John."

"Then you'll have to get a divorce," Paul said.

"Yes—but the publicity—the scandal—" I said.

"Forget it," Paul said. "I'll make that monkey behave. What you've got to do is get a quiet divorce in some small town where no one knows you and no one is likely to remember the name of Meredith James. That's simple enough."

"John will contest the divorce," I said. "I know he will."

"No, he won't," Paul said, his face getting hard and stubborn. "I'll beat his head off, if he does."

Paul wanted the two of us to fly to New York at once. It took hours of persuasion to talk him out of it, to convince him that if John knew why I wanted a divorce he would do everything in his power to make it impossible. A brawl wouldn't help. In fact, it might give John just the sort of weapon he needed. I sympathized with Paul's desire to beat up John, but I knew that wasn't the right way.

We saw a lawyer the next day and learned that to avoid publicity we would have to get John's signature, agreeing to the divorce. If he should contest the divorce, and I knew he would unless I could scare him sufficiently to silence him, the papers would make a Roman holiday of it. But how to frighten him?

"There's only one way," Paul said. "His business, his whole future depends on keeping his reputation as a gentleman—a discoverer and developer of talent. All right. Just ask him how he thinks it will sound in the newspapers—Wife Prefers Legal Death to Husband—and all the rest of your story. It wouldn't sound good."

"It wouldn't sound good for me, either," I said.

"Nonsense," Paul insisted. "The public would be on your side."

I wanted to believe him. I wanted to believe him very much because it was my only hope. But as the plane droned its way across the country, the whirring motors seemed to be singing in my ears, "It's not enough, it's not enough, it's not enough." Sitting there, remembering John's shrewdness, his

callousness, his ability to turn even the worst things to his advantage, I began to get a feeling of hopelessness about my task. I was afraid. Not for myself anymore, but for Paul, for our love, our future. How could we ever hope for happiness, if we started out by being pulled down into a quagmire of scandal and muckraking? What would happen to Paul's career? Or mine? Could either of us stand being pointed at, perhaps for years, as the principals in a sensational divorce case? No, I knew we couldn't. And suppose John forced me to carry out this threat? What then? My heart was sick inside me.

As the plane circled over the landing field, I gathered together the scattered shreds of my self confidence. There was one thing in my favor. I had to make full use of it. John was not expecting to see me. I'd have to act so fast that he wouldn't have time to think. It was a slim chance, but it was the only one I had.

John, I discovered, was no longer living in the studio apartment we had had together. He had moved to one of the most exclusive and expensive neighborhoods in New York, over on the East River. I went there.

A girl, very beautiful and sleekly groomed—his secretary I supposed—led me into a reception room that was larger than the old studio we had shared. The very air breathed luxury. Money, lots of money, had gone into the decorations and furnishings. It struck me that John must be doing very well, indeed, to be able to afford all this grandeur.

In a moment, John appeared in a doorway, murmuring the name I had sent in. "Miss Janet Ware," he said in that low, sad voice of his. He came toward me, his hand stretched out for mine and a gentle, half smile on his lips. Still the same old act.

THEN he recognized me. His face went white. That was to be expected. But there was something else, a look in his eyes. Fear. That was it. It only lasted a second, but in that breath of time I knew as surely as if he had told me. John was afraid of me! Why? If I could only find out why!

He regained his composure immediately. "Will you step into the studio, please, Miss Ware," he said.

The studio was even more magnificent than the reception room. It was tremendous and beautifully furnished. The rug alone must have cost more than John used to make in six months. I wondered vaguely, as I followed him to his desk, where he'd got the money to pay for all this.

"So, you've come back," John said. "You want a divorce, I suppose."

That took me unawares. I stared at him. "Yes," I stammered. "How—how did you know?"

"Why else would you come back?" he sneered. "I expected you before this."

"Expected me? You mean you knew I wasn't dead?"

"Of course," John said. "Your friend, Tony Allan, came and told me you weren't on that train, as soon as he read about the accident. When you didn't come back in a few days, I knew you were trying to get rid of me. But I knew too that wouldn't work. I knew you'd have to come crawling back to me some day. You're in love, aren't you?"

But I wasn't listening now. He

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had known I wasn't dead! He had known and still he had gone ahead with my funeral. Why?

"Aren't you?" John repeated.
"No," I said.
He laughed. "Don't lie," he said. "I've read about Janet Ware in the Chicago gossip columns." He laughed louder. "And to think I never even suspected it was you! What's your boy friend's name—Owen—that's it, Paul Owen. I'm sorry, my dear Merry, but the only way you can marry Mr. Owen is by committing bigamy."

It was all slipping out of my hands. I was losing the fight. I knew instinctively that the threat I had counted on wouldn't work. Frantically, I searched my mind for some new approach and I remembered the fear in his eyes, that flash of it when he'd first seen me. Why had he been afraid? Why had he gone ahead as though I were really dead when he knew—? And then I had it!
"You're doing awfully well, I see," I said. "This is quite a studio. Must have cost a lot of money, all these things." I watched him. He didn't like it, my talking about money. That look of fear was in his eyes again.

It was a long shot in the dark, but it was worth a try.
"Did the insurance company pay you a double indemnity because I was killed in an accident?" I asked.
"No, they—" he stammered. "I didn't—"
"That's too bad, isn't it," I said. "The insurance company might have done too much investigating for comfort, mightn't it, if you had insisted. That's all right, it was a large policy anyway."

"YOU'RE crazy," John blustered. "I didn't—" But even he realized that he had given himself away.
"That's fraud, isn't it?" I asked. "Collecting on an insurance policy, when you know the insured is not dead? I wonder how many years in jail that calls for."

John had no answer. I placed the papers the lawyer had given me on the desk before him and handed him a pen. He signed them without a murmur.

"Thanks," I said, putting the papers back in my purse. "Now, something's got to be done about that money—twenty thousand dollars, wasn't it. Neither one of us wants the publicity and trouble that would come from giving it back to the insurance company." He swallowed and shook his head. "But you're not entitled to it. How about establishing a scholarship fund with it? The Meredith James Scholarship—in my memory."

Six months later, Meredith James really died, for all time, in a courtroom in a small town not far from Chicago. A few hours after that, Janet Ware married Paul Owen.

Three years have passed since then. Meredith James is only a memory in the hearts of a few music lovers, now. Once in awhile, her name is mentioned on the air, as it was tonight, just an hour or so ago.

"And now we are privileged to present this year's winner of the Meredith James Scholarship," the announcer said, and Paul and I sat down, hand in hand, to listen to the girl sing. But we only heard the first part of her song. The last part of it was drowned out by the awful howl that Paul Jr. set up in competition. I think he's going to be a singer too.

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Are You Really Well?

(Continued from page 17)

fast-moving world, each in her own little sphere of activity. So much depends, we think, on our active brains and willing hands.

The busy housewife can't give up and go to bed. Who would wash the children's clothes and cook three meals a day? Why, without her, she thinks, the house would be too filthy after two days for human habitation.

The young working girl can't stop going to the office. And her protests, doctors say, are the most moving. She must earn her eighteen dollars a week. Her mother, perhaps, depends upon it for a living, or a young brother can go to school because of that weekly check.

NO matter what our jobs, we're apt to think we can't be spared. Yet sometimes, if we ignore her too long, Nature calls a complete halt, and then— Well, let Joan tell you what happened to her.

"You think you have to do this play and these pictures right away," her doctor told her. "All right, go ahead, if you must. I can't tie you into bed."

"But remember that if you do, you're taking a chance at their being your last play, your last pictures for a while."

"What do the motion picture studios pay you for, do you think? Do you think they'll pay your salary to a neurotic woman, prematurely middle-aged, whose ill health is written all over her face in wrinkles and sallow skin and listless, sagging lines?"

"And if you won't think of your career, think of your family. You may think your husband and children will be sympathetic, when you have hysterics from exhaustion, or stage your first nervous tantrum. Don't argue. You'll have them, if you keep this up."

"No woman who is always on the thin edge of a nervous outburst has any normal appeal for her husband. And her children won't bring their young confidences very long to a mother who is too tired to be interested."

"Stop punishing yourself, young lady, while you still have a little zest for life."

Harsh words, but aren't they true ones? And though they were spoken to a famous motion picture star, don't they apply just as truly to anyone?

Once Joan had decided to heed the doctor's warning, she was surprised to find out how easy it all was. Dick Powell, her husband, flew up to San Francisco from Hollywood, and agreed whole-heartedly with the physician.

"Do what he says, honey," he advised. "The world won't stop going if you give up working for a while. Tell everybody you're out to lunch and come with me and the kids—we'll hike off to the beach, yank out the telephone, and spend the next two months sunning ourselves."

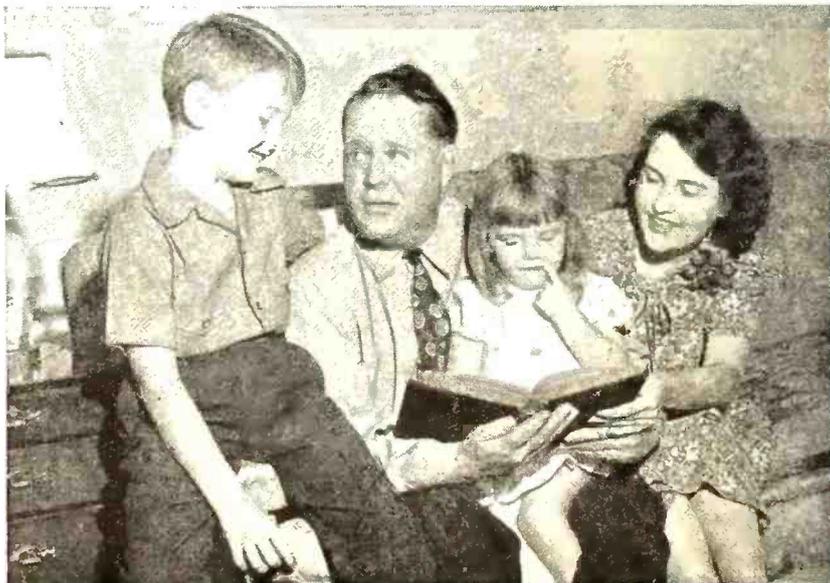
The producers of "Goodbye to Love" had a brief conference when Joan told them what she wanted to do. There was no reason, they decided, why the Broadway production of the play couldn't be postponed until the fall. Paramount Studios, where she was expected to begin a new picture, was similarly co-operative, and pushed the production date ahead.

With the decks cleared for her rest cure, Joan called once more on her doctor and asked him what else she should do.

"You've made the most important step already," he said. "The very act of giving in to your fatigue has gone a long way toward curing it. The pressure on your nerves was removed the minute you decided not to force yourself further."

And Joan did feel free, once her mind was made up. She was looking forward to her vacation with Dick and the children with good, healthy expectancy. For months, without quite realizing it, she had been too tired to make plans for more than a day ahead. When she did find a free hour, more than likely she had fallen immediately into an exhausted sleep.

It was good to want to do things



When Haven MacQuarrie, conductor of NBC's Marriage Club, heard at 8:30 E.D.T., Friday nights, gets a perplexing question, he calls on his family for help—Ronny, Haven, Patricia and Mrs. MacQuarrie.

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again—a sensation she'd lost without knowing it.

Just the prospect of a rest improved Joan's spirits so much that she completely forgot at the outset that she was a near-invalid and under a physician's orders. It was the best medicine in the world for her, that "relax and have fun" order.

Is it the medicine that you, too, should take?

Of course, you probably think you can't stop. Your hands are full with your job, whether it be at a typewriter or at the kitchen stove, and your family no doubt would have to make drastic adjustments if suddenly you laid down your burden.

But try it. All the problems you're worrying about can be solved so much more easily if you can give a rested mind to them. And the things which are chores now will seem fun once more. Because you'll be—*really*—well.

It's surprising, doctors say, how few women really observe a few simple health rules which would do wonders in preserving their beauty, their vitality, and—yes, their happiness.

None of these rules is difficult to follow. Mostly, they're only common sense. But read them, and ask yourself how many of them you observe religiously. You may be surprised at the answer.

RULES about sleep: A woman should have eight hours of sleep every night. It doesn't matter particularly, many doctors say, whether you go to bed at nine, at midnight, or at three in the morning; sleeping late in the morning is all right, provided you *really* sleep. Just lying in bed isn't enough. In addition, a woman should have from forty to sixty minutes of rest in mid-afternoon, if she can possibly arrange for it.

Rules about eating: Avoid devitalized foods like white sugar and white flour products, substituting vital foods like honey and whole grain products. For a blood tonic, eat fresh fruits and fresh vegetables. In general, eat as many of Nature's own foods as possible. Drink five glasses of water every day, to clear your system of poisons and brighten your complexion.

Rules about exercise: Housework doesn't take the place of real exercise, so you should walk at least two miles every day in the open air, and take ten minutes off every morning to exercise that part of your body which contains all the vital organs. This ten-minute setting-up routine can be simplicity itself—squat with the upper part of the body held erect, and bend and twist with the legs held straight.

Rules about your personal habits: Excessive smoking and drinking will coarsen your skin and upset the nervous system, resulting in that drawn, haggard look. Cultivate charity and good will, and think kindly and constructive thoughts, because these bring beauty to your face, and into your life.

Not too difficult, are they? But, carefully followed, they'll bring you the professional services of five excellent physicians—call them Doctors Water, Sunshine, Fresh Air, Exercise and Elimination, and instead of being just "well enough," you'll be *really* well.

FLASH: Joan Blondell will be star of I Want A Divorce when that program returns to the air October 5th. Listen in Saturday nights over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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TIPS ON

Fingertips

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

THERE is no denying that the lacquered nails in jewel-like colors do something for your hands that the natural or faintly tinted ones do not. Nails worn a little long and accented with brilliant red or dusky rose make even stubby fingers look tapering and glamorous. But there are still some people—especially some men—who have not gotten used to the idea. Then the question is, whom are we trying to please? And is there a compromise?

Thinking of pretty hands, my mind naturally turned to lovely and lively Dinah Shore, who sings for you regularly over NBC, Sundays at 4:30, and Fridays at 10:30 P.M. That brilliant young star was moving with comet-like rapidity through a busy morning of making records for R.C.A. Victor (the ones with the Blue Bird label), but when I finally caught up with her she was more than willing to tell her beauty routines for hands.

Dinah's hands are naturally beautiful, with slender tapering fingers and soft, yet firm, palms. But she leaves nothing to chance. Once a week or oftener she manicures, pushing back the cuticle and carefully shaping the nails so as to flatter the natural outlines of the finger tips. Too-pointed nails, she thinks, suggest claws, especially when one wears them rather long, as she does.

Between manicures, she soaks her finger tips in warm olive oil every day or so for a few minutes, to keep the cuticle soft. In addition she uses a special cuticle cream.

Dinah solves the question of what shade of polish by having several kinds. She herself likes the brilliant reds. She varies them to match her lipstick, or her costume, or the preferences of her friends. For her more conservative friends, she wears duller shades, a dusky rose rather than red,



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY



Ray Lee Jackson

■ Dinah Shore, whose voice you hear over NBC Fridays and Sundays, gives you her formula for attractive nails

dark enough to give the tapering effect but not so startling.

The vogue for long nails is flattering to the hands, but it creates the problem of keeping the nails from breaking. Dinah finds it sufficient protection to use a good polish foundation and two coats of polish. Also she is careful to get plenty of calcium in her diet. Nails and teeth are weakened by deficiencies. Plenty of milk, and frequent sea food meals are a genuine beauty requisite.

If you play the piano, or use the typewriter, or if you are a busy home-maker, it is hard to keep the nails from breaking. Learn to use the fingers so as to spare them as much as possible, and do not try to wear them extra long. When you dial a phone, use a pencil, not your finger. It is not the polish that causes splitting, but the length. Some women find that painting the nails with white iodine toughens them. Use the iodine on the nails before applying the polish foundation, and under the nails after each hand washing. It is certainly harmless and sometimes gives surprising results.

No one likes clammy hands. If yours tend to perspire too readily, use

on them one of the good deodorants of the type that checks perspiration. And, meanwhile, try to build up your general health. Clammy hands usually mean a run down condition of some sort.

HANDS YOU LOVE TO HOLD

IF the hands are to be kept smooth and lovely, they must never be exposed to any but the best soap. It is worth a little experiment to select your favorite. None of the better soaps contain any free alkali. You can satisfy yourself of that by a tip-of-the-tongue test. (Free alkali would cause a burning sensation when you touch the soap with your tongue.) But aside from that, some soaps agree with some skins better than others. Soaps vary a little in the fine oils composing them. Here, as in choosing all toiletries and cosmetics, it is worth while to experiment a little before you settle upon a preference. If your hands must be washed very frequently, or are much in water, and roughness occurs, do not blame your good soap. Soften the water if possible. Dry the hands carefully, and apply a little of your favorite lotion, kept handy to the wash basin.

YOUR FRIEND The DRUGGIST



YOUR druggist works early and late. His telephone, like your physician's, is at his bedside, and the key to the store is in his pants pocket. He is a professional man who has learned how to sell . . . and learned it better than any other merchant on his block. He puts your health . . . your safety . . . your convenience ahead of his own profits. But he has found the way to profits consistent with the wider scope of his services to his community.

Nationally advertised brands, distributed on a fair and honest one-price-basis have given the druggists of America a measure of economic security they richly deserve. Your druggist knows, too, that nationally advertised brands protect you . . . on quality . . . uniformity . . . on claims of performance . . . and on price. For no national advertising can be misleading and long endure.

No wonder, then, your druggist puts his heart into Nationally Advertised Brands Week, October 4-14.

Drop in and see how bright and festive his store is. You'll see plenty of things you need right now, others that you want; things you feel you know, believe in and prefer, because national advertising has told you about them. You might as well get them now instead of "sometime". And notice, too, how many of the neighbors are there, stocking up the family medicine chest . . . buying cosmetics . . . having the summer's films printed or enlarged . . . enjoying refreshments at a spotless fountain.

Published in the interests of Nationally Advertised Brands Week by Macfadden Women's Group: True Romances, True Experiences, True Love & Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror.

Visit your druggist during



OCTOBER 4-14

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 41)

records are ground up and used over again in the giant mixer.

A finished record takes 35 seconds to print off the master. The valued master print is then filed away in huge vaults.

At RCA-Victor, Mignon Smith has an odd job. She plays one out of every 50 records pressed and checks any defects that may have sneaked through. She hears about 70 records a day, five days a week, and has performed this task for 13 years. I wonder if any of you rabid jitterbugs could stand this strain?

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

All This and Heaven Too; Where Do You Keep Your Heart (Bluebird 10751) Charlie Barnet. A slick ballad obviously dedicated to Bette Davis, coupled with another smooth tune.

The Lord Done Fixed Up My Soul; Lovely Day Tomorrow (Columbia 35502) Kate Smith. America's songbird chirps delightfully. A word must be said for Jack Miller's orchestra and chorus. A must.

Falling In Love; Thine Alone (Royale 1882) Jan Peerce. This fine tenor sings two lovely Victor Herbert ballads.

Down by the O-hi-o; Orchids for Remembrance (Victor 26633) Sammy Kaye. Radio Mirror's 1940 favorite rolls off two happy impressions.

Contrasts; Tonight (Decca 3196) Jimmy Dorsey. Jimmy's theme song played just as you've heard it on the air dozens of times.

When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano; Where Do I Go from You? (Decca 3213) Guy Lombardo. A long title that will make a short trip to success. The Lombardo tempo is unchanged.

Knit One, Purl Two; I Can't Resist You (Vocalion 5577) Dick Jurgens. A novelty that may go places backed by a romantic piece.

I Love to Watch the Moonlight; I Hear Bluebirds (Victor 26605) Hal Kemp. Can't get tired of shouting Hal's praises when they roll off as smoothly as this platter. Benedict Bob Allen sings happily.

Some Like It Swing:

Art Tatum Album (Decca) The blind colored pianist is truly a genius. Improvisations that make you tingle with joy. Recommended without reservations; particularly his version of "Sweet Lorraine."

Marcheta; I'll Never Smile Again (Victor 26628) Tommy Dorsey. A revamped version of "Marcheta" that certainly pales the original.

Six Lessons from Mme. La Zonga; No Name Jive (Columbia 35508) Gene Krupa. Hot and Havana, backed up by a drummer's delight.

Pennsylvania 6500; Rug Cutters Swing (Bluebird 10754) Glenn Miller. A sizzler that gives many of the boys solo spots.

Mr. Meadowlark; Crazy Rhythm (Columbia 35497) Benny Goodman. One side is sedate, subtle swing. The reverse has no holds barred.

Congafobia; Perfidia (Varsity 8310) Eddie LeBaron. The conga and rumba highlight of the month.

I Got It; What's Your Story (Columbia 35510) Jimmy Lunceford. Originality from start to finish.

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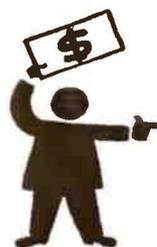
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What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 8)

lina area. This was the largest amount raised by any individual on any single radio station in the entire country, and it won for Grady the imposing "Presidential Plaque" which now hangs proudly in his office.

LOUISVILLE, * * *—Next time you reach out from your easy-chair and flip your radio set on, offer up a little prayer of thanks that listening in is made so simple and easy for you. Because in the remote hill section of Kentucky many people think nothing of traveling thirty miles just to hear a broadcast.

In Eastern Kentucky, where tiny settlements nestle in the narrow creek bottoms, shut in by high hills, there are thirty-two radio listening centers, sponsored by the University of Kentucky and overseen by Miss Corsie Whitaker, the "Listening Center Supervisor." Most of these hill people are too poor to own their own radio sets, so these listening centers have been established at the most convenient points possible, in private homes, in stores, postoffices or community centers. Daytime, the radios tune in to educational talks and recorded music broadcast by the University's station WHAS in Louisville; at night they join the networks to hear comedians and variety programs.

Since 1933, these thirty-two listening centers have been in operation, an inestimable boon to the isolated families of the region. The present set-up reaches about 12,000 people, but is still inadequate, Miss Whitaker says, since it leaves many remote spots unserved.

News of special broadcasts always spreads through the district surrounding a listening center by grapevine telegraph—for of course, there are no telephones. One neighbor tells another if they happen to meet on a mountain path, and within a day the news has reached everyone who will be interested. In winter, several families work together at shoveling paths leading through the snow to the listening center. In summer, listeners mostly come in the evening, a few in wagons or on muleback or in ancient autos, but the majority on foot.

NEWS broadcasts are the favorite programs. The older folks like to learn about the weather and the farmers want to know the tobacco prices in season, since nearly all their cash comes from this crop. The young folks follow the "Cats" from the University of Kentucky in all their sports, and they know as much about the latest popular music as any big-city jitterbug.

Since electricity is uncommon in the hills, only five of the thirty-two radios are of the usual electric type. Two more work on Delco light plants, and the remaining twenty-five are battery sets which must be used sparingly to conserve power—since a dead battery means a trip to the nearest electric source for re-charging.

Listening to a radio program down in the backwoods means more than a casual twist of the wrist—but, for that very reason, it's a greater and more enduring pleasure.

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Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. We are sure just one trial will convince anyone who wishes to dye their own hair that here at last is the hair coloring of their dreams! But if for any reason you wish to return the empty Tintz package, and you alone are the judge, do so within 7 days, and we will immediately refund your \$1 without question. This is today's big offer to anyone who wishes to INSTANTLY color hair! Don't delay but mail the coupon now—sure!

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